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LOOK! THE SUN

LOOK! THE SUN

Edited by

EDITH SITWELL

LONDON
VICTOR GOLLANCZ LTD

1941

To
MY NEPHEWS
RERESBY AND FRANCIS
TRAJAN SITWELL

EDITOR'S NOTE

THIS book is intended primarily for children, but readers of all ages will also, I hope, derive happiness from it: A very few of the poems, such as the moving and tender, lovely "My Truest Treasure", are for an age later than childhood, and many poems are for late childhood.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

My most grateful thanks are due to the following authors and publishers, all of whom have treated me with the greatest kindness :

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NURSERY RHYMES AND FOLK SONGS

THE GATE OF HEAVEN

I give you the end of a golden string;
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,
Built in Jerusalem's wall.

LONDON BRIDGE

London Bridge is broken down,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee,
London Bridge is broken down
With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again?
Dance o'er my Lady Lee,
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay lady.

Build it up with silver and gold,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee,
Build it up with silver and gold,
With a gay lady.

THE LION AND THE UNICORN

Silver and gold will be stole away,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee,
Silver and gold will be stole away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with iron and steel,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee,
Build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee,
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee,
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee,
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood so strong,
Dance o'er my Lady Lee,
Huzza ! 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay lady.

THE LION AND THE UNICORN

The lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown ;
The lion beat the unicorn
All round the town.

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Some gave them white bread,
Some gave them brown;
Some gave them plum-cake
And sent them out of town.

HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE

Sing Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

THERE WAS AN OLD PERSON OF TROY

There was an Old Person of Troy
Whose drink was warm brandy and soy;
Which he took with a spoon,
By the light of the moon,
In sight of the city of Troy.

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;

When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

GO TO BED FIRST

The king was in his counting-house
Counting out his money ;
The queen was in the parlour
Eating bread and honey ;

The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes,
There came a little blackbird,
And peckt off her nose.

TWO VARIATIONS ON A NURSERY RHYME

I

“ King and Queen of Cantelon,
How many miles to Babylon ? ”
“ Three score and ten.”
“ Can I get there by candlelight ? ”
“ Yes, and back again.”

II

“ How many miles to Barley-Bridge ? ”
“ Three score and ten.”
“ Can I get there by candle-light ? ”
“ Yes, if your legs be long.”

GO TO BED FIRST

Go to bed first, a golden purse ;
Go to bed second, a golden pheasant ;
Go to bed third, a golden bird !

ROCK, BALL, FIDDLE

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY OF TYRE

There was a Young Lady of Tyre,
Who swept the loud chords of a lyre;
At the sound of each sweep
She enraptured the deep,
And enchanted the city of Tyre.

THE MAN IN THE MOON

The man in the moon came tumbling down,
And asked his way to Norwich;
He went to the south, and burnt his mouth
With supping cold pease-porridge.

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY IN WHITE

There was a young Lady in white
Who looked out at the depths of the Night;
But the birds of the air
Filled her heart with despair—
And oppressed that Young Lady in white.

ROCK, BALL, FIDDLE

He that lies at the stock
Shall have the gold rock;
He that lies at the wall
Shall have the gold ball;
He that lies in the middle
Shall have the gold fiddle.

GREY GOOSE AND GANDER

THE FAIRIES

If ye will with Mab find grace,
Set each Platter in his place :
Rake the Fire up, and get
Water in, ere Sun be set.
Wash your Pailles, and clense your Dairies ;
Sluts are loathsome to the Fairies :
Sweep your house : Who doth not so,
Mab will pinch her in the toe.

THE EASTER KING AND THE WESTER KING

The Easter king and the Wester king
And the king of Onorie
They have all courted a pretty maid,
And guess who she might be. . . .

THERE WAS AN OLD PERSON OF PHILAE

There was an Old Person of Philae,
Whose conduct was scroobious and wily ;
He rushed up a palm,
When the weather was calm,
And observed all the ruins of Philae.

GREY GOOSE AND GANDER

Grey goose and gander—
Waft your wings together,
And carry the good King's daughter
Over the one strand river.

GREEN GRASS

A RIDDLE

Arthur of Bower has broken his band,
He goes roaring up the land.
The King of Scots with all his power
Can't stop Arthur of the Bower.
(The Wind.)

THERE WAS AN OLD PERSON OF CROWLE

There was an Old Person of Crowle,
Who lived in the Nest of an Owl;
When they screamed in the nest,
He screamed out with the rest,
That depressing Old Person of Crowle.

GREEN GRASS

A dis, a dis, a green grass,
A dis, a dis, a dis ;
Come, all you pretty fair maids,
And dance along with us.

For we are going roving,
A roving in this land ;
We take this pretty fair maid,
We take her by the hand.

She shall get a duke, my dear,
As duck do get a drake ;
And she shall have a young prince,
For her own fair sake.

DRAW A PAIL OF WATER

And if this young prince chance to die,
She shall get another;
The bells will ring, and the birds will sing,
And we clap hands together.

OATS AND BEANS AND BARLEY GROW

Oats and beans and barley grow—
Oats and beans and barley grow:
Do you, or I, or does anyone know
How oats and beans and barley grow?

DRAW A PAIL OF WATER

Draw a pail of water
For a lady's daughter;
Her father's a king, her mother's a queen,
Her two little sisters are dressed in green,
Stamping grass and parsley
Marigold leaves and daisies;

Sift the lady's oatmeal, sift it for an hour,
Put it in a chestnut tree, let it lie an hour;
Give a silver pin,
And a gold ring,
One and a hush! two and a rush!
Pray, young lady, pop under my bush;
My bush is too high, my bush is too low,
Please, young lady, come under my bough!

ALL, ALL A-LONELY

THE MAN IN THE WILDERNESS

The man in the wilderness asked me,
How many strawberries grow in the sea ?
I answered him as I thought good
As many as red herrings grow in the wood.

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY OF TROY

There was a Young Lady of Troy,
Whom several large flies did annoy ;
Some she killed with a thump,
Some she drowned at the pump,
And some she took with her to Troy.

THERE ARE MEN IN THE VILLAGE OF
ERITH

There are men in the village of Erith
Whom nobody seeth or heareth,
And there looms, on the marge
Of the river, a barge
That nobody roweth or steereth.

ALL, ALL A-LONELY

Three little children sitting on the sand,
All, all a-lonely,
Three little children sitting on the sand,
All, all a-lonely,
Down in the green wood shady—
There came an old woman, said Come on with me,
All, all a-lonely,

I WENT TO NOKE

There came an old woman, said Come on with me,
All, all a-lonely,
Down in the green wood shady—
She stuck her pen-knife through their heart,
All, all a-lonely,
She stuck her pen-knife through their heart,
All, all a-lonely,
Down in the green wood shady.

THERE WAS AN OLD MAN ON SOME ROCKS

There was an Old Man on some rocks,
Who shut his wife up in a box;
When she said "Let me out,"
He exclaimed, "Without doubt,
You will pass all your life in that box."

A SWARM OF BEES IN MAY

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.

I WENT TO NOKE

I went to Noke,
But nobody spoke;
I went to Thame,
It was just the same;

AT BRILL ON THE HILL

Burford and Brill
Were silent and still;
But I went to Beckley
And they spoke directly.

LITTLE DICKY DILVER

Little Dicky Dilver
Had a wife of silver;
He took a stick and broke her back,
And sold her to the miller.
The miller wouldn't have her,
So he threw her in the river.

THERE WAS AN OLD MAN OF THE CAPE

There was an Old Man of the Cape,
Who possessed a large Barbary ape,
Till the ape one dark night
Set the house all alight,
Which burned that Old Man of the Cape.

AT BRILL ON THE HILL

At Brill on the hill
The wind blows shrill,
The cook no meat can dress;
At Stow in the Wold
The wind blows cold;
I know no more than this.

ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE

RED ROSES AND RED NOSES

*(I'o a Young Lady who wished Red Roses to be strewn
upon her Tomb.)*

Some people praise red roses :
But I beg leave to say
That I prefer red noses—
I think they are so gay.

A Kempis says we must not cling
To things that pass away :
Red noses last a lifetime—
Red roses but a day.

Red roses blow but thrice a year—
In June, July, and May :
But owners of red noses
Can blow them every day.

ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE

One, Two,
 Buckle my shoe.
Three, Four,
 Open the door.
Five, Six,
 Pick up sticks.
Seven, Eight,
 Lay them straight.
Nine, Ten,
 A good fat hen.

A MAN OF WORDS AND NOT OF DEEDS

Eleven, Twelve,
Dig and Delve.
Thirteen, Fourteen,
Maids-a-courting.
Fifteen, Sixteen,
Maids in the kitchen.
Seventeen, Eighteen,
Maids a-waiting,
Nineteen, Twenty,
My plate's empty.

A MAN OF WORDS AND NOT OF DEEDS

A man of words and not of deeds
Is like a garden full of weeds;
And when the weeds begin to grow,
It's like a garden full of snow;
And when the snow begins to fall,
It's like a bird upon a wall;
And when the bird away does fly,
It's like an eagle in the sky;
And when the sky begins to roar,
It's like a lion at the door;
And when the door begins to crack,
It's like a stick across your back;
And when your back begins to smart,
It's like a penknife in your heart;
And when your heart begins to bleed,
You're dead, and dead, and dead indeed.

LILY BRIGHT AND SHINE-A

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY OF FIRLE

There was a Young Lady of Firle,
Whose hair was addicted to curl;
It curled up a Tree, and all over the Sea,
That expansive Young Lady of Firle.

LILY BRIGHT AND SHINE-A

“ Here comes a lusty wooer,
My a dildin, my a daldin ;
Here comes a lusty wooer,
Lily bright and shine-a.”

“ Pray who do you woo ?
My a dildin, my a daldin ;
Pray who do you woo ?
Lily bright and shine-a.”

“ Woo ! Your fairest daughter !
My a dildin, my a daldin ;
Woo ! Your fairest daughter !
Lily bright and shine-a.”

“ There ! there ! She is for you,
My a dildin, my a daldin ;
There ! there ! She is for you,
Lily bright and shine-a.”

MILKING PAILS

THE OLD GREY GOOSE

Go and tell Aunt Nancy,
Go and tell Aunt Nancy,
Go and tell Aunt Nancy
The old grey goose is dead.

The one that she's been saving
For to make her feather-bed.

She died last Friday
With a pain all in the head.

Old Gander is weeping
Because his wife is dead.

The goslings are mourning
Because their mother's dead.

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY OF BUTE

There was a Young Lady of Bute,
Who played on a silver-gilt flute;
She played several jigs
To her uncle's white pigs,
That amusing Young Lady of Bute.

MILKING PAILS

Mary's gone a-milking,
A rea, a ria, a roses,
Mary's gone a-milking,
Gentle sweet mother o' mine.

MILKING PAILS

Take your pails and go after her,
 A rea, a ria, a roses,
Take your pails and go after her,
 Gentle sweet daughter o' mine.

Buy me a pair of new milking pails,
 A rea, a ria, a roses,
Buy me a pair of new milking pails,
 Gentle sweet mother o' mine.

Where's the money to come from,
 A rea, a ria, a roses,
Where's the money to come from,
 Gentle sweet daughter o' mine?

Sell my father's feather bed,
 A rea, a ria, a roses,
Sell my father's feather bed,
 Gentle sweet mother o' mine.

What's your father to sleep on,
 A rea, a ria, a roses,
What's your father to sleep on,
 Gentle sweet daughter o' mine?

Put him in the truckle bed,
 A rea, a ria, a roses,
Put him in the truckle bed,
 Gentle sweet mother o' mine.

What are the children to sleep on,
 A rea, a ria, a roses,
What are the children to sleep on,
 Gentle sweet daughter o' mine?

MILKING PAILS

Put them in the pig-sty,
 A rea, a ria, a roses,
Put them in the pig-sty,
 Gentle sweet mother o' mine.

What are the pigs to lie in,
 A rea, a ria, a roses,
What are the pigs to lie in,
 Gentle sweet daughter o' mine ?

Put them in the washing-tubs,
 A rea, a ria, a roses,
Put them in the washing-tubs,
 Gentle sweet mother o' mine.

What am I to wash in,
 A rea, a ria, a roses,
What am I to wash in,
 Gentle sweet daughter o' mine ?

Wash in the thimble,
 A rea, a ria, a roses,
Wash in the thimble,
 Gentle sweet mother o' mine.

Thimble won't hold your father's shirt,
 A rea, a ria, a roses,
Thimble won't hold your father's shirt,
 Gentle sweet daughter o' mine.

Wash in the river,
 A rea, a ria, a roses,
Wash in the river,
 Gentle sweet mother o' mine.

MILKING PAILS

Suppose the clothes should blow away,
 A rea, a ria, a roses,
Suppose the clothes should blow away,
 Gentle sweet daughter o' mine ?

Set a man to watch them,
 A rea, a ria, a roses,
Set a man to watch them,
 Gentle sweet mother o' mine.

Suppose the man should go to sleep,
 A rea, a ria, a roses,
Suppose the man should go to sleep,
 Gentle sweet daughter o' mine ?

Take a boat and go after them,
 A rea, a ria, a roses,
Take a boat and go after them,
 Gentle sweet mother o' mine.

Suppose the boat should be upset,
 A rea, a ria, a roses,
Suppose the boat should be upset,
 Gentle sweet daughter o' mine ?

Then that would be an end of you,
 A rea, a ria, a roses,
Then that would be an end of you,
 Gentle sweet mother o' mine !

THE LITTLE NUT TREE

HERE WE COME A-PIPING

Here we come a-piping,
In Springtime and in May;
Green fruit a-ripening,
And Winter fled away.
The Queen she sits upon the strand,
Fair as lily, white as wand;
Seven billows on the sea,
Horses riding fast and free,
And bells beyond the sand.

THE LITTLE NUT TREE

Three Variations.

I

I had a little nut tree,
Nothing would it bear
But a silver nutmeg
And a golden pear.
The King of Spain's daughter
Came to visit me,
And all was because of
My little nut tree.
I skipped over water,
I danced over sea,
And all the birds in the air
Could not catch me.

II

The King of China's daughter,
She never would love me,

THE LITTLE NUT TREE

Though I hung my cap and bells upon
Her nutmeg tree.
For oranges and lemons,
The stars in bright blue air
(I stole them long ago, my dear),
Were dangling there.
The Moon did give me silver pence,
The Sun did give me gold,
And both together softly blew
To make my porridge cold;
But the King of China's daughter
Pretended not to see
When I hung my cap and bells upon
Her nutmeg tree.

III

The King of China's daughter,
So beautiful to see,
With her face like yellow water, left
Her nutmeg tree.
Her little rope for skipping
She kissed and gave it me—
Made of painted notes of singing-birds
Among the fields of tea.
I skipped across the nutmeg grove,—
I skipped across the sea :
But neither sun nor moon, my dear,
Has yet caught me.

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

The first day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
A partridge in a pear-tree.

The second day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Two turtle doves and
A partridge in a pear-tree.

The third day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear-tree.

The fourth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear-tree.

The fifth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear-tree.

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

The sixth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Six geese a laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear-tree.

The seventh day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Seven swans a swimming,
Six geese a laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear-tree.

The eighth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Eight maids a milking,
Seven swans a swimming,
Six geese a laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear-tree.

The ninth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

Nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a milking,
Seven swans a swimming,
Six geese a laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear-tree.

The tenth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Ten pipers piping,
Nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a milking,
Seven swans a swimming,
Six geese a laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear-tree.

The eleventh day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Eleven ladies dancing,
Ten pipers piping,
Nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a milking,
Seven swans a swimming,
Six geese a laying,
Five gold rings,

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES-O

Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear-tree.

The twelfth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Twelve lords a leaping,
Eleven ladies dancing,
Ten pipers piping,
Nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a milking,
Seven swans a swimming,
Six geese a laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear-tree.

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES-O

I'll sing you twelve O,
Green grow the rushes O.
What are your twelve O?
Twelve for the twelve apostles,
Eleven for the eleven that went up to heaven,
Ten for the ten commandments,
Nine for the nine bright shiners,
Eight for the eight bold rainers,
Seven for the seven stars in the sky,
Six for the six proud walkers,
Five for the symbol at your door,

I HAD A BOAT, AND THE BOAT HAD WINGS

Four for the gospel makers,
Three, three for the rivals,
Two, two for the lily-white boys,
Clothed all in green O;
One is one and all alone
And evermore shall be so.

I'LL SAIL UPON THE DOG-STAR

I'll sail upon the Dog-star,
And then pursue the morning;
I'll chase the Moon till it be noon,
But I'll make her leave her horning.

I'll climb the frosty mountain,
And then I'll climb the weather;
I'll tear the rainbow from the sky
And tie both ends together.

The stars pluck from their orbs too,
And crowd them in my budget;
And whether I'm a roaring boy,
Let all the nation judge it.

I HAD A BOAT, AND THE BOAT HAD
WINGS

I had a boat, and the boat had wings;
And I did dream that we went a flying
Over the heads of queens and kings,
Over the souls of dead and dying,
Up among the stars and the great white rings,
And where the Moon on her back is lying.

A NEW YEAR CAROL

SHAKE OFF YOUR HEAVY TRANCE

Shake off your heavy trance,
And leap into a dance,
Such as no mortals use to tread,—
Fit only for Apollo
To play to, for the Moon to lead,
And all the Stars to follow.

A NEW YEAR CAROL

Here we bring new water
from the well so clear,
For to worship God with,
this happy New Year.
Sing levy dew, sing levy dew,
the water and the wine;
The seven bright gold wires
and the bugles that do shine.

Sing reign of Fair Maid,
with gold upon her toe,—
Open you the West Door,
and turn the Old Year go.

Sing reign of Fair Maid,
with gold upon her chin,—
Open you the East door,
and let the New Year in.

Sing levy dew, sing levy dew,
the water and the wine;
The seven bright gold wires
and the bugles that do shine.

SALLY GO ROUND THE MOON

AS I WAS GOING BY CHARING CROSS

As I was going by Charing Cross,
I saw a black man upon a black horse;
They told me it was King Charles the First;
Oh dear, my heart was ready to burst!

AT THE SIEGE OF BELLE ISLE

At the siege of Belle Isle
I was there all the while—
All the while,
All the while
At the siege of Belle Isle.

HECTOR PROTECTOR

Hector Protector was dressed all in green;
Hector Protector was sent to the Queen.
The Queen did not like him, no more did the King,
So Hector Protector was sent back again.

SALLY GO ROUND THE MOON

Sally go round the moon, Sally,
Sally go round the sun;
Sally go round the omnibus
On a Sunday afternoon.

FROM "ALL THE BOYS IN OUR TOWN"

NOTTAMUN TOWN

In Nottamun Town not a soul would look up,
Not a soul would look up, not a soul would look down,
Not a soul would look up, not a soul would look down
To tell me the way to Nottamun Town.

I rode a big horse that was called a grey mare,
Grey mane and tail, grey stripes down his back,
Grey mane and tail, grey stripes down his back,
There weren't a hair on him but what was called black.

She stood so still, she threw me to the dirt,
She tore my hide and bruised my shirt;
From stirrup to stirrup I mounted again,
And on my ten toes I rode over the plain.

Met the King and Queen and a company of men
A-walking behind and a-riding before.
A stark-naked drummer came walking along
With his hands in his bosom a-beating his drum.

Sat down on a hot and cold frozen stone,
Ten thousand stood round me yet I was alone.
Took my heart in my hand to keep my head warm.
Ten thousand got drowned that never were born.

FROM "ALL THE BOYS IN OUR TOWN"

Up came the doctor, up came the cat,
Up came the devil with a white straw hat.
Down went the doctor, down went the cat,
Down went the devil in a white straw hat.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR

LUCY LOCKETT AND KATY FISHER

Lucy Lockett lost her pocket,
Katy Fisher found it.
Not a penny was there in it,
Only ribbon round it.

ALL GOOD CHILDREN GO TO HEAVEN

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
All good children go to Heaven :
A penny by the water,
Tuppence by the sea,
Threepence by the railway—
Out goes she !

HOW MANY MONKEYS ?

Monk, monk, bear like beer,
How many monkeys are there here ?
One, two, three, four,
Put the monkey out of the door.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR

A knife and a razor
Spells Nebuchadnezzar ;
A knife and a fork
Spells Nebuchadnork.
A new pair of slippers
And an old pair of shoes
Spells Nebuchadnezzar,
The king of the Jews.

SONG

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

YOU AND I AND AMYAS

You and I and Amyas
Amyas and you and I,
To the greenwood must we go, alas !
You and I, my life, and Amyas.

.
Refrain from a Ballad.

SONG

Under the greenewood tree,
who loues to lye with mee,
And tune his merry Note,
unto the sweet Birds throte :
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Heere shall he see no enemie
But Winter and rough Weather.

Who doth ambition shunne,
and loues to liue i' the Sunne :
Seeking the food he eates,
and pleas'd with what he gets :
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Heere shall he see no enemie
But Winter and rough Weather.

THE TWO SISTERS

THE TWO SISTERS

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

He courted the eldest wi' glove and ring,
But he lov'd the youngest above a' thing.

He courted the eldest wi' brooch an knife,
But lov'd the youngest as his life.

The eldest she was vexèd sair,
An' much envi'd her sister fair.

Into her bow'r she could not rest,
Wi' grief an' spite she almos brast.

Upon a morning fair an' clear
She cried upon her sister dear :—

“ O sister, come to yon sea strand,
An' see our father's ships come to land ! ”

She's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
An' led her down to yon sea strand.

The youngest stood upon a stane,
The eldest came an' threw her in.

She tooke her by the middle sma',
An' dashed her bonny back to the jaw.

THE TWO SISTERS

“ O sister, sister, tak my hand,
And I’ll make you heir to a’ my land.

“ O sister, sister, tak my middle,
An’ ye’ll get my goud and my gouden girdle.

“ O sister, sister, save my life,
An’ I swear I’ll never be nae man’s wife.”

“ Foul fa’ the hand that I should tacke,
It twin’d me an’ my wardle’s make.

“ Your cherry cheeks an’ yallow hair
Gars me gae maiden for evermair.”

Sometimes she sank, an’ sometimes she swam,
Till she came down yon bonny mill-dam.

O out it came the miller’s son,
An’ saw the fair maid swimmin in.

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

The miller quickly drew the dam,
An’ there he found a drown’d woman.

You couldna see her yallow hair
For gold and pearle that were so rare.

You couldna see her middle sma’
For gouden girdle that was sae braw.

You couldna see her fingers white
For gouden rings that was sae gryte.

GOLD

An' by there came a harper fine,
That harpèd to the King at dine.

When he did look that lady upon,
He sigh'd and made a heavy moan.

He's ta'en three locks o' her yallow hair,
An' wi' them strung his harp sae fair.

The first tune he did play and sing
Was "Farewell to my father the King."

The nextin tune that he play'd syne
Was "Farewell to my mother the Queen."

The lastin tune that he play'd then
Was "Wae to my sister, fair Ellen."

GLOSSARY

Jaw : wave. *It twin'd me an' my wardle's make* : it parted me and my world's mate. *Gryte* : great. *Dine* : dinner. *Syne* : since.

GOLD

Sighed the wind to the wheat :—
"The Queen who is slumbering there,
Once bewildered the rose;
Scorned 'Thou un-fair.'
Once, from that bird-whirring court,
Ascended the ruinous stair.
Aloft, on that weed-hung turret, suns
Smote on her hair—
Of a gold by Archaic sought,
Of a gold sea-hid,

THE LITTLE PRETTY NIGHTINGALE

Of a gold that from core of quartz
No flame shall bid
Pour into light of the air
For God's Jews to see."

Mocked the wheat to the wind :—
" Kiss me. Kiss me ! "

UNDER THE LEAVES GRENE

Who shall have my fayre lady ?
Who shall have my fayre lady ?
Who but I, who but I, who but I ?
Under the leavës grene,
Under the leavës grene.

The fayrest man
That best love can,
Dandirly, dandirly, dandirly dan,
Under the leavës grene,
Under the leavës grene.

THE LITTLE PRETTY NIGHTINGALE

The little pretty nightingale
Among the leavës grene :
I would I were with her all night—
But yet ye wot not whom I mene.

The nightingale sat on a brere
Among the thornës sharpe and keene,
And comfort me with merry chere—
But yet ye wot not whom I mene.

THE BROOMFIELD HILL

She did appear all on her kind
A lady right well to be seene.
With words of love told me her mind—
But yet ye wot not whom I mene.

It did me good upon her to look,
Her corse was closèd all in grene;
Away fro me her heart she took—
But yet ye wot not whom I mene.

Lady, I cry'd with ruffull mone,
Have mind of me that true have bene :
For I love none but you alone—
But yet ye wot not whom I mene.

THE BROOMFIELD HILL

*Brome, brome on hill,
The gentle brome on hill, hill,
Brome, brome on Hive hill,
The gentle brome on Hive hill,
The brome stands on Hive hill-a . . .*

“ O where were ye, my milk-white steed,
That I hae coft sae dear,
That wadna' watch and waken me
When there was maiden here ? ”

“ I stampèd wi' my foot, master,
And gard my bridle ring,
But na kin thing wold waken ye,
Till she was past and gane.”

THE MAID OF THE MOOR

“ And wae betide ye, my gay goss-hawk,
That I did love sae dear,
That wadna watch and waken me
When there was maiden here.”

“ I clappèd wi’ my wings, master,
And aye my bells I rang,
And aye cryed Waken, waken, master,
Before the ladye gang.”

“ But haste and haste, my gude white steed,
To come the maiden till
Or a’ the birds of gude green wood
Of your flesh shall have their fill.”

“ Ye need no burst your gude white steed
Wi’ racing o’er the howm;
Nae bird flies faster through the wood
Than she fled through the broom.”

GLOSSARY

Coft : bought. *Howm* : the grass by the river.

THE MAID OF THE MOOR

Maiden in the moor lay,
In the moor lay,
Seven nights full, seven nights full,
Maiden in the moor lay,
In the moor lay,
Seven nights full and a day.

TO MISTRES MARGARET HUSSEY

Well was her mete;
What was her mete?
The primrose and the ——
The primrose and the ——
Well was her mete;
What was her mete?
The primrose and the violet.

Well was her drink;
What was her drink?
The chilled water of ——
The chilled water of ——
Well was her drink;
What was her drink?
The chilled water of the well-spring.

Well was her bower;
What was her bower?
The red rose and the ——
The red rose and the ——
Well was her bower;
What was her bower?
The red rose and the lily flower.

TO MISTRES MARGARET HUSSEY

Merry Margaret
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower:
With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness;

IN PRAISE OF ISABEL PENNELL

So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly,
So demeaning
In every thing,
Far, far passing
That I can indite
Or suffice to write
Of Merry Margaret
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower.
As patient and still
And as full of good will
As fair Isaphill,
Coliander,
Sweet pomander,
Good Cassander;
Steadfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought,
Far may be sought
Ere that ye can find
So courteous, so kind
As Merry Margaret,
This midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower.

IN PRAISE OF ISABEL PENNELL

By Saint Mary, my lady,
Your mammy and your daddy
Brought forth a goodly baby!

IN PRAISE OF ISABEL PENNELL

My maiden Isabel,—
Reflaring rosabell,
The flagrant camamell,

The ruddy rosary,
The sovereign rosemary,
The pretty strawberry,

The columbine, the nepte,
The ieloffer well set,
The proper violet,

Ennewèd, your colour
Is like the daisy flower
After the April shower !

Star of the morrow gray,
The blossom on the spray,
The freshest flower of May ;

Maidenly demure
Of womanhood the lure,
Wherefore I make you sure :

It were an heavenly health,
It were an endless wealth,
A life for God himself,

To hear this nightingale,
Among the birdës smale
Warbling in the vale :—

Dug, dug,
Iug, Iug,
Good year and good luck,
With chuk, chuk, chuk, chuk !

ONE KING'S DAUGHTER . . .

One king's daughter said to anither,
Brume blumes bonnie and grows sae fair
“We'll gae ride like sister and brither,”
And we'll neer gae down to the brume nae mair.

“We'll ride down into yonder valley,
Brume blumes bonnie and grows sae fair,
Whare the greene green trees are budding sae gaily
And we'll neer gae down to the brume nae mair.

“Wi hawke and hounde we will hunt sae rarely,
Brume blumes bonnie and grows sae fair,
And we'll come back in the morning early.”
And we'll neer gae down to the brume nae mair.

They rode on like sister and brither,
Brume blumes bonnie and grows sae fair,
And they hunted and hawket in the valley together,
And we'll neer gae down to the brume nae mair.

“Now, lady, hould my horse and my hawk,”
Brume blumes bonnie and grows sae fair,
For I maun na ride, and I daur na walk,
And we'll neer gae down to the brume nae mair.

“But set me down by the rute o' this tree,
Brume blumes bonnie and grows sae fair,
For there ha'e I dreamt that my bed sall be.”
And we'll neer gae down to the brume nae mair.

