

**THE BOOK WAS
DRENCHED**

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OU_168756

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

The World's Classics

CDLXXXVI

MODERN VERSE

1900-1940

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
AMEN HOUSE, E.C. 4
London Edinburgh Glasgow New York
Toronto Melbourne Capetown Bombay
Calcutta Madras
HUMPHREY MILFORD
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY

MODERN VERSE

1900—1940

Chosen by

PHYLLIS M. JONES



HUMPHREY MILFORD
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

London New York Toronto

*This volume of Modern Verse was published in
1940, and reprinted in 1941.*

R. ID. No 000 71557

PREFATORY NOTE

THIS volume of modern verse is intended as a continuation of the other five volumes of English Verse that have already appeared in this series. The early poems in this volume unavoidably overlap with the later poems in the volume entitled *Longfellow to Rupert Brooke* as it is hoped that besides serving to bring the series up to the present day this volume will give a representative selection of English verse written since the last few years of the nineteenth century. It is not intended as an anthology of poetry hitherto little known, but, so far as is possible within the limits of a small book, to reprint verse that has been popular and generally read during the last forty to forty-five years.

Acknowledgements for permission to use copyright poems are due to Mrs. Lascelles Abercrombie for 'The Stream's Song' and 'A Hymn to Love' by Lascelles Abercrombie; to the Oxford University Press and J. Redwood Anderson for 'The Tarn'; to Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson and Herbert Asquith for 'The Volunteer'; to Messrs. Faber & Faber and W. H. Auden for 'Song for the New Year' and 'It's no use raising a Shout' (from *Collected Poems*); to *The Listener* and W. H. Auden for 'The Witnesses'; to Messrs. Faber & Faber and George Barker for 'The Leaping Laughters' and 'Luctus in Morte Infantis' (from *Poems*); to Messrs. Gerald Duckworth and Hilaire Belloc for 'The South Country', 'Ha'nacker Mill', and 'On a Sleeping Friend'; to Laurence Binyon for 'For the Fallen' and 'Little Dancers'; to Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson and Edmund Blunden for 'Almswomen' and 'The Pike'; to Messrs. Macmillan and the

author's representatives for 'Esther', and 'Chanclebury Ring' (from *the Poetical Works of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt*); to Messrs. Constable Ltd. and Gordon Bottomley for 'To Iron-Founders and Others'; to the Clarendon Press for 'The very names of things belov'd', 'Ye blessed saints', 'I heard a linnet courting', 'I will not let thee go', 'Awake, my heart', and 'Cheddar Pinks' by Robert Bridges; to Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson for 'The Dead' and 'The Old Vicarage' by Rupert Brooke; to Messrs. Faber & Faber and Roy Campbell for 'The Serf' (from *Adamastor*) and 'Choosing a Mast' (Ariel Poem); to Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons for 'The Donkey' by G. K. Chesterton; to Messrs. A. P. Watt & Sons, and the executrix of the late G. K. Chesterton for 'Lepanto' and 'When I came back to Fleet Street' by G. K. Chesterton; to the executors of the late Sir Henry Newbolt for 'Unwelcome' and 'Where a Roman Villa stood' by Mary Coleridge (from *Poems*, Elkin Mathews); to Padraic Colum for 'Old Soldier' and 'A Cradle Song'; to the Cambridge University Press for 'Near an Old Prison' (from *Mountains and Molehills*) by Frances Cornford; to Messrs. Jonathan Cape and W. H. Davies for 'Joy and Pleasure', 'Leisure', 'School's Out', and 'Days that have been' (from *Collected Poems*); to Messrs. J. B. Pinker and Walter de la Mare for 'Arabia', 'All that's Past', 'Tartary', 'The Little Creature', and 'Babel'; to Messrs. John Lane for 'Cynara' by Ernest Dowson; to Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson for 'The Blackbird' by John Drinkwater; to Messrs. Faber & Faber and T. S. Eliot for 'Preludes', 'Whispers of Immortality', 'Marina', 'Gerontion', and 'Animula' (from *Collected Poems*); to Messrs. Chatto & Windus and William Empson for 'Dissatisfaction with Metaphysics' and 'To an old Lady'; to Messrs. Martin Secker & Warburg and the executrix of the late J. E. Flecker for the 'Prologue to the Golden Journey' and 'The Old Ships' by James Elroy Flecker; to Mrs. John Freeman for 'The Eye' and 'To end her Fear'; to Messrs.

Macmillan and Wilfrid Gibson for 'Breakfast' and 'The Parrot' (from *Collected Poems*); to Lady Desborough for 'Into Battle' by Julian Grenfell; to Messrs. Macmillan and the author's representatives for 'Weathers', 'The Night of Trafalgar', 'The Men who March away', and 'Friends Beyond' by Thomas Hardy (from *Collected Poems*); to Messrs. Macmillan and Ralph Hodgson for 'Eve' and 'Reason has Moons' (from *Poems*); to the family of the late Gerard Manley Hopkins for 'Pied Beauty', 'Felix Randal', 'Carrion Comfort', and 'Thou art indeed just, Lord'; to Messrs. J. B. Pinker and to the Trustees of the Estate of the late A. E. Housman for 'The Cherry Tree' (from *The Shropshire Lad*) and 'The Chestnut Casts his Flambeaux', 'The Deserter', and 'Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries' (from *Last Poems*); to Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson and Laurence Housman for 'Annus Mirabilis'; to Messrs. Ivor Nicholson & Watson for 'By the Statue of King Charles' by Lionel Johnson; to James Joyce for 'On the Beach at Fontana' (from *Pomes Penny Each*); to Messrs. Jonathan Cape and James Joyce for 'At that hour when all things have repose' (from *Chamber Music*); to Messrs. Methuen for 'Recessional' (from *The Five Nations*), 'Danny Deever' (from *Barrack Room Ballads*), 'The Flowers' (from *The Seven Seas*), and 'The Long Trail' by Rudyard Kipling; to Messrs. William Heinemann and Mrs. Frieda Lawrence for 'Bat', 'Cypresses', and 'Snake' by D. H. Lawrence; to the Hogarth Press and Cecil Day Lewis for 'Come up, Methuselah', 'Rest from Loving', and 'I've heard them Liting'; to Hugh MacDiarmid for 'Parley of Beasts'; to Messrs. Faber & Faber and Louis MacNeice for 'August' and 'Spring Sunshine' (from *Poems*); to Charles Madge for 'The Times'; to John Masefield for 'Sea-Change', 'Cargoes', 'Port of Holy Peter' (reprinted from *Collected Poems of John Masefield*, William Heinemann Ltd.); to Messrs. Burns, Oates & Washbourne and Mr. Wilfrid Meynell

for 'Unto Us a Son is Given' and 'Two Boyhoods' by Alice Meynell; to Mrs. Harold Monro for 'Exspecto Resurrectionem' by Charlotte Mew, and 'Milk for the Cat' by Harold Monro; to Messrs. Macmillan and T. Sturge Moore for 'Wind's Work' (from *The Poems of T. Sturge Moore*, Collected Edition, Volume 1); to the executors of the late Sir Henry Newbolt for 'Drake's Drum' by Sir Henry Newbolt (from *Poems New and Old*, John Murray); to Messrs. J. B. Pinker & Sons and Robert Nichols for 'At the Wars'; to Messrs. William Blackwood and Alfred Noyes for 'Wizards' (from *The Torch Bearers*); to Messrs. Chatto & Windus for 'Asleep' and 'Greater Love' by Wilfrid Owen; to Ruth Pitter for 'The Comet' and 'The Frog in the Well'; to the Hogarth Press and William Plomer for 'The Scorpion' and 'A Levantine'; to the Oxford University Press and Anne Ridler for 'Against Anger' and 'Bunhill Fields'; to Messrs. Macmillan and the author's executors for 'On Behalf of some Irishmen' (from *Collected Poems*) by 'A. E.' (George William Russell); to Siegfried Sassoon for 'Base Details', 'Memorial Tablet', 'Everyone Sang', and 'On Passing the New Menin Gate'; to Messrs. Pearn, Pollinger & Higham and Edith Sitwell for 'Colonel Fantock' and 'When Sir Beelzebub'; to Messrs. Gerald Duckworth and Osbert Sitwell for 'Mrs. Hague' and 'Winter the Huntsman'; to Messrs. Gerald Duckworth and Sacheverell Sitwell for 'The Rio Grande'; to Messrs. Faber & Faber and Stephen Spender for 'The Shapes of Death', 'The Prisoners', and 'The Express' (from *Poems*); to Messrs. Macmillan and the author for 'Deirdre' and 'The Snare' by James Stephens (from *Collected Poems*); to Messrs. Macmillan and Sir Rabindranath Tagore for the two extracts from 'Gitanjali'; to Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons and Dylan Thomas for 'Out of the Sighs'; to Messrs. Selwyn & Blount for 'Adlestrop' and 'If I should ever by chance grow rich' by Edward Thomas; to W. J. Turner for 'Sea Music' and 'Signs of the Zodiac';

PREFATORY NOTE

ix

to Lady Gerald Wellesley for 'Horses'; to Mr. Vyvyan Beresford Holland for the extracts from 'The Ballad of Reading Gaol' by Oscar Wilde; to the Oxford University Press and Charles Williams for 'The Coming of Palomides'; to Messrs. A. P. Watt & Sons and Mrs. Yeats for 'The Lake Isle of Innisfree', 'When you are old and grey', 'No Second Troy', 'Byzantium', 'Coole and Ballylee', 'For Anne Gregory', 'Sailing to Byzantium', and 'Her Vision in the Wood' by W. B. Yeats (from *Collected Poems*, Macmillan & Co., Ltd.); to the Cresset Press for the two poems by Ruth Pitter.

LIST OF CONTENTS

| | |
|---|----|
| DIXON, RICHARD WATSON 1833-1900 | |
| <i>Song</i> (' <i>The feathers of the willow</i> ') | 1 |
| BLUNT, WILFRID SCAWEN 1840-1922 | |
| <i>Esther</i> (i) 'He who has once been happy' | 1 |
| (ii) 'When I hear laughter' | |
| <i>Chanclebury Ring</i> | 2 |
| HARDY, THOMAS 1840-1928 | |
| <i>Weathers</i> | 3 |
| <i>Friends Beyond</i> | 4 |
| 'Men who March Away' | 6 |
| <i>The Night of Trafalgar</i> | 7 |
| BRIDGES, ROBERT 1844-1930 | |
| 'The very names of things belov'd . . .' | 8 |
| 'Ye blessed saints, . . .' | 9 |
| 'I heard a linnet courting' | 9 |
| 'I will not let thee go' | 10 |
| 'Awake, my heart . . .' | 11 |
| <i>Cheddar Pinks</i> | 12 |
| HOPKINS, GERARD MANLEY 1844-89 | |
| <i>Pied Beauty</i> | 13 |
| <i>Felix Randal</i> | 14 |
| <i>Carrion Comfort</i> | 15 |
| 'Thou art indeed just, Lord . . .' | 15 |
| MEYNELL, ALICE 1847-1922 | |
| <i>Unto us a Son is given</i> | 16 |
| <i>Two Boyhoods</i> | 17 |
| WILDE, OSCAR 1856-1900 | |
| From ' <i>The Ballad of Reading Gaol</i> ' | 18 |

| | |
|--|----|
| HOUSMAN, ALFRED EDWARD 1859-1936 | |
| <i>The Chestnut Casts his Flambeaux</i> | 23 |
| <i>The Deserter</i> | 24 |
| <i>The Cherry Tree</i> | 26 |
| <i>Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries</i> | 26 |
| COLERIDGE, MARY 1861-1907 | |
| <i>Unwelcome</i> | 27 |
| <i>Where a Roman Villa Stood, above Freiburg</i> | 27 |
| TAGORE, SIR RABINDRANATH 1861- | |
| From ' <i>Gitanjali</i> ' | 28 |
| NEWBOLT, SIR HENRY 1862-1933 | |
| <i>Drake's Drum</i> | 29 |
| HOUSMAN, LAURENCE 1865- | |
| <i>Annus Mirabilis (1902)</i> | 30 |
| KIPLING, RUDYARD 1865-1936 | |
| <i>The Long Trail</i> | 31 |
| <i>The Flowers</i> | 35 |
| <i>Recessional</i> | 37 |
| <i>Danny Deever</i> | 39 |
| YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER 1865-1939 | |
| <i>The Lake Isle of Innisfree</i> | 41 |
| <i>When You are Old</i> | 41 |
| <i>No Second Troy</i> | 42 |
| <i>Sailing to Byzantium</i> | 42 |
| <i>Cooles and Ballylee, 1931</i> | 43 |
| <i>For Anne Gregory</i> | 45 |
| <i>Byzantium</i> | 46 |
| <i>Her Vision in the Wood</i> | 47 |
| DOWSON, ERNEST 1867-1900 | |
| <i>Non sum qualis eram bonae sub regno Cynarae</i> | 48 |

LIST OF CONTENTS

xiii

| | |
|---|----|
| JOHNSON, LIONEL 1867-1902 | |
| <i>By the Statue of King Charles at Charing Cross</i> | 49 |
| RUSSELL, GEORGE WILLIAM ('A.E.') 1867-1935 | |
| <i>On Behalf of Some Irishmen</i> | 51 |
| BINYON, LAURENCE 1869- | |
| <i>The Little Dancers</i> | 53 |
| <i>For the Fallen</i> | 53 |
| BELLOC, HILAIRE 1870- | |
| <i>The South Country</i> | 55 |
| <i>Ha'nacker Mill</i> | 57 |
| <i>On a Sleeping Friend</i> | 57 |
| MEW, CHARLOTTE 1870-1928 | |
| <i>Exspecto Resurrectionem</i> | 58 |
| MOORE, T. STURGE 1870- | |
| <i>Wind's Work</i> | 58 |
| DAVIES, WILLIAM HENRY 1871-1940 | |
| <i>Joy and Pleasure</i> | 59 |
| <i>Leisure</i> | 60 |
| <i>School's out</i> | 61 |
| <i>Days that have Been</i> | 61 |
| CHESTERTON, GILBERT KEITH 1872-1936 | |
| <i>Lepanto</i> | 62 |
| <i>When I came back to Fleet Street</i> | 69 |
| <i>The Donkey</i> | 71 |
| HODGSON, RALPH 1872- | |
| <i>Reason has Moons</i> | 27 |
| <i>Eve</i> | 27 |

| | |
|---|----|
| DE LA MARE, WALTER 1873- | |
| <i>Arabia</i> | 74 |
| <i>All that 's Past</i> | 75 |
| <i>Tartary</i> | 76 |
| <i>The Little Creature</i> | 77 |
| <i>Babel</i> | 78 |
| BOTTOMLEY, GORDON 1874- | |
| <i>To Iron-Founders and Others</i> | 79 |
| GIBSON, WILFRID 1878- | |
| <i>Breakfast</i> | 80 |
| <i>The Parrot</i> | 81 |
| MASEFIELD, JOHN 1878- | |
| <i>Sea-change</i> | 81 |
| <i>Cargoes</i> | 82 |
| <i>Port of Holy Peter</i> | 83 |
| THOMAS, EDWARD 1878-1917 | |
| <i>Adlestrop</i> | 84 |
| <i>If I should ever by Chance grow rich</i> | 85 |
| MONRO, HAROLD 1879-1932 | |
| <i>Milk for the Cat</i> | 86 |
| FREEMAN, JOHN 1880-1929 | |
| <i>The Eye</i> | 87 |
| <i>To end her Fear</i> | 88 |
| NOYES, ALFRED 1880- | |
| <i>Wizards</i> | 89 |
| ASQUITH, HERBERT 1881- | |
| <i>The Volunteer</i> | 91 |
| ABERCROMBIE, LASCELLES 1881-1938 | |
| <i>The Stream's Song</i> | 91 |
| <i>Hymn to Love</i> | 93 |

LIST OF CONTENTS

| | |
|--|-----|
| | xv |
| COLUM, PADRAIC 1881- | |
| <i>Old Soldier</i> | 94 |
| <i>A Cradle Song</i> | 95 |
| DRINKWATER, JOHN 1882-1937 | |
| <i>The Blackbird</i> | 95 |
| JOYCE, JAMES 1882- | |
| <i>On the Beach at Fontana</i> | 96 |
| <i>From Chamber Music</i> | 97 |
| STEPHENS, JAMES 1882- | |
| <i>The Snare</i> | 97 |
| <i>Deirdre</i> | 98 |
| ANDERSON, J. REDWOOD 1883- | |
| <i>The Tarn</i> | 99 |
| FLECKER, JAMES ELROY 1884-1915 | |
| <i>Prologue to The Golden Journey to Samarkand</i> | 100 |
| <i>The Old Ships</i> | 101 |
| LAWRENCE, DAVID HERBERT 1885-1930 | |
| <i>Snake</i> | 102 |
| <i>Cypresses</i> | 106 |
| <i>Bat</i> | 109 |
| CORNFORD, FRANCES 1886- | |
| <i>Near an old Prison</i> | 111 |
| SASSOON, SIEGFRIED 1886- | |
| <i>Base Details</i> | 111 |
| <i>On Passing the New Menin Gate</i> | 112 |
| <i>Everyone Sang</i> | 112 |
| <i>Memorial Tablet</i> | 113 |
| WILLIAMS, CHARLES 1886- | |
| <i>The Coming of Palomides</i> | 113 |

