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ENGLISH POETRY
FOR YOUNG STUDENTS



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TORONTO

English Poetry

For Young Students

SELECTED AND EDITED, WITH NOTES, BY

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PREFACE

THE object of this little book is to present the young student with a kind of bird's-eye view, in chronological order, of English Poetry from Elizabethan times to our own. This survey is necessarily incomplete, because considerations of space limit the number of authors included, as well as the number of their poems. The fact that the collection is intended for young readers further limits the choice to poetry that is readily intelligible with the help of the Notes appended to the text, preceded, as they are, in each case, by a brief account of the author. At the same time, it is hoped that the poems are fairly representative, and that this anthology will form an easy introduction to English Poetical Literature.

The Editor's best thanks are due to Messrs. Macmillan and Co. for a poem by T. E. Brown; to Mr. Walter de la Mare and Messrs. Constable and Co. for his poem, *The Listeners*; and especially to his friend, Mr. James A. Aldis, for valuable help in the preparation of the Notes and in reviewing the proofs,

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ENGLISH POETRY

TIMES GO BY TURNS

THE loppèd tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower ;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower ;
Times go by turns, and chances change by course, 5
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb ;
Her tides have equal times to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web ; 10
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf nor ever spring,
No endless night, yet not eternal day ;
The saddest birds a season find to sing, 15
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay ;
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost ;
The net that holds no great, takes little fish ; 20

In some things all, in all things none are crossed,
 Few all they need, but none have all they wish ;
 Unmeddled joys here to no man befall,
 Who least, hath some ; who most, hath never all.

SOUTHWELL.

SONNET XXXIII

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy ;
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride 5
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace :
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine
 With all-triumphant splendour on my brow ; 10
 But out, alack ! he was but one hour mine ;
 The region cloud hath masked him from me now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
 Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

SHAKESPEARE.

HYMN TO DIANA

QUEEN and Huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair
 State in wonted manner keep :
 Hesperus entreats thy light, 5
 Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy 'envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose ;
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear when day did close : 10
 Bless us then with wishèd sight,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
 And thy crystal-shining quiver ;
 Give unto the flying hart 15
 Space to breathe, how short soever :
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess excellently bright !

JONSON.

TRUE NOBILITY

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make man better be ;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere :
 A lily of a day 5
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night—
 It was the plant and flower of light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see ;
 And in short measures life may perfect be. 10

THE LIFE OF MAN

LIKE to the falling of a star,
 Or as the flights of eagles are ;
 Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning dew ;

Or like a wind that chafes the flood, 5
 Or bubbles which on water stood ;—
 E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
 Is straight called in and paid to night.
 The wind blows out, the bubble dies ;
 The spring entombed in autumn lies ; 10
 The dew dries up, the star is shot,
 The flight is past ;—and man forgot.

KING.

TO BLOSSOMS

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast ?
 Your date is not yet past,
 But you may stay yet here awhile
 To blush and gently smile, 5
 And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good-night ?
 'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth 10
 Merely to show your worth,
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave : 15
 And after they have shown their pride
 Like you awhile, they glide
 Into the grave.

HERRICK.

THE TEACHING OF THE STARS

WHEN I survey the bright
 Celestial sphere :
 So rich with jewels hung, that night
 Doth like an Ethiop bride appear ;

My soul her wings doth spread, 5
 And heaven-ward flies,
 The Almighty's mysteries to read
 In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
 Shoots forth no flame 10
 So silent, but is eloquent
 In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
 Contracts its light
 Into so small a character, 15
 Removed far from our human sight,

But if we steadfast look,
 We shall discern
 In it as in some holy book,
 How man may heavenly knowledge learn. 20

It tells the conqueror,
 That far-stretched power
 Which his proud dangers traffic for,
 Is but the triumph of an hour.

That from the farthest north 25
 Some nation may
 Yet undiscovered issue forth,
 And o'er his new-got conquest sway.

Some nation, yet shut in
 With hills of ice, 30
 May be let out to scourge his sin,
 Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
 Their ruin have ;
 For as yourselves your empires fall, 35
 And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
 Though seeming mute,
 The fallacy of our desires
 And all the pride of life confute. 40

For they have watched since first
 The world had birth :
 And found sin in itself accursed,
 And nothing permanent on earth.

HABINGTON.

SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN

“ O THOU that, with surpassing glory crowned,
 Look'st from thy sole dominion-like the god
 Of this new World—at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminished heads—to thee I call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name, 5
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere,
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
 Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King! 10
 Ah, wherefore ? He deserved no such return

From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none : nor was his service hard.
 What could be less than to afford him praise, 15
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
 How due ? Yet all his good proved ill in me,
 And wrought but malice. Lifted up so high,
 I sdained subjection, and thought one step higher
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit 20
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burdensome, still paying, still to owe ;
 Forgetful what from him I still received ;
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once 25
 Indebted and discharged—what burden then ?
 Oh, had his powerful destiny ordained
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood
 Then happy ; no unbounded hope had raised
 Ambition. Yet why not ? Some other Power 30
 As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
 Drawn to his part. But other Powers as great
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
 Or from without to all temptations armed !
 Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand ? 35
 Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then, or what to accuse,
 But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all ?
 Be then his love accursed, since, love or hate,
 To me alike it deals eternal woe.
 Nay, cursed be thou ; since against his thy will 40
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
 Me miserable ! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath and infinite despair ?
 Which way I fly is Hell ; myself am Hell

And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep 45
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.
 O, then, at last relent ! Is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left ?
 None left but by submission ; and that word 50
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the Spirits beneath, whom I seduced
 With other promises and other vaunts
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
 The Omnipotent. Ay me ! they little know 55
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
 Under what torments inwardly I groan.
 While they adore me on the throne of Hell,
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
 The lower still I fall, only supreme 60
 In misery : such joy ambition finds !
 But say I could repent, and could obtain,
 By act of grace, my former state ; how soon
 Would highth recal high thoughts, how soon unsay
 What feigned submission swore ! Ease would recant 65
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void
 (For never can true reconciliation grow
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep) ;
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
 And heavier fall : so should I purchase dear 70
 Short intermission, bought with double smart.
 This knows my Punisher ; therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging, peace.
 All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
 Of us, outcast, exiled, his new delight, 75
 Mankind, created, and for him this World !
 So farewell hope, and, with hope, farewell fear,

Farewell remorse ! All good to me is lost ;
 Evil, be thou my good : by thee at least
 Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold, 80
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ;
 As Man ere long and this new World shall know."

MILTON.

*WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO
 THE CITY*

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
 He can requite thee ; for he knows the charms 5
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower :
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare 10
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
 Went to the ground ; and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

VIEW OF THE THAMES FROM COOPER'S HILL

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
 Where Thames amongst the wanton valleys strays ;
 Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons
 By his old sire, to his embraces runs,

Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea, 5
 Like mortal life to meet eternity ;
 Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
 Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold,
 His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore, 10
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
 And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring ;
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
 Like mothers which their infants overlay,
 Nor, with a sudden and impetuous wave, 15
 Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
 No unexpected inundations spoil
 The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil,
 But godlike his unwearied bounty flows,
 First loves to do, then loves the good he does. 20
 Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
 But free and common as the sea or wind ;
 When he to boast or to disperse his stores,
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
 Visits the world, and in his flying towers, 25
 Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours,
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
 Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants ;
 So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
 While his fair bosom is the world's exchange. 30
 O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme !
 Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
 Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

" What should we do but sing His praise, 5
 That led us through the watery maze,
 Unto an isle so long unknown,
 And yet far kinder than our own ?
 Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,
 That lift the deep upon their backs, 10
 He lands us on a grassy stage,
 Safe from the storms and prelates' rage.
 He gave us this eternal spring
 Which here enamels everything,
 And sends the fowls to us in care 15
 On daily visits through the air.
 He hangs in shades the orange bright,
 Like golden lamps in a green night,
 And in these rocks for us did frame
 A temple where to sound His name. 20
 Oh ! let our voice His praise exalt,
 Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
 Which then, perhaps, rebounding may
 Echo beyond the Mexique bay."

Thus sung they in the English boat 25
 A holy and a cheerful note ;
 And all the way, to guide their chime,
 With falling oars they kept the time.

MARVELL.

IN PRAISE OF POVERTY

PHILOSOPHERS have said and poets sing
 That a glad poverty's an honest thing.
 Content is wealth, the riches of the mind,
 And happy he who can that treasure find ;

But the base miser starves amidst his store, 5
 Broods on his gold, and griping still at more,
 Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.
 The ragged beggar, though he wants relief,
 Has nought to lose, and sings before the thief.
 Want is a bitter and a hateful good, 10
 Because its virtues are not understood.
 Yet many things, impossible to thought,
 Have been by need to full perfection brought :
 The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
 Sharpness of wit, and active diligence ; 15
 Prudence at once and fortitude it gives,
 And if in patience taken, mends our lives ;
 For even that indigence that brings me low,
 Makes me myself and Him above to know.

DRYDEN.

THE STORM

SCARCE the third glass of measured hours was run,
 When like a fiery meteor sunk the sun,
 The promise of a storm ; the shifting gales
 Forsake by fits and fill the flagging sails ;
 Hoarse murmurs of the main from far were heard, 5
 And night came on, not by degrees prepared,
 But all at once ; at once the winds arise,
 The thunders roll, the forky lightning flies.
 In vain the master issues out commands,
 In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands ; 10
 The tempest unforeseen prevents their care,
 And from the first they labour in despair.
 The giddy ship betwixt the winds and tides,
 Forced back and forwards, in a circle rides,

Stunned with the different blows ; then shoots amain, 15
 Till counterbuffed she stops, and sleeps again.

RETIREMENT

OH ! by yonder mossy seat,
 In my hours of sweet retreat,
 Might I thus my soul employ,
 With sense of gratitude and joy !
 Raised as ancient prophets were, 5
 In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer ;
 Pleasing all men, hurting none,
 Pleased and blessed with God alone.
 Then while the gardens take my sight
 With all the colours of delight ; 10
 While silver waters glide along,
 To please my ear and court my song ;
 I'll lift my voice and tune my string,
 And Thee, great Source of nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way, 15
 To light the world and give the day ;
 The moon that shines with borrowed light ;
 The stars that gild the gloomy night ;
 The seas that roll unnumbered waves ;
 The wood that spreads its shady leaves ; 20
 The field whose ears conceal the grain,
 The yellow treasure of the plain ;
 All of these, and all I see,
 Should be sung, and sung by me :
 They speak their Maker as they can, 25
 But want and ask the tongue of man.

PARNELL.

THE UNKNOWN HEREAFTER

HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of fate,
 All but the page prescribed, their present state :
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know :
 Or who could suffer being here below ?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day, 5
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
 Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
 Oh blindness to the future ! kindly given,
 That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven : 10
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
 Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ; 15
 Wait the great teacher, Death ; and God adore.
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast :
 Man never Is, but always To be blest : 20
 The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come. .
 Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutored mind
 Sees God in clouds or hears Him in the wind ;
 His soul, proud Science never taught to stray 25
 Far as the solar walk or milky way ; .
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
 Behind the cloud-topt hill, a humbler heaven ;
 Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
 Some happier island in the watery waste, 30
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,

No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
 To Be contents his natural desire,
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky, 35
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

POPE.

ODE ON SOLITUDE

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air,
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread, 5
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years slide soft away, 10
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease,
 Together mixt ; sweet recreation ;
 And innocence, which most doth please 15
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie. 20

THE DEATH OF THE BRAVE

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest !
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod 5
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung :
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ; 10
 And Freedom shall awhile repair
 To dwell a weeping hermit there !

COLLINS.

ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD WEST

IN vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
 And reddening Phoebus lifts his golden fire ;
 The birds in vain their amorous descants join ;
 Or cheerful fields resume their green attire :
 These ears, alas ! for other notes repine, 5
 A different object do these eyes require ;
 My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine ;
 And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
 Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
 And new-born pleasure brings to happier men ; 10
 The fields to all their wonted tribute bear ;
 To warm their little loves the birds complain ;
 I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
 And weep the more because I weep in vain.

GRAY.

EPITAPH ON MRS. CLARKE

LO ! where this silent marble weeps,
 A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps ;
 A heart, within whose sacred cell
 The peaceful virtues loved to dwell.
 Affection warm and faith sincere 5
 And soft humanity were there.
 In agony, in death resigned,
 She felt the wound she left behind.
 Her infant image here below
 Sits smiling on a father's woe ; 10
 Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
 Along the lonely vale of days ?
 A pang, to secret sorrow dear,
 A sigh, an unavailing tear ;
 Till time shall every grief remove 15
 With life, with memory, and with love.

THE SWISS CHARACTER

MY soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
 Where rougher climes a nobler race display ;
 Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
 And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
 No product here the barren hills afford 5
 But man and steel, the soldier and his sword :
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
 But winter lingering chills the lap of May :
 No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest. 10

Yet, still, e'en here content can spread a charm,
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head 15
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
 To make him loath his vegetable meal ;
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each wish contracting fits him to the soil. 20
 Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
 Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
 Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep ;
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way, 25
 And drags the struggling savage into day.
 At night returning, every labour sped,
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
 His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ; 30
 While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard.
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
 And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly béd.

GOLDSMITH.

BOADICEA

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 5
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief :
- “ Princess ! if our aged eyes 10
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
’Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.
- “ Rome shall perish,—write that word 15
In the blood that she has spilt ;
Perish hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.
- “ Rome, for empire far renowned, 20
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 25
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.
- “ Regions Caesar never knew 30
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 35
 Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
 Felt them in her bosom glow,
 Rushed to battle, fought and died ;
 Dying, hurled them at the foe. 40

“ Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
 Heaven awards the vengeance due ;
 Empire is on us bestowed,
 Shame and ruin wait for you ! ”

COWPER.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE

SUNS that set and moons that wane
 Rise and are restored again ;
 Stars that orient day subdues,
 Night at her return renews.
 Herbs and flowers, the beauteous birth 5
 Of the genial womb of earth,
 Suffer but a transient death
 From the winter's cruel breath.
 Zephyr speaks ; serener skies
 Warm the glebe, and they arise. 10
 We, alas ! earth's haughty kings,
 We, that promise mighty things,
 Losing soon life's happy prime,
 Droop and fade in little time.
 Spring returns, but not our bloom ; 15
 Still 'tis winter in the tomb.

A COMPARISON

THE lapse of time and rivers is the same,
 Both speed their journey with a restless stream ;
 The silent pace with which they steal away,
 No wealth can bribe, no prayers persuade to stay ;
 Alike irrevocable both when past, 5
 And a wide ocean swallows both at last.
 Though each resemble each in every part,
 A difference strikes at length the musing heart :
 Streams never flow in vain ; where streams abound
 How laughs the land with various plenty crowned ! 10
 But time, that should enrich the nobler mind,
 Neglected, leaves a dreary waste behind.

THE VILLAGE

I PAINT the cot,
 As Truth will paint it, and as bards will not :
 Nor you, ye poor, of lettered scorn complain,
 To you the smoothest song is smooth in vain ;
 O'ercome by labour, and bowed down by time, 5
 Feel you the barren flattery of a rhyme ?
 Can poets soothe you, when you pine for bread,
 By winding myrtles round your ruined shed ?
 Can their light tales your weighty griefs o'erpower,
 Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome hour ? 10
 Lo ! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
 Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor ;
 From thence a length of burning sand appears,
 Where the thin harvest waves its withered ears ;

Rank weeds, that every art and care defy, 15
 Reign o'er the land and rob the blighted rye :
 There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
 And to the ragged infant threaten war ;
 There poppies, nodding, mock the hope of toil ;
 There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil ; 20
 Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
 The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf ;
 O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
 And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade ;
 With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound, 25
 And a sad splendour vainly shines around.

CRABBE

VISIONS OF FRENZY

THOSE fiends upon a shaking fen
 Fixed me, in dark tempestuous night ;
 There never trod the foot of men ;
 There flocked the fowl in wintry flight ;
 There danced the moor's deceitful light 5
 Above the pool where sedges grow ;
 And, when the morning sun shone bright,
 It shone upon a field of snow.

They hung me on a bough so small,
 The rook could build her nest no higher ; 10
 They fixed me on the trembling ball
 That crowns the steeple's quivering spire.

I've hung upon the ridgy steep
 Of cliffs, and held the rambling brier ;
 I've plunged beneath the billowy deep, 15
 Where air was sent me to respire ;

I've been where hungry wolves retire ;
 And (to complete my woes) I've ran
 Where Bedlam's crazy crews conspire
 Against the life of reasoning man. 20

I've furled in storms the flapping sail,
 By hanging from the topmast-head ;
 I've served the vilest slaves in jail,
 And picked the dunghill's spoil for bread.

On sand, where ebbs and flows the flood, 25
 Midway they placed, and bade me die ;
 Propped on my staff, I stoutly stood,
 When the swift waves came rolling by ;
 And high they rose, and still more high,
 Till my lips drank the bitter brine ; 30
 I sobbed convulsed, then cast mine eye,
 And saw the tide's reflowing sign.

A WISH

MINE be a cot beside the hill ;
 A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear ;
 A willowy brook that turns a mill,
 With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch 5
 Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;
 Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
 And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
 Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ; 10

And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
 In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,
 Where first our marriage vows were given,
 With merry peals shall swell the breeze 15
 And point with taper spire to Heaven.

ROGERS.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,
 While in a grove I sate reclined,
 In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
 Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link 5
 The human soul that through me ran ;
 And much it grieved my heart to think
 What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
 The periwinkle trailed its wreaths ; 10
 And 'tis my faith that every flower
 Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
 Their thoughts I cannot measure :—
 But the least motion which they made 15
 It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
 To catch the breezy air ;
 And I must think, do all I can,
 That there was pleasure there. 20

If this belief from heaven be sent,
 If such be Nature's holy plan,
 Have I not reason to lament
 What man has made of man ?

WORDSWORTH.