FROM "KEITH OF RAVELSTONE"

The ae king's daughter did lift down the ither,
Brume blumes bonnie and grows sae fair,
She was licht in her armis like any fether.
And we'll neer gae down to the brume nae mair.

Bonnie Lady Ann sat down by the tree,
Brume blumes bonnie and grows sae fair,
And a wide grave was houkit whare nane should be.
And we'll neer gae down to the brume nae mair.

The hawk had nae lure, and the horse had nae master,
Brume blumes bonnie and grows sae fair,
And the faithless hounds thro' the woods ran faster.
And we'll neer gae down to the brume nae mair.

The one king's daughter has ridden awa',
Brume blumes bonnie and grows sae fair,
But bonnie Lady Ann lay in the death-thraw.
And we'll neer gae down to the brume nae mair.

GLOSSARY

Houkit : dug.

FROM "KEITH OF RAVELSTONE"

• • • •
The murmur of the mourning ghost
That keeps the shadowy kine:
"Oh, Keith of Ravelstone,
The sorrows of thy line."

OH ! DEAR !

THE RAGGED WOOD

O hurry where by water among the trees
The delicate-stepping stag and his lady sigh
When they have but looked upon their images—
Would none had ever loved but you and I !

Or have you heard that sliding silver-shoed
Pale silver-proud queen-woman of the sky,
When the sun looked out of his golden hood?—
O that none ever loved but you and I !

O hurry to the ragged wood, for there
I will drive all those lovers out and cry—
O my share of the world, O yellow hair !
No one has ever loved but you and I.

OH ! DEAR !

Oh ! dear ! what can the matter be ?
Dear ! dear ! what can the matter be ?
Oh ! dear ! what can the matter be ?
Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised he'd buy me a fairing should please me,
And then for a kiss, oh ! he vowed he would tease me,
He promised he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

And it's oh ! dear ! what can the matter be ?
Dear ! dear ! what can the matter be ?
Oh ! dear ! what can the matter be ?
Johnny's so long at the fair.

SCARBOROUGH FAIR

He promised he'd bring me a basket of posies,
A garland of lilies, a garland of roses,
A little straw hat to set off the blue ribbons
That tie up my bonny brown hair.

And it's oh ! dear ! what can the matter be ?
Dear ! dear ! what can the matter be ?
Oh ! dear ! what can the matter be ?
Johnny's so long at the fair.

SCARBOROUGH FAIR

Where are you going ? To Scarborough Fair ?
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Remember me to a bonny lass there,
For once she was a true lover of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Without any needle or thread work'd in it,
And she shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell her to wash it in yonder well,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Where water ne'er sprung nor a drop of rain fell,
And she shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell her to plough me an acre of land,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
Between the sea and the salt sea strand,
And she shall be a true lover of mine.

THE STREAMS OF LOVELY NANCY

Tell her to plough it with one ram's horn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
And sow it all over with one peppercorn,
And she shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell her to reap it with a sickle of leather,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
And tie it all up with a tom-tit's feather,
And she shall be a true lover of mine.

Tell her to gather it all in a sack,
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
And carry it home on a butterfly's back,
And then she shall be a true lover of mine.

THE STREAMS OF LOVELY NANCY

The streams of lovely Nancy
Divide in three parts,
Where young men and maidens
Do a-choose their sweethearts;
For a-drinking sweet liquors
Makes their hearts for to sing,
And the noise in the valley
Makes the rocks for to ring.

On yonder high mountain
A castle does stand;
It's a-built of ivory
On yonder black strand,
It's a-built of ivory
And diamonds so bright,
It's a pilot for sailors
On a dark wintry night.

THE TURTLE-DOVE

On yonder high mountain
Where wild fowls they fly,
There is one fowl among them
That flies very high.
If I had my true love
Near the diamond's black land,
How soon would I tame her
By the sleight of my hand.

We marchèd from Chester
To Liverpool Town,
And there we spied lasses,
Some fair and some brown;
But of all the fine lasses
I ever did see,
The voice of my angel
Is the darling for me.

THE TURTLE-DOVE

“ Oh ! don't you see the turtle-dove
Sitting under yonder tree
Lamenting for her own true love ?
And I will mourn for thee, my dear,
And I will mourn for thee.”

“ If you must suffer grief and pain,
’Tis but for a little while;
For, though I go away, I'll return again,
If I row ten thousand mile, my dear,
If I row ten thousand mile ! ”

THE TREES SO HIGH

“ Ten thousand mile is very far
For me to bide alone
With a heavy, heavy sigh, and a bitter, bitter cry;
No one to hear my moan, my dear,
No one to hear my moan.”

“ I may not stay your grievous moan,
Your pain I may not ease;
Yet I will love but thee alone;
Till the streams run from the seas, my dear,
Till the streams run from the seas ! ”

“ The tides shall cease to beat the shore,
The stars fall from the sky;
Yet I will love thee more and more
Until the day I die, my dear,
Until the day I die.”

“ Then let the seas run dry, sweetheart,
The rocks melt in the sun,
Yet here I will stay, nor ever from thee part,
Till all my days are done, my dear,
Till all my days are done ! ”

THE TREES SO HIGH

All the trees they are so high,
The leaves they are so green,
The day is past and gone, sweet-heart,
That you and I have seen.
It is cold winter's night,
You and I must bide alone :
Whilst my pretty lad is young
And is growing.

THE TREES SO HIGH

In a garden as I walked,
I heard them laugh and call;
There were four and twenty playing there,
They played with bat and ball.
O the rain on the roof,
Here and I must make my moan :
Whilst my pretty lad is young
And is growing.

I listen'd in the garden,
I lookèd o'er the wall;
'Midst five and twenty gallants there
My love exceeded all.
O the wind on the thatch,
Here and I alone must weep :
Whilst my pretty lad is young
And is growing.

O father, father dear,
Great wrong to me is done,
That I should married be this day,
Before the set of sun.
At the huffle of the gale,
Here I toss and cannot sleep :
Whilst my pretty lad is young
And is growing.

My daughter, daughter dear,
If better be, more fit,
I'll send him to the court awhile,
To point his pretty wit.

THE TREES SO HIGH

But the snow, snowflakes fall,
O and I am chill as dead :
 Whilst my pretty lad is young
 And is growing.

To let the lovely ladies know
 They may not touch and taste,
I'll bind a bunch of ribbons red
 About his little waist.
 But the raven hoarsely croaks,
 And I shiver in my bed :
 Whilst my pretty lad is young
 And is growing.

I married was, alas,
 A lady high to be,
In court and stall and stately hall,
 And bower of tapestry.
 But the bell did only knell,
 And I shuddered as one cold :
 When I wed the pretty lad
 Not done growing.

At fourteen he wedded was,
 A father at fifteen,
At sixteen's face was white as milk,
 And then his grave was green ;
 And the daisies were outspread,
 And buttercups of gold,
 O'er my pretty lad so young
 Now ceased growing.

BLOW THE WINDS, I-HO !

THE BONNIE EARL O' MURRAY

Ye Hielands and ye Lowlands,
O where hae ye been ?
They have slain the Earl o' Murray,
And laid him on the green ;
He was a braw gallant,
And he rade at the ring ;
And the bonnie Earl o' Murray,
He might hae been a king !

O wae be to thee, Huntly,
And wherefore did ye sac ?
I bade ye bring him wi ye,
But forbade ye him to slay :
He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the ball,
And the bonnie Earl o' Murray
Was the flow'r among them all.

O lang will his lady
Look owre frae Castle Doune,
Ere she see the Earl o' Murray
Come soundin' thro' the town.

BLOW THE WINDS, I-HO !

There was a shepherd's son,
He kept sheep on yonder hill ;
He laid his pipe and his crook aside,
And there he slept his fill.

THE GYPSY LADDIE

And blow the winds I-ho !
Sing, blow the winds, I-ho !
Clear away the morning dew,
And blow the winds, I-ho !

THERE WAS A LADY

There was a lady loved a swine,
“ Honey,” said she,
“ Pig-hog, wilt thou be mine ? ”
“ Hunc,” said he.

“ I’ll build for thee a silver sty,
Honey,” said she,
“ And in it softly thou shalt lie.”
“ Hunc,” said he.

“ Pinned with a silver pin,
Honey,” said she,
“ That you may go both out and in.”
“ Hunc,” said he.

“ When shall we two be wed,
Honey ? ” said she.
“ Hunc, hunc, hunc,” he said—
And away went he.

THE GYPSY LADDIE

The gypsies came to the good Squire’s gate,
And wow ! but they sang bonny.
They sang so sweet and so complete
That down came our fair lady.

THE GYPSY LADDIE

She came tripping down the stairs,
And all her maids before her;
As soon as they saw her weel-far'd face,
They cast their glamourie owre her.

And she gave them the good wheat bread
And they gave her the ginger—
But she gave them a far better thing—
The gold rings of her finger.

“Will you go with me, my hinny and my heart?
Will you go with me, my dearie?
And I will swear, by the hilt of my spear,
That your lord shall no more come near thee.”

It was late in the night when the Squire came home
Enquiring for his lady.
Her servant made a sure reply :
“She's gone with the Gypsum Davy.”

“O go catch up my milk-white steed,
The black one's not so speedy,
I'll ride all night till broad daylight,
Or overtake my lady.”

He rode and he rode till he came to the town,
He rode till he came to Barley,
The tears came rolling down his cheeks,
And then he spied his lady.

“It's come go back, my dearest dear,
Come go back, my honey;
It's come go back, my dearest dear,
And you never shall lack for money.”

RUNNING TO PARADISE

“ I won’t go back, my dearest dear,
I won’t go back, my honey;
For I wouldn’t give a kiss from Gypsum’s lips
For you and all your money.”

“ It’s go pull off those snow-white gloves,
A-made of Spanish leather,
And give to me your lily-white hand,
And bid farewell for ever.”

It’s she pulled off those snow-white gloves,
A-made of Spanish leather,
And gave to him her lily-white hand,
And bid farewell for ever.

She soon ran through her gay clothing,
Her velvet shoes and stockings;
Her gold ring off her finger’s gone,
And the gold plate off her bosom.

“ O once I had a house and land,
Feather bed and money;
But now I’ve come to an old straw pad
With the gypsies dancing round me.”

RUNNING TO PARADISE

As I came over Windy Gap
They threw a half-penny into my cap,
For I am running to Paradise;
And all that I need do is to wish
And somebody puts his hand in the dish
To throw me a bit of salted fish :
And there the king is but as the beggar.

UNDER THE ROUND TOWER

My brother Mourteen is worn out
With skelping his big brawling lout,
And I am running to Paradise ;
A poor life, do what he can,
And though he keeps a dog and a gun,
A sewing maid and a serving man :
And there the king is but as the beggar.

Poor men have grown to be rich men,
And rich men grown to be poor again,
And I am running to Paradise ;
And many a darling wit's grown dull
That tossed a bare heel when at school,
Now it has filled an old sock full :
And there the king is but as the beggar.

The wind is old and still at play
While I must hurry upon my way,
For I am running to Paradise ;
Yet never have I met on a friend
To take my fancy like the wind
That nobody can buy or bind :
And there the king is but as the beggar.

UNDER THE ROUND TOWER

‘ Although I’d lie lapped up in linen
A deal I’d sweat and little earn
If I should live as live the neighbours,’
Cried the beggar, Billy Byrne ;
‘ Stretch bones till the daylight come
On great-grandfather’s battered tomb.’

UNDER THE ROUND TOWER

Upon a grey old battered tombstone
In Glendalough beside the stream,
Where the O'Byrnes and Byrnes are buried,
He stretched his bones and fell in a dream
Of sun and moon that a good hour
Bellowed and pranced in the round tower ;

Of golden king and silver lady,
Bellowing up and bellowing round,
Till toes mastered a sweet measure,
Mouth mastered a sweet sound,
Prancing round and prancing up
Until they pranced upon the top.

That golden king and that wild lady
Sang till stars began to fade,
Hands gripped in hands, toes close together,
Hair spread on the wind they made ;
That lady and that golden king
Could like a brace of blackbirds sing.

' It's certain that my luck is broken,'
That rambling jailbird Billy said ;
' Before nightfall I'll pick a pocket
And snug it in a feather bed.
I cannot find the peace of home
On great-grandfather's battered tomb.'

TOM O' BEDLAM'S SONG

WITCHES—DEMONS—FAIRIES

“Nero is an angler in the lake of darknesse.”

TOM O' BEDLAM'S SONG

From the hagg and hungrie goblin
That into raggs would rend ye
And the spirit that stands by the naked man
In the Book of Moones defend yee !
That of your five sounde senses
You never be forsaken
Nor wander from your selves with Tom
Abroad to begg your bacon.

While I doe sing “ Any foode any feeding
Feedinge, drinke or clothing ”
Come dame or maid, be not afraid,
Poor Tom will injure nothing.

Of thirty barc years have I
Twice twenty bin enragèd
And of forty bin three tymes fifteene
In durance soundlie cagèd
On the lordlie loftes of Bedlam
With stubble softe and dainty,
Brave braceletts strong, sweet whips ding-dong,
With wholsome hunger plenty,

And nowe I sing “ Any foode any feeding
Feedinge, drinke or clothing ”
Come dame or maid, be not afraid,
Poor Tom will injure nothing.

TOM O' BEDLAM'S SONG

With a thought I tooke for Maudlin
And a cruse of cockle pottage
With a thing thus tall, skie blesse you all,
I befell into this dotage.
I slept not since the Conquest,
Till then I never wakèd
Till the rogysh boy of love where I lay
Mee found and strip't mee naked.

And nowe I sing “ Any foode any feeding
Feedinge, drinke or clothing ”
Come dame or maid, be not afraid,
Poor Tom will injure nothing.

When I short have shorne my sowre face
And swigg'd my horny barrel
In an oaken inne I pound my skin
As a suite of guilt apparell.
The moon's my constant Mistrisse
And the lowlic owle my morrowe
The flaming Drake and the Nightcroe make
Mee musicke to my sorrowe.

While I doe sing “ Any foode any feeding
Feedinge, drinke or clothing ”
Come dame or maid, be not afraid,
Poor Tom will injure nothing.

The palsie plagues my pulses
When I prigg your pigs or pullen,
Your culvers take, or matchles make
Your Chanticleare or sullen.

TOM O' BEDLAM'S SONG

When I want provant with Humfrie
I sup, and when benighted
I repose in Powles with waking soules
Yet nevere am affrighted.

But I doe sing “ Any foode any feeding
Feedinge, drinke or clothing ”
Come dame or maid, be not afraid,
Poor Tom will injure nothing.

I knowe more then Apollo,
For oft when hee ly's sleeping
I see the starres att bloudie warres
In the wounded welkin weeping,
The moone embrace her shepheard
And the quene of Love her warryor,
While the first doth borne the star of morne
And the next the heavenly Farrier.

While I doe sing “ Any foode any feeding
Feedinge, drinke or clothing ”
Come dame or maid, be not afraid,
Poor Tom will injure nothing.

The Gipsie Snap and Pedro
Are none of Tom's comradoes,
The punk I skorne and the cut purse sworn
And the roaring boyes bravadoe
The meeke the white the gentle,
Me handle touch and spare not
But those that crosse Tom Rynosseros
Doe what the panther dare not.

GOBLIN MARKET

Although I sing " Any foode any feeding
Feedinge, drinke or clothing "
Come dame or maid, be not afraid,
Poor Tom will injure nothing.

With an host of furious fancies
Whereof I am commander,
With a burning speare, and a horse of aire,
To the wilderness I wander.
By a knight of ghostes and shadowes
I summon'd am to tourney
Ten leagues beyond the wide world's end.
Me thinke it is noe journey.

Yet will I sing " Any foode any feeding
Feedinge, drinke or clothing "
Come dame or maid, be not afraid,
Poor Tom will injure nothing.

GOBLIN MARKET

Morning and evening
Maids heard the goblins cry :
" Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy :
Apples and quinces,
Lemons and oranges,
Plump unpecked cherries,
Melons and raspberries,
Bloom-down-cheeked peaches,
Swart-headed mulberries,
Wild free-born cranberries,
Crab-apples, dewberries,

GOBLIN MARKET

Pine-apples, blackberries,
Apricots, strawberries;—
All ripe together
In summer weather,—
Morns that pass by,
Fair eves that fly;
Come buy, come buy :
Our grapes fresh from the vine,
Pomegranates full and fine.
Dates and sharp bullaces,
Rare pears and greengages,
Damsons and bilberries,
Taste them and try :
Currants and gooseberries,
Bright fire-like barberries,
Figs to fill your mouth,
Citrons from the South,
Sweet to tongue and sound to eye;
Come buy, come buy.”

Evening by evening
Among the brookside rushes,
Laura bowed her head to hear,
Lizzie veiled her blushes :
Crouching close together
In the cooling weather,
With clasping arms and cautioning lips,
With tingling cheeks and finger tips.
“ Lie close,” Laura said,
Pricking up her golden head :
“ We must not look at goblin men,
We must not buy their fruits :

GOBLIN MARKET

Who knows upon what soil they fed
Their hungry, thirsty roots ? ”
“ Come buy,” call the goblins,
Hobbling down the glen.
“ Oh,” cried Lizzie, “ Laura, Laura,
You should not peep at goblin men.”
Lizzie covered up her eyes,
Covered close lest they should look ;
Laura reared her glossy head,
And whispered like the restless brook :
“ Look, Lizzie, look, Lizzie,
Down the glen tramp little men.
One hauls a basket,
One bears a plate,
One lugs a golden dish
Of many pounds’ weight.
How fair the vine must grow
Whose grapes are so luscious ;
How warm the wind must blow
Through those fruit bushes.”
“ No,” said Lizzie : “ No, no, no ;
Their offers should not charm us,
Their evil gifts would harm us.”
She thrust a dimpled finger
In each ear, shut eyes and ran :
Curious Laura chose to linger,
Wondering at each merchant man.
One had a cat’s face,
One whisked a tail,
One tramped at a rat’s pace,
One crawled like a snail,
One like a wombat prowled obtuse and furry,

GOBLIN MARKET

One like a ratel tumbled hurry skurry.
She heard a voice like voice of doves
Cooing all together :
They sounded kind and full of loves
In the pleasant weather.

Laura stretched her gleaming neck
Like a rush-imbedded swan,
Like a lily from the beck,
Like a moonlit poplar branch,
Like a vessel at the launch
When its last restraint is gone.

Backwards up the mossy glen
Turned and trooped the goblin men
With their shrill repeated cry,
 “ Come buy, come buy.”
When they reached where Laura was,
They stood stock-still upon the moss
Leering at each other,
Brother with queer brother;
Signalling each other,
Brother with sly brother.
One set his basket down,
One reared his plate;
One began to weave a crown
Of tendrils, leaves, and rough nuts brown
(Men sell not such in any town);
One heaved the golden weight
Of dish and fruit to offer her :
 “ Come buy, come buy,” was still their cry.
Laura stared but did not stir,

GOBLIN MARKET

Longed, but had no money :
The whisk-tailed merchant bade her taste
In tones as smooth as honey,
The cat-faced purr'd,
The rat-paced spoke a word
Of welcome, and the snail-paced even was heard;
One parrot-voiced and jolly
Cried " Pretty Goblin " still for " Pretty Polly ";
One whistled like a bird.

But sweet-tooth Laura spoke in haste :
" Good Folk, I have no coin ;
To take were to purloin :
I have no copper in my purse,
I have no silver either,
And all my gold is on the furze
That shakes in windy weather
Above the rusty heather."
" You have much gold upon your head,"
They answered all together :
" Buy from us with a golden curl."
She clipped a precious golden lock,
She dropped a tear more rare than pearl,
Then sucked their fruit globes fair or red :
Sweeter than honey from the rock,
Stronger than man-rejoicing wine,
Clearer than water flowed that juice ;
She never tasted such before,
How should it cloy with length of use ?
She sucked and sucked and sucked the more
Fruits which that unknown orchard bore ;
She sucked until her lips were sore ;

GOBLIN MARKET

Then flung the emptied rinds away
But gathered up one kernel-stone,
And knew not was it night or day
As she turned home alone.

Lizzie met her at the gate
Full of wise upbraidings :
“ Dear, you should not stay so late,
Twilight is not good for maidens ;
Should not loiter in the glen
In the haunts of goblin men.
Do you not remember Jeanie,
How she met them in the moonlight,
Took their gifts both choice and many,
Ate their fruits and wore their flowers
Plucked from bowers
Where summer ripens at all hours ?
But ever in the moonlight
She pined and pined away ;
Sought them by night and day,
Found them no more, but dwindled and grew gray ;
Then fell with the first snow,
While to this day no grass will grow
Where she lies low :
I planted daisies there a year ago
That never blow.
You should not loiter so.”
“ Nay, hush,” said Laura :
“ Nay, hush, my sister :
I ate and ate my fill,
Yet my mouth waters still :
To-morrow night I will

GOBLIN MARKET

Buy more; ” and kissed her :
“ Have done with sorrow ;
I'll bring you plums to-morrow
Fresh on their mother twigs,
Cherries worth getting ;
You cannot think what figs
My teeth have met in,
What melons icy-cold
Piled on a dish of gold
Too huge for me to hold,
What peaches with a velvet nap,
Pellucid grapes without one seed :
Odorous indeed, must be the mead
Whereon they grow, and pure the wave they drink *
With lilies at the brink,
And sugar-sweet their sap.”

Golden head by golden head,
Like two pigeons in one nest
Folded in each other's wings,
They lay down in their curtained bed :
Like two blossoms on one stem,
Like two flakes of new-fall'n snow,
Like two wands of ivory
Tipped with gold for awful kings.
Moon and stars gazed in at them,
Wind sang to them lullaby,
Lumbering owls forbore to fly,
Not a bat flapped to and fro
Round their nest :
Cheek to cheek and breast to breast
Locked together in one nest.

GOBLIN MARKET

Early in the morning
When the first cock crowed his warning,
Neat like bees, as sweet and busy,
Laura rose with Lizzie :
Fetched in honey, milked the cows,
Aired and set to rights the house,
Kneaded cakes of whitest wheat,
Cakes for dainty mouths to eat,
Next churned butter, whipped up cream,
Fed their poultry, sat and sewed ;
Talked as modest maidens should :
Lizzie with an open heart,
Laura in an absent dream,
One content, one sick in part ;
One warbling for the mere bright day's delight,
One longing for the night.

At length slow evening came :
They went with pitchers to the reedy brook ;
Lizzie most placid in her look,
Laura most like a leaping flame.
They drew the gurgling water from its deep.
Lizzie plucked purple and rich golden flags,
Then turning homeward said : " The sunset flushes
Those furthest loftiest crags ;
Come, Laura, not another maiden lags.
No wilful squirrel wags,
The beasts and birds are fast asleep."
But Laura loitered still among the rushes,
And said the bank was steep.

And said the hour was early still,
The dew not fall'n, the wind not chill ;

GOBLIN MARKET

Listening ever, but not catching
The customary cry,
"Come buy, come buy,"
With its iterated jingle
Of sugar-baited words :
Not for all her watching
Once discerning even one goblin
Racing, whisking, tumbling, hobbling ;
Let alone the herds
That used to tramp among the glen,
In groups or single,
Of brisk fruit-merchant men.

Till Lizzie urged, "O Laura, come ;
I hear the fruit-call, but I dare not look :
You should not loiter longer at this brook :
Come with me home.
The stars rise, the moon bends her arc,
Each glow-worm winks her spark,
Let us get home before the night grows dark :
For clouds may gather
Though this is summer weather,
Put out the lights and drench us through ;
Then if we lost our way what should we do ? "

Laura turned cold as stone
To find her sister heard that cry alone,
That goblin cry,
"Come buy our fruits, come buy."
Must she then buy no more such dainty fruits ?
Must she no more such succous pasture find,
Gone deaf and blind ?

GOBLIN MARKET

Her tree of life drooped from the root :
She said not one word in her heart's sore ache :
But peering thro' the dimness, nought discerning,
Trudged home, her pitcher dripping all the way ;
So crept to bed, and lay
Silent till Lizzie slept ;
Then sat up in a passionate yearning,
And gnashed her teeth for baulked desire, and wept
As if her heart would break.

Day after day, night after night,
Laura kept watch in vain
In sullen silence of exceeding pain.
She never caught again the goblin cry,
" Come buy, come buy " ;—
She never spied the goblin men
Hawking their fruits along the glen :
But when the moon waxed bright
Her hair grew thin and gray ;
She dwindled, as the fair full moon doth turn
To swift decay and burn
Her fire away.

One day remembering her kernel-stone
She set it by a wall that faced the south :
Dewed it with tears, hoped for a root,
Watched for a waxing shoot,
But there came none.
It never saw the sun,
It never felt the trickling moisture run :
While with sunk eyes and faded mouth
She dreamed of melons, as a traveller sees

GOBLIN MARKET

'False waves in desert drouth
With shade of leaf-crowned trees,
And burns the thirstier in the sandful breeze.

She no more swept the house,
Tended the fowls or cows,
Fetched honey, kneaded cakes of wheat,
Brought water from the brook :
But sat down listless in the chimney-nook
And would not eat.

Tender Lizzie could not bear
To watch her sister's cankerous care,
Yet not to share.
She night and morning
Caught the goblins' cry :
"Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy :"—
Beside the brook, along the glen,
She heard the tramp of goblin men,
The voice and stir
Poor Laura could not hear;
Longed to buy fruit to comfort her,
But feared to pay too dear.
She thought of Jeanie in her grave,
Who should have been a bride ;
But who for joys brides hope to have
Fell sick and died
In her gay prime,
In earliest Winter time,
With the first glazing rime,
With the first snow-fall of crisp Winter time.

GOBLIN MARKET

Till Laura dwindling
Seemed knocking at Death's door :
Then Lizzie weighed no more
Better and worse ;
But put a silver penny in her purse,
Kissed Laura, crossed the heath with clumps of
furze
At twilight, halted by the brook :
And for the first time in her life
Began to listen and look.

Laughed every goblin
When they spied her peeping :
Came towards her hobbling,
Flying, running, leaping,
Puffing and blowing,
Chuckling, clapping, crowing,
Clucking and gobbling,
Mopping and mowing,
Full of airs and graces,
Pulling wry faces,
Demure grimaces,
Cat-like and rat-like,
Ratel- and wombat-like,
Snail-paced in a hurry,
Parrot-voiced and whistler,
Helter skelter, hurry skurry,
Chattering like magpies,
Fluttering like pigeons,
Gliding like fishes,—
Hugged her and kissed her :
Squeezed and caressed her :

GOBLIN MARKET

Stretched up their dishes,
Panniers and plates :
“ Look at our apples
Russet and dun,
Bob at our cherries,
Bite at our peaches,
Citrons and dates,
Grapes for the asking,
Pears red with basking
Out in the sun,
Plums on their twigs ;
Pluck and suck them,
Pomegranates, figs.”—

“ Good folk,” said Lizzie,
Mindful of Jeanie :
“ Give me much and many : ”
Held out her apron,
Tossed them her penny.

“ Nay, take a seat with us,
Honour and eat with us,”
They answered grinning :
“ Our feast is but beginning.
Night yet is early,
Warm and dew-pearly,
Wakeful and starry :
Such fruits as these
No man can carry ;
Half their bloom would fly,
Half their dew would dry,
Half their flavour would pass by.
Sit down and feast with us,

GOBLIN MARKET

Be welcome guest with us,
Cheer you and rest with us.”—
“Thank you,” said Lizzie: “But one waits
At home alone for me:
So without further parleying,
If you will not sell me any
Of your fruits though much and many
Give me back my silver penny
I tossed you for a fee.”—
They began to scratch their pates,
No longer wagging, purring,
But visibly demurring,
Grunting and snarling.
One called her proud,
Cross-grained, uncivil;
Their tones waxed loud,
Their looks were evil.
Lashing their tails.
They trod and hustled her,
Elbowed and jostled her,
Clawed with their nails,
Barking, mewing, hissing, mocking,
Tore her gown and soiled her stocking,
Twitched her hair out by the roots,
Stamped upon her tender feet,
Held her hands and squeezed their fruits
Against her mouth to make her eat.

White and golden Lizzie stood,
Like a lily in a flood,—
Like a rock of blue-veined stone
Lashed by tides obstreperously,—

GOBLIN MARKET

Like a beacon left alone
In a hoary roaring sea,
Sending up a golden fire,—
Like a fruit-crowned orange-tree
White with blossoms honey-sweet
Sore beset by wasp and bee,—
Like a royal virgin town
Topped with gilded dome and spire
Close beleaguered by a fleet
Mad to tug her standard down.

One may lead a horse to water,
Twenty cannot make him drink.
Though the goblins cuffed and caught her,
Coaxed and fought her,
Bullied and besought her,
Scratched her, pinched her black as ink,
Kicked and knocked her,
Mauled and mocked her,
Lizzie uttered not a word;
Would not open lip from lip
Lest they should cram a mouthful in,
But laughed in heart to feel the drip
Of juice that syruiped all her face,
And lodged in dimples of her chin,
And streaked her neck which quaked like curd.
At last the evil people,
Worn out by her resistance,
Flung back her penny, kicked their fruit
Along whichever road they took,
Not leaving root or stone or shoot;
Some dived into the brook

GOBLIN MARKET

With ring and ripple,
Some scudded on the gale without a sound,
Some vanished in the distance.