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| BROOKE, RUPERT 1887-1915 | |
| <i>The Dead</i> | 117 |
| <i>The Old Vicarage, Grantchester</i> | 118 |
| SITWELL, EDITH 1887- | |
| <i>Colonel Fantock</i> | 122 |
| <i>When Sir Beelzebub</i> | 126 |
| ELIOT, THOMAS STEARNS 1888- | |
| <i>Preludes</i> | 127 |
| <i>Whispers of Immortality</i> | 129 |
| <i>Marina</i> | 130 |
| <i>Gerontion</i> | 132 |
| <i>Animula</i> | 135 |
| GRENFELL, JULIAN 1888-1915 | |
| <i>Into Battle</i> | 136 |
| TURNER, WALTER JAMES 1889- | |
| <i>Sea Music</i> | 138 |
| <i>Signs of the Zodiac</i> | 139 |
| WELLESLEY, DOROTHY 1889- | |
| <i>Horses</i> | 141 |
| MACDIARMID, HUGH 1892- | |
| <i>Parley of Beasts</i> | 143 |
| SITWELL, OSBERT 1892- | |
| <i>Mrs. Hague</i> | 144 |
| <i>Winter the Huntsman</i> | 147 |
| NICHOLS, ROBERT 1893- | |
| <i>At the Wars</i> | 148 |
| OWEN, WILFRID 1893-1918 | |
| <i>Asleep</i> | 149 |
| <i>Greater Love</i> | 150 |

LIST OF CONTENTS

xvii

| | |
|---|-----|
| BLUNDEN, EDMUND 1896- | |
| <i>The Pike</i> | 151 |
| <i>Almswomen</i> | 153 |
| SITWELL, SACHEVERELL 1897- | |
| <i>The Rio Grande</i> | 154 |
| PITTER, RUTH 1897- | |
| <i>The Comet</i> | 156 |
| <i>The Frog in the Well</i> | 157 |
| CAMPBELL, ROY 1902- | |
| <i>The Serf</i> | 160 |
| <i>Choosing a Mast</i> | 160 |
| PLOMER, WILLIAM 1903- | |
| <i>The Scorpion</i> | 162 |
| <i>A Levantine</i> | 163 |
| LEWIS, CECIL DAY 1905- | |
| <i>Come up, Methuselah</i> | 164 |
| <i>Rest from Loving</i> | 165 |
| <i>I've heard them Linting</i> | 166 |
| EMPSON, WILLIAM 1906- | |
| <i>Dissatisfaction with Metaphysics</i> | 166 |
| <i>To an old Lady</i> | 167 |
| AUDEN, WYSTAN HUGH 1907- | |
| <i>Song for the New Year</i> | 168 |
| <i>It's no use raising a Shout</i> | 170 |
| <i>The Witnesses</i> | 172 |
| MACNEICE, LOUIS 1907- | |
| <i>August</i> | 178 |
| <i>Spring Sunshine</i> | 178 |
| SPENDER, STEPHEN 1909- | |
| <i>The Shapes of Death</i> | 179 |
| <i>The Prisoners</i> | 180 |
| <i>The Express</i> | 181 |

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----|
| MADGE, CHARLES 1912- | |
| <i>The Times</i> | 182 |
| BARKER, GEORGE 1913- | |
| <i>The Leaping Laughters</i> | 183 |
| <i>Luctus in Morte Infantis</i> | 184 |
| RIDLER, ANNE 1912- | |
| <i>Bunhill Fields</i> | 185 |
| <i>Against Anger</i> | 186 |
| THOMAS, DYLAN 1914- | |
| 'Out of the Sighs . . .' | 187 |

RICHARD WATSON DIXON

1833-1900

Song

THE feathers of the willow
Are half of them grown yellow
Above the swelling stream;
And ragged are the bushes,
And rusty now the rushes,
And wild the clouded gleam.

The thistle now is older,
His stalk begins to moulder,
His head is white as snow;
The branches all are barer,
The linnet's song is rarer,
The robin pipeth now.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

1840-1922

Esther (i)

HE who has once been happy is for aye
Out of destruction's reach. His fortune then
Holds nothing secret, and Eternity,
Which is a mystery to other men,
Has like a woman given him its joy.
Time is his conquest. Life, if it should fret,
Has paid him tribute. He can bear to die.
He who has once been happy! When I set

The world before me and survey its range,
 Its mean ambitions, its scant fantasies,
 The shreds of pleasure which for lack of change
 Men wrap around them and call happiness,
 The poor delights which are the tale and sum
 Of the world's courage in its martyrdom;

(ii)

WHEN I hear laughter from a tavern door,
 When I see crowds agape and in the rain
 Watching on tiptoe and with stifled roar
 To see a rocket fired or a bull slain,
 When misers handle gold, when orators
 Touch strong men's hearts with glory till they
 weep,
 When cities deck their streets for barren wars
 Which have laid waste their youth, and when
 I keep
 Calmly the count of my own life and see
 On what poor stuff my manhood's dreams
 were fed
 Till I too learned what dole of vanity
 Will serve a human soul for daily bread,
 —Then I remember that I once was young
 And lived with Esther the world's gods among.

Chanclebury Ring

SAY what you will, there is not in the world
 A nobler sight than from this upper down.
 No rugged landscape here, no beauty hurled
 From its Creator's hand as with a frown;
 But a green plain on which green hills look down
 Trim as a garden plot. No other hue
 Can hence be seen, save here and there the brown
 Of a square fallow, and the horizon's blue.

Dear checker-work of woods, the Sussex weald,
If a name thrills me yet of things of earth,
That name is thine! How often I have fled
To thy deep hedgerows and embraced each field,
Each lag, each pasture,—fields which gave me
 birth
And saw my youth, and which must hold me
 dead.

THOMAS HARDY

1840-1928

Weathers

I

THIS is the weather the cuckoo likes,
 And so do I;
When showers betumble the chestnut spikes,
 And nestlings fly:
And the little brown nightingale bills his best,
And they sit outside at 'The Travellers' Rest,'
And maids come forth sprig-muslin drest,
And citizens dream of the south and west,
 And so do I.

II

This is the weather the shepherd shuns,
 And so do I;
When beeches drip in browns and duns,
 And thresh, and ply;
And hill-hid tides throb, throe on throe,
And meadow rivulets overflow,
And drops on gate-bars hang in a row,
And rooks in families homeward go,
 And so do I.

Friends Beyond

WILLIAM DEWY, Tranter Reuben, Farmer Led-
low late at plough,
Robert's kin, and John's, and Ned's,
And the Squire, and Lady Susan, lie in Mellstock
churchyard now!

'Gone,' I call them, gone for good, that group
of local hearts and heads;
Yet at mothy curfew-tide,
And at midnight when the noon-heat breathes
it back from walls and leads,

They've a way of whispering to me—fellow-
wight who yet abide—
In the muted, measured note
Of a ripple under archways, or a lone cave's
stillicide:

'We have triumphed: this achievement turns
the bane to antidote,
Unsuccesses to success,
Many thought-worn eves and morrows to a
morrow free of thought.

'No more need we corn and clothing, feel of old
terrestrial stress;
Chill detraction stirs no sigh;
Fear of death has even bygone us: death gave
all that we possess.'

W. D.—'Ye mid burn the old bass-viol that I
set such value by.'

Squire—'You may hold the manse in fee,
You may wed my spouse, may let my chil-
dren's memory of me die.'

Lady S.—‘You may have my rich brocades, my
laces; take each household key;
Ransack coffer, desk, bureau;
Quiz the few poor treasures hid there, con the
letters kept by me.’

Far.—‘Ye mid zell my favourite heifer, ye mid
let the charlock grow,
Foul the grinterns, give up thrift.’

Far. Wife—‘If ye break my best blue china,
children, I shan’t care or ho.’

All—‘We’ve no wish to hear the tidings, how
the people’s fortunes shift;
What your daily doings are;
Who are wedded, born, divided; if your lives
beat slow or swift.

‘Curious not the least are we if our intents you
make or mar,
If you quire to our old tune,
If the City stage still passes, if the weirs still
roar afar.’

—Thus, with very gods’ composure, freed those
crosses late and soon
Which, in life, the Trine allow
(Why, none witteth), and ignoring all that haps
beneath the moon,

William Dewy, Tranter Reuben, Farmer Led-
low late at plough,
Robert’s kin and John’s, and Ned’s,
And the Squire, and Lady Susan, murmur
mildly to me now.

'Men who March Away'

(Song of the Soldiers)

WHAT of the faith and fire within us
 Men who march away
 Ere the barn-cocks say
 Night is growing gray,
 Leaving all that here can win us;
 What of the faith and fire within us
 Men who march away?

Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
 Friend with the musing eye,
 Who watch us stepping by
 With doubt and dolorous sigh?
 Can much pondering so hoodwink you!
 Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
 Friend with the musing eye?

Nay. We well see what we are doing,
 Though some may not see—
 Dalliers as they be—
 England's need are we;
 Her distress would leave us rueing:
 Nay. We well see what we are doing,
 Though some may not see!

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

Hence the faith and fire within us
 Men who march away
 Ere the barn-cocks say
 Night is growing gray,
 Leaving all that here can win us;
 Hence the faith and fire within us
 Men who march away.

September 5, 1914.

The Night of Trafalgár
 (Boatman's Song)

I

IN the wild October night-time, when the wind
 raved round the land,
 And the Back-sea met the Front-sea, and our
 doors were blocked with sand,
 And we heard the drub of Dead-man's Bay,
 where bones of thousands are,
 We knew not what the day had done for us at
 Trafalgár.

Had done,
 Had done,
 For us at Trafalgár!

II

'Pull hard, and make the Nothe, or down we
 go!' one says, says he.
 We pulled; and bedtime brought the storm;
 but snug at home slept we.
 Yet all the while our gallants after fighting
 through the day,
 Were beating up and down the dark, sou'-west
 of Cadiz Bay.

The dark,
 The dark,
 Sou'-west of Cadiz Bay!

III

The victors and the vanquished then the storm
 it tossed and tore,
 As hard they strove, those worn-out men, upon
 that surly shore;
 Dead Nelson and his half-dead crew, his foes
 from near and far,
 Were rolled together on the deep that night at
 Trafalgár!

The deep,
 The deep,
 That night at Trafalgár!

ROBERT BRIDGES

1844-1930

'The very names of things belov'd . . .'

THE very names of things belov'd are dear,
 And sounds will gather beauty from their sense,
 As many a face thro' love's long residence
 Groweth to fair instead of plain and sere:
 But when I say thy name it hath no peer,
 And I suppose fortune determined thence
 Her dower, that such beauty's excellence
 Should have a perfect title for the ear.

Thus may I think the adopting Muses chose
 Their sons by name, knowing none would be
 heard
 Or writ so oft in all the world as those,—
 Dan Chaucer, mighty Shakespeare, then for
 third
 The classic Milton, and to us arose
 Shelley with liquid music in the word.

'Ye blessed saints, . . .'

YE blessed saints, that now in heaven enjoy
The purchase of those tears, the world's disdain,
Doth Love still with his war your peace annoy,
Or hath Death freed you from his ancient pain?

Have ye no springtide, and no burst of May
In flowers and leafy trees, when solemn night
Pants with love-music, and the holy day
Breaks on the ear with songs of heavenly light?

What make ye and what strive for? keep ye
thought

Of us, or in new excellence divine
Is old forgot? or do ye count for nought
What the Greek did and what the Florentine?

We keep your memories well: O in your store
Live not our best joys treasured evermore?

'I heard a linnet courting'

I HEARD a linnet courting
His lady in the spring:
His mates were idly sporting,
Nor stayed to hear him sing
His song of love.—
I fear my speech distorting
His tender love.

The phrases of his pleading
Were full of young delight;
And she that gave him heeding
Interpreted aright
His gay, sweet notes,—
So sadly marred in the reading,
His tender notes.

ROBERT BRIDGES

And when he ceased, the hearer
 Awaited the refrain,
 Till swiftly perching nearer
 He sang his song again,
 His pretty song:—
 Would that my verse spake clearer
 His tender song!

Ye happy, airy creatures!
 That in the merry spring
 Think not of what misfeatures
 Or cares the year may bring;
 But unto love
 Resign your simple natures
 To tender love

'I will not let thee go'

I WILL not let thee go.
 Ends all our month-long love in this?
 Can it be summed up so,
 Quit in a single kiss?
 I will not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
 If thy words' breath could scare thy deeds,
 As the soft south can blow
 And toss the feathered seeds,
 Then might I let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
 Had not the great sun seen, I might;
 Or were he reckoned slow
 To bring the false to light,
 Then might I let thee go.

I will not let thee go.

The stars that crowd the summer skies
Have watched us so below
With all their million eyes,
I dare not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.

Have we not chid the changeful moon,
Now rising late, and now
Because she set too soon,
And shall I let thee go?

I will not let thee go.

Have not the young flowers been content,
Plucked ere their buds could blow,
To seal our sacrament?
I cannot let thee go.

I will not let thee go.

I hold thee by too many bands:
Thou sayest farewell, and lo!
I have thee by the hands,
And will not let thee go.

'Awake, my heart . . .'

AWAKE, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake!
The darkness silvers away, the morn doth break,
It leaps in the sky: unrisen lustres slake
The o'ertaken moon. Awake, O heart, awake!
She too that loveth awaketh and hopes for thee;
Her eyes already have sped the shades that flee,
Already they watch the path thy feet shall take:
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!
And if thou tarry from her,—if this could be,—
She cometh herself, O heart, to be loved, to thee;
For thee would unashamed herself forsake:
Awake to be loved, my heart, awake, awake!

Awake, the land is scattered with light, and see,
 Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree:
 And blossoming boughs of April in laughter
 shake;

Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

Lo all things wake and tarry and look for thee:
 She looketh and saith, 'O sun, now bring him
 to me.

Come more adored, O adored, for his coming's
 sake,

And awake my heart to be loved: awake, awake!

Cheddar Pinks

MID the squander'd colour
 idling as I lay
 Reading the Odyssey
 in my rock-garden
 I espied the cluster'd
 tufts of Cheddar pinks
 Burgeoning with promise
 of their scented bloom
 All the modish motley
 of their bloom to-be
 Thrust up in narrow buds
 on the slender stalks
 Thronging springing urgent
 hasting (so I thought)
 As if they feared to be
 too late for summer—
 Like schoolgirls overslept
 waken'd by the bell
 Leaping from bed to don
 their muslin dresses
 On a May morning:

Then felt I like to one
 indulging in sin
 (Whereto Nature is oft
 a blind accomplice)
 Because my aged bones
 so enjoyed the sun
 There as I lay along
 idling with my thoughts
 Reading an old poet
 while the busy world
 Toil'd moil'd fuss'd and scurried
 worried bought and sold
 Plotted stole and quarrel'd
 fought and God knows what.
 I had forgotten Homer
 dallying with my thoughts
 Till I fell to making
 these little verses
 Communing with the flowers
 in my rock-garden
 on a May morning.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

1844-1889

Pied Beauty

GLORY be to God for dappled things—
 For skies of couple-colour as a brinded cow;
 For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that
 swim;
 Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;
 Landscape plotted and pieced—fold, fallow,
 and plough;
 And áll trádes, their gear and tackle and
 trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;
 Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
 With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
 He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
 Praise him.

Felix Randal

FELIX RANDAL the farrier, O he is dead then?
 my duty all ended,
 Who have watched his mould of man, big-boned
 and hardy-handsome
 Pining, pining, till time when reason rambled in
 it and some
 Fatal four disorders, fleshed there, all contended?
 Sickness broke him. Impatient he cursed at first,
 but mended
 Being anointed and all; though a heavenlier
 heart began some
 Months earlier, since I had our sweet reprieve
 and ransom
 Tendered to him. Ah well, God rest him all road
 ever he offended!

This seeing the sick endears them to us, us too it
 endears.
 My tongue had taught thee comfort, touch had
 quenched thy tears,
 Thy tears that touched my heart, child, Felix,
 poor Felix Randal;

How far from then forethought of, all thy more
 boisterous years,
 When thou at the random grim forge, powerful
 amidst peers,
 Didst fettle for the great grey drayhorse his
 bright and battering sandal!

Carrion Comfort

NOT, I'll not, carrion comfort, Despair, not feast
on thee;

Not untwist—slack they may be—these last
strands of man

In me ór, most weary, cry *I can no more*. I can;
Can something, hope, wish day come, not choose
not to be.

But ah, but O thou terrible, why wouldst thou
rude on me

Thy wring-world right foot rock? lay a lionlimb
against me? scan

With darksome devouring eyes my bruised
bones? and fan,

O in turns of tempest, me heaped there; me
frantic to avoid thee and flee?

Why? That my chaff might fly; my grain lie,
sheer and clear.

Nay in all that toil, that coil, since (seems) I
kissed the rod,

Hand rather, my heart lo! lapped strength, stole
joy, would laugh, chéer.

