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# ENGLISH BALLADS

AND

## SHORT NARRATIVE POEMS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

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English Narrative Poems With an Introduction by SIR HENRY NEWBOLT and Notes.

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## Short Narrative Poems and Episodes

# ENGLISH BALLADS

## Early Ballads

### Sir Patrick Spens

I.—THE SAILING.

THE King sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
'O whare will I get a skeely skipper,
To sail this new ship of mine?'

O up and spak' an eldern knight,
Sat at the King's right knee:
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea.'

Our King has written a braid letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

'To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The King's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame.'

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud, loud laughèd he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his ee.

'O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the King o' me,
To send us out, at this time o' yeer,
To sail upon the sea?

'Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The King's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we maun bring her hame.'

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway,
Upon a Wodensday.

## II.—THE RETURN.

'Mak' ready, mak' ready, my merrymen a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn.'
'Now, ever alack, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm.

'I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And, if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm.'

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak', and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam' o'er the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

'O where will I get a gude sailor,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast,
To see if I can spy land?'

'O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you get up to the tall topmast—
But I fear ye'll ne'er spy land.'

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it cam' in.

'Go, fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let nae the sea come in.'

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapped them round that gude ship's side,
But aye the sea cam' in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To wet their cork-heeled shoon;
But lang or a' the play was played,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed,
That flattered on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son,
That never mair cam' hame.

The ladies wrang their fingers white,
  The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves;
  For them they'll see nae mair.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
  Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
  Come sailing to the strand.

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
  With their goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves;
  For them they'll see nae mair.

Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,
  'Tis fifty fathom deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
  Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

## Chevy Chase

I.

God prosper long our noble King,
  Our lives and safeties all!
A woeful hunting once there did
  In Chevy Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
  Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
  The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make:
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take,

The chiefest harts in Chevy Chase
To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland, where he lay;

Who sent Earl Percy present word
He would prevent his sport.
The English Earl, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran
To chase the fallow deer.
On Monday they began to hunt
Ere daylight did appear,

And long before high noon they had
A hundred fat bucks slain;
Then, having dined, the drovers went
To rouse the deer again.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
The nimble deer to take,
That, with their cries, the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went
To view the slaughtered deer;
Quoth he: 'Earl Douglas promisèd
This day to meet me here;

'But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay.'
With that, a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did say:

'Lo! yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears,
All marching in our sight.

'All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Fast by the River Tweed—'
'O cease your sports!' Earl Percy said,
'And take your bows with speed;

'And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance!
For there was never champion yet,
In Scotland, or in France,

'That ever did on horseback come,
But, if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear.'

II.

Earl Douglas, on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

'Show me,' said he, 'whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow deer.'

The first man that did answer make
Was noble Percy, he
Who said, 'We list not to declare,
Nor show, whose men we be;

'Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest harts to slay.'
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say:

'Ere thus I will outbravèd be,
One of us two shall die.
I know thee well—an Earl thou art;
Lord Percy, so am I.

'But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our guiltless men,
For they have done no ill.

'Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside.'
'Accursed be he,' Earl Percy said,
'By whom this is denied.

Then stepped a gallant squire forth—
Witherington was his name—
Who said: 'I would not have it told
To Henry our King, for shame,

'That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on.
Ye be two Earls,' said Witherington,
'And I a squire alone.

'I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand.'

III.

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,
As chieftain stout and good;
As valiant captain, all unmoved,
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As leader ware and tried:
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bare down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound;
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing straight their bows away,
They grasped their swords so bright;
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

At last these two stout Earls did meet,
Like captains of great might;
Like lions wode, they laid on load,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

'Yield thee, Lord Percy!' Douglas said
'In faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advancèd be
By James our Scottish King.

'Thy ransom I will freely give,
And this report of thee:
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see.'

'No, Douglas,' quoth Earl Percy then,
'Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.

With that, there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow;

Who never spake more words than these:
'Fight on, my merry men all!
For why, my life is at an end—
Lord Percy sees my fall.'

Then, leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand,
And said: 'Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land!

'Alas! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more redoubted knight
Mischance could never take.'

A knight among the Scots there was
Which saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he called,
Who, with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed
Ran fiercely through the fight,

And passed the English archers all,
Without or dread or fear;
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear.

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain.
An English archer then perceived
The noble Earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right the shaft he set,
The grey goose-wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rang the evening-bell
The battle scarce was done.

IV.

With stout Earl Percy there was slain
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold Baron.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
One foot would never flee;

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff too—
His sister's son was he—
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
Yet savèd could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Earl Douglas die;
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase,
Under the greenwood tree.

V.

Next day did many widows come
Their husbands to bewail;
They washed their wounds in brinish tears;
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple gore,
They bore with them away;
They kissed them, dead, a thousand times
Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's King did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

'O heavy news!' King James did say;
'Scotland may witness be
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he.'

Like tidings to King Henry came
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy Chase.

'Now God be with him!' said our King,
'Sith it will no better be;
I trust I have, within my realm,
Five hundred as good as he.

'Yet shall not Scots nor Scotland say
But I will vengeance take;
I'll be revengèd on them all
For brave Earl Percy's sake.'

This vow full well the King performed
After, at Humbledown:
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown;

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands die.
Thus endeth the hunting in Chevy Chase
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save our King, and bless this land
With plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth that foul debate
Twixt noblemen may cease!

## Robin Hood and Allan-a-Dale

COME listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the greenwood tree,
There was he ware of a brave young man
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clothed in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay;
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chanted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he spy the same young man,
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before
It was clean cast away;
At every step he fetched a sigh—
'Alack and a well-a-day!'

Then stepped forth brave Little John,
And Much, the miller's son,
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he saw them come.

'Stand off, stand off!' the young man said
'What is your will with me?'
'You must come before our master straight,
Under yon greenwood tree.'

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin asked him courteously,
'Oh, hast thou any money to spare
For my merry men and me?'

'I have no money,' the young man said,
'But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have it at my wedding.

'Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she soon from me was ta'en,
And chosen to be an old knight's bride,
Whereby my poor heart is slain.'

'What is thy name?' then said Robin Hood,
'Come tell me without any fail:'
'By the faith of my body,' then said the young man,
'My name it is Allan-a-Dale.'

'What wilt thou give me?' said Robin Hood.
'In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee?'

'I have no money,' then quoth the young man,
'No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be.'

'How many miles is it to thy true love?
Come tell me without guile:'
'By the faith of my body,' then said the young man,
'It is but five little mile.'

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint nor lin,
Until he came unto the church,
Where Allan should keep his wedding.

'What hast thou here?' the bishop then said.
'I prithee now tell to me:'
'I am a bold harper,' quoth Robin Hood,
'And the best in the north country.'

'O welcome, O welcome,' the bishop he said
'That music best pleaseth me:'
'You shall have no music,' quoth Robin Hood,
'Till the bride and the bridegroom I see.'

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old,
And after him a finikin lass,
Did shine like the glistering gold.

'This is not a fit match,' quoth bold Robin Hood,
'That you do seem to make here,
For since we are come into the church,
The bride shall choose her own dear.'

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three;
When four-and-twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping over the lea.

And when they came into the churchyard,
Marching all on a row,
The very first man was Allan-a-Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

'This is thy true love,' Robin he said,
'Young Allan, as I hear say;
And you shall be married at this same time
Before we depart away.'

'That shall not be,' the bishop he said,
'For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times asked in the church,
As the law is of our land.'

Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John;
'By the faith of my body,' then Robin said,
'This cloth doth make thee a man.'

When Little John went into the quire,
The people began to laugh;
He asked them seven times in the church,
Lest three times should not be enough.

'Who gives this maid?' said Little John;
Quoth Robin Hood, 'That do I,
And he that takes her from Allan-a-Dale,
Full dearly he shall her buy.'

And thus having end of this merry wedding,
The bride looked like a queen;
And so they returned to the merry greenwood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

## The Gay Goshawk

'O WELL is me, my gay goshawk,
That you can speak and flee;
For you can carry a love-letter
To my true Love from me.'

—'O how can I carry a letter to her?
Or how should I her know?
I bear a tongue ne'er with her spake,
And eyes that ne'er her saw.'

—'O well shall ye my true Love ken,
So soon as ye her see:
For of all the flowers of fair England
The fairest flower is she.

'And when she goes into the house,
Sit ye upon the whin;
And sit you there and sing our loves
As she goes out and in.'

Lord William has written a love-letter,
Put it under his pinion gray:
And he's awa' to Southern land
As fast as wings can gae.

At first he sang a low, low note,
And then he sang a clear;
And aye the burden of the song
Was 'Your Love can no win here.'

'Feast on, feast on, my maidens all
—The wine flows you among—
While I go to my west window
And hear yon bonnie bird's song.'

O, first he sang a merry song,
And then he sang a grave:
And then he peck'd his feathers gray;
To her the letter gave.

'Have there a letter from Lord William:
He says, he sent ye three;
He can not wait your love longer,
But for your sake he'll dee.'

—'I send him the rings from my white fingers,
The garlands of my hair;
I send him the heart that's in my breast;
What would my Love have mair?

'Go bid him bake his bridal bread,
And brew his bridal ale;
And I shall meet him at Mary's Kirk
Long, long ere it grow stale.'

She hied her to her father dear
As fast as go could she:
'A boon, a boon, my father dear,
A boon I beg of thee.'

'Ask not that haughty Scottish lord,
For him ye'll never see.'
'Then, if I die in Southern land,
In Scotland bury me.

'At the first kirk of fair Scotland,
Ye'll let the bells be rung;
At the second kirk of fair Scotland,
Ye'll let the mass be sung;

'And when ye come to Saint Mary's Kirk,
Ye'll tarry there till night.'
And so her father pledged his word,
And so his promise plight.

The lady's gone to her chamber
As fast as she could fare;
And she has drunk a sleepy draft
That she had mixed with care.

And pale, pale, grew her rosy cheek,
And pale and cold was she:—
She seem'd to be as surely dead
As any corpse could be.

Then spake her cruel stepminnie,
'Take ye the burning lead,
And drop a drop on her bosom,
To try if she be dead.'

They dropp'd the hot lead on her cheek,
They dropp'd it on her chin,
They dropp'd it on her bosom white;
But she spake none agin.

Then up arose her seven brethren,
And hew'd for her a bier;
They hew'd it from the solid oak;
Laid it o'er with silver clear.

The first Scots kirk that they came to
They let the bells be rung;
The next Scots kirk that they came to
They let the mass be sung.

But when they came to Saint Mary's Kirk
There stood spearmen in a row;
And up and started Lord William,
The chieftain among them a'.

He rent the sheet upon her face
A little above her chin:
With rosy cheek, and ruby lip,
She look'd and laugh'd to him.

—'A morsel of your bread, my lord!
And one glass of your wine!
For I have fasted these three long days
All for your sake and mine!'

## 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 but my heart was sair
When my Love dropt down and spak nae mair!
I laid her down 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;

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 make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die.

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 takes thy rest.
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn owre my een,
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.

## Thomas the Rhymer

TRUE Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;
A ferlie he spied with his ee;
And there he saw a lady bright
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

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

True Thomas he pulled off his cap
And louted low down to his knee;
'All hail, thou mighty queen of heaven!
For thy peer on earth I never did see.'

'O no, O no, Thomas,' she said,
'That name does not belong to me;
I am but the queen of fair Elf-land,
That am hither come to visit thee.

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

'Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That fate shall never frighten me'—
And so he has kissed her rosy lips
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

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

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

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

'Light down, light down now, true Thomas,
And lean your head upon my knee;
Abide and rest a little space,
And I will show you ferlies three.

'O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset with thorn and briar?
That is the Path of Righteousness,
Though after it but few enquire.

'And see ye not that broad, broad road,
That lies across that lily leven?
That is the Path of Wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.

'And see ye not that bonnie road,
That winds about the ferny brae?
That is the road to fair Elf-land,
Where thou and I must wend our way.

'But, Thomas, ye shall hold your tongue.
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For, speak ye a word in Elfin-land,
Ye'll ne'er win back to your own country.'

O they rode on, and farther on,
And they waded through rivers above the knee,
And they saw neither sun or moon,
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk, mirk night; there was no starlight;
And they waded through red blood to the knee;
For all the blood that is shed on earth
Runs through the springs of that country.

At last they came to a garden green,
And she pulled an apple from a tree:
'Take this for thy wages, true Thomas!
It will give thee the tongue that can never lie.'

'My tongue is my own,' true Thomas said;
'A goodly gift ye would give to me!
I'd neither dare to buy nor sell
At fair or tryst, where I might be!

'I could not speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask a grace from fair ladye!'
'Now hold thy peace, Thomas!' she said,
'For as I say, so must it be.'

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

## The Demon Lover

'O WHERE have you been my long, long love,
This long seven years and more?'
'O I'm come to seek my former vows
Ye granted me before.'

'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 turn'd him right and round about,
And the tear blinded his ee;
'I would never have trodden on Irish ground
If it had not been for thee.

I might have had a king's daughter,
Far, far beyond the sea:
I might have had a king's daughter
Had it not been for love of thee.'

If ye might have had a king's daughter,
Yourself you had to blame;
Ye might have taken the king's daughter,
For ye knew that I was nane.'