In a smart, ache, tingle,
Lizzie went her way;
Knew not was it night or day;
Sprang up the bank, tore thro' the furze,
Threaded copse and dingle,
And heard her penny jingle
Bouncing in her purse,—
Its bounce was music to her ear.
She ran and ran
As if she feared some goblin man
Dogged her with gibe or curse
Or something worse :
But not one goblin skurried after,
Nor was she pricked by fear;
The kind heart made her windy-paced
That urged her home quite out of breath with haste
And inward laughter.

She cried, " Laura," up the garden,
" Did you miss me ?
Come and kiss me.
Never mind my bruises,
Hug me, kiss me, suck my juices
Squeezed from goblin fruits for you,
Goblin pulp and goblin dew.
Eat me, drink me, love me;
Laura, make much of me :
For your sake I have braved the glen
And had to do with goblin merchant men."

GOBLIN MARKET

Laura started from her chair,
Flung her arms up in the air,
Clutched her hair :
“ Lizzie, Lizzie, have you tasted
For my sake the fruit forbidden ?
Must your light like mine be hidden,
Your young life like mine be wasted,
Undone in mine undoing,
And ruined in my ruin,
Thirsty, cankered, goblin-ridden ? ”—
She clung about her sister,
Kissed and kissed and kissed her :
Tears once again
Refreshed her shrunken eyes,
Dropping like rain
After long sultry drouth ;
Shaking with aguish fear, and pain,
She kissed and kissed her with a hungry mouth.

Her lips began to scorch,
That juice was wormwood to her tongue,
She loathed the feast :
Writhing as one possessed she leaped and sung,
Rent all her robe, and wrung
Her hands in lamentable haste,
And beat her breast.
Her locks streamed like the torch
Borne by a racer at full speed,
Or like the mane of horses in their flight,
Or like an eagle when she stems the light
Straight towards the sun,
Or like a caged thing freed,
Or like a flying flag when armies run.

GOBLIN MARKET

Swift fire spread through her veins, knocked at
her heart,
Met the fire smouldering there
And overbore its lesser flame ;
She gorged on bitterness without a name :
Ah ! fool, to choose such part
Of soul-consuming care !
Sense failed in the mortal strife :
Like the watch-tower of a town
Which an earthquake shatters down,
Like a wind-uprooted tree
Spun about,
Like a foam-topped waterspout
Cast down headlong in the sea,
She fell at last ;
Pleasure past and anguish past,
Is it death or is it life ?

Life out of death.
That night long Lizzie watched by her,
Counted her pulse's flagging stir,
Felt for her breath,
Held water to her lips, and cooled her face
With tears and fanning leaves :
But when the first birds chirped about their eaves,
And early reapers plodded to the place
Of golden sheaves,
And dew-wet grass
Bowed in the morning winds so brisk to pass,
And new buds with new day
Opened of cup-like lilies on the stream,
Laura awoke as from a dream,

GOBLIN MARKET

Laughed in the innocent old way,
Hugged Lizzie but not twice or thrice;
Her gleaming locks showed not one thread of gray,
Her breath was sweet as May,
And light danced in her eyes.

Days, weeks, months, years,
Afterwards, when both were wives
With children of their own;
Their mother-hearts beset with fears,
Their lives bound up in tender lives;
Laura would call the little ones
And tell them of her early prime,
Those pleasant days long gone
Of not-returning time :
Would talk about the haunted glen,
The wicked, quaint fruit-merchant men.
Their fruits like honey to the throat
But poison in the blood ;
(Men sell not such in any town :)
Would tell them how her sister stood
In deadly peril to do her good,
And win the fiery antidote :
Then joining hands to little hands
Would bid them cling together,
“ For there is no friend like a sister
In calm or stormy weather ;
To cheer one on the tedious way,
To fetch one if one goes astray,
To lift one if one totters down,
To strengthen whilst one stands.”

THE CAULD LAD O' HILTON

Wae's me, wae's me,
The acorn's not yet
Fallen from the tree
That's to grow the wood
That's to make the cradle
That's to rock the bairn
That's to grow a man
That's to lay me.

A Poem Written by a Fairy.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

'O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

'O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

'I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever-dew;
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too.'

'I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

‘ I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look’d at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

‘ I set her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sideways would she lean, and sing
A faery’s song.

‘ She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said,
“ I love thee true ! ”

‘ She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sigh’d full sore;
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

‘ And there she lullèd me asleep,
And there I dream’d—Ah ! woe betide !
The latest dream I ever dream’d
On the cold hill’s side.

‘ I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
Who cried—“ La belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall ! ”

‘ I saw their starved lips in the gloom
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill’s side.

THE WATER O' WEARIE'S WELL

‘And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.’

THE WATER O' WEARIE'S WELL

There came a bird out o' a bush,
On water for to dine,
An' sighing sair, says the king's daughter,
“O wae's this heart o mine !”

He's taen a harp into his hand,
He's harped them all asleep,
Except it was the king's daughter,
Who one wink couldna get.

He's luppen on his berry-brown steed,
Taen her on behind himsel',
Then baith rode down to that water
That they call Wearie's Well.

“Wade in, wade in, my lady fair,
No harm shall thee befall;
Oft times I've waterèd my steed
Wi' the waters o' Wearie's Well.”

The first step that she steppèd in
She steppèd to the knee;
And sighend said this lady fair,
“This water's nae for me.”

THE WATER O' WEARIE'S WELL

The next step that she steppèd in
She steppèd to the middle;
“ O,” sighend says this lady fair,
“ I’ve wet my gouden girdle.”

The next step that she steppèd in
She steppèd to the chin;
‘ O,” sighend says this lady fair,
“ They sud gar twa loves twin ! ”

“ Seven kings’ daughters I’ve drown’d there
In the waters o Wearie’s Well,
And I’ll make you the eight o’ them
And ring the common bell.”

“ Since I am standing here,” she says,
“ This doure death to die,
One kiss o’ your comely mouth
I’m sure wad comfort me.”

He louted him o’er his saddle bow
To kiss her cheek and chin;
She’s taen him in her arms twa
An’ thrown him headlong in.

“ Since seven kings’ daughters ye’ve drowned
there,
In the waters o’ Wearie’s Well,
I’ll make you bridegroom to them a’,
An’ ring the bell mysell.”

GLOSSARY

Sud gar twa loves twin : they should part two lovers. *Doure* : grievous. *Louted* : leaned.

THE ELFIN KNIGHT

THE SONG AT THE WELL

*(Enter ZANTIPPA with a pitcher to the well.
A Head comes up with ears of corn, and she combs
them into her lap.)*

VOICE

Gently dip, but not too deep,
For fear you make the golden beard to weep.
Fair maiden, white and red,
Comb me smooth, and stroke my head,
And thou shall have some cockell-bread.

*(A second Head comes up full of gold, which she
combs into her lap.)*

SECOND HEAD

Gently dip, but not too deep,
For fear thou make the golden beard to weep.
Fair maiden, white and red,
Comb me smooth, and stroke my head,
And every hair a sheaf shall be,
And every sheaf a golden tree.

THE ELFIN KNIGHT

Fair Lady Isabel sits in her bower sewing,—
 The dew on the daisies is gay,
There she heard an elf-knight blowing his horn
 The first morning of May.

JENNIFER GENTLE AND ROSEMARY

“ My plaid awa, my plaid awa,
And ore the hill and far awa,
And far awa to Norrowa,
My plaid shall not be blown awa.”

The elfin knight sits on yon hill,
 Ba, ba, ba, lilli ba,
He blows his horn both loud and shrill,
 “ The wind hath blown my plaid awa.”

He blowes it east, he blowes it west,
 He blowes it where he liketh best. . . .

“ My plaid awa ! my plaid awa,—
And ore the hill and far awa.’ ”

JENNIFER GENTLE AND ROSEMARY

There was a knicht riding frae the east,
 Jennifer gentle an' rosemaree.
Who had been wooing at monie a place,
 As the doo flies owre the mulberry tree.

He cam' unto a widow's door,
And speird whare her three dochters were.

The auldest ane's to a washing gane,
The second's to a baking gane.

The youngest ane's to a wedding gane,
And it will be nicht or she be hame.

He sat him down upon a stane,
Till thir three lasses cam' tripping hame.

JENNIFER GENTLE AND ROSEMARY

The auldest ane she let him in,
And pinned the door wi' a siller pin.

The second ane she made his bed,
And laid saft pillows unto his head.

The youngest ane was bauld and bricht,
And she tarried for words wi' this unco knight :

' Gin ye will answer the questions ten,
The morn ye sall be made my ain :—

' O what is higher nor the tree ?
And what is deeper nor the sea ?

' Or what is heavier nor the lead ?
And what is better nor the bread ?

' Or what is whiter nor the milk ?
Or what is safter nor the silk ?

' Or what is sharper nor a thorn ?
Or what is louder nor a horn ?

' Or what is greener nor the grass ?
Or what is waur nor a woman was ?'

' O heaven is higher nor the tree,
And hell is deeper nor the sea.

' O sin is heavier nor the lead,
The blessing's better nor the bread.

' The snaw is whiter nor the milk,
And the down is safter nor the silk.

THE EARL OF MAR'S DAUGHTER

‘Hunger is sharper nor a thorn,
And shame is louder nor a horn.

‘The pies are greener nor the grass,
And Clootie’s waur nor a woman was.’

As soon as she the fiend did name,
Jennifer gentle an’ rosemaree,
He flew awa’ in a blazing flame,
As the doo flies owre the mulberry tree.

GLOSSARY

Doo : dove. *Speird* : asked. *Or* : before. *Bauld* : bold.
Unco : uncouth or strange. *Nor* : than.

THE EARL OF MAR'S DAUGHTER

It was intill a pleasant time,
Upon a simmer’s day,
The noble Earl of Mar’s daughter
Went forth to sport and play.

As thus she did amuse hersell
Below a green aik tree,
There she saw a sprightly dove
Set on a tower sae hie.

‘O Coo-me-doo, my love sae true,
If ye’ll come down to me,
Ye’se hae a cage o’ guid red gowd
Instead o’ willow tree.

THE EARL OF MAR'S DAUGHTER

' I'll put gowd hingers roun your cage,
And siller roun your wall;
I'll gar ye shine as fair a bird
As ony o' them all.'

But she hadnae these words well spoke,
Nor yet these words well said,
Till Coo-me-doo flew frae the tower
And lighted on her head.

Then she has brought this pretty bird
Hame to her bowers and hall,
And made him shine as fair a bird
As ony o' them all.

When day was gone, and night was come,
About the evening tide,
This lady spied a sprightly youth
Stand straight up by her side.

' From whence came ye, young man ? ' she said ;
' That does surprise me sair ;
My door was bolted right secure,
What way hae ye come here ? '

' O haud your tongue, ye lady fair,
Let a' your folly be ;
Mind ye not on your turtle-doo
Last day ye brought wi' thee ? '

' O tell me mair, young man,' she said,
' This does surprise me now,
What country hae ye come frae ?
What pedigree are you ? '

THE EARL OF MAR'S DAUGHTER

' My mither lives on foreign isles,
She has nae man but me ;
She is a queen o' wealth and state,
And birth and high degree.

' Likewise well skill'd in magic spells,
As ye may plainly see,
And she transformed me to yon shape,
To claim such maids as thee.

' I am a doo the live-long day,
A sprightly youth at night ;
This aye gars me appear mair fair
In a fair maiden's sight.

' And it was but this verra day
That I came ower the sea ;
Your lovely face did me enchant ;
I'll live and dee wi' thee.'

Thus he has staid in bower wi' her
For twenty years and three ;
There came a lord o' high renown
To court this fair ladie.

Then Coo-me-doo took flight and flew
Beyond the raging sea,
And lighted near his mither's castle
On a tower o' gowd sae hie.

' Get dancers here to dance,' she said,
' And minstrels for to play,
For here's my young son, Florentine,
Come here wi' me to stay.'

THE DEMON LOVER

‘ Instead of dancers to dance, mither,
Or minstrels for to play,
Turn four and twenty wall-wright men
Like storks in feathers gay.’

Her seven sons in seven swans
Aboon their heads to flee;
And he himself like a gay goss-hawk,
A bird o’ high degree.

This flock o’ birds took flight and flew
Beyond the raging sea,
And landed near the Earl Mar’s Castle,
Took shelter in every tree.

The storks there seized some o’ the men,
They could neither fight nor flee;
The swans they bound the bride’s best man
Below a green aik tree.

For naething coud the companie do,
Nor nothing coud they say.
But they saw a flock o’ pretty birds
That took their bride away.

THE DEMON LOVER

‘ O where have you been, my long, long love
This long seven years and more ? ’
‘ O I’ve come to seek my former vows
Ye granted me before.’

THE DEMON LOVER

‘ O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For they will breed sad strife;
O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For I am become a wife.’

He turned him round and round about,
And the tear blinded his ee :
I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,
If it had not been for thee.

‘ I might hae had a king’s daughter
Far, far beyond the sea;
I might have had a king’s daughter,
Had it not been for love o’ thee ! ’

‘ If ye might have had a king’s daughter,
Yersel ye are to blame;
Ye might have taken the king’s daughter,
For ye kend that I was nane.

‘ If I was to leave my husband dear,
And my two babes also,
O what have you to take me to,
If with you I should go ? ’

‘ I hae seven ships upon the sea—
The eighth brought me to land—
With four-and-twenty bold mariners,
And music on every hand.’

She has taken up her two little babes,
Kiss’d them both cheek and chin :
‘ O fare ye weel, my ain two babes,
For I’ll never see you again.’

THE DEMON LOVER

She set her foot upon the ship,
No mariners could she behold;
But the sails were o' the taffetic,
And the masts o' the beaten gold.

They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance
And gurly grew the sea.

' O haud your tongue, my dearest dear,
Let all your follies be :
I'll show where the white lillies grow
On the banks of Italic.'

They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Until she espied his cloven foot,
And she wept right bitterlie.

' O hold your tongue of your weeping,' says he,
' Of your weeping let me be ;
I'll show where the white lillies grow
At the bottom of the sea.'

' O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on ? '
' O yon are the hills of heaven,' he said,
' Where you will never win.'

' O what a mountain is yon,' she said,
' All so dreary wi' frost and snow ? '
' O yon is the mountain of hell,' he cried,
' Where you and I will go.'

THE FAUSE KNICHT UPON THE ROAD

He struck the top-mast wi' his hand,
The fore-mast wi' his knee,
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea.

GLOSSARY

Gurly : grim. *Until* : before.

THE JACKMAN'S SONG

The faery beame upon you,
The starres to glister on you ;
A Moone of light,
In the Noone of night,
Till the Fire Drake hath o're gone you.
The Wheele of Fortune guide you,
The Boy with the Bow beside you,
Runne aye in the way,
Till the Bird of Day,
And the luckyer lot betide you.

THE FAUSE KNICHT UPON THE ROAD

' O whare are ye gaun ? '
Quo' the fause knicht upon the road :
' I'm gaun to the scule,'
Quo' the wee boy, and still he stude.

' What is that upon your back ? '
Quo' the fause knicht upon the road :
' Atweel it is my bukes,'
Quo' the wee boy, and still he stude.

THE FAUSE KNICHT UPON THE ROAD

‘ What’s that ye’ve got in your arm ? ’

Quo’ the fause knicht upon the road :

‘ Atweel it is my peit,’

Quo’ the wee boy, and still he stude.

‘ Wha’s aucht they sheep ? ’

Quo’ the fause knicht upon the road :

‘ They’re mine and my mither’s,’

Quo’ the wee boy, and still he stude.

‘ How monie o’ them are mine ? ’

Quo’ the fause knicht upon the road :

‘ A’ they that hae blue tails,’

Quo’ the wee boy, and still he stude.

‘ I wiss ye were on yon tree,’

Quo’ the fause knicht upon the road :

‘ And a gude ladder under me,’

Quo’ the wee boy, and still he stude.

‘ And the ladder for to break,’

Quo’ the fause knicht upon the road :

‘ And you for to fa’ down,’

Quo’ the wee boy, and still he stude.

‘ I wiss ye were in yon sie,’

Quo’ the fause knicht upon the road :

‘ And a gude bottom under me,’

Quo’ the wee boy, and still he stude.

‘ And the bottom for to break,’

Quo’ the fause knicht upon the road :

‘ And ye to be drowned,’

Quo’ the wee boy, and still he stude.

THE DRUMMER OF TEDWORTH

HIGH FATEFUL RIDER

Pompey is an arrogant high hollow fateful rider
In noisy triumph to the trumpet's mouth,
Doomed to a clown's death, laughing into old age,
Never pricked by Brutus in the statue's shade.

THE DRUMMER OF TEDWORTH

In his tall senatorial
Black and manorial
House where decoy-duck
Dust doth clack—
Clatter and quack
To a shadow black,—
Said the musty Justice Mompesson :
' What is that dark stark beating drum
That we hear rolling like the sea ? '
' It is a beggar with a pass
Signed by you.' ' I signed not one.'
They took the ragged drum that we
Once heard rolling like the sea ;
In the house of the Justice it must lie
And usher in Eternity.

.

Is it black night ?
Black as Hecate howls a star
Wolfishly, and whined
The wind from very far.

THE DRUMMER OF TEDWORTH

In the pomp of the Mompesson house is one
Candle that lolls like the midnight sun,
Or the coral comb of a cock; . . . it rocks . . .
Only the goatish snow's locks
Watch the candles lit by fright
One by one through the black night.

Through the kitchen there runs a hare
Whinnying, whines like grass, the air;
It passes; now is standing there
A lovely lady . . . see her eyes—
Black angels in a heavenly place,
Her shady locks and her dangerous grace.

‘ I thought I saw the wicked old witch in
The richest gallipot in the kitchen ! ’
A lolloping, galloping candle confesses.
‘ Outside in the passage are wildernesses
Of darkness rustling like witches’ dresses.’

Out go the candles one by one,
Hearing the rolling of a drum !

What is the march we hear groan
As the hoofèd heel of a drum marched on
With a pang like darkness, with a clang
Blacker than an orang-outang ?
‘ Heliogabalus is alone,—
Only his bones to play upon ! ’

The mocking money in the pockets
Then turned black . . . now caws
The fire . . . outside, one scratched the door
As with iron claws,—

PITY

Scratching under the children's bed
And up the trembling stairs . . . 'Long dead,'
Moaned the water black as crape.
Over the snow the wintry moon
Limp as henbane or herb paris,
Spotted the bare trees; and soon

Whinnying, neighed the maned blue wind
Turning the burning milk to snow,
Whining it shied down the corridor—
Over the floor I heard it go
Where the drum rolls up the stair, nor tarries.

THE PLEASANT GHOST

Anno 1670, not far from Cyrencester, was an Apparition. Being demanded, whether a good Spirit or a bad? returned no answer, but disappeared with a curious Perfume and a most melodious Twang. Mr. W. Lilly believes it was a Fairie.

PITY

Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids?

.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

THE TREES ARE UNCOVERED

The trees are uncovered,
Uncovered, uncovered,
The trees are uncovered,
Isabella, for me.

.

AND WILL HE NOT COME
AGAIN?

*And will he not come againe?
And will he not come againe?
No, no, he is dead;
Go to thy Death-bed,
He neuer will come againe. .*

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

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

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word came to the carline wife
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
When word came to the carline wife
That her sons she'd never see.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

“ I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fashes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood.”—

It fell about the Martinmass,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh;
But at the gates of Paradise
That birk grew fair eneugh.

“ Blow up the fire, my maidens !
Bring water from the well !
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well.”

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

Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the grey ;
The eldest to the youngest said,
“ 'Tis time we were away ! ”

The cock he hadna crawled but once,
And clapp'd his wings at a',
When the youngest to the eldest said,
“ Brother, we must awa'.

LOWLANDS

“ The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin’ worm doth chide;
Gin we be miss’d out o’ our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

“ Lie still, lie still but a little wee while,
Lie still but if we may;
Gin my mother should miss us when she wakes,
She’ll go mad ere it be day.”

“ Fare ye weel, my mother dear !
Farewell to barn and byre !
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother’s fire ! ”

GLOSSARY

Carline : rich old peasant. *Fashes* : troubles. *Sheugh* : furrow.
Channerin’ : fretting.

LOWLANDS

I dreamt a dream the other night
Lowlands, Lowlands, hurrah, my John.
I dreamt a dream the other night
My Lowlands a-ray.

I dreamt I saw my ain true love—
Lowlands, Lowlands, hurrah, my John.
I dreamt I saw my ain true love
My Lowlands a-ray.

LOWLANDS

He was green and wet with weeds so cold

Lowlands, Lowlands, hurrah, my John.

He was green and wet with weeds so cold

My Lowlands a-ray.

‘I am drowned in the Lowland seas,’ he said

Lowlands, Lowlands, hurrah, my John.

‘I am drowned in the Lowland seas,’ he said

My Lowlands a-ray.

‘I shall never kiss you again,’ he said

Lowlands, Lowlands, hurrah, my John.

‘I shall never kiss you again,’ he said

My Lowlands a-ray.

I will cut my breasts until they bleed

Lowlands, Lowlands, hurrah, my John.

I will cut my breasts until they bleed

My Lowlands a-ray.

I will cut away my bonny hair

Lowlands, Lowlands, hurrah, my John.

I will cut away my bonny hair

My Lowlands a-ray.

No other man shall think me fair

Lowlands, Lowlands, hurrah, my John.

No other man shall think me fair

My Lowlands a-ray.

O my love lies drowned in the windy Lowlands

Lowlands, Lowlands, hurrah, my John.

O my love lies drowned in the windy Lowlands

My Lowlands a-ray.

THE UNQUIET GRAVE

THE UNQUIET GRAVE

‘ The wind doth blow to-day, my love,
And a few small drops of rain ;
I never had but one true love ;
In cold grave she was lain.

‘ I’ll do as much for my true love
As any young man may :
I’ll sit and mourn all at her grave
For a twelvemonth and a day.’

The twelvemonth and a day being up,
The dead began to speak :
‘ Oh who sits weeping on my grave,
And will not let me sleep ? ’

‘ ’Tis I, my love, sits on your grave
And will not let you sleep ;
For I crave one kiss of your clay-cold lips,
And that is all I seek.’

‘ You crave one kiss of my clay-cold lips ;
But my breath smells earthy-strong ;
If you have one kiss of my clay-cold lips,
Your time will not be long.

‘ ’Tis down in yonder garden green,
Love, where we used to walk,
The finest flower that ere was seen
Is withered to a stalk.

EDWARD

‘ The stalk is withered dry, my love,
So will our hearts decay ;
So make yourself content, my love,
Till God calls you away.’

EDWARD

‘ Why does your brand sae drop wi’ blude,
Edward, Edward ?
Why does your brand sae drop wi’ blude,
And why sae sad gang ye, O ? ’

‘ O I hae kill’d my hawk sae gude,
Mither, mither ;
O I hae kill’d my hawk sae gude,
And I had nae mair but he, O.’

‘ Your hawk’s blude was never sae red,
Edward, Edward ;
Your hawk’s blude was never sae red,
My dear son, I tell thee, O.’

‘ O I hae kill’d my red-roan steed,
Mither, mither ;
O I hae kill’d my red-roan steed,
That erst was sae fair and free, O.’

‘ Your steed was auld, and ye hae got mair,
Edward, Edward ;
Your steed was auld, and ye hae got mair ;
Some other dule ye dree, O.’

EDWARD

‘ O I hae kill’d my father dear,
Mither, mither;
O I hae kill’d my father dear,
Alas, and wae is me, O ! ’

‘ And whatten penance will ye dree for that,
Edward, Edward ?
Whatten penance will ye dree for that ?
My dear son, now tell me, O.’

‘ I’ll set my feet in yonder boat,
Mither, mither;
I’ll set my feet in yonder boat,
And I’ll fare over the sea, O.’

‘ And what will ye do wi’ your tow’rs and your ha’,
Edward, Edward ?
And what will ye do wi’ your tow’rs and your ha’,
That were sae fair to see, O ? ’

‘ I’ll let them stand till they doun fa’,
Mither, mither;
I’ll let them stand till they doun fa’,
For here never mair maun I be, O.’

‘ And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
Edward, Edward ?
And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
When ye gang owre the sea, O ? ’

‘ The warld’s room : let them beg through life,
Mither, mither;
The warld’s room : let them beg through life;
For them never mair will I see, O.’

HELEN OF KIRCONNELL

‘ And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,
Edward, Edward ?

And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,
My dear son, now tell me, O ? ’

‘ The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear,
Mither, mither ;

The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear ;
Sic counsels ye gave to me, O. ’

HELEN OF KIRCONNELL

I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries ;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirconnell lea !

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me !

O think na ye my heart was sair,
When my Love dropp’d and spak nae mair ;
There did she swoon wi’ meikle care,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell lea ;

HELEN OF KIRCONNELL

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare !
I'll mak a garland o' thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I dee !

O that I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries ;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, " Haste and come to me ! "

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low, and taks thy rest,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn owre my c'en,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries ;
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

LORD RANDAL

LORD RANDAL

“ O where have you been, Lord Randal, my son ?
O where have you been, my handsome young
man ? ”—

“ I have been to the greenwood ; O make my bed
soon,
For I’m weary with hunting, and fain would lie
down.”

“ And what met ye there, Lord Randal, my son ?
And what met ye there, my handsome young
man ? ”—

“ I met with my true love ; O make my bed soon,
For I’m weary with hunting, and fain would lie
down.”

“ And what did she give you, Lord Randal, my son ?
And what did she give you, my handsome young
man ? ”—

“ Eels fried in a pan. O make my bed soon,
For I’m weary with hunting, and fain would lie
down.”

“ What colour were they, Lord Randal, my son ?
What colour were they, my handsome young
man ? ”—

“ They were speckled and blotched ; O make my bed
soon,
For I’m weary with hunting, and fain would lie
down.”

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE

“O where did she get them, Lord Randal, my son ?
O where did she get them, my handsome young
man ? ”—

“From hedges and ditches ; O make my bed soon,
For I’m weary with hunting, and fain would lie
down.”

“O where are your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my
son ?

O where are your bloodhounds, my handsome young
man ? ”—

“They swelled and they died ; Mother, make my
bed soon,

For I’m sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down.”

“O that was strong poison, Lord Randal, my son !

O that was strong poison, my handsome young
man ! ”—

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

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
—*Every nighte and alle,*
Fire and fleet and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

When thou from hence away art past,
—*Every nighte and alle,*
To Whinny-muir thou com’st at last :
And Christe receive thy saule.

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,

—*Every nighte and alle,*

Sit thee down and put them on :

And Christe receive thy saule.

If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gav'st nane,

—*Every nighte and alle,*

The whinnes sall prick thee to the bare bane :

And Christe receive thy saule.

From Whinny-muir when thou may'st pass,

—*Every nighte and alle,*

To Brig o' Dread thou com'st at last ;

And Christe receive thy saule.

From Brig o' Dread when thou may'st pass,

—*Every nighte and alle,*

To Purgatory fire thou com'st at last ;

And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest meat or drink,

—*Every nighte and alle,*

The fire sall never make thee shrink ;

And Christe receive thy saule.

If meat or drink thou ne'er gav'st nane,

—*Every nighte and alle,*

The fire will burn thee to the bare bane ;

And Christe receive thy saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,

—*Every nighte and alle,*

Fire and fleet and candle-lighte,

And Christe receive thy saule.

ADAM

CAROLS

REFRAIN FROM A 14TH-CENTURY CAROL

Modyr, whyt as lyly flowr
Your lullyng lessyth my langour.

(Mother, white as lily flower
your lulling lesseth my languor.)

ADAM

Adam lay i-bowndyn,
bowndyn in a bond,
Fowre thousand wynter
thowt he not to long;

And al was for an appil,
an appil that he tok,
As clerkes fyndyn wretyn
in here Book.

Ne hadde the appil take ben,
the appil taken ben,
Ne hadde never our lady
a ben hevene quen.

Blyssid be the tyme
that appil take was !
therefore we mown syngn
Deo gracias.

OF A ROSE, A LOVELY ROSE

OF A ROSE, A LOVELY ROSE
OF A ROSE IS AL MYN SONG

Lesteynt, lordynges, both elde and yinge,
How this rose began to sprynge;
Swych a rose to myn lykyng
In al this world ne knowe I non.

The Aungil came fro hevene tour,
To grete Marye with gret honour,
And said sche xuld bere the flour
That xulde breke the fyndes bond.

The flowr sprong in theye Bethlem,
That is both bryht and schen :
The rose is Mary hevene quyn,
Out of here bosum the blosme sprong.