NUTTING

It seems a day
 (I speak of one from many singled out),
 One of those heavenly days that cannot die ;
 When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,
 I left our cottage threshold, sallying forth 5
 With a huge wallet o'er my shoulders slung,
 A nutting-crook in hand ; and turned my steps
 Toward some far-distant wood, a figure quaint,
 Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds
 Which for that service had been husbanded, 10
 By exhortation of my frugal dame—
 Motley accoutrement, of power to smile
 At thorns and brakes and brambles,—and, in truth,
 More ragged than need was ! O'er pathless rocks,
 Through beds of matted fern and tangled thickets, 15
 Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook
 Unvisited, where not a broken bough
 Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign
 Of devastation ; but the hazels rose
 Tall and erect, with tempting clusters hung, 20
 A virgin scene !—A little while I stood,
 Breathing with such suppression of the heart
 As joy delights in ; and, with wise restraint
 Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed

- The banquet ;—or beneath the trees I sate 25
Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played ;
A temper known to those, who, after long
And weary expectation, have been blest
With sudden happiness beyond all hope.
Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves 30
The violets of five seasons reappear
And fade, unseen by any human eye ;
Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on
For ever ; and I saw the sparkling foam,
And—with my cheek on one of those green stones 35
That, fleeced with moss, under the shady trees,
Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep—
I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,
In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay
Tribute to ease ; and, of its joy secure, 40
The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,
Wasting its kindness on stocks and stones,
And on the vacant air. Then up I rose,
And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with crash
And merciless ravage : and the shady nook 45
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
Their quiet being : and, unless I now
Confound my present feelings with the past ;
Ere from the mutilated bower I turned 50
Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
The silent trees, and saw the intruding sky.
Then, dearest maiden, move along these shades
In gentleness of heart ; with gentle hand 55
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

LUCY

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
 Beside the springs of Dove,
 A maid whom there were none to praise
 And very few to love :

A violet by a mossy stone 5
 Half-hidden from the eye !
 Fair as a star, when only one
 Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
 When Lucy ceased to be ; 10
 But she is in her grave, and, oh,
 The difference to me !

A slumber did my spirit seal ;
 I had no human fears :
 She seemed a thing that could not feel 15
 The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force ;
 She neither hears nor sees ;
 Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
 With rocks, and stones, and trees. 20

THE SPARROW'S NEST

BEHOLD, within the leafy shade,
 Those bright blue eggs together laid !
 On me the chance-discovered sight
 Gleamed like a vision of delight.

WORDSWORTH 29

I started—seeming to espy 5
The home and sheltered bed,
The sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by
My father's house, in wet or dry
My sister Emmeline and I
Together visited. 10

She looked at it and seemed to fear it ;
Dreading, though wishing, to be near it :
Such heart was in her, being then
A little prattler among men.
The blessing of my later years 15
Was with me when a boy :
She gave me eyes, she gave me ears ;
And humble cares, and delicate fears ;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears ;
And love, and thought, and joy. 20

THE SOLITARY REAPER

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass !
Reaping and singing by herself ;
Stop here, or gently pass !
Alone she cuts and binds the grain, 5
And sings a melancholy strain ;
O listen ! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands 10
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands :

A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas 15
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago : 20
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day ?
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang 25
 As if her song could have no ending ;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending ;—
 I listened, motionless and still ;
 And, as I mounted up the hill, 30
 The music in my heart I bore,
 Long after it was heard no more.

WORLDLINESS

THE world is too much with us ; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
 Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
 The sea that bares her bosom to the moon ; 5
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;

For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;
 It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be
 A pagan suckled in a creed outworn ; 10
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND

Two voices are there : one is of the sea,
 One of the mountains ; each a mighty voice :
 In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
 They were thy chosen music, Liberty !
 There came a tyrant, and with holy glee 5
 Thou fought'st against him ; but hast vainly striven :
 Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
 Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
 Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft :
 Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left ; 10
 For, high-souled maid, what sorrow would it be
 That mountain floods should thunder as before,
 And ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
 And neither awful voice be heard by thee !

THE BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE

THE lake is passed, and now they gain
 A narrow and a broken plain,
 Before the Trosach's rugged jaws ;
 And here the horse and spearmen pause,

While, to explore the dangerous glen, 5
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell ! 10

Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The archery appear :

For life ! for life ! their plight they ply--
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry, 15
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in the rear.

Onward they drive, in dreadful race,
Pursuers and pursued ; 20

Before that tide of flight and chase,
How shall it keep its rooted place,
The spearmen's twilight wood ?—
“Down, down,” cried Mar, “your lances down !
Bear back both friend and foe !”— 25

Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
That serried grove of lances brown
At once lay levelled low ;
And closely shouldering side to side,
The bristling ranks the onset bide.— 30

“We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
As their Tinchel cows the game !
They come as fleet as forest deer,
We'll drive them back as tame.”—
Bearing before them, in their force, 35
The relics of the archer force,

Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
 Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.
 Above the tide, each broadsword bright
 Was brandishing like beam of light, 40
 Each targe was dark below ;
 And with the ocean's mighty swing,
 When heaving to the tempest's wing,
 They hurled them on the foe.
 I heard the lance's shivering crash, 45
 As when the whirlwind rends the ash ;
 I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
 As if an hundred anvils rang !
 But Moray wheeled his rearward rank
 Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank, 50
 —“ My banner-man, advance !
 I see,” he cried, “ their column shake.—
 Now, gallants ! for your ladies' sake,
 Upon them with the lance ! ”—
 The horsemen dashed among the rout, 55
 As deer break through the broom ;
 Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
 They soon make lightsome room.
 Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne—
 Where, where was Roderick then ? 60
 One blast upon his bugle-horn
 Were worth a thousand men !
 And reflux through the pass of fear
 The battle's tide was poured ;
 Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear, 65
 Vanished the mountain-sword.
 As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
 Receives her roaring linn,
 As the dark caverns of the deep

Suck the wild whirlpool in, 70
 So did the deep and darksome pass
 Devour the battle's mingled mass :
 None linger now upon the plain,
 Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

SCOTT.

THE CORONACH

HE is gone on the mountain,
 He is lost to the forest,
 Like a summer-dried fountain,
 When our need was the sorest.
 The fount reappearing 5
 From the raindrops shall borrow,
 But to us comes no cheering,
 To Duncan no morrow !

The hand of the reaper
 Takes the ears that are hoary, 10
 But the voice of the weeper
 Wails manhood in glory.
 The autumn winds rushing
 Waft the leaves that are searest,
 But our flower was in flushing, 15
 When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
 Sage counsel in cumber,
 Red hand in the foray,
 How sound is thy slumber ! 20
 Like the dew on the mountain,
 Like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain,
 Thou art gone, and for ever !

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

OH, hush thee, my baby ! thy sire was a knight,
 Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright ;
 The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
 They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.

Oh, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows ! 5
 It calls but the warders that guard thy repose ;
 Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
 Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

Oh, hush thee, my baby ! the time will soon come
 When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum ; 10
 Then hush thee, my darling ! take rest while you may ;
 For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

SUNDERED FRIENDSHIP

ALAS ! they had been friends in youth ;
 But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
 And constancy lives in realms above ;
 And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;
 And to be wroth with one we love 5
 Doth work like madness in the brain.
 And thus it chanced as I divine,
 With Roland and Sir Leoline.
 Each spoke words of high disdain
 And insult to his heart's best brother : 10
 They parted—ne'er to meet again !
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining—
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,

Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ; 15
 A dreary sea now flows between,
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder.
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been.

COLERIDGE.

YOUTH AND AGE

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
 Where hope clung feeding, like a bee—
 Both were mine ! Life went a-maying
 With nature, hope, and poesy,
 When I was young ! 5

When I was young ?—Ah, woful When !
 Ah ! for the change 'twixt now and then !
 This breathing house not built with hands,
 This body that does me grievous wrong,
 O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands 10
 How lightly then it flashed along :
 Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,
 That ask no aid of sail or oar,
 That fear no spite of wind or tide ! 15
 Nought cared this body for wind or weather
 When Youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely ; love is flower-like ;
 Friendship is a sheltering tree ;
 O ! the joys, that came down shower-like, 20
 Of friendship, love, and liberty,
 Ere I was old !

Ere I was old ? Ah, woful Ere,
 Which tells me Youth's no longer here !

O Youth ! for years so many and sweet, 25
 'Tis known that thou and I were one,
 I'll think it but a fond conceit—
 It cannot be that thou art gone !
 Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled :—
 And thou wert aye a masker bold ! 30
 What strange disguise hast now put on
 To make believe that thou art gone ?
 I see these locks in silvery slips,
 This drooping gait, this altered size ;
 But springtide blossoms on thy lips, 35
 And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !
 Life is but thought : so think I will
 That Youth and I are housemates still.

Dewdrops are the gems of morning,
 But the tears of mournful eve ! 40
 Where no hope is, life's a warning
 That only serves to make us grieve
 When we are old :
 —That only serves to make us grieve
 With oft and tedious taking-leave, 45
 Like some poor nigh-related guest
 That may not rudely be dismissed,
 Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,
 And tells the jest without the smile.

WORK WITHOUT HOPE

ALL nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair—
 The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—
 And winter slumbering in the open air,
 Wears on his smiling face a dream of spring !

And I the while, the sole unbusy thing, 5
 Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,
 Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.
 Bloom, O ye amaranths ! bloom for whom ye may,
 For me ye bloom not ! Glide, rich streams, away ! 10
 With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll :
 And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul ?
 Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
 And hope without an object cannot live.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN HIS LIBRARY

1.

My days among the dead are passed ;
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old ;
 My never-failing friends are they, 5
 With whom I converse day by day.

2.

With them I take delight in weal,
 And seek relief in woe ;
 And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe, 10
 My cheeks have often been bedewed
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

3.

My thoughts are with the dead, with them
 I live in long-past years,

Their virtues love, their faults condemn, 15
 Partake their hopes and fears,
 And from their lessons seek and find
 Instruction with a humble mind.

4.

My hopes are with the dead, anon
 My place with them will be, 20
 And I with them shall travel on
 Through all futurity;
 Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
 That will not perish in the dust.

SOUTHEY.

WORK

WHO first invented work, and bound the free
 And holiday-rejoicing spirit down
 To the ever-haunting importunity
 Of business in the green fields, and the town—
 To plough, loom, anvil, spade—and oh! most sad, 5
 To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood?
 Who but the being unblest, alien from good,
 Sabbathless Satan! he who his unglad
 Task ever plies 'mid rotatory burnings,
 That round and round ircalculably reel— 10
 For wrath divine hath made him like a wheel—
 In that red realm from which are no returnings;
 Where toiling and-turmoiling ever and aye
 He and his thoughts keep pensive working-day.

LAMB.

PARENTAL RECOLLECTIONS

A CHILD'S a plaything for an hour ;
 Its pretty tricks we try
 For that or for a longer space ;
 Then tire, and lay it by.

But I knew one that to itself 5
 All seasons could control ;
 That would have mocked the sense of pain
 Out of a grieved soul.

Thou straggler into loving arms,
 Young climber-up of knees, 10
 When I forget thy thousand ways,
 Then life and all shall cease.

NIGHT AND DEATH

MYSTERIOUS night ! when our first parent knew
 Thee from report divine and heard thy name,
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
 This glorious canopy of light and blue ?
 Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew, 5
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
 Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
 And lo ! Creation widened on man's view.
 Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
 Within thy beams, O sun ! or who could find 10
 Whilst flower and leaf and insect stood revealed,
 That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind !
 Why do we then shun death with anxious strife ?
 If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life ?

FROM "A FIESOLAN IDYL"

WHEN hath wind or rain
 Borne hard upon weak plant that wanted me,
 And I (however they might bluster round)
 Walked off? 'Twere most ungrateful: for sweet scents
 Are the swift vehicles of still sweeter thoughts, 5
 And nurse and pillow the dull memory
 That would let drop without them her best stores.
 They bring me tales of youth and tones of love,
 And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
 To let all flowers live freely, and all die 10
 (Whene'er their Genius bids their souls depart)
 Among their kindred in their native place.
 I never pluck the rose: the violet's head
 Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
 And not reproached me; the ever-sacred cup 15
 Of the pure lily hath between my hands
 Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of gold.

LANDOR.

THE EAGLE

No airy and light passion stirs abroad
 To ruffle or to soothe him; all are quelled
 Beneath a mightier, sterner stress of mind.
 Wakeful he sits, and lonely, and unmoved;
 As oftentimes an eagle, ere the sun 5
 Throws o'er the varying earth his early ray,
 Stands solitary, stands immovable
 Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eye,

Clear, constant, unobservant, unabased,
 In the cold light, above the dews of morn, 10
 Beyond the arrows, shouts, and views of men.

THE MOTHER'S CRADLE SONG

Lo ! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
 Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps.
 She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
 Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
 And weaves a song of melancholy joy : 5
 " Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy !
 No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine ;
 No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine ;
 Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
 In form and soul ; but, ah, more blest than he ! 10
 Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last
 Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past—
 With many a smile my solitude repay,
 And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

" And say, when summoned from the world and thee,
 I lay my head beneath the willow tree, 16
 Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner ! at my stone appear,
 And soothe my parted spirit lingering near ?
 Oh, wilt thou come at evening hour to shed
 The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed ; 20
 With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
 Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
 Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
 And think on all my love and all my woe ? "

CAMPBELL.

BENDEMEER'S STREAM

THERE'S a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
 And the nightingale sings round it all the day long ;
 In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
 To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music I never forget, 5
 But oft when alone in the bloom of the year,
 I think—is the nightingale singing there yet ?
 Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer ?

No, the roses soon withered that hung o'er the wave,
 But some blossoms were gathered, while freshly they
 shone, 10

And a dew was distilled from their flowers that gave
 All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
 An essence that breathes of it many a year ;
 Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes, 15
 Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer !

MOORE.

THE PATRIOT

WHEN he who adores thee has left but the name
 Of his faults and his sorrows behind,
 Oh ! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
 Of a life that for thee was resigned ?
 Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn, 5
 Thy tears shall efface their decree ;
 For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
 I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love ;
 Every thought of my reason was thine ; 10
 In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
 Oh ! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
 The days of thy glory to see ;
 But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give 15
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
 Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
 Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
 When even the bees lag at the summoning brass ;
 And you, warm little housekeeper, who class 5
 With those who think the candles come too soon,
 Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
 Nick the glad silent moments as they pass ;
 O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong, 10
 One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
 Both have your sunshine ; both, though small, are strong
 At your clear hearts ; and both seem given to earth
 To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song—
 In doors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

HUNT.

THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR

THE mountain sheep are sweeter,
 But the valley sheep are fatter ;
 We therefore deemed it meet
 To carry off the latter.

We made an expedition ; 5
 We met a host and quelled it ;
 We forced a strong position,
 And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
 Where herds of kine were browsing, 10
 We made a mighty sally,
 To furnish our carousing.
 Fierce warriors rushed to meet us ;
 We met them and o'erthrew them :
 They struggled hard to beat us ; 15
 But we conquered them and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
 The king marched forth to catch us :
 His rage surpassed all measure,
 But his people could not match us. 20
 He fled to his hall-pillars ;
 And, ere our force we led off,
 Some sacked his house and cellars,
 While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering, 25
 Spilt blood enough to swim in :
 We orphaned many children,
 And widowed many women.
 The eagles and the ravens
 We glutted with our foemen : 30
 The heroes and the cravens,
 The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
 And much their land bemoaned them,

Two thousand head of cattle, 35
 And the head of him who owned them :
 Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
 His head was borne before us ;
 His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
 And his overthrow, our chorus. 40

PEACOCK.

DEAD GREECE

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead
 Ere the first day of death is fled,
 The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress,
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers 5
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers)
 And marked the mild angelic air,
 The rapture of repose that's there,
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of the placid cheek, 10
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,
 And but for that chill, changeless brow,
 Where cold obstruction's apathy
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart, 15
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;—
 Yes, but for these and these alone,
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power ; 20
 So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
 The first, last look by death revealed !

Such is the aspect of this shore ;
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair. 25
 We start, for soul is wanting there.
 Hers is the loveliness in death,
 That parts not quite with parting breath ;
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb, 30
 Expression's last receding ray
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,
 The farewell beam of feeling past away !
 Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
 Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth! 35
 Clime of the unforgotten brave !
 Whose land from plain to mountain cave
 Was freedom's home or glory's grave !
 Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,
 That this is all remains of thee ? 40
 Approach, thou craven crouching slave :
 Say, is not this Thermopylae ?
 These waters blue that round you lave,
 O servile offspring of the free,
 Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ? 45
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis !
 These scenes, their story not unknown,
 Arise, and make again your own ;
 Snatch from the ashes of your sires
 The embers of their former fires ; 50
 And he who in the strife expires
 Will add to theirs a name of fear
 That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
 And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
 They too will rather die than shame : 55

For freedom's battle once begun,
 Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
 Though baffled oft, is ever won.
 Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
 Attest it many a deathless age ! 60
 While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
 Have left a nameless pyramid,
 Thy heroes, though the general doom
 Hath swept the column from their tomb,
 A mightier monument command, 65
 The mountains of their native land !
 There points thy muse to stranger's eye
 The graves of those that cannot die !
 'Twere long to tell and sad to trace
 Each step from splendour to disgrace ; 70
 Enough—no foreign foe could quell
 Thy soul, till from itself it fell ;
 Yes, self-abasement paved the way
 To villain bonds and despot sway.

BYRON.

THE ISLES OF GREECE

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !
 Eternal summer gilds them yet, 5
 But all, except their sun, is set.

 The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse ;
 Their place of birth alone is mute 10

To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' " Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea ;
And musing there an hour alone, 15
I dreamed that Greece might still be free ;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

THE DYING GLADIATOR

I SEE before me the gladiator lie :
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low ;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow 5
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch
who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes 10
Were with his heart, and that was far away :
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire, 15
Butchered to make a Roman holiday :
All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire
And unavenged ?—Arise ! ye Goths, and glut your ire !