'O false are the vows of womankind,
But fair is their false bodie;
I never would have trodden on Irish ground,
Had it not been for love of thee.'

'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 have 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 well, my own two babes,
For I'll never see you again.'

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

She had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
And drumlie grew his ee.

The masts that were like the beaten gold
Bent not on the heaving seas;
And the sails that were of the taffetie
Fill'd not in the east land breeze.

They had not sail'd a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Until she espied his cloven foot,
And she wept right bitterly.

'O hold your tongue of your weeping,' says he,
'Of your weeping now let me be;
I will show you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy.'

'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 with frost and snow?'
'O yon is the mountain of hell,' he cried,
'Where you and I will go.'

And aye when she turn'd her round about
Aye taller he seem'd for to be;
Until that the tops of that gallant ship
No taller were than he.

The clouds grew dark and the wind grew loud,
And the levin filled her ee;
And waesome wail'd the snow-white sprites
Upon the gurlie sea.

He struck the topmast with his hand,
The foremast with his knee;
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea.

## 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 cam' to the carline wife
That her three sons were gane.

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

'I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fish be in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood!'

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

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in any sheugh;
But at the gates o' 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 round about,
Sat down at the bedside.

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

'The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin' worm doth chide;
Gin we be missed 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.

'Our mother has nae mair but us;
See where she leans asleep;
The mantle that was on herself
She has happed it round our feet.'

O it's they have ta'en up their mother's mantle,
And they've hung it on a pin;
'O lang may ye hing, my mother's mantle,
Ere ye hap us again!

'Fare ye weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire!'

## Hynd Horn

I.

HYND HORN'S bound, love, and Hynd Horn's free,
*With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;*
Where was ye born, or in what countrie?
*And the birk and the broom blows bonnie.*

II.

'In good greenwood, there I was born,
And all my forbears me beforn.

III.

'O seven long years I served the King,
And as for wages I never gat nane;

IV.

'But ae sight o' his ae daughter.
And that was thro' an auger-bore.

V.

Seven long years he served the King,
And it's a' for the sake of his daughter Jean.

VI.

The King an angry man was he;
He sent young Hynd Horn to the sea.

VII.

He's gi'en his luve a silver wand
Wi' seven silver laverocks sittin' thereon.

VIII.

She's gi'en to him a gay gold ring
Wi' seven bright diamonds set therein.

IX.

'As lang's these diamonds keep their hue,
Ye'll know I am a lover true:

X.

'But when the ring turns pale and wan,
Ye may ken that I love anither man.'

XI.

He hoist up sails and awa' sail'd he
Till that he came to a foreign countrie.

XII.

One day as he look'd his ring upon,
He saw the diamonds pale and wan.

XIII.

He's left the sees and he's come to the land,
And the first that he met was an auld beggar man.

XIV.

'What news, what news? thou auld beggar man.
For it's seven years sin I've seen land.'

XV.

'No news,' said the beggar, 'no news at a'
But there is a wedding in the King's ha'.

XVI.

'But there is a wedding in the King's ha'
That has halden these forty days and twa.'

XVII.

'Cast off, cast off thy auld beggar weed,
And I'll gi'e thee my gude grey steed:

XVIII.

'And lend to me your wig o' hair
To cover mine, because it is fair.'—

XIX.

'My begging weed is na for thee,
Your riding steed is na for me.'

XX.

But part by right and part by wrang
Hynd Horn has changed wi' the beggar man.

XXI.

The auld beggar man was bound for to ride,
But young Hynd Horn was bound for the bride.

XXII.

When he came to the King's gate,
He sought a drink for Hynd Horn's sake.

XXIII.

The bride came tripping down the stair,
Wi' the scales o' red gowd in her hair;

XXIV.

Wi' a cup o' the red wine in her hand,
And that she gae to the auld beggar man.

XXV.

Out o' the cup he drank the wine,
And into the cup he dropt the ring.

XXVI.

'O got ye this by sea or land?
Or got ye it of a dead man's hand?'—

XXVII.

'I got it na by sea nor land,
But I got it, madam, of your own hand.'

XXVIII.

'O, I'll cast off my gowns o' brown,
And beg wi' you frae town to town.

XXIX.

'O, I'll cast off my gowns o' red,
And I'll beg wi' you to win my bread.

XXX.

'O, I'll take the scales o' gowd frae my hair,
And I'll follow you for evermair.'

XXXI.

She has cast awa' the brown and the red,
And she's follow'd him to beg her bread.

XXXII.

She has ta'en the scales o' gowd frae her hair,
And she's follow'd him for evermair.

XXXIII.

But atween the kitchen and the ha'
He has let his cloutie cloak down fa'.

XXXIV.

And the red gowd shinèd over him a',
*With a hey lillelu, and a how lo lan ;*
And the bride frae the bridegroom was stown awa',
*And the birk and the broom blows bonnie.*

## Drowned in Yarrow

DOWN in yon garden sweet and gay
Where bonny grows the lily,
I heard a fair maid sighing say
'My wish be wi' sweet Willie!

'Willie's rare, and Willie's fair,
And Willie's wondrous bonny;
And Willie hecht to marry me
Gin e'er he married ony.

'O gentle wind, that bloweth south,
From where my Love repaireth,
Convey a kiss frae his dear mouth
And tell me how he fareth.

'O tell sweet Willie to come down
And hear the mavis singing,
And see the birds on ilka bush
And leaves around them hinging.

'The lav'rock there, wi' her white breast
And gentle throat sae narrow;
There's sport eneuch for gentlemen
On Leader haughs and Yarrow.

'O Leader haughs are wide and braid,
And Yarrow haughs are bonny;
There Willie hecht to marry me
If e'er he married ony.

'But Willie's gone, whom I thought on,
And does not hear me weeping;
Draws many a tear frae true love's ee
When other maids are sleeping.

'Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
The night I'll mak' it narrow,
For a' the live lang winter night
I lie twinned o' my marrow.

'O came ye by yon water-side?
Pou'd you the rose or lily?
Or came you by yon meadow green,
Or saw you my sweet Willie?'

She sought him up, she sought him down,
  She sought him braid and narrow;
Syne, in the cleaving of a craig,
  She found him drowned in Yarrow!

## Our Gudeman

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en,
  And hame cam' he;
And there he saw a saddle horse,
  Whaur nae horse should be.
'O how cam' this horse here?
  How can this be?
How cam' this horse here
  Without the leave o' me?'
'A horse!' quo' she;
  'Ay, a horse,' quo' he.
'Ye auld blind doited carle,
  Blinder mat ye be!
'Tis naething but a milk cow
  My minnie sent to me.'
'A milk cow!' quo' he;
  'Ay, a milk cow,' quo' she.
'Far hae I ridden,
  And meikle hae I seen,
But a saddle on a cow's back
  Saw I never nane!'

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en,
  And hame cam' he;
He spied a pair o' jack-boots,
  Whaur nae boots should be.
'What's this now, gudewife?
  What's this I see?

How cam' these boots here
Without the leave o' me?
'Boots!' quo' she;
'Ay, boots,' quo' he.
'Ye auld blind doited carle,
Blinder mat ye be!
It's but a pair o' water-stoups
The cooper sent to me.'
'Water-stoups!' quo' he;
'Ay, water-stoups,' quo' she.
'Far hae I ridden,
And far'er hae I gane,
But siller spurs on water-stoups
Saw I never nane!'

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he;
And there he saw a sword,
Whaur nae sword should be.
'What's this now, gudewife?
What's this I see?
O how cam' this sword here
Without the leave o' me?'
'A sword!' quo' she;
'Ay, a sword,' quo' he.
Ye auld blind doited carle,
Blinder mat ye be!
It's but a parritch-spurtle
My minnie sent to me.'
'A spurtle!' quo' he;
'Ay, a spurtle,' quo' she.
'Weel—far hae I ridden,
And meikle hae I seen,
But siller-handled spurtles
Saw I never nane!'

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he;
There he spied a pouthered wig,
Whaur nae wig should be.
'What's this now, gudewife?
What's this I see?
How cam' this wig here
Without the leave o' me?'
'A wig!' quo' she;
'Ay, a wig,' quo' he.
'Ye auld blind doited carle,
Blinder mat ye be!
'Tis naething but a clockin' hen
My minnie sent to me.'
'A clockin' hen!' quo' he;
'Ay, a clockin' hen,' quo' she.
'Far hae I ridden,
And meikle hae I seen,
But pouther on a clockin' hen
Saw I never nane!'

Our gudeman cam' hame at e'en,
And hame cam' he;
And there he saw a riding-coat.
Whaur nae coat should be.
'O how cam' this coat here?
How can this be?
How cam' this coat here
Without the leave o' me?'
'A coat!' quo' she;
'Ay, a coat,' quo' he.
'Ye auld blind doited carle,
Blinder mat ye be!
It's but a pair o' blankets
My minnie sent to me.'

'Blankets!' quo' he;
'Ay, blankets,' quo' she.
'Far hae I ridden,
And meikle hae I seen,
But buttons upon blankets
Saw I never nane!'

Ben went our gudeman,
And ben went he;
And there he spied a sturdy man,
Whaur nae man should be.
'How cam' this man here?
How can this be?
How cam' this man here
Without the leave o' me?'
'A man!' quo' she;
'Ay, a man,' quo' he.
'Ye auld blind doited carle,
Blinder mat ye be!
It's a new milking-maid
My minnie sent to me.'
'A maid!' quo' he;
'Ay, a maid,' quo' she.
'Far hae I ridden,
And meikle hae I seen,
But lang-bearded milking-maids
Saw I never nane!'

## The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington

THERE was a youth, and a well-beloved youth,
And he was a squire's son;
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coy and would not believe
That he did love her so,
No nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to fair London
An apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been seven long years,
And never his love could see:
'Many a tear have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of me.'

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play,
All but the bailiff's daughter dear;
She secretly stole away.

She pullèd off her gown of green,
And put on ragged attire,
And to fair London she would go
Her true love to inquire.

And as she went along the high road,
The weather being hot and dry,
She sat her down upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding by.

She started up, with a colour so red,
Catching hold of his bridle-rein;
'One penny, one penny, kind sir,' she said,
'Will ease me of much pain.'

'Before I give you a penny, sweet-heart,
Pray tell me where you were born.'
'At Islington, kind sir,' said she,
'Where I have had many a scorn.'

'I prythee, sweet-heart, then tell to me,
O tell me, whether you know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington.'
'She is dead, sir, long ago.'

'If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also;
For I will unto some far country,
Where no man shall me know.'

'O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,
She standeth by thy side;
She is here alive, she is not dead,
And ready to be thy bride.'

'O farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times therefore;
For now I have found mine own true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more.'

# Later Ballads

## The Ballad of Agincourt

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

And taking many a fort,
Furnish'd in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt
In happy hour;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopp'd his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
With all his power.

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

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
'Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazèd.
Yet have we well begun;
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the Sun
By fame been raisèd.

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

'Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell,
No less our skill is,
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopp'd the French lilies.'

The duke of York so dread,
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped,
Amongst his hench-men.
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there,
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

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

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

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

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

This while our noble king
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruisèd his helmet.

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

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

Upon St. Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which Fame did not delay,
To England to carry;
O, when shall English men
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry!

*Michael Drayton.*

## The Diverting History of John Gilpin

I.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he,
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear:
'Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

'To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the *Bell* at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

'My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after me.'

He soon replied: 'I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear
Therefore it shall be done.

'I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go.'

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, 'That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.'

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in—
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

II.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs,
'The wine is left behind!'

'Good lack!' quoth he, 'yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.'

Now Mistress Gilpin—careful soul!—
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, 'Fair and softly!' John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung—
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, 'Well done!'
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
'He carries weight! He rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!'

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made the horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcóny spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

'Stop, stop, John Gilpin! Here's the house!'
They all at once did cry;
'The dinner waits, and we are tired.'
Said Gilpin: 'So am I!'

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there.
For why? His owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

III.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate
And thus accosted him:

'What news? What news? Your tidings tell'
Tell me you must and shall;
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all.'

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

'I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road.'

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig—
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear—
Each comely in his kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit:
'My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

'But let me scrape the dirt away,
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.'

Said John, 'It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.'

So, turning to his horse, he said,
'I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.'

Ah! luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first—
For why? They were too big.

IV.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the *Bell:*
'This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well.'

Now let us sing, 'Long live the King!
And Gilpin, long live he!
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!'

*William Cowper.*

## oadicea

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*William Cowper*

## The Braes of Yarrow

THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream,
When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,
When now thy waves his body cover!
For ever now, O Yarrow stream!
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my Love, the flower of Yarrow!

He promised me a milk-white steed
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promised me a little page
To squire me to his father's towers;
He promised me a wedding-ring,—
The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow;—
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow!

Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him;
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him!
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow.

His mother from the window look'd
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walk'd
The green-wood path to meet her brother;
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

No longer from thy window look—
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother
No longer walk, thou lovely maid;
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
No longer seek him east or west
And search no more the forest thorough;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.

The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow—
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.
—The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

*John Logan*

## Lucy Gray; or, Solitude

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray,
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor—
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

'To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow.'

'That, Father, will I gladly do:
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two
And yonder is the moon!'