The ferste braunche is full of myht,
That sprang on Chrystemesse nyht,
The sterre schon over Bedlem bryht
That is bothe brod and long.

The secunde braunche sprong to helle,
The fendys power down to felle :
Therein myht non sowle dwelle;
Blyssid be the time the rose sprong !

The thredde braunche is good and swote,
It sprang to hevene crop and rote,
Therein to dwellyn and ben our bote;
Every day it schewit in pryste's hond.

THE SEVEN VIRGINS

Prey we to here with gret honour,
Che that bar the blyssid flowr,
Che be our helpe and our sucour
And schyd us fro the fyndes bond.

GLOSSARY

Lesteynt : listen. *Lordynges* : lords. *Yinge* : young. *Swych* : such. *Ne knowe I non* : I know not one. *Sehe* : she. *Xuld* : should. *Bethlem* : Bethlehem. *Sehen* : shining. *Qwyn* : queen. *Sprong* : sprang. *Thredde* : third. *Swote* : sweet. *Bote* : bounty. *Schenit* : shows. *Che* : she. *Schyd* : shield.

THE SEVEN VIRGINS

All under the leaves and the leaves of life
I met with virgins seven,
And one of them was Mary mild,
Our Lord's mother of Heaven.

' O what are you seeking, you seven fair maids,
All under the leaves of life ?
Come tell, come tell, what seek you
All under the leaves of life ? '

' We're seeking for no leaves, Thomas,
But for a friend of thine ;
We're seeking for sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our guide and thine.'

' Go down, go down, to yonder town,
And sit in the gallery,
And there you'll see sweet Jesus Christ
Nail'd to a big yew-tree.'

THE SEVEN VIRGINS

So down they went to yonder town
As fast as foot could fall,
And many a grievous bitter tear
From the virgins' eyes did fall.

'O peace, Mother, O peace, Mother,
Your weeping doth me grieve :
I must suffer this,' He said,
'For Adam and for Eve.

'O Mother, take you John Evangelist
All for to be your son,
And he will comfort you sometimes,
Mother, as I have done.'

'O come, thou John Evangelist,
Thou'rt welcome unto me;
But more welcome my own dear Son,
Whom I nursed on my knee.'

Then He laid His head on His right shoulder,
Seeing death it struck Him nigh—
'The Holy Ghost be with your soul,
I die, Mother dear, I die.'

O the rose, the gentle rose,
And the fennel that grows so green !
God give us grace in every place
To pray for our king and queen.

Furthermore for our enemies all
Our prayers they should be strong :
Amen, good Lord; your charity
Is the ending of my song.

I SING OF A MAIDEN

I SING OF A MAIDEN

I sing of a maiden
That is makeles;
King of all kings
To her son she ches.

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

He came al so still
To his mother's bour,
As dew in April
That falleth on the flour.

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

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

GLOSSARY

Makeles : matchless. *Ches* : chose.

MY TRUEST TREASURE

MY TRUEST TREASURE

My truest treasure so traitorly was taken,
So bitterly bounden with biting bands;
How soon of thy servants wast thou forsaken,
And loathly for my love, hurled with their hands.

My well of weal, so wrongfully wreathed,
So pulled out of prison to Pilate, at prime,
Their dules, and their dints, full dearly thou dreed,
When they shot in thy sight baith slaver and slime.

My hope of my heal, so hied to be hanged,
So charged with thy cross, and coroned with thorn;
Full sare to thy heart thy steps they stranged,
Methinks thy back burd break, it bends for-born.

My salve of my sore, so sorrowful in sight;
So naked, and nailed; thy rig on the rood
Full hideously hanging, they heaved thee on high,
Let thee stab in the stane, all steked that there stood.

My dearworthy darling, so dolefully dight,
So straitly up-right strained on thy rood;
For thy mickle meekness, thy mercy, thy might,
Thou bete all my bales with bote of thy blood.

My fender gainst my foes, so fond in the field,
So lovely alighting at the evensong tide;
Thy moder and her meyney unlaced thy shield,
All wept that were there, thy wounds were so wide.

AH, MY DERE . . .

My peerless prince so pure, I thee pray
By mind of this mirror thou let me naught miss,
But wind up my will to wone with thee ay,
Be buried in my breast, and bring me to bliss. Amen.

GLOSSARY

Hurled: struck, or dragged. *Dules*: guiles. *Dints*: blows. *Dreed*: endured. *Sight*: face. *Illed*: hurried. *Stranged*: goaded. *Burd*: must. *For-born*: submissive. *Rig*: back. *Stab in the stane*: be jolted into: the stone socket into which the cross was dropped. *Stiked*: placed, made ready. *Dearworthy*: precious. *Thou bete all my bales with bote of thy blood*: thou assuaged all my sorrows with the bounty of thy blood. *Fond*: tested. *Meyney*: companions. *Wone*: dwell.

AH, MY DERE . . .

‘ Ah my dere, ah my dere Son,’
Said Mary, ‘ ah my dere,
Kiss thy mother, Jesu,
With a laughing chere ! ’

This enders night
I saw a sight
All in my sleepe;
Mary, that may,
She sang ‘ Lullay ’
And sore did weepe.

To keepe she soght
Full fast about
Her son fro colde.
Joseph said ‘ Wyfe,
My joy, my lyfe,
Say what ye wolde.’

AH, MY DERE . . .

‘ No thing, my spouse,
Is in this house
 Unto my pay;
My son, a king
That made all thyng,
Lyeth in hay.’

‘ My mother dere
Amend your chere
 And now be still;
Thus for to lye
It is soothly
 My Father’s will.

‘ Derisyon,
Great passyon
 Infinitely,
As it is found,
Many a wound
 Suffer shall I

On Calvary
That is so hye,
 There shall I be,
Man to restore
Naylit full sore
 Upon a tree.

HAYLLE, COMELY AND CLENE

HAYLLE, COMELY AND CLENE

PRIMUS PASTOR

Haylle, comely and clene : haylle, yong child !
Haylle, maker, as I mene, of a maidyn so mylde.
Thou has waryd, I weyne, the warlo so wylde,
The fals gyler of teyn, now goys he begylde.

Lo, he merys ;

Lo, he laughs, my swetyng,
A wel fare metyng,
I have holden my hetyng,
Have a bob of cherys.

SECUNDUS PASTOR

Haylle, sufferan savvyoure, for thou has us soght :
Haylle, frely foyde and floure, that alle thyng has
wrought.

Haylle, full of favoure, that made alle of noght !
Haylle ! I kneylle and I cowre. A byrd have I
brought

To my barne.

Haylle, lytylle tynë mop,
Of oure crede thou art crop :
I wold drynk on thy cop
Lytylle day starre.

TERTIUS PASTOR

Haylle, derlyng dere, fulle of godhede,
I pray the be nere when that I have nede.
Haylle ! swete is thy chere : My hart wold blede
To se the sytt here in so poore wede,

THE CHERRY-TREE CAROL

With no pennys.
Haylle ! put forth thy dalle
I bryng the bat a balle :
Have and play the with-alle,
And go to the tenys.

GLOSSARY

Waryd : cursed. *Warlo* : wizard. *Gyler* : beguiler. *Teyn* : evil.
Gays : goes. *Merys* : merry is. *Hetyng* : promise. *Frelv foyde* .
noble child. *Crop* : head. *Cop* : cup. *Dalle* : hand.

AS I OUT RODE

As I out rode this enderes night
of thre joli sheppardes I saw a sight,
And all abowte ther fold a star shone bright ;
They sang terli, terlow,
So merili the sheppards ther pipes can blow.

Doune from heaven, from heaven so hic,
of angels ther came a great companie
with mirthe and joy and great solemnitie ;
They sang terli, terlow,
So merili the sheppards ther pipes can blow.

THE CHERRY-TREE CAROL

Joseph was an old man,
and an old man was he,
When he wedded Mary
in the land of Galilee.

THE CHERRY-TREE CAROL

Joseph and Mary walk'd
through an orchard good,
Where was cherries and berries
so red as any blood.

Joseph and Mary walk'd
through an orchard green,
Where was berries and cherries
as thick as might be seen.

O then bespoke Mary,
so meek and so mild :
' Pluck me one cherry, Joseph,
for I am with child.'

O then bespoke Joseph,
with words most unkind :
' Let him pluck thee a cherry
that brought thee with child.'

O then bespoke the babe,
within his mother's womb :
' Bow down then the tallest tree,
for my mother to have some.'

Then bow'd down the highest tree
unto his mother's hand :
Then she cried, ' See, Joseph,
I have cherries at command.'

' O eat your cherries, Mary,
O eat your cherries, now ;
O eat your cherries, Mary,
that grow upon the bough.'

THE CHERRY-TREE CAROL

As Joseph was a walking,
he heard an angel sing :
' This night shall be born
our heavenly king.

' He neither shall be born
in housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
but in an ox's stall.

' He neither shall be clothed
in purple nor in pall,
But all in fair linen,
as were babies all.

' He neither shall be rocked
in silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden cradle,
that rocks on the mould.

' He neither shall be christened
in white wine nor red,
But with fair spring water,
with which we were christened.'

Then Mary took her babe,
and sat him on her knee,
Saying, ' My dear son, tell me
what this world will be.'

' O I shall be as dead, mother,
as the stones in the wall;
O the stones in the streets, mother,
shall mourn for me all.

VERSES FROM "THE SHEPHERD'S HYMN"

' Upon Easter-day, mother,
my uprising shall be;
O the sun and the moon, mother,
shall both rise with me.'

VERSES FROM "THE SHEPHERD'S
HYMN"

We saw Thee in Thy baulmy Nest,
Young dawn of an aeternall Day;
We saw Thine eyes break from their East,
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw Thee, and we blest the sight,
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light.

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

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

I saw the curl'd drops soft and slow,
Come hovering o'er the place's head;
Off'ring their whitest sheets of snow
To furnish the fair Infant's bed:

VERSES FROM "THE SHEPHERD'S HYMN"

Forbear, said I; be not too bold,
Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold.

I saw th'obsequious Seraphim
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow,
For well they now can spare their wings,
Since Heav'n itself lyes here below.
Well done, said I; but are you sure
Your down, so warm, will passe for pure?

No, no, your King's not yet to seek
Where to repose His Royal Head;
See, see—how soon His new-bloom'd Cheek
Twixt's mother's breasts is gone to bed.
Sweet choise, said we! no way but so,
Not to ly cold, yet sleep in snow.

Shee sings Thy Teares asleepe and dips
Her Kisses in Thy weeping Eye;
Shee spreads the red leaves of Thy Lips
That in their Buds yet blushing lye.
Shee 'gainst those Mother Diamonds tryes
The points of her young Eagle's Eyes.

Welcome, all WONDERS in one sight!
Æternity shut in a span,
Sommer in Winter, Day in Night.
Heaven in earth, and GOD in MAN.
Great little one! whose all-embracing birth
Lifts earth to heaven, stoopes heav'n to earth.

Welcome—tho' not to those gay flies,
Gilded i' th' Beames of earthly kings;

THE BURNING BABE

Slippery soules in smiling eyes,—

But to poor Shepherds, home-spun things,
Whose wealth's their flocks, whose wit's to be
Well read in their simplicity.

To Thee, meek Majesty, soft King

Of simple Graces and sweet Loves !

Each of us his lamb will bring,

Each his pair of sylver Doves.

At last, in fire of Thy fair eyes

Ourselves become our own best sacrifice !

A LITANY

Drop, drop, slow tears,

and bathe those bounteous feet

Which brought from Heaven

the news and Prince of peace :

Cease not, wet eyes

His mercy to intreat ;

to crie for vengeance

sinne doth never cease :

In your deep floods

drown all my faults and fears ;

Nor let his eye

see sinne, but through my tears.

THE BURNING BABE

As I in hoary winter's night

Stood shivering in the snow,

Surprised I was with sudden heat

Which made my heart to glow ;

THE BURNING BABE

And lifting up a fearful eye
To view what fire was near,
A pretty babe all burning bright
Did in the air appear !
Who, scorched with excessive heat,
Such floods of tears did shed,
As though His floods should quench His flames
Which with His tears were bred :
' Alas ! ' quoth He, ' but newly born
In fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts
Or feel my fire but I.

' My faultless breast the furnace is ;
The fuel, wounding thorns ;
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke ;
The ashes, shames and scorns ;
The fuel Justice layeth on,
And Mercy blows the coals,
The metal in this furnace wrought
Are men's defiled souls :
For which, as now on fire I am
To work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath,
To wash them in my blood.'
With this he vanished out of sight
And swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I called unto my mind
That it was Christmas Day.

STANZAS FROM "THE WEEPER"

STANZAS FROM "THE WEEPER"

Heavens thy fair eyes be;
Heavens of ever-falling starres.
'Tis seed-time still with thee.
And starres thou sow'st, whose harvest dares
Promise the earth to counter shine
Whatever makes heav'n's forehead fine.

The deaw no more will weep
The prim rose's pale cheek to deck,
The deaw no more will sleep
Nuzzel'd in the lilly's neck;
Much rather would it be thy Tear,
And leave them both to tremble here.

Not in the evening's eyes
When they red with weeping are
For the Sun that dyes,
Sitts sorrow with a face so fair,
No where but here did ever meet
Sweetnesse so sad, sadnesse so sweet.

Such the maiden gemme
By the purpling vine put on,
Peeps from her parent stemme
And blushes at the bridegroom sun.
This watry Blossom of thy eyn
Ripe, will make the richer wine.

STANZAS FROM “ THE WEEPER ”

When some new bright Guest
Takes up among the starres a room,
And Heaven will make a feast,
Angels with their bottles come
And draw from these full eyes of thine
Their master's Water : their own Wine.

Not so long she lived,
Shall thy tomb report of thee ;
But so long she grieved,
Thus must we date thy memory.
Others by moments, months, and yeares
Measure their ages ; thou, by Teares.

So doe perfumes expire.
So sigh tormented sweets, opprest
With proud unpitying fires.
Such teares the suffring Rose that's vext
With ungentle flames does shed,
Sweating in a too warm bed.

Does the day-starre rise ?
Still thy starres doe fall and fall ;
Does day close his eyes ?
Still the Fountain weeps for all.
Let night or day doe what they will
Thou hast thy task ; thou weepest still.

THE MORNING LIGHT CREAKS
DOWN AGAIN

“ A LOVE-LETTER ACROSS THE
COWSLIPS ”

Original

Fayrest fode upo loft,
My gode luef, y the greeete
as fele sythe ant oft
As dewes dropës beth weete
As sterres beth in welkne ant grasses sour ant suete.

Modernised

Fairest child on high,
My good life, I thee greet
As many times and oft
As dewdrops are wet,
As stars are in the sky and grasses sour and sweet.

I HAVE A GENTIL COK

I have a gentil cok
crowyt me day,
He makes me rysyn erly
my matyns for to say.

THE BAILEY BEARETH THE BELL AWAY

I have a gentil cok
comyn he is of gret,
His comb is of red corel,
his tayl is of get.

I have a gentil cok
comyn he is of kynde,
His comb is of red corel
his tayl is of inde.

His legges ben of asour
so geintil and so smale,
his sporës arn of sylver quyt
In the worte wale;

His eyyn arn of cristal
lokyn al in aumbyr,
and every night he perchit hym
in myn lady's chaumber.

GLOSSARY

Gret : great stock. *Get* : jet. *Kynde* : great kind. *Inde* : indigo.
Asour : azure. *Sylver quyt* : white silver. *Eyyn* : eyes. *Worte*
wale : root. *Lokyn* : enclosed in. *Aumbyr* : amber.

THE BAILEY BEARETH THE BELL AWAY

The maidens came
When I was in my mother's bower,
I had all that I would.
The bailey beareth the bell away;
The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.

LOVE WITHOUT LONGYNG

The silver is white, red is the gold ;
The robes they lay in fold.
The bailey beareth the bell away ;
The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.
And through the glass window shines the sun.
How should I love, and I so young ?
The bailey beareth the bell away ;
The lily, the rose, the rose I lay.

LOVE WITHOUT LONGYNG

I have a young suster
fer beyondyn the se ;
Many be the drowryis
that sche sente me.

Sche sente me the cherye,
withoutyn ony ston,
And so sche dede the dowe,
withoutyn ony bon.

Sche sent me the brere,
withoutyn ony rynde,
Sche bad me love my lemman
withoute longyng.

How schulde ony cherye
be withoute ston ?
And how schulde ony dowe
ben withoute bon ?

AUBADE

How schulde ony brere
ben withoute rynde ?
How schulde I love my lemman
without longyng ?

Quan the cherye was a flour,
than hadde it non ston ;
Quan the dowe was an ey,
than hadde it non bon.

Quan the brere was onbred,
than hadde it non rynd ;
Quan the mayden hayt that sche lovit,
sche is without longyng.

GLOSSARY

Suster : sister. *Se* : sea. *Drowrys* : keepsakes. *Cherye* : cherry.
Dowe : dove, wood-dove. *Bon* : bone. *Brere* : briar. *Lemman* :
lover. *Ey* : egg. *Onbred* : ungrown. *Rynd* : bark.

AUBADE

Jane, Jane,
Tall as a crane,
The morning light creaks down again !

Comb your cockscomb-ragged hair,
Jane, Jane, come down the stair.

Each dull blunt wooden stalactite
Of rain creaks, hardened by the light,

AUBADE

Sounding like an overtone
From some lonely world unknown.

But the creaking empty light
Will never harden into sight,

Will never penetrate your brain
With overtones like the blunt rain.

The light would show, if it could harden,
Eternities of kitchen garden,

Cockscomb flowers that none will pluck,
And wooden flowers that 'gin to cluck.

In the kitchen you must light
Flames as staring, red and white,

As carrots or as turnips—shining
Where the cold dawn light lies whining.

Cockscomb hair on the cold wind
Hangs limp, turns the milk's weak mind.

Jane, Jane,
Tall as a crane,
The morning light creaks down again!

ON THE VANITY OF HUMAN ASPIRATIONS

ON THE VANITY OF HUMAN ASPIRATIONS

Note.—In the time of King James I, the aged Countess of Desmond met her death, at the age of a hundred and forty years, through falling from an apple-tree.

In the cold wind, towers grind round,
Turning, turning, on the ground;

In among the plains of corn
Each tower seems a unicorn.

Beneath a sad umbrageous tree
Anne, the goose-girl, could I see—

But the umbrageous tree behind
Ne'er cast a shadow on her mind—

A goose-round breast she had, goose-brains,
And a nose longer than a crane's;

A clarinet-sound, cold, forlorn,
Her harsh hair, straight as yellow corn,

And her eyes were round, inane
As the blue pebbles of the rain.

Young Anne, the goose-girl, said to me,
“ There's been a sad catastrophe !

The aged Countess still could walk
At a hundred and forty years, could talk,

ON THE VANITY OF HUMAN ASPIRATIONS

And every eve in the crystal cool
Would walk by the side of the clear fish-pool.

But to-day when the Countess took her walk
Beneath the apple trees, from their stalk

The apples fell like the red-gold crown
Of those kings that the Countess had lived down,

And they fell into the crystal pool;
The grandmother fish enjoying the cool—

(Like the bright queens dyed on a playing-card
They seemed as they fanned themselves, flat and
hard)—

Floated in long and chequered gowns
And darting, searched for the red-gold crowns

In the castles drownèd long ago
Where the empty years pass weedy-slow,

And the water is flat as equality
That reigns over all in the heavenly

State we aspire to, where none can choose
Which is the goose-girl, which is the goose.

But the Countess climbed up the apple-tree,
Only to see what she could see—

Because to persons of her rank
The usual standpoint is that of the bank ! ” . . .

POLYPHEMUS' SERENADE TO GALATEA

The goose-girl smoothed down her feather-soft
Breast . . . "when the Countess came aloft,

King James and his courtiers, dressed in smocks,
Rode by a-hunting the red-gold fox,

And King James, who was giving the view-halloo
Across the corn, too loudly blew,

And the next that happened was—what did I see
But the Countess fall'n from the family tree !

Yet King James could only see it was naughty
To aspire to the high at a hundred and forty,

Though ' if ' (as he said) ' she aspired to climb,
To Heaven—she certainly has, this time ! ' "

. . . And Anne, the goose-girl, laughed, " Tee-hee !
It was a sad catastrophe ! "

I HEARD THE RUFFIAN-SHEPHERD
RUDELY BLOW

POLYPHEMUS' SERENADE TO GALATEA

I heard the Ruffian-Shepherd rudely blow,
Where, in a hollow cave, I sate below ;
On Acis' bosom I my Head reclin'd :
And still preserve the Poem in my mind.
Oh, lovely Galatea, whiter far
Than falling Snows, and rising Lillies are ;

POLYPHEMUS' SERENADE TO GALATEA

More flow'ry than the Meads, as Crystal bright :
Erect as Alders, and of equal Height :
More wanton than a Kid, more sleek thy Skin,
Than Orient Shells, that on the Shores are seen.
Than Apples fairer, when the boughs they lade ;
Pleasing as Winter Suns or Summer Shade :
More grateful to the sight, than goodly Plains ;
And softer to the touch, than down of Swans ;
Or Curds new-turn'd ; and sweeter to the taste
Than swelling Grapes, that to the Vintage haste :
More clear than Ice, or running Streams, that stray
Through Garden Plots, but ah ! more swift than
they.

Yet, *Galatea*, harder to be broke
Than Bullocks, unreclaim'd to bear the Yoke,
And far more stubborn than the knotted Oak :
Like sliding Streams, impossible to hold ;
Like them, fallacious, like their Fountains, cold ;
More warping, than the Willow, to decline
My warm Embrace, more brittle than the Vine ;
Immoveable, and fixt in thy disdain :
Rough as these Rocks, and of a harder grain.
More violent than is the rising Flood :
And the prais'd Peacock is not half so proud.
Fierce as the Fire, and sharp as Thistles are ;
And more outrageous than a Mother-Bear :
Deaf as the billows to the Vows I make ;
And more revengeful, than a trodden Snake.
In swiftness fleetier than the flying Hind,
Or driven Tempests, or the driving Wind.
All other faults with patience I can bear ;
But swiftness is the Vice I only fear.

STREPHON AND KLAIUS

STREPHON AND KLAIUS

STREPHON

Ye Gote-heard Gods, that love the grassie mountaines,
Ye Nymphs that haunt the springs in pleasant vallies,
Ye Satyrs joy'd with free and quiet forrests,
Vouchsafe your silent cares to plaining musike,
Which to my woes give still an earlie morning,
And drawes the dolor on till wearie evening.

KLAIUS

O Mercurie, foregoer to the evening,
O heavenly huntresse of the savage mountaines,
O lovely starre, entituled of the morning,
While that my voice doth fill the wofull vallies,
Vouchsafe your silent cares to plaining musike,
Which oft hath Echo tyr'd in secret forrests.

STREPHON

I that was once free burgesse of the forrests,
Where shade from Sunne, and sports I sought at
evening,
I that was once esteem'd for pleasant musike,
Am banisht now among the monstrous mountaines
Of huge despaire, and foule afflictions vallies,
Am growne a shrich-owle to my selfe each morning.

STREPHON AND KLAIUS

KLAIUS

I that was once delighted everie morning,
Hunting the wild inhabitors of Forrests :
I that was once the musike of these vallies,
So darkened am, that all my day is evening,
Hart broken so, that molehills seeme high mount-
taines,
And fill the vales with cries in steed of musike.

STREPHON

Long since, alas, my deadlie swannish musike,
Hath made it selfe a crier of the morning,
And hath with wailing strength clim'd highest
mountaines :
Long since my thoughts more desert be than Forrests :
Long since I see my joyes come to their evening,
And state throwne downe to overtroden vallies.

KLAIUS

Long since the happie dwellers of these vallies,
Have pray'd me leave my straunge exclaiming musike,
Which troubles their dayes worke, and joyes of
evening :
Long since I hate the night, more hate the morning :
Long since my thoughts chase me like beasts in
forrests,
And make me wish my selfe laid under mountaines.

STREPHON

Me seemes I see the high and statelie mountaines,
Transforme themselves to low dejected vallies :

STREPHON AND KLAIUS

Me seemes I heare in these ill chaunged forrests,
The Nightingales do learne of Owles their musike :
Me seemes I feele the comfort of the morning,
Turn'd to the mortall serene of an evening.

KLAIUS

Me seemes I see a filthy cloudy evening,
As soone as Sunne begins to clime the mountaines :
Me seemes I feele a noysome sent, the morning
When I doo smell the flowers of these vallies :
Me seemes I heare, when I doo heare sweete musike,
The dreadfull cries of mured men in forrests.

STREPHON

I wish to fire the trees of all those forrests,
I give the Sunne a last farewell each evening,
I curse the fidling finders out of musike :
With envie I doo hate the loftie mountaines ;
And with dispite despise the humble vallies ;
I doo detest night, evening, day, and morning.

KLAIUS

Curse to my selfe my praier is, the morning ;
My fire is more than can be made with forrests ;
My state more base, then are the basest vallies
I wish no evenings more to see, each evening ;
Shamed I hate my selfe in sight of mountaines.
And stoppe mine cares, lest I go mad with musike.

STREPHON AND KLAIUS

STREPHON

For she whose parts maintaine a perfect musike,
Whose beautie shin'de more than the blushing morn-
ing,
Who much did passe in state the statelic mountaines,
In streightnesse past the Cedars of the forrests,
Hath cast me wretch into eternall evening,
By taking her two Sunnes from these darke vallies.

KLAIUS

For she, to whome compar'd, the Alps are vallies,
She, whose least word brings from the sphers their
musike,
At whose approach the Sunne rose in the evening,
Who where she went bare in her forehead morning,
Is gone, is gone, from these our spoyle'd forrests,
Turning to desarts our best pastur'd mountaines.

STREPHON

These mountaines witnesse shal, so shal these vallies,
These forrests eke, made wretched by our musike,

KLAIUS

Our morning hymne is this, and song at evening.

ZENOCRATE

SONG FROM "CYNTHIA'S REUELS"

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keepe time with my salt
teares;

Yet slower, yet, o faintly, gentle springs;
List to the heauy part the musique beares,

Woe weepes out her diuision, when shee sings.

Droupe hearbs, and flowres;

Fall griefe in showres;

Our beauties are not ours :

O, I could still

Like melting snow upon some craggie hill,

Drop, drop, drop, drop,

Since natures pride is now a wither'd daffodill.

ZENOCRATE

Ah faire Zenocrate, diuine Zenocrate,
Faire is too foule an Epithite for thee,
That in thy passion for thy countries loue,
And feare to see thy kingly Fathers harme,
With haire discheweld wip'st thy watery cheeks :
And like to Flora in her mornings pride,
Shaking her siluer treshes in the aire,
Rain'st on the earth resolu'd pearle in showers,
And sprinklest Saphyrs on thy shining face,
Where Beauty, mother to the Muses, sits,
And comments vollumes with her Yuory pen :
Taking instructions from thy flowing eies,
Eies when that Ebena steps to heauen,

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHEARD TO HIS LOVE

In silence of thy solemn Euenings walk,
Making the mantle of the richest night,
The Moone, the Planets, and the Meteors light.

.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHEARD TO HIS
LOVE

Come liue with mee, and be my loue,
And we will all the pleasures proue,
The Uallies, groues, hills and fieldes,
Woods, or steepe mountaine yeeldes.

And wee will sit upon the Rocks,
Seeing the Shephcards feede theyr flocks
By shallow Riuers, to whose falls
Melodious byrds sing Madrigalls.

And I will make thee beds of Roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Imbroydred all with leaves of Mirtle.

A gowne made of the finest wooll,
Which from our pretty Lambes we pull,
Fayre lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and Iuie buds,
With Corall clasps and Amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee moue,
Come liue with mee, and be my loue.

HYMN TO PAN

The Sheepcards Swaines shall daunce and sing
For thy delight each May-morning,
If these delights thy minde may moue,
Then liue with mee, and be my loue.

HYMN TO PAN

“ O thou, whose mighty palace roof doth hang
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness ;
Who lov'st to see the hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken ;
And through whole solemn hours dost sit, and
 hearken
The dreary melody of bedded reeds—
In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth ;
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loth
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou now,
By thy love's milky brow !
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
Hear us, great Pan !

“ O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet, turtles
Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,
What time thou wanderest at eventide
Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the side
Of thine enmossed realms : O thou, to whom
Broad-leaved fig trees even now foredoom
Their ripen'd fruitage ; yellow girted bees
Their golden honeycombs ; our village leas

HYMN TO PAN

Their fairest blossom'd beans and popped corn;
The chuckling linnet its five young unborn,
To sing for thee; low creeping strawberries
Their summer coolness; pent up butterflies
Their freckled wings; yea, the fresh budding year
All its completions—be quickly near,
By every wind that nods the mountain pine,
O forester divine !