Cheer whom though? the hero whose heaven-
handling flung me, fóot tród

Me? or me that fought him? O which one? is
it each one? That night, that year

Of now done darkness I wretch lay wrestling
with (my God!) my God.

'Thou art indeed just, Lord . . .'

*Justus quidem tu es, Domine, si disputem tecum: verumtamen
justa loquar ad te: Quare via impiorum prosperatur? &c.*

THOU art indeed just, Lord, if I contend
With thee; but, sir, so what I plead is just.

Why do sinners' ways prosper? and why must
Disappointment all I endeavour end?

Wert thou my enemy, O thou my friend,
How wouldst thou worse, I wonder, than thou
dost

Defeat, thwart me? Oh, the sots and thralls of
lust

Do in spare hours more thrive than I that spend,
Sir, life upon thy cause. See, banks and brakes
Now, leavèd how thick! lacèd they are again
With fretty chervil, look, and fresh wind shakes
Them; birds build—but not I build; no, but
strain,

Time's eunuch, and not breed one work that
wakes.

Mine, O thou lord of life, send my roots rain.

ALICE MEYNELL

1847-1922

Unto us a Son is given

GIVEN, not lent,
And not withdrawn—once sent,
This Infant of mankind, this One,
Is still the little welcome Son.

New every year,
New born and newly dear,
He comes with tidings and a song,
The ages long, the ages long;

Even as the cold
Keen winter grows not old,
As childhood is so fresh, foreseen,
And spring in the familiar green—

Sudden as sweet
 Come the expected feet.
 All joy is young, and new all art,
 And He, too, Whom we have by heart.

Two Boyhoods

LUMINOUS passions reign
 High in the soul of man; and they are twain.
 Of these he hath made the poetry of earth—
 Hath made his nobler tears, his magic mirth.

Fair Love is one of these,
 The visiting vision of seven centuries;
 And one is love of Nature—love to tears—
 The modern passion of this hundred years.

Oh never to such height,
 Oh never to such spiritual light—
 The light of lonely visions, and the gleam
 Of secret splendid sombre suns in dream—

Oh never to such long
 Glory in life, supremacy in song,
 Had either of these loves attained in joy,
 But for the ministration of a boy.

Dante was one who bare
 Love in his deep heart, apprehended there
 When he was yet a child; and from that day
 The radiant love has never passed away.

And one was Wordsworth; he
 Conceived the love of Nature childishly
 As no adult heart might; old poets sing
 That exaltation by remembering.

For no divine
 Intelligence, or art, or fire, or wine,
 Is high-delirious as that rising lark—
 The child's soul and its daybreak in the dark.

And Letters keep these two
 Heavenly treasures safe the ages through,
 Safe from ignoble benison or ban—
 These two high childhoods in the heart of man.

OSCAR WILDE

1856-1900

From 'The Ballad of Reading Gaol'

He did not wear his scarlet coat,
 For blood and wine are red,
 And blood and wine were on his hands
 When they found him with the dead,
 The poor dead woman whom he loved,
 And murdered in her bed.

He walked amongst the Trial Men
 In a suit of shabby grey;
 A cricket cap was on his head,
 And his step seemed light and gay;
 But I never saw a man who looked
 So wistfully at the day.

I never saw a man who looked
 With such a wistful eye
 Upon that little tent of blue
 Which prisoners call the sky,
 And at every drifting cloud that went
 With sails of silver by.

I walked, with other souls in pain,
 Within another ring,
And was wondering if the man had done
 A great or little thing,
When a voice behind me whispered low,
 '*That fellow's got to swing.*'

Dear Christ! the very prison walls
 Suddenly seemed to reel,
And the sky above my head became
 Like a casque of scorching steel;
And, though I was a soul in pain,
 My pain I could not feel.

I only knew what hunted thought
 Quickened his step, and why
He looked upon the garish day
 With such a wistful eye;
The man had killed the thing he loved,
 And so he had to die.

Yet each man kills the thing he loves,
 By each let this be heard,
Some do it with a bitter look,
 Some with a flattering word,
The coward does it with a kiss,
 The brave man with a sword!

Some kill their love when they are young,
 And some when they are old;
Some strangle with the hands of Lust,
 Some with the hands of Gold:
The kindest use a knife, because
 The dead so soon grow cold.

Some love too little, some too long,
Some sell and others buy;
Some do the deed with many tears
And some without a sigh:
For each man kills the thing he loves,
Yet each man does not die.

He does not die a death of shame
On a day of dark disgrace,
Nor have a noose about his neck
Nor a cloth upon his face,
Nor drop feet foremost through the floor
Into an empty space.

Six weeks our guardsman walked the yard,
In the suit of shabby grey:
His cricket cap was on his head,
And his step seemed light and gay,
But I never saw a man who looked
So wistfully at the day.

I never saw a man who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
Which prisoners call the sky,
And at every wandering cloud that trailed
Its ravelled fleeces by.

He did not wring his hands, as do
Those witless men who dare
To try to rear the changeling Hope
In the cave of black Despair:
He only looked upon the sun,
And drank the morning air.

He did not wring his hands nor weep,
Nor did he peck or pine,
But he drank the air as though it held
Some healthful anodyne;
With open mouth he drank the sun
As though it had been wine!

And I and all the souls in pain,
Who tramped the other ring,
Forgot if we ourselves had done
A great or little thing,
And watched with gaze of dull amaze
The man who had to swing.

And strange it was to see him pass
With a step so light and gay,
And strange it was to see him look
So wistfully at the day,
And strange it was to think that he
Had such a debt to pay.

.
For oak and elm have pleasant leaves
That in the spring-time shoot:
But grim to see is the gallows-tree,
With its adder-bitten root,
And, green or dry, a man must die
Before it bears its fruit!

The loftiest place is that seat of grace
For which all worldlings try:
But who would stand in hempen band
Upon a scaffold high,
And through a murderer's collar take
His last look at the sky?

It is sweet to dance to violins
When Love and Life are fair:
To dance to flutes, to dance to lutes
Is delicate and rare:
But it is not sweet with nimble feet
To dance upon the air!

So with curious eyes and sick surmise
We watched him day by day,
And wondered if each one of us
Would end the self-same way,
For none can tell to what red Hell
His sightless soul may stray.

At last the dead man walked no more
Amongst the Trial Men,
And I knew that he was standing up
In the black dock's dreadful pen,
And that never would I see his face
In God's sweet world again.

Like two doomed ships that pass in storm
We had crossed each other's way:
But we made no sign, we said no word,
We had no word to say;
For we did not meet in the holy night,
But in the shameful day.

A prison wall was round us both,
Two outcast men we were:
The world had thrust us from its heart,
And God from out His care:
And the iron gin that waits for Sin
Had caught us in its snare.

.

In Reading gaol by Reading town
There is a pit of shame,
And in it lies a wretched man
Eaten by teeth of flame,
In a burning winding-sheet he lies,
And his grave has got no name.

And there, till Christ call forth the dead,
In silence let him lie:
No need to waste the foolish tear,
Or heave the windy sigh:
The man had killed the thing he loved,
And so he had to die.

And all men kill the thing they love,
By all let this be heard,
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word,
The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword!

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN

1859-1936

The Chestnut casts his Flambeaux

THE chestnut casts his flambeaux, and the flowers
Stream from the hawthorn on the wind away,
The doors clap to, the pane is blind with showers.
Pass me the can, lad; there's an end of May.

There's one spoilt spring to scant our mortal lot,
One season ruined of our little store.
May will be fine next year as like as not:
Oh ay, but then we shall be twenty-four.

We for a certainty are not the first
 Have sat in taverns while the tempest hurled
 Their hopeful plans to emptiness, and cursed
 Whatever brute and blackguard made the
 world.

It is in truth iniquity on high
 To cheat our sentenced souls of aught they
 crave,
 And mar the merriment as you and I
 Fare on our long fool's-errand to the grave.

Iniquity it is; but pass the can.
 My lad, no pair of kings our mothers bore;
 Our only portion is the estate of man:
 We want the moon, but we shall get no more.

If here to-day the cloud of thunder lours,
 To-morrow it will hie on far behests;
 The flesh will grieve on other bones than ours
 Soon, and the soul will mourn in other breasts.

The troubles of our proud and angry dust
 Are from eternity, and shall not fail.
 Bear them we can, and if we can we must.
 Shoulder the sky, my lad, and drink your ale.

The Deserter

'WHAT sound awakened me, I wonder,
 For now 'tis dumb.'
 'Wheels on the road most like, or thunder:
 Lie down; 'twas not the drum.'

Toil at sea and two in haven
 And trouble far:
 Fly, crow, away, and follow, raven,
 And all that croaks for war.

'Hark, I heard the bugle crying,
And where am I?
My friends are up and dressed and dying,
And I will dress and die.'

'Oh love is rare and trouble plenty
And carrion cheap,
And daylight dear at four-and-twenty:
Lie down again and sleep.'

'Reach me my belt and leave your prattle:
Your hour is gone;
But my day is the day of battle,
And that comes dawning on.

'They mow the field of man in season:
Farewell, my fair,
And, call it truth or call it treason,
Farewell the vows that were.'

'Ay, false heart, forsake me lightly;
'Tis like the brave.
They find no bed to joy in rightly
Before they find the grave.

'Their love is for their own undoing,
And east and west
They scour about the world a-wooing
The bullet to their breast.

'Sail away the ocean over,
Oh sail away,
And lie there with your leaden lover
For ever and a day.'

The Cherry Tree

LOVELIEST of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries

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

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

MARY COLERIDGE

1861-1907

Unwelcome

WE were young, we were merry, we were very
 very wise,
 And the door stood open at our feast,
 When there passed us a woman with the West
 in her eyes,
 And a man with his back to the East.

O, still grew the hearts that were beating so fast,
 The loudest voice was still.
 The jest died away on our lips as they passed,
 And the rays of July struck chill.

The cups of red wine turn'd pale on the board,
 The white bread black as soot.
 The hound forgot the hand of her lord,
 She fell down at his foot.

Low let me lie, where the dead dog lies,
 Ere I sit me down again at a feast,
 When there passes a woman with the West in
 her eyes,
 And a man with his back to the East.

Where a Roman Villa stood, above Freiburg

ON alien ground, breathing an alien air,
 A Roman stood, far from his ancient home,
 And gazing, murmured, 'Ah, the hills are fair,
 But not the hills of Rome!'

Descendant of a race to Romans kin,
 Where the old son of Empire stood, I stand.
 The self-same rocks fold the same valley in,
 Untouched of human hand.

Over another shines the self-same star,
 Another heart with nameless longing fills,
 Crying aloud, 'How beautiful they are,
 But not our English hills!'

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

1861—

From *Gitanjali*

HERE is thy footstool and there rest thy feet
 where live the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

When I try to bow to thee, my obeisance cannot
 reach down to the depth where thy feet rest
 among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.

Pride can never approach to where thou walkest
 in the clothes of the humble among the poorest,
 and lowliest, and lost.

My heart can never find its way to where thou
 keepest company with the companionless
 among the poorest, the lowliest, and the lost.

WHEN my play was with thee I never questioned
 who thou wert. I knew nor shyness nor fear,
 my life was boisterous.

In the early morning thou wouldst call me from
 my sleep like my own comrade and lead me
 running from glade to glade.

On those days I never cared to know the meaning of songs thou sangest to me. Only my voice took up the tunes, and my heart danced in their cadence.

Now, when the playtime is over, what is this sudden sight that is come upon me? The world with eyes bent upon thy feet stands in awe with all its silent stars.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

1862-1938

Drake's Drum

DRAKE he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),

Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,

Wi' sailor-lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,

An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',

He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' rüled the Devon seas,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),

Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

'Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o'
Heaven,

An' drum them up the Channel as we
drummed them long ago.'

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Arma-
das come,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the
drum,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they
found him long ago!

LAURENCE HOUSMAN

1865-

Annus Mirabilis (1902)

DAYLIGHT was down, and up the cool
Bare heaven the moon, o'er roof and elm,
Daughter of dusk most wonderful,
Went mounting to her realm:
And night was only half begun
Round Edwardes Square in Kensington.
A Sabbath-calm possessed her face,
An even glow her bosom filled;
High in her solitary place
The huntress-heart was stilled:
With bows and arrows all laid down
She stood and looked on London town.

Nay, how can sight of us give rest
To that far-travelled heart, or draw
The musings of that tranquil breast?
I thought—and gazing, saw
Far up above me, high, oh, high,
From south to north a heron fly!
Oh, swiftly answered! yonder flew
The wings of freedom and of hope!
Little of London town he knew,
The far horizon was his scope.
High up he sails, and sees beneath
The glimmering ponds of Hampstead Heath,
Hendon, and farther out afield
Low water-meads are in his ken,
And lonely pools by Harrow Weald,
And solitudes unloved of men,
Where he his fisher's spear dips down:
Little he knows of London town.
So small, with all its miles of sin,
Is London to the grey-winged bird.
A cuckoo called at Lincoln's Inn
Last April; in Soho was heard
The missel-thrush with throat of glee,
And nightingales at Battersea!

RUDYARD KIPLING

1865-1936

The Long Trail

THERE'S a whisper down the field where the
year has shot her yield,
And the ricks stand grey to the sun,
Singing: 'Over then, come over, for the bee has
quit the clover,
'And your English summer's done.'

You have heard the beat of the off-shore
wind,
And the thresh of the deep-sea rain;
You have heard the song—how long?
how long?

Pull out on the trail again!
Ha' done with the Tents of Shem, dear lass,
We've seen the seasons through,
And it's time to turn on the old trail, our
own trail, the out trail,
Pull out, pull out, on the Long Trail—the
trail that is always new!

It's North you may run to the rime-ringed sun
Or South to the blind Horn's hate;
Or East all the way into Mississippi Bay,
Or West to the Golden Gate—
Where the blindest bluffs hold good, dear lass,
And the wildest tales are true,
And the men bulk big on the old trail, our
own trail, the out trail,
And life runs large on the Long Trail—the
trail that is always new.

The days are sick and cold, and the skies are
grey and old,
And the twice-breathed airs blow damp;
And I'd sell my tired soul for the bucking beam-
sea roll
Of a black Bilbao tramp,
With her load-line over her hatch, dear lass,
And a drunken Dago crew,
And her nose held down on the old trail,
our own trail, the out trail
From Cadiz south on the Long Trail—the
trail that is always new.

There be triple ways to take, of the eagle or the
snake,

Or the way of a man with a maid;
But the sweetest way to me is a ship's upon the
sea

In the heel of the North-East Trade.

Can you hear the crash on her bows, dear
lass,

And the drum of the racing screw,
As she ships it green on the old trail, our
own trail, the out trail,

As she lifts and 'scends on the Long Trail—
the trail that is always new?

See the shaking funnels roar, with the Peter at
the fore,

And the fenders grind and heave,
And the derricks clack and grate, as the tackle
hooks the crate,

And the fall-rope whines through the sheave;
It's 'Gang-plank up and in,' dear lass,

It's 'Hawsers warp her through!'

And it's 'All clear aft' on the old trail, our
own trail, the out trail,

We're backing down on the Long Trail—
the trail that is always new.

O the mutter overside, when the port-fog holds
us tied,

And the sirens hoot their dread,
When foot by foot we creep o'er the hueless
viewless deep

To the sob of the questing lead!

It's down by the Lower Hope, dear lass,

With the Gunfleet Sands in view,

Till the Mouse swings green on the old trail,
our own trail, the out trail,
And the Gull Light lifts on the Long Trail
—the trail that is always new.

O the blazing tropic night, when the wake's a
welt of light
That holds the hot sky tame,
And the steady fore-foot snores through the
planet-powdered floors
Where the scared whale flukes in flame!
Her plates are flaked by the sun, dear lass,
And her ropes are taut with the dew,
For we're booming down on the old trail,
our own trail, the out trail,
We're sagging south on the Long Trail—
the trail that is always new.

Then home, get her home, where the drunken
rollers comb,
And the shouting seas drive by,
And the engines stamp and ring, and the wet
bows reel and swing,
And the Southern Cross rides high!
Yes, the old lost stars wheel back, dear lass,
That blaze in the velvet blue.
They're all old friends on the old trail, our
own trail, the out trail,
They're God's own guide on the Long Trail
—the trail that is always new.

Fly forward, O my heart, from the Foreland to
the Start—
We're steaming all too slow,
And it's twenty thousand mile to our little lazy
isle

Where the trumpet-orchids blow!

You have heard the call of the off-shore
wind

And the voice of the deep-sea rain; [long?
You have heard the song. How long—how
Pull out on the trail again!

The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass,
And The Deuce knows what we may do—
But we're back once more on the old trail, our
own trail, the out trail,
We're down, hull-down, on the Long Trail—the
trail that is always new!

The Flowers

Buy my English posies!

Kent and Surrey may—

Violets of the Undercliff

Wet with Channel spray;

Cowslips from a Devon combe—

Midland furze afire—

Buy my English posies

And I'll sell your heart's desire!

Buy my English posies!

You that scorn the May,

Won't you greet a friend from home

Half the world away?

Green against the draggled drift,

Faint and frail but first—

Buy my Northern blood-root

And I'll know where you were nursed!

Robin down the logging-road whistles, 'Come
to me!'