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless mind !
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty ! thou art,
 For there thy habitation is the heart—
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind ;
 And when thy sons to fetters are consigned— 5
 To fetters, and the damp vault's rayless gloom,
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
 And freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
 Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar ; for 'twas trod, 10
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard !— May none those marks efface !
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

ON HENRY KIRKE WHITE

UNHAPPY White ! while life was in its spring,
 And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
 The spoiler came, and all thy promise fair
 Has scught the grave, to sleep for ever there.
 Oh ! what a noble heart was here undone, 5
 When Science' self destroyed her favourite son !
 Yes ! she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
 She sowed the seeds, but death has reaped the fruit.
 'Twas thine own genius gave the fatal blow,
 And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low. 10
 So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,

Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
 And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.
 Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel 15
 He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,
 While the same plumage that had warmed his nest
 Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

ELEGY

OH ! snatched away in beauty's bloom,
 On thee shall press no ponderous tomb ;
 But on thy turf shall roses rear
 Their leaves, the earliest of the year ;
 And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom. 5

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
 Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
 And feed deep thought with many a dream,
 And lingering pause and lightly tread ;
 Fond wretch ! as if her step disturbed the dead. 10

Away ! we know that tears are vain,
 That death nor heeds nor hears distress :
 Will this unteach us to complain ?
 Or make one mourner weep the less ?
 And thou who tell'st me to forget, 15
 Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

ARETHUSA

ARETHUSA arose
 From her couch of snows
 In the Acroceraunian mountains,—

From cloud and from crag,
 With many a jag, 5
 Shepherding her bright fountains.
 She leapt down the rocks,
 With her rainbow locks
 Streaming among the streams ;—
 Her steps paved with green 10
 The downward ravine
 Which slopes to the western gleams :
 And gliding and springing
 She went, ever singing,
 In murmurs soft as sleep ; 15
 The Earth seemed to love her,
 And Heaven smiled above her,
 As she lingered towards the deep.

Then Alpheus bold,
 On his glacier cold, 20
 With his trident the mountains strook ;
 And opened a chasm
 In the rocks ;—with the spasm
 All Erymanthus shook. -
 And the black south wind 25
 It unsealed behind
 The urns of the silent snow,
 And earthquake and thunder
 Did rend in sunder
 The bars of the springs below : 30
 The beard and the hair
 Of the river-god were
 Seen through the torrent's sweep,

As he followed the light
 Of the fleet nymph's flight 35
 To the brink of the Dorian deep.
 " Oh, save me ! Oh, guide me !
 And bid the deep hide me,
 For he grasps me now by the hair ! "

The loud Ocean heard, 40
 To its blue depth stirred,
 And divided at her prayer ;
 And under the water
 The Earth's white daughter

Fled like a sunny beam ; 45
 Behind her descended
 Her billows, unblended
 With the brackish Dorian stream.
 Like a gloomy stain
 On the emerald main, 50
 Alpheus rushed behind,
 As an eagle pursuing
 A dove to its ruin
 Down the streams of the cloudy wind

Under the bowers 55
 Where the Ocean Powers
 Sit on their pearlèd thrones,
 Through the coral woods
 Of the weltering floods,
 Over heaps of unvalued stones ; 60
 Through the dim beams
 Which amid the streams
 Weave a network of coloured light ;
 And under the caves
 Where the shadowy waves 65
 Are as green as the forest's night :—

Outspeeding the shark,
 And the sword-fish dark,
 Under the ocean foam,
 And up through the rifts 70
 Of the mountain cliffs
 They pass to their Dorian home.

And now from their fountains
 In Enna's mountains,
 Down one vale where the morning basks, 75
 Like friends once parted
 Grown single-hearted,
 They ply their watery tasks.
 At sunrise they leap
 From their cradles steep
 In the cave of the shelving hill ;
 At noon-tide they flow
 Through the woods below
 And the meadows of asphodel ;
 And at night they sleep
 In the rocking deep
 Beneath the Ortygian shore ;—
 Like spirits that lie
 In the azure sky
 When they love but live no more.

THE RECOLLECTION

WE wandered to the pine forest
 That skirts the ocean's foam,
 The lightest wind was in its nest,
 The tempest in its home.

There lay the glade and neighbouring lawn,
 And through the dark green wood
 The white sun twinkling like the dawn
 Out of a speckled cloud. 40
 Sweet views which in our world above
 Can never well be seen,
 Were imaged by the water's love
 Of that fair forest green
 And all was interfused beneath 45
 With an Elysian glow,
 An atmosphere without a breath,
 A softer day below.

OZYMANDIAS

I MET a traveller from an antique land
 Who said : Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
 And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command 5
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed ;
 And on the pedestal these words appear :
 " My name is Ozymandias, king of kings : 10
 Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair ! "

Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
 The lone and level sands stretch far away. .

A LAMENT

O WORLD ! O Life ! O Time !
 On whose last steps I climb,
 Trembling at that where I had stood before ;
 When will return the glory of your prime ?
 No more—Oh, never more ! 5

Out of the day and night
 A joy has taken flight :
 Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar
 Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
 No more—Oh, never more ! 10

TO THE POETS

BARDS of Passion and of Mirth
 Ye have left your souls on earth !
 Have ye souls in heaven too,
 Double-lived in regions new ?
 —Yes, and those of heaven commune 5
 With the spheres of sun and moon ;
 With the noise of fountains wondrous
 And the parle of voices thund'rous ;
 With the whisper of heaven's trees
 And one another, in soft ease 10
 Seated on Elysian lawns
 Browsed by none but Dian's fawns ;
 Underneath large bluebells tented,
 Where the daisies are rose-scented,
 And the rose herself has got 15
 Perfume which on earth is not ;

Where the nightingale doth sing
 Not a senseless, trancéd thing,
 But divine, melodious truth ;
 Philosophic numbers smooth ; 20
 Tales and golden histories
 Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
 On the earth ye live again ;
 And the souls ye left behind you 25
 Teach us, here, the way to find you,
 Where your other souls are joying,
 Never slumbered, never cloying.
 Here, your earth-born souls still speak
 To mortals, of their little week ; 30
 Of their sorrows and delights ;
 Of their passions and their spites ;
 Of their glory and their shame ;
 What doth strengthen and what maim.
 Thus ye teach us, every day, 35
 Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth
 Ye have left your souls on earth !
 Ye have souls in heaven too, -
 Double-lived in regions new ! 40

KEATS.

SATURN

DEEP in the shady sadness of a vale
 Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
 Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
 Sat grey-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,

Still as the silence round about his lair ; 5
 Forest on forest hung about his head
 Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
 Not so much life as on a summer's day
 Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
 But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest. 10
 A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
 By reason of his fallen divinity
 Spreading a shade : the Naiad 'mid her reeds
 Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.

 Along the margin-sand large footmarks went, 15
 No further than to where his feet had strayed,
 And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
 His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
 Unsceptred ; and his realmless eyes were closed ;
 While his bowed head seemed listening to the Earth, 20
 His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

THE poetry of earth is never dead :
 When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead :
 That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead 5
 In summer luxury—he has never done
 With his delights, for, when tired out with fun,
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
 The poetry of earth is ceasing never :
 On a lone winter evening, when the frost 10

Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
 The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
 And seems to one in drowsiness half lost
 The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

THE HUMAN SEASONS

FOUR seasons fill the measure of the year ;
 There are four seasons in the mind of man :
 He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
 Takes in all beauty with an easy span :
 He has his Summer, when luxuriously 5
 Spring's honeyed cud of youthful thought he loves
 To ruminare, and by such dreaming high
 Is nearest unto heaven : quiet coves
 His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
 He furlerh close ; contented so to look 10
 On mists in idleness—to let fair things
 Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
 He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
 Or else he would forgo his mortal nature.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

THE wren had built within the porch, she found
 Its quiet loneliness so sure and thorough ;
 And on the lawn, within its turfy mound,
 The rabbit made his burrow.

The rabbit wild and grey, that flitted through ·5
 The shrubby clumps, and frisked, and sat, and vanished,

But leisurely and bold, as if he knew
His enemy was banished.

The wary crow,—the pheasant from the woods—
Lulled by the still and everlasting sameness, 10
Close to the mansion, like domestic broods,
Fed with a “ shocking tameness.”

The coot was swimming in the reedy pond,
Beside the water-hen, so soon affrighted ;
And in the weedy moat the heron, fond 15
Of solitude, alighted.

The moping heron, motionless and stiff,
That on a stone, as silently and stilly,
Stood, an apparent sentinel, as if
To guard the water-lily. 20

No sound was heard except, from far away,
The ringing of the witwall's shrilly laughter,
Or, now and then, the chatter of the jay,
That Echo murmured after.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear, 25
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted !

HOOD.

THE TWIN BRETHERN

So spake he ; and was buckling
Tighter black Auster's band,
When he was aware of a princely pair
That rode at his right hand.

- So like they were, no mortal
Might one from other know :
White as snow their armour was ;
Their steeds were white as snow.
Never on earthly anvil
Did such rare armour gleam ;
And never did such gallant steeds
Drink of an earthly stream.
- And all who saw them trembled,
And pale grew every cheek ;
And Aulus the Dictator
Scarce gathered voice to speak,
“ Say by what name men call you ?
What city is your home ?
And wherefore ride ye in such guise
Before the ranks of Rome ? ”
- “ By many names men call us,
In many lands we dwell :
Well Samothracia knows us ;
Cyrene knows us well.
Our house in gay Tarentum
Is hung each morn with flowers ;
High o’er the masts of Syracuse
Our marble portal towers ;
But by the proud Eurotas
Is our dear native home ;
And for the right we come to fight
Before the ranks of Rome.”
- So answered those strange horsemen,
And each couched low his spear ;

And forthwith all the ranks of Rome 35
 Were bold and of good cheer :
 And on the thirty armies
 Came wonder and affright,
 And Ardea wavered on the left,
 And Cora on the right. 40
 “Rome to the charge !” cried Aulus ;
 “ The foe begins to yield !
 Charge for the hearth of Vesta !
 Charge for the Golden Shield
 Let no man stop to plunder, 45
 But slay, and slay, and slay ;
 The Gods who live for ever
 Are on our side to-day.”

MACAULAY.

EPITAPH ON A JACOBITE

To my true king I offered free from stain
 Courage and faith ; vain faith and courage vain.
 For him I threw lands, honours, wealth away,
 And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.
 For him I languished in a foreign clime, 5
 Gray-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime ;
 Heard on Laverna Scargill's whispering trees,
 And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees ;
 Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
 Each morning started from the dream to weep ; 10
 Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
 The resting place I asked—an early grave.
 Oh thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
 From that proud country which was once mine own,

By those white cliffs I never more must see, 15
 By that dear language which I speak like thee,
 Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
 O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

IN MEMORIAM

XI.

CALM is the morn without a sound,
 Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
 And only through the faded leaf
 The chestnut pattering to the ground :

Calm and deep peace on this high wold, 5
 And on these dews that drench the furze,
 And all the silvery gossamers
 That twinkle into green and gold :

Calm and still light on yon great plain
 That sweeps, with all its autumn bowers 10
 And crowded farms and lessening towers,
 To mingle with the bounding main :

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
 These leaves that redden to the fall ;
 And in my heart, if calm at all, 15
 If any calm, a calm despair :

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
 And waves that sway themselves in rest,
 And dead calm in that noble breast
 Which heaves but with the heaving deep. .20

TENNYSON.

IN MEMORIAM

c.

I CLIMB the hill : from end to end
 Of all the landscape underneath,
 I find no place that does not breathe
 Some gracious memory of my friend ;

No gray old grange, or lonely fold, 5
 Or low morass and whispering reed,
 Or simple stile from mead to mead,
 Or sheepwalk up the windy wold ;

Nor hoary knoll of ash and haw
 That hears the latest linnet trill, 10
 Nor quarry trenched along the hill
 And haunted by the wrangling daw ;

Nor runlet tinkling from the rock ;
 Nor pastoral rivulet that swerves
 To left and right through meadowy curves, 15
 That feed the mothers of the flock ;

But each has pleased a kindred eye,
 And each reflects a kindlier day ;
 And, leaving these, to pass away,
 I think once more he seems to die. 20

MORTE D'ARTHUR

THEN saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
 Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
 Beneath them ; and descending they were ware
 That all the decks were dense with stately forms

Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream— by these 5
 Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
 A cry that shivered to the tingling stars,
 And, as it were one voice, an agony
 Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
 All night in a waste land, where no one comes, 10
 Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmured Arthur, “ Place me in the barge,”
 And to the barge they came. There those three Queens
 Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
 But she, that rose the tallest of them all 15
 And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
 And loosed the shattered casque, and chafed his hands,
 And called him by his name, complaining loud,
 And dropping bitter tears against his brow
 Striped with dark blood : for all his face was white 20
 And colourless, and like the withered moon
 Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east ;
 And all his greaves and cuisses dashed with drops
 Of onset ; and the light and lustrous curls—
 That made his forehead like a rising sun 25
 High from the daïs-throne—were parched with dust ;
 Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
 Mixed with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
 So like a shattered column lay the King ;
 Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest, 30
 From spur to plume a star of tournament,
 Shot through the lists at Camelot, and charged
 Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
 “ Ah ! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go ? 35
 Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?
 For now I see the true old times are dead,

When every morning brought a noble chance,
 And every chance brought out a noble knight.
 Such times have been not since the light that led 40
 The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
 But now the whole Round Table is dissolved,
 Which was an image of the mighty world ;
 And I, the last, go forth companionless,
 And the days darken round me, and the years, 45
 Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :
 " The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
 And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world. 50
 Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?
 I have lived my life, and that which I have done
 May He within Himself make pure ! but thou,
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer 55
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
 For what are men better than sheep or goats
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer 60
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?
 For so the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
 But now farewell. I am going a long way
 With these thou seest—if indeed I go— 65
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
 To the island-valley of Avilion ;
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
 Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
 Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns 70

And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death, 75
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away. 80

THE BUGLE SONG

THE splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story :
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying, 5
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going !
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing ! 10
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river :
Our echoes roll from soul to soul, 15
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

MEMORIES

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

O well for the fisherman's boy, 5
 That he shouts with his sister at play !
 O well for the sailor lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill ; 10
 But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead 15
 Will never come back to me.

THE LOST LEADER

JUST for a handful of silver he left us,
 Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
 Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
 Lost all the others she lets us devote ;
 They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver, 5
 So much was his who so little allowed :
 How all our copper had gone for his service !
 Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud !

We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
 Lived in his mild and magnificent eye, 10
 Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
 Made him our pattern to live and to die !
 Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
 Burns, Shelley were with us—they watch from their
 graves !
 He alone breaks from the van and the freemen, 15
 He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves !

We shall march prospering,—not through his presence :
 Songs may inspire us,—not from his lyre ;
 Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
 Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire : 20
 Blot out his name then, record one lost soul more,
 One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
 One more devils' triumph and sorrow for angels,
 One wrong more to man, one more insult to God !
 Life's night begins : let him never come back to us ! 25
 There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,
 Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
 Never glad confident morning again !
 Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
 Menace our heart ere we master his own ; 30
 Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
 Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne !

BROWNING.

THE TWINS

- GRAND rough old Martin Luther
 Bloomed fables—flowers on furze,
 The better the uncouter :
 Do roses stick like burrs ?
- A beggar asked an alms 5
 One day at an abbey-door,
 Said Luther ; but, seized with qualms,
 The Abbot replied, “ We’re poor !
- “ Poor, who had plenty once,
 When gifts fell thick as rain : 10
 But they give us nought, for the nonce,
 And how should we give again ? ”
- Then the beggar, “ See your sins !
 Of old, unless I err,
 Ye had brothers for inmates, twins, 15
 Date and Dabitur.
- “ While Date was in good case
 Dabitur flourished too :
 For Dabitur’s lenten face
 No wonder if Date rue. 20
- “ Would ye retrieve the one ?
 Try and make plump the other !
 When Date’s penance is done,
 Dabitur helps his brother.
- “ Only beware relapse ! ” 25
 The Abbot hung his head.
 This beggar might be perhaps
 An angel, Luther said.

LIFE

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

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face, 5
 Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace ;
 Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
 The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild north-westerns rave,
 How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave ! 10
 The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
 Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go ?
 Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
 And where the land she travels from ? Away, 15
 Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

CLOUGH.

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead ;
 And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak
 Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son.
 As those black granite pillars, once high-reared
 By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear 5
 His house, now 'mid their broken flights of steps .
 Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side—
 So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.

And night came down over the solemn waste
 And the two gazing hosts and that sole pair, 10
 And darkened all ; and a cold fog, with night,
 Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,
 As of a great assembly loosed, and fires
 Began to twinkle through the fog ; for now
 Both armies moved to camp and took their meal : 15
 The Persians took it on the open sands
 Southward, the Tartars by the river marge ;
 And Rustum and his son were left alone.

But the majestic river floated on,
 Out of the mist and hum of that low land, 20
 Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
 Rejoicing, through the hushed Chorasmian waste,
 Under the solitary moon ;—he flowed
 Right for the polar star, past Orgunjè,
 Brimming, and bright, and large ; then sands begin 25
 To hem his watery march and dam his streams
 And split his currents ; that for many a league
 The shorn and parcelled Oxus strains along
 Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—
 Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had 30
 In his high mountain-cradle at Pamere,
 A foiled circuitous wanderer—till at last
 The longed-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
 His luminous home of waters opens, bright
 And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars 35
 Emerge and shine upon the Aral Sea.