“ Thou to whom every faun and satyr flies
For willing service; whether to surprise
The squatted hare while in half sleeping fit;
Or upward ragged precipices flit
To save poor lambkins from the eagle's maw;
Or by mysterious enticement draw
Bewildered shepherds to their path again;
Or to tread breathless round the frothy main,
And gather up all fancifullest shells
For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells,
And, being hidden, laugh at their out-peeping;
Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
The while they pelt each other on the crown
With silvery oak apples, and fir cones brown—
By all the echoes that about thee ring,
Hear us, O satyr king !

“ O Harkener to the loud clapping shears
While ever and anon to his shorn peers
A ram goes bleating : Winder of the horn,
When snouted wild-boars routing tender corn
Anger our huntsmen : Breather round our farms
To keep off mildews, and all weather harms :

SATYR'S SONG

Strange ministrant of undescribèd sounds,
That come a swooning over hollow grounds,
And wither drearily on barren moors :
Dread opener of the mysterious doors
Leading to universal knowledge—see,
Great son of Dryope,
The many that are come to pay their vows
With leaves about their brows !

“ Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings ; such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
Then leave the naked brain ; be still the leaven,
That spreading in this dull and clodded earth
Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth :
Be still a symbol of immensity ;
A firmament reflected in a sea ;
An element filling the space between ;
An unknown—but no more : we humbly screen
With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,
And giving out a shout most heaven rending,
Conjure thee to receive our humble Paean,
Upon thy Mount Lycean ! ”

SATYR'S SONG

Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green ;
These are of that luscious meat
The great god Pan himself doth eat :
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain or the field.

AFTER THE FLOOD

I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong ;
Till when, humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade.
I must go, I must run,
Swifter than the fiery sun.

THE YEAR'S PLEASANT KING

AFTER THE FLOOD

As soon as the idea of the Flood had abated

A hare paused in the clover and shaking bell-flowers,
and prayed to the rainbow through the spider's web.

What jewels gleamed in hiding—what flowers gazed
about them.

In the dirty high-street sprang up the stalls, and boats
were dragged towards the sea, staged above it as in old
prints.

Blood washed the walls of Bluebeard's house, flowed in
the slaughterhouses and in the circuses, where the
windows grew livid beneath the seal of God. Blood
and milk flowed.

AFTER THE FLOOD

Beavers built up their houses. Glasses of black coffee steamed in the little wine-shops.

In the great house of glass still streaming with water, children dressed in mourning looked at the marvellous pictures.

A door banged; and in the village market-place the child waved his arms to answer the vanes and the weather-cocks on all sides, under the glittering spatter.

Madame X. set up a flat in the Alps. Masses and first Communion were celebrated at the hundred thousand altars of the cathedral.

Caravans set off. And the Hotel-Splendide was built in the chaos of ice and night at the Pole.

Since then the moon has listened to the jackals whining in thyme-scented deserts—and eclogues in sabots grunting in the orchards. Then in the violet forest all a-burgeon, Eucharis called me, saying ‘It is spring’.

Brim over, oh pool; foam, roll over the bridge, and cover the forests; sable cloths and organs, lightnings and thunder, rise up and roll; waters and sorrows, rise and lift up the floods again.

Because since the floods fell, precious stones have so buried themselves, and flowers so opened in profusion, that it has become an untellable boredom! And the Queen, the Sorceress who kindles her glowing embers in the earthen pot, never will she consent to enlighten our ignorance.

FROM "ATALANTA IN CALYDON"

FROM "ATALANTA IN CALYDON"

CHORUS

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamour of waters, and with might;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet;
For the faint cast quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;

FROM "ATALANTA IN CALYDON"

The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoofèd heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,
Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,
Follows with dancing and fills with delight
The Maenad and the Bassarid;
And soft as lips that laugh and hide
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,
And screen from seeing and leave in sight
The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair
Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare
Her bright breast shortening into sighs;
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

IN SOMMER

SPRING

Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing—

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

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay—

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

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet—

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

IN SOMMER

In somer when the shawes be sheyne,
And leves be large and long,
Hit is full merry in feyre foreste
To here the foullys sing.

To se the dere draw to the dale
And leve the hillës hee,
And shadow him in the levës grene,
Under the green-wode tree.

Hit befell on Whitsontide
Early in a May mornyng,
The Sonne up faire gan shyne,
And the briddes mery gan syng.

OLD MAY SONG

“ This is a mery mornynge,” said Litulle Johne,
By Hym that dyed on tree;
A more mery man than I am one
Lyves not in Christiantē.

“ Pluk up thi hert, my dere mayster,”
Litulle Johne can say,
“ And thynk hit is a fulle fayre tyme
In a mornynge of May.”

GLOSSARY

Shawes be sheyne : woods are shining. *Hit* : it. *Foulys* : birds.

OLD MAY SONG

All in this pleasant evening, together come are we,
For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay ;
We tell you of a blossoming and buds on every tree,
Drawing near unto the merry month of May.

Rise up, the master of this house, put on your charm
of gold,
For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay ;
Be not in pride offended with your name we make so
bold,
Drawing near unto the merry month of May.

Rise up, the mistress of this house, with gold along
your breast;
For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay ;
And if your body be asleep, we hope your soul's at rest,
Drawing near unto the merry month of May.

CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING

Rise up, the children of this house, all in your rich attire,
For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay ;
And every hair upon your heads shines like the
silver wire ;
Drawing near unto the merry month of May.

God bless this house and harbour, your riches and
your store,
For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay ;
We hope the Lord will prosper you, both now and
evermore,
Drawing near unto the merry month of May.

And now comes we must leave you, in peace and
plenty here,
For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay ;
We shall not sing you May again until another year,
To draw you these cold winters away.

CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING

Get up, get up for shame, the Blooming Morn
Upon her wings presents the God unshorne.
See how *Aurora* throwes her faire
Fresh-quilted colours through the aire :
Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see
The Dew bespangling Herbe and Tree
Each Flower has wept, and bow'd toward the East
Above an houre since ; yet you not drest,
Nay ! not so much as out of bed ?
When all the Birds have mattens seyed,

CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING

And sung their thankfull Hymnes : tis sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,
Whenas a thousand Virgins on this day,
Spring, sooner than the Lark, to fetch in May.

Rise; and put on your Foliage, and be seene
To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and greene;

And sweet as *Flora*. Take no care

For Jewels for your gowne, or Haire :

Feare not; the leaves will strew

Gems in abundance upon you :

Besides, the childhood of the Day has kept,

Against you come, some Orient Pearls unwept :

Come, and receive them while the light

Hangs on the Dew-locks of the night :

And *Titan* on the eastern hill

Retires himselfe, or else stands still

Till you come forth. Wash, dresse, be briefe in
praying :

Few Beads are best, when once we goe a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and comming, marke

How each field turns a street, each street a Parke

Made green, and trimm'd with trees : see how

Devotion gives each house a Bough

Or Branch : Each Porch, each doore, ere this,

An Arke a Tabernacle is

Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove;

As if here were those cooler shades of love.

Can such delights be in the street,

And open fields, and we not see 't ?

Come, we 'll abroad; and lets obay

The Proclamation made for May :

CORINNA'S GOING A MAYING

And sin no more, as we have done, by staying :
But my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

There's not a budding Boy, or Girle, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.

A deale of Youth, ere this, is come

Back, and with White-thorn laden home.

Some have dispatcht their Cakes and Creame,

Before that we have left to dreame :

And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted Troth,

And chose their Priest, ere we can cast off sloth :

Many a green-gown has been given ;

Many a kisse, both odde and even :

Many a glance too has been sent

From out the eye, Love's Firmament :

Many a jest told of the Keyes betraying

This night, and Locks pickt, yet w' are not a Maying.

Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime ;

And take the harmlesse follie of the time.

We shall grow old apace, and die

Before we know our liberty.

Our life is short ; and our dayes run

As fast away as does the Sunne :

And as a vapour, or a drop of raine

Once lost, can ne'er be found againe :

So when or you or I are made

A fable, song, or fleeting shade ;

All love, all liking, all delight

Lies drown'd with us in endlesse night.

Then while time serves, and we are but decaying ;

Come, my Corinna, come, lets goe a Maying.

FROM "THE TEMPEST"

FROM "THE WINTER'S TALE"

(Act IV, scene III)

. O Proserpina !
For the Flowres now that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dysses Waggon ! Daffadils,
That come before the Swallow dares, and take
The windes of March with beauty : Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherca's breath ; pale Prime-roses,
That dye unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a Maladie
Most incident to Maids ; bold Oxlips and
The Crowne Imperiall ; Lillies of all kinds,
The Flowre-de-Luce being one. O, these I lacke,
To make you Garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To strew him o're and o're.

FROM "THE TEMPEST"

(Act V, scene I)

ARIEL'S SONG

Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,
In a Cowslips bell I lye,
There I cowch when Owles doe cry.
On the Batts backe I doe flye
After Sommer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I liue now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the Bow.

TO DAFFADILLS

TO MEADOWS

Ye have been fresh and green,
Ye have been fill'd with flowers :
And ye the Walks have been
Where Maids have spent their houres.

You have beheld, how they
with Wicker Arks did come
To kisse, and beare away
The richer Couslips home.

Y'ave heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a Round :
Each Virgin, like a Spring
with Hony-succles crown'd.

But now, we see, none here
Whose silverie feet did tread,
And with dishevelled Haire,
Adorn'd this smoother Mead.

Like Unthrifts, having spent,
Your stock, and needy grown,
Y'arc left here to lament
Your poore estates, alone.

TO DAFFADILLS

Faire Daffadills, we weep to see
You haste away so soone :
As yet the early-rising Sun
Has not attain'd his Noone.

TO PRIMROSES FILL'D WITH MORNING DEW

Stay, stay
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the Even-song :
And, having pray'd together, wee
Will goe with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring :
As quick a growth to meet Decay
As you or any thing.
We die,
As your hours doe, and drie
Away
Like to the Summer's raine ;
Or as the pearles of Morning's dew
Ne'er to be found againe.

TO PRIMROSES FILL'D WITH MORNING
DEW

Why doe ye weep, sweet Babes ? can Tears
Speak griefe in you,
Who were but borne
Just as the modest Morne
Teem'd her refreshing dew ?
Alas you have not known that shower,
That marres a flower ;
Nor felt th' unkind
Breath of a blasting wind ;
Nor are ye worne with yeares ;

TO DAISIES, NOT TO SHUT SO SOONE

Or warpt, as we,
Who think it strange to see,
Such pretty flowers (like to Orphans young)
To speake by Teares, before ye have a Tongue.

Speak, whimp'ring Younglings, and make known
The reason, why
Ye droop, and weep;
Is it for want of sleep?
Or childish Lullabie?

Or that ye have not seen as yet
the Violet
Or brought a kisse
From that Sweet-heart, to this?
No, no, this sorrow shown
By your teares shed,
Would have this Lecture read,
That things of greatest, so of meaner worth,
Conceiv'd with grief are, and with teares brought
forth.

TO DAISIES, NOT TO SHUT SO
SOONE

Shut not so soon; the dull-ey'd night
Has not as yet begunne
To make a seizure on the light,
Or to seale up the Sunne.

No Marigolds yet closèd are;
No shadows great appeare;
Nor doth the early Shepherd's Starre
Shine like a spangle here.

THE NIGHT PIECE TO JULIA

Stay but till my *Julia* close
Her life-begetting eye;
And let the whole world then dispose
It selfe to live or dye.

FROM “CYMBELINE”

(Act II, scene III)

Hearke, hearke, the Larke at Heauens gate sings,
and Phoebus gins arise,
His Steeds to water at those Springs
on chalic'd Flowres that lyes;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their Golden eyes :
With euery thing that pretty bin,
My Lady sweet arise :
Arise, arise.

THE NIGHT PIECE TO JULIA

Her Eyes the Glow-worme lend thee,
The Shooting Starres attend thee;
And the Elves also,
Whose little eyes glow,
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-wispe mis-light thee;
Nor Snake, or Slow-worme bite thee :

ESTRILD'S SONG

But on, on thy way
Not making a stay
Since Ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the darke thee cumber ;
What though the moon do's slumber ?
The Starres of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like Tapers cleare without number.

Then *Julia* let me wooe thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me :
And when I shall meet
Thy silv'ry feet,
My soule I'll poure unto thee.

ESTRILD'S SONG

Had I wist, quoth spring to the swallow,
That earth could forget me, kissed
By summer, and lured to follow
Down ways that I know not, I,
My heart should have waxed not high :
Mid March would have seen me die,
Had I wist.

Had I wist, O spring, said the swallow,
That hope was a sunlit mist
And the faint light heart of it hollow,
Thy woods had not heard me sing,
Thy winds had not known my wing ;
It had faltered ere thine did, spring,
Had I wist.

EAGER SPRING

DIAPHENIA

Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
 Heigh ho, how I do love thee !
I do love thee as my lambs
Are beloved of their dams—
How blest were I if thou wouldst prove me.

.

QUINCTILIAN

Quinctilian enjoyed the quince-buds
(which he couldn't distinguish from peach) :
He was brooding on asyndeton, astyanax
And other figures of speech !

.

EAGER SPRING

Whirl, snow, on the blackbird's chatter ;
You will not hinder his song to come.
East wind, Sleepless, you cannot scatter
Quince-bud, almond-bud,
Little grape-hyacinth's
Clustering brood,
Nor unfurl the tips of the plum.
No half born stalk of a lily stops ;
There is sap in the storm-torn bush ;
And, ruffled by gusts in a snow-blurred copse,
" Pity to wait," sings a thrush.

LINES FROM "THE MAY MAGNIFICAT"

Love, there are few Springs left for us;
They go, and the count of them as they go
Makes surer the count that is left for us.
More than the East wind, more than the snow,
I would put back these hours that bring
Buds and bees and are lost;
I would hold the night and the frost,
To save for us one more Spring.

LINES FROM "THE MAY MAGNIFICAT"

. . . What is Spring?
Growth in everything—

Flesh and fleece, fur and feather,
Grass and greenworld all together.
Star-eyed strawberry-breasted
Throstle above her nested

Cluster of bugle blue eggs thin
Forms and warms the life within;
And bird and blossom swell
In sod or sheath or shell.

.

When drop-of-blood and foam-dapple
Bloom lights the orchard apple
And thicket and thorp are merry
With silver-surfed cherry,

FOR A PICTURE OF ST. DOROTHEA

And azuring-over greybell makes
Wood banks and brakes wash wet like lakes
And magic cuckoo-call
Caps, clears, and clinches all,

This ecstasy all through mothering earth
Tells Mary her mirth till Christ's birth
To remember and exultation
In God who was her salvation.

SKIES IN MAY

. . . the jay-blue heavens appearing
Of pied and peeled May !
Blue-beating and hoary glow-height ; or night,
still higher
with belled fire and the moth-soft Milky Way.

FOR A PICTURE OF ST. DOROTHEA

I bear a basket lined with grass ;
I am so light, I am so fair,
That men must wonder as I pass
And at the basket that I bear,
Where in a newly-drawn litter
Sweet flowers I carry,—sweets for bitter.

Lilies I shew you, lilies none,
None in Cæsar's gardens blow,—

THE MELTING SNOW

And a quince in hand,—not one
Is set upon your boughs below;
Not set, because their buds not spring;
Spring not, 'cause world is withering.

But these were found in the East and South
Where Winter is the clime forgot.—
The dewdrop on the larkspur's mouth
O should it then be quenched not?
In starry water-meads they drew
These drops : which be they ? stars or dew ?

Had she a quince in hand ? Yet gaze :
Rather it is the sizing moon.
Lo, linked heavens with milky ways !
That was her larkspur row.—So soon ?
Sphered so fast, sweet soul ?—We see
Nor fruit, nor flowers, nor Dorothy.

THE MELTING SNOW

Variation on a Line by Robert Herrick.

Note.—Take snow within your hand, and it burns like fire.

You lily beds and lily plains
Where nothing bleeds and nothing stains,
What is your winter, when my hand
Grows heated with a lily brand ?

Since a clenched handful warms me so
We'll count the miracles of snow
And see the crocus fires new lit
Shine through the lily coverlet ;

NETTED STRAWBERRIES

This train of fire that spreads so fast
Burns out and from that winter last
The snowdrop's humble honey bell
Sighs, ghostlike, in a lily's cell.

These snowy nunneries must spoil
To help the summer's daylong toil,
Their sweet breath and sweet eyes newborn
Live in the lily-wristed morn.

NETTED STRAWBERRIES

I am a willow-wren :
I twitter in the grass on the chimney-top ;
The apples far below will never drop
Or turn quite bright, though when

The aimless wind is still
I stand upon the big ones and I peck
And find soft places, leaving spot and speck
When I have munched my fill.

Apples and plums I know
(Plums are dark weights full of golden rain
That wets neck-feathers when I dip and strain,
And stickies each plummy row,)

But past my well-kept trees
That quick small woman in her puffy gown,
That flutters as if its sleeves and skirts had grown
For flying and airy ease,

BETWEEN APRIL AND MAY

Has planted little bushes
Of large cool leaves that cover and shade and hide
Things redder than plums and with gold dimples pied,
Dropping on new-cut rushes.

At first I thought with spite
Such heady scent was only a flower's wide cup;
But flower-scents never made my throat close up,
And so I stood in my flight.

Yet over all these sways
A web like those revealed by dawn and dew—
But not like those, that break and let me through
Shivering the drops all ways,

Though I alight and swing
I never reach the things that tumble and crush,
And if I had such long large legs as a thrush
The web would tangle and cling.

BETWEEN APRIL AND MAY

Between April and May
No more can pass
Than the edge of a mist
Or a sidelong ray
From the moon to the glass
Where the little moons hide
To shew me your wrist
On whiteness and nothing beside.

The night is still,
The darkness knows

THE HAPPY YOUTH

How far away
A wavering rill
Of warm air goes ;
Though no bough hums,
Between April and May
A streak of plum-blossom comes.

THE HAPPY YOUTH

The furl of fresh-leaved dogrose down
His cheeks the forth-and-flaunting sun
Had swarthed about with lion-brown
Before the Spring was done.

His locks like all a ravel-rope's end,
with hempen strands in spray—
Fallow, foam-fallow, hanks—fall'n off their ranks,
Swung down at a disarray.

Or like a juicy and jostling shock
Of bluebells sheaved in May.
Or wind-long fleeces on the flock
A day off shearing day.

Then over his turnèd temples—here—
Was a rose, or, failing that,
Rough-Robin or five-lipped campion clear
For a beauty-bow to his hat,
And the sunlight sidled, like dewdrops, like dandled
diamonds
Through the sieve of the straw of the plait.

UPON JULIA'S HAIRE FILL'D WITH DEW

HEAVEN—HAVEN

I have desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

CHERRY-RIPE

Cherrie Ripe, Ripe, Ripe, I cry,
Full and faire ones; come and buy :
If so be you ask me where
They doe grow? I answer, There,
Where my *Julia's* lips doe smile;
There's the Land, or Cherrie-Ile :
Whose Plantations fully show
All the yeare, where Cherries grow.

UPON JULIA'S HAIRE FILL'D WITH DEW

Dew sate on Julia's haire,
And spangled too,
Like leaves that laden are
With trembling Dew :
Or glittered to my sight,
As when the Beames
Have their reflected light
Daunc't by the Streames.

FROM "THE GARDEN"

THE GARDEN WIFE

. . . Alas, you have the garden where they grow still ! A wife here with a strawberry breath, cherry lips, apricot cheeks, and a soft velvet head, like a melicotton.

FROM "THE GARDEN"

What wondrous life is this I lead !
Ripe apples drop about my head ;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine ;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach ;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnares with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness ;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find ;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide ;

THE CLOUDS

There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and combs its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
While man walked there without a mate :
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet !
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there :
Two paradises 'twere in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new ;
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run,
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we !
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers ?

THE CLOUDS

.

Such are the clouds—
They float with white coolness and sunny shade,
Sometimes preening their flightless feathers.
Float, proud swans, on the calm lake
And wave your clipped wings in the azure air,
Then arch your neck and look into the deep for
pearls.

A MAN TO A SUNFLOWER

Now can you drink dew from tall trees and sloping
fields of heaven,
Gather new coolness for to-morrow's heat,
And sleep through the soft night with folded wing. . . .

.

AH! SUNFLOWER

Ah Sunflower! weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the Sun,
Seeking after that sweet golden clime
Where the traveller's journey is done :

Where the Youth, pined away with desire,
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves, and aspire
Where my Sunflower wishes to go.

A MAN TO A SUNFLOWER

“ See, I have bent thee by thy saffron hair
—O most strange masker—
Towards my face, thy face so full of eyes
—O almost legendary monster—
Thee of the saffron, circling hair I bend,
Bend by my fingers knotted in thy hair
—Hair like broad flames—
So—shall I swear by beech husk, spindleberry,
To break thee—saffron hair and peering eye
—To have the mastery ? ”

TWO FRAGMENTS FROM "THE CYDER FEAST"

TWO FRAGMENTS FROM "THE CYDER
FEAST"

I

Stone guests, and all the monkish shades,
Here is no canvas for your tragedies;
Gold armoured ghosts their waisted waspish din
Must keep from the apple harvest.

.

II. THE APPLE WOOD

All day long in light or heavy branches
Did we toil at the virgins with green sleeves of wind.

.

Then apple after apple from that tree of bright globes
Fell and we gathered those Ephesian breasts
Till the tree, that living goddess, to dead statue turned
And we left her in the apple wood and moved our
ladders

To pluck in green sleeves at other towers of sweetness.
All day among the turrets of that green world of
winds

We wandered and hid chambers in the steep stairs
found

Where apples, sunny honeycombs, in hidden windows
hung,

Which we entered like robbers after bags of gold
And climbed from those window sills too heavy for
our ladders

While the tree into dead statue turned at its cold
sister's side.

.

LINES FROM "ROMANCE"

LINES FROM "THE CHAMBER IDYLL"

"O, stay with me, goat-foot, where the grass is high,
It makes a sweet meadow for your hoofs to tread,

Soothing grass will hush the animal in you,
O stay with me and talk to me!"

But the goat-god never spoke, he never risked his
immortality;

Till he saw, beyond the wall, ripe honeycombs of
corn

Cut deep by the reaper who now rested in some shade.
Then he cried, the goat-god, like a bear for honey,
And stretched out a hand towards the harvest,
Shaking the tree stem like a bear his bars.

LINES FROM "ROMANCE"

When the green century of summer rains
Lay on the leaves, then like the rose I wept.
For I had dwelt in sorrow as the rose
In the deep heaven of her leaves lies close.
Then you, my gardener, with green fingers stroked
my leaves
Till all the gold drops turned to honey. Grieves
This empire of green shade when honeyed rains
And amber blood flush all the sharp green veins
Of the rich rose?

FROM "BLACK SHEPHERDESS"

So doth my rose-shaped heart
Feel the first flush of summer; love's first smart
Seemed no more sorrowful than the deep tears
The rose wept in that green and honeyed clime.

.

FROM "BLACK SHEPHERDESS"

Black shepherdess, among your lambs
Dwells sweet innocence, like untrod snow,
Their curled spring raiment soiled by everything but
sun;
Why is your crisp hair, spun like theirs,
Mantled with darkness?
Were you born in a valley at the back of day
By a wood of starlight, nursed at the camp fire?
Did ghosts from those thickets walk about your land
So the tent of the shepherdess was cumbered with
gold armour
Till the hero left your mother and turned back into
the glade,
Bright as his armour?
Were you born from that wedlock in a darkened land,
Bred in black innocence from blighted vows?

.

Such parents, like day and night mingling their
chequers,
Moved you to ripeness, till your infant hair
Grew woolly like the lambs you tend, but black as
fate.
The sun has burnt you, who were born in shade,
Claiming his fatherhood,

SERENADE

For the light on armour and the thicket of wild
starlight
Were both but echoes of his ceaseless fire.

CHERRY TREE

My salamander in a world of flame,
Safe and breathing,
Come lie beneath this cherry tree,
This green shade heavy hung with coals of fire;
There is only this for coolness while the sun is high—
Zephyr in these branches could never spread his
wings,
And rain will never reach us here, so close the boughs,
So dark their shadow that we hide within it—
Grow cool in this shade and then to show your skill
Act the salamander and in the fire lie still,
Let light like honey shine upon your skin :
When you're hot and like a comb of fire
Glide back into this shade,
Bend that heavy branch down with your hand upon
its fruit,
Ripe cherries and a honeycomb must make my bread
and wine.

SERENADE

Sigh soft, sigh softly,
Rain thrilled leaves,
Let not your careless hands
Stem the gold wind !

THE RED-GOLD RAIN

Let not your green sleeves
Swim in its breath,
As water flowing;
Lest your thin hands
Make gurgle down the crystal hills
The gaudy sun's pavilions
Whence he distils those showered scents
Whose virtue all true turtles croon,
Beneath their swaying palaces.
Sing low, then, turtles,
Sigh soft, swift wind,
And, fountains, cease your flutings.
Melulla, now,
Lean on your balcony! look down!
My strings shall sing.

THE RED-GOLD RAIN

I

ORANGE TREE BY DAY

Sun and rain at work together
Ripened this for summer weather;
Sun gave it colour tawny red
And rain its life as though it bled;
In the long days full of fire
Its fruit will cool us when we tire.
Against the housewall does it grow
With smooth stem like a fountain's flow,
Dark are its leaves, a colder shade
Than ever rock or mountain made;

THE KINGFISHER

When the wind plays soft they sing,
For here the birds' songs never ring,
Quite still the fruit that in a golden shower
Will fall one day to flood this tower.

II

ORANGE TREE BY NIGHT

If you feel for it, pressing back the glossy leaves
The fruit looks cold as if its sullen fire is dying,
So red the ember that you scarcely dare to touch it :
And when your fingers close upon its moonlike rind
Chill must be the flavour like a hidden fountain
Whose waters sparkle springing clear from out the
rock—

What are its leaves then, but wings, or the wind ?—
Wings to hold the fruit high and cool it in the clouds,
Or water blowing over those hot rocks that hold the
water ?

THE KINGFISHER

It was the Rainbow gave thee birth,
And left thee all her lovely hues ;
And, as her mother's name was Tears,
So runs it in my blood to choose
For haunts, the lonely pools, and keep
In company with trees that weep.

Go you, and with such glorious hues,
Live with proud Peacocks in green parks ;

FISHERMAN

On lawns as smooth as shining glass,
Let every feather show its marks ;
Get thee on boughs and clap thy wings
Before the windows of proud kings.

Nay, lovely Bird, thou art not vain ;
Thou hast no proud, ambitious mind ;
I also love a quiet place
That's green, away from all mankind ;
A lonely pool, and let a tree
Sigh with her bosom over me.

FISHERMAN

“ Do the fish still glitter in the water pool ? ”

“ No, sir, they are netted and lie ready for your
feasting.

They glittered in the water as a star would shine
If it steered into our vision
And through the day, as in the night,
Swam there to follow :
In point of light more brilliant than the race of stars
Shining in one body where it masks the sun,
The fish in this waterpool glitter like that star in air.
It turns like the star would do and lies there to look
at you,

High against this glass wall that lies between,
With staring eyes, dreaming,
Then will stretch and spread its fins
And in a flash be gone.”

.

FAERY SONG

“ Were they lively when you caught them ? ”

“ They leaped and sprang like horses till we held them fast.

We haul at the nets now and pull them out of water
And the fish come out with them like strong springs
of silver,

They frisk and leap to get their breath like young horses

Galloping through the fields at early morning,
When the sun is strong already,

And the wind whips, like green rye, the running
grassland.

Hold the net tightly as it comes to land,

Sagging, while water lines the strings and drops in
runlets,

Safe upon the grass now while the fish still leap !

Close bound within the meshes so they cannot move,
Their lightning fettered, they are lifted shoulder-high
To drown there, stifling in the stiff, cold air.”

FAERY SONG

Shed no tear—O shed no tear !

The flower will bloom another year.

Weep no more—O weep no more !

Young buds sleep in the root's white core.

Dry your eyes—O dry your eyes,

For I was taught in Paradise

To ease my breast of melodies—

Shed no tear.

Overhead—look overhead

'Mong the blossoms white and red—

THE HALCYON

Look up, look up—I flutter now
On this flush pomegranate bough—
See me—tis this silvery bill
Ever cures the good man's ill—
Shed no tear—O shed no tear !
The flower will bloom another year.
Adieu—Adieu—I fly, adieu,
I vanish in the heaven's blue—
Adieu, Adieu !

THE HALCYON

(Variation on a Theme by Marlowe)

*“ But how now stands the wind ?
Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill ? ”*

Where is my halcyon ? Is it hid in leaves ?
Does it run in the corn between those yellow sheaves ?
Does light like heavy myrrh cloy its wings
Flying from the sun's heart while it sings ?

But now, my halcyon, I call you back,
Come from the bough, there, that your weight sags
down,

And float to my feet so that I smooth your plumes !
Tell me, where does air lie softest,
In the West round the sun, or do the stars ride calm,
Their lamps burning level, never shaken in the tide ?
He peered in every corner and he chose the West,
And running to my feet he shook his wings and
glittered,

Waiting for the ransom that he knew I held for him.
Stretch forth your bill, my halcyon, for this apple !