At this the Father raised his hook
And snapped a faggot-band;
He plied his work;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried,
'In heaven we all shall meet;'
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge,
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall;

And then an open field they crossed;
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Unto the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

*William Wordsworth*

## The Seven Sisters; or, The Solitude of Binnorie

SEVEN daughters had Lord Archibald,
All children of one mother:
I could not say in one short day
What love they bore each other.
A garland of seven lilies wrought!
Seven sisters that together dwell;
But he, bold knight as ever fought,
Their father took of them no thought,
He loved the wars so well.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie!

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind
And from the shores of Erin,
Across the wave, a rover brave
To Binnorie is steering:
Right onward to the Scottish strand
The gallant ship is borne;
The warriors leap upon the land,
And hark! the leader of the band
Hath blown his bugle horn.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

Beside a grotto of their own,
With boughs above them closing,
The seven are laid, and in the shade
They lie like fawns reposing.
But now, upstarting with affright
At noise of man and steed,
Away they fly to left, to right—
Of your fair household, father knight,
Methinks you take small heed!
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

Away the seven fair Campbells fly,
And over hill and hollow,
With menace proud, and insult loud
The youthful rovers follow.
Cried they, 'Your father loves to roam:
Enough for him to find
The empty house when he comes home;
For us your yellow ringlets comb,
For us be fair and kind!'
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

Some close behind, some side by side,
Like clouds in stormy weather,
They run, and cry, 'Nay let us die,
And let us die together.'
A lake was near; the shore was steep;
There never foot had been;
They ran, and with a desperate leap
Together plunged into the deep,
Nor ever more were seen.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

The stream that flows out of the lake,
As through the glen it rambles,
Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,
For those seven lovely Campbells.
Seven little islands, green and bare,
Have risen from out the deep:
The fishers say, those sisters fair
By fairies are all buried there,
And there together sleep.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

*William Wordsworth.*

## The Inchcape Rock

I.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of Spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, 'My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok.'

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, 'The next who comes to the Rock,
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok.'

II.

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, 'It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon.'

'Canst hear,' said one, 'the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore.'
'Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell.'

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—
'Oh, horror! It is the Inchcape Rock!'

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He cursed himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear—
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell,
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

*Robert Southey.*

## Rosabelle

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen:
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheath'd in his iron panoply.

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

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

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

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

*Sir Walter S*

## Lochinvar

Oh young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
'Oh come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?'

'I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.'

The bride kiss'd the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,
'Now tread we a measure!' said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume
And the bridemaidens whispered, 'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.'

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood nea 3
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung. 4
'She is won! we are gone! over bank, bush, and scaur,
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young Lochinva

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby cla
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ra
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

*Sir Walter Scot*

## Lord Ullin's Daughter

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,
Cries, 'Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry.'

'Now, who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?'
'O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

'And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

'His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover!'

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
'I'll go, my chief—I'm ready;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:

'And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry.'

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

'O haste thee, haste!' the lady cries,
'Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.'

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

'Come back! come back!' he cried in grief,
'Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—oh my daughter!'

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

*Thomas Campbel*

## La Belle Dame sans Mercy

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
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.

## LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCY

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

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

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.

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 gazed and sighèd deep,
And there I shut her wild sad eyes,
So kissed to sleep.

And there we slumber'd on the moss,
And there I dream'd, ah! woe betide,
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill-side.

I saw pale kings, and princes too,
Pale warriors—death-pale were they all—
Who cried, 'La belle Dame sans mercy
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-side.

And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

*John Keat.*

## The Wreck of the 'Hesperus'

It was the schooner *Hesperus*,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
'I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

'Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!'
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the North-east,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

'Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow.'

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

'O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh say, what may it be?'
''Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!'—
And he steered for the open sea.

'O father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh say, what may it be?'
'Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!'

'O father! I see a gleaming light,
Oh say, what may it be?'
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

## Ballad

'SOFT white lamb in the daisy meadow,
Come hither and play with me,
For I am lonesome and I am tired
Underneath the apple tree.'

'There's your husband if you are lonesome, lady,
And your bed if you want for rest:
And your baby for a playfellow
With a soft hand for your breast.'

Fair white dove in the sunshine,
Perched on the ashen bough,
Come and perch by me and coo to me
While the buds are blowing now.'

'I must keep my nestlings warm, lady,
Underneath my downy breast:
There's your baby to coo and crow to you
While I brood upon my nest.'

'Faint white rose, come lie on my heart,
Come lie there with your thorn:
For I'll be dead at the vesper-bell
And buried the morrow morn.'

'There's blood on your lily breast, lady,
Like roses when they blow,
And there's blood upon your little hand
That should be white as snow:
I will stay amid my fellows
Where the lilies grow.'

'But it's oh my own own little babe
That I had you here to kiss,
And to comfort me in the strange next world
Though I slighted you so in this.'

'You shall kiss both cheek and chin, mother,
And kiss me between the eyes,
Or ever the moon is on her way
And the pleasant stars arise:
You shall kiss and kiss your fill, mother,
In the nest of Paradise.'

*Christina Rossetti.*



## Lady Clare

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:
Lovers long-betroth'd were they:
They two will wed the morrow morn:
God's blessing on the day!

'He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well,' said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, 'Who was this that went from thee?
'It was my cousin,' said Lady Clare,
'To-morrow he weds with me.'

'O God be thank'd,' said Alice the nurse,
'That all comes round so just and fair!
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare.'

'Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse,'
Said Lady Clare, 'that ye speak so wild?'
'As God's above,' said Alice the nurse,
'I speak the truth: you are my child.

'The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead.'

'Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother,' she said, 'if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due.'

'Nay now, my child,' said Alice the nurse,
'But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife.'

'If I'm a beggar born,' she said,
'I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by!'

'Nay now, my child,' said Alice the nurse,
But keep the secret all ye can!'
She said, 'Not so; But I will know
If there be any faith in man.'

'Nay now, what faith?' said Alice the nurse;
'The man will cleave unto his right.'
'And he shall have it,' the lady replied,
'Tho' I should die to-night.'

'Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinn'd for thee.'
'O mother, mother, mother,' she said,
'So strange it seems to me!

'Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so;
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go.'

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
  Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
  And follow'd her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
  'O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
  That are the flower of the earth?'

'If I come drest like a village maid,
  I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born,' she said,
  'And not the Lady Clare.'

'Play me no tricks,' said Lord Ronald,
  'For I am yours in word and in deed;
Play me no tricks,' said Lord Ronald;
  'Your riddle is hard to read.'

O and proudly stood she up!
  Her heart within her did not fail:
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
  And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn:
  He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood:
'If you are not the heiress born,
  And I,' said he, 'the next in blood—

'If you are not the heiress born,
  And I,' said he, 'the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
  And you shall still be Lady Clare.'

*Lord Tennyson.*

## The Revenge

**A Ballad of the Fleet**

I.

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

II.

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

III.

So Lord Howard passed away with five ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

IV.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
'Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set.'
And Sir Richard said again: 'We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet.'

V.

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

VI.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

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

XI.

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

Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!'

XII.

And the gunner said 'Ay, ay,' but the seamen made reply:
'We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow.'
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

XIII.

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

XIV.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honour down into the deep,
And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,

And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,
And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

*Lord Tennyson.*



## Striking

It was a railway passenger,
And he lept out jauntilie.
'Now up and bear, thou stout porter,
My two chattels to me.

'Bring hither, bring hither my bag so red,
And portmanteau so brown:
(They lie in the van, for a trusty man
He labelled them London town:)

'And fetch me eke a cabman bold,
That I may be his fare, his fare;
And he shall have a good shilling,
If by two of the clock he do me bring
To the terminus, Euston Square.'

'Now,—so to thee the saints alway,
Good gentleman, give luck,—
As never a cab may I find this day,
For the cabman wights have struck:

'And now, I wis, at the Red Post Inn,
Or else at the Dog and Duck,
Or at Unicorn Blue, or at Green Griffin,
The nut-brown ale and the fine old gin
Right pleasantly do they suck.'

'Now rede me aright, thou stout porter,
What were it best that I should do:
For woe is me, an' I reach not there
Or ever the clock strike two.'

'I have a son, a lytel son;
Fleet is his foot as the wild roebuck's:
Give him a shilling, and eke a brown,
And he shall carry thy fardels down
To Euston, or half over London town,
On one of the station trucks.'

Then forth in a hurry did they twain fare,
The gent, and the son of the stout porter,
Who fled like an arrow, nor turned a hair,
Through all the mire and muck:
'A ticket, a ticket, sir clerk, I pray:
For by two of the clock I must needs away.'
'That may hardly be,' the clerk did say,
'For indeed—the clocks have struck.'

*Charles Stuart Calverley.*

## The Singing Leaves

I.

'WHAT fairings will ye that I bring?'
Said the King to his daughters three;
'For I to Vanity Fair am boun,
Now say what shall they be?'

Then up and spake the eldest daughter,
That lady tall and grand:
'Oh, bring me pearls and diamonds great,
And gold rings for my hand.'

Thereafter spake the second daughter,
That was both white and red:
'For me bring silks that will stand alone,
And a gold comb for my head.'

Then came the turn of the least daughter,
That was whiter than thistle-down,
And among the gold of her blithesome hair
Dim shone the golden crown.

'There came a bird this morning,
And sang 'neath my bower eaves,
Till I dreamed, as his music made me,
"Ask thou for the Singing Leaves."'

Then the brow of the King swelled crimson
With a flush of angry scorn:
'Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,
And chosen as ye were born;

'But she, like a thing of peasant race,
That is happy binding the sheaves;'
Then he saw her dead mother in her face,
And said, 'Thou shalt have thy leaves.'

II.

He mounted and rode three days and nights
  Till he came to Vanity Fair,
And 'twas easy to buy the gems and the silk,
  But no Singing Leaves were there.

Then deep in the greenwood rode he,
  And asked of every tree,
'Oh, if you have ever a Singing Leaf,
  I pray you give it me!'

But the trees all kept their counsel,
  And never a word said they,
Only there sighed from the pine-tops
  A music of seas far away.

Only the pattering aspen
  Made a sound of growing rain,
That fell ever faster and faster,
  Then faltered to silence again.

'Oh, where shall I find a little foot-page
  That would win both hose and shoon,
And will bring to me the Singing Leaves
  If they grow under the moon?'

Then lightly turned him Walter the page,
  By the stirrup as he ran:
'Now pledge you me the truesome word
  Of a king and gentleman,

That you will give me the first, first thing
  You meet at your castle-gate,
And the Princess shall get the Singing Leaves,
  Or mine be a traitor's fate.'

The King's head dropt upon his breast
A moment, as it might be;
'Twill be my dog,' he thought, and said,
'My faith I plight to thee.'

Then Walter took from next his heart
A packet small and thin,
'Now give you this to the Princess Anne,
The Singing Leaves are therein.'

III.

As the King rode in at his castle-gate
A maiden to meet him ran,
And 'Welcome, father!' she laughed and cried
Together, the Princess Anne.

'Lo, here the Singing Leaves,' quoth he,
'And woe, but they cost me dear!'
She took the packet, and the smile
Deepened down beneath the tear.

It deepened down till it reached her heart,
And then gushed up again,
And lighted her tears as the sudden sun
Transfigures the summer rain.

And the first Leaf, when it was opened,
Sang: 'I am Walter the page,
And the songs I sing 'neath thy window
Are my only heritage.'

And the second Leaf sang: 'But in the land
That is neither on earth nor sea,
My lute and I are lords of more
Than thrice this kingdom's fee.'

And the third Leaf sang, 'Be mine! Be mine!'
And ever it sang, 'Be mine!'
Then sweeter it sang and ever sweeter,
And said, 'I am thine, thine, thine!'

At the first Leaf she grew pale enough,
At the second she turned aside,
At the third, 'twas as if a lily flushed
With a rose's red heart's tide.

'Good counsel gave the bird,' said she,
'I have my hope thrice o'er,
For they sing to my very heart,' she said,
'And it sings to them evermore.'

She brought to him her beauty and truth,
But and broad earldoms three,
And he made her queen of the broader lands
He held of his lute in fee.

*James Russell Lowell.*

## The Ballad of East and West

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,*
*Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;*
*But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,*
*When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!*

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Borderside,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's pride:

He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the Guides:
'Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides?'
Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the Ressaldar:
'If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know where his pickets are.
At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into Bonair,
But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare.
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai.
But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,
For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown with Kamal's men.
There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a man is seen.'
The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun was he,
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the head of the gallows-tree.
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay to eat—
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat.
He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,

Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol crack.
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide.
'Ye shoot like a soldier,' Kamal said. 'Show now if ye can ride.'
It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a maiden plays with a glove.
There was rock to the left and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a man was seen.
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-roused fawn.
The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woful heap fell he,
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free.
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room was there to strive,
'"Twas only by favour of mine,' quoth he, 'ye rode so long alive:
There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump of tree,
But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knee.
If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row:

If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could not fly.'
Lightly answered the Colonel's son: 'Do good to bird and beast,
But count who come for the broken meats before thou makest a feast.
If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away,
Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a thief could pay.
They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on the garnered grain,
The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle are slain.
But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy brethren wait to sup,
The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog, and call them up!
And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear and stack,
Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own way back!'
Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.
'No talk shall be of dogs,' said he, 'when wolf and grey wolf meet.
May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath;
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with Death?'
Lightly answered the Colonel's son: 'I hold by the blood of my clan;
Take up the mare for my father's gift—by God, she has carried a man!'