SONNET ON SHAKESPEARE

OTHERS abide our question. Thou art free.
 We ask and ask—thou smilest and art still,
 Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,
 Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
 Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea, 5
 Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
 Spares but the cloudy border of his base
 To the foiled searching of mortality ;
 And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
 Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honoured, self-secure, 10
 Didst tread on earth unguessed at.—Better so !
 All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
 All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
 Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

THE ORGANIST IN HEAVEN

WHEN Wesley died, the Angelic orders,
 To see him at the state,
 Pressed so incontinent that the warders -
 Forgot to shut the gate.
 So I, that hitherto had followed 5
 As one with grief o'ercast,
 Where for the doors a space was hollowed,
 Crept in, and heard what passed.
 And God said :—" Seeing thou hast given
 Thy life to my great sounds, 10
 Choose thou through all the cirque of Heaven
 What most of bliss redounds."

THE LISTENERS

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller,
 Knocking on the moonlit door;
 And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
 Of the forest's ferny floor:
 And a bird flew up out of the turret, 5
 Above the Traveller's head:
 And he smote upon the door again a second time:
 "Is there anybody there?" he said.
 But no one descended to the Traveller;
 No head from the leaf-fringed sill 10
 Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
 Where he stood perplexed and still.
 But only a host of phantom listeners
 That dwelt in the lone house then
 Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight 15
 To that voice from the world of men:
 Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
 That goes down to the empty hall,
 Harkening in an air stirred and shaken
 By the lonely Traveller's call. 20
 And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
 Their stillness answering his cry,
 While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
 'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
 For he suddenly smote on the door, even 25
 Louder and lifted his head:—
 "Tell them I came, and no one answered,
 That I kept my word," he said.
 Never the least stir made the listeners,
 Though every word he spake 30

Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
From the one man left awake :

Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,

And the sound of iron on stone,

And how the silence surged softly backward, 35

When the plunging hoofs were gone.

DE LA MARE.

NOTES

SOUTHWELL (1561-1595).

ROBERT SOUTHWELL was born at Horsham St. Faith's, Norfolk, of Roman Catholic parents, and became a Jesuit. He accompanied Father Garnet to England in 1586, was arrested, and after three years' imprisonment was executed at Tyburn. As a poet, he shows great imaginative power, mingled with a certain amount of sententiousness. His chief poems are *St. Peter's Complaint* and the wonderful *The Burning Babe*.

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

2. **naked plants**, bare stems in winter.

3. **sorriest**. Another reading is "sorest."

5. **chances change by course**, circumstances alter with the progress of events.

7, 8. Fortune is compared to a sea, which alternately flows and ebbs, *i.e.* is sometimes favourable, sometimes very unfavourable.

9. **Her tides have**. Another reading is "Her time hath," with the awkward repetition—"time" and "times."

11, 12. Understand "is" after "joy" and "hap." in *fine*, in the end.

13, 14. **Not always ... No endless**, *i.e.* "It is not always"—"There is no endless."

19. **that**, that which.

20. **net**. Another reading is "well."

21. All are crossed (disappointed) in some things, but none are crossed in everything.

22, 23. **Few all**, *i.e.* "Few have all." **Unmeddled**, unmixed; without an admixture of grief.

24. **Who least ... who most**, *i.e.* "Who hath least"—"who hath most."

SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616).

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born of good parentage at Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire. He went to London in 1585, and as a member of one of the chief acting companies of the time, became famous and prosperous. In 1611 he retired to Stratford, where he died on April 23rd. As a painter and interpreter of human character, Shakespeare has always been regarded as unequalled. His chief plays are *The Merchant of Venice*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, and *The Tempest*.

SONNET XXXIII.

Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, written about 1594, probably record the writer's passionate friendship with some one of higher rank than his own, almost certainly the Earl of Southampton.

2. **Flatter**, give them a deceitful brightness. **with sovereign eye**, with its powerful rays.

4. **heavenly alchemy**, celestial art or workmanship. *Alchemy*, the old chemistry, sought to change base metals into gold; hence "gilding."

5. **Anon permit**, *i.e.* I have seen him (the morning or the sun) presently permit.

6. **rack**, floating vapour.

9, 10. **Even so ... brow**, in the same way my friend at first treated me with the greatest kindness and affection.

11. **out**, *i.e.* out upon it! alas!

12. **The region ... now**, he no longer regards me with the same affection. **region** = sky; the clouds in the sky. Cf. *Hamlet*, II. ii. 607: "the region kites."

13. **no whit**, not in the least.

14. **stain**, become dim, be obscured; "stain" is here intransitive. Since the sun in the heavens sometimes hides his light, it is no blame to an earthly sun (such as my friend) to do the same.

JONSON (1573-1637).

BEN JONSON was born at Westminster and educated at Westminster School. After serving in the army, he settled in London as playwright and actor about 1597, where he killed a fellow-actor in a duel. Jonson was tall and swarthy, a rough but kindly man, a scholar and a close friend of Shakespeare. He was a powerful dramatist, and excels in the sweetness of his songs and lyrics. His chief plays are *Every Man in his Humour*, *Sejanus*, *Volpone*, *The Alchemist*, and *Bartholomew Fair*.

HYMN TO DIANA.

1. **Huntress.** Diana was the goddess of hunting, and was also the moon-goddess. She abjured marriage.

5. **Hesperus,** the evening star, the planet Venus.

7, 8. Do not dare to come between the moon and the sun, and so eclipse the moon's light.

9. **Cynthia's** Diana was so named from Mount Cynthus where she was born.

10. **clear,** make clear, illuminate.

TRUE NOBILITY.

From the *Underwoods*. The verses allude to the death of "that incomparable young man," Lord Falkland, who fell in the first battle of Newbury at the age of 34.

3. **year.** Since the noun is preceded by a numeral, the sign of the plural is dispensed with; so "a twelve-month," "a five-mile walk."

8. **Light,** brightness, beauty.

9. Things of small size have their appropriate beautiful features.

KING (1592-1669).

HENRY KING, educated at Westminster School and Oxford, became Bishop of Chichester in 1642. He wrote *Poems and Psalms* and many elegies on royal persons. Compare with this Cowper's poem, p. 21.

THE LIFE OF MAN.

1. **a star,** here a meteor.

3. **gaudy,** here bright and beautiful, joyous.

5. **chafes,** ruffles.

7, 8. **borrowed ... paid.** Man's day of life is a temporary loan which is soon demanded back, and has to be repaid at night (death).

9. **blows out,** exhausts itself.

HERRICK (1591-1674).

ROBERT HERRICK was born in London, educated at Cambridge, and entered the Church. His *Noble Numbers* (1647), religious poems, are at once sincere and beautiful, and his *Hesperides* (1648) contain some of the loveliest lyrics in our language. His *To Daffodils* and *To Blossoms* show his love of nature and country life.

TO BLOSSOMS.

1. **Fair pledges.** The blossom is the "pledge" or promise of fruit.
3. **Why this premature decay?** **date** = proper period of flowering.
13. **leaves.** As of a book, in which we may read, etc.
15. **ne'er so.** "Never so" is the old idiom ("so brave as they never were before"), turned in modern English into "ever so."

HABINGTON (1605-1645).

WILLIAM HABINGTON was born of Roman Catholic parentage at Henlip in Worcestershire. He married a daughter of Lord Powis, whom he celebrated in his *Castara*. His verse is graceful, tender, and pure. With the following poem may be compared Addison's "The spacious firmament on high."

THE TEACHING OF THE STARS.

2. **sphere,** sky, heavens.
3. **rich,** for "richly"; so **steadfast** for "steadfastly," l. 17.
4. **Ethiop,** Ethiopian, African. Night is compared to a swarthy lady bedecked with jewels.
7. **mysteries, secrets;** hidden knowledge of God (l. 20).
15. **character,** mark, inscription.
23. **Which ... traffic for,** which he boldly risks much to attain.
25. **the farthest north.** As the northern barbarians broke up the Roman Empire.
27. **Yet,** as yet; so in l. 29.
39. **fallacy,** deceitfulness, futility.

MILTON (1608-1674).

JOHN MILTON was born on December 9th in Bread Street, London, and educated at St. Paul's School and Christ's College, Cambridge. He travelled in France and Italy, then settled in London, and in 1649 became Secretary to the Council of State till the Restoration. In 1663 he had become totally blind. In strength of imagination, majesty of thought, and harmony of rhythm, Milton is unrivalled. His chief poems are *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, *Samson Agonistes*, and *Lycidas*.

SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

This splendid passage is from the early part of Book IV. of *Paradise Lost*. Milton originally intended it to be the opening speech in the tragedy of *Adam Unparadised*, which he had at first designed.

3. **this new World**, the recently created Earth.

8. **thy sphere**. The Ptolemaic system divided the universe into ten spheres wheeling one within the other, with our stationary Earth in the centre. The sphere of the Sun was the fourth sphere.

14. **Upbraided**. Cf. Bible, *James*, i. 5: "God, that giveth to all liberally, and upbraideth not." He reproached no one for being less excellent than Himself.

15. **could be less**, *i.e.* could be less hard.

19. **sdained, disdained**, Ital. *sdegnare*; used by Spenser.

20. **quit**, requite, repay.

25, 26. True gratitude felt for favours received is in itself sufficient payment to the donor.

33. **from within** etc., proof against temptation by reason of either their own good dispositions or outside influences.

35. **Hadst thou**. Satan is addressing himself.

48. **place, room, opportunity**. Cf. Bible, *Hebrews*, xii. 17: "He (Esau) found no place of repentance."

56. **abide, pay for, suffer for**. The correct form is *aby*, to buy off.

64. **highth, high position, greatness**. **high**, ambitious.

66. **violent and void**, made under compulsion and therefore not binding.

69. **Which**, such a feigned reconciliation.

81. **more than half**. I shall perhaps reign over more than half, viz. Hell and the World, thus leaving only Heaven for God to reign over.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

This sonnet was written in November, 1642, when, after the battle of Edgehill, King Charles's army was advancing on London.

1. **Colonel**. Pronounce as a trisyllable. The *colonel* (with the Spanish variation *coronel*, seen in our pronunciation "curnel") was the officer who headed the little "column" (Ital. *colonnello*, from Lat. *columna*) of soldiers.

2. **Whose chance, to whom it may chance to seize**.

5. **charms, magical verses** (Lat. *carmina*).

9. **the Muses' bower, the dwelling-place** (O.E. *buan*, to dwell) of the Muses, *i.e.* Milton's house.

10. **Emathian.** Emathia was part of Macedonia. Alexander the Great, when he sacked Thebes, ordered the poet Pindar's house to be preserved.

12. **repeated,** recited.

13. **Electra's poet,** Euripides, author of the tragedy "Electra," where "sad" is her common epithet. Verses from this play so affected the Spartan conquerors of Athens that the city was saved from utter destruction ("ruin bare").

DENHAM (1615-1668).

SIR JOHN DENHAM was born in Dublin and educated at Oxford. He wrote a poor tragedy, *The Sophy*, an *Elegy on Cowley*, and *Cooper's Hill* (1642), a topographical poem, by which he is remembered, and from which the following passage is taken. Cooper's Hill is situated near Chertsey, in Surrey.

VIEW OF THE THAMES FROM COOPER'S HILL.

2. **wanton,** luxuriant; cf. Shakespeare, *Mid. N. Dream*, III. i. 99: "The quaint mazes of the wanton green."

6. **Like ... eternity.** See "A Comparison," p. 22, and note.

8. **Whose ... gold.** A poetic way of describing the mineral and other wealth of some river bottoms. **amber** is a fossil resin found chiefly on the south shore of the Baltic Sea.

9. **genuine and less guilty,** more real and less productive of harm. The lust of gold tempts men to crime.

11-16. The river widely irrigates the country near its banks, and so ensures the promise of plentiful crops. At the same time, it neither rots the growing plants with too much moisture, nor washes them away by floods.

14. **Like mothers etc.** Over-fond mothers are apt to smother their infants by accidentally lying on them. **overlay** should strictly be "overlie."

16. **profuse,** extravagant, spendthrift.

20. **First ... does.** He first loves to do good, and then cherishes that good.

23-26. **When he ... ours.** The Thames, in the person of her ships, carries the products of England to foreign countries, and brings back goods from the East and the West Indies.

25. **flying towers,** ships in full sail. Cf. Clough, *Qua Cursum Ventus*, 3: "Two towers of sail."

27. **wants,** is wanting.

28. **Cities ... plants.** Owing to the wealth the river brings, cities

spring up in wildernesses ; while to barren cities he brings plants and seeds and turns them into gardens.

30. **the world's exchange**, the commercial centre of the world.

31-34. This apostrophe has always figured as one of the gems of our language.

COWLEY (1618-1657).

ABRAHAM COWLEY was born in London of humble parentage. In the Civil War he joined the Royalists and went into exile at Paris for about ten years. At the Restoration he received a lease of Crown lands and lived in the country. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. His poetry is somewhat artificial, and his language is often fanciful and forced. His chief poems are *The Mistress*, *Pindaric Odes*, and *The Davideis*, an epic on David.

A WISH.

2. Too little to make people envious of me, and yet not so little as to make people despise me.

4. **good alone**, *i.e.* only from good deeds, not great deeds.

6. Discredit can come to a person even when he is dead.

7. **but when 't depends**, only when it rests in.

14. **My garden** etc. My garden should be adorned with flowers growing naturally, not arranged artificially ; and should supply pleasures such as Horace might envy.

16. The Roman poet Horace often writes of the pleasures of his Sabine farm.

21. I should have neither fears nor wishes about the future.

24. **I have lived to-day**. Cf. the Roman maxim, "The life of to-morrow is too late ; live today."

MARVELL (1621-1678).

ANDREW MARVELL was born at Winstead, Yorkshire, and educated at Cambridge. He sat in Parliament for Hull in 1659, and had strong republican leanings, as his *Ode to Cromwell* testifies. His great lyrics are *The Nymph complaining for the Death of her Fawn*, *Thoughts in a Garden*, and the poem below.

THE EMIGRANTS IN THE BERMUDAS.

These emigrants are apparently supposed to be flying westward beyond the reach of Laud's ecclesiastical administration (Palgrave). A passage has been omitted between lines 18 and 19.

1. **Bermudas.** A group of islands in the North Atlantic Ocean. **ride**, as ships ride at anchor.
7. **so long unknown.** The Bermudas were discovered in 1522, but not inhabited till 1609.
9. **wracks**, an older form of " wrecks."
12. **prelates' rage.** See introductory note.
15. **fowls**, birds which come and roost on the islands. Their eggs would provide food.
18. **golden ... night.** Like globes of light hanging in the shade of dark green leaves.
24. **the Mexique bay**, the Gulf of Mexico.

DRYDEN (1631-1700).

JOHN DRYDEN was born of good family at Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, and educated at Westminster School and Cambridge. He was an amiable and conscientious man. He is famous as a didactic poet, and has written some brilliant lyrics; but though he wrote many plays, he had not the dramatic faculty. His chief works are *Absalom and Achitophel*, *The Hind and the Panther*, *MacFlecknoe*, *A Song for St. Cecilia's Day*, and *Alexander's Feast*.

IN PRAISE OF POVERTY.

This passage is taken from *The Wife of Bath's Tale*, one of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, modernised by Dryden.

2. **honest**, honourable.
9. **Has nought** etc., has nothing to lose, and so has no fear of a thief. Cf. Juvenal, x. 22: "The empty-handed traveller sings in the presence of the robber."
12. **impossible to thought**, that were thought to be impossible.
13. **by need.** Cf. the proverb, "Necessity is the mother of invention."

THE STORM.

This extract is from *Cymon and Iphigenia*, one of Dryden's translations from Boccaccio.

1. **third glass.** Hardly three hours had passed. *Glass* is the old "hour-glass," through which the sand runs in exactly an hour.
6. **by degrees prepared**, gradually coming on.
15. **amain**, violently, at full speed; from *a-*, in, with, and *main*, force.

PARNELL (1679-1718).

THOMAS PARNELL was born in Dublin; entered the Church in 1700. He is an elegant and melodious writer, with a fine descriptive style. His chief poems are *The Hermit*, *A Night-Piece*, and *A Hymn to Contentment*, from which the following passage is taken.

RETIREMENT.

- 3. **thus**, in communion with God.
- 17. **borrowed**. Because the moon is lighted up by the sun.

POPE (1688-1744).

ALEXANDER POPE, a brilliant writer of philosophic verse and stinging satire, was born in London, May 21st. Chronic ill-health and his Roman Catholic parentage debarred him from a public school and university education, and embittered his life. About 1705 he entered the society of London wits. In 1718 he settled at Twickenham, where he died. His chief works are *An Essay on Criticism*, *Moral Essays*, *The Dunciad*, and the inimitable *Rape of the Lock*.

THE UNKNOWN HEREAFTER (1732).

This passage occurs in the first of four Epistles, framed on the model of Horace, addressed to Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke.

- 1. **the book of fate**, their future destiny.
- 3. **From brutes ... know**, *i.e.* hides from brutes what men know, etc. The verses about the lamb are an example of the first half of this line, the rest are an example of the second half.
- 4. **being**, a noun—"existence."
- 5. **thy riot**, thy luxury.
- 10, 11. **circle**, sphere, limits. **equal**, impartial.
- 12. **sparrow fall**. Cf. Bible, *Luke*, xii. 5: "Not one of them (the sparrows) is forgotten in the sight of God."
- 13. **Atoms or systems**. An *atom* is the smallest imaginable particle of matter; a *system* is a collection of stars or planets, such as our own "solar system."
- 15. **with trembling pinions**. When we aspire to such lofty subjects of thought, we must do so with reverent awe.
- 21. **from home**. Made uneasy by the limitations of its present state. Cf. the "cabined, cribbed, confined" by which Shakespeare's

Macbeth describes his disquiet through the partial failure of his designs against Banquo (*Macbeth*, III. iv. 24).

22. **expatiates**, ranges freely.

23. **Indian**, the Red or American Indian.

26. **solar . . way**. The "solar walk" is the ecliptic, the circle of the heavens through which the sun appears to travel annually. The "milky way" is an irregular band, plainly marked in the sky by a profusion of tiny stars, which give it a milky appearance.

32. **fiends**, evil spirits or demons, whose anger is a perpetual source of terror to the savage.