Spring has found the maple-grove, the sap is
running free.

All the winds of Canada call the ploughing-rain.
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your
love again!

Buy my English posies!

Here's to match your need—

Buy a tuft of royal heath,

Buy a bunch of weed

White as sand of Muisenberg

Spun before the gale—

Buy my heath and lilies

And I'll tell you whence you hail!

Under hot Constantia broad the vineyards lie—

Throned and thorned the aching berg props the
speckless sky—

Slow below the Wynberg firs trails the tilted
wain—

Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your
love again!

Buy my English posies!

You that will not turn—

Buy my hot-wood clematis,

Buy a frond o' fern

Gathered where the Erskine leaps

Down the road to Lorne—

Buy my Christmas creeper

And I'll say where you were born!

West away from Melbourne dust holidays
begin—

They that mock at Paradise woo at Cora Lynn—

Through the great South Otway gums sings the
great South Main—

Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your
love again!

Buy my English posies!
 Here's your choice unsold!
 Buy a blood-red myrtle-bloom,
 Buy the kowhai's gold
 Flung for gift on Taupo's face,
 Sign that spring is come—
 Buy my clinging myrtle
 And I'll give you back your home!
 Broom behind the windy town, pollen of the
 pine—
 Bell-bird in the leafy deep where the *ratas* twine—
 Fern above the saddle-bow, flax upon the plain—
 Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your
 love again!

Buy my English posies!
 Ye that have your own
 Buy them for a brother's sake
 Overseas, alone!
 Weed ye trample underfoot
 Floods his heart abrim—
 Bird ye never heeded,
 Oh, she calls his dead to him!
 Far and far our homes are set round the Seven
 Seas;
 Woe for us if we forget, we who hold by these!
 Unto each his mother-beach, bloom and bird
 and land—
 Masters of the Seven Seas, oh, love and under-
 stand!

Recessional

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line,

Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
 The Captains and the Kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
 On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

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

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

Danny Deever

'WHAT are the bugles blowin' for?' said Files-on-Parade.

'To turn you out, to turn you out,' the Colour-Sergeant said.

'What makes you look so white, so white?' said Files-on-Parade.

'I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch,' the Colour-Seageant said.

For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you can hear the Dead March play,

The regiment's in 'ollow square—they're hangin' him to-day;

They've taken of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away,

An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

'What makes the rear-rank breathe so 'ard?' said Files-on-Parade.

'It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold,' the Colour-Sergeant said.

'What makes that front-rank man fall down?' said Files-on-Parade.

'A touch o' sun, a touch o' sun,' the Colour-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, they are marchin' of 'im round,

They 'ave 'alted Danny Deever by 'is coffin on the ground;

An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a sneakin' shootin' hound—

O they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!

'Is cot was right-'and cot to mine,' said Files-on-Parade.

'E's sleepin' out an' far to-night,' the Colour-Sergeant said.

'I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times,' said Files-on-Parade.

'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone,' the Colour-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, you must mark 'im to 'is place,

For 'e shot a comrade sleepin'—you must look 'im in the face;

Nine 'undred of 'is county an' the Regiment's disgrace,

While they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

'What's that so black agin the sun?' said Files-on-Parade.

'It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life,' the Colour-Sergeant said.

'What's that that whimpers over'ead?' said Files-on-Parade.

'It's Danny's soul that's passin' now,' the Colour-Sergeant said.

For they're done with Danny Deever, you can 'ear the quickstep play,

The regiment's in column, an' they're marchin' us away;

Ho! the young recruits are shakin', and they'll want their beer to-day,

After hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

1865-1939

The Lake Isle of Innisfree

I WILL arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
 And a small cabin build there, of clay and
 wattles made:
 Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the
 honey-bee,
 And live alone in the bee-loud glade.
 And I shall have some peace there, for peace
 comes dropping slow,
 Dropping from the veils of the morning to where
 the cricket sings;
 There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a
 purple glow,
 And evening full of the linnet's wings.
 I will arise and go now, for always night and day
 I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the
 shore;
 While I stand on the roadway, or on the pave-
 ments grey,
 I hear it in the deep heart's core.

When You are Old

WHEN you are old and grey and full of sleep,
 And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
 And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
 Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;
 How many loved your moments of glad grace,
 And loved your beauty with love false or true,
 But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
 And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
 Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
 And paced upon the mountains overhead
 And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

No Second Troy

WHY should I blame her that she filled my days
 With misery, or that she would of late
 Have taught to ignorant men most violent ways,
 Or hurled the little streets upon the great,
 Had they but courage equal to desire?
 What could have made her peaceful with a mind
 That nobleness made simple as a fire,
 With beauty like a lightened bow, a kind
 That is not natural in an age like this,
 Being high and solitary and most stern?
 Why, what could she have done, being what
 she is?
 Was there another Troy for her to burn?

Sailing to Byzantium

I

THAT is no country for old men. The young
 In one another's arms, birds in the trees,
 —Those dying generations—at their song,
 The salmon-falls, the mackerel-crowded seas,
 Fish, flesh, or fowl, commend all summer long
 Whatever is begotten, born, and dies.
 Caught in that sensual music all neglect
 Monuments of unageing intellect.

II

An aged man is but a paltry thing,
A tattered coat upon a stick, unless
Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing
For every tatter in its mortal dress,
Nor is there singing school but studying
Monuments of its own magnificence;
And therefore I have sailed the seas and come
To the holy city of Byzantium.

III

O sages standing in God's holy fire
As in the gold mosaic of a wall,
Come from the holy fire, perne in a gyre,
And be the singing-masters of my soul.
Consume my heart away; sick with desire
And fastened to a dying animal
It knows not what it is; and gather me
Into the artifice of eternity.

IV

Once out of nature I shall never take
My bodily form from any natural thing,
But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make
Of hammered gold and gold enamelling
To keep a drowsy Emperor awake;
Or set upon a golden bough to sing
To lords and ladies of Byzantium
Of what is past, or passing, or to come.

Coole and Ballylee, 1931

UNDER my window-ledge the waters race,
Otters below and moor-hens on the top,
Run for a mile undimmed in Heaven's face
Then darkening through 'dark' Rastery's 'cellar'
drop,

Run underground, rise in a rocky place
In Coole demesne, and there to finish up
Spread to a lake and drop into a hole.
What's water but the generated soul?

Upon the border of that lake's a wood
Now all dry sticks under a wintry sun,
And in a copse of beeches there I stood,
For Nature's pulled her tragic buskin on
And all the rant's a mirror of my mood:
At sudden thunder of the mounting swan
I turned about and looked where branches
 break
The glittering reaches of the flooded lake.

Another emblem there! That stormy white
But seems a concentration of the sky;
And, like the soul, it sails into the sight
And in the morning's gone, no man knows why;
And is so lovely that it sets to right
What knowledge or its lack had set awry,
So arrogantly pure, a child might think
It can be murdered with a spot of ink.

Sound of a stick upon the floor, a sound
From somebody that toils from chair to chair;
Beloved books that famous hands have bound,
Old marble heads, old pictures everywhere;
Great rooms where travelled men and children
 found
Content or joy; a last inheritor
Where none has reigned that lacked a name and
 fame
Or out of folly into folly came.

A spot whereon the founders lived and died
Seemed once more dear than life; ancestral trees,
Or gardens rich in memory glorified
Marriages, alliances and families,
And every bride's ambition satisfied.
Where fashion or mere fantasy decrees
Man shifts about—all that great glory spent—
Like some poor Arab tribesman and his tent.

We were the last romantics—chose for theme
Traditional sanctity and loveliness;
Whatever's written in what poets name
The book of the people; whatever most can
 bless
The mind of man or elevate a rhyme;
But all is changed, that high horse riderless,
Though mounted in that saddle Homer rode
Where the swan drifts upon a darkening flood.

For Anne Gregory

'NEVER shall a young man,
Thrown into despair
By those great honey-coloured
Ramparts at your ear,
Love you for yourself alone
And not your yellow hair.'

'But I can get a hair-dye
And set such colour there,
Brown, or black, or carrot,
That young men in despair
May love me for myself alone
And not my yellow hair.'

'I heard an old religious man
 But yesternight declare
 That he had found a text to prove
 That only God, my dear,
 Could love you for yourself alone
 And not your yellow hair.'

Byzantium

THE unpurged images of day recede;
 The Emperor's drunken soldiery are abed;
 Night resonance recedes, night-walkers' song
 After great cathedral gong;
 A starlit or a moonlit dome disdains
 All that man is,
 All mere complexities,
 The fury and the mire of human veins.

Before me floats an image, man or shade,
 Shade more than man, more image than a shade;
 For Hades' bobbin bound in mummy-cloth
 May unwind the winding path;
 A mouth that has no moisture and no breath
 Breathless mouths may summon;
 I hail the superhuman;
 I call it death-in-life and life-in-death.

Miracle, bird or golden handiwork,
 More miracle than bird or handiwork,
 Planted on the star-lit golden bough,
 Can like the cocks of Hades crow,
 Or, by the moon embittered, scorn aloud
 In glory of changeless metal
 Common bird or petal
 And all complexities of mire or blood.

At midnight on the Emperor's pavement flit
Flames that no faggot feeds, nor steel has lit,
Nor storm disturbs, flames begotten of flame,
Where blood-begotten spirits come
And all complexities of fury leave,
Dying into a dance,
An agony of trance,
An agony of flame that cannot singe a sleeve.
Astraddle on the dolphin's mire and blood,
Spirit after spirit! The smithies break the flood,
The golden smithies of the Emperor!
Marbles of the dancing floor
Break bitter furies of complexity,
Those images that yet
Fresh images beget,
That dolphin-torn, that gong-tormented sea.

Her Vision in the Wood

DRY timber under that rich foliage,
At wine-dark midnight in the sacred wood,
Too old for a man's love I stood in rage
Imagining men. Imagining that I could
A greater with a lesser pang assuage
Or but to find if withered vein ran blood,
I tore my body that its wine might cover
Whatever could recall the lip of lover.
And after that I held my fingers up,
Stared at the wine-dark nail, or dark that ran
Down every withered finger from the top;
But the dark changed to red, and torches shone,
And deafening music shook the leaves; a troop
Shouldered a litter with a wounded man,
Or smote upon the string and to the sound
Sang of the beast that gave the fatal wound.

All stately women moving to a song
 With loosened hair or foreheads grief-distraught,
 It seemed a Quattrocento painter's throng,
 A thoughtless image of Mantegna's thought—
 Why should they think that are for ever young?
 Till suddenly in grief's contagion caught,
 I stared upon his blood-bedabbled breast
 And sang my malediction with the rest.

That thing all blood and mire, that beast-torn
 wreck,
 Half turned and fixed a glazing eye on mine,
 And, though love's bitter-sweet had all come
 back,
 Those bodies from a picture or a coin
 Nor saw my body fall nor heard it shriek,
 Nor knew, drunken with singing as with wine,
 That they had brought no fabulous symbol there
 But my heart's victim and its torturer.

ERNEST DOWSON

1867-1900

*Non sum qualis eram bonae sub regno
 Cynarae*

LAST night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and
 mine
 There fell thy shadow, Cynara! thy breath was
 shed
 Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine;
 And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
 Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head:
 I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my
 fashion.

All night upon mine heart I felt her warm heart
beat,
Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep
she lay;
Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were
sweet;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
When I awoke and found the dawn was gray:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my
fashion.

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses, riotously with the throng,
Dancing, to put thy pale lost lilies out of mind;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my
fashion.

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! the night is thine;
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea hungry for the lips of my desire:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my
fashion.

LIONEL JOHNSON

1867-1902

*By the Statue of King Charles at Charing
Cross*

SOMBRE and rich, the skies;
Great glooms, and starry plains.
Gently the night wind sighs;
Else a vast silence reigns.

The splendid silence clings
Around me: and around
The saddest of all kings
Crowned, and again discrowned.

Comely and calm, he rides
Hard by his own Whitehall:
Only the night wind glides:
No crowds, nor rebels, brawl.

Gone, too, his Court: and yet,
The stars his courtiers are:
Stars in their stations set;
And every wandering star.

Alone he rides, alone,
The fair and fatal king:
Dark night is all his own,
That strange and solemn thing.

Which are more full of fate:
The stars; or those sad eyes?
Which are more still and great:
Those brows; or the dark skies?

Although his whole heart yearn
In passionate tragedy:
Never was face so stern
With sweet austerity.

Vanquished in life, his death
By beauty made amends:
The passing of his breath
Won his defeated ends.

Brief life, and hapless? Nay:
Through death, life grew sublime.
Speak after sentence? Yea:
And to the end of time.

Armoured he rides, his head
Bare to the stars of doom:
He triumphs now, the dead,
Beholding London's gloom.

Our wearier spirit faints,
Vexed in the world's employ:
His soul was of the saints;
And art to him was joy.

King, tried in fires of woe!
Men hunger for thy grace:
And through the night I go,
Loving thy mournful face.

Yet, when the city sleeps;
When all the cries are still:
The stars and heavenly deeps
Work out a perfect will.

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL ('A. E.')

1867-1935

*On behalf of Some Irishmen not Followers of
Tradition*

THEY call us aliens, we are told,
Because our wayward visions stray
From that dim banner they unfold,
The dreams of worn-out yesterday.
The sum of all the past is theirs,
The creeds, the deeds, the fame, the name,
Whose death-created glory flares
And dims the spark of living flame.
They weave the necromancer's spell,

And burst the graves where martyrs slept,
Their ancient story to retell,
Renewing tears the dead have wept.
And they would have us join their dirge,
This worship of an extinct fire
In which they drift beyond the verge
Where races all outworn expire.
The worship of the dead is not
A worship that our hearts allow,
Though every famous shade were wrought
With woven thorns above the brow.
We fling our answer back in scorn:
'We are less children of this clime
Than of some nation yet unborn
Or empire in the womb of time.
We hold the Ireland in the heart
More than the land our eyes have seen,
And love the goal for which we start
More than the tale of what has been.'
The generations as they rise
May live the life men lived before,
Still hold the thought once held as wise,
Go in and out by the same door.
We leave the easy peace it brings:
The few we are shall still unite
In fealty to unseen kings
Or unimaginable light.
We would no Irish sign efface,
But yet our lips would gladlier hail
The firstborn of the Coming Race
Than the last splendour of the Gael.
No blazoned banner we unfold—
One charge alone we give to youth,
Against the sceptred myth to hold
The golden heresy of truth.

LAURENCE BINYON

1869-

The Little Dancers

LONELY, save for a few faint stars, the sky
 Dreams; and lonely, below, the little street
 Into its gloom retires, secluded and shy.
 Scarcely the dumb roar enters this soft retreat;
 And all is dark, save where come flooding rays
 From a tavern-window: there, to the brisk
 measure
 Of an organ that down in an alley merrily plays,
 Two children, all alone and no one by,
 Holding their tattered frocks, thro' an airy
 maze
 Of motion lightly threaded with nimble feet
 Dance sedately; face to face they gaze,
 Their eyes shining, grave with a perfect pleasure.

For the Fallen

WITH proud thanksgiving, a mother for her
 children,
 England mourns for her dead across the sea,
 Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
 Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and
 royal
 Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres,
 There is music in the midst of desolation
 And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were
young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds un-
counted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow
old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years con-
demn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades
again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time:
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes pro-
found,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they
are known
As the stars are known to the Night;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,
As the stars that are starry in the time of our
darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

HILAIRE BELLOC

1870-

The South Country

WHEN I am living in the Midlands
 That are sodden and unkind,
 I light my lamp in the evening:
 My work is left behind;
 And the great hills of the South Cour
 Come back into my mind.

The great hills of the South Country
 They stand along the sea;
 And it's there walking in the high woods
 That I could wish to be,
 And the men that were boys when I was a boy
 Walking along with me.

The men that live in North England
 I saw them for a day:
 Their hearts are set upon the waste fells,
 Their skies are fast and grey;
 From their castle-walls a man may see
 The mountains far away.

The men that live in West England
 They see the Severn strong,
 A-rolling on rough water brown
 Light aspen leaves along.
 They have the secret of the Rocks,
 And the oldest kind of song.

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

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

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

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

If I ever become a rich man,
Or if ever I grow to be old,
I will build a house with deep thatch
To shelter me from the cold,
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung
And the story of Sussex told.

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

Ha'nacker Mill

SALLY is gone that was so kindly
Sally is gone from Ha'nacker Hill.
And the Briar grows ever since then so blindly
And ever since then the clapper is still,
And the sweeps have fallen from Ha'nacker
Mill.

Ha'nacker Hill is in desolation:
Ruin a-top and a field unploughed.
And Spirits that call on a falling nation
Spirits that loved her calling aloud:
Spirits abroad in a windy cloud.

Spirits that call and no one answers;
Ha'nacker's down and England's done.
Wind and Thistle for pipe and dancers
And never a ploughman under the Sun:
Never a ploughman. Never a one.

On a Sleeping Friend

LADY, when your lovely head
Sinks to lie among the Dead,
And the quiet Places keep
You that so divinely sleep:
Then the Dead shall blessèd be
With a New Solemnity.

For such beauty so descending
 Pledges them that death is ending.
 Sleep your fill:—But when you wake
 Dawn shall over Lethe break.