SWEET STAY-AT-HOME

He took it from my hand, he spread his wings and
flew with it,
And now I see him pecking it, safe-hid by boughs.

FRAGMENT: THE ILEX TRAGEDY

But it was an ilex tragedy, those boughs of mourning
Are ever dark for Procris, her very name
In broken syllables is spoken by the leaves.
Go not to the ilex for other things than this,
The sound is sorrowful, of lights on armour;
Here Procris died from Cephalus, who killed her,
Her ghost is in the ilex leaves, for ever watching,
Looking in the orange wood
For a name of wind.

SWEET STAY-AT-HOME

A PLEASANT WIND

God in the whizzing of a pleasant wind
Shall march upon the tops of mulberry trees.

SWEET STAY-AT-HOME

Sweet Stay-at-Home, sweet Well-Content,
Thou knowest of no strange continent :
Thou hast not felt thy bosom keep
A gentle motion with the deep;
Thou hast not sailed in Indian seas,
Where scent comes forth in every breeze;

FANCY'S HOME

Thou hast not seen the rich grape grow
For miles, as far as eyes can go ;
Thou hast not seen a summer's night
When maids could sew by a worm's light ;
Nor the North Sea in spring send out
Bright hues that like birds flit about
In solid cages of white ice—
Sweet Stay-at-Home, sweet Love-one-place.
Thou hast not seen black fingers pick
White cotton when the bloom is thick,
Nor heard black throats in harmony ;
Nor hast thou sat on stones that lie
Flat on the earth, that once did rise
To hide proud kings from common eyes.
Thou hast not seen plains full of bloom
Where green things had such little room
They pleased the eye like fairer flowers—
Sweet Stay-at-Home, all these long hours.
Sweet Well-Content, sweet Love-one-place,
Sweet, simple maid, bless thy dear face ;
For thou hast made more homely stuff
Nurture thy gentle self enough ;
I love thee for thy heart that's kind—
Not for the knowledge in thy mind.

FANCY'S HOME

Tell me, Fancy, sweetest child,
Of thy parents and thy birth ;
Had they silk and had they gold,
And a park to wander forth,
With a castle green and old ?

THE HAWTHORN HATH A DEATHLY SMELL

In a cottage I was born,
My kind father was Content,
My dear mother Innocence;
On wild fruits of wonderment
I have nourished ever since.

THE HAWTHORN HATH A DEATHLY
SMELL

The flowers of the field
Have a sweet smell;
Meadowsweet, tansy, thyme,
And faint-heart pimpernel;
But sweeter ever than these,
The silver of the may
Wreathed is with incense for
The Judgement Day.

An apple, a child, dust,
When falls the evening rain,
Wild brier's spiced leaves,
Breathe memories again;
With further memory fraught,
The silver of the may
Wreathed is with incense for
The Judgement Day.

Eyes of all loveliness
Shadow of strange delight,
Even as a flower fades
Must thou from sight;

NOD

But oh, o'er thy grave's mound,
Till come the Judgement Day,
Wreathed shall with incense be
The sharp-thorned may.

THE OLD MEN ADMIRING THEMSELVES
IN THE WATER

I heard the old, old men say,
'Every thing alters,
And one by one we drop away.'
They had hands like claws, and their knees
Were twisted like the old thorn-trees
By the waters.
I heard the old, old men say
'All that's beautiful drifts away
Like the waters.'

NOD

Softly along the road of evening,
In a twilight dim with rose,
Wrinkled with age, and drenched with dew,
Old Nod, the Shepherd, goes.

His drowsy flock stream on before him,
Their fleeces charged with gold,
To where the sun's last beam leans low
On Nod the shepherd's fold.

STARERS

The hedge is quick and green with brier,
From their sand the conies creep;
And all the birds that fly in heaven
Flock singing home to sleep.

His lambs outnumber a noon's roses,
Yet, when night's shadows fall,
His blind old sheep-dog, Slumber-soon,
Misses not one of all.

His are the quiet steeps of dreamland,
The waters of no more pain,
His ram's bell rings 'neath an arch of stars,
' Rest, rest, and rest again.'

STARERS

The small birds peck at apples ripe,
And twice as big as them in size;
The wind doth make the hedge's leaves
Shiver with joy, until it dies.
Young Gossamer is in the field;
He holds the flowers with silver line—
They nod their heads as horses should.
And there are forty dappled kine
As fat as snails in deep, dark wells,
And just as shining too—as they
Lie in a green field, motionless,
And every one now stares my way.
I must become a starrer too :
I stare at them as urchins can

THE GAMEKEEPER

When seamen talk, or any child
That sees by chance its first black man.
I stare at drops of rain that shine
Like glowworms, when the time is noon;
I stare at little stars in Heaven,
That try to stare like the big Moon.

THE GAMEKEEPER

October was Luke Kembley's month,
When the golden castles of the corn
Had been slighted by the roundhead autumn.
Then, red as the berries that grow
On the hawthorn hedges—oh!
He could walk after pheasants with a gun.
Day and night,
Spring and summer long,
He would lurk in the woods,
Eating bread and cheese
And never resting,
Preparing for October,
He would guard the sacred birds,
He would give them to drink,
He would offer up grain at their wooden altars :
He would even secure
Their effigies of straw
Within low branches,
So that,
 In the dark,
A panicked poacher
Could fire for ever at a sitting pheasant
And no bird would fall.

THE GAMEKEEPER

In the night he would stalk the running sounds
Pursue the flickering lights :
Then the blue tapestries
Would rustle sullenly, swaying
Puffed out upon the breath
of the lank,
The dank green ghosts
of dead forests.

But

October was the month,
When the northern air is crystal,
And the berries grow all red upon the hedges—oh !
When the tall trees grow antlers,
And the three-prong'd leaves of the bracken
Undulate on the pure air
Just as the triple tails of imperial goldfish
Wave through their transparent element ;
When even the Sun,
Magnificent Inca,
Wraps himself each evening
For his ceremonial farewell
In gigantic pheasant-feathers.
Then Luke Kembley's breath
Lingered behind him on the air,
As he walked back through the dusk
To find the sharp fingers of the fire
Gilding Mrs. Kembley
In the cottage on the hill.

But now through the cold and the long Octobers
The frost-flowers grow on the stiff stone borders,

A WIDOW'S WEEDS

And the dark winds blow
Through the lepers' window,
And the Parson blows his nose
As he passes in,
And the sky above
Is as dull as sin—
And the poachers trample down the dying woods,
And the pheasants are few,
The pheasants are few.

A WIDOW'S WEEDS

A poor old Widow in her weeds
Sowed her garden with wild-flower seeds;
Not too shallow, and not too deep,
And down came April—drip—drip—drip.
Up shone May, with gold, and soon
Green as an arbour grew leafy June.
And now all summer she sits and sews
Where willow herb, comfrey, bugloss blows,
Teasle and tansy, meadowsweet,
Campion, toadflax, and rough hawksbit;
Brown bee orchis, and Peals of Bells;
Clover, burnet, and thyme she smells;
Like Oberon's meadows her garden is
Drowsy from dawn till dusk with bees.
Weeps she never, but sometimes sighs,
And peeps at her garden with bright brown eyes;
And all she has is all she needs—
A poor old Widow in her weeds.

FROM "MARY-ANNE"

THE RAIN

I hear leaves drinking rain ;
I hear rich leaves on top
Giving the poor beneath
Drop after drop ;
'Tis a sweet noise to hear
Those green leaves drinking near.

And when the Sun comes out,
After this rain shall stop,
A wondrous light will fill
Each dark, round drop ;
I hope the Sun shines bright ;
'Twill be a lovely sight.

FROM "MARY-ANNE"

I

Mary-Anne,
Wise, simple old woman,
Lived in a patchwork pavilion,
Pitched on an island,
Feeding the piebald and the tartan ducks.

Flotillas of ducks
Lie low in the water,
And Mary-Anne seems
The Duck-King's daughter.
The floating ducks crack up in their arrow-painted
wake

FROM "MARY-ANNE"

The distorted, silent summer painted in the lake,
And the days disappear
In a leaden stare.

Then Mary-Anne waddles
Through the evening cool,
And a smell of musk
Lingers by the pool,
For the trembling fingers of the honeysuckle
Wring out the blue and the dew-drenched dusk.

At night the pavilion
Is hung by a silver cord
That the nightingales plait
With their intercoiling song.
Within Mary-Anne mutters
The Word of the Lord,
Till the candle gutters,
As the summer sighs outside
And taps
At the shutters.

.

III

In the winter her pavilion
Was a tent of swansdown.
The windows tightly closed
Showed through their brittle yellow ice
A fern, and cubèd walls.
The wild geese thrust their long necks
Out into the cold air above,

WINTER THE HUNTSMAN

And the white feathers drifted up to the window.
Then the Family would come down,
Like so many cats after the birds, she always said.
The snowflakes would sway down
And thud,
 thud,
 thud
 would sound the falling pheasants.

WINTER THE HUNTSMAN

Through his iron glades
Rides Winter the Huntsman.
All colour fades
As his horn is heard sighing.

Far through the forest
His wild hooves crash and thunder
Till many a mighty branch
Is torn asunder.

And the red reynard creeps
To his hole near the river,
The copper leaves fall
And the bare trees shiver.

As night creeps from the ground,
Hides each tree from its brother,
And each dying sound
Reveals yet another.

THE HAPPY CHILD

Is it Winter the Huntsman
Who gallops through his iron glades,
Cracking his cruel whip
To the gathering shades ?

THE TWO CHILDREN

‘ Ah, little boy ! I see
You have a wooden spade.
Into this sand you dig
So deep—for what ? ’ I said.
‘ There’s more rich gold,’ said he
‘ Down under where I stand,
Than twenty elephants
Could move across the land.’

‘ Ah, little girl with wool !—
What are you making now ? ’
‘ Some stockings for a bird,
To keep his legs from snow.’
And there those children are,
So happy, small, and proud :
The boy that digs his grave,
The girl that knits her shroud.

THE HAPPY CHILD

I saw this day sweet flowers grow thick—
But not one like the child did pick.

I heard the pack-hounds in green park—
But no dog like the child heard bark.

ANOTHER SONG OF A FOOL

I heard this day bird after bird—
But not one like the child has heard.

A hundred butterflies saw I—
But not one like the child saw fly.

I saw the horses roll in grass—
But no horse like the child saw pass.

My world this day has lovely been—
But not like what the child has seen.

ANOTHER SONG OF A FOOL

This great purple butterfly,
In the prison of my hands,
Has a learning in his eye
Not a poor fool understands.

Once he lived a schoolmaster
With a stark, denying look;
A string of scholars went in fear
Of his great birch and his great book.

Like the clangour of a bell,
Sweet and harsh, harsh and sweet,
That is how he learnt so well
To take the roses for his meat.

METROPOLITAN

METROPOLITAN

From the indigo straits to the seas of Ossian, on the rose and orange sands which have been washed by the wine-coloured sky, crystal boulevards have just arisen, inhabited forthwith by young, poor families. They are fed at the fruiterer's. There is nothing rich.—A town.

Flying from the bituminous desert, flying in a disordered rout with masses of shifting fog surging hideously towards a bending, changing sky (a sky formed of the black sinister vapour which the mourning ocean breathes out), are helmets, wheels, boats and cruppers.—A battle.

Raise your head; see this arched wooden bridge; these last few kitchen gardens; these coloured masks lighted up by the lamp which the cold night lashes; the giggling ninny naiad in the loud dress, down by the river; the phosphorescent turnip-heads amongst the pea-plants, and the other phantasmagoria.—The country.

There are roads bordered with railings and walls which can scarcely contain their groves, with atrocious flowers that one is supposed to call one's brothers and sisters, damask of a damning languor—possessions of

PROMONTORY

a fabled aristocracy, ultra-Rhenan or Japanese, the proper sort of people to receive the music of the ancients. There are inns which will never open again—there are princesses, and, if you are not too bored, there is the study of the stars.—Heaven.

There was the morning when, with Her, you struggled amongst those banks of snow, those green-lipped crevasses, that ice, those black flags and blue rays, and the purple perfumes of the polar sun.—Thy force.

PROMONTORY

Golden dawn and trembling eve find our brig in the open sea opposite this villa, which with its dependencies forms a promontory as extensive as Epirus, or the peloponesia, Japan or Arabia! There are shrines enlightened by the reappearance of speculative thought; immense views of the defences of a modern coast; sandhills gay with glowing flowers and bacchanals. There are grand canals from Carthage, embankments from an ambiguous Venice; languid eruptions of Etna and crevasses from which burst flowers and water, and glaciers. There are wash-houses surrounded by German poplars, strange undulating parks, and circular façades in the style of 'The Royal' or 'The Grand' of some Brooklyn. There are level railways, railways underground, and railways overhead, all part of this hotel which resembles the most elegant and the most colossal structures known to the history of Italy, America,

SONG FROM "CYMBELINE"

and Asia. The brilliantly illuminated windows and terraces are swept by luxurious breezes, and expensive beverages are served there.

Everything responds to the taste of travellers who permit the whim of the moment, and the vagaries of fashionable art, to decorate the façades of the 'Royal Promontory Hotel'.

GOODNIGHT, SWEET CHILD

TO STELLA

Thou wert the morning star among the living,
Ere thy fair light had fled;
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendour to the dead.

SONG FROM "CYMBELINE"

(Act IV, scene II)

GUIDERIUS

Feare no more the heate o' the Sun,
Nor the furious Winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast don,
Home art gon, and tane thy wages.
Golden Lads, and Girles all must,
As Chimney-Sweepers, come to dust.

SONG FROM " CYMBELINE "

ARUIRAGUS

Feare no more the frowne o' the Great,
Thou art past the Tirants stroake,
Care no more to cloathe and eate;
To thee the Reede is as the Oake :
The Sceptre, Learning, Physicke, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

GUIDERIUS

Feare no more the Lightning flash.

ARUIRAGUS

Nor the all-dreaded Thunderstone.

GUIDIRIUS

Feare not Slander, Censure rash;

ARUIRAGUS

Thou hast finish'd Joy and mone :

BOTH

All Louers young, all Louers must
Consigne to thee and come to dust.

GUIDERIUS

No Exorciser harme thee !

FROM "MISS MEW"

ARUIRAGUS

Nor no witch-craft charme thee !

GUIDERIUS

Ghost unlaid forbear thee !

ARUIRAGUS

Nothing ill come neere thee !

BOTH

Quiet consummation haue ;
And renowned be thy graue !

FROM "MISS MEW"

I

ELEGY

Miss Mew,
So fabulous and feathery,
White and delicate as swansdown,
Floated above, in her high house,
A narrow, many-eyed watch-tower of red satin,
Whence she surveyed the town.

FROM "MISS MEW"

This little, feathery old woman
Was bright and kind and gentle as a flower,
And clever with no cleverness human,
But agile with that strange agility
Which is the secret of all animal power.

She was so wise, but not in words of wisdom
—For words were guards to ward off loneliness, that
ogre—

But her fingers were so wise,
So very proud and nimble,
As they fluttered whitely through the orchidacean
blossom
Grinning silk magenta, grinning ochre,
Of her embroidery, or through
The little pink, the little blue
Demure and arctic buds of ribbon work that crinkled
Out of a faded, satin snow,
Or flashed through them a thimble
Like a silver-armoured insect on the wing,
As they prepared her bird-like foods, or thumped and
pounded
To knead new bread.

And now Miss Mew,
So fabulous and feathery,
Has flitted from her delicate sheath of swansdown,
And has fled, has fled.
And those less feathery than dear Miss Mew was,
Tell one another that Miss Mew is dead,
Is dead.

FROM "MISS MEW"

II

FEATHER TAPESTRY

How few
The things we knew
About Miss Mew !

She was a delicate feather blown out of a pastel past,
Upon some shattering gale
Of which no one was ever told the nature.

There had been a gap, a long gap, and then
Pitching upon some dull, some blunt
Relentless gust of the east wind
She had drifted hither,
This delicate feather ;
Here, where the waves ruffle their white plumage
At her all the winter,
Here, where the sky brushes the blue tops of the house
All the winter
With the grey feathers, black or yellow feathers.

Age could not undermine her grace,
But only fashioned her more lightly,
Gave her a white halo,
And made her green eyes larger
In her white, small face,
So lightly carved her feet, that when she walked,
She drifted like a feather adown the wind,
Drifting among these other brutal and gigantic
feathers
That buffeted and battered her
In the unreal and yellow light of English winter.

CHILDHOOD—I

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.

CHILDHOOD—I

This black-eyed, yellow-maned idol has neither family nor courtiers. More noble is she than a Mexican legend or a Flemish fable. The staring azure and greenery which is her kingdom runs along level shores which the shipless waves have called by names so ferociously Greek, Slav and Celtic.

On the forest verge—where dream flowers tinkle, glitter and shine—sits the young girl with the orange lips. Her knees are crossed in the crystal flood that wells up in the meadows, her nakedness clothed by the passing shadows of the rainbows, by the shadows of the flowers and sea.

CHILDHOOD—II

Ladies promenade on the terraces near the sea; there are infantas and giantesses; stately negresses sit in the verdigris moss. Jewels stand upright on the slippery ground of the shrubberies and the thawing gardens. There too, are young mothers and grown-up sisters in whose eyes are countless pilgrimages; sultanas, princesses of haughty bearing and tyrannical costumes, little foreigners and persons gently unhappy.

How irksome is the hour of 'darling child' and 'darling heart'.

CHILDHOOD—II

It is she, the little dead child, behind the rose bushes. The young mother, who is dead, comes down the flight of steps. The cousin's open carriage creaks over the sand. And there is the little brother (he is in India!)—there, in front of the setting sun, against the field of gillyflowers; and those old people who have been buried, now stand erect in the wallflower rampart.

A swarm of golden leaves surround the general's house. They are in the south. You must follow the road to reach the empty inn. The castle is for sale, and the shutters have dropped off. The key of the church must have been taken away by the priest. Round the park, the park-keepers' lodges are empty. So high are the palisades that one can see nothing but the rustling tree-tops. After all, there is nothing to see inside.

WARNING

The fields slope up to the villages, left empty of cocks and anvils. The sluices are open. Oh! The Calvaries and the windmills in the desert, the islands and the hayricks.

Magic flowers hummed all around. The gentle slopes lulled them to rest. Beasts of a fabulous elegance walked about. Far beyond, over the sea—that eternity of hot tears—clouds massed themselves.

WARNING

.
The bearded stars burn cold and clear;
Here can you count their golden grain,
And snare the sun's fire without fear.

That borrowed light he lends so free
To gild the glittering branches by,
Turns to gold hair this laughing tree;

But these cool branches, one stark day
Will droop, and bow down, wearily,
All that was amber gone to clay.

That bell, that laughing tree of leaves,
Will groan with cracked note, old and spent,
Its harvest gathered with cut sheaves.

.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS

THE GHOST AT THE WINDOW

Golden sun dust slants the room
And does not fear the crone's old broom,
For all is old here, no young eyes
Have looked through winter's white disguise;
His winding clothes of snow and frost
Fold deep, and hide where foot has crossed.

Through woods of frostflowers on the pane
Sounds a far horn, and shrill again,
The window leads in fear do rattle,
Sun's ladders tremble for the battle.
As stag and hunter come in view,
From her winding sheet anew

The ghost of her the stag did love
Stands in the casement, high above :
The horn mutes at the hunter's lips,
He's beaten by the spring's green whips;
While briars of eglantine disclose
That sweet flower cousin to the rose.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

ANNABEL LEE

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea :
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my ANNABEL LEE;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

ANNABEL LEE

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE :

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE :

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
And the stars never rise but I see the bright eyes
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea—
In her tomb by the side of the sea.

TO HELEN

SOME HANG ABOVE THE TOMBS . . .

Some hang above the tombs,
Some weep in empty rooms,
I, when the iris blooms,
Remember.

I, when the cyclamen
Opens her buds again,
Rejoice a moment—then
Remember.

TO HELEN

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
To the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo ! in yon brilliant window niche,
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand !
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land !

WAR

FAIRY

At the birth of Helen were present the saps of beauty which flow in the untrodden shadows and the still radiancy of the astral silence. The burning heat of summer was confided to songless birds, the indolence of summer to a barque made of griefs beyond price, moving through bays of dead loves and faded perfumes.

This was after the time of woodcutters singing to the sound of the torrent in the ruined forest; the tinkling of sheepbells in the echoing valleys; the cries of the steppes.

For the childhood of Helen the thickets and the deep shadows trembled, the heart of the poor and the legends of heaven were stirred.

Her eyes are more lovely than all shining things; cool airs that pass, move not so lightly as Helen dancing; more precious is she than the joy of perfect beauty, than the joy of the perfect hour.

WAR

When I was a child, certain skies refined my vision; every kind of character helped to colour my face. Phenomena were moved. At present the eternal inflection of moments and the infinity of mathematics hunts me through this world where I endure every civil success, respected by a strange childhood and by great affections.

LINES FROM "METAMORPHOSIS"

I dream of a war, of right or of force, of a quite unforeseen logic.

It is as simple as a musical phrase.

STILL FAIRER FIELDS . . .

. . . the starry meadows beyond Orion, where,
for pansies and violets, and heart's ease, are the beds
of the triplicate and triple-tinted suns.

.

LINES FROM "METAMORPHOSIS"

Death is the sun's heat, making all men black,
O Death, the splendours die in the leaves' track :

All men are Ethiopian shades of thee :
The wild and glittering fleece Parthenope

Loosened, more rich than feathers of bright birds,
Though rich and thick as Ethiopian herds,

Died like the wave, or early light that grew
In eastern quarries ripening precious dew.

Though lovely are the tombs of the dead nymphs
On the heroic shore, the glittering plinths

Of jacinth, hyacinthine waves profound
Sigh of the beauty out of sight and sound,

OUR 'LONGEST SUN

And many a golden foot that pressed the sand,
(The panoply of suns on distant strand;)

Panope walking like the pomp of waves
With plumaged helmet near the fountain caves

Is only now an arena for the worm;
Her golden flesh lies in the dust's frail storm,

And beauty water-bright for long is laid
Deep in the empire of eternal shade;

Only the sighing waves know now the plinth
Of those deep tombs that were of hyacinth.

Still echoes of that helmeted bright hair
Are like the pomp of tropic suns, the blare

That from the inaccessible horizon runs,
The eternal music of heroic suns

When their strong youth comes freshened from deep
 seas,
And the first music heard among the trees.

.

OUR LONGEST SUN

Our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes
but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long
before we lie down in darkness.

.

FROM "HERO AND LEANDER"

WATER MUSIC

*. . . water is not of solid constituents, but
is dissolved from precious stones above."*

FROM "HERO AND LEANDER"

O Hero, Hero, thus he cry'de full oft,
And then he got him to a rocke aloft,
Where hauing spy'de her tower, long star'd he on't,
And pray'd the narrow toyling Hellespont
To part in twaine, that he might come and go,
But still the rising billowes answered no.
With that hee stript him to the yu'rie skin,
And crying 'Loue, I come,' leapt liuely in.
Whereat the saphir uisaged god grew prowd,
And made his capring Triton sound alowd,
Imagining that Ganimed displeas'd,
Had left the heauens; therefore on him hee seiz'd.
Leander striu'd, the waues about him wound,
And puld him to the bottome, where the ground
Was strewd with pearle, and in low corall groues
Sweet singing Meremaids, sported with their loues
On heapes of heauie gold, and tooke great pleasure
To spurne in carelesse sort the shipwracke treasure.
For there the stately azure pallace stood,
Where kingly *Neptune* and his traine abode.

GLOSSARY

Yu'rie : ivory.

FULL FATHOM FIUE

COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS

Come unto these yellow sands
And then take hands :
Curtsied when you haue, and kist,—
The wilde waves whist,—
Foote it featly heere and there, and sweete Sprights
the burthen beare.
Harke, harke !
Bough wough :
The watch Dogges barke : Bough wough.
Harke harke !
I heare
The straine of strutting Chanticlere
Cry cock-adidle-dowe.

FULL FATHOM FIUE

Full fathom fiue thy Father lies ;
Of his bones are Corall made :
Those are pearles that were his cies :
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a Sea-change
Into something rich and strange :
Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Ding Dong
Harke now I heare them—ding-dong, bell.

SONG

SONG

Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more
By sandy Ladons Lillied banks.
On old Lycaeus or Cyllene hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
A better soyl shall give ye thanks.
From the stony Maenalus,
Bring your Flocks, and live with us,
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place.
Though Syrinx your Pans Mistres were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

SONG

O're the smooth enameld green
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me as I sing,
And touch the warbled string.
Under the shady roof
Of branching Elm Star-proof,
Follow me,
I will bring you where she sits
Clad in splendor as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

SONG

SONG

“ Sabrina fair

Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassie, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of Lillies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair,
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save !

Listen and appear to us
In name of great Oceanus,
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys grave majestick pace,
By hoary Nereus wrincled look,
And the Carpathian wisards hook,
By scaly Tritons winding shell,
And old sooth-saying Glaucus spell,
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands,
By Thetis tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the Songs of Sirens sweet,
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
By all the Nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosie head
From thy coral-pav'n bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have.
Listen and save ! ”

BERMUDAS

SABRINA RISES, ATTENDED BY WATER-NYMPHS, AND
SINGS :

“By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the Willow and the Osier dank,
My sliding Chariot stayes,
Thick set with Agat, and the azurn sheen
Of Turkis blew, and Emerald green
That in the channell strays,
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O’er the Cowslips Velvet head
That bends not as I tread,
Gentle swain at thy request
I am here.”

CAPE COMORI

Nor could I miss Cape Comori
Where mounts of Fruitfull Shell-fish ly,
That Orient Pearls do in their womb contain.
Where the bold Indian jumps into the Main,
Doth down into the Shining Bottom Dive,
That needs no Light, but what the Pearls do give.

BERMUDAS.

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

BERMUDAS

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

FROM "A SONG TO DAVID"

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

ADORATION

*Bless God for every feather from the wren
in the sedge to the Cherubs and their mates.*

*Bless Jesus Christ with the Rose and his people,
which is a nation of living sweetness.*

FROM "A SONG TO DAVID"

LI

For ADORATION all the ranks
Of angels yield eternal thanks,
And DAVID in the midst ;
With God's good poor, which, last and least
In man's esteem, thou to thy feast,
O blessed bridegroom, bidst.

LII

For ADORATION seasons change,
And order, truth, and beauty range,
Adjust, attract, and fill :
The grass the polyanthus cheque ;
And polish'd porphyry reflects,
By the descending rill.

FROM "A SONG TO DAVID"

LIII

Rich almonds colour to the prime
For ADORATION; tendrils climb;
 And fruit-trees pledge their gems;
And Ivis with her gorgeous vest
Builds for her eggs her cunning nest,
 And bell-flowers bow their stems.

LIV

With vinous syrup cedars spout;
From rocks pure honey gushing out,
 For ADORATION springs;
All scenes of painting crowd the map
Of nature; to the mermaid's pap
 The scaled infant clings.

LV

The spotted ounce and playsome cubs
Run rustling 'mongst the flow'ring shrubs,
 And lizards feed the moss;
For ADORATION beasts embark,
While waves upholding halcyon's ark
 No longer roar and toss.

LVI

While Israel sits beneath his fig,
With coral root and amber sprig
 The wean'd advent'rer sports;
Where to the palm the jasmin cleaves,
For ADORATION 'mongst the leaves
 The gale his peace reports.

FROM "A SONG TO DAVID"

LVII

Increasing days their reign exalt,
Nor in the pink and mottled vault
Th' opposing spirits tilt;
And, by the coasting reader spied,
The silverlings and crusions glide
For ADORATION gilt.

LVIII

For ADORATION rip'ning canes
And cocoa's purest milk detains
The western pilgrim's staff
Where rain in clasping boughs inclos'd,
And vines with oranges dispos'd,
Embow'r the social laugh.

LIX

Now labour his reward receives,
For ADORATION counts his sheaves
To peace, her bounteous prince;
The nectarine his strong tint imbibes,
And apples of ten thousand tribes,
And quick peculiar quince.

LX

The wealthy crops of whit'ning rice,
'Mongst thynine woods and groves of spice,
For ADORATION grow;
And, marshalled in the fencèd land,
The peaches and pomegranates stand,
Where wild carnations blow.

FROM " A SONG TO DAVID "

LXI

The laurels with the winter strive ;
The crocus burnishes alive
 Upon the snow-clad earth :
For ADORATION myrtles stay
To keep the garden from dismay,
 And bless the sight from dearth.

LXII

The pheasant shows his pompous neck
And ermine, jealous of a speck,
 With fear eludes offence :
The sable, with his glossy pride,
For ADORATION is descried,
 Where frosts the wave condense.

LXIII

The chearful holly, pensive yew,
And holy thorn, their trim renew ;
 The squirrel hoards his nuts :
All creatures batten o'er their stores,
And careful nature all her doors
 For ADORATION shuts.