32. **Christians ... gold**. "Christians" is bitterly sarcastic. It was the greed for gold that led to the cruelties practised by the Spaniards on the natives of America in Mexico and Peru.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

This poem is remarkable as having been written when Pope was only twelve years old. It is modelled on one of Horace's Odes.

2. **bound**. He has no "wish or care" about things that lie beyond the boundaries of his farm.

91. **Steal etc.**, leave the world unnoticed, and have no grave-stone to record my place of burial.

COLLINS (1721-1759).

WILLIAM COLLINS was born at Chichester on December 25 and educated at Winchester and Oxford. His career was cut short by ill-health, ending in insanity. As a poet he has high imaginative and descriptive power, his lyrics, such as *The Passions* and the famous *Ode to Evening*, being some of the finest in our language.

THE DEATH OF THE BRAVE (1746).

This (1746) was the year of the battles of Falkirk and Culloden against the Young Pretender.

5, 6. **a sweeter ... trod**. Their simple graves are dearer than any, however beautiful, that the imagination can picture.

7. **By fairy hands etc.** The poet imagines the lonely graves of heroes as tended by spiritual agencies.

9. **There Honour comes etc.** They are honoured and blessed by posterity, and are mourned over by those for whose freedom they have fought.

GRAY (1716-1771).

THOMAS GRAY was born in London and educated at Eton and Cambridge, where he spent most of his life, and where he died. He was buried in the churchyard of Stoke Poges, near Slough. His poetry is remarkable for its musical sweetness and its felicity of expression. His chief poems are *The Progress of Poesy*, *The Bard*, *Ode on the Spring*, and the famous *Elegy*.

ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD WEST.

The subject of this sonnet was a son of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and was Gray's school-fellow and friend at Eton. He died in 1742.

2. **Phoebus**, the sun. Phoebus Apollo was the Greek sun-god.

3. **amorous descant**. Cf. Milton, *Par. Lost*, iv. 603: "She (the nightingale) all night long her amorous descant sung." *Descant* (chant)=melody, song.

8. **imperfect**. Because his friend cannot share them with him.

12. **warm**, cherish, keep alive. **Complain**, sing plaintively.

13. **fruitless**, for "fruitlessly"; see Habington, p. 82, note to l. 3.

EPITAPH ON MRS. CLARKE.

Mrs. Clarke died in childbirth (l. 9) in 1757. This epitaph is inscribed on a tablet to her memory in the Church at Beckenham, Kent.

1. **silent marble**, her monument, probably representing a woman. "weeping" over an urn.

12. **vale of days**, secluded existence. Cf. *Elegy*, 75: "the cool sequestered vale of life."

GOLDSMITH (1728-1774).

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born at Pallasmore in Ireland, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He tried the Church, the Bar, and Medicine; the last with some success. After wandering over Europe, he settled in London as a hack writer, till Dr. Johnson introduced him to literary society, and he became famous by the *Traveller* (1765), and still more so by *The Deserted Village* (1770). As a poet, his range is restricted mainly to the heroic couplet, in the use of which he has more grace and tenderness than Pope, but is inferior to him in wit and polish. It was as a dramatist and a prose writer that he chiefly influenced English literature.

THE SWISS CHARACTER.

These lines are taken from *The Traveller*, in which Goldsmith records his impressions of the different countries that he visited, and philosophises in turn on the peculiarities of each.

1. **from them**, i.e. from the degenerate Italians, whom he had just been describing.

3. **stormy mansions**. Dwelling-places (not houses) exposed to storms. **bleak** refers to the country that the Swiss inhabit.

4. **force ... bread**, compel an unwilling soil to yield a scanty crop.

6. **man and steel**. These two nouns conjoined express one idea, viz. the armed warrior. The Swiss for a long time made a business of supplying mercenary soldiers to the different nations of Europe.

7. **vernal blooms**, spring flowers. But in reality Switzerland has many beautiful flowers, though they naturally blossom later than in England.

8. **chills ... May**. May is personified as a mother with her child (the spring flowers) in her lap. This child is pinched and starved with the long-continued winter's cold.

9. **No zephyr ... breast**. "Zephyr," the west wind, is represented as a lover wooing his mistress.

10. **meteors**, probably here for lightning flashes.

12. **Redress**, make up for the disadvantages of the climate.

15. **contiguous palace**, grand house near his own hut.

17. **costly lord**, a "lord" whose style of living is "costly" or extravagant. **deal**, distribute to his family and retainers.

19, 20. **But calm ... soil**. But each wish, narrowing itself, adapts him, calm as he is and brought up in ignorance of an easier life, to his surroundings.

22. **Breasts**, confronts, does not shrink from; a more forcible reading than "breathes."

23. **trolls ... deep**. *Trolling* is drawing a baited hook along in the water so as to attract fish. **the finny deep**, the water full of fishes.

24. **Or drives ... steep**. The patch of land he ploughs ends abruptly at a "steep" or precipice; this makes his ploughing "venturous" (daring) work.

25, 26. **seeks the den ... day**. The footmarks of a wild beast in the snow lead him to its den, whence he drags it out (by the help of his dogs) into the open.

27. **sped**, ended; an absolute clause.

28. **monarch of a shed**, king in his own home, poor though it be.

31. **his loved ... hoard**. The wife proudly spreads the table with appetising food which she has kept in store.

33. **pilgrim**, traveller. **thither led**, brought there by chance.

34. **nightly bed**, bed for the night.

COWPER (1731-1800).

WILLIAM COWPER was born at Berkhamsted, Herts, and educated at Westminster School. He was called to the Bar in 1754. He was liable to temporary attacks of mental derangement, and was tenderly cared for by his life-long friends, the Unwins. He died at East Dereham, in Norfolk, April 25th, and was buried in Dereham Church. Cowper was naturally cheerful; of a tender and sensitive temperament. As a poet, he is clear and unaffected, and shows wonderful descriptive power. His chief poems are *The Task*, *The Progress of Error*, *John Gilpin*, and *The Loss of the Royal George*.

BOADICEA (1782).

Boadicea, queen of the Iceni, after her scourging by the Romans, is represented as consulting a Druid priest, who foretells the downfall of Rome and the future empire of her posterity. After some successes, she was defeated by the Romans in the battle of Camulodunum.

5. **Sage**, wise; here an adjective.

7, 8. **Every ... grief**. This is an absolute clause.

11, 12. **ties ... tongues**, prevents us from uttering all the curses we should otherwise utter.

19. **kiss the ground**, be humbled. Cf. Bible, *Psalms*, lxxii. 9: "His (Solomon's) enemies shall lick the dust."

20. **the Gaul**. In A.D. 410 the Goths under Alaric sacked Rome. Cowper seems to employ "Gaul" as a general name for the barbarian invaders.

21. **Other Romans etc.** The modern Italians are pre-eminent in the arts of music and singing.

25. **the progeny etc.**, ships built of oaks grown in British forests. The allusion is to Britain's naval supremacy. **thunder** is the cannon, and **wings** are the sails of her war-ships.

29. **Regions etc.** Such as Canada and Australia.

31. **his eagles**. The Roman standard was surmounted by a silver or a bronze eagle.

32. **None ... they**, i.e. none being as invincible as thy posterity.

34. **Pregnant ... fire**, full of divine inspiration. The expression occurs in Gray's *Elegy*, 46.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE (1803).

This is a translation of a Latin poem by Dr. Jortin.

3. **that ... subdues**, whose light is dimmed by the brightness of day.

6. **genial**, productive. Milton has "genial moisture."

9. **Zephyr**, the warm west wind.

A COMPARISON (1782).

The comparison of human life to a river which is lost in the ocean of eternity is common in poetry. See Denham, *Cooper's Hill*, 6.

4. **can bribe**, *i.e.* to stay.

11. **the nobler mind**, the mind which is nobler than "the land."

12. **Neglected**, through not being made a proper use of. **a dreary waste**. Moral barrenness is the result of such neglect.

CRABBE (1754-1832).

GEORGE CRABBE was born of poor parents at Aldeburgh, Suffolk. Going to London, he was befriended by Burke, and was for some time chaplain to the Duke of Rutland. In 1822 he visited Sir Walter Scott at Edinburgh. Crabbe's poetry is remarkable for its simplicity, its sincerity, and its vivid descriptive power, as well as for its racy humour. He writes about what he knows, and depicts the stern realities of life among the poor with all its sordid details, applying the manner and rhythm of Pope to the description of commonplace, everyday subjects. His chief poems are *The Village*, *The Parish Register*, *The Borough*, *Tales in Verse*, and *Tales of the Hall*.

THE VILLAGE (1783).

The following passage is taken from this poem, in which the writer's aim, as he tells us, is to give "a real picture of the poor" without any of the old Pastoral flummery of "happy swains" and "peasants' pipes" and "fond Corydons."

2. **bards**, *i.e.* the old Pastoral poets.

3. **lettered scorn**. Do not be angry if I, in literary style, describe you in your true colours, and think that I am scorning you.

4. **smoothest**, most flattering. Cf. Bible, *Isaiah*, xxx. 10: "Speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits"

8. **By winding ... shed**, by hanging myrtle wreaths on your dilapidated houses; *i.e.* by decorating your poverty with poetic phrases of affection. The myrtle was sacred to Venus, the goddess of love.

9. **light tales**, gay and trivial descriptions; so "airy" in the next line. **o'erpower**, outweigh, make up for.

10. **glad** is a verb here.

12. **turf**, the peaty turf that can be used for fuel.

13. **a length of burning sand**. Beyond the heath lies a stretch of parched and sandy ground, on which corn can scarcely grow.

16. **rob the blighted rye**, spoil the rye; prevent it from flourishing.

18. **threaten war**. The thistles are ready to scratch the children's bare legs.

19. **mock the hope of toil**, disappoint the hopes of the toiling peasants.

20. **bugloss**, a weed with a blue flower; the word means "ox-tongue," another name for the plant. **paints**, makes gay.

21. **slender sheaf**, the "thin harvest" of l. 14. Cf. "withered ears" (l. 14), "blighted rye" (l. 16), "sickly blade" (l. 24).

26. **a sad splendour**. The gay colours of the weeds are saddening, because they spoil the crops. **vainly**, uselessly, unproductively.

VISIONS OF FRENZY.

This is an extract from *Sir Eustace Grey*, a kind of dramatic ballad, the scene of which is a mad-house; the persons are a visitor, the physician, and a patient, Sir Eustace, who relates his experiences.

1. **shaking**, unstable, yielding, boggy.

5. **deceitful light**. The will-o'-the-wisp or *ignis fatuus*. See Byron, *Dead Greece*, 32.

12. **quivering**. The spire is so pointed and high that it trembles (like the "ball") in the wind.

16. **air ... respire**, air provided by flexible pipes, as with divers

19. **Bedlam's**. "Bedlam" is a corruption of *Bethlehem*, the name of a hospital for lunatics, originally "St. Mary of Bethlehem."

24. **the dunghill's spoil**, bits of broken food gathered from the dunghill.

31. **I sobbed convulsed**, I choked convulsively.

32. **reflowing sign**. He saw what indicated the turn of the tide.

ROGERS (1763-1855).

SAMUEL ROGERS was born at Stoke Newington, London, and became a banker like his father. His wealth enabled him to be the patron of artists and men of letters. His poetry shows culture and polish rather than deep feeling. He wrote *The Pleasures of Memory*, *Human Life*, and *Italy*.

A WISH.

7. **pilgrim**, a "poetic" word for "traveller."

11. **Lucy**, his wife. **wheel**, spinning-wheel.

12. **russet**, coarse home-spun cloth of reddish-brown colour.

15. **swell the breeze**, give volume to the breeze; be borne on the breeze.

WORDSWORTH (1770-1850).

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born at Cockermouth in Cumberland, and educated at Hawkshead and Cambridge. He visited France in 1791 and 1792, but subsequent events cooled down his first republican enthusiasm. In 1799 he settled at Grasmere, and the Lake district was his home for the rest of his life. In 1841 he received a civil list pension of £300, and in 1843 became Poet Laureate. He was buried in Grasmere churchyard. Wordsworth's poetry is unequal, passing from sublimity of thought and language to triviality and prolixity. He held the highest views of life and duty, and his subtle interpretation of, and sympathy with, Nature make him unique among English poets. His chief works are *The Prelude*, *The Excursion*, *Laodamia*, *The White Doe of Rylstone*, *Tintern Abbey*, and *Intimations of Immortality*.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING (1798).

These lines were written while the poet was sitting by the side of the brook that runs through the grounds of Alfoxden in the Quantock Hills, where he was then living.

2. **a grove**, the holly grove in Alfoxden dell.

3, 4. **pleasant thoughts ... sad thoughts**. The connexion of these is shown in the next stanza : his happy communings with Nature and her ordered beauty lead him to think on man and the strife and disorder he has introduced into the world.

8. **What man** etc. Cf. Burns, *Man was made to Mourn*, 55, 56 :

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

10. **periwinkle**, a trailing plant with a blue flower.

19. **do all I can**, in spite of everything ; I cannot help thinking.

NUTTING (1799).

5. **our cottage**, the house where the poet boarded while he was at Hawkshead school.

9. **Tricked out** etc. He was dressed up in old clothes, kept for such expeditions.

12. **Motley accoutrement** etc., clothing of diversified colours and materials, that could defy brambles (since they could not make it more ragged than it was).

21. **virgin**, untouched, fresh.

22. **suppression of the heart**, repression of the feelings.

23. **wise**. Because it added to his enjoyment.

39. **when pleasure** etc., when we prefer taking our ease to actively enjoying ourselves.

41. **indifferent**, that do not concern him.

47, 48. **gave up Their quiet being**, unresistingly gave themselves up to the will of the ravager.

48. **unless** etc., unless I mistake my boyish feelings for what I feel now.

56. **spirit**, the one divine spirit which Wordsworth believed to be diffused through the whole realm of Nature and Man. Cf. *Tintern Abbey*, 100-102.

LUCY (1799)

This was written at Goslar in Germany. Who Lucy was is unknown.

2. **Dove**, a tributary of the Trent.

13. **A slumber** etc. My mind became insensible to outward events; fears of death or loss were gone.

16. **touch ... years**, the change and decay that Time brings.

19. **Rolled round** etc. She, who seemed half immortal, is reduced to the level of a stock or a stone, with no individual existence, but helplessly revolving with the revolving globe of earth. For the thought, cf. Tennyson's "Move eastward, happy earth."

THE SPARROW'S NEST (1801).

8. **My father's house**. At Cockermonth. The garden had a bush-covered terrace wall, where birds frequently built their nests.

9. **Emmeline** is put for Dorothy, the poet's only sister.

13. **heart**, tender feelings.

19. **the fountain ... tears**, sensitive and sympathetic. Cf. *The Prelude*, XIV. 233-5.

THE SOLITARY REAPER (1803-5).

It was in 1803 that Wordsworth made a tour in Scotland with his sister and Coleridge.

11. **some shady haunt**, some oasis in the desert.

16. **Hebrides**, a group of islands on the north-west of Scotland. The migratory cuckoo reaches northern Europe in April or May.

18. **numbers**, poetry, song.

23. **natural**, happening naturally, ordinary.

WORLDLINESS (1806).

The idea of this sonnet is that the old Greek Pantheism is a better creed than the empty materialism and dead religious formalism of the worldly man.

1. **The world**, *i.e.* worldliness, the pursuit of wealth and pleasure instead of higher things.

2. **our powers**, our higher, spiritual energies.

3, 4. **Little ... boon**. Through our devotion to worldly pursuits we have lost that sympathy with nature which enables us to understand her, and can see nothing but her external features. **a sordid boon**, a mean, mercenary bargain.

13. **Proteus**, a mythological sea-deity, who tended the seal-flocks of the sea-god Poseidon or Neptune.

14. **Triton**, a son of and attendant upon, Poseidon. He calms the waves by blowing on his conch or spiral shell ("wreathed horn").

THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND (1807).

Switzerland, after a desperate resistance, was subjugated by the French in 1798, when she became in effect a province of France.

3. **In both** etc. They are the chosen music of Liberty, because islands and mountainous countries are difficult of invasion.

5. **tyrant**, Napoleon Bonaparte.

9. **thine**, Liberty's.

10. **cleave** etc. Let not the British islands share the fate of Switzerland. Napoleon projected an invasion of England in 1804.

SCOTT (1771-1839).

SIR WALTER SCOTT was born of an old Border family, at Edinburgh, and educated in the High School and University. In 1792 he was called to the Bar, and for fourteen years practised as a lawyer. He died on September 21st at Abbotsford. Scott is remarkable for his wide range and his inexhaustible diligence. His poetry is full of picturesqueness, freshness, and vigour. His chief poems are *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, and *The Lady of the Lake*.

THE BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE (THE PASS OF THE MAN).

This extract from the last canto of *The Lady of the Lake* is part of a ballad sung by the Minstrel to the dying Roderick Dhu. It describes the battle, which the Minstrel himself had seen.

1. **The lake ... gain**. "They" is the invading Saxon army. The "lake" is Loch Achray.

3. **Trosach's ... jaws**. The steep rocky opening of the valley of the *Trosachs*, which leads from Loch Achray to Loch Katrine.

9, 10. **As all**, *i.e.* as if all. **pealed**, shouted. **banner-cry**, cry summoning to the banner.

14. **plight they ply.** "Flight" instead of "plight" would make better sense. The meaning can only be "they work hard to get out of their *plight*," i.e. dangerous state.

18. **maddening**, intransitive, "raging like madmen."

22-23. **its rooted ... wood.** The foemen, waiting in closed ranks with upright spears, are compared to a gloomy ("twilight") forest which the storm tries to tear away from its roots. Cf. Canto XVI. :

" Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frowned."

32. **Tinchel** is a wide circle of spearmen gradually converging upon the deer, which make desperate efforts to break through.