The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled against his breast;
'We be two strong men,' said Kamal then, 'but she loveth the younger best.
So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-studded rein,
My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain.'
The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end,
'Ye have taken the one from a foe,' said he; 'will ye take the mate from a friend?'
'A gift for a gift,' said Kamal straight; 'a limb for the risk of a limb.
Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!'
With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain-crest—
He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest.
'Now here is thy master,' Kamal said, 'who leads a troop of the Guides,
And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder rides.
Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,
Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.
So, thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes are thine,
And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the Border-line.
And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to power—
Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in Peshawur.'

They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault,
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt:

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the Wondrous Names of God.
The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's boy the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went forth but one.
And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty swords flew clear—
There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of the mountaineer.
'Ha' done! ha' done!' said the Colonel's son. 'Put up the steel at your sides!
Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night 'tis a man of the Guides!'

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,*
*Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;*
*But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,*
*When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!*

*Rudyard Kipling.*

(*Reprinted from 'Barrack-Room Ballads' by permission of the author and of Messrs. Methuen and Co.*)

## Gillespie

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fierce and fain, fierce and fain,
The troopers rode the reeking flight:
The very stones remember still
The end of them that stab by night.

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

*Sir Henry Newbolt.*

[*Reprinted by permission of the author from 'Poems New and Old' (John Murray).*]

## A Ballad of John Nicholson

It fell in the year of Mutiny,
At darkest of the night,
John Nicholson by Jalándhar came,
On his way to Delhi fight.

And as he by Jalándhar came
He thought what he must do,
And he sent to the Rajah fair greeting,
To try if he were true.

'God grant your Highness length of days,
And friends when need shall be;
And I pray you send your Captains hither,
That they may speak with me.'

On the morrow through Jalándhar town
The Captains rode in state;
They came to the house of John Nicholson
And stood before the gate.

The chief of them was Mehtab Singh,
He was both proud and sly;
His turban gleamed with rubies red,
He held his chin full high.

He marked his fellows how they put
Their shoes from off their feet;
'Now wherefore make ye such ado
These fallen lords to greet?

'They have ruled us for a hundred years,
In truth I know not how,
But though they be fain of mastery,
They dare not claim it now.'

Right haughtily before them all
The durbar hall he trod,
With rubies red his turban gleamed,
His feet with pride were shod.

They had not been an hour together,
A scanty hour or so,
When Mehtab Singh rose in his place
And turned about to go.

Then swiftly came John Nicholson
Between the door and him,
With anger smouldering in his eyes
That made the rubies dim.

'You are overhasty, Mehtab Singh,'—
Oh, but his voice was low!
He held his wrath with a curb of iron,
That furrowed cheek and brow.

'You are overhasty, Mehtab Singh,
When that the rest are gone,
I have a word that may not wait
To speak with you alone.'

The Captains passed in silence forth
And stood the door behind;
To go before the game was played
Be sure they had no mind.

But there within John Nicholson
Turned him on Mehtab Singh,
'So long as the soul is in my body
You shall not do this thing.

'Have ye served us for a hundred years
And yet ye know not why?
We brook no doubt of our mastery,
We rule until we die.

'Were I the one last Englishman
Drawing the breath of life,
And you the master-rebel of all
That stir this land to strife—

'Were I,' he said, 'but a Corporal,
And you a Rajput King,
So long as the soul was in my body
You should not do this thing.

'Take off, take off those shoes of pride,
Carry them whence they came;
Your Captains saw your insolence
And they shall see your shame.'

When Mehtab Singh came to the door
His shoes they burned his hand,
For there in long and silent lines
He saw the Captains stand.

When Mehtab Singh rode from the gate
His chin was on his breast:
The Captains said, 'When the strong command
Obedience is best.'

*Sir Henry Newbolt.*

# Short Narrative Poems and Episodes

## Bruce and De Boune

In advance
As far as one might pitch a lance,
The monarch rode along the van,
The foe's approaching force to scan,
His line to marshal and to range,
And ranks to square, and fronts to change.
Alone he rode—from head to heel
Sheathed in his ready arms of steel;
Nor mounted yet on war-horse wight
But, till more near the shock of fight,
Reining a palfrey low and light.
A diadem of gold was set
Above his bright steel basinet,
And clasp'd within its glittering twine
Was seen the glove of Argentine;
Truncheon or leading staff he lacks,
Bearing, instead, a battle-axe.
He ranged his soldiers for the fight,
Accoutred thus, in open sight
Of either host.—Three bowshots far,
Paused the deep front of England's war,
And rested on their arms awhile,
To close and rank their warlike file,
And hold high council, if that night
Should view the strife, or dawning light.

O gay, yet fearful to behold,
Flashing with steel and rough with gold,
And bristled o'er with bills and spears,
With plumes and pennons waving fair,
Was that bright battle-front! for there
Rode England's King and peers:
And who, that saw that monarch ride,
His kingdom battled by his side,
Could then his direful doom foretell!—
Fair was his seat in knightly selle,
And in his sprightly eye was set
Some spark of the Plantagenet.
Though light and wandering was his glance,
It flash'd at sight of shield and lance.
'Know'st thou,' he said, 'De Argentine,
Yon knight who marshals thus their line?'—
'The tokens on his helmet tell
The Bruce, my Liege: I know him well.'—
'And shall the audacious traitor brave
The presence where our banners wave?'—
'So please my Liege,' said Argentine,
'Were he but horsed on steed like mine
To give him fair and knightly chance,
I would adventure forth my lance.'—
'In battle-day,' the King replied,
'Nice tourney rules are set aside.
—Still must the rebel dare our wrath?
Set on him—sweep him from our path!'
And, at King Edward's signal, soon
Dash'd from the ranks Sir Henry Boune.

Of Hereford's high blood he came,
A race renown'd for knightly fame.
He burn'd before his Monarch's eye
To do some deed of chivalry.

He spurr'd his steed, he couch'd his lance,
And darted on the Bruce at once.
—As motionless as rocks, that bide
The wrath of the advancing tide,
The Bruce stood fast.—Each breast beat high,
And dazzled was each gazing eye—
The heart had hardly time to think,
The eyelid scarce had time to wink,
While on the King, like flash of flame,
Spurr'd to full speed the war-horse came!
The partridge may the falcon mock,
If that slight palfrey stand the shock—
But, swerving from the knight's career,
Just as they met, Bruce shunn'd the spear,
Onward the baffled warrior bore
His course—but soon his course was o'er!—
High in his stirrups stood the King,
And gave his battle-axe the swing.
Right on De Boune, the whiles he pass'd,
Fell that stern dint—the first—the last!—
Such strength upon the blow was put,—
The helmet crash'd like hazel-nut;
The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp,
Was shiver'd to the gauntlet grasp.
Springs from the blow the startled horse,
Drops to the plain the lifeless corse;
—First of that fatal field, how soon,
How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune!

*Sir Walter Scott.*

(*From 'The Lord of the Isles.'*)

## The Battle of the Baltic

I.

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

II.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line.
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

*Thomas Campbell.*

## Hohenlinden

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

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

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

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

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of crimsoned snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

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

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

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

*Thomas Campbell.*

## The Eve of Waterloo

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!

The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!

*Lord Byron.*

(*From 'Childe Harold.'*)

## The Destruction of Sennacherib

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host, with their banners, at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed,
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail,
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances uplifted, the trumpets unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

*Lord Byron.*

## The Burial of Sir John Moore

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Charles Wolfe.*

## The Armada

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.
It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall,
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the coast;
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers; before him sound the drums.
His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample space;
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.

And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells;
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down!
So stalked he, when he turned to flight on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield;
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight; ho! scatter flowers, fair maids;
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute; ho! gallants, draw your blades:
Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her wide;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride.
The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold:
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold:
Night sank upon the dusky beach and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone; it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves,
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves;

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

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

*Lord Macaulay.*

## Edinburgh after Flodden

I.

News of battle! news of battle!
Hark! 'tis ringing down the street;
And the archways and the pavement
Bear the clang of hurrying feet.
News of battle! Who hath brought it?
News of triumph? Who should bring
Tidings from our noble army,
Greetings from our gallant King?
All last night we watched the beacons
Blazing on the hills afar,
Each one bearing, as it kindled,
Message of the opened war.
All night long the northern streamers
Shot across the trembling sky—
Fearful lights, that never beckon
Save when kings or heroes die.

II.

News of battle! Who hath brought it?
All are thronging to the gate;
'Warder—warder! open quickly!
Man—is this a time to wait?'
And the heavy gates are opened;
Then a murmur long and loud,
And a cry of fear and wonder
Bursts from out the bending crowd.
For they see in battered harness
Only one hard-stricken man,
And his weary steed is wounded,
And his cheek is pale and wan;
Spearless hangs a bloody banner
In his weak and drooping hand—
God! can that be Randolph Murray,
Captain of the city-band?

III.

Round him crush the people, crying,
'Tell us all—O, tell us true!
Where are they who went to battle,
Randolph Murray, sworn to you?
Where are they, our brothers—children?
Have they met the English foe?
Why art thou alone, unfollowed?
Is it weal or is it woe?'
Like a corpse the grizzly warrior
Looks from out his helm of steel;
But no word he speaks in answer—
Only with his armèd heel
Chides his weary steed, and onward
Up the city streets they ride;
Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
Shrieking, praying by his side:

'By the God that made thee, Randolph!
Tell us what mischance hath come.'
Then he lifts his riven banner,
And the asker's voice is dumb.

IV.

The elders of the city
Have met within their hall—
The men whom good King James had charged
To watch the tower and wall.
'Your hands are weak with age,' he said,
'Your hearts are stout and true;
So bide ye in the Maiden Town,
While others fight for you.
My trumpet from the Border-side
Shall send a blast so clear,
That all who wait within the gate
That stirring sound may hear.
Or, if it be the will of Heaven
That back I never come,
And if, instead of Scottish shouts,
Ye hear the English drum—
Then let the warning bells ring out,
Then gird you to the fray,
Then man the walls like burghers stout,
And fight while fight you may.
'Twere better that in fiery flame
The roof should thunder down,
Than that the foot of foreign foe
Should trample in the town!'

V.

Then in came Randolph Murray—
His step was slow and weak,
And, as he doffed his dinted helm,
The tears ran down his cheek.

They fell upon his corslet,
And on his mailèd hand,
As he gazed around him wistfully,
Leaning sorely on his brand.
And none who then beheld him
But straight were smote with fear,
For a bolder and a sterner man
Had never couched a spear.
They knew so sad a messenger
Some ghastly news must bring;
And all of them were fathers,
And their sons were with the King

VI.

And up then rose the Provost—
A brave old man was he,
Of ancient name and knightly fame,
And chivalrous degree.
He ruled our city like a lord
Who brooked no equal here,
And ever for the townsman's rights
Stood up 'gainst prince and peer.
And he had seen the Scottish host
March from the Borough-muir,
With music-storm and clamorous shout,
And all the din that thunders out
When youth's of victory sure.
O, woful now was the old man's look,
And he spake right heavily:
'Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings,
However sharp they be!
Woe is written on thy visage,
Death is looking from thy face;
Speak! though it be of overthrow—
It cannot be disgrace!'

VII.

Right bitter was the agony
That wrung that soldier proud;
Thrice did he strive to answer,
And thrice he groaned aloud.
Then he gave the riven banner
To the old man's shaking hand,
Saying: 'That is all I bring ye
From the bravest of the land!
Ay! ye may look upon it—
It was guarded well and long,
By your brothers and your children,
By the valiant and the strong.
One by one they fell around it,
As the archers laid them low,
Grimly dying, still unconquered,
With their faces to the foe.
Ay! ye well may look upon it—
There is more than honour there;
Else, be sure, I had not brought it
From the field of dark despair.
Never yet was royal banner
Steeped in such a costly dye;
It hath lain upon a bosom
Where no other shroud shall lie.
Sirs! I charge you, keep it holy,
Keep it as a sacred thing;
For the stain ye see upon it
Was the life-blood of your King!'

VIII.

Woe, woe, and lamentation!
What a piteous cry was there!
Widows, maidens, mothers, children,
Shrieking, sobbing, in despair!

'O, the blackest day for Scotland
That she ever knew before!
O, our King—the good, the noble—
Shall we see him never more?
Woe to us, and woe to Scotland!
O, our sons, our sons and men!
Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,
Surely some will come again!'
Till the oak that fell last winter
Shall uprear its shattered stem—
Wives and mothers of Dunedin—
Ye may look in vain for them!

*William Edmondstoune Aytoun.*

## King Robert of Sicily

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, '*Deposuit potentes*
*De sede, et exaltavit humiles;*'
And slowly lifting up his kingly head
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
'What mean these words?' The clerk made answer meet,
'He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree.'
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
''Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;

For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne!'
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, 'Who is there?'
Half-choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
'Open: 'tis I, the king! Art thou afraid?'
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
'This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!'
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard half-naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,

With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.
There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet ring,
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an Angel: and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exultation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognise.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;
Then said, 'Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?'
To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
'I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!'
And suddenly at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords;
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,
'Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou
Henceforth shall wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shall lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!'