CHARLOTTE MEW

1870-1928

Exspecto Resurrectionem

OH! King who hast the key
 Of that dark room,
 The last which prisons us but held not Thee,
 Thou know'st its gloom.
 Dost Thou a little love this one
 Shut in to-night,
 Young and so piteously alone,
 Cold—out of sight?
 Thou know'st how hard and bare
 The pillow of that new-made narrow bed.
 Then leave not there
 So dear a head!

T. STURGE MOORE

1870-

Wind's Work

KATE rose up early as fresh as a lark,
 Almost in time to see vanish the dark;
 Jack rather later, bouncing from bed,
 Saw fade on the dawn's cheek the last flush of
 red:
 Yet who knows
 When the wind rose?

Kate went to watch the new lambs at their play
And stroke the white calf born yesterday;
Jack sought the woods where trees grow tall
As who would learn to swarm them all:
Yet who knows
Where the wind goes?

Kate has sown candy-tuft, lupins and peas,
Carnations, forget-me-not and heart's ease;
Jack has sown cherry-pie, marigold,
Love-that-lies-bleeding and snap-dragons bold:
But who knows
What the wind sows?

Kate knows a thing or two useful at home,
Darns like a fairy, and churns like a gnome;
Jack is a wise man at shaping a stick,
Once he's in the saddle the pony may kick.
But hark to the wind how it blows!
None comes, none goes,
None reaps or mows,
No friends turn foes,
No hedge bears sloes,
And no cock crows,
But the wind knows!

WILLIAM HENRY DAVIES

1871-

Joy and Pleasure

Now, Joy is born of parents poor,
And Pleasure of our richer kind;
Though Pleasure's free, she cannot sing
As sweet a song as Joy confined.

Pleasure's a Moth, that sleeps by day
And dances by false glare at night;
But Joy's a Butterfly, that loves
To spread its wings in Nature's light.

Joy's like a Bee that gently sucks
Away on blossoms its sweet hour;
But Pleasure's like a greedy Wasp,
That plums and cherries would devour.

Joy's like a Lark that lives alone,
Whose ties are very strong, though few;
But Pleasure like a Cuckoo roams,
Makes much acquaintance, no friends true.

Joy from her heart doth sing at home,
With little care if others hear;
But Pleasure then is cold and dumb,
And sings and laughs with strangers near.

Leisure

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

School's out

GIRLS scream,
Boys shout;
Dogs bark,
School's out.

Cats run,
Horses shy;
Into trees
Birds fly.

Babes wake
Open-eyed;
If they can,
Tramps hide.

Old man,
Hobble home;
Merry mites,
Welcome.

Days that have Been

CAN I forget the sweet days that have been,
When poetry first began to warm my blood;
When from the hills of Gwent I saw the earth
Burned into two by Severn's silver flood:

When I would go alone at night to see
The moonlight, like a big white butterfly,
Dreaming on that old castle near Caerleon,
While at its side the Usk went softly by:

When I would stare at lovely clouds in Heaven,
Or watch them when reported by deep
streams;

When feeling pressed like thunder, but would
not

Break into that grand music of my dreams?

Can I forget the sweet days that have been,
The villages so green I have been in;
Llantarnam, Magor, Malpas, and Llanwern,
Liswery, old Caerleon, and Alteryon?

Can I forget the banks of Malpas Brook,
Or Ebbw's voice in such a wild delight,
As on he dashed with pebbles in his throat,
Gurgling towards the sea with all his might?

Ah, when I see a leafy village now,
I sigh and ask it for Llantarnam's green;
I ask each river where is Ebbw's voice—
In memory of the sweet days that have been.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

1872-1936

Lepanto

WHITE founts falling in the courts of the sun,
And the Soldan of Byzantium is smiling as they
run;

There is laughter like the fountains in that face
of all men feared,

It stirs the forest darkness, the darkness of his
beard,

It curls the blood-red crescent, the crescent of
his lips,
For the inmost sea of all the earth is shaken with
his ships.
They have dared the white republics up the
capes of Italy,
They have dashed the Adriatic round the Lion
of the Sea,
And the Pope has cast his arms abroad for agony
and loss,
And called the kings of Christendom for swords
about the Cross,
The cold queen of England is looking in the glass;
The shadow of the Valois is yawning at the Mass;
From evening isles fantastical rings faint the
Spanish gun,
And the Lord upon the Golden Horn is laughing
in the sun.

Dim drums throbbing, in the hills half heard,
Where only on a nameless throne a crownless
prince has stirred,
Where, risen from a doubtful seat and half-
attainted stall,
The last knight of Europe takes weapons from
the wall,
The last and lingering troubadour to whom the
bird has sung,
That once went singing southward when all the
world was young,
In that enormous silence, tiny and unafraid,
Comes up along a winding road the noise of the
Crusade.
Strong gongs groaning as the guns boom far,
Don John of Austria is going to the war,

Stiff flags straining in the night-blasts cold
In the gloom black-purple, in the glint old-gold,
Torchlight crimson on the copper kettle-drums,
Then the tuckets, then the trumpets, then the
cannon, and he comes.

Don John laughing in the brave beard curled,
Spurning of his stirrups like the thrones of all the
world,

Holding his head up for a flag of all the free.

Love-light of Spain—hurrah!

Death-light of Africa!

Don John of Austria

Is riding to the sea.

Mahound is in his paradise above the evening
star,

(Don John of Austria is going to the war.)

He moves a mighty turban on the timeless houri's
knees,

His turban that is woven of the sunset and the seas.

He shakes the peacock gardens as he rises from
his ease,

And he strides among the tree-tops and is taller
than the trees,

And his voice through all the garden is a thunder
sent to bring

Black Azrael and Ariel and Ammon on the wing.

Giants and the Genii,

Multiplex of wing and eye,

Whose strong obedience broke the sky

When Solomon was king.

They rush in red and purple from the red clouds
of the morn

From temples where the yellow gods shut up
their eyes in scorn;

They rise in green robes roaring from the green
 hells of the sea
Where fallen skies and evil hues and eyeless
 creatures be;
On them the sea-valves cluster and the grey sea-
 forests curl,
Splashed with a splendid sickness, the sickness of
 the pearl;
They swell in sapphire smoke out of the blue
 cracks of the ground,—
They gather and they wonder and give worship
 to Mahound.
And he saith, 'Break up the mountains where the
 hermit-folk can hide,
And sift the red and silver sands lest bone of saint
 abide,
And chase the Giaours flying night and day, not
 giving rest,
For that which was our trouble comes again out
 of the west.
We have set the seal of Solomon on all things
 under sun,
Of knowledge and of sorrow and endurance of
 things done,
But a noise is in the mountains, in the mountains,
 and I know
The voice that shook our palaces—four hundred
 years ago:
It is he that saith not 'Kismet'; it is he that knows
 not Fate;
It is Richard, it is Raymond, it is Godfrey in the
 gate!
It is he whose loss is laughter when he counts the
 wager worth,

Put down your feet upon him, that our peace be
on the earth.'

For he heard drums groaning and he heard guns
jar,

(Don John of Austria is going to the war.)

Sudden and still—hurrah!

Bolt from Iberia!

Don John of Austria

Is gone by Alcalar.

St. Michael's on his Mountain in the sea-roads
of the north

(Don John of Austria is girt and going forth.)

Where the grey seas glitter and the sharp tides
shift

And the sea folk labour and the red sails lift.

He shakes his lance of iron and he claps his wings
of stone;

The noise is gone through Normandy; the noise
is gone alone;

The North is full of tangled things and texts and
aching eyes

And dead is all the innocence of anger and sur-
prise,

And Christian killeth Christian in a narrow dusty
room,

And Christian dreadeth Christ that hath a newer
face of doom,

And Christian hateth Mary that God kissed in
Galilee,

But Don John of Austria is riding to the sea.

Don John calling through the blast and the
eclipse

Crying with the trumpet, with the trumpet of his
lips,

Trumpet that sayeth ha!

Domino gloria!

Don John of Austria
Is shouting to the ships.

King Philip's in his closet with the Fleece about
his neck,

(Don John of Austria is armed upon the deck.)

The walls are hung with velvet that is black and
soft as sin,

And little dwarfs creep out of it and little dwarfs
creep in.

He holds a crystal phial that has colours like the
moon,

He touches, and it tingles, and he trembles very
soon,

And his face is as a fungus of a leprous white and
grey

Like plants in the high houses that are shuttered
from the day,

And death is in the phial, and the end of noble
work,

But Don John of Austria has fired upon the Turk.
Don John's hunting, and his hounds have
bayed—

Booms away past Italy the rumour of his raid.

Gun upon gun, ha! ha!

Gun upon gun, hurrah!

Don John of Austria
Has loosed the cannonade.

The Pope was in his chapel before day or battle
broke,

(Don John of Austria is hidden in the smoke.)

The hidden room in man's house where God sits
all the year,

The secret window whence the world looks small
and very dear.

He sees as in a mirror on the monstrous twilight
sea

The crescent of his cruel ships whose name is
mystery;

They fling great shadows foe-wards, making
Cross and Castle dark,

They veil the plumèd lions on the galleys of
St. Mark;

And above the ships are palaces of brown, black-
bearded chiefs,

And below the ships are prisons, where with
multitudinous griefs,

Christian captives sick and sunless, all a labour-
ing race repines

Like a race in sunken cities, like a nation in the
mines.

They are lost like slaves that swat, and in the
skies of morning hung

The stairways of the tallest gods when tyranny
was young.

They are countless, voiceless, hopeless as those
fallen or fleeing on

Before the high Kings' horses in the granite of
Babylon.

And many a one grows witless in his quiet room
in hell

Where a yellow face looks inward through the
lattice of his cell,

And he finds his God forgotten, and he seeks no
more a sign—

(But Don John of Austria has burst the battle-line!)

Don John pounding from the slaughter-painted
poop,

Purpling all the ocean like a bloody pirate's
 sloop,
 Scarlet running over on the silvers and the golds,
 Breaking of the hatches up and bursting of the
 holds,
 Thronging of the thousands up that labour under
 sea
 White for bliss and blind for sun and stunned for
 liberty.
Vivat Hispania!
Domino Gloria!
 Don John of Austria
 Has set his people free!

Cervantes on his galley sets the sword back in
 the sheath
(Don John of Austria rides homeward with a wreath.)
 And he sees across a weary land a straggling road
 in Spain,
 Up which a lean and foolish knight forever rides
 in vain,
 And he smiles, but not as Sultans smile, and
 settles back the blade. . . .
(But Don John of Austria rides home from the Crusade.)

When I came back to Fleet Street

WHEN I came back to Fleet Street,
 Through a sunset nook at night,
 And saw the old Green Dragon
 With the windows all alight,
 And hailed the old Green Dragon
 And the Cock I used to know,
 Where all good fellows were my friends
 A little while ago;

I had been long in meadows,
And the trees took hold of me,
And the still towns in the beech-woods,
Where men were meant to be.
But old things held; the laughter,
The long unnatural night,
And all the truth they talk in hell,
And all the lies they write.

For I came back to Fleet Street,
And not in peace I came;
A cloven pride was in my heart,
And half my love was shame.
I came to fight in fairy tale,
Whose end shall no man know
To fight the old Green Dragon
Until the Cock shall crow!

Under the broad bright windows
Of men I serve no more,
The groaning of the old great wheels
Thickened to a throttled roar:
All buried things broke upward;
And peered from its retreat,
Ugly and silent, like an elf,
The secret of the street.

They did not break the padlocks,
Or clear the wall away.
The men in debt that drank of old
Still drink in debt to-day;
Chained to the rich by ruin,
Cheerful in chains, as then
When old unbroken Pickwick walked
Among the broken men.

Still he that dreams and rambles
Through his own elfin air,
Knows that the street's a prison,
Knows that the gates are there:
Still he that scorns or struggles
Sees, frightful and afar,
All that they leave of rebels
Rot high on Temple Bar.

All that I loved and hated,
All that I shunned and knew,
Clears in broad battle lightning,
Where they, and I, and you,
Run high the barricade that breaks
The barriers of the street,
And shout to them that shrink within,
The Prisoners of the Fleet.

The Donkey

WHEN fishes flew and forests walked
And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moment when the moon was blood
Then surely I was born;

With monstrous head and sickening cry
And ears like errant wings,
The devil's walking parody
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,
Of ancient crooked will;
Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,
I keep my secret still.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

Fools! For I also had my hour;
 One far fierce hour and sweet:
 There was a shout about my ears,
 And palms before my feet.

RALPH HODGSON

1872—

Reason has Moons

REASON has moons, but moons not hers
 Lie mirror'd on her sea,
 Confounding her astronomers,
 But, O! delighting me.

Eve

EVE, with her basket, was
 Deep in the bells and grass,
 Wading in bells and grass
 Up to her knees,
 Picking a dish of sweet
 Berries and plums to eat,
 Down in the bells and grass
 Under the trees.

Mute as a mouse in a
 Corner the cobra lay,
 Curled round a bough of the
 Cinnamon tall . . .
 Now to get even and
 Humble proud heaven and
 Now was the moment or
 Never at all.

'Eva!' Each syllable
Light as a flower fell,
'Eva!' he whispered the
Wondering maid,
Soft as a bubble sung
Out of a linnet's lung,
Soft and most silverly
'Eva!' he said.

Picture that orchard sprite,
Eve, with her body white,
Supple and smooth to her
Slim finger tips,
Wondering, listening,
Listening, wondering,
Eve with a berry
Half-way to her lips.

Oh had our simple Eve
Seen through the make-believe!
Had she but known the
Pretender he was!
Out of the boughs he came,
Whispering still her name,
Tumbling in twenty rings
Into the grass.

Here was the strangest pair
In the world anywhere,
Eve in the bells and grass
Kneeling, and he
Telling his story low . . .
Singing birds saw them go
Down the dark path to
The Blasphemous Tree.

RALPH HOGDSON

Oh what a clatter when
 Titmouse and Jenny Wren
 Saw him successful and
 Taking his leave!
 How the birds rated him,
 How they all hated him!
 How they all pitied
 Poor motherless Eve!

Picture her crying
 Outside in the lane,
 Eve, with no dish of sweet
 Berries and plums to eat,
 Haunting the gate of the
 Orchard in vain . . .
 Picture the lewd delight
 Under the hill to-night—
 'Eva!' the toast goes round,
 'Eva!' again.

✓ WALTER DE LA MARE

1873-

✓ *Arabia*

FAR are the shades of Arabia,
 Where the Princes ride at noon,
 'Mid the verdurous vales and thickets,
 Under the ghost of the moon;
 And so dark is that vaulted purple
 Flowers in the forest rise
 And toss into blossom 'gainst the phantom stars
 Pale in the noonday skies.

Sweet is the music of Arabia

In my heart, when out of dreams
I still in the thin clear mirk of dawn

Descry her gliding streams;

Hear her strange lutes on the green banks

Ring loud with the grief and delight

Of the dim-silked, dark-haired Musicians

In the brooding silence of night.

They haunt me—her lutes and her forests;

No beauty on earth I see

But shadowed with that dream recalls

Her loveliness to me:

Still eyes look coldly upon me,

Cold voices whisper and say—

‘He is crazed with the spell of far Arabia,

They have stolen his wits away.’

—*All That's Past*

VERY old are the woods;

And the buds that break

Out of the briar's boughs,

When March winds wake,

So old with their beauty are—

Oh, no man knows

Through what wild centuries

Roves back the rose.

Very old are the brooks;

And the rills that rise

When snow sleeps cold beneath

The azure skies

Sing such a history

Of come and gone,

Their every drop is as wise

As Solomon.

WALTER DE LA MARE

Very old are we men;
Our dreams are tales
Told in dim Eden
By Eve's nightingales;
We wake and whisper awhile,
But, the day gone by,
Silence and sleep like fields
Of amaranth lie.

Tartary

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

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Trumpeters every day
To every meal should summon me,
And in my courtyard bray;
And in the evening lamps would shine,
Yellow as honey, red as wine,
While harp, and flute, and mandoline,
Made music sweet and gay.

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

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

The Little Creature

TWINKUM, twankum, twirlum, twitch—
 My great grandam—She was a Witch,
 Mouse in Wainscot, Saint in niche—
 My great grandam—She was a Witch;
 Deadly nightshade flowers in a ditch—
 My great grandam—She was a Witch;
 Long though the shroud, it grows stitch by
 stitch—
 My great grandam—She was a Witch;
 Wean your weakling before you breech—
 My great grandam—She was a Witch;
 The fattest pig's but a double flich—
 My great grandam—She was a Witch;
 Nightjars rattle, owls scritch—
 My great grandam—She was a Witch.

Pretty and small,
 A mere nothing at all,
 Pinned up sharp in the ghost of a shawl,
 She'd straddle her down to the kirkyard
 wall,
 And mutter and whisper and call,
 And call . . .

Red blood out and black blood in,
My Nannie says I'm a child of sin.
How did I choose me my witchcraft kin?
Know I as soon as dark's dreams begin
Snared is my heart in a nightmare's gin;
Never from terror I out may win;
So—dawn and dusk—I pine, peak, thin,
Scarcely beknowing t'other from which—
My great grandam—She was a Witch.