39-41. **Above the tide ... below.** The advancing rush of Highlanders is compared to a wave or "tide" breaking on the shore. Held high above this "wave," their broadswords are brandished, while their "targes," or shields, held lower down on the left arm, are in shadow.

43, 44. **tempest's wing**, the storm-wind. **hurled them**, hurled themselves.

53. **ladies' sake.** The Earl of Moray speaks in the language of chivalry; every knight-errant being the professed champion of some lady.

58. **lightsome room.** They "make room" easily ("lightsome") by clearing away their foes.

63. **refluent**, flowing back, referring to "battle's tide."

68. **linn**, a mountain torrent.

72. **Devour**, swallow up, absorb.

THE CORONACH.

This funeral lamentation (an ancient Highland custom) occurs in the third Canto of the *Lady of the Lake*.

5. **fount**, spring, the "fountain" of l. 3.

8. **Duncan**, the Highlander whose death is bewailed.

9-12. **The hand ... glory.** Here "hoary" means fully ripe, in contrast to the prime ("glory") of manhood in which Duncan died.

14. **searest**, most withered.

15. **flushing**, full bloom.

17. **correi**, the hollow side of a hill, where deer, etc., are usually found. Duncan was a nimble-footed hunter.

18. **cumber**, perplexity, difficulty. **counsel**, counsellor, adviser. .

19. **Red ... foray**, a hand red with blood when on a foraging expedition, i.e. a keen fighter.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF (1815).

In Scott's Poems this song has a Gaelic refrain "Cadul gu lo" (sleep on till day) after each verse.

7. **bended**, for "bent." We retain this form in the expression "on bended knee."

10. **When thy sleep** etc., when you will have to fight; see l. 12.

COLERIDGE (1772-1834).

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was born at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, and educated at Christ's Hospital and Cambridge. Later he was the associate of Southey and Wordsworth in literary work. The last eighteen years of his life he spent under the care of Dr. Gilman, at Highgate, London, where he became the oracle of a group of admiring disciples. A want of steadfast purpose was the bane of all his work; but the opium habit, into which he fell in 1796, gave a weird power to several of his poems, the unfinished *Christabel*, *Kubla Khan*, and his masterpiece, *The Ancient Mariner*.

SUNDERED FRIENDSHIP (1800).

This passage is taken from *Christabel*. The alienated friends are Sir Leoline, the father of Christabel, and Roland de Vaux.

2. **poison truth**, can turn love and trust into suspicion and hatred.

3. **constancy** etc. Unbroken friendship is found only in heaven, not here on earth.

7. **divine**, conjecture.

13. **hollow heart**, heart left empty of love.

14. **scars**, painful memories which resemble the marks left after a wound has healed. "Scars" (which is in the Case Absolute) also refers to the shattered edges of the two cliffs in the ensuing simile.

15-19. A rocky cliff on the sea-shore is split by an earthquake, so that the ocean penetrates the two steep sides. Gradually these sides become weathered and worn away, but nothing can wholly obliterate the marks which show that the cliffs had been wrenched apart.

YOUTH AND AGE.

In this poem Coleridge pathetically describes the feelings with which he recognises that the joys of youth have departed. In a letter to his friend Thelwall in 1796, he says: "As to my shape, 'tis a good shape enough, if measured, but my gait is awkward, and the walk of the whole man indicates *indolence capable of energies*." It was this lack of energy that made him feel the advance of old age so prematurely.

1. **Verse**, *i.e.* poetry. His poetical powers dallied with various delightful topics, all giving hopes of success.

3. **went a-maying**, celebrated May-day; *i.e.* had a joyful time. Cf. Herrick, *To Corinna*: "Come, my Corinna, come let's go a-Maying."

6. **woful When**. The word "when" (I was young) is "woeful," because it implies that youth is past.

8. **house ... hands**, the body. Cf. Bible, *2 Cor.*, v. 1: "A house not made with hands," where, however, the spiritual body is meant.

9. **does ... wrong**, sadly disappoints me with its present feebleness.

12. **skiffs ... yore**, steamboats, which were first introduced in Coleridge's time. The trial trip of Fulton's boat, driven by steam, on the Hudson River in America, took place in 1807. All the early attempts were made on rivers and lakes.

23. **woful Ere**. See note to l. 6.

27. **fond conceit**, a foolish piece of imagination (*viz.* that thou art gone).

29. **vesper-bell**, the church bell that calls to evening service; here used metaphorically for anything that tells us life's day is closing.

30. **a masker bold**. At some balls people dress themselves up in fancy costumes and conceal their faces under a mask. Coleridge pretends that, in a bold frolic, Youth has put on the disguise of Age.

31. **hast now**, hast thou now.

33. **silvery slips**, narrow strips of white hair showing the bald head between. **I see**, *i.e.* in a mirror.

34. **drooping ... size**. The letter to Thelwall (quoted above) shows that Coleridge was sensitive to such signs of age as a feeble tread and corpulence.

35, 36. **springtide ... eyes**. Coleridge still had the youthful-coloured cheek, full lips, and bright eyes of youth, which helped to keep up the illusion.

39-49. **Dewdrops ... smile**. They sparkle on the sunlit grass like jewels, but in the dim twilight of evening they are colourless, and their falling makes us feel chilly and sad, as if they were "tears" for departing day. So the sorrows of life have a touch of hopeful brightness in youth, but in old age they convey only a reminder that our end is near. They resemble the friendly speeches of a poor relative, who stays on long after we wish he had gone.

48. **while**, time or season; a noun here.

WORK WITHOUT HOPE (1827).

These verses express the poet's sense of the despair induced in him by old age more directly than *Youth and Age*; indeed they are almost an expansion of its closing lines.

1. **All nature.** In an English February the days are often warm and spring-like, and birds and bees wake to life.

3. **slumbering.** Frost and storm-wind have ceased to show their power, though they may at any time be roused to activity again.

6. **nor pair,** do not feel the influence of love, as birds do in pairing-time.

7. **ken, know ; amaranth,** an imaginary fadeless flower, used symbolically for the beauties of poetic inspiration.

8. **fount ... flow.** I have followed from its source the stream of poesy, which gives to mankind the immortal life of the gods. "Nectar" was the drink of the gods.

11. **lips ... brow.** My lips do not smile with the touch of poetic inspiration ; nor do the wreaths of poetic success adorn my brow.

12. **drowse,** benumb, stupefy.

13. **draws,** as it were from a cask.

14. **without an object,** without some definite thing to hope for.

SOUTHEY (1774-1843).

ROBERT SOUTHEY was born at Bristol, and educated at Westminster School and Oxford. In 1803 he settled at Keswick, in the Lake district, with his brother-in-law Coleridge. His longer poems, *Thalaba*, *Madoc*, and the rest, are seldom read, but some of his short poems, as *The Battle of Blenheim* and *The Holly Tree*, still live.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN HIS LIBRARY.

2. **Around me,** on my book-shelves. Southey was an immense and omnivorous reader.

19. **My hopes** etc. I look forward to being reckoned among these dead authors.

LAMB (1775-1834).

CHARLES LAMB was born in London and educated at Christ's Hospital. He was a clerk in the India House for thirty-three years, retiring with a pension in 1825. He devoted himself to the care of his afflicted sister Mary, his life-long companion. His verse had a tender and often whimsical charm of its own, seen in *Hester* and *Old Familiar Faces*.

WORK.

6. The writer, so long a clerk (see above), speaks feelingly. Note the alliteration.

8. **Sabbathless.** Sabbath or Shabbath means rest-day.

9. **rotatory**, going round like a wheel, revolving.
 10. **incalculably**, immeasurably, eternally.
 11. **like a wheel**. Lamb is perhaps thinking of Ixion, who for his sins was tied to a perpetually whirling wheel.
 12. **no returnings**. Cf. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, II. i. 79: "The undiscovered country from whose bourn (boundary) No traveller returns."

PARENTAL RECOLLECTIONS.

This extract is from *Poetry for Children*, by Charles and Mary Lamb.

- 5, 6. A child that could make all times its own ; could be attractive at all times and seasons.
 11. **ways**, contrivances, tricks.

WHITE (1775-1841).

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE was born of a Spanish mother at Seville ; settled in England in 1810 ; and died at Liverpool. Like Wolfe, he is famous for a single poem, a poem which Coleridge considered the finest sonnet in our language.

NIGHT AND DEATH.

The idea of this sonnet is expressed by Sir Thomas Browne in his *Garden of Cyrus* : "Light that makes things seen, makes some things invisible ; were it not for darkness, the stars in heaven had remained invisible" ; but the noble application is White's own (Churton Collins).

2. **report divine**, God's mention of it.
 3. **frame, structure, framework** of the universe. Cf. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, II. ii. 309 : "this goodly frame, the earth."
 4. **canopy of light and blue**, the heavens. Cf. Shakespeare, *ibid.* : "this most excellent canopy, the air, ... this brave overhanging firmament." *Canopy* is lit. a "mosquito net" (Gk. *kōnōps*, *quat*).
 6. **flame**, the sun.
 7. **Hesperus**, the evening star, Venus. **host of heaven**, the moon and stars—a Biblical expression ; see *Deut.*, iv. 19 ; xvii. 3, etc. But in the Bible "the host of heaven" means *all* the heavenly bodies.
 9. **such darkness**, such a power of hiding objects.
 12. **Life**, like light, may blind us to unknown glories.

LANDOR (1775-1864).

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR was born at Ipsley Court, Warwick, and educated at Rugby and Oxford. Though affectionate and generous, he had an ungovernable temper, and quarrelled with his wife and most of his relations. He has a rich and dignified style, and is a distinguished writer both in prose and in verse. His chief poems are *Gebir*, an epic, and *Count Julian*, a tragedy, with smaller pieces of classic beauty.

A FIESOLAN IDYL.

Landor settled at Fiesole in Italy in 1829 for some seven years. The *Idyl*, from which this is an extract, is a description of a maiden gathering flowers.

2. wanted me, required my help.

5. Are the swift vehicles etc. A pleasant odour will often bring pleasant thoughts with it and will help the memory to recall delightful things which would otherwise be forgotten. The power of smell in awakening the memory is well known.

11. Genius, tutelary deity; their inmost nature personified.

14, 15. Hath shaken ... reproached me. The violet has felt my breath as I smelt it, but it could not reproach me with having plucked it.

17. one grain of gold, the yellow pollen so conspicuous on the stamens of the lily.

THE EAGLE.

This is an extract from *Count Julian*, and is what Hernando says of Julian. In the original the last line is placed fifth; here it is put at the end in accordance with a suggestion of De Quincey's, who points out that the line is literally applicable to the bird rather than to the man.

1. airy, trivial, petty; stirs abroad, moves about among the people. He is not influenced by outside feeling.

9. constant, unmoved; unobservant, inattentive; seeing, but not heeding. unabased, not lowered or bent downwards.

CAMPBELL (1777-1844).

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born at Glasgow and educated at its University. He lived in London from 1803 till the year of his death, which took place at Boulogne. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. He wrote *The Pleasures of Hope* at the age of twenty-one, but is chiefly remembered for his fine lyrics, *Ye Mariners of England*, *Hohenlinden*, and *The Battle of the Baltic*.

THE MOTHER'S CRADLE-SONG.

This passage is taken from *The Pleasures of Hope*.

5. **weaves**, fashions, composes.
16. **willow**. The weeping willow is often planted in churchyards.
18. **parted**, departed.
20. **tears of Memory**, tears prompted by memories of his dead mother. **Narrow bed**, grave.

THE BEECH-TREE'S PETITION (1800).

2. **beechen** is used for metrical reasons; properly *beecheen* means made of beechwood.

5. **Nor summer bud** etc., though I produce no flowers, red or yellow.

7. **Nor fruits of autumn**. It is strange that Campbell should deny to the beech-tree either flower or fruit. Its flowers are more conspicuous than those of the oak, and beech-nuts used to be a valued food for pigs.

9. **murmuring tribes**, bees, which gather honey from the lime and other flowering trees.

21. **surviving**, still living after the carvers are dead and forgotten.

22. **Carved**. Cf. Tennyson, *The Talking Oak*, 25: "Thou, whereon I carved her name"; and Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, III. ii. 9.

MOORE (1779-1852).

THOMAS MOORE was born in Dublin and educated there at Trinity College. He was a friend of Byron and wrote his life. His chief works are *Irish Melodies*, *Lalla Rookh*, and *The Loves of the Angels*.

BENDEMEER'S STREAM.

1. **Bendemeer** is a river in Persia.
11. **a dew**, attar of roses.
13. Memory preserves the relish of past happiness.

THE PATRIOT.

1. The patriot is addressing his country. **the name**, the knowledge, report.
3. **darken the fame**, accuse me of crimes; call me a rebel.
6. **efface their decree**, blot out their sentence of condemnation.
7. **to them**, in my conduct towards them.

HUNT (1784-1859).

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT was born at Southgate and educated at Christ's Hospital School. A shiftless man, he fell into debt and difficulties, and in 1812 was imprisoned for libelling the Prince Regent in *The Examiner*. His verse is graceful and original, and his diction often very felicitous. His chief poems are *The Story of Rimini*, *Abou ben Adhem*, and his fine sonnet *The Nile*.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

This sonnet should be compared with that of Keats, p. 60; see the note there.

2. **Catching your heart up**, feeling a sudden glow of happiness at the approach of summer.

4. **lag**. Bees do not "lag" even in the hottest weather. It was an old belief that when bees are swarming, they could be induced to settle by the beating of brass pots and pans.

6. **those ... soon**, those who like to be without any light but what comes from the fire on the hearth.

8. **Nick**, note or mark, like the ticking of a watch

12. **clear hearts**, hearts undimmed by sadness.

PEACOCK (1785-1866).

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK was born at Weymouth and was mostly self-educated. He was long in the India Office. He is better known as a novelist than as a poet, but "his ironical and caustic songs are unique in our literature" (Gosse). He wrote *Rhododaphne*, which has been compared with *Endymion*.

THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR.

This song occurs in the novel, *The Misfortunes of Elphin*.

12. **to furnish etc.**, to provide ourselves with meat for our feasts.

17. **our prize**, the captured "kine" (l. 10).

25. **strife bewildering**, confused warfare.

35. **head**. The sign of the plural is dispensed with; see Jonson, *True Nobility*, 3, and note.

40. **our chorus**, our song of triumph.

BYRON (1788-1824).

GEORGE GORDON NOEL, sixth Lord Byron, was born in London on January 22nd, and educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1812 his *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* made him the idol both of society and of the literary world. In 1816 he left England, never to return. In 1823 he took part with the Greeks in their War of Independence, and died of a fever at Missolonghi, April 19th of the following year. He was buried in England near his ancestral residence, Newstead Abbey. Byron's chief fault was an inordinate self-conceit, which led him to pose before the world as one who defies God and man. His better self reveals itself in his later poems. As a writer he is more rhetorical than poetic; he has vigour and appropriateness of expression rather than insight, imagination, or a sense of musical rhythm. His most characteristic works are *Childe Harold*, the fragmentary *Giaour*, *Hebrew Melodies*, *Manfred*, *A Vision of Judgment*, and his masterpiece, *Don Juan*.

DEAD GREECE.

This well-known passage from *The Giaour* (1813) is an elaborate simile, in which the political state of Greece, subjected as she was in Byron's time to the tyranny of the Turk, and forgetful of all the glory and greatness of her historic past (though still retaining much that reminded the traveller of it), is compared to the peculiar beauty of expression so often seen in the features of some one who has been only an hour or two dead.

3. **day of nothingness ... distress**, the day when there is nothing left either to hope or to fear; when there is no longer any anxiety about the risk of death.

6. **lines where beauty lingers**, those outlines and curves of the face which give it its chief charm. These are as yet untouched by decomposition.

9. **fixed yet tender traits**, the fixed (by death) yet soft expression of the inanimate face.

11. **shrouded**, closed.

14. **cold obstruction's apathy**, the insensibility produced by death. Cf. Shakespeare, *Measure for Measure*, III. I. 119: "To lie in cold obstruction"; where death is so called because it is a stoppage of all the vital functions.

17. **The doom**. The gazer is appalled because it seems as if this insensibility pronounced the *death-sentence*, and showed that his friend was really dead.

19. **treacherous, deceitful, delusive**.

20. **the tyrant's power**, the conquering might of death. He might think the dead man still alive.

21. **softly sealed**, gently stamped on the face; cf. "fixed yet tender," l. 9, and note. Understand "is" after "sealed."

22. **The first ... revealed**. The last look of the living face is preserved and shown by death, and thus is the first look of the dead face.

28. **parts ... parting**. Cf. Shelley, *Arethusa*, 8, and note.

31. **Expression's ... ray**, the last lingering vestige of life in the face. This is repeated in l. 33.

32. **gilded halo**. A halo is a ring of hazy light seen round the sun or the moon; applied here to the phosphorescent gleam hovering over decaying matter. See Crabbe, *Visions of Frenzy*, 5. *Gilded* points to its unreal delusive brightness.

41. **thou craven crouching slave**. Byron apostrophises the degenerate inhabitants of modern Greece. "Craven crouching," cowardly and cowering.

42. **Thermopylae**. A narrow pass in Greece, where in B.C. 480 Leonidas and his few brave Spartans for three days held the vast army of the Persians at bay to the death.

46. **Salamis**. A rocky island opposite Athens, in whose gulf the Greeks gained a decisive naval battle over the Persians, B.C. 480.

48. **Arise ... make**, are imperatives, the subject being "Ye Greeks," implied in "servile offspring" (l. 44).

49, 50. **Snatch ... fires**. Take to yourselves some of the ardour and courage of your ancestors; imitate their heroic achievements.

59-60. **Bear witness ... age**. The construction is: "Let thy page bear witness and let many an age attest it."

62. **pyramid**. The pyramids of Egypt were huge erections, inside which the coffins of their kings were placed.

63. **the general doom**, the lapse of time, which brings most things to decay.