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of 'Long live the King!'
Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, 'It was a dream!'
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discoloured walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.
Meanwhile, King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left—he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say

Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
'Art thou the King?' the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, 'I am, I am the King!'

Almost three years were ended; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.
And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.
The Pope received them with great pomp and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's Square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,

Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
'I am the King! Look, and behold in me
Robert your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?'
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, 'It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!'
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervour filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendour saw;
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.

And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
And when they were alone the Angel said,
'Art thou the King?' Then, bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him: 'Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot till my guilty soul be shriven!'
The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street,
'He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree!'
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
'I am an Angel, and thou art the King!'
King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
But all apparelled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
And when his courtiers came, they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

## Barbara Frietchie

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall,—

Over the mountain winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the level tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced : the old flag met his sight.

'Halt!'—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
'Fire!'—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash ;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

'Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country's flag,' she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came ;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word :

'Who touches a hair of yon grey head
Dies like a dog! March on!' he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet :

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well ;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honour to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

## The Charge of the Light Brigade

I.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
'Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!' he said;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

II.

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blundered.
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
  Volley'd and thunder'd;
Stormed at with shot and shell
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
  Rode the six hundred.

IV.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
  All the world wonder'd;
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
  Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
  Not the six hundred.

V.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
  Volley'd and thunder'd;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,

They that had fought so well,
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

VI.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

*Lord Tennyson.*

## The Pied Piper of Hamelin

I.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its walls on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II.

Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,

Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
'"Tis clear,' cried they, 'our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!'
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV.

An hour they sate in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence:
'For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again
I've scratched it so and all in vain.
O for a trap, a trap, a trap!'
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
'Bless us,' cried the Mayor, 'what's that?'

(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)
'Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!'

V.

'Come in!' the Mayor cried, looking bigger;
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire:
Quoth one: 'It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tomb-stone

VI.

He advanced to the council-table:
And, 'Please your honours,' said he, 'I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!

And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper.'
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the selfsame cheque;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
'Yet,' said he, 'poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampyre-bats;
And, as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?'
'One? fifty thousand!' was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;

And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the house the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the River Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished
—Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was, 'At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, Oh rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone

Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, Come, bore me!
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me.'

VIII.

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
'Go,' cried the Mayor, 'and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!'—when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a 'First, if you please, my thousand guilders!'

IX.

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havock
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
'Beside,' quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
'Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folk to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!'

X.

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
'No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion.'

XI.

'How?' cried the Mayor, 'd'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!'

XII.

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.

All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But now the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
'He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!'
When, lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed:
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame

His sadness, he was used to say:
'It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new,
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!'

XIV.

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says, that Heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.

But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
  Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
'And so long after what happened here
  On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six!'
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
  To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
  They wrote the story on a column,
And on the Great Church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day,
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbours lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why they don't understand.

XV.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers:
And, whether they pipe us free, from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

*Robert Browning.*

## How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

'How they'll greet us!'—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;

And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-socket's rim.

IX.

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

X.

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

*Robert Browning.*

## The Sea-King's Burial

'My strength is failing fast,'
Said the sea-king to his men;—
I shall never sail the seas
Like a conqueror again.
But while yet a drop remains
Of the life-blood in my veins,
Raise, oh, raise me from the bed;
Put the crown upon my head:

Put my good sword in my hand;
And so lead me to the strand,
Where my ship at anchor rides
Steadily!
If I cannot end my life
In the crimson'd battle strife,
Let me die as I have lived,
On the sea.'

They have raised King Balder up,
Put his crown upon his head;
They have sheathed his limbs in mail,
And the purple o'er him spread;
And amid the greeting rude
Of a gathering multitude,
Borne him slowly to the shore—
All the energy of yore
From his dim eyes flashing forth—
Old sea-lion of the north—
As he looked upon his ship
Riding free,
And on his forehead pale
Felt the cold refreshing gale,
And heard the welcome sound
Of the sea.

They have borne him to the ship
With a slow and solemn tread;
They have placed him on the deck
With his crown upon his head,
Where he sat as on a throne:
And have left him there alone,
With his anchor ready weighed,
And his snowy sails displayed

To the favouring winds, once more
Blowing freshly from the shore:
And have bidden him farewell
Tenderly,
Saying, 'King of mighty men,
We shall meet thee yet again,
In Valhalla, with the monarchs
Of the sea.'

Underneath him in the hold
They have placed the lighted brand;
And the fire was burning slow
As the vessel from the land,
Like a stag-hound from the slips,
Darted forth from out the ships.
There was music in her sail
As it swelled before the gale,
And a dashing at her prow
As it cleft the waves below,
And the good ship sped along,
Scudding free;
As on many a battle morn
In her time she had been borne,
To struggle, and to conquer
On the sea.

And the king with sudden strength
Started up and paced the deck,
With his good sword for his staff,
And his robe around his neck;—
Once alone, he raised his hand
To the people on the land;
And with shout and joyous cry
Once again they made reply,

Till the loud exulting cheer
Sounded faintly on his ear;
For the gale was o'er him blowing
Fresh and free;
And ere yet an hour had passed
He was driven before the blast,
And a storm was on his path,
On the sea.

'So blow, ye tempests, blow,
And my spirit shall not quail:
I have fought with many a foe,
I have weathered many a gale;
And in this hour of death,
Ere I yield my fleeting breath—
Ere the fire now burning slow
Shall come rushing from below,
And this worn and wasted frame
Be devoted to the flame—
I will raise my voice in triumph,
Singing free;—
To the great All-Father's home
I am driving through the foam,
I am sailing to Valhalla,
O'er the sea.

'So blow, ye stormy winds—
And, ye flames, ascend on high;—
In the easy, idle bed
Let the slave and coward die!
But give me the driving keel,
Clang of shields and flashing steel;
Or my foot on foreign ground,
With my enemies around!

Happy, happy, thus I'd yield,
On the deck or in the field,
My last breath, shouting, "On
To victory."
But since this has been denied,
They shall say that I have died
Without flinching, like a monarch
Of the sea.'

And Balder spoke no more,
And no sound escaped his lip;—
And he looked, yet scarcely saw
The destruction of his ship,
Nor the fleet sparks mounting high,
Nor the glare upon the sky;
Scarce heard the billows dash,
Nor the burning timber crash;
Scarcely felt the scorching heat
That was gathering at his feet,
Nor the fierce flames mounting o'er him
Greedily.
But the life was in him yet,
And the courage to forget
All his pain, in his triumph
On the sea.

Once alone a cry arose,
Half of anguish, half of pride,
As he sprang upon his feet,
With the flames on every side.
'I am coming!' said the king,
'Where the swords and bucklers ring—
Where the warrior lives again
With the souls of mighty men—

Where the weary find repose,
And the red wine ever flows;—
I am coming, great All-Father,
Unto thee!
Unto Odin, unto Thor,
And the strong, true hearts of yore—
I am coming to Valhalla,
O'er the sea.'

*Charles Mackay.*

## The Cavalier's Escape

TRAMPLE! trample! went the roan,
Trap! trap! went the gray;
But pad! pad! like a thing that was mad,
My chestnut broke away.
It was just five miles from Salisbury town,
And but one hour to day.

Thud! thud! came on the heavy roan,
Rap! rap! the mettled gray;
But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare,
That she showed them all the way.
Spur on! spur on! I doffed my hat,
And wished them all good-day.

They splashed through miry rut and pool,
Splintered through fence and rail;
But chestnut Kate switched over the gate,
I saw them droop and tail.
To Salisbury town, but a mile of down,
Over this brook and rail.

Trap! trap! I heard their echoing hoofs
Past the walls of mossy stone;
The roan flew on at a staggering pace,
But blood is better than bone.
I patted old Kate and gave her the spur,
For I knew it was all my own.

But trample! trample! came their steeds,
And I saw their wolf's eyes burn;
I felt like a royal hart at bay,
And made me ready to turn.
I looked where highest grew the may,
And deepest arched the fern.

I flew at the first knave's sallow throat;
One blow, and he was down.
The second rogue fired twice and missed;
I sliced the villain's crown.
Clove through the rest, and flogged brave Kate,
Fast, fast, to Salisbury town.

Pad! pad! they came on the level sward,
Thud! thud! upon the sand;
With a gleam of swords, and a burning match,
And a shaking of flag and hand.
But one long bound, and I passed the gate,
Safe from the canting band.

*George Walter Thornbury.*

## John Burns of Gettysburg

HAVE you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg? No? Ah, well!
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns:

He was the fellow who won renown,—
The only man who didn't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town,
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.

That was in July, sixty-three,
The very day that General Lee,
Flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.
I might tell how, but the day before,
John Burns stood at his cottage door
Looking down the village street,
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
He heard the low of his gathered kine.
And felt the breath with incense sweet;
Or I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk, that fell in a babbling flood
Into the milk-pail, red as blood!
Or how he fancied the hum of bees
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.
But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine—
Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,
Slow to argue, but quick to act.
That was the reason, as some folk say,
He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right
Raged for hours the heady fight.

Thundered the battery's double bass,—
Difficult music for men to face;
While on the left—where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves
That all that day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the rebels kept—
Round shot ploughed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades,
Shattered fences here and there
Tossed their splinters in the air;
The very trees were stripped and bare;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvests of the slain;
The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.
How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient, long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron,—but his best;
And buttoned over his manly breast
Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons,—size of a dollar,—
With tails that the country-folk called 'swaller.'
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village green,
Since old John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the 'quiltings' long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away ;
And striplings, downy of lip and chin,—
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in,—
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore ;
And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,
With scraps of a slangy *repertoire* :
Called him 'Daddy,'—begged he'd disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those ;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off,—
With his long brown rifle, and bell-crowned hat
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

'Twas but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked ;
And something the wildest could understand
Spake in the old man's strong right hand ;
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
Of his eyebrows under his old bell crown ;
Until, as they gazed, there crept with awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,
In the antique vestments and long white hair,
The Past of the Nation in battle there ;
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
That day was their oriflamme of war.

So raged the battle. You know the rest.
How the rebels, beaten, and backward pressed,

Broke at the final charge, and ran.
At which John Burns—a practical man—
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.
That is the story of old John Burns;
This is the moral the reader learns:
In fighting the battle, the question's whether
You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather!

*Francis Bret Harte.*

## The Highwayman

PART ONE.

I.

THE wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding—
Riding—riding—
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

II.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin;
They fitted with never a wrinkle: his boots were up to the thigh!
And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,
His pistol butts a-twinkle,
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

III.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yard,
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred;
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

IV.

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket creaked
Where Tim the ostler listened; his face was white and peaked;
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like mouldy hay,
But he loved the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's red-lipped daughter,
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say—

V.

'One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize to-night,
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light;
Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,
Then look for me by moonlight,
Watch for me by moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way.'

VI.

He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach her hand,
But she loosened her hair i' the casement! His face burnt like a brand

As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast;
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,
(Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight!)
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped away to the West.

## Part Two.

### I.

He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at noon;
And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon,
When the road was a gipsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,
A red-coat troop came marching—
Marching—marching—
King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-door.

### II.

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale instead,
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of her narrow bed;
Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their side!
There was death at every window;
And hell at one dark window;
For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that *he* would ride.

### III.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest;
They had bound a musket beside her, with the muzzle beneath her breast!
'Now keep good watch!' and they kissed her.
She heard the dead man say—
*Look for me by moonlight;*
*Watch for me by moonlight;*
*I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!*

IV.

She twisted her hands behind her; but all the knots held good!
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood!
They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours crawled by like years,
Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,
Cold, on the stroke of midnight.
The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least was hers!

V.

The tip of one finger touched it; she strove no more for the rest!
Up, she stood up to attention, with the muzzle beneath her breast,
She would not risk their hearing; she would not strive again;
For the road lay bare in the moonlight;
Blank and bare in the moonlight;
And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed to her love's refrain.

VI.

*Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot!* Had they heard it? The horse-hoofs ringing clear;
*Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot,* in the distance? Were they deaf that they did not hear?
Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,
The highwayman came riding,
Riding, riding!
The red-coats looked to their priming! She stood up, straight and still!

VII.

*Tlot-tlot*, in the frosty silence! *Tlot-tlot*, in the echoing night!
Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light!
Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep breath,
Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
Her musket shattered the moonlight,
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him—with her death.

VIII.

He turned; he spurred to the Westward; he did not know who stood
Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her own blood!
Not till the dawn he heard it, and his face grew grey to hear
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the darkness there.

IX.

Back he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,
With the white road smoking behind him and his rapier brandished high!
Blood-red were his spurs i' the golden noon; wine-red was his velvet coat;
When they shot him down on the highway,
Down like a dog on the highway,
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch of lace at his throat.

* * * * *

X.

*And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,*
*When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,*
*When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,*
*A highwayman comes riding—*
*Riding—riding—*
*A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.*

XI.

*Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn-yard;*
*And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and barred;*
*He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there*
*But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,*
*Bess, the landlord's daughter,*
*Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.*

*Alfred Noyes.*

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# Notes

## Sir Patrick Spens (p. 11).

Two versions exist of this 'grand old ballad,' as the poet Coleridge called it, one in the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, published in 1765 by Dr. Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore, and another in Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, published in 1802. In the poem as printed here recourse has been had to both. The date of composition of the original ballad is unknown, but competent authorities put it as early as 1300.