Babel

THE sea washes England,
Where all men speak
A language rich
As ancient Greek.

The wide world over
Man with man
Has talked his own tongue
Since speech began.

Yet still must sorrow
Move the mind,
He *understands*
But his own kind.

The voices lovely,
Hollow, drear,
Of beast and bird
Beat on his ear:

Eye into eye
Gaze deep he may,
Yet still through Babel
Gropes his way.

GORDON BOTTOMLEY

1874-

To Iron-Founders and Others

WHEN you destroy a blade of grass
You poison England at her roots:
Remember no man's foot can pass
Where evermore no green life shoots.

You force the birds to wing too high
Where your unnatural vapours creep:
Surely the living rocks shall die
When birds no rightful distance keep.

You have brought down the firmament
And yet no heaven is more near;
You shape huge deeds without event,
And half made men believe and fear.

Your worship is your furnaces,
Which, like old idols, lost obscenes,
Have molten bowels; your vision is
Machines for making more machines.

O, you are buried in the night,
Preparing destinies of rust;
Iron misused must turn to blight
And dwindle to a tettered crust.

The grass, forerunner of life, has gone,
But plants that spring in ruins and shards
Attend until your dream is done:
I have seen hemlock in your yards.

The generations of the worm
 Know not your loads piled on their soil;
Their knotted ganglions shall wax firm
 Till your strong flagstones heave and toil.

When the old hollowed earth is cracked,
 And when, to grasp more power and feasts,
Its ores are emptied, wasted, lacked,
 The middens of your burning beasts

Shall be raked over till they yield
 Last priceless slags for fashionings high,
Ploughs to make grass in every field,
 Chisels men's hands to magnify.

WILFRID GIBSON

1878-

Breakfast

WE ate our breakfast lying on our backs
Because the shells were screeching overhead.
I bet a rasher to a loaf of bread
That Hull United would beat Halifax
When Jimmy Stainthorpe played full-back in-
 stead
Of Billy Bradford. Ginger raised his head
And cursed, and took the bet, and dropt back
 dead.
We ate our breakfast lying on our backs
Because the shells were screeching overhead.

The Parrot

LONG since I'd ceased to care
Though he should curse and swear
The little while he spent at home with me:
And yet I couldn't bear
To hear his parrot swear
The day I learned my man was drowned at sea.

He'd taught the silly bird
To jabber word for word
Outlandish oaths that he'd picked up at sea;
And now it seemed I heard
In every wicked word
The dead man from the deep still cursing me.

A flood of easing tears,
Though I'd not wept for years,
Brought back old long-forgotten dreams to me,
The foolish hopes and fears
Of the first half-happy years
Before his soul was stolen by the sea.

JOHN MASEFIELD

1878-

Sea-change

'GONEYS an' gullies an' all o' the birds o' the sea
They ain't no birds, not really,' said Billy the
Dane.

'Not mollies, nor gullies, nor goneys at all,' said
he,

'But simply the sperrits of mariners livin' again.

'Them birds goin' fishin' is nothin' but souls o'
the drowned,
Souls o' the drowned an' the kicked as are
never no more;
An' that there haughty old albatross cruisin'
around,
Belike he's Admiral Nelson or Admiral Noah.

'An merry's the life they are living. They settle
and dip,
They fishes, they never stands watches, they
waggle their wings;
When a ship comes by, they fly to look at the
ship
To see how the nowadays mariners manages
things.

'When freezing aloft in a snorter, I tell you I
wish—
(Though maybe it ain't like a Christian)—I
wish I could be
A haughty old copper-bound albatross dipping
for fish
And coming the proud over all o' the birds o'
the sea.'

Cargoes

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

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

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

Port of Holy Peter

THE blue laguna rocks and quivers,
Dull gurgling eddies twist and spin,
The climate does for people's livers,
It's a nasty place to anchor in
Is Spanish port,
Fever port,
Port of Holy Peter.

The town begins on the sea-beaches,
And the town's mad with the stinging flies,
The drinking water's mostly leeches,
It's a far remove from Paradise
Is Spanish port,
Fever port,
Port of Holy Peter.

There's sand-bagging and throat-slitting,
And quiet graves in the sea slime,
Stabbing, of course, and rum-hitting,
Dirt, and drink, and stink, and crime,
In Spanish port,
Fever port,
Port of Holy Peter.

All the day the wind's blowing
From the sick swamp below the hills,
All the night the plague's growing,
And the dawn brings the fever chills,
In Spanish port,
Fever port,
Port of Holy Peter.

You get a thirst there's no slaking,
You get the chills and fever-shakes,
Tongue yellow and head aching,
And then the sleep that never wakes.
And all the year the heat's baking,
The sea rots and the earth quakes,
In Spanish port,
Fever port,
Port of Holy Peter.

EDWARD THOMAS

1878-1917

Adlestrop

YES. I remember Adlestrop—
The name, because one afternoon
Of heat the express-train drew up there
Unwontedly. It was late June.

The steam hissed. Some one cleared his throat.
No one left and no one came
On the bare platform. What I saw
Was Adlestrop—only the name

And willows, willow-herb, and grass,
And meadowsweet, and haycocks dry,
No whit less still and lonely fair
Than the high cloudlets in the sky.

And for that minute a blackbird sang
Close by, and round him, mistier,
Farther and farther, all the birds
Of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire.

If I should ever by Chance

IF I should ever by chance grow rich
I'll buy Codham, Cockriden, and Childerditch,
Roses, Pyrgo, and Lapwater,
And let them all to my elder daughter.
The rent I shall ask of her will be only
Each year's first violets, white and lonely,
The first primroses and orchises—
She must find them before I do, that is.
But if she finds a blossom on the furze
Without rent they shall all for ever be hers,
Codham, Cockriden, and Childerditch,
Roses, Pyrgo, and Lapwater,—
I shall give them all to my elder daughter.

HAROLD MONRO

1879-1932

Milk for the Cat

WHEN the tea is brought at five o'clock,
 And all the neat curtains are drawn with care,
 The little black cat with bright green eyes
 Is suddenly purring there.

At first she pretends, having nothing to do,
 She has come in merely to blink by the grate,
 But, though tea may be late or the milk may be
 sour,
 She is never late.

And presently her agate eyes
 Take a soft large milky haze,
 And her independent casual glance
 Becomes a stiff, hard gaze.

Then she stamps her claws or lifts her ears,
 Or twists her tail and begins to stir,
 Till suddenly all her lithe body becomes
 One breathing, trembling purr.

The children eat and wriggle and laugh;
 The two old ladies stroke their silk:
 But the cat is grown small and thin with desire,
 Transformed to a creeping lust for milk.

The white saucer like some full moon descends
 At last from the clouds of the table above;
 She sighs and dreams and thrills and glows,
 Transfigured with love.

She nestles over the shining rim,
Buries her chin in the creamy sea;
Her tail hangs loose; each drowsy paw
Is doubled under each bending knee.

A long dim ecstasy holds her life;
Her world is an infinite shapeless white,
Till her tongue has curled the last holy drop,
Then she sinks back into the night,
Draws and dips her body to heap
Her sleepy nerves in the great arm-chair,
Lies defeated and buried deep
Three or four hours unconscious there.

JOHN FREEMAN

1880-1929

The Eye

It is not true that eyes
Save in the trembling eyelids' fall and rise
No meaning have. Did Eve
Hide in dull orbs the Snake's guile, and deceive
Adam with innocent stare?
When David saw how Bathsheba was fair
Burnt in his eyes no fire?
Marked not the men-at-arms his flushed desire
Sudden and swift upbrim,
That not the falling eyelids' cloud could dim?
And when Prince Absalon
Hung by those fatal locks, and help was none,
Under the nerveless lid
How could his father's agony be hid?
He heard the whisper, heard
The hushing, the renewed whisper, the one
word:

And then was seen such gaze
 As between madness and first wild grief sways,
 Till 'Absalon!' and no sound
 But 'Absalon, my son, my son!' crept round.
 It is not true that eyes
 No meaning have but in the lids' fall and rise.
 I have seen terror leap
 Up from the spirit's unfathomable deep,
 Through unfixed eyeballs stare,
 Then shuddering sink back and lie snake-like
 there.

I have seen honour look
 Swift under candid brows, when all else shook,
 Pouring in warm light through
 Eyes that from inward vision their seeing drew.
 And I know the fluttering look
 That first love flashes like a bird o'er a brook . . .
 No lid so quick as to give
 Speed to the glances that with lightning live.
 And I know how the eyes,
 Nameless, look on me out of clear dawn skies
 And eve's unshadowy light—
 Clear lidless eyes of pure immortal sight,
 Sweeping the million dew'd
 Hill pastures and reluming the green-caved
 wood.

To end her Fear

BE kind to her
 O Time.
 She is too much afraid of you
 Because yours is a land unknown,
 Wintry, dark and lone.

'Tis not for her
To pass
Boldly upon your roadless waste.
Roads she loves, and the bright ringing
Of quick heels, and clear singing.

She is afraid
Of Time,
Forty to seventy sadly fearing . . .
O, all those unknown years,
And these sly, stoat-like fears!

Shake not on her
Your snows,
But on the rich, the proud, the wise
Who have that to make them glow
With warmth beneath the snow.

If she grow old
At last,
Be it yet unknown to her; that she
Not until her last prayer is prayed
May whisper, 'I am afraid!'

ALFRED NOYES

1880-

Wizards

THERE's many a proud wizard from Araby to
Egypt
Can read the silver writing of the stars as they
run;

And many a dark gipsy, with a pheasant in his
knap-sack
Has gathered more by moonshine than wiser
men have won;
 But I know a wizardry
 Can take a buried acorn,
And whisper forests out of it, to tower against the
sun.

There's many a magician, from Bagdad to
Benares,
Can read you for a penny what your future
is to be;
And a flock of crazy prophets that by staring in
a crystal
Can fill it with more fancies than there's
herring in the sea;
 But I know a wizardry
 Can take a freckled egg-shell,
And shake a throstle out of it in every hawthorn
tree.

There's many a crafty alchemist from Mecca to
Jerusalem,
And Michael Scott and Merlin were reckoned
very wise;
But I know a wizardry can take a wisp of sun-fire
And round it to a planet, and roll it through
the skies,
 With cities, and sea-ports,
 And little shining windows,
And hedge-rows, and gardens, and loving human
eyes.

[91]

HERBERT ASQUITH

1881—

The Volunteer

HERE lies the clerk who half his life had
spent
Toiling at ledgers in a city grey,
Thinking that so his days would drift away
With no lance broken in life's tournament:
Yet ever 'twixt the books and his bright eyes
The gleaming eagles of the legions came,
And horsemen, charging under phantom skies,
Went thundering past beneath the oriflamme.

And now those waiting dreams are satisfied;
From twilight to the halls of dawn he went;
His lance is broken; but he lies content
With that high hour, in which he lived and died.
And falling thus, he wants no recompense,
Who found his battle in the last resort;
Nor needs he any hearse to bear him hence,
Who goes to join the men of Agincourt.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

1881—1938

The Stream's Song

MAKE way, make way,
You thwarting stones;
Room for my play,
Serious ones.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

Do you not fear,
O rocks and boulders,
To feel my laughter
On your grave shoulders?

Do you not know
My joy at length
Will all wear out
Your solemn strength?

You will not for ever
Cumber my play;
With joy and a song
I clear my way.

Your faith of rock
Shall yield to me,
And be carried away
By the song of my glee.

Crumble, crumble,
Voiceless things;
No faith can last
That never sings.

For the last hour
To joy belongs;
The steadfast perish,
But not the songs.

Yet for a while
Thwart me, O boulders;
I need for laughter
Your serious shoulders.

And when my singing
Has razed you quite,
I shall have lost
Half my delight.

Hymn to Love

WE are thine, O Love, being in thee and made
of thee,
As thou, Love, were the deep thought
And we the speech of the thought; yea, spoken
are we,
Thy fires of thought out-spoken:

But burn'd not through us thy imagining
Like fierce mood in a song caught,
We were as clamour'd words a fool may fling,
Loose words, of meaning broken.

For what more like the brainless speech of a
fool,—
The lives travelling dark fears,
And as a boy throws pebbles in a pool
Thrown down abysmal places?

Hazardous are the stars, yet is our birth
And our journeying time theirs;
As words of air, life makes of starry earth
Sweet soul-delighted faces;

As voices are we in the worldly wind;
The great wind of the world's fate
Is turned, as air to a shapen sound, to mind
And marvellous desires.

But not in the world as voices storm-shatter'd,
Not borne down by the wind's weight;
The rushing time rings with our splendid word
Like darkness filled with fires.

For Love doth use us for a sound of song,
 And Love's meaning our life wields,
 Making our souls like syllables to throng
 His tunes of exultation.

Down the blind speed of a fatal world we fly,
 As rain blown along earth's fields;
 Yet are we god-desiring liturgy,
 Sung joys of adoration;

Yea, made of chance and all a labouring strife,
 We go charged with a strong flame;
 For as a language Love hath seized on life
 His burning heart to story.

Yea, Love, we are thine, the liturgy of thee,
 Thy thought's golden and glad name,
 The mortal conscience of immortal glee,
 Love's zeal in Love's own glory.

PADRAIC COLUM

1881-

Old Soldier

WE wander now who marched before,
 Hawking our bran from door to door,
 While other men from the mill take their flour:
 So it is to be an Old Soldier.

Old, bare and sore, we look on the hound
 Turning upon the stiff frozen ground,
 Nosing the mould, with the night around:
 So it is to be an Old Soldier.

And we who once rang out like a bell,
Have nothing now to show or to sell;
Old bones to carry, old stories to tell:
So it is to be an Old Soldier.

A Cradle Song

O MEN from the fields!
Come gently within.
Tread softly, softly,
O men coming in!

Mavourneen is going
From me and from you,
Where Mary will fold him
With mantle of blue!

From reek of the smoke
And cold of the floor,
And the peerings of things
Across the half-door.

O men from the fields!
Soft, softly come through—
Mary puts round him
Her mantle of blue.

JOHN DRINKWATER

1882-1937

The Blackbird

HE comes on chosen evenings,
My blackbird bountiful, and sings
Over the gardens of the town
Just at the hour the sun goes down.

His flight across the chimneys thick,
 By some divine arithmetic,
 Comes to his customary stack,
 And couches there his plumage black,
 And there he lifts his yellow bill,
 Kindled against the sunset, till
 These suburbs are like Dymock woods
 Where music has her solitudes,
 And while he mocks the winter's wrong
 Rapt on his pinnacle of song,
 Figured above our garden plots
 Those are celestial chimney-pots.

JAMES JOYCE

1882-

On the Beach at Fontana(From *Pomes*)

WIND whines, and whines the shingle,
 The crazy pierstakes groan;
 A senile sea numbers each single
 Slimesilvered stone.

From whining wind and colder
 Grey sea I wrap him warm
 And touch his trembling fineboned shoulder
 And boyish arm.

Around us fear, descending
 Darkness of fear above
 And in my heart how deep unending
 Ache of love!

From *Chamber Music*

At that hour when all things have repose,
 O lonely watcher of the skies,
 Do you hear the night wind and the sighs
 Of harps playing unto Love to uncloset
 The pale gates of sunrise?

When all things repose do you alone
 Awake to hear the sweet harps play
 To Love before him on his way,
 And the night wind answering in antiphon
 Till night is overgone?

Play on, invisible harps, unto Love
 Whose way in heaven is aglow
 At that hour when soft lights come and go,
 Soft sweet music in the air above
 And in the earth below.

JAMES STEPHENS

1882—

The Snare

I HEAR a sudden cry of pain!
 There is a rabbit in a snare:
 Now I hear the cry again,
 But I cannot tell from where.

But I cannot tell from where
 He is calling out for aid!
 Crying on the frightened air,
 Making everything afraid!

Making everything afraid!
Wrinkling up his little face!
As he cries again for aid;
And I cannot find the place!

And I cannot find the place
Where his paw is in the snare!
Little One! Oh, Little One!
I am searching everywhere!

Deirdre

Do not let any woman read this verse!
It is for men, and after them their sons,
And their sons' sons!

The time comes when our hearts sink utterly;
When we remember Deirdre, and her tale,
And that her lips are dust.

Once she did tread the earth: men took her
hand;
They looked into her eyes and said their say,
And she replied to them.

More than a thousand years it is since she
Was beautiful: she trod the waving grass;
She saw the clouds.

Two thousand years! The grass is still the same,
The clouds as lovely as they were that time
When Deirdre was alive.

But there has been again no woman born
Who was so beautiful; not one so beautiful
Of all the women born.

Let all men go apart and mourn together!
No man can ever love her! Not a man
Can dream to be her lover.

No man can bend before her! No man say—
What could one say to her? There are no words
That one could say to her!

Now she is but a story that is told
Beside the fire! No man can ever be
The friend of that poor queen!

J. REDWOOD ANDERSON

1883-

The Tarn

Down in the valley not a bird-note calls,
and on the barren mountain-top only
the harsh voice of the wind speaks in the dark:
the lamentable wind through the thin grasses
blowing, and crying round the lonely rocks.
But in this hollow, on the highest ridge,
comes through the darkness the perpetual lap
of little herded companies of waves
on the rough shingle—the whispering of those
who crowd together waiting. Not a lamp
in village or on road; the earth's deep bulk
invisible; in the sky nor moon nor star:
black night—and through the night only the
sounds
of wind and little waves that wait the dawn.