LXIV

For ADORATION, David's psalms
Lift up the heart to deeds of alms ;
 And he, who kneels and chants,
Prevails his passions to controul,
Finds meat and med'cine to the soul,
 Which for translation pants.

FROM "A SONG TO DAVID"

LXV

For ADORATION, beyond match,
The scholar bulfinch aims to catch
 The soft flute's ivory touch;
And, careless on the hazle spray,
The daring redbreast keeps at bay
 The damsel's greedy clutch.

LXVI

For ADORATION, in the skies,
The Lord's philosopher espies
 The Dog, the Ram, and Rose;
The planets ring, Orion's sword;
Nor is his greatness less ador'd
 In the vile worm that glows.

LXVII

For ADORATION on the strings
The western breezes work their wings,
 The captive ear to sooth.—
Hark! 'tis a voice—how still, and small—
That makes the cataracts to fall,
 Or bids the sea be smooth.

LXVIII

For ADORATION, incense comes
From bezoar, and Arabian gums;
 And on the civet's fur
But as for prayer, or e're it faints,
Far better is the breath of saints
 Than galbanum and myrrh.

FROM " A SONG TO DAVID "

LXIX

For ADORATION from the down,
Of dam'sins to th' anana's crown,
God sends to tempt the taste;
And while the luscious zest invites,
The sense, that in the scene delights,
Commands desire be chaste.

LXX

For ADORATION, all the paths
Of grace are open, all the baths
Of purity refresh;
And all the rays of glory beam
To deck the man of God's esteem,
Who triumphs o'er the flesh.

LXXI

For ADORATION, in the dome
Of Christ the sparrows find an home
And on his olives perch :
The swallow also dwells with thee,
O man of God's humility,
Within his Saviour CHURCH.

LXXII

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes,
And drops upon the leafy limes;
Sweet Hermon's fragrant air :
Sweet is the lilly's silver bell,
And sweet the wakeful tapers smell
That watch for early pray'r.

FROM "A SONG TO DAVID"

LXXIII

Sweet the young nurse with love intense,
Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence ;
 Sweet when the lost arrive :
Sweet the musician's ardour beats,
While his vague mind's in quest of sweets,
 The choicest flow'rs to hive.

LXXIV

Sweeter in all the strains of love,
The language of thy turtle dove,
 Pair'd to thy swelling chord ;
Sweeter with ev'ry grace endu'd
The glory of thy gratitude.
 Respir'd unto the Lord.

LXXV

Strong is the horse upon his speed ;
Strong in pursuit the rapid glede,
 Which makes at once his game :
Strong the tall ostrich on the ground ;
Strong thro' the turbulent profound
 Shoots xiphias to his aim.

LXXVI

Strong is the lion—like a coal
His eye-ball—like a bastion's mole
 His chest against the foes :
Strong the gier-eagle on his sail,
Strong against tide, th' enormous whale
 Emerges as he goes.

FROM "A SONG TO DAVID"

LXXVII

But stronger still, in earth and air,
And in the sea, the man of pray'r;
And far beneath the tide;
And in the seat to faith assign'd,
Where ask is have, where seek is find,
Where knock is open wide.

LXXVIII

Beauteous the fleet before the gale;
Beauteous the multitudes in mail,
Rank'd arms and crested heads :
Beauteous the garden's umbrage mild,
Walk, water, meditated wild,
And all the bloomy beds.

LXXIX

Beauteous the moon full on the lawn;
And beauteous, when the veil's withdrawn,
The virgin to her spouse :
Beauteous the temple deck'd and fill'd,
When to the heav'n of heav'ns they build
Their heart-directed vows.

LXXX

Beauteous, yea beauteous more than these,
The shepherd king upon his knees,
For his momentous trust;
With wish of infinite conceit,
For man, beast, mute, the small and great,
And prostrate dust to dust.

FROM "A SONG TO DAVID"

LXXXI

Precious the bounteous widow's mite;
And precious, for extream delight,
 The largess from the churl :
Precious the ruby's blushing blaze,
And alba's blest imperial rays,
 And pure cerulean pearl.

LXXXII

Precious the penitential tear;
And precious is the sigh sincere,
 Acceptable to God :
And precious are the winning flow'rs,
In gladsome Israel's feast of bowers,
 Bound on the hallow'd sod.

LXXXIII

More precious that diviner part
Of David, ev'n the Lord's own heart,
 Great, beautiful, and new :
In all things where it was intent,
In all extreams, in each event,
 Proof—answ'ring true to true.

LXXXIV

Glorious the sun in mid career;
Glorious th' assembled fires appear;
 Glorious the comet's train :
Glorious the trumpet and alarm;
Glorious th' almighty stretch'd-out arm;
 Glorious th' enraptured main :

EASTER

LXXXV

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

LXXXVI

Glorious—more glorious is the crown
Of Him that brought salvation down
 By meekness, call'd thy Son;
Thou at stupendous truth believ'd,
And now the matchless deed's atchiev'd,
 DETERMINED, DARED, and DONE.

EASTER

I got me flowers to straw Thy way,
 I got me boughs off many a tree :
But Thou wast up by break of day,
 And broughtst Thy sweets along with Thee.

The Sunne arising in the East,
 Though he give light, and the East perfume,
If they should offer to contest
 With Thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any Day but this,
 Though many sunnes to shine endeavour ?
We count three hundred, but we misse :
 There is but one, and that one ever.

AUGURIES OF INNOCENCE

THE MARIGOLD

And thus she spoke to the bright Marigold of Leutha's
vale :

“ Art thou a flower ? art thou a nymph ? I see thee
now a flower,
Now a nymph ! I dare not pluck thee from thy
dewy bed.”

The Golden nymph replied : “ Pluck thou my flower,
Oothoon the mild !
Another flower shall spring, because the soul of sweet
delight
Can never pass away.” She ceas'd, and clos'd her
Golden shrine.

Then Oothoon pluck'd the flower, saying : “ I pluck
thee from thy bed,
Sweet flower, and put thee here to glow between my
breasts ;
And thus I turn my face to where my whole sou
seeks.”

Over the waves she went in wing'd exulting swif
delight.

THE LAMB

SONG

How sweet I roam'd from field to field,
And tasted all the summer's pride,
Till I the Prince of Love beheld,
Who in the sunny beams did glide !

He show'd me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow ;
He led me through his gardens fair
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May dews my wings were wet,
And Phoebus fir'd my vocal rage ;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me ;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

THE LAMB

Little Lamb, who made thee ?
Dost thou know who made thee ?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,
By the stream, and o'er the mead ;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright ;

FROM "THE BOOK OF THEL"

Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee;
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little Lamb, God bless thee!
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

SUSANNAH

The lillie of the valleys by his spirit,
His pure spirit, made her a lillie white.
The Rose of Sharon by his blood's merit
Her soul avancèd to a rose's height.

FROM "THE BOOK OF THEL"

THEL'S MOTTO

Does the Eagle know what is in the pit?
Or wilt thou go ask the Mole?
Can Wisdom be put in a silver rod?
Or Love in a golden bowl?

FROM "THE BOOK OF THEL"

I

The daughters of the Seraphim led round their sunny
flocks—
All but the youngest: she in paleness sought the
secret air,
To fade away like morning beauty from her mortal
day:
Down by the river of Adona her soft voice is
heard,
And thus her gentle lamentation falls like morning
dew:—

"O life of this our spring! why fades the lotus of
the water?
Why fade these children of the spring, born but to
smile and fall?
Ah! Thel is like a wat'ry bow, and like a parting
cloud;
Like a reflection in a glass; like shadows in the
water;
Like dreams of infants, like a smile upon an infant's
face;
Like the dove's voice; like transient day; like music
in the air.
Ah! gentle may I lay me down, and gentle rest my
head,
And gentle sleep the sleep of death, and gentle hear
the voice
Of Him that walketh in the garden in the evening
time."

FROM "THE BOOK OF THEL"

The Lily of the Valley, breathing in the humble
grass,
Answerèd the lovely maid and said : " I am a wat'ry
weed,
And I am very small and love to dwell in lowly
vales ;
So weak, the gilded butterfly scarce perches on my
head.
Yet I am visited from heaven, and He that smiles
on all
Walks in the valley and each morn over me spreads
His hand,
Saying, ' Rejoice, thou humble grass, thou new-born
lily-flower,
Thou gentle maid of silent valleys and of modest
brooks ;
For thou shalt be clothèd in light, and fed with
morning manna,
Till summer's heat melts thee beside the fountains
and the springs,
To flourish in eternal vales.' Then why should Thel
complain ?
Why should the mistress of the vales of Har utter a
sigh ? "

She ceas'd, and smil'd in tears, then sat down in her
silver shrine.

Thel answer'd : " O thou little Virgin of the peaceful
valley,
Giving to those that cannot crave, the voiceless, the
o'ertired ;

FROM "THE BOOK OF THEL"

Thy breath doth nourish the innocent lamb, he smells
thy milky garments,
He crops thy flowers while thou sittest smiling in his
face,
Wiping his mild and meeking mouth from all con-
tagious taints.
Thy wine doth purify the golden honey; thy per-
fume,
Which thou dost scatter on every little blade of grass
that springs,
Revives the milked cow, and tames the fire-breathing
steed.
But Thel is like a faint cloud kindled at the rising
sun :
I vanish from my pearly throne, and who shall find
my place ? "

"Queen of the vales," the Lily answer'd, "ask the
tender Cloud,
And it shall tell thee why it glitters in the morning
sky,
And why it scatters its bright beauty thro' the
humid air.
Descend, O little Cloud, and hover before the eyes of
Thel."

The Cloud descended, and the Lily bowed her modest
head,
And went to mind her numerous charge among the
verdant grass.

FROM "THE BOOK OF THEL"

II

"O little Cloud," the Virgin said, "I charge thee
tell to me
Why thou complainest not, when in one hour thou
fade away :
Then we shall seek thee, but not find. Ah ! Thel is
like to thee :
I pass away : yet I complain, and no one hears my
voice."

The Cloud then show'd his golden head and his
bright form emerg'd,
Hovering and glittering on the air before the face of
Thel.

"O Virgin, know'st thou not our steeds drink of the
golden springs
Where Luvah doth renew his horses ? Look'st thou
on my youth,
And fearest thou, because I vanish and am seen no
more,
Nothing remains ? O Maid, I tell thee, when I pass
away,
It is to tenfold life, to love, to peace, and raptures
holy :
Unseen descending, weigh my light wings upon
balmy flowers,
And court the fair-eyed dew to take me to her shining
tent :
The weeping virgin, trembling, kneels before the
risen sun,

FROM "THE BOOK OF THEL"

Till we arise link'd in a golden band and never part,
But walk united, bearing food to all our tender
flowers."

"Dost thou, O little Cloud? I fear that I am not
like thee,
For I walk thro' the vales of Har, and smell the
sweetest flowers,
But I feed not the little flowers; I hear the warbling
birds,
But I feed not the warbling birds; they fly and seek
their food:
But Thel delights in these no more, because I fade
away;
And all shall say, 'Without a use this shining woman
liv'd,
Or did she only live to be at death the food of
worms?'"

The Cloud reclin'd upon his airy throne, and answer'd
thus:—

"Then if thou art the food of worms, O Virgin of
the skies,
How great thy use, how great thy blessing! Every-
thing that lives
Lives not alone nor for itself. Fear not, and I will
call
The weak Worm from its lowly bed, and thou shalt
hear its voice.
Come forth, Worm of the silent valley, to thy pensive
Queen."

FROM "THE BOOK OF THEL"

The helpless Worm arose, and sat upon the Lily's
leaf,
And the bright Cloud sail'd on, to find his partner in
the vale.

III

Then Thel astonish'd view'd the Worm upon its
dewy bed.

"Art thou a Worm? Image of weakness, art thou
but a Worm?"

I see thee like an infant wrapp'd in the Lily's leaf.

Ah! weep not, little voice, thou canst not speak, but
thou canst weep.

Is this a Worm? I see thee lay helpless and naked,
weeping,

And none to answer, none to cherish thee with
mother's smiles."

The Clod of Clay heard the Worm's voice and rais'd
her pitying head:

She bow'd over the weeping infant, and her life
exhal'd

In milky fondness: then on Thel she fix'd her humble
eyes.

"O Beauty of the vales of Har! We live not for
ourselves.

Thou seest me, the meanest thing, and so I am
indeed.

FROM "THE BOOK OF THEL"

My bosom of itself is cold, and of itself is dark;
But He, that loves the lowly, pours His oil upon my
 head,
And kisses me, and binds His nuptial bands around
 my breast,
And says: 'Thou mother of my children, I have
 lovèd thee,
And I have given thee a crown that none can take
 away,'
But how this is, sweet Maid, I know not, and I
 cannot know;
I ponder, and I cannot ponder; yet I live and love."

The Daughter of Beauty wip'd her pitying tears with
 her white veil,
And said: "Alas! I knew not this, and therefore
 did I weep.
That God would love a Worm I knew, and punish
 the evil foot
That wilful bruise'd its helpless form; but that he
 cherish'd it
With milk and oil I never knew, and therefore did I
 weep;
And I complain'd in the mild air; because I fade
 away,
And lay me down in thy cold bed; and leave my
 shining lot."

"Queen of the vales," the matron Clay answer'd, "I
 heard thy sighs,
And all thy moans flew o'er my roof, but I have
 call'd them down.

AUGURIES OF INNOCENCE

Wilt thou, O Queen, enter my house? 'Tis given
thee to enter
And to return : fear nothing, enter with thy virgin
feet."

.

AUGURIES OF INNOCENCE

To see a World in a grain of sand,
And a Heaven in a wild flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
And Eternity in an hour.

A robin redbreast in a cage
Puts all Heaven in a rage.
A dove-house fill'd with doves and pigeons
Shudders Hell thro' all its regions.
A dog starv'd at his master's gate
Predicts the ruin of the State.
A horse misus'd upon the road
Calls to Heaven for human blood.
Each outcry of the hunted hare
A fibre from the brain does tear.
A skylark wounded in the wing,
A cherubim does cease to sing,
The game-cock clipt and arm'd for fight
Does the rising sun affright.
Every wolf's and lion's howl
Raises from Hell a Human soul.
The wild deer, wandering here and there
Keeps the human soul from care.
The lamb misus'd breeds public strife,
And yet forgives the butcher's knife.

AUGURIES OF INNOCENCE

The bat that flits at close of eve
Has left the brain that won't believe.
The owl that calls upon the night
Speaks the unbeliever's fright.
He who shall hurt the little wren
Shall never be belov'd by men.
He who the ox to wrath has mov'd
Shall never be by woman lov'd.
The wanton boy that kills the fly
Shall feel the spider's enmity.
He who torments the chafer's sprite
Weaves a bower in endless night.
The caterpillar on the leaf
Repeats to thee thy mother's grief.
Kill not the moth nor butterfly,
For the Last Judgment draweth nigh.
He who shall train the horse to war
Shall never pass the polar bar.
The beggar's dog and widow's cat,
Feed them, and thou wilt grow fat.
The gnat that sings his summer's song
Poison gets from Slander's tongue.
The poison of the snake and newt
Is the sweat of Envy's foot.
The poison of the honey-bee
Is the artist's jealousy.
The prince's robes and beggar's rags
Are toadstools on the miser's bags.
A truth that's told with bad intent
Beats all the lies you can invent.
It is right it should be so ;
Man was made for joy and woe ;

AUGURIES OF INNOCENCE

And when this we rightly know,
Thro' the world we safely go.
Joy and woe are woven fine,
A clothing for the soul divine;
Under every grief and pine
Runs a joy with silken twine.
The babe is more than swaddling-bands;
Throughout all these human lands
Tools were made, and born were hands,
Every farmer understands.
Every tear from every eye
Becomes a babe in Eternity;
This is caught by Females bright,
And return'd to its own delight.
The bleat, the bark, bellow, and roar
Are waves that beat on Heaven's shore.
The babe that weeps the rod beneath
Writes revenge in realms of Death.
The beggar's rags, fluttering in air,
Does to rags the heavens tear.
The soldier, arm'd with sword and gun,
Palsied strikes the summer's sun.
The poor man's farthing is worth more
Than all the gold on Afric's shore.
One mite wrung from the labourer's hands
Shall buy and sell the miser's lands.
Or, if protected from on high,
Does that whole nation sell and buy.
He who mocks the infant's faith
Shall be mock'd in Age and Death.
He who shall teach the child to doubt
The rotting grave shall ne'er get out.

AUGURIES OF INNOCENCE

He who respects the infant's faith
Triumphs over Hell and Death.
The child's toys and the old man's reasons
Are the fruits of the two seasons.
The questioner, who sits so sly,
Shall never know how to reply.
He who replies to words of Doubt
Doth put the light of knowledge out.
The strongest poison ever known
Came from Caesar's laurel crown.
Nought can deform the human race
Like to the armour's iron brace.
When gold and gems adorn the plough
To peaceful arts shall Envy bow.
A riddle, or the cricket's cry,
Is to Doubt a fit reply.
The emmet's inch and eagle's mile
Make lame Philosophy to smile.
He who doubts from what he sees
Will ne'er believe, do what you please.
If the Sun and Moon should doubt,
They'd immediately go out.
To be in a passion you good may do,
But no good if a passion is in you.
The whore and gambler, by the state
Licensed, build that nation's fate.
The harlot's cry from street to street
Shall weave Old England's winding-sheet.
The winner's shout, the loser's curse,
Dance before dead England's hearse.
Every night and every morn
Some to misery are born.

THE TYGER

Every morn and every night
Some are born to sweet delight.
Some are born to sweet delight,
Some are born to endless night.
We are led to believe a lie
When we see not thro' the eye,
Which was born in a night, to perish in a night,
When the Soul slept in beams of light.
God appears, and God is Light,
To those poor souls who dwell in Night;
But does a Human Form display
To those who dwell in realms of Day.

*He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small . . .*

THE TYGER

Tyger ! Tyger ! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes ?
On what wings dare he aspire ?
What the hand dare seize the fire ?

NIGHT

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

What the hammer ? what the chain ?
In what furnace was thy brain ?
What the anvil ? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp ?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see ?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee ?

Tyger ! Tyger ! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry ?

NIGHT

The sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine ;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower,
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night.

NIGHT

Farewell, green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have took delight.
Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
The feet of angels bright;
Unseen they pour blessing
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,
Where birds are cover'd warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm.
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tygers howl for prey,
They pitying stand and weep;
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep.
But if they rush dreadful,
The angels, most heedful,
Receive each mild spirit,
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold,
And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold,

NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR DEATH OF FAWN

Saying " Wrath, by His meekness,
And, by His health, sickness
Is driven away
From our immortal day.

" And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
I can lie down and sleep ;
Or think on Him who bore thy name,
Graze after thee and weep.
For, wash'd in life's river,
My bright mane for ever
Shall shine like the gold
As I guard o'er the fold."

THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF HER FAWN

The wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men ! they cannot thrive
Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst alive
Them any harm, alas ! nor could
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'm sure I never wished them ill ;
Nor do I for all this, nor will :
But, if my simple prayers may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears,
Rather than fail. But, O my fears !
It cannot die so. Heaven's king
Keeps register of everything,

NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR DEATH OF FAWN

And nothing may we use in vain ;
Even beasts must be with justice slain,
Else men are made their deodands.
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean ; their stain
Is dyed in such a purple grain.
There is not such another in
The world, to offer for their sin.

Unconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning (I remember well),
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me : nay, and I know
What he said then, I'm sure I do :
Said he, " Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer."
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled ;
This waxed tame, while he grew wild,
And quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away
With this ; and, very well content,
Could so mine idle life have spent ;
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game : it seemed to bless
Itself in me ; how could I less
Than love it ? O, I cannot be
Unkind to a beast that loveth me.

NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR DEATH OF FAWN

Had it lived long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done so
As Sylvio did; his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, than he;
But I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel men.

With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at my own fingers nursed;
And as it grew, so every day
It waxed more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath! And oft
I blushed to see its foot more soft
And white, shall I say than my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land.

It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet;
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race;
And, when't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay;
For it was nimbler much than hinds;
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness;
And all the spring-time of the year
It only lovèd to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft where it should lie,

NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR DEATH OF FAWN

Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes ;
For, in the flaxen lilies' shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips e'en seemed to bleed
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold :
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

O help ! O help ! I see it faint
And die as calmly as a saint !
See how it weeps ! the tears do come
Sad, slowly, dropping like a gum.
So weeps the wounded balsam ; so
The holy frankincense doth flow ;
The brotherless Heliades
Melt in such amber tears as these.

I in a golden vial will
Keep these two crystal tears, and fill
It till it do o'erflow with mine,
Then place it in Diana's shrine.

Now my sweet fawn is vanished to
Whither the swans and turtles go ;
In fair Elysium to endure,
With milk-like lambs, and ermines pure.
O do not run too fast : for I
Will but bespeak thy grave, and die.

THE WHITE STAGS

First, my unhappy statue shall
Be cut in marble; and withal,
Let it be weeping too; but there
The engraver sure his art may spare;
For I so truly thee bemoan,
That I shall weep, though I be stone,
Until my tears, still dropping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there;
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
Of purest alabaster made;
For I would have thine image be
White as I can, though not as thee.

THE WHITE STAGS

They wandered as they willed, there was no hand to
hurt them,
And were white out of the mist, and quickly gone
again,
In this wood of white flowers of the snow-pale peony,
Like snow, first seen upon a bunch of roses,
Sweet cups of snow, or like the snowball melted,
Then turned to roses, to wild open roses,
Wider than known, and sister to the lotus,
With a heart of honey of a honey colour,
Lying like the lotus on an air like water;
The wood all full of them, in all the mist,
And white stags walk among them, pale as all the
petals. . . .

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER—I

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER—I

When my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry “ ’weep ! ’weep ! ’weep ! ’weep ! ”
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

There’s little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
That curl’d like a lamb’s back, was shav’d : so I said
“ Hush, Tom ! never mind it, for when your head’s
bare

You know that the soot cannot spoil your white
hair.”

And so he was quiet, and that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight !—
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and
Jack,
Were all of them lock’d up in coffins of black.

And by came an Angel who had a bright key,
And he open’d the coffins and set them all free ;
Then down a green plain leaping, laughing, they run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds and sport in the wind ;
And the Angel told Tom, if he’d be a good boy,
He’d have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke ; and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work.
Tho’ the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm ;
So if all do their duty they need not fear harm.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOY

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER—II

A little black thing among the snow,
Crying “’weep ! ’weep ! ” in notes of woe !
“ Where are thy father and mother, say ? ”—
“ They are both gone up to the Church to pray.

“ Because I was happy upon the heath,
And smil’d among the winter’s snow,
They clothed me in the clothes of death,
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

“ And because I am happy and dance and sing,
They think they have done me no injury,
And are gone to praise God and His Priest and King,
Who make up a Heaven of our misery.”

THE LITTLE BLACK BOY

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but O ! my soul is white ;
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereav’d of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And, sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissèd me,
And, pointing to the east, began to say :

“ Look on the rising sun,—there God does live,
And gives His light, and gives His heat away ;
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN

“ And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

“ For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear,
The clouds will vanish; we shall hear His voice,
Saying : ‘ Come out from the grove, My love and
care,
And round My golden tent like lambs rejoice.’ ”

Thus did my mother say, and kissèd me;
And thus I say to little English boy,
When I from black and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three
years :

Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the Bird.

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

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

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

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

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

PART I

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
“ By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me ?

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin ;
The guests are met, the feast is set :
May'st hear the merry din.”

He holds him with his skinny hand,
“ There was a ship,” quoth he.
“ Hold off ! unhand me, grey-beard loon ! ”
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child :
The Mariner hath his will.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone :
He cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

“ The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared.
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he !
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—”
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she ;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

“ And now the STORM-BLAST came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong :
He struck with his o’ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold :
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen :
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around :
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled
Like noises in a swound !

At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
The helmsman steered us through !

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white Moon-shine."

" God save thee, ancient Mariner !
From the fiends, that plague thee thus !—
Why look'st thou so ? "—" With my cross-bow
I shot the ALBATROSS.

PART II

" The Sun now rose upon the right :
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo !

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe :
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch ! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow !

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist :
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free ;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea !

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

The very deep did rot : O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night ;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so ;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root ;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah ! well-a-day ! what evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III

“ There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time ! A weary time !
How glazed each weary eye !
When, looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
And still it neared and neared :
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could not laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood !
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail ! a sail !

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call :
Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

See ! see ! (I cried) she tacks no more !
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel !

The western wave was all a-flame.
The day was well-nigh done !
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace !)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears !
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres ?

Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate ?
And is that Woman all her crew ?
Is that a DEATH, and are there two ?
Is DEATH that woman's mate ?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold :
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Nightmare LIFE-IN-DEATH was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice ;
' The game is done ! I've won ! I've won ! '
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out :
At one stride comes the dark ;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

We listened and looked sideways up !
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip !
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white ;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornèd Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe !
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow !

PART IV

“ I fear thee, ancient Mariner !
I fear thy skinny hand !
And thou art long, and lank, and brown
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown.”—
“Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest !
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea !
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful !
And they all dead did lie :
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on ; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away ;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray ;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat ;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they :
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high ;
But oh ! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye !
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide :
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread ;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes :
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire :
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam ; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things ! no tongue
Their beauty might declare :

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware :
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The self-same moment I could pray ;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V

Oh sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole !
To Mary Queen the praise be given !
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;
And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank ;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs :
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessèd ghost.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

And soon I heard a roaring wind :
It did not come anear ;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life !
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about !
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge ;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud ;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side :
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on !
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up-blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee :
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.

“ I fear thee, ancient Mariner ! ”
Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest !
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest :

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning !

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song, .
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe :
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid : and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean :
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound :

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare ;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

“ Is it he ? ” quoth one, “ Is this the man ?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

The Spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.”

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew :
Quoth he, “ The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.”

PART VI

First Voice

“ But tell me, tell me ! speak again,
The soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast ?
What is the ocean doing ? ”

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

Second Voice

“ Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see ! how graciously
She looketh down on him.”

First Voice

“ But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind ? ”

Second Voice

“ The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !
Or we shall be belated :
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner’s trance is abated.”

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather :
’Twas night, calm night, the moon was high ;
The dead men stood together.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter :
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away :
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt : once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head ;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made :
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too :
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Oh ! dream of joy ! is this indeed
The light-house top I see ?
Is this the hill ? Is this the kirk ?
Is this mine own countree ?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God !
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bar was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn !
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock :
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were :
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ ! what saw I there !

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood !
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand :
It was a heavenly sight !
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light ;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand.
No voice did they impart—
No voice ; but oh ! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer ;
My head was turned perforce away
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast :
Dear Lord in Heaven ! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice :
It is the Hermit good !
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

PART VII

This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve
He hath a cushion plump :
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared : I heard them talk,
“ Why, this is strange, I trow !
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now ? ”

“ Strange, by my faith ! ” the Hermit said—
“ And they answered not our cheer !
The planks look warped ! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere !
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along ;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf’s young.”

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

“ Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared.”—“ Push on, push on ! ”
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred ;
The boat came close beneath the ship
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread ;
It reached the ship, it split the bay ;
The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drown'd
My body lay afloat ;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round ;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit ;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

I took the oars : the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
“ Ha ! ha ! ” quoth he, “ full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.”

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land !
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

“ O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man ! ”
The Hermit crossed his brow.
“ Say quick,” quoth he, “ I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou ? ”

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale ;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns :
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land ;
I have strange power of speech ;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me :
To him my tale I teach.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

What loud uproar burst from that door !
The wedding-guests are there :
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are :
And hark, hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer !

O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea :
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company !—

To walk together to the kirk
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay !

Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

ODE TO A SKYLARK

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone : and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn :
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

MORE ODES AND SONGS

ODE TO A SKYLARK

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

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

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

ODE TO A SKYLARK

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

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

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

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

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

ODE TO A SKYLARK

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

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

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-wingèd
thieves :

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

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

ODE TO A SKYLARK

Chorus Hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

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

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

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

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

HYMN OF PAN

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

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

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

HYMN OF PAN

From the forests and highlands
We come, we come;
From the river-girt islands,
Where loud waves are dumb
Listening to my sweet pipings.
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
The cicale above in the lime,

HYMN OF PAN

And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day,
Speeded by my sweet pipings.
The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
And the Nymphs of the woods and the waves,
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
And the brink of the dewy caves,
And all that did then attend and follow,
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo.
With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,
I sang of the daedal Earth,
And of Heaven—and the giant wars,
And Love, and Death, and Birth,—
And then I changed my pipings,—
Singing how down the vale of Maenalus
I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed.
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus !
It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed :
All wept, as I think both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

FROM "THE DARK LADY'S SONG"

FROM "THE DARK LADY'S SONG"

" O Sorrow,
Why dost borrow
The natural hue of health, from vermeil lips ?—
To give maiden blushes
To the white rose bushes ?
Or is't thy dewy hand the daisy tips ?