An expedition to Norway under Sir Patrick Spens is not historical, though possibly the ballad may reflect the fact of the death of the Maid of Norway on her way to Scotland in 1290. The crown of Scotland, on the death of Alexander III. in 1285, devolved upon his grand-daughter, Margaret, called the Maid of Norway, she being the child of a daughter of Alexander III. and of Eric, King of Norway. The Maid was detained in Norway until 1290, and died at Orkney on her voyage back to her own country. No such shipwreck as is mentioned in the poem occurred in Scottish history.

Another conjecture is that it refers to the fate of the Scottish nobles who, in 1281, conveyed Margaret, daughter of Alexander III., to Norway on the occasion of her marriage with King Eric.

However loose may be its historical connection, the poem is a remarkably fine specimen of ballad poetry.

3. **skeely**: skilful.
19. **neist**: next.
20. **ee**: eye.
29. **hoysed**: hoisted.
    **Monenday**: old form of Monday, the day of Mona, the moon.
32. **Wodensday**: old form of Wednesday, the day of Woden or Odin.
38. **the auld moon**: the dark part of the moon, the rim of which can sometimes be seen. A sign of bad weather.
43. **lift**: sky.
44. **gurly**: dark and threatening.

45. **lap**: sprang.
58. **ane**: one.
59. **bout**: bolt.
63. **wap**: wrap tightly.
69. **laith**: loth.
72. **aboon**: above.
86. **goud kaims**: gold combs.
89. **half owre to Aberdour**: half-way over from Norway to Aberdour Aberdour is a small town on the north coast of the Firth of Forth.

## Chevy Chase (p. 14).

The ballad of *Chevy Chase*, or to call it by its older title, *The Hunting of the Cheviot*, tells of a Border affray which is supposed to take place in the reign of Henry IV. of England, who is mentioned in the poem. King James of Scotland also figures in the verses, but as the first James did not succeed to the Scottish throne until the reign of the English King Henry VI., it is obvious that the ballad must not be taken as historically correct.

*Chevy Chase* is no doubt based on the feuds which existed for generations between the two great border families of Percy and Douglas. The authentic facts, which form a background to the ballad, may be summarised as follows:

(1) In 1388 a battle was fought at Otterburn between the Douglas and Percy families, in which Lord James Douglas was slain. The ballad of *The Battle of Otterburn*, perhaps still older than *Chevy Chase*, tells how this Douglas was killed by Sir Harry Percy, or 'Hotspur.'

(2) In 1402, Hotspur won the Battle of Homildon Hill, taking many prisoners, amongst whom was Lord Archibald Douglas, nephew of the James Douglas mentioned in the last paragraph. Henry IV. demanded the surrender of these prisoners, which led Hotspur to join Glendower's revolt against the King, allied curiously enough with his old family enemy Douglas. The revolt was quelled at the Battle of Shrewsbury in 1403, when Hotspur was killed.

(3) In 1436 William Douglas, Earl of Angus, gained a victory in a private conflict with Sir Henry Percy at the Battle of Piperden, on an occasion when Percy was engaged in a raid on the Scottish side of the Border.

Such historical facts were probably within the uncertain memory of the wandering minstrel or minstrels who composed the ballad. It seems very likely that it is a confused report of the Battle of Piperden, to

which have been added some of the results of Otterburn, Homildon Hill, and Shrewsbury. Though these facts are hopelessly jumbled together, the ballad may be accepted as a romance, which, although it represents no actual conflict, does reflect the real conditions which existed on the Scottish Borders at the period in question.

*Chevy Chase* is described by Addison in *The Spectator* as 'the favourite ballad of the common people of England.' Sir Philip Sidney in his *Apologie for Poetry* remarks of it: 'I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet.' Sidney calls it 'an old song,' and indeed the spelling and style of the original version place its date of composition as not later than the time of Henry VI., while the mention of James, the Scottish King, precludes an earlier date.

The version here printed belongs to the period of James I. of England. This later version, which excels the earlier in language and feeling, is not perhaps its equal in dignity and rugged strength; but it contains fewer difficulties of wording, and will, therefore, perhaps be more readily appreciated. Both versions appear in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. The original manuscript reposes in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

49. **Tivydale**: Teviotdale.
105. **bent**: open field.
127. **wode**: mad with rage.
250. **Humbledown**: Homildon Hill.

## Robin Hood and Allan-a-Dale (p. 24).

'The ballads devoted to the exploits of Robin Hood and his whole company of outlaws,' writes Allen Cunningham, 'are amongst the most popular of those interesting remembrances of the past. They breathe of the inflexible heart and honest joyousness of old England. Though modified in their language during their oral transmission from the days of King John till the printing press took them up, they are in sense and substance undoubtedly ancient. They are the work, too, of sundry hands; some have a Scottish tone, others taste of the English border, but the chief and most valuable portion belongs to Nottinghamshire, Lancashire, Derbyshire, and Yorkshire, and all—and this includes those with a Scottish sound—are in true and hearty English taste and spirit.'

Whether the forest outlaw ever existed or not is a question not easily answered. Some scholars think that he lived in the eleventh century. Others assign him to the reign of Richard I. Nothing is definitely

known of him, though in all probability the Robin Hood ballads are founded on fact.

These ballads are very old. Dr. Percy wrote of them :- 'One fact is clear—that in the fourteenth century, if not earlier, Robin Hood had become the representative of the English outlaw, and was the favourite subject of the people's songs in the time of Edward III.'

58. **stint nor lin**: lag nor stay.
71. **finikin**: dainty.
97. **quire**: choir.

## The Gay Goshawk (p. 27).

First printed by Sir Walter Scott in his *Border Minstrelsy*, this poem has reached the wide public of Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*.

1. **goshawk**: a short-winged hawk, once used for hunting wild geese and other fowl.
9. **ken**: know.
14. **whin**: furze.
60. **plight**: pledged.
69. **minnie**: mother.

## Helen of Kirconnell (p. 31).

This delightful ballad is based on a traditional event, the date of which cannot be satisfactorily determined. The graves of Helen and her lover are still pointed out in the parish of Kirconnell, near Springkell, in Dumfriesshire.

Sir Walter Scott relates the story as follows: 'A lady of the name of Helen Irving or Bell (for this is disputed by the two clans), daughter of the Laird of Kirconnell, in Annandale, and celebrated for her beauty, was beloved by two gentlemen in the neighbourhood. The name of the favoured suitor was Adam Fleming of Kirkpatrick; that of the other has escaped tradition; though it has been alleged that he was a Bell, of Blacket House. The addresses of the latter were, however, favoured by the friends of the lady, and the lovers were therefore obliged to meet n secret, and by night, in the churchyard of Kirconnell, a romantic spot, almost surrounded by the River Kirtle. During one of these private interviews, the jealous and despised lover suddenly appeared on the opposite bank of the stream, and levelled his carabine at the breast of his rival. Helen threw herself before her lover, received in her bosom the

bullet, and died in his arms. A desperate and mortal combat ensued between Fleming and the murderer, in which the latter was cut to pieces.'

7. **burd**: maiden.
10. **nae mair**: no more.
11. **meikle**: much.
34. **owre**: cp. *Sir Patrick Spens*, l. 89.

## Thomas the Rhymer (p. 32).

Thomas Learmont of Ercildoune, better known as Thomas the Rhymer or as True Thomas, was a real person, who was born during the reign of Alexander III., and lived in the time of Wallace. Popular tradition says that he was carried off to Elfland or Fairyland, where he lived for seven years. The queen of Elfland then permitted him to return to the outer world, where he astonished his countrymen by a series of prophecies founded on knowledge which he had acquired during his residence in the enchanted realm. He then returned to his fairy queen, and in the popular belief he will one day appear amongst mortals again.

Sir Walter Scott derived this ballad from MS. sources, and included it in his *Border Minstrelsy*. There are in existence in the British Museum and elsewhere ancient MSS., which contain fuller accounts, given by Thomas himself, of his experiences in Elfland, and of the prophecies which he made on his return to the world.

2. **ferlie**: a wonder, marvel.
4. **Eildon tree**: the tree under which Thomas of Ercildoune delivered his prophecies. The spot is now marked by a stone, called the Eildon Tree Stone.
10. **louted**: bent, bowed.
17. **carp**: sing.
46. **lily leven**: flowery meadow.
50. **brae**: hillside.
61. **mirk**: black.
68. **lie**: pronounced 'lee' in Scottish dialect.
72. **tryst**: appointed place of meeting.

## The Demon Lover (p. 35).

This ballad is published in the *Border Minstrelsy*, having been 'taken down from recitation by Mr. William Laidlaw, tenant of Traquair-knowe.' Its foundation is unquestionably old, though it would appear, from the

modern style of some of the stanzas, that Mr. Laidlaw had in places supplied the blanks in his memory by his own invention.

41-42. A common device in ballad poetry; cp. *Sir Patrick Spens* and *The Wife of Usher's Well.*

44. **drumlie**: overcast, threatening.

70. **levin**: lightning.

## The Wife of Usher's Well (p. 38).

This beautiful and touching ballad was first published in the *Border Minstrelsy*, having been taken down by Sir Walter Scott from an old woman's recitation.

7. **carline**: old woman.

8. **gane**: gone.

20. **birk**: birch.

21. **syke**: marsh.

22. **sheugh**: ditch, trench.

38. **channering**: gnawing, fretting.

39. **gin**: if. The '**g**' is pronounced hard.

40. **sair**: sore.

48. **happed**: wrapped.

54. **byre**: cow-house.

## Hynd Horn (p. 40).

This old ballad is interesting as being a popular rendering of part of a much more ancient metrical romance, known by the title of 'King Horn,' or 'Horn Childe and Maiden Rymenhild.'

The refrain recurs in every stanza, but is only printed here at the beginning and the end of the ballad.

I. **Hynd**: a young man. Sometimes = a peasant.

IV. **ae**: one.

**auger**: an instrument for boring holes. The word was originally 'nauger.' Contrast the corruption of 'an eke-name' into a 'nick-name.'

VII. **laverock**: lark.

XXIII. **scales**: combs.

**gowd**: gold.

XXXIII. **cloutie**: patched, ragged.

## Drowned in Yarrow (p. 44).

Palgrave, who includes the ballad in his *Golden Treasury*, considers that it is superior to anything of its class in melody and pathos. Part is probably not later than the seventeenth century. In other stanzas a more modern hand, resembling Scott's, is traceable. The ballad is founded on an old legend.

7. **hecht**: promised.
8. **gin**: cp. *The Wife of Usher's Well*, l. 39.
14. **mavis**: thrush.
15. **ilka**: every.
16. **hinging**: cp. *The Wife of Usher's Well*, l. 51.
17. **lav'rock**: cp. *Hynd Horn*, stanza vii.
20. **haughs**: valley meadows, or flats.
32. **twinned o' my marrow**: parted from my mate.
34. **pou'd**: pulled, plucked.
38. **braid and narrow**: far and near.
39. **syne**: then.

## Our Gudeman (p. 46).

This curious and humorous old ballad was taken down from recitation by a Scottish collector of old popular traditions named David Herd, and appeared for the first time in his publication 'Scottish Songs.'

The gudeman's wife has hidden a fugitive rebel in her house, and wishes to save her husband from complicity in treason, in case the pursuers come in search of the man.

11. **doited**: foolish.
    **carle**: fellow.
12. **mat**: must.
14. **minnie**: cp. *The Gay Goshawk*, l. 69.
33 **stoup**: vessel, jar.
53. **spurtle**: a long stick used for stirring porridge or any contents of a boiling pot.
63. **pouther'd**: powdered.
73. **clockin'**: sitting.
102. **ben**: in, inside

## The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington (p. 49).

First printed in Dr. Percy's *Reliques*, the ballad was taken by him from a manuscript in the Pepys collection, though he states that he improved upon the original. Islington in Norfolk is supposed to be the place indicated in the ballad, not Islington in London.

10. **fond**: foolish.

## The Ballad of Agincourt (p. 52).

Michael Drayton (1563-1631) was a voluminous writer, the greater part of whose verse is devoted to the glorification of England or to the illustration of English history. He may be taken to represent the fervid patriotism of the Elizabethan age, which expressed itself as powerfully in drama and song as it did in maritime adventure and enterprise.

*The Ballad of Agincourt*, originally published in 1605, is a model of patriotic inspiration and vivid phraseology. Its metre and style remind one instinctively of Tennyson's *Charge of the Light Brigade*, on which it no doubt had a direct influence.

The ballad is founded on the famous victory of Henry V. over the French on October 25th, 1415, when the English army, small in number and wasted by disease, defeated with great slaughter a numerically superior and well-equipped French force.

17. The grammar of this stanza is careless. By substituting 'who' for 'which' in line 17, and 'sent' for 'sending' in line 20, the sense will be seen.
27. The odds were probably not more than five to one.
48. **lilies**: see note to *The Armada*, l. 21.
50. **vaward**: vanguard.
66. **Erpingham**: marshal of the English army, who gave the signal to advance.
82. **bilbows**: swords (from Bilbao, a Spanish town, once noted for its steel).
91. **ding**: throw violently, beat.
94. **besprent**: bespattered. For this form of part participle cp. the last line of *The Eve of Waterloo*.
102. **maiden knight**: cp. maiden speech.
113. **St. Crispin's Day**: October 25th.