65. **command**, possess.

67. **thy muse**, thy poetry and history, in which these heroic exploits are recorded.

72. **from itself it fell**, it became degenerate.

74. **villain bonds**. The villain was primarily a serf, then a person of degraded character. Here "villain bonds" = servile bonds.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

These stanzas are part of a song from Canto III. of *Don Juan*.

2. **burning Sappho**, a famous Greek lyric poetess, about 600 B.C. She was styled the "Tenth Muse."

4. **Delos ... Phœbus**. Delos is an island to the east of Greece, the supposed birth-place of the Sun-god, Phœbus Apollo. He was the patron of poetry, music, and medicine.

7. **The Scian and the Teian muse.** The island of Scio, east of Greece, was supposed to be the birthplace of Homer. Teos, a city of Asia Minor, was the birthplace of Anacreon, the poet of love and wine.

12. **"Islands of the Blest."** So called by the Greek poets; probably the Cape de Verd Islands or the Canaries. Byron means that the poetry of the ancient Greeks is now studied by peoples in the remotest lands, however much neglected by modern Greeks.

13. **Marathon,** a plain in Greece, north-east of Athens, where the Greek general Miltiades won a decisive battle, against overwhelming odds, over the Persian invaders, B.C. 490.

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

These stanzas are from Canto IV. of *Childe Harold*. Visiting the ruins of the Colosseum by moonlight, the poet imagines the scenes which formerly took place there, of which the most popular were fights between armed "gladiators" or trained swordsmen.

3. **Consents ... agony.** The expression of his face shows that he is not afraid of death, and is unmoved by pain.

8. **The arena swims.** When a person faints, the first feeling is as if everything round him were swaying about or "swimming."

12. **nor prize,** nor of the prize he had lost.

15. **Dacian mother.** Dacia was a province of the Roman Empire between the Carpathian mountains and the Danube, inhabited by an uncivilised but warlike tribe. It was from such tribes that the Roman gladiators were drawn.

17. **rushed,** rushed past his mental view.

18. **Arise! ye Goths.** The Goths were an ancient Teutonic race who settled round the lower Danube in the third century. Rome was besieged by them under Alaric in 408 and sacked in 410.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON (1816).

This sonnet forms a preface to the story of Bonnivard, one of three brothers imprisoned in the Castle of Chillon, on Lake Lemán, for their adherence to Protestantism.

2-4. **Brightest ... bind.** The Spirit of Liberty shows itself most glorious in a prison, because there it lives in the soul of a man who will obey no other ruler.

6. **vault's rayless gloom.** The dungeons in mediæval castles were often underground, and so admitted no direct sunlight.

9-10. **holy place ... altar.** Bonnivard's martyrdom has made his prison as holy as a temple; and its floor, worn by his feet, is as sacred as an altar.

ON HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

This passage occurs in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* (1809). Henry Kirke White (1785-1806) gave brilliant promise at Cambridge, and later won for himself recognition as a poet of some merit.

3. **The spoiler, Death.**

5. **Oh! what a noble ... undone.** A reminiscence of Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, III. i. 158: "O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!"

6. **Science' self etc.** Knowledge too keenly pursued destroyed her disciple.

9. **thine own genius.** When quite a child, White was often so absorbed in a book that he forgot his meals. The cause of his death was the strain of overwork forced on him by his poverty.

16. **pinion ... steel.** Here "pinion" = feather. The feather "impels" the arrow in the sense that it guides and steadies its flight.

ELEGY.

This beautiful poem is one of the *Hebrew Melodies* (1814), most of which are on tragical scenes in Old Testament history. This Elegy is a continuation of the theme of *Jephtha's Daughter*.

1. **snatched ... bloom.** Jephtha offered his daughter in sacrifice to fulfil the vow he had thoughtlessly made before fighting the Ammonites. See Bible, *Judges*, xi.

5. **cypress, a dark, evergreen tree, sacred to Pluto and used at funerals.**

7. **Sorrow.** The grief of the mourners is here personified. The Israelites lamented the daughter of Jephtha four days in each year; see *Judges*, xi. 40.

10. **Fond wretch, foolish unhappy one;** "foolish," because there was no real need to "tread lightly."

13. **unteach us to complain, teach us not to complain or lament.**

SHELLEY (1792-1822).

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY was born on August 4th at Field Place, Horsham, Sussex, of wealthy parents, and educated at Eton and Oxford, whence he was expelled for writing an atheistic pamphlet. In 1818 he left England for Italy, where he was much in the company of Byron. He was drowned in a boating accident near Leghorn. His character combined gentleness, generosity, and strong affection, with little sense of duty, want of self-control, and passionate revolt against authority and convention. As a poet he is remarkable for his lyrical gift, his almost too fertile imagination, and his dramatic

power. His chief works are *Alastor, Julian and Maddalo, Adonais*, and the *Ode to the West Wind*, with the tragedies of *The Cenci* and *Prometheus Unbound*.

ARETHUSA (1820).

Arethusa was one of Diana's nymphs, and was changed into a fountain by the goddess. Her pursuit by the river-god Alpheus (pronounced Al-phé-us) down from the heights of Greece to the western shore and onward through the ocean depths, till, now reconciled, the two streams reappear in Sicily, is vividly delineated in this poem. Note the contrast between the first two stanzas—the calm sweetness of tone and description of the first, as opposed to the wild vehemence of the second.

1-6. **Arethusa arose ... fountains.** The personified spring rises among the mountain snows and cloud-capt crags, and leaps down from rock to rock, collecting its tributary rivulets.

3. **Acroceraunian mountains**, a lofty range in northern Greece.

6. **Shepherding**, directing their course, as a shepherd does his flock.

8. **her rainbow locks.** The rainbow-coloured spray is imaged as the nymph's bright hair, which streams behind her in her flight. With **Streaming among the streams** compare Tennyson, *Lotus-Eaters*, 94, 95 :

" Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave ? "

See *St. Agnes' Eve*, 7 : " Still creeping with the creeping hours." See Byron, *Dead Greece*, 28.

10-12. **Her steps ... gleams**, her fertilising waters make the gorge green, whose slope faces the west.

14. **ever singing.** The stream tinkles and murmurs as it flows.

18. **lingered.** The stream runs more slowly on the levels near the coast.

19. **Alpheus.** The river rises in the mountains of the Peloponnese, which, however, are not really lofty enough to have glaciers.

21. **trident**, the sea-god Neptune's three-pronged sceptre ; hence appropriate to a river-god. **Strook**, for " struck," to make the rhyme. *Strok* occurs in old English.

23. **spasm**, convulsion, shock

24. **Erymanthus**, one of the Peloponnesian range.

26. **unsealed** is Mr. Forman's admirable suggestion for the difficult reading "concealed." The south wind melted the snow masses to swell the stream.

29. **Did rend in sunder**, broke down the rocky barrier of the springs below the surface, which now pour forth in a sweeping torrent. .

31. **The beard and the hair.** Here the flying foam is pictured as the beard and hair of Alpheus. See note to l. 8.

34. **light**, the bright trail of the swift stream.

36. **Dorian**, Grecian.

37. "Oh, save ... me ! Arethusa appeals to the Ocean-god to save her.

44. **white** indicates the limpid clearness of the fresh-water stream, which passes like a sunbeam through the dark ocean.

46. **Behind her** etc. The leaping stream follows her in her flight. Throughout the poem there is some confusion between the deity of the stream and the stream itself. Thus Arethusa shepherds her fountains (l. 6) ; and Alpheus strikes a passage for his own torrent (ll. 21, 22).

47. **unblended**. Like the blue Rhone and the muddy Arve below Geneva.

48. **Dorian**, here Peloponnesian.

49. **Like a gloomy stain**. Both streams are kept distinct from the sea water through which they pass : the one is white and pure against the darker ocean ; the other is black and muddy against the green sea.

54. **Down the streams**. The birds fly with the wind. **streams**, currents, blasts.

55. **Under the bowers** etc. This stanza describes the course of the two streams through the ocean. The subject of the stanza is " they " in l. 72.

60. **unvalued** may mean either (1) invaluable, of inestimable value ; or (2) neglected, unused. For (1), cf. Shakespeare, *Richard III.* i. 4 : " Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels " ; and Milton, *Epitaph on Shakespeare*, 11 : " thy unvalued book."

63. **a network**. The dancing tangle of rainbow hues produced by refraction through the ever-shifting currents.

65. **shadowy**, darkened by the caves.

66. **the forest's night**, the dark green of the gloomy depths of a forest. " Green " is the colour of very deep water.

71. **clifts**. *Clift* is an older spelling of *cleft*. It was fabled that the two streams emerged in Ortygia, an island off Syracuse in Sicily. Shelley, however, represents them as rising afresh from the mountains round the plain of Enna in the centre of Sicily.

72. **Dorian** here = Sicilian, Sicily having been colonised by the Dorians.

75. **where the morning basks**, facing westwards ; cf. l. 12 and note.

76. **once parted** etc., formerly separated, but now become united in their aims.

79-87. These lines describe " their watery tasks," the day's business, viz. the journey from their source down through the woods and meadows to their mouth in the sea.

84. **asphodel**, a plant of the lily species.

87. **Ortygian**. See note to l. 71.

88. **Like spirits** etc., like disembodied spirits in the sky, whose love survived though they themselves have died (on earth).

THE RECOLLECTION (1822).

This poem forms part of one addressed to Jane Williams, who with her husband occupied part of Shelley's summer residence at Lerici on the Gulf of Spezia in northern Italy in 1822, and whom the poet found a bright and attractive companion in his walks and rambles on that beautiful coast.

2. The "ocean" is the Ligurian Sea, part of the Mediterranean.

6. **were gone to play**, *i.e.* had all disappeared.

9-12. It seemed a Heaven-sent time of perfect beauty and happiness.

16. **As serpents interlaced**. Cf. Wordsworth, *Yew-Trees*, 16-18 :

"Huge trunks ! and each particular trunk a growth
Of intertwined fibres serpentine
Up-coiling."

17-20. **soothed by ... its own**. The rude, giant trees seemed to be softened and subdued by the quiet, translucent air, so that their hues harmonised with those of the sweet blue sky above them.

21. **asleep**, unstirred by the wind.

28. **Gulfed**, engulfed. The glassy pools reflected the sky and trees, so that each pool seemed a cavern of light on the dark ground.

31. **More boundless** etc. The reflected sky appeared to stretch away to a fathomless depth and to be purer than the daylight sky above.

37. **There**, reflected in the pools.

39,40. **The white sun** etc. The midday sun, as reflected in the pools, shone with mild radiance as at dawn. **speckled**, variegated, dappled.

43. **imaged by the water's love**. The pools are poetically represented as taking delight in reflecting the forest trees.

46. **an Elysian glow**, an unearthly brightness. Elysium was the Greek Heaven. Cf. l. 12.

OZYMANDIAS (1817).

The moral of this loosely-constructed sonnet is the vanity of human pride and achievement. The works of this "king of kings" have all disappeared ; only fragments of his statue remain.

1. **antique**, ancient, of old time.

6-8. The clever carving shows that the sculptor fully understood the feelings and character of his subject (the king)—feelings which,

delineated on the lifeless stone, still survive the hand (of the sculptor) that imitated them and the heart (of the king) that cherished them.

11. **despair**, *i.e.* of being able to equal them.

A LAMENT (1821).

2. **On whose ... climb.** I am getting near the end of my life's journey.

3. **Trembling ... before.** I tremble at the infinite void from which I came and to which I am soon going.

9. **faint**, weak, languid.

KEATS (1795-1821).

JOHN KEATS was born on October 29th in Finsbury, London, and was educated at a private school. He was apprenticed to a surgeon, and qualified himself for medical practice. From 1817 he devoted himself to literature, in spite of poverty and ill health. He died at Rome on February 23rd. His poetry is marked by imaginative beauty, clothing itself in the richest music of words. His chief works are *Endymion* and *Hyperion*, with the fine odes *On a Grecian Urn*, *To Autumn*, and *To the Nightingale*.

TO THE POETS.

In this fanciful ode poets are imagined as having a dual existence, one soul in heaven and a twin soul on earth.

1. **Bards of Passion**, poets inspired by the deepest emotions—love, patriotism, etc.

6. **spheres.** The sun was in the fourth, the moon in the first "sphere" of the Ptolemaic system. See Milton, *Satan's Address*, 8, and note.

8. **parle**, conversation; French *parler*, to speak.

10. **one another.** "Commune with" is understood from l. 5.

11. **Elysian.** See Shelley, *The Recollection*, 46, and note.

12. **Dian's fawns.** Deer belonging to Diana; see Jonson, *Hymn to Diana*, 1, and note.

18. **senseless ... thing**, a creature singing it knows not what in a "trance" of ecstatic joy.

20. **Philosophic numbers smooth**, wise and musical verse.

24. **again**, furthermore, on the other hand; to be taken with "then."

30. **little week**, brief span of mortal life.

36. **fled far away**, though you have passed to the higher world.

SATURN.

This description, taken from *Hyperion*, of the old god Saturn after his overthrow by Jupiter and the newer race of gods, is an allegory of the painful conflict between ancient beliefs and ideas and the new ones that supplant them.

3. **eve's one star.** Venus, the evening star.

4. **quiet as a stone.** Wordsworth elaborates this simile in his *Resolution and Independence*, ix, x.

6. **Forest on forest,** clumps of trees rising one above another on the steep mountain sides which enclosed this valley, so as to shut out light and air.

8. **Not so much life** etc. When summer air is so still that it cannot shake one seed from the over-ripe grass, it is less still and dead than it was in this valley.

13. **Naiad.** Naiads were mythological female deities, presiding over rivers or streams.

14. **Pressed ... lips,** a well-known sign of cautious silence.

19. **realmless eyes,** eyes that had lost the light they had when he was supreme ruler of gods and men.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET (1816).

This is one of Keats's early sonnets. It was written in a friendly competition with Leigh Hunt, whose sonnet (see p. 45) is the better of the two. Keats's was finished first, but is carelessly composed; "tired out with fun," "some pleasant weed," and "some grassy hills" are not well-chosen expressions.

6. **summer luxury,** the delights of summer-time.

10, 11. **frost ... silence.** During a frost all life seems suspended; there is no song of birds, no hum of insects. Cf. Coleridge's *Frost at Midnight*.

12. **in warmth,** in loud cheerfulness, sympathising with the warmth of the fire.

THE HUMAN SEASONS.

This is a late sonnet. It may be compared and contrasted with Shakespeare's "Seven Ages" in *As You Like It*. But Keats thinks only of the life of the poet; he does not concern himself with the larger life of man.

4. **easy span.** He easily grasps the whole extent of the world's beauty.

6-7. **cud ... ruminates.** Animals, such as cows, "ruminates," when they chew the "cud," i.e. the food already swallowed and half-digested. To "ruminates the cud" means to meditate on thoughts treasured up in memory.

10. **furleth**. He does not try to soar.
 11. **mists**, vague, shadowy thoughts and memories.
 12. **threshold brook**, a brook running close to one's door, so familiar that we do not notice it.
 13. **misfeature**, disfigurement, decay of beauty.
 14. **Or else ... nature**. We could escape this process of decline only by ceasing to belong to the human race.

HOOD (1799-1845).

THOMAS HOOD was born in London, and became sub-editor of *The London Magazine*. His health was bad, and he was frequently involved in money difficulties. He is celebrated for his humorous poetry, but his serious poems are full of imagination and pathos. Such are *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, *The Song of the Shirt*, and *The Bridge of Sighs*.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

These stanzas are taken from a poem with the above title.

8. **His enemy**, *i.e.* man.
 11. **domestic broods**, hens, ducks, etc.
 12. "**shocking tameness**." Shocking, because so unnatural. The allusion is to Cowper, *Alexander Selkirk*, 16: "Their (the beasts') tameness is shocking to me."
 14. **soon**, quickly, easily.
 22. **witwall**, the popinjay or green woodpecker.
 24. **That Echo** etc., that was followed by its echo.

MACAULAY (1800-1859).

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was born at Rothby Temple, Leicestershire, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was called to the Bar in 1826, but the success of his essay on Milton in the *Edinburgh Review* led him to adopt literature and politics as a profession. In 1823 his ballads, *Ivry*, *The Armada*, and *Naseby*, appeared, and in 1842 he published the *Lays of Ancient Rome* on which his reputation as a poet chiefly depends. He died in Kensington on December 28th. Macaulay's poems are mostly pictures taken from history in stirring rhetorical verse. He has sometimes been described as "the schoolboy's poet."

THE TWIN BRETHREN.

These stanzas describe the turning-point in the *Battle of Lake Regillus* (one of the *Lays*). Herminius, one of the bravest Romans,

has just been slain; and his horse, "black Auster," of incomparable speed, has been rescued by Aulus the Dictator (l. 15), who is preparing to ride him to battle.

2. **band, girth.**

3. **a princely pair.** See note to ll. 21-32.

10. **gleam.** It "gleams" when the smith is forging the red-hot iron into shape.

11, 12. **never ... stream.** The horses were divine, like the deities who rode them.

19. **in such guise,** in such a manner. *Guise* is an older form of *wise*.

21-32. In these lines the Twins, Castor and Pollux, reply to the question of Aulus. They enumerate the places where they were specially worshipped, viz. *Samothracia*, an island in the north Aegean Sea; *Cyrene*, a Greek city in Africa, south of Greece; *Tarentum*, a Greek city in the south of Italy; *Syracuse*, a seaport on the east of Sicily; and *Sparta*, on the river *Eurolas*, their supposed birthplace.

28. **marble ... towers,** the marble gateway of our temple, high above the harbour.

34. **couched low,** lowered it for the charge.

37. **thirty armies.** Of the Thirty Cities of the Latins, who had espoused the cause of the banished Tarquins.

39-40. **Ardea ... Cora.** Two towns of Latium; their names are put for the soldiers that came from them.