Then, far away, the morning's cold approach:
 a long incision of grey steel, staining
 slowly to red. But all the valley still
 is covered with deep darkness, and no bird
 preludes upon his bough. Only the shapes
 of the vague mountain-summits gradually
 make known their presence, not as things of
 earth,
 but part of the vague world of cloud. And then,
 suddenly, the tarn, with a swift gesture,
 has gathered all the feeble light of dawn
 into a hushed embrace: before the earth
 wakens or air puts on her coloured shift,
 water has flashed his welcome to the day;
 the tarn that, all night long, waited—a crowd
 of little herded waves whispering together
 their faith and expectation, all night long.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

1884-1915

The Golden Journey to Samarkand

Prologue

WE who with songs beguile your pilgrimage
 And swear that Beauty lives though lilies die,
 We Poets of the proud old lineage
 Who sing to find your hearts, we know not
 why,—

What shall we tell you? Tales, marvellous tales
 Of ships and stars and isles where good men
 rest,
 Where nevermore the rose of sunset pales,
 And winds and shadows fall toward the West:

And there the world's first huge white-bearded
kings

In dim glades sleeping, murmur in their sleep,
And closer round their breasts the ivy clings,
Cutting its pathway slow and red and deep.

II

And how beguile you? Death has no repose
Warmer and deeper than that Orient sand
Which hides the beauty and bright faith of those
Who made the Golden Journey to Samarkand.

And now they wait and whiten peaceably,
Those conquerors, those poets, those so fair:
They know time comes, not only you and I,
But the whole world shall whiten, here or
there;

When those long caravans that cross the plain
With dauntless feet and sound of silver bells
Put forth no more for glory or for gain,
Take no more solace from the palm-girt wells,

When the great markets by the sea shut fast
All that calm Sunday that goes on and on:
When even lovers find their peace at last,
And Earth is but a star, that once had shone.

The Old Ships

I HAVE seen old ships sail like swans asleep
Beyond the village which men still call Tyre,
With leaden age o'ercargoed, dipping deep
For Famagusta and the hidden sun
That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire;
And all those ships were certainly so old
Who knows how oft with squat and noisy gun,

Questing brown slaves or Syrian oranges,
 The pirate Genoese
 Hell-raked them till they rolled
 Blood, water, fruit and corpses up the hold.
 But now through friendly seas they softly run,
 Painted the mid-sea blue or shore-sea green,
 Still patterned with the vine and grapes in gold.

But I have seen,
 Pointing her shapely shadows from the dawn
 And image tumbled on a rose-swept bay,
 A drowsy ship of some yet older day;
 And, wonder's breath indrawn,
 Thought I—who knows—who knows—but in
 that same

(Fished up beyond Ææa, patched up new
 —Stern painted brighter blue—)
 That talkative, bald-headed seaman came
 (Twelve patient comrades sweating at the oar)
 From Troy's doom-crimson shore,
 And with great lies about his wooden horse
 Set the crew laughing, and forgot his course.

It was so old a ship—who knows, who knows?
 —And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain
 To see the mast burst open with a rose,
 And the whole deck put on its leaves again.

DAVID HERBERT LAWRENCE

1885-1930

Snake

A SNAKE came to my water-trough
 On a hot, hot day, and I in pyjamas for the heat,
 To drink there.

In the deep, strange-scented shade of the great
dark carob-tree
I came down the steps with my pitcher
And must wait, must stand and wait, for there
he was at the trough before me.

He reached down from a fissure in the earth-wall
in the gloom
And trailed his yellow-brown slackness soft-
bellied down, over the edge of the stone
trough
And rested his throat upon the stone bottom,
And where the water had dripped from the tap,
in a small clearness,
He sipped with his straight mouth,
Softly drank through his straight gums, into his
slack long body,
Silently.

Someone was before me at my water trough,
And I, like a second comer, waiting.

He lifted his head from his drinking, as cattle do,
And looked at me vaguely, as drinking cattle do,
And flickered his two-forked tongue from his lips,
and mused a moment,
And stooped and drank a little more,
Being earth-brown, earth-golden from the burn-
ing bowels of the earth
On the day of Sicilian July, with Etna smoking.

The voice of my education said to me
He must be killed,
For in Sicily the black, black snakes are innocent,
the gold are venomous.

And voices in me said, If you were a man
You would take a stick and break him now, and
finish him off.

But must I confess how I liked him,
How glad I was he had come like a guest in quiet,
to drink at my water-trough
And depart peaceful, pacified, and thankless,
Into the burning bowels of this earth?

Was it cowardice, that I dared not kill him?
Was it perversity, that I longed to talk to him?
Was it humility, to feel so honoured?
I felt so honoured.

And yet those voices:
If you were not afraid, you would kill him!

And truly I was afraid, I was most afraid,
But even so, honoured still more
That he should seek my hospitality
From out the dark door of the secret earth.

He drank enough
And lifted his head, dreamily, as one who has
drunken,
And flickered his tongue like a forked night on
the air, so black,
Seeming to lick his lips,
And looked around like a god, unseeing, into the
air,
And slowly turned his head,
And slowly, very slowly, as if thrice adream,
Proceeded to draw his slow length curving round
And climb again the broken bank of my wall-
face.

And as he put his head into that dreadful hole,
And as he slowly drew up, snake-easing his
shoulders, and entered farther,
A sort of horror, a sort of protest against his
withdrawing into that horrid black hole,
Deliberately going into the blackness, and slowly
drawing himself after,
Overcame me now his back was turned.

I looked round, I put down my pitcher,
I picked up a clumsy log
And threw it at the water-trough with a clatter.

I think it did not hit him,
But suddenly that part of him that was left
behind convulsed in undignified haste,
Writhed like lightning, and was gone
Into the black hole, the earth-lipped fissure in
the wall-front,
At which, in the intense still noon, I stared with
fascination.

And immediately I regretted it.
I thought how paltry, how vulgar, what a mean
act!
I despised myself and the voices of my accursed
human education.

And I thought of the albatross,
And I wished he would come back, my snake.

For he seemed to me again like a king,
Like a king in exile, uncrowned in the under-
world,
Now due to be crowned again.

And so, I missed my chance with one of the lords
Of life.

And I have something to expiate;
A pettiness.

Cypresses

TUSCAN cypresses,
What is it?

Folded in like a dark thought
For which the language is lost,
Tuscan cypresses,
Is there a great secret,
Are our words no good?

The undeliverable secret,
Dead with a dead race and a dead speech, and
yet
Darkly monumental in you,
Etruscan cypresses.

Ah, how I admire your fidelity,
Dark cypresses!

Is it the secret of the long-nosed Etruscans?
The long-nosed, sensitive-footed, subtly-smiling
Etruscans,
Who made so little noise outside the cypress
groves?

Among the sinuous, flame-tall cypresses
That swayed their length of darkness all around
Etruscan-dusky, wavering men of old Etruria:
Naked except for fanciful long shoes,
Going with insidious, half-smiling quietness
And some of Africa's imperturbable sang-froid
About a forgotten business.

What business, then?
Nay, tongues are dead, and words are hollow as
 hollow seed-pods,
Having shed their sound and finished all their
 echoing
Etruscan syllables,
That had the telling.

Yet more I see you darkly concentrate,
Tuscan cypresses,
On one old thought:
On one old slim imperishable thought, while you
 remain
Etruscan cypresses:
Dusky, slim marrow-thought of slender, flicker-
 ing men of Etruria,
Whom Rome called vicious.

Vicious, dark cypresses:
Vicious, you supple, brooding, softly-swaying
 pillars of dark flame.
Monumental to a dead, dead race
Embowered in you!

Were they then vicious, the slender, tender-
 footed
Long-nosed men of Etruria?
Or was their way only evasive and different,
 dark, like cypress-trees in a wind?

They are dead, with all their vices,
And all that is left
Is the shadowy monomania of some cypresses
And tombs.

The smile, the subtle Etruscan smile still lurking
Within the tombs,
Etruscan cypresses.
He laughs longest who laughs last;
Nay, Leonardo only bungled the pure Etruscan
smile. /

What would I not give
To bring back the rare and orchid-like
Evil-yclept Etruscan?

For as to the evil
We have only Roman word for it,
Which I, being a little weary of Roman virtue,
Don't hang much weight on.

For oh, I know, in the dust where we have buried
The silenced races and all their abominations,
We have buried so much of the delicate magic
of life.

There in the deeps
That churn the frankincense and ooze the myrrh,
Cypress shadowy,
Such an aroma of lost human life!

They say the fit survive,
But I invoke the spirits of the lost.
Those that have not survived, the darkly lost,
To bring their meaning back into life again,
Which they have taken away
And wrapt inviolable in soft cypress-trees,
Etruscan cypresses.
Evil, what is evil?
There is only one evil, to deny life
As Rome denied Etruria
And mechanical America Montezuma still.

Bat

At evening, sitting on this terrace,
When the sun from the west, beyond Pisa, be-
yond the mountains of Carrara
Departs, and the world is taken by surprise . . .

When the tired flower of Florence is in gloom
beneath the glowing
Brown hills surrounding . . .

When under the arches of the Ponte Vecchio
A green light enters against stream, flush from
the west,
Against the current of obscure Arno . . .

Look up, and you see things flying
Between the day and the night;
Swallows with spools of dark thread sewing the
shadows together.

A circle swoop, and a quick parabola under the
bridge arches
Where light pushes through;
A sudden turning upon itself of a thing in the air.
A dip to the water.

And you think:
'The swallows are flying so late!'

Swallows?

Dark air-life looping
Yet missing the pure loop . . .
A twitch, a twitter, an elastic shudder in flight
And serrated wings against the sky,
Like a glove, a black glove thrown up at the
light,
And falling back.

Never swallows!

Bats!

The swallows are gone.

At a wavering instant the swallows give way to
bats

By the Ponte Vecchio . . .

Changing guard.

Bats, and an uneasy creeping in one's scalp

As the bats sweep overhead!

Flying madly.

Pipistrello!

Black piper on an infinitesimal pipe.

Little lumps that fly in air and have voices
indefinite, wildly vindictive;

Wings like bits of umbrella.

Bats!

Creatures that hang themselves up like an old
rag, to sleep;

And disgustingly upside down.

Hanging upside down like rows of disgusting old
rags

And grinning in their sleep.

Bats!

In China the bat is symbol of happiness.

Not for me!

FRANCES CORNFORD

1886—

Near an old Prison

WHEN we would reach the anguish of the dead,
 Whose bones alone, irrelevant, are dust,
 Out of ourselves it seems we must, we must
 To some obscure but ever-bleeding thing
 Unreconciled, a needed solace bring,
 Like a resolving chord, like daylight shed.

Or through thick time must we reach back in
 vain
 To inaccessible pain?

SIEGFRIED SASSOON

1886—

Base Details

IF I were fierce and bald and short of breath,
 I'd live with scarlet Majors at the Base,
 And speed glum heroes up the line to death.
 You'd see me with my puffy petulant face,
 Guzzling and gulping in the best hotel,
 Reading the Roll of Honour. 'Poor young
 chap,'
 I'd say—'I used to know his father well;
 Yes, we've lost heavily in this last scrap.'
 And when the war is done and youth stone dead
 I'd toddle safely home and die—in bed.

On Passing the New Menin Gate

Who will remember, passing through this Gate,
 The unheroic Dead who fed the guns?
 Who shall absolve the foulness of their fate,—
 Those doomed, conscripted, unvictorious ones?
 Crudely renewed, the Salient holds its own.
 Paid are its dim defenders by this pomp;
 Paid, with a pile of peace-complacent stone,
 The armies who endured that sullen swamp.

Here was the world's worst wound. And here
 with pride
 'Their name liveth for ever,' the Gateway claims.
 Was ever an immolation so belied
 As these intolerably nameless names?
 Well might the Dead who struggled in the slime
 Rise and deride this sepulchre of crime.

Everyone Sang

EVERYONE suddenly burst out singing;
 And I was filled with such delight
 As prisoned birds must find in freedom
 Winging wildly across the white
 Orchards and dark green fields; on; on; and
 out of sight.

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted,
 And beauty came like the setting sun.
 My heart was shaken with tears, and horror
 Drifted away . . . O but every one
 Was a bird; and the song was wordless; the sing-
 ing will never be done.

*Memorial Tablet**(War of 1914-18)*

SQUIRE nagged and bullied till I went to fight
 (Under Lord Derby's scheme). I died in hell—
 (They called it Passchendaele); my wound was
 slight,

And I was hobbling back, and then a shell
 Burst slick upon the duck-boards; so I fell
 Into the bottomless mud, and lost the light.

In sermon-time, while Squire is in his pew,
 He gives my gilded name a thoughtful stare;
 For though low down upon the list, I'm there:
 'In proud and glorious memory'—that's my due.
 Two bleeding years I fought in France for Squire;
 I suffered anguish that he's never guessed;
 Once I came home on leave; and then went west.
 What greater glory could a man desire?

CHARLES WILLIAMS

1886-

The Coming of Palomides

TALAAAT ibn Kula of Ispahan
 taught me the measurement of man
 that Euclid and Archimedes showed,
 ere I took the Western road
 across the strait of the Spanish seas.
 Through the green-pennon-skirted Pyrenees,
 from the sharp curved line of the Prophet's blade
 that cuts the Obedience from the Obeyed,

I came to the cross-littered land of Gaul.
Gospels trigonometrical
measured the height of God-in-man
by the swinging hazels of Lateran
on the hill where Cœlius Vibenna's lamp
twinkled amid the sorcerers' camp
when the Etruscan spells were thrown
over flesh and over bone,
to prevent the City and the See
by the twisted malice of Goetry.
Earth shattered under them, but therethrough
Cæsar rose and the Gospel grew,
till, lit at the star of God-in-man,
burned the candles of Lateran.
But between the magic and the mystery
Julius Cæsar heard of the sea
where trembling fishers are called to row
shadowy-cargoed boats, and know
friction of keels on the soundless coasts.
Julius pierced through the tale of ghosts,
and opened the harbours of the north.
I too from Portius Iccus forth
sailing came to the Logrian land:
there I saw an outstretched hand.

In the summer-house of the Cornish king
I kneeled to Mark at a banqueting,
I saw the hand of the queen Iseult;
down her arm a ruddy bolt
fired the tinder of my brain
to measure the shape of man again;
I heard the king say: 'Little we know
of verses here; let the stranger show
a trick of the Persian music-craft.'
Iseult smiled and Tristram laughed.

Her arm exposed on the board, between
Mark and Tristram sat the queen,
but neither Mark nor Tristram sought
the passion of substantial thought,
neither Mark nor Tristram heard
the accent of the antique word.
Only the uncrossed Saracen
sang amid the heavy Cornish men;
only, a folly amid fighting lords,
I caught her arm in a mesh of chords,
and the speech of Moslem Ispahan
swung the hazels of Lateran.

Blessed (I sang) the Cornish queen;
For till to-day no eyes have seen
how curves of golden life define
the straightness of a perfect line,
till the queen's blessed arm became
a rigid bar of golden flame
where well might Archimedes prove
the doctrine of Euclidean love,
and draw his demonstrations right
against the unmathematic night
of ignorance and indolence!
Did, to this new-awakened sense,
he or some greater Master sweep
his compass? fiery circles leap
round finger-point and shoulder; arc
with arc encountering strikes a spark
wherefrom the dropping chords of fire
fashion the diagram of desire.
There flames my heart, there flames my thought,
either to double points is caught;
lo, on the arm's base for a sign,
the single equilateral trine!

Blessed for ever be the hour
when first the intellectual power
saw triple angles, triple sides,
and that proceed which naught divides
through their great centre, by the stress
of the queen's arm's blissful nakedness,
to unions metaphysical;
blessed the unity of all
authorities of blood and brain,
triplely obedient, each to twain,
obedience in the mind, subdued
to fire of fact and fire of blood;
obedience in the blood, exact
to fire of mind and fire of fact;
to mind and blood the fact's intense
incredible obedience,
in the true equilateral ease.

And O what long isosceles
from finger-point and shoulder flies
towards me, and distant strain my eyes
along the twin roads, there to prove
the doctrine of Euclidean love;
let the queen's grace but yield her hand
to be by such strong measure spanned—

In the summer house of the Cornish king
suddenly I ceased to sing.

Down the arm of queen Iseult
quivered and darkened an angry bolt;
and, as it passed, away and through
and above her hand the sign withdrew.
Fiery, small, and far aloof,
a tangled star in the cedar roof,
it hung; division stretched between
the queen's identity and the queen.

Relation vanished, though beauty stayed;
too long my dangerous eyes delayed
at the shape on the board, but voice was mute;
the queen's arm lay there destitute,
empty of glory; and while the king
tossed the Saracen lord a ring,
and the queen's pleasure, smiling still,
turned to Tristram's plausible skill,
three lines in a golden distance shone,
three points pricked golden and were gone.
Tristram murmured by Iseult's head.