## The Diverting History of John Gilpin (p. 56).

William Cowper (1731-1800) began to write poetry late in life as a means of shielding himself from melancholia, which in the end drove him into madness. His malady induced in him a retirement of life, in which he was strongly influenced by his few friends. One of these, Lady Austen, a bright and vivacious woman, told Cowper for his diversion the story of John Gilpin. He lay awake, the same night, laughing to himself over it, and next morning sat down and produced the ballad. The poem quickly became famous, and was recited on the stage by Henderson, a popular actor of the day.

3. **train-band**: a band of men trained to bear arms, though not regular soldiers.
   **eke**: besides.
23. **calender**: a man whose trade it is to press and roll cloth.
39. **agog**: eager (literally, in eagerness or mirth. Old French *gogue* = fun, diversion).
119. **turnpike**: gates or barriers which were established at intervals along main roads, and at which travellers were charged certain fees, or 'tolls,' for the upkeep of the roads. This system was not generally abolished in England until 1889, and a few toll-gates survive to this day.

## Boadicea (p. 65).

Boadicea was queen of the Iceni, a tribe of Ancient Britons inhabiting what is now East Anglia. Thinking to propitiate the Roman conquerors, she presented to them half of her territory. Not satisfied with this, they seized the whole, and brutally scourged the queen. During the absence in Wales of the Roman Governor, Suetonius Paulinus, Boadicea incited the Iceni and also the tribe of the Trinobantes to rebellion, fell upon Camulodunum (Colchester) and Londinium, burning them, and massacring the inhabitants. Suetonius hastened back from Wales, and defeated the rebels; upon which Boadicea took poison in order to escape capture (A.D. 61).

Cowper calls his poem an ode, but its form is rather that of the ballad than of the classic English ode.

24. **harmony the path to fame**: a reference to the great musicians and poets whom Italy has produced.
25-26. *i.e.*, ships of war.
34. **pregnant with celestial fire**: full of divine inspiration.

## The Braes of Yarrow (p. 66).

John Logan (1748-1788) was one of the Scottish poets whose work, in fixing and restoring the floating folk-poetry of Scotland, exemplified the poetic inspiration which was afterwards defined by Robert Burns.

The present ballad should be compared with *Drowned in Yarrow* (see p. 44). Both poems deal with the same subject, and exhibit certain resemblances of style and language. Palgrave, who includes both in his *Golden Treasury*, considers that Logan based his poem on the old legend rather than on the old verses.

1. **brae**: slope, hillside.
23. **water-wraith**: a water-spirit, whose appearance was a portent of evil. Cp. *The Demon Lover*, *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, etc.
30. **thorough**: through.

## Lucy Gray (p. 68).

William Wordsworth (1770-1850) found his inspiration for this pathetic ballad in a circumstance which, he states, was told him by his sister 'of a little girl not far from Halifax, in Yorkshire, bewildered in a snow-storm. Her footsteps were tracked by her parents to the middle of the lock of a canal, and no vestige of her, backward or forward, could be traced. The body, however, was found in the canal.' It is instructive to observe the method by which the poet gives an imaginative illumination to this germ of incident.

## The Inchcape Rock (p. 72).

Robert Southey (1774-1843) was a prolific writer of poetry and prose. His best-known work, *The Life of Nelson*, was expanded from an article which he contributed to the *Quarterly Review* in 1813, and of which he thought less highly than of several of his other writings which are now forgotten.

The story on which the poem is founded may be seen in Stoddart's *Remarks on Scotland*. The Inchcape Rock is situated off the mouth of the Tay, about twelve miles from the coast.

## Rosabelle (p. 75).

This ballad, which is of considerable merit, appears in Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto VI., as the third ballad recited or sung by minstrels at Branksome Castle at the entertainment which took place there on the occasion of the betrothal of Lady Margaret of Branksome to Lord Cranstoun of Teviotdale.

Sir Walter Scott lived from 1771-1832, and wrote the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* in 1805.

4. **Rosabelle**: daughter of St. Clair, Lord of Roslin.
7. **Castle Ravensheuch**: seat of the Barons of Roslin, situated on a steep crag washed by the Firth of Forth. The castle now lies in ruins.
10. **inch**: island. Cp. Inchcape Rock.
26. **a wondrous blaze**: Roslin chapel appeared to be in flames It was a tradition that this phenomenon occurred on the eve of the death of any of the family of Roslin.
30. **glen**: narrow valley.
31. **Dryden's groves of oak**: the oak woods of Dryden House, south of Roslin.
32. **Hawthornden**: a mansion on the left bank of the Esk, some miles south of Edinburgh.
33. **Roslin Chapel**: this chapel was founded in 1446 by William St. Clair, Earl of Orkney and Lord of Roslin. The Lords of Roslin were buried beneath this chapel in full armour until the end of the seventeenth century.
38. **sacristy**: a chamber in a church or chapel where the sacred vestments and utensils are kept.
38. **pale**: enclosure.
39. **foliage-bound**: with sculptured leaves or flowers around them.
41. **pinnet**: pinnacle.
48. **the sea holds lovely Rosabelle**: the disaster foretold by the phenomenon of the apparently burning chapel.

## Young Lochinvar (p. 77).

This Border romance, extracted from Sir Walter Scott's *Marmion*, comes into the poem as a song sung to James IV. of Scotland by Lady Heron, a beautiful and artful woman, who was taken as a hostage to Scotland on the capture of Ford Castle, the seat of her husband, Sir

Hugh Heron. By her wiles, Lady Heron is supposed to have caused the delay of James's projected invasion of England, and so have led to the disastrous defeat of Flodden Field.

'Young Lochinvar' was the owner of Lochinvar Castle in Kirkcudbrightshire. Netherby Hall, the seat of the Graemes, was on the English side of the Border in Cumberland. Between these two places, and on the Scottish side, lies the plain of Cannobie Lea.

32. **galliard**: a gay, lively dance.
39. **croupe**: hindquarters of a horse.
41. **scaur**: rocky and broken ground.

## Lord Ullin's Daughter (p. 78).

Thomas Campbell (1777-1844) was a contemporary and friend of Sir Walter Scott. Some of his work shows the influence of the revival of Scottish ballads in the *Border Minstrelsy*. *Lord Ullin's Daughter* is a good example of this influence, and also, in common with other of Campbell's ballads, indicates his power of developing an impressive tragedy in a sombre setting of desolation and tempest.

17. **wight**: person, fellow. It is sometimes an adjective, and then means 'strong' or 'active.' For (1) cp. *La Belle Dame sans Mercy*, l. 1; for (2) cp. Scott's *Marmion*, VI. xx.:

'Oh for one hour of Wallace wight.'

## La Belle Dame sans Mercy (p. 80).

John Keats was born in 1795, and died of consumption at the early age of twenty-six. Nearly all his poems were produced during the last five years of his life, and did not attain the reputation they deserved until some years after his death.

The title of the ballad is taken from a long poem by Alain Chartier, the secretary and court poet of Charles VI. and of Charles VII. of France, a translation of which is included among Chaucer's works. This title seems to have caught the fancy of Keats, and in the course of 1819 he wrote the present ballad upon the same theme as that of Chartier, to which it bears no further resemblance.

The atmosphere of weirdness and gentle melancholy is very characteristic of Keats's writing and in its purity of form, its tenderness of sentiment, and its dramatic intensity, the poem may well be considered a masterpiece.

22. **zone**: girdle.

## The Wreck of the 'Hesperus' (p. 82).

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882) was a native of Portland, U.S.A. He travelled a good deal in Europe, and produced a large quantity of poetry, his most famous work being *Hiawatha*, a poem based on legends of the North American Indians.

Norman's Woe is one of the many dangerous rocks or reefs in Massachusetts Bay, near Boston, and not far from Longfellow's home. He notes in his diary in 1839 that many ships, including a schooner called the *Hesperus*, had lately been wrecked upon this reef.

11. **flaw**: gust of wind.

## Ballad (p. 85).

Christina Rossetti (1830-1894) was the sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, a poet and painter of the pre-Raphaelite school. She is perhaps best known by her poem *Goblin Market*. The present poem was written in 1854, but was first published only after her death. It has caught in a remarkable way the ballad feeling, while it remains at the same time a product of the latter days.

## The 'Revenge' (p. 90).

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892), founded his poem on a detailed account of the last fight of the *Revenge*, by Sir Walter Raleigh, given in Hakluyt's *Voyages*.

In the year 1591 Lord Thomas Howard sailed from England for the Azores, a group of islands in the Atlantic Ocean, with a fleet of six ships of war and a few small vessels carrying stores and food. His purpose was to attack and plunder a fleet of Spanish treasure ships on their way home from the West Indies. The English vessels were riding at anchor under shelter of Flores, one of the westerly islands of the Azores group, when the story begins. The facts as given in the poem are identical with Hakluyt's account.

Notice the skill with which changes of metre are used to give effect to the words, for example in lines 33, 42, 56, 112.

48. **larboard**: the left side of the ship, now called the *port* side, to avoid the confusion caused by similarity of sound.

## Striking (p. 95).

C. S. Calverley (1831-1884) was a brilliant classical scholar, and a Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. He produced a number of excellent verse translations of Greek and Latin poems, as well as some original verse and witty parodies.

18. **wis**: know.
23. **rede**: advise.
30. **fardel**: pack, bundle.

## The Singing Leaves (p. 97).

James Russell Lowell, born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1819, was a friend of Whittier, Hawthorne, and Poe. He became a professor at Harvard University, and later became American Minister in Great Britain. He was a strong opponent of slavery, and his writings include a number of satiric poems and essays on this topic. The ballad here printed has no ulterior motive.

1. **fairings**: presents from the fair.
84. **fee**: lordship, property. (The modern meaning of 'payment' is a derivative from the original meaning.)
98. **but**: further, besides.

## The Ballad of East and West (p. 100).

This ballad, a good example of Mr. Kipling's spirited and inimitable verse, is a reflex of the restless conditions of life on the North-west Frontier of India.

6. **lifted**: stolen.
8. **calkin**: a sharp-pointed piece of iron or steel projecting downwards on the shoe of a horse to prevent the animal from slipping.
9. **Guides**: the Khyber Guides, a body of irregular Pathan troops, who guard the Khyber Pass into Afghanistan.
11. **Ressaldar**: native commander of a troop of Indian cavalry.
48. **kite**: a bird of prey.
74. **ling**: heather.
90. **carried his feud**: family feuds, existing for generations, are carried on by the Afghan tribes, just as they used to be in the Scottish clans and Border families.

## Gillespie (p. 105).

On July 10th, 1806, a formidable mutiny of sepoys broke out at Vellore, west of Madras, instigated by the sons of Tippoo, the late Sultan of Mysore. The European force was surprised and surrounded, and half of them killed or wounded. The mutiny was nipped in the bud by the rapid and decisive action of a gallant British officer, named Gillespie, who was stationed at Arcot. Within a few hours of the massacre he organized a small flying column of cavalry and horse artillery, which he led to Vellore. The mutineers were slain in hundreds, and the disaffected regiments disbanded. Gillespie rose to the rank of general, and was killed in the Nepalese War of 1814-1816.

## A Ballad of John Nicholson (p. 108).

John Nicholson, one of the heroes of the Indian Mutiny, led a strong body of troops from the newly annexed Punjab to attack Delhi, the heart and centre of the mutiny. Sternly suppressing disorder on his way, Nicholson, whose commanding personality exercised a magnetic influence over the natives, arrived at the Ridge before Delhi on August 14th, 1857. Operations were swiftly pushed on, the attack began on September 14th, and within five days the whole of the city was taken, though Nicholson himself was mortally wounded in the course of the fighting.

27. **fain**: desirous.
30. **durbar**: a Persian word, meaning 'court or 'audience.'
31. **turban**: form of head-dress worn in the East. It is the same word as 'tulip,' which is so called from its likeness to a turban.

## Combat of Bruce and De Boune (p. 111).

This is an incident which took place on June 23rd, 1314, the eve of the Battle of Bannockburn. The vanguard of Edward II.'s army had come into sight of the Scots, whose leader, Robert Bruce, mounted on a palfrey, proceeded to set his foremost line in battle array. It was whilst he was thus engaged that there took place between him and Sir Henry de Bohun, a gallant English knight, the personal encounter which had a great effect upon the spirit of both armies.

9. **wight**: strong. Cp. note to *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, l. 17.
13. **basinet**: helmet.
35. **selle**: saddle.
51. **nice**: exact. The proper meaning of the word.
79. **dint**: blow.

## The Battle of the Baltic (p. 114).

After the battles of Marengo and Hohenlinden (see next poem) had crushed the power of Austria, England found herself left alone confronting the forces of Napoleon. The British reinstituted the right of search of neutral ships, which enabled Buonaparte to strike a blow at British commerce by reviving the Armed Neutrality of the North, consisting of Russia, Prussia, Sweden, and Denmark. A British fleet was sent to the Baltic in 1801 under Sir Hyde Parker, with Nelson as second in command. With his Admiral's consent Nelson attacked the Danish fleet, which was anchored under the batteries of Copenhagen. The Danish ships were all captured or destroyed, and the Danes were forced to agree to an armistice.