43. **Vesta.** The goddess of the family, in whose temple the sacred fire ("hearth") was kept ever burning by the Vestal Virgins.

44. **Golden Shield,** supposed to have been dropped from heaven by Jupiter as a reward for the piety of Numa Pompilius, the second king of Rome.

EPITAPH ON A JACOBITE.

The *Jacobites* (from *Jacobus*, the Latin for *James*) were so called because they regarded James II. (and his lineal descendants) as their true and lawful king, and not William III. and his Hanoverian successors. Many were executed as traitors after the unsuccessful rebellions in Scotland; others took refuge in foreign countries, as did he whose epitaph is given here. This is a higher type of poetry than the *Lays*.

4. **one dear hope,** the hope of a happy marriage, made impossible by the risks which he ran as a rebel; or perhaps because the lady belonged to the opposite party.

7-8. **Heard on Laverna ... Tees.** As a refugee in Italy he fondly dreamed of the scenes of his youth among the wooded Yorkshire hills, where the *Tees* rises on the eastern slopes of the Pennine range. **Arno,** a river in Italy.

14. **proud country**, England.

15, 16. He adjures the traveller by the "white cliffs," and by his native language. The chalk cliffs strike the eye as we approach or leave England across the Channel. To the exile they were a mournful memory of his last sight of his homeland.

17. **feuds**, political quarrels, such as that between the Jacobites and the Hanoverians.

TENNYSON (1809-1892).

ALFRED TENNYSON was born at Somersby Rectory, Lincolnshire, and educated at Louth Grammar School and Cambridge, where his friendship with Arthur Hallam began. He became Poet Laureate in 1850, the year of his marriage. In 1884 he was raised to the peerage. He died on October 6th, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Tennyson's poetry is remarkable for its purity of tone, its felicity of expression, its melody of diction, and its simplicity of emotion. His chief works are *In Memoriam*, *The Idylls of the King*, *Maud*, *The Princess*, *Enoch Arden*, and many lovely lyrics.

IN MEMORIAM, XI, C.

In Memoriam is a record of Tennyson's thoughts and feelings in regard to his bosom-friend Arthur Hallam, after the sudden death of the latter at Vienna. It comprises short poems, written from time to time between 1833 and 1842. Of these poems or cantos, ix. to xvii. are emotional pictures of the voyage from Italy to England of the ship carrying Hallam's body; and canto x. admirably illustrates the poet's power of using the details of a landscape as a sympathetic background to strong feeling. Canto c. is in even more subtle harmony with regretful memories of the past.

XI.

2. **suit ... grief**. The scene would perfectly harmonise with the sorrow of one who was less stunned by grief than Tennyson was.

5. **high wold**, an elevated table-land in Lincolnshire, overlooking the sea.

7, 8. **silvery ... gold**. The light spiders' webs, hanging on the furze bushes, are covered with dewdrops which refract the sunlight into all the colours of the rainbow.

10. **sweeps**, stretches away.

11. **lessening towers**. Lessening in the distance. Church towers are familiar landmarks.

12. **bounding main**, the sea which shuts in the landscape.

14. **redde**n ... **fall**. The time was autumn; Hallam died on September 13th, and was buried at Clevedon on January 3rd.

18. **sway** ... **rest**. After the wind has ceased ("in rest") the waves still "sway" up and down for hours with a gentle, uniform motion.

20. **heaves** ... **deep**. Hallam's dead body sways up and down, as the ship "heaves" on the quiet waves, just as the living bosom heaves with our breathing; but his bosom is rigid in death.

C.

1. **the hill**. A hill near their house in Somersby. In the woods beyond it Tennyson and Hallam often used to picnic.

5. **grange**, a farm-house, with granaries, stables, and sheds adjoining.

6. **low** ... **reed**. Low marshy ground covered with reeds, which rustle or "whisper" in the wind.

7. **simple stile**. The rough ("simple") stiles at the paths across the meadows give an opportunity for friends to sit and talk and admire the landscape. Hence their appeal to the memory.

9. **haw**, the hawthorn or may-tree.

10. **latest linn**et, still singing there, when to be heard nowhere else.

12. **wrangling daw**, the jackdaw. These birds have a harsh note, which sounds as if they were "wrangling."

16. **mothers of the flock**, mother-sheep, ewes.

17. **But each**, which has not, each of them, pleased, etc.

18. **kindlier day**, a happier time, when Hallam was his companion.

MORTE D'ARTHUR (1842).

This passage forms the close of the poem, after the dying king had been borne by his knight Sir Bedivere to the margin of the lake. The "Death of Arthur" was incorporated later by the poet in his *Idylls of the King*. There are several legends of the exploits of Arthur, or Artus, a British war leader of the sixth century.

1. **hove**, was lying. Malory says that a little barge *hoved* fast by the bank.

5. **Black-stoled**. The "stole" was a long loose robe reaching to the feet. **like a dream**, indistinct and unearthly.

6. **Three Queens**. Mentioned in *The Coming of Arthur*, 275-278. They perhaps typify the three Christian virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

7. **A cry ... stars**. It thrilled as it rose through the air and reached the stars which trembled in response.

18. **complaining**, lamenting.

21, 22. **the withered moon ... east**, the moon when its light is fading before the early beams of the rising sun.

23. **greaves**, armour for the legs. **cuisse**s, armour for the thighs.

23, 24. **dashed ... onset**, splashed with drops of blood from the fight.

26. **dais-throne**, throne elevated on the dais or platform.

40, 41. **the light ... myrrh**. The Star in the East which led the Magi ("holy Elders") to Bethlehem, where they presented the newborn Christ with gold, frankincense, and "myrrh."

42. **Round Table**. King Arthur's order of knighthood is said to have taken its name from a large round table at which the king and his knights sat for meals. It was made by Merlin to imitate the shape of the round world, which was long believed to be round and flat.

49. God has many methods of accomplishing his purposes.

50. Lest men should stagnate for want of change, and a lifeless formalism take the place of vigorous endeavour.

53. **May He ... pure**, may God purify my work by infusing Himself into it.

59. **a blind life**, a life that is blind to anything beyond the material sense.

63. **Bound by gold chains**. Cf. Archdeacon Hare: "This the golden chain of love, whereby the whole creation is bound to the throne of the Creator."

67. **Avillion** is the name of a fabled valley, nearly surrounded by a river ("island"), in the neighbourhood of Glastonbury, the town in Somersetshire where Joseph of Arimathea is said to have landed with the Holy Grail. It is the Celtic paradise of dead heroes.

70. **Deep-meadowed**, with fertile meadows of thick grass.

71. **crowned, ringed round**.

75. **fluting ... death**. It was an old tradition that the swan sings a sweet song just before her death. Cf. this author's *The Dying Swan*.

79. **the verge of dawn**, the horizon where the day was dawning.

THE BUGLE SONG.

This is one of the songs in *The Princess*.

1. **splendour**, of the rising sun.

3. **long light**. The long beams quiver across the lakes' surface

9. **scar** or **scaur**, a rocky precipice or bare side of a mountain.

10. **The horns of Elfand**. The poet imagines that the distant, attenuated echoes are the sound of the horns of fairy-land.

15. **Our echoes** etc. The mutual feelings of those who love each other are spiritual ("soul to soul") echoes, which never grow faint and die, but are always increasing.

MEMORIES.

In this tender lyric of unsatisfied yearnings, the sense of loss is emphasised by the consciousness that outward events are uninfluenced and go on just the same.

1. The threefold repetition well images the monotony of the sound of the waves. They can speak ; but deep human emotions fail of utterance.

15. **the tender grace, the soft charm, quiet happiness.**

BROWNING (1812-1889).

ROBERT BROWNING was born in Camberwell, London, on May 7th. He was educated at home, and attended neither public school nor university. In 1846 he married the poetess Elizabeth Barrett, and soon afterwards went with her to Italy, where they resided till her death in 1861. He died on December 12th, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Browning's genius lay chiefly in dramatic monologue, but some of his short poems are as simple as they are beautiful, e.g. *Home Thoughts from Abroad*, and *Home Thoughts from the Sea* ; but most of his poetry is both profound in thought and involved in style. His chief poems are *The Ring and the Book*, *Paracelsus*, *Sordello*, *Pippa Passes*, and *Dramatic Lyrics*.

THE LOST LEADER.

This is an imaginative portrait of one who had been revered as their leader by a band of enthusiasts in Freedom's cause, but who had gone over to the side of authority, respectability, and prudence. Browning had Wordsworth in his eye when he wrote this poem. But Wordsworth's gradual change from his early enthusiasm for the French Revolution to the High Church Toryism of his old age was quite sincere and spontaneous, and the first four lines in no way fit his case : the grudging rewards of l. 5 were all that Wordsworth ever received from the Government of his day.

2. **riband.** Such as forms part of the decorations of some Order.

3. **one gift, viz. money.**

4. **all the others, enthusiasm, hope, belief in progress, etc. ; devote, dedicate (to the cause).**

7. **our copper, our pence.** We were poor, but would gladly have given him our all.

8. **Rags ... proud.** We were poorly clad ; had we worn fine clothes, he would have been proud of us. *Purple* used to be the colour of the robes of emperors and kings.

13-14. **Shakespeare ... Shelley.** *Shakespeare*, though no democrat, stood up for English freedom ; *Milton* was Cromwell's right-hand in fighting the Stuart despotism ; *Burns* was the people's poet, and *Shelley* the poet of revolutionary freedom.

15. **He alone.** This implies that the "leader" was a poet, not a politician. See also l. 18.

20. **Still bidding crouch.** Wordsworth publicly opposed the Bill to relieve Catholics from their political disabilities. For "crouch," cf. Byron, *Dead Greece*, 41, and note.

25. **Life's night,** the gloom arising from our loss. The image is preserved in "twilight" (l. 27) and "morning" (l. 28).

27. **Forced praise** etc. We should feel obliged to praise him for coming back to us; but we could never again wholly trust him.

29, 30. It is best that he should (not come back to us but) fight on well, etc., and should be a menace to us before we get the mastery of him.

THE TWINS (1854).

1. **Martin Luther.** A monk who led the Reformation in Germany. His life-work and writings were characterised by vigorous homely common sense.

2. **Bloomed ... furze.** Blossomed out in "fables" or allegories, as the prickly gorse bush bears beautiful flowers.

3. **The better** etc., the more "uncouth" (rude, odd) they are, the better they are. Such stories stick in the mind, as "burrs" (prickly seed-balls) stick to the clothes.

7. **qualms,** hesitation, dislike of giving.

10. **gifts.** From pious people to the Abbey.

11. **for the nonce,** for the present.

16. **Date and Dabitur.** The two words (which mean "Give ye" and "It shall be given") are taken from the Latin Testament used by the monks; *Luke*, vi. 38. *Date* is of two syllables.

17. **in good case,** in good circumstances.

19. **For Dabitur** etc. Hence it is no wonder that Date bewails Dabitur's leanness. **lenten,** looking half-starved, as a person does who fasts in Lent.

23. **When Date's penance** etc., *i.e.* when the abbot has repented and become charitable, then he will have plenty of gifts.

28. **An angel,** a messenger from God to the abbot.

CLOUGH (1819-1861).

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH was born at Liverpool, educated at Rugby and Oxford, and became fellow and tutor of Oriel College. He died at Florence. His poems are unequal, but show much depth and sincerity of feeling. The chief are *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*, in hexameters, and *Dipsychus*

LIFE.

This poem is from *Songs of Absence*. It compares human life to a ship, sailing, through sunshine and storm, from the port of the unknown past to the port of the unknown future. Clough strongly felt the (to him) unsolvable riddle of man's existence.

8. **wake**, the track of the vessel, which "widens" or spreads out like a fan.

ARNOLD (1822-1888).

MATTHEW ARNOLD, son of the great headmaster of Rugby School, was educated at Rugby and Oxford. From 1851 to 1886 he did useful service as an Inspector of Schools. He was Professor of Poetry at Oxford from 1857 to 1867. As a poet he is cultured and sincere, and shows much distinction of style. He died suddenly at Liverpool, April 15th. His chief poems are *Sohrab and Rustum*, *Merops*, *Tristram and Iseult*, with *Thyrsis* and *Rugby Chapel*.

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM.

This passage forms the close of the poem with the above title. The famous Persian warrior, Rustum, had a son Sohrab, of whose existence he knew nothing, since the mother had pretended that her child was a girl. Sohrab became a Tartar warrior and unknowingly challenged his father in a great battle. He was wounded to death, and too late was found by Rustum to be his son.

5. **Persepolis**. The capital of the Persian Empire in the age of Alexander. Its ruins stand on a rocky terrace, reached by a marble staircase from the plain below.

12. **Oxus**. The chief river of Central Asia, now called the Amu Daria. It rises in Pamir (l. 31), and after passing Orgunjè flows due north (l. 24) into the sea of Aral (l. 36).

28. **shorn and parcelled**, deprived of his fulness of water and separated into many small streams (*parcel* = part).

31. **Pamere**. Pamir is a plateau in Central Asia between Afghanistan, Russia, and Turkestan.

32. **foiled circuitous**. Hindered in its attempt to reach the sea directly, the Oxus is compelled to take a roundabout course.

35. **new-bathed**. Rising from the sea, as they appear to do on the western shore of the Aral Sea.

SONNET ON SHAKESPEARE.

This is one of Arnold's early poems, and forms a fine expression of English thought and feeling about the great world-dramatist.

1. **abide our question**, await our critical study ; we can measure and appraise them. But Shakespeare is like a mountain, too lofty to climb or measure.

4. **uncrowns his majesty**, bares his majestic head.

8. **foiled searching**, exploration which is baffled and hindered.

11. **ungessed at**. None of his contemporaries imagined how great he was.

12. **All pains**, *i.e.* all pains which.

13. **which bow**, which depress the spirit.

14. **their sole speech**. Shakespeare alone gives sympathetic utterance to the unvoiced sorrows of those who are crushed by the heedless world.

BROWN (1830-1897).

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN was born at Douglas, Isle of Man, and educated at Oxford. He became one of the staff of Clifton College, under his friend Dr. Percival. In 1892 he retired to the Isle of Man. He died suddenly when on a visit to Clifton. His first poem was *Betsy Lee, a Fo'c's'le Yarn* (1873); *Mary Quayle* and *Bella Gorry* are characteristic longer poems. As a poet he most resembles Wordsworth in his mystical love of nature and his enthusiasm for the healthy simple life of the unspoiled dwellers in the country.

THE ORGANIST IN HEAVEN.

Samuel Sebastian Wesley, the organist of Gloucester Cathedral, was son to Samuel Wesley, an eminent musician, and grandson to Charles Wesley, the Methodist hymn-writer. Brown's own intense love of music comes out clearly in this poem.

1. **orders**, ranks or grades.

2. **the state**, the throne of God.

3. **incontinent**, unrestrainedly.

7. **for the doors**, where there was an open space to make a place for the doors.

11. **cirque**, circle.

12. **most ... redounds**, contributes the greatest amount of delight.

16. **The trampling of my feet**. The chief distinction of the organ is that the deep "thunder" of the bass notes is produced by wooden keys or pedals which the organist presses down with his feet.

18. **presence walls**, the walls of the presence chamber, in which God sits enthroned.

19-20. **four ... manuals**. Cathedral organs have usually four manuals or keyboards played by hand, each controlling a separate

organ. The essence of organ-playing lies in the effects produced by playing the melody with one hand, accompanying it on a separate manual with the other, and sustaining both with the pedals.

21. **chidden**, commanded by God's rebuke.

23-24. **bestriden ... fire**. The lightning is fixed in four bands (the mystical manuals) of flame.

25-28. **stage ... grew**. This mystical organ is slowly built up. "Stops" are the different rows of pipes, each with its own quality of tone, one row running beneath or alongside of another ("subtending"). They give their sound by "levers," moved by the organist; the whole being intricately fitted together in perfect interdependence ("inextricable blending").

29. **the Master**, Wesley.

31. **alabaster**, a kind of glittering white marble. The word is used here to describe the colour of the clouds.

33-34. **likest ... figure**. The organist begins ("preluding," l. 35) with some simple melody, here called a "figure": he plays softly, like the voice of a "dove brooding" on its nest.

36. **fugue**, a technical term for repeating a melodic phrase again and again in all the different parts, so as to form a complete harmony. Bach's *Preludes and Fugues*, which created a new era in musical art, was introduced into England by the father of this Wesley.

42. **mighty bars**. Written music is divided into rhythmical measures of equal length by vertical lines called "bars"; and thus the word is also applied to the portion of music between the bars.

44. **balanced stars**. Steadfastly fixed in their respective places, like two weights that exactly "balance" each other.

DE LA MARE (1873-).

WALTER JOHN DE LA MARE is a distinguished living poet. He has published *Songs of Childhood* (1902), and a volume of poems (1911), taking its title from the one selected here.

THE LISTENERS.

This poem is a fine instance of the power of reproducing the eerie sensation of unseen spiritual presences haunting a lonely, deserted dwelling in the silence of night.

3-5. **his horse ... a bird**. Notice how the sense of all-pervading silence is emphasised by contrast with the intrusive sound of the horse's "champing," and the flutter of a bird from the turret on the roof.

12. **perplexed**. Obviously the "traveller" is some friend who long ago has promised to visit the inmates of the house, and is "perplexed" at finding no one to receive him.

16. **world of men**, as opposed to their world of spirits.

19. **stirred and shaken**. These words bring home to us the dead stillness that had prevailed before the traveller's call.

21. **their**, the phantom listeners.

24. **leafy sky**. The house is surrounded by trees, so that the sky appears to be covered with leaves, through which the stars peep.

34. **iron on stone**, the iron-shod hoofs, as the traveller rides away, on the stony (or perhaps flagged) pathway from the door.

35. **silence surged**. This disturbed stillness settles back into deep calm. The sound of the "plunging hoofs" has the pathetic note of an eternal farewell.

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