" O Sorrow
Why dost borrow
The lustrous passion from a falcon-eye ?—
To give the glow-worm light ?
Or, on a moonless night,
To tinge, on syren shores, the salt sea-spry ?

" O Sorrow
Why dost borrow
The mellow ditties from a mourning tongue ?—
To give at evening pale
Unto the nightingale,
That thou mayst listen the cold dews among ?

" O Sorrow,
Why dost borrow
Heart's lightness from the merriment of May ?—
A lover would not tread
A cowslip on the head,
Though he should dance from eve till peep of day—
Nor any drooping flower
Held sacred for thy bower,
Wherever he may sport himself and play.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

“ To Sorrow
I bade good-morrow,
And thought to leave her far away behind;
But cheerly, cheerly,
She loves me dearly;
She is so constant to me, and so kind :
I would deceive her
And so leave her,
But ah ! she is so constant and so kind.

“ Beneath my palm trees, by the river side,
I sat a weeping : in the whole world wide
There was no one to ask me why I wept,—
And so I kept
Brimming the water-lily cups with tears
Cold as my fears.

“ Beneath my palm trees, by the river side,
I sat a weeping : what enamour'd bride,
Cheated by shadowy wooer from the clouds,
But hides and shrouds
Beneath dark palm trees by a river side ? . . .”

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme :
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady ?

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

What men or gods are these? What maidens
loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

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

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

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE

What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn ?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be ; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

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

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE

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

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

URNS AND ODOURS BRING AWAY

SYRINX

Pan's Syrinx was a girl indeed,
Though now she's turned into a reed;
From that dear reed Pan's pipe does come,
A pipe that strikes Apollo dumb;
Nor flute, nor lute, nor gittern can
So chant it as the pipe of Pan :
Cross-gartered swains and dairy girls,
With faces smug and round as pearls,
When Pan's shrill pipe begins to play,
With dancing wear out night and day;
The bagpipe's drone his hum lays by,
When Pan sounds up his minstrelsy;
His minstrelsy ! O base ! this quill,
Which at my mouth with wind I fill,
Puts me in mind, though her I miss,
That still my Syrinx' lips I kiss.

URNS AND ODOURS BRING AWAY

Urns and Odours bring away !
Vapours, sighs, darken the day !
Our dole more deadly looks than dying;
Balms and gums and heavy cheers,
Sacred vials fill'd with tears,
And clamours through the wild air flying

Come, all sad and solemn shows,
That are quick-eyed Pleasures foes !
We convènt naught else but woes.

TO NIGHT

TO NIGHT

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

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

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

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

KUBLA KHAN

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

FAR AWAY

KUBLA KHAN

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

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !

KUBLA KHAN

And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momentarily was forced :
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

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

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,

COCK-CROW SONG

That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

FIFTEEN CHINESE POEMS

COCK-CROW SONG

In the eastern quarter dawn breaks, the stars flicker
pale.
The morning cock at Ju-nan mounts the wall and
crows.
The songs are over, the clock * runs down, but still
the feast is set.
The moon grows dim and the stars are few; morn-
ing has come to the world.
At a thousand gates and ten thousand doors the
fish-shaped keys turn.
Round the Palace and up at the Castle, the crows
and magpies are flying.

* A water-clock.

SONG

LO-YANG

A beautiful place is the town of Lo-yang :
The big streets are full of spring light.
The lads go driving out with harps in their hands :
The mulberry girls go out to the fields with their
baskets.

Golden whips glint at the horses' flanks,
Gauze sleeves brush the green boughs.
Racing dawn, the carriages come home,—
And the girls with their high baskets full of fruit.

PASSING T'IENT'EN STREET IN CH'ANG-
AN AND SEEING A DISTANT VIEW OF
CHUNG-NAN MOUNTAIN

The snow has gone from Chung-nan, spring is
almost come.
Lovely in the distance its blue colours against the
brown of the streets.
A thousand coaches, ten thousand horsemen pass
down the Nine Roads ;
Turns his head and looks at the mountains,—not one
man.

SONG

I was brought up under the Stone Castle :
My windows opened on to the castle tower.
In the castle were beautiful young men
Who waved to me as they went out and in.

SONG

ON THE DEATH OF HIS BELOVED

The sound of her silk skirt has stopped.
On the marble pavement dust grows.
Her empty room is cold and still.
Fallen leaves are piled against the doors.
 Longing for that lovely lady
How can I bring my aching heart to rest?

Note.—The above poem was written by the poet emperor when his beloved, Li Fu-Jen, died.

WINTER NIGHT

My bed is so empty that I keep on waking up :
As the cold increases, the night wind begins to blow.
It rustles the curtains, making a noise like the sea :
Oh that those were waves which could carry me back
to you !

SONG

A moon rising white
Is the beauty of my lovely one.
Ah, the tenderness, the grace !
Heart's pain consumes me !

A moon rising bright
Is the fairness of my lovely one.
Ah, the gentle softness !
Heart's pain wounds me.

SOUTH OF THE GREAT SEA

A moon rising in splendour
Is the beauty of my lovely one.
Ah, the delicate yielding !
Heart's pain torments me.

SOUTH OF THE GREAT SEA

My love is living
To the south of the Great Sea.
What shall I send to greet him ?
Two pearls and a comb of tortoise-shell :
I'll send them to him packed in a box of jade.

They tell me he is not true :
They tell me he dashed my box to the ground,
Dashed it to the ground and burnt it
And scattered its ashes to the wind.
From this day to the end of time
I must never think of him,
Never again think of him.
The cocks are crowing,
And the dogs are barking—
My brother and his wife will soon know.
The autumn wind is blowing ;
The morning wind is sighing.
In a moment the sun will rise in the east
And then *it* too will know.

THE HAT GIVEN TO THE POET BY LI CHIEN

HOT CAKE

Winter has come; fierce is the cold;
In the sharp morning air new-risen we meet.
Rheum freezes in the nose;
Frost hangs about the chin.
For hollow bellies, for chattering teeth and shivering
knees
What better than hot cake?
Soft as the down of spring,
Whiter than autumn wool!
Dense and swift the steam
Rises, swells and spreads.
Fragrance flies through the air,
Is scattered far and wide,
Steals down along the wind and wets
The covetous mouth of passer-by.
Servants and grooms
Throw sidelong glances, munch the empty air.
They lick their lips who serve;
While lines of curious lackeys by the wall
Stand dryly swallowing.

THE HAT GIVEN TO THE POET BY LI
CHIEN

Long ago to a white-haired gentleman
You made the present of a black gauze hat.
The gauze hat still sits on my head;
But you already are gone to the Nether Springs.
The thing is old, but still fit to wear;

THE LYCHEE-TREE

The man is gone and will never be seen again.
Out on the hill the moon is shining to-night
And the trees on your tomb are swayed by the
autumn wind.

THE RED COCKATOO

Sent as a present from Annam—
A red cockatoo.
Coloured like the peach-tree blossom,
Speaking with the speech of men.
And they did to it what is always done
To the learned and eloquent.
They took a cage with stout bars
And shut it up inside.

THE LYCHEE-TREE

Sombre as the heavens when morning clouds arise,
Bushy as a great broom held across the sky,
Vast as the spaces of a lofty house,
Deep fretted as a line of stony hills.
Long branches twining,
Green leaves clustering,
And all a-glimmer like a mist that lightly lies
Across the morning sun;
All spangled, darted with fire like a sky
Of populous stars.
Shell like a fisherman's red net;
Fruit white and lustrous as a pearl, ...
Lambent as the jewel of Ho, more strange

TWO SONGS

Than the saffron-stone of Wu.
Now sigh we at the beauty of its show,
Now triumph in its taste.
Sweet juices lie in the mouth;
Soft scents invade the mind.
All flavours here are joined, yet none is master;
A hundred diverse tastes
Blend in such harmony no man can say
That one outstrips the rest. Sovereign of sweets,
Peerless, pre-eminent fruit, who dwellest apart
In noble solitude !

TWO SONGS

I

She threw a quince to me;
In requital I gave a bright girdle-gem.
No, not just as requital;
But meaning I would love her for ever.

She threw a tree-peach to me;
As requital I gave her a bright greenstone.
No, not just as requital;
But meaning I would love her for ever.

She threw a tree-plum to me;
In requital I gave her a bright jet-stone.
No, not just as requital,
But meaning I would love her for ever.

THE BONES OF CHUANG TZU

II

DANCE SONG

The unicorn's hoofs !
The duke's sons throng.
Alas for the unicorn !

The unicorn's brow !
The duke's kinsmen throng.
Alas for the unicorn !

The unicorn's horn !
The duke's clansmen throng.
Alas for the unicorn !

THE BONES OF CHUANG TZU

(The great Taoist philosopher)

I, Chang P'ing-Tzu, had traversed the Nine Wilds
and seen their wonders,
In the eight continents beheld the ways of Man,
The Sun's procession, the orbit of the Stars,
The surging of the dragon, the soaring of the phoenix
in his flight.
In the red desert to the south I sweltered,
And northward waded through the wintry burghs
of Yu.
Through the Valley of Darkness to the west I
wandered,
And eastward travelled to the Sun's extreme abode,
The stooping Mulberry Tree.

THE BONES OF CHUANG TZU

So the seasons sped; weak autumn languished,
A small wind woke the cold.

And now with rearing of rein-horse,
Plunging of the tracer, round I fetched
My high-hoofed chariot to westward.
Along the dykes we loitered, past many meadows,
And far away among the dunes and hills.
Suddenly I looked and by the roadside
I saw a man's bones lying in the squelchy earth,
Black rime-frost over him; and I in sorrow spoke
And asked him, saying, "Dead man, how was it?
Fled you with your friend from famine and for the
last grains

Gambled and lost? Was this earth your tomb,
Or did floods carry you from afar? Were you
mighty, were you wise,
Were you foolish and poor? A warrior, or a girl?"
Then a wonder came; for out of the silence a voice—
Thin echo only, in no substance was the Spirit seen—
Mysteriously answered, saying, "I was a man of
Sung,

Of the clan of Chuang! Chou was my name.
Beyond the climes of common thought
My reason soared, yet could I not save myself;
For at the last, when the long charter of my years
was told,

I too, for all my magic, by age was brought
To the Black Hill of Death.

Wherefore, O Master, do you question me?"

Then I answered :

"Let me plead for you upon the Five Hill-tops,

THE BONES OF CHUANG TZU

Let me pray for you to the Gods of Heaven and the
Gods of Earth,

That your white bones may arise,
And your limbs be joined anew.

The God of the North shall give me back your ears;
I will scour the Southland for your eyes;
From the sunrise will I wrest your feet;
The West shall yield your heart.

I will set each several organ on its throne;
Each subtle sense will I restore.

Would you not have it so? "

The dead man answered me :

" O Friend, how strange and unacceptable your
words !

In death I rest and am at peace; in life I toiled and
strove.

Is the hardness of the winter stream
Better than the melting of spring ?
All pride that the body knew,
Was it not lighter than dust ?

.

Of the Primal Spirit is my substance;

I am a wave

In the river of Darkness and Light.

The Maker of All Things is my Father and Mother,

Heaven is my bed and earth my cushion,

The thunder and lightning are my drum and fan,

The sun and moon my candle and my torch,

The Milky Way my moat, the stars my jewels.

I have no passion, no desire.

Wash me and I shall be no whiter,

Foul me and I shall yet be clean.

THE PARROT

I come not, yet am here ;
Hasten not, yet am swift.”
The voice stopped, there was silence.
A ghostly light
Faded and expired.
I gazed upon the dead, stared in sorrow and com-
passion.
Then I called upon my servant that was with me
To tie his silken scarf about those bones
And wrap them in a cloak of sombre dust ;
While I, as offering to the soul of this dead man,
Poured my hot tears upon the margin of the road.

THE PARROT

The parrot's voice snaps out—
No good to contradict—
What he says he'll say again :
Dry facts, dry biscuits.—

His voice, and vivid colours
Of his breast and wings,
Are immemorially old ;
Old dowagers dressed in crimpèd satin
Boxed in their rooms
Like specimens beneath a glass,—
Inviolatè—and never changing,
Their memory of emotions dead ;
The ardour of their summers
Sprayed like camphor
On their silken parasols
Intissued in a cupboard.

LI-TAI-PÉ STROLLS IN THE GARDEN AFTER DINNER

Reflective, but with never a new thought,
The parrot swings upon his ivory perch—
Then gravely turns a somersault
Through rings nailed in the roof—
Much as the sun performs his antics
As he climbs the aerial bridge
We only see
Through crystal prisms in a falling rain.

THE MOON

The white nightingale is hidden in the branches
And heavy leafage of the clouds.
She pours down her song—
Cascades threaded like pearls,
And the winds, her many noted flutes
Flood forth their harmony.—
But the Earth turns away
Swinging in its air and water rocked cradle.

LI-TAI-PÉ STROLLS IN THE GARDEN
AFTER DINNER

Full moon fruit hanging on the orchard tree
Wind shakes them—clash of calabashes
Full peal of bells—each fruit
A honey-hearted raindrop
Falls pattering on the straight ribbed leaves.

WHERE IS SHE NOW ?

I move my eyes, then look around
Can hear the frost flowers raise their heads
In ev'ry dewdrop I have crushed—
Far back my sinuous footmarks stretch—curved
snail walk.

Then wink my eyes
Ah ! only one moon, and that
As large and round and heavy as an egg—
In branching clouds—the Phoenix nest it is !
With half-fledged Phoenix young.

Their song now swims upon the air
Like painted ships that plough the sea.
The wind puffs play among the weeds—
Tree tops tremble—temple bells clank in the wind—
All flute sounds in the Phoenix throat.

THE SPLENDOUR FALLS

When shall you see a Lion hide gold in the ground ?

WHERE IS SHE NOW ?

. . . O where is she now ?
Is she a prisoner, hidden in the summer
Who hides her smoky fairness and her fair gold
fronds
Dead or alive, within the chestnut glade ?
Yellow was the cornland as her waist of amber,
With tassels of the chestnut for her saffron curls.

TO AUTUMN

TO AUTUMN

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness !

Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless

With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves
run ;

To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;

To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,

And still more, later flowers for the bees,

Until they think warm days will never cease,

For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy
cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?

Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find

Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,

Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind :

Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,

Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook

Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers :

And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep

Steady thy laden head across a brook ;

Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,

Thou watchest the last oozy hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are
they ?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—

While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,

And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;

THE SPLENDOUR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS

Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
Hedge-cricket sing ; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft ;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

THE SPLENDOUR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS

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.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

CHORIC SONG

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful
 skies.

Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

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

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

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

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

Away ! Away ! for I will fly to thee,
Nor charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :
Already with thee ! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy
ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

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

PASSAGES FROM "A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME"

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell

To toll me back from thee to my sole self !

Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well

As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.

Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades

Past the near meadows, over the still stream,

Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep

In the next valley-glades :

Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?

Fled is that music :—Do I wake or sleep ?

SUMMER NIGHT—WINTER NIGHT

FOUR PASSAGES FROM "A MIDSOMMER
NIGHTS DREAME"

I

(Act II, scene I)

(*Enter a FAIRIE at one doore, and ROBIN GOODFELLOW
at another.*)

ROBIN GOODFELLOW

How now, spirit, whither wander you ?

FAIRIE

Ouer hil, ouer dale, thorough bush, thorough briar,
Ouer parke, ouer pale, thorough flood, thorough
fire,

I do wander euerywhere, swifter than the Moone's
sphere ;

PASSAGES FROM "A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME"

And I serue the Fairie Queene,
To dew her orbs upon the green;
The cowslippes tall her pensioners bee,
In their gold coats spots you see :
Those be Rubies, Fairie fauors,
In those freckles live their sauors.
I must go seeke some dew drops heere,
And hang a pearle in every cowslippe's eare.
Farewell, thou Lob of spirits, Ile be gon :
Our Queene and all her Elues come heere anon.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW

The King doth keepe his Reuels here to night.
Take heed the Queene come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she as her attendant hath
A louely boy stolne from an Indian King;
She neuer had so sweet a changeling;
And jealous Oberon would haue the childe
Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde;
But she, perforce, with-holds the loued boy,
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her joy,
And now they neuer meete in groue, or greene,
By fountaine cleere, or spangled star-light sheene,
But they do square; that all their Elues for feare
Creepe into Acorne cups and hide them there.

FAIRIE

Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrew'd and knauish spirit

PASSAGES FROM "A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAM"

Cal'd Robin Good-fellow : Are you not hee,
That frights the maidens of the Villagerie,
Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne,
And bootlesse make the breathlesse huswife cherne,
And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme;
Misleade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke,
You do their worke, and they shall have good lucke.
Are you not he?

ROBIN GOODFELLOW

Fairie, thou speak'st aright;
I am that merrie wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile
When I a fat and beane-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likenesse of a filly foale;
And sometime lurke I in a Gossips bole,
In uery likenesse of a roasted crab;
And when she drinkes, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlap poure the Ale.
The wisest Aunt telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stoole mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, downe topples she,
And 'tailour' cries, and fals into a coffe;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and sweare,
A merrier houre was neuer wasted there.
But roome, Fairy! heere comes Oberon.

II

(Act V, scene II)

(*Enter* ROBIN GOODFELLOW.)

ROBIN GOODFELLOW

Now the hungry Lyon rores,
And the Wolfe behowls the Moone;
Whilest the heauvy ploughman snores,
All with weary taske fore-done.
Now the wasted brands doe glow,
Whilst the scritch-owle, scritch'ing loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shrowd.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graues, all gaping wide,
Euery one lets forth his spright,
In the Church-way paths to glide :
And we Fairies, that doe runne,
By the triple Hecates teame,
From the presence of the Sunne,
Following darknesse like a dreame,
Now are frolicke : not a Mouse
Shall disturbe this hallowed house :
I am sent with broome before,
To sweep the dust behind the doore.

(*Enter* KING and QUEENE OF FAIRIES,
with their trains.)

PASSAGES FROM "A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAM"

OBERON

Through the house give glimmering light
By the dead and drowsie fier;
Euery Elfe and Fairie spright,
Hop as light as bird from brier
And this Ditty after me
Sing and dance it trippingly.

TYTANIA

First, rehearse this song by roate,
To each word a warbling note :
Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,
Will we sing, and blesse this place.

III

(Act II, scene I)

The seasons alter : hoary headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson Rose,
And on old Hyems thinne and Icie crowne
An odorous Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds
Is, as in mockry, set. . . .

IV

(Act III, scene I)

THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES AND
THE WEAVER

TYTANIA

Out of this wood doe not desire to goe :
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.

PASSAGES FROM " A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME "

I am a spirit of no common rate :
The Sommer, still, doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee : therefore goe with mee.
Ile give thee Fairies to attend on thee :
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deepe,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe :
And I will purge thy mortall grosnesse so,
That thou shalt like an ayery spirit go.

(*Enter* FOURE FAIRIES : PEASE-BLOSSOME, COBWEB,
MOTH, AND MUSTARD-SEEDE)

FAIRIES

Readie : and I, and I, and I, where shall we goe

TYTANIA

Be kinde and courteous to this gentleman,
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eyes,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, green Figges, and Mulberries,
The hony bagges steale from the humble Bees,
And for night tapers, croppe their waxen thighes,
And light them at the fiery Glow-wormes eyes,
To have my love to bedde, and to arise ;
And pluck the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fanne the Moone-beames from his sleeping eyes ;
Nod to him Elves, and doe him curtesies.

NIGHT

THE MOON

(From "ENDYMION")

What is there in thee, Moon ! that thou shouldst move
My heart so potently ? When yet a child
I oft have dried my tears when thou hast smil'd.
Thou seem'dst my sister : hand in hand we went
From eve to morn across the firmament.
No apples could I gather from the tree,
Till thou hadst cool'd their cheeks deliciously :
No tumbling water ever spake romance,
But when my eyes with thine thereon could dance :
No woods were green enough, no bower divine,
Until thou liftedst up thine eyelids fine :
In sowing time ne'er would I dibble take,
Or drop a seed, till thou wast wide awake ;
And, in the summer time of blossoming,
No one but thee hath heard me blithely sing
And mesh my dewy flowers all the night.
No melody was like a passing spright
If it went not to solemnize thy reign.

NIGHT

What is it that water does do.
It falls it does too.

It rises up that is when it is dew but when it falls,
it is a waterfall and Rose knew all about that too, Rose
knew almost everything that water can do, there are
an awful lot when you think what, dew lakes rivers

SLEEP

oceans fogs clouds and water-falls too, the thing that
Rose heard it was night, and Rose heard what she
heard, dear little bird dear little water and dear little
third, not dew, not a few but a water otter, a brown
water otter, a long water otter and Rose said not
you no not you you cannot frighten me no not you.

.

SLEEP

(From "SLEEP AND POETRY")

What is more gentle than a wind in summer ?
What is more soothing than the pretty hummer
That stays one moment in an open flower,
And buzzes cheerily from bower to bower.
What is more tranquil than a musk-rose blowing
In a green island, far from all men's knowing ?
More healthful than the leafiness of dales ?
More secret than a nest of nightingales ?
More serene than Cordelia's countenance ?
More full of visions than a high romance ?
What, but thee Sleep ? Soft closer of our eyes.
Low murmurer of tender lullabies !
Light hoverer around our happy pillows !
Wreather of poppy buds, and weeping willows !
Silent entangler of a beauty's tresses !
Most happy listener ! when the morning blesses
Thee for enlivening all the cheerful eyes
That glance so brightly at the new sun-rise.

.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

WINTER

· · · · ·
The courts with feather litter of the cold are filled
And the dead woods hear no hunting horn.
· · · · ·

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

I

St. Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was !
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold ;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold :
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he
saith.

II

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man ;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees :
The sculptur'd dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails :
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by ; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

III

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor;
But no—already had his deathbell rung :
The joys of all his life were said and sung :
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve :
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinner's sake to grieve.

IV

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft ;
And so it chanc'd, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide :
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests :
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
Star'd, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on
their breasts.

V

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting faerily
The brain, new stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

VI

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adoring from their loves receive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lilly white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

VII

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline :
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard : her maiden eyes divine,
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by—she heeded not at all : in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retir'd ; not cool'd by high disdain,
But she saw not : her heart was elsewhere :
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the
year.

VIII

She danc'd along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short :
The hallow'd hour was near at hand : she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwink'd with faery fancy; all amorn,
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn.
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

IX

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such
things have been.

X

He ventures in : let no buzz'd whisper tell :
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous citadel :
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage : not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body, and in soul.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

XI

Ah, happy chance ! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland :
He startled her ; but soon she knew his face,
And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, " Mercy, Porphyro ! hie thee from this
place :

" They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty
race !

XII

" Get hence ! get hence ! there's dwarfish Hilde-
brand ;

" He had a fever late, and in the fit

" He cursed thee and thine, both house and land :

" Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit

" More tame for his gray hairs—Alas me ! flit !

" Flit like a ghost away."—" Ah, Gossip dear,

" We're safe enough ; here in this arm-chair sit,

" And tell me how"—" Good Saints ! not here,
not here ;

" Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy
bier."

XIII

He follow'd through a lowly arched way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume,
And as she mutter'd " Well-a—well-aday ! "

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, lattic'd, chill, and silent as a tomb,
“ Now tell me where is Madeline,” said he,
“ O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
“ Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
“ When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously.”

XIV

“ St. Agnes ! Ah ! it is St. Agnes' Eve—
“ Yet men will murder upon holy days :
“ Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
“ And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,
“ To venture so : it fills me with amaze
“ To see thee, Porphyro !—St. Agnes' Eve !
“ God's help ! my lady fair the conjuror plays
“ This very night : good angels her deceive !
“ But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve.”

XV

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth clos'd a wond'rous riddle-book,
As spectacl'd she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose ; and he scarce could brook
Tears at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

XVI

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
Made purple riot: then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:

“A cruel man and impious thou art:

“Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and dream

“Alone with her good angels, far apart

“From wicked men like thee. Go, go!—I deem

“Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst
seem.”

XVII

“I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,”

Quoth Porphyro: “O may I ne’er find grace

“When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,

“If one of her soft ringlets I displace,

“Or look with ruffian passion in her face:

“Good Angela, believe me by these tears;

“Or I will, even in a moment’s space,

“Awake with horrid shout, my foemen’s ears

“And beard them, though they be more fang’d than
wolves and bears.”

XVIII

“Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?

“A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,

“Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;

“Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

“Were never miss’d.”—Thus plaining, doth she
bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

XIX

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline’s chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legion’d faeries pac’d the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

XX

“It shall be as thou wishest,” said the Dame :
“All cates and dainties shall be stored there
“Quickly on this feast-night : by the tambour
frame
“Her own lute thou wilt see : no time to spare,
“For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
“On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
“Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in
prayer
“The while : Ah ! thou must needs the lady wed,
“Or may I never leave my grave among the dead.”

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

XXI

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;
The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his ear
To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd, and chaste;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleas'd amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

XXII

Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware :
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turn'd, and down the aged gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed ;
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove fray'd
and fled.

XXIII

Out went the taper as she hurried in ;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died :
She clos'd the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide :
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide !

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

XXIV

A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imag'ries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens
and kings.

XXV

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint :
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven :—Porphyro grew faint :
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

XXVI

Anon her heart revives : her vespers done
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees ;

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

Uncclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant boddice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees :
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

XXVII

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppi'd warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

XXVIII

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breath'd himself : then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stopt,
And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where lo !—how fast
she slept.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

XXIX

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half anguish'd, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet :—
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet !
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarinet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone :—
The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

XXX

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavender'd,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd ;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon ;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez ; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

XXXI

These delicacies he heap'd with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver : sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light.—
“ And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake !
“ Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite :
“ Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
“ Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache.”

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

XXXII

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains :—'twas a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as iced stream :
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam ;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies :
It seem'd he never, never could redeem
From such a stedfast spell his lady's eyes ;
So mus'd awhile, entoil'd in woofed phantasies.

XXXIII

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,
He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence call'd, " La belle dame sans mercy : "
Close to her ear touching the melody ;—
Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan :
He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone :
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured
stone.

XXXIV

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep :
There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep
At which fair Madeline began to weep.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;
Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

XXXV

“ Ah, Porphyro ! ” said she, “ but even now
“ Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
“ Made tuneable with every sweetest vow;
“ And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear :
“ How chang'd thou art ! how pallid, chill, and
drear !
“ Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
“ Those looks immortal, those complainings dear !
“ Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
“ For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go.”

XXXVI

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odour with the violet,—
Solution sweet : meantime the frost-wind blows
Like Love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes ; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

XXXVII

'Tis dark : quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet :
" This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline ! "
'Tis dark : the iced gusts still rave and beat :
" No dream, alas ! alas ! and woe is mine !
" Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.—
" Cruel ! what traitor could thee hither bring ?
" I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
" Though thou forsakest a deceived thing ;—
" A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing."

XXXVIII

" My Madeline ! sweet dreamer ! lovely bride !
" Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest ?
" Thy beauty's shield, heart-shap'd and vermeil
 dyed ?
" Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
" After so many hours of toil and quest,
" A famish'd pilgrim,—sav'd by miracle.
" Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
" Saving of thy sweet self ; if thou think'st well
" To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

XXXIX

" Hark ! 'tis an elfin-storm from faery land,
" Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed :
" Arise—arise ! the morning is at hand ;—
" The bloated wassailers will never heed :—
" Let us away, my love, with happy speed ;

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

“ There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—
“ Drown’d all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead :
“ Awake ! arise ! my love, and fearless be,
“ For o’er the southern moors I have a home for
thee.”

XL

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found.—
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-droop’d lamp was flickering by each door ;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk and hound,
Flutter’d in the besieging wind’s uproar ;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

XLI

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall ;
Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide ;
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flaggon by his side :
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eyes an inmate owns :
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide :—
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones ;—
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

XLII

And they are gone : aye, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.

BEFORE A DREAM

That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmar'd. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform;
The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought for slept among his ashes cold.

LOVERS HOW THEY COME AND PART

A gyges Ring they beare about them still,
To be, and not seen when and where they will.
They tread on clouds, and though they sometimes
fall,
They fall like dew, but make no noise at all.
So silently they are to th'other come,
As colours steale into the Peare or Plum,
And Aire-like, leave no pression to be seen
Where e'er they met, or parting place has been.

BEFORE A DREAM

. . . there is little encouragement to dream of Paradise
itself. Nor will the sweetest delight of Gardens
afford much comfort in sleep; wherein the dulnesse
of that sense shakes hands with delectable odours;
and though in the Bed of Cleopatra, can hardly with
any delight raise up the ghost of a Rose.

.

AND NOW, TO SLEEP

THE SNOW IS FADING (FRAGMENT)

Then fading from the branches the snow sang
With a strange perfume, a melodious twang
As if a rose should change into a ghost—
A ghost turn to a perfume on the leaves . . .

.

AND NOW, TO SLEEP

. . To keep our eyes open longer were but to act
our Antipodes. The Huntsmen are up in America,
and they are already past their first sleep in Persia.

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