III. **adamantine** : adamant is the name of a fabulous stone, which was supposed to be of extreme hardness. It is derived from the Greek word *adamas*, meaning 'invincible.'

VII. **Elsinore** : a seaport of Denmark on the island of Zealand.

VIII. **Riou** : captain of the frigate *Amazon*, which he handled with great gallantry until he was killed.

## Hohenlinden (p. 116).

In the last year of the eighteenth century Campbell went to Germany, and was either present at the Battle of Hohenlinden, or was at least in its neighbourhood. This battle was a feature of the Napoleonic campaign of 1800. Striking against the Austrian power in Italy, Buonaparte marched an army across the Alps and crushed the Austrians at Marengo in June of that year. General Moreau completed the defeat of the Austrian military power at Hohenlinden in Bavaria in December of the same year.

## The Eve of Waterloo (p. 117).

George Gordon, Lord Byron, was born in 1788, and after a life which was spent mostly on the Continent, died on April 19th, 1824, at Missolonghi, in Macedonia, fighting in the cause of Greek freedom.

This fine poem is taken from the third canto of *Childe Harold* by Lord Byron, a poetical narrative of his tour on the Continent from 1809 to 1811. Byron's predilection for archaic form led him to use the mediæval word 'Childe' for 'knight,' and the name 'Harold' he

adopted for himself in order to indicate his Scandinavian ancestry. This poem has met with universal praise. Sir Walter Scott says of it: 'I am not sure that any verses in our language surpass in vigour and feeling this most beautiful description.'

1. **sound of revelry**: On the evening of June 15th, 1815, the Duke of Wellington and many of the British officers attended a ball given at Brussels by the Duchess of Richmond. On the following day was fought the Battle of Quatre Bras, and on June 18th, Waterloo.
20. **Brunswick's fated chieftain**: William Frederick, Duke of Brunswick, who was killed at Quatre Bras.
25. **his father**: Charles, killed at Auerstadt in October, 1806.
46. '**Cameron's gathering**': the Cameron march played on the pibrochs of the clan, whose chief was Lochiel.
47. **Albyn**: the Highlands of Scotland.
54. **Evan**: Evan Dhu Cameron took part in the rising of 1652; fought for the Stuarts at Killiekrankie, and died in 1719, nearly ninety years of age.

    **Donald**: grandson of Evan; took part in the rising of 1745 in favour of Prince Charles. He withdrew to France after Culloden, and died in 1748. His great-grandson Donald fought at Waterloo as an officer of the Grenadier Guards.
55. **The Ardennes**: the wood of Soignies, which Byron states to be the remains of the forest of Arden, immortal in Shakespeare's *As You Like It.*

## The Destruction of Sennacherib (p. 120).

The subject of the poem may be found in the 38th chapter of the Book of Isaiah.

'Then the angel of the Lord went forth, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and fourscore and five thousand; and when they arose early in the morning, behold they were all dead corpses.'

## The Burial of Sir John Moore (p. 121).

Sir John Moore, the British commander in the Peninsula, found himself in 1809 opposed to Napoleon with his main army. The numbers of the French being overwhelming, Moore retreated to Corunna, pursued by the French. He had ordered the fleet to Corunna to take off his forces, but owing to its lateness in arriving, he was compelled to fight a French

army under Soult. He defeated his pursuers, and so secured the safe embarkation of his troops, but was himself killed in the battle.

The poem is in the nature of a literary accident. Charles Wolfe (1791-1823) produced no other work of literary merit.

## The Armada (p. 122).

In the year 1588 Philip II. of Spain sent a great fleet and army to attack the power of Elizabethan England. The fleet, known in British history as the 'Invincible Armada,' was completely defeated by the English ships under Lord Howard of Effingham, and was forced to flee in confusion. Many vessels were wrecked in a terrible storm following upon the battle, and only 54 ships out of 136 returned to Spain.

Lord Macaulay (1800-1859), historian and Whig politician, wrote, besides his *History of England*, a number of essays on historical and literary subjects for the *Edinburgh Review*, the chief political rival of the *Quarterly Review*.

This poem, which the author describes as a fragment, narrates the way in which the news of the approach of the Armada was flashed through England. The poem, written in 1831, is included in the same volume as the author's *Lays of Ancient Rome* (published in 1842), and is a fine, vigorous piece of poetic narrative.

5. **summer day**: the 19th of July.
7. **Aurigny's Isle**: Alderney.
18. **Her Grace**: Queen Elizabeth.
21. **The Lion of the Sea**: the royal arms of Elizabeth's day consisted of the three lions of England quartered with the three lilies of France, and with a crowned lion above the shield. Beneath was the motto *Semper eadem*, 'Always the same.'
23. **Picard Field**: Crecy in Picardy, where Edward III. overcame the power of Philip of France in 1346.
24. **Bohemia's plume**: the blind King John of Bohemia was slain at Crecy. His crest of three ostrich feathers was adopted by the Princes of Wales.

    **Genoa's bow**: Genoese bowmen formed part of the French army.

    **Cæsar's eagle shield**: the reference is to Charles IV., elected Emperor (Cæsar) of the Holy Roman Empire, of which the Roman eagle was the badge.
26. **princely hunters**: the Duke of Alençon was slain at Agincourt. The Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon were taken prisoners.

43. **Longleat's towers**: the castle of the Marquis of Bath in Wiltshire. **Cranbourne's oaks**: Cranbourne is in northern Dorset.
44. **Beaulieu**: in the New Forest in Hampshire.
59. **wild Blackheath**: open moor in Queen Elizabeth's time.
65. **Darwen's rocky dales**: the valley of the Derwent in Derbyshire.
69. **fane**: shrine—*i.e.*, cathedral.
71. **Belvoir's lordly terraces**: Belvoir Castle, the seat of the Duke of Rutland, situated in the north of Lancashire. (Pronounced 'Beaver.')
73. **Gaunt's embattled pile**: Lancaster Castle, restored and enlarged by John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster.

## Edinburgh after Flodden (p. 125).

Henry VIII. joined the Emperor Maximilian and Ferdinand of Aragon in a war against France. James IV. of Scotland allied himself to Louis XII. of France, and in 1513 invaded England at the head of an army which included all the flower of Scottish chivalry. An English force under the Earl of Surrey attacked him at Flodden, a few miles south of the Tweed. A most desperate battle ensued, with terrible slaughter on both sides, ending in a victory for Surrey. James IV. lost his life in the battle, and with him fell thirteen earls and representatives of almost every Scottish noble family. News of the defeat was brought to the provost and magistrates of Edinburgh by Randolph Murray, Captain of the City Guard.

W. E. Aytoun (1813-1865), barrister, professor, and poet, published a collection of 'Ballads of Scotland' in 1858.

84. **brand**: sword. Cp. Tennyson, *Morte d Arthur*, l. 27:

'Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur.'

## King Robert of Sicily (p. 130).

The fourth story of Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, entitled 'Robert of Sicily,' is a modern version of an old English metrical romance called 'Roberd of Cisyle,' dating from the latter half of the fourteenth century. This old romance was based on the story of a fictitious Emperor Jorinian contained in the *Gesta Romanorum*, or 'Deeds of the Romans,' a series of tales of various mythical Roman emperors very popular all over Europe in the early fourteenth century.

1. **Robert of Sicily**: for no particular reason, the romancer chose as hero of his story Robert of Anjou, Duke of Apulia, who also claimed to be King of Sicily and of Jerusalem. He reigned in Naples from 1309 to 1343.

   **Pope Urbane**: no Pope of the name lived in the time of Robert of Sicily. Probably the romancer chose the name from the Pope of his own day. Urban VI. was elected in 1378.

2. **Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine**: no Emperor of Germany ever bore this name, which is borrowed by Longfellow from the old romance.

5. **St. John's Eve**: the eve of Midsummer Day, popularly considered a time associated with enchantments.

56. **seneschal**: steward; literally, 'old servant.' Cp. 'marshal,' which originally meant 'horse-servant,' 'groom.'

106. **Saturnian reign**: the 'Golden Age.' Saturn, one of the old Roman gods, was the patron of farmers.

110. **Enceladus**: killed by lightning from Zeus, and buried under Mount Etna.

132. **Holy Thursday**: the day before Good Friday.

## Barbara Frietchie (p. 137).

J. G. Whittier (1807-1892) was a native of Massachusetts, U.S.A. His ballad narrates an incident in the great internecine struggle known as the American Civil War, which lasted from 1861 to 1865, the rock upon which the nation split being the slavery question.

The incident described in the ballad followed upon the Battle of Fredericksburg, fought in December, 1862, when the Unionists of the North had suffered defeat at the hands of the Confederate army. General Thomas Jackson, popularly designated 'Stonewall' Jackson from his tactics at the Battle of Bull Run, and General Robert E. Lee, both of whom are mentioned in the poem, were Confederate generals, whose skilful leadership gained many successes in the early campaigns. The war ended in the victory of the Unionists and the abolition of slavery in North America.

## The Charge of the Light Brigade (p. 139).

The famous charge of the Light Brigade took place at the Battle of Balaclava, fought on October 25th, 1854, one of the chief conflicts of the Crimean War of 1854-1856. The brigade was ordered to recapture

some guns which had been taken from the English. The order was misunderstood, and instead of moving to attack along the crest of a ridge, the light cavalry charged through a valley commanded on three sides by Russian artillery.

## The Pied Piper of Hamelin (p. 141).

Robert Browning (1812-1889) found his source in an old book of legendary tales by an antiquary named Verstegan

Written as it was for the amusement of a child, a young friend of the poet, *The Pied Piper of Hamelin* differs from most of Browning's work in the respect that it tells a simple story in plain language.

23. **noddy**: a stupid, sleepy-headed person.
37. **guilder**: an old Dutch coin worth about 1s. 8d.
89. **Cham**: the King of the Tartars.
136. **psaltery**: an ancient stringed instrument.
138. **drysaltery**: a store containing dried and salted meats.
139. **nuncheon**: meal taken at noon
179. **Caliph**: title of certain Mahometan kings or sultans.
182. **stiver**: old Dutch coin, worth a penny.
279. **tabor**: a small drum.
296. **trepanned**: trapped or snared.

## How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix (p. 151).

The persons and the event (if any) of this poem are obscure. The towns mentioned are all situated in Belgium, except Aix or Aix-la-Chapelle, which is now on the German side of the frontier. Mr. G. K. Chesterton expresses the opinion that this poem presents no theory save 'the daring speculation that it is often exciting to ride a good horse in Belgium.'

## The Sea-King's Burial (p. 153).

Charles Mackay (1814-1889), poet and journalist, contributed to various British periodicals, and published several volumes of collected poetry and prose.

## The Cavalier's Escape (p. 158).

G. W. Thornbury (1828-1876) published a number of miscellaneous works in prose and poetry, and on two occasions collaborated with Dickens.

This poem refers to the time of the civil war between Charles I. and his Parliament, when the King's supporters were known as 'Cavaliers,' and the Parliament men, led by Cromwell, as 'Roundheads,' from their close-clipped hair.

11. **doffed**: took off (to doff = to do off).

42. **canting**: a form of 'chanting,' which has come to contain a suggestion of hypocrisy; perhaps originally from a beggar's whine, and probably also with a reference in this connection to the religious enthusiasm of the Puritans, which included a great deal of singing of hymns and psalms.

Cp. Newman's *Dream of Gerontius*, Part II., Demons' Chorus:

'Psalm-droners and canting groaners.'

## John Burns of Gettysburg (p. 159).

Another incident from the American Civil War (see note to *Barbara Frietchie*). In the earlier campaigns the Northern leaders were no match for the skilful generals of the South, and were displaced one by one by a Government which saw no other merit save success. Finally, General Meade was chosen to command the Unionist forces, and on July 3rd, 1863, he defeated, with great slaughter on both sides, the successful Confederate general, Robert E. Lee, at Gettysburg in Pennsylvania

Francis Bret Harte (1839-1902) was born in New York. He went to California in 1854, and became successively schoolmaster, miner, and printer. He afterwards took to literary work, and later on lived in Glasgow and in London, where he died. He became famous for his spirited poems and descriptions of mining life in the West.

69. **quiltings**: a 'quilting feast' was an old-fashioned country house-festival. The name originated in the following old custom: when a woman patched a quilt, she called in her neighbours to help her quilt it, for which purpose it was stretched with its lining on a long frame and seamed across.

71. **veterans of the Peninsula**: a reference to the second or 'Peninsular' campaign of the American Civil War. It gained its name from

the fact that the conflicts of this campaign took place in the peninsula between the York River and the James River.

98. **crested plume of the brave Navarre**: Cp. Macaulay's *Ivry*, l. 22:
'And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.'
Henry, King of Navarre, leader of the French Huguenots, won the Battle of Ivry against the Catholic League in 1590. He became Henry IV. of France.

99. **oriflamme of war**: Cp. Macaulay's *Ivry*, l. 29:
'And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre.
'Oriflamme,' the old standard of France.

## The Highwayman (p. 163).

This stirring ballad is reprinted from the collected edition of Mr. Noyes' poems, published in two volumes in 1910, with a few alterations made later by the author.

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