Coelius Vibenna over the dead
cast the foul Chthonian spells,
on ghost and bone and what lingers else;
Cæsar heard of the ghostly sea
that masks the ports of the unity;
the Pope in white, like the ghost of man,
stood in the porch of Lateran;
and aloof in the roof, beyond the feast,
I heard the squeak of the questing beast,
where it scratched itself in the blank between
the queen's substance and the queen.

RUPERT BROOKE

1887-1915

The Dead

THESE hearts were woven of human joys and
cares,
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to
mirth.
The years had given them kindness Dawn was
theirs,
And sunset, and the colours of the earth.

These had seen movement, and heard music;
 known
 Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly
 friended;
 Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;
 Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this
 is ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to
 laughter
 And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,
 Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that
 dance
 And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
 Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
 A width, a shining peace, under the night.

The Old Vicarage, Grantchester

(Café des Westens, Berlin, May 1912)

JUST now the lilac is in bloom,
 All before my little room;
 And in my flower-beds, I think,
 Smile the carnation and the pink;
 And down the borders, well I know,
 The poppy and the pansy blow . . .
 Oh! there the chestnuts, summer through,
 Beside the river make for you
 A tunnel of green gloom, and sleep
 Deeply above; and green and deep
 The stream mysterious glides beneath,
 Green as a dream and deep as death.—
 —Oh, damn! I know it! and I know
 How the May fields all golden show,

And when the day is young and sweet,
Gild gloriously the bare feet
That run to bathe . . .

Du lieber Gott!

Here am I, sweating, sick, and hot,
And there the shadowed waters fresh
Lean up to embrace the naked flesh.
Temperamentvoll German Jews
Drink beer around;—and *there* the dews
Are soft beneath a morn of gold.
Here tulips bloom as they are told;
Unkempt about those hedges blows
An English unofficial rose;
And there the unregulated sun
Slopes down to rest when day is done,
And wakes a vague unpunctual star,
A slippered Hesper; and there are
Meads towards Haslingfield and Coton
Where *das Betreten's* not *verboten*.

εἴθε γενοίμην . . . would I were
In Grantchester, in Grantchester!—
Some, it may be, can get in touch
With Nature there, or Earth, or such.
And clever modern men have seen
A Faun a-peeping through the green,
And felt the Classics were not dead,
To glimpse a Naiad's reedy head,
Or hear the Goat-foot piping low: . . .
But these are things I do not know.
I only know that you may lie
Day-long and watch the Cambridge sky,
And, flower-lulled in sleepy grass,
Hear the cool lapse of hours pass,

Until the centuries blend and blur
In Grantchester, in Grantchester. . . .
Still in the dawnlit waters cool
His ghostly Lordship swims his pool,
And tries the strokes, essays the tricks,
Long learnt on Hellespont, or Styx.
Dan Chaucer hears his river still
Chatter beneath a phantom mill.
Tennyson notes, with studious eye,
How Cambridge waters hurry by . . .
And in that garden, black and white,
Creep whispers through the grass all night;
And spectral dance, before the dawn,
A hundred Vicars down the lawn;
Curates, long dust, will come and go
On lissom, clerical, printless toe;
And oft between the boughs is seen
The sly shade of a Rural Dean . . .
Till, at a shiver in the skies,
Vanishing with Satanic cries,
The prim ecclesiastic rout
Leaves but a startled sleeper-out,
Grey heavens, the first bird's drowsy calls,
The falling house that never falls.

God! I will pack, and take a train,
And get me to England once again!
For England's the one land, I know,
Where men with Splendid Hearts may go;
And Cambridgeshire, of all England,
The shire for Men who Understand;
And of *that* district I prefer
The lovely hamlet Grantchester.
For Cambridge people rarely smile,
Being urban, squat, and packed with guile;

And Royston men in the far South
Are black and fierce and strange of mouth;
At Over they fling oaths at one,
And worse than oaths at Trumpington,
And Ditton girls are mean and dirty,
And there's none in Harston under thirty,
And folks in Shelford and those parts
Have twisted lips and twisted hearts,
And Barton men make Cockney rhymes,
And Coton's full of nameless crimes,
And things are done you'd not believe
At Madingley, on Christmas Eve.
Strong men have run for miles and miles,
When one from Cherry Hinton smiles;
Strong men have blanched, and shot their
wives,
Rather than send them to St. Ives;
Strong men have cried like babes, bydam,
To hear what happened at Babraham.
But Grantchester, ah, Grantchester!
There's peace and holy quiet there,
Great clouds along pacific skies,
And men and women with straight eyes,
Lithe children lovelier than a dream,
A bosky wood, a slumbrous stream,
And little kindly winds that creep
Round twilight corners, half asleep.
In Grantchester their skins are white;
They bathe by day, they bathe by night;
The women there do all they ought;
The men observe the Rules of Thought.
They love the Good; they worship Truth;
They laugh uproariously in youth;
(And when they get to feeling old,
They up and shoot themselves, I'm told) . . .

Ah God! to see the branches stir
 Across the moon at Grantchester!
 To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten
 Unforgettable, unforgotten
 River-smell, and hear the breeze
 Sobbing in the little trees.
 Say, do the elm-clumps greatly stand
 Still guardians of that holy land?
 The chestnuts shade, in reverend dream,
 The yet unacademic stream?
 Is dawn a secret shy and cold
 Anadyomene, silver-gold?
 And sunset still a golden sea
 From Haslingfield to Madingley?
 And after, ere the night is born,
 Do hares come out about the corn?
 Oh, is the water sweet and cool
 Gentle and brown, above the pool?
 And laughs the immortal river still
 Under the mill, under the mill?
 Say, is there Beauty yet to find?
 And Certainty? and Quiet kind?
 Deep-meadows yet, for to forget
 The lies, and truths, and pain? . . . oh! yet
 Stands the Church clock at ten to three?
 And is there honey still for tea?

EDITH SITWELL

1887-

Colonel Fantock

THUS spoke the lady underneath the trees:
 I was a member of a family
 Whose legend was of hunting—(all the rare
 And unattainable brightness of the air)—

A race whose fabled skill in falconry
Was used on the small song-birds and a winged
And blinded Destiny. . . . I think that only
Winged ones know the highest eyrie is so lonely.

There in a land, austere and elegant,
The castle seemed an arabesque in music;
We moved in an hallucination born
Of silence, which like music gave us lotus
To eat, perfuming lips and our long eyelids
As we trailed over the sad summer grass,
Or sat beneath a smooth and mournful tree.

And Time passed, suavely, imperceptibly.

But Dagobert and Peregrine and I
Were children then; we walked like shy gazelles
Among the music of the thin flower-bells.
And life still held some promise,—never ask
Of what,—but life seemed less a stranger, then,
Than ever after in this cold existence.
I always was a little outside life,—
And so the things we touch could comfort me;
I loved the shy dreams we could hear and see—
For I was like one dead, like a small ghost,
A little cold air wandering and lost.

All day within the straw-roofed arabesque
Of the towered castle and the sleepy gardens
wandered
We; those delicate paladins the waves
Told us fantastic legends that we pondered.

And the soft leaves were breasted like a dove,
Crooning old mournful tales of untrue love.

When night came, sounding like the growth of
trees,

My great-grandmother bent to say good-night,
And the enchanted moonlight seemed transformed

Into the silvery tinkling of an old
And gentle music-box that played a tune
Of Circean enchantments and far seas;
Her voice was lulling like the splash of these.
When she had given me her good-night kiss,
There, in her lengthened shadow, I saw this
Old military ghost with mayfly whiskers,—
Poor harmless creature, blown by the cold wind,
Boasting of unseen unreal victories
To a harsh unbelieving world unkind,—
For all the battles that this warrior fought
Were with cold poverty and helpless age—
His spoils were shelters from the winter's rage.
And so for ever through his braggart voice,
Through all that martial trumpet's sound, his soul
Wept with a little sound so pitiful,
Knowing that he is outside life for ever
With no one that will warm or comfort him. . . .
He is not even dead, but Death's buffoon
On a bare stage, a shrunken pantaloon.
His military banner never fell,
Nor his account of victories, the stories
Of old apocryphal misfortunes, glories
Which comforted his heart in later life
When he was the Napoleon of the schoolroom
And all the victories he gained were over
Little boys who would not learn to spell.

All day within the sweet and ancient gardens
He had my childish self for audience—

Whose body flat and strange, whose pale straight
hair
Made me appear as though I had been drowned—
(We all have the remote air of a legend)—
And Dagobert my brother whose large strength,
Great body and grave beauty still reflect
The Angevin dead kings from whom we spring;
And sweet as the young tender winds that stir
In thickets when the earliest flower-bells sing
Upon the boughs, was his just character;
And Peregrine the youngest with a naive
Shy grace like a faun's, whose slant eyes seemed
The warm green light beneath eternal boughs.
His hair was like the fronds of feathers, life
In him was changing ever, springing fresh
As the dark songs of birds . . . the furry warmth
And purring sound of fires was in his voice
Which never failed to warm and comfort me.

And there were haunted summers in Troy Park
When all the stillness budded into leaves;
We listened, like Ophelia drowned in blond
And fluid hair, beneath stag-antlered trees;
Then, in the ancient park the country-pleasant
Shadows fell as brown as any pheasant,
And Colonel Fantock seemed like one of these.
Sometimes for comfort in the castle kitchen
He drowsed, where with a sweet and velvet lip
The snapdragons within the fire
Of their red summer never tire.
And Colonel Fantock liked our company;
For us he wandered over each old lie,
Changing the flowering hawthorn, full of bees,
Into the silver helm of Hercules,
For us defended Troy from the top stair

Outside the nursery, when the calm full moon
Was like the sound within the growth of trees.

But then came one cruel day in deepest June,
When pink flowers seemed a sweet Mozartian
tune,

And Colonel Fantock pondered o'er a book.
A gay voice like a honeysuckle nook,—
So sweet,—said, 'It is Colonel Fantock's age
Which makes him babble.' . . . Blown by winter's
rage

The poor old man then knew his creeping fate,
The darkening shadow that would take his sight
And hearing; and he thought of his saved pence
Which scarce would rent a grave . . . that youth-
ful voice

Was a dark bell which ever clanged 'Too late'—
A creeping shadow that would steal from him
Even the little boys who would not spell,—
His only prisoners. . . . On that June day
Cold Death had taken his first citadel.

When Sir Beelzebub

WHEN

Sir

Beelzebub called for his syllabub in the hotel in
Hell

Where Proserpine first fell,
Blue as the gendarmerie were the waves of the sea,
(Rocking and shocking the bar-maid).

Nobody comes to give him his rum but the
Rim of the sky hippopotamus-glum
Enhances the chances to bless with a benison
Alfred Lord Tennyson crossing the bar laid

With cold vegetation from pale deputations
 Of temperance workers (all signed In Memoriam)
 Hoping with glory to trip up the Laureate's feet,
 (Moving in classical metres) . . .

Like Balaclava, the lava came down from the
 Roof, and the sea's blue wooden gendarmerie
 Took them in charge while Beelzebub roared for
 his rum.

. . None of them come!

THOMAS STEARNS ELIOT

1888-

Preludes

(i)

THE winter evening settles down
 With smells of steaks in passageways.
 Six o'clock.
 The burnt-out ends of smoky days.
 And now a gusty shower wraps
 The grimy scraps
 Of withered leaves about your feet
 And newspapers from vacant lots;
 The showers beat
 On broken blinds and chimney-pots,
 And at the corner of the street
 A lonely cab-horse steams and stamps.
 And then the lighting of the lamps.

(ii)

The morning comes to consciousness
 Of faint stale smells of beer
 From the sawdust-trampled street
 With all its muddy feet that press

To early coffee-stands.
With the other masquerades
That time resumes,
One thinks of all the hands
That are raising dingy shades
In a thousand furnished rooms.

(iii)

You tossed a blanket from the bed,
You lay upon your back, and waited;
You dozed, and watched the night revealing
The thousand sordid images
Of which your soul was constituted;
They flickered against the ceiling.
And when all the world came back
And the light crept up between the shutters,
And you heard the sparrows in the gutters,
You had such a vision of the street
As the street hardly understands;
Sitting along the bed's edge, where
You curled the papers from your hair,
Or clasped the yellow soles of feet
In the palms of both soiled hands.

(iv)

His soul stretched tight across the skies
That fade behind a city block,
Or trampled by insistent feet
At four and five and six o'clock;
And short square fingers stuffing pipes,
And evening newspapers, and eyes
Assured of certain certainties,
The conscience of a blackened street
Impatient to assume the world.

I am moved by fancies that are curled
 Around these images, and cling:
 The notion of some infinitely gentle
 Infinitely suffering thing.

Wipe your hand across your mouth, and laugh;
 The worlds revolve like ancient women
 Gathering fuel in vacant lots.

Whispers of Immortality

WEBSTER was much possessed by death
 And saw the skull beneath the skin;
 And breastless creatures under ground
 Leaned backward with a lipless grin.

Daffodil bulbs instead of balls
 Stared from the sockets of the eyes!
 He knew that thought clings round dead limbs
 Tightening its lusts and luxuries.

Donne, I suppose, was such another
 Who found no substitute for sense;
 To seize and clutch and penetrate,
 Expert beyond experience,

He knew the anguish of the marrow
 The ague of the skeleton;
 No contact possible to flesh
 Allayed the fever of the bone.

Grishkin is nice: her Russian eye
 Is underlined for emphasis;
 Uncorseted, her friendly bust
 Gives promise of pneumatic bliss.

The couched Brazilian jaguar
 Compels the scampering marmoset
 With subtle effluence of cat;
 Grishkin has a maisonette;

The sleek Brazilian jaguar
 Does not in its arboreal gloom
 Distil so rank a feline smell
 As Grishkin in a drawing-room.

And even the Abstract Entities
 Circumambulate her charm;
 But our lot crawls between dry ribs
 To keep our metaphysics warm.

Marina

*Quis hic locus, quae
 regio, quae mundi plaga?*

WHAT seas what shores what grey rocks and
 what islands

What water lapping the bow
 And scent of pine and the woodthrush singing
 through the fog

What images return
 O my daughter.

Those who sharpen the tooth of the dog, meaning
 Death

Those who glitter with the glory of the humming-
 bird, meaning

Death

Those who sit in the stye of contentment,
 meaning

Death

Those who suffer the ecstasy of the animals,
 meaning

Death

Are become unsubstantial, reduced by a wind,
A breath of pine, and the woodsong fog
By this grace dissolved in place

What is this face, less clear and clearer
The pulse in the arm, less strong and stronger—
Given or lent? more distant than stars and
nearer than the eye

Whispers and small laughter between leaves and
hurrying feet
Under sleep, where all the waters meet.

Bowsprit cracked with ice and paint cracked
with heat.

I made this, I have forgotten
And remember.

The rigging weak and the canvas rotten
Between one June and another September.
Made this unknowing, half conscious, unknown,
my own.

The garboard strake leaks, the seams need
caulking.

This form, this face, this life
Living to live in a world of time beyond me;
let me

Resign my life for this life, my speech for that
unspoken,

The awakened, lips parted, the hope, the new
ships.

What seas what shores what granite islands
towards my timbers
And woodthrush calling through the fog
My daughter.

Gerontion

*Thou hast nor youth nor age
But as it were an after dinner sleep
Dreaming on both.*

HERE I am, an old man in a dry month,
Being read to by a boy, waiting for rain.
I was neither at the hot gates
Nor fought in the warm rain
Nor knee deep in the salt marsh, heaving a cutlass,
Bitten by flies, fought.
My house is a decayed house,
And the jew squats on the window sill, the
owner,
Spawned in some estaminet of Antwerp,
Blistered in Brussels, patched and peeled in
London.
The goat coughs at night in the field overhead;
Rocks, moss, stonecrop, iron, merds.
The woman keeps the kitchen, makes tea,
Sneezes at evening, poking the peevish gutter.
I an old man,
A dull head among windy spaces.

Signs are taken for wonders. 'We would see a
sign!'
The word within a word, unable to speak a word,
Swaddled with darkness. In the juvenescence of
the year
Came Christ the tiger

In depraved May, dogwood and chestnut,
flowering judas,
To be eaten, to be divided, to be drunk
Among whispers; by Mr. Silvero

With caressing hands, at Limoges
 Who walked all night in the next room;
 By Hakagawa, bowing among the Titians;
 By Madame de Tornquist, in the dark room
 Shifting the candles; Fraulein von Kulp
 Who turned in the hall, one hand on the door.

Vacant shuttles
 Weave the wind. I have no ghosts,
 An old man in a draughty house
 Under a windy knob.

After such knowledge, what forgiveness? Think
 now
 History has many cunning passages, contrived
 corridors
 And issues, deceives with whispering ambitions,
 Guides us by vanities. Think now
 She gives when our attention is distracted
 And what she gives, gives with such supple con-
 fusions
 That the giving famishes the craving. Gives too
 late
 What's not believed in, or if still believed,
 In memory only, reconsidered passion. Gives
 too soon
 Into weak hands, what's thought can be dis-
 pensed with
 Till the refusal propagates a fear. Think
 Neither fear nor courage saves us. Unnatural
 vices
 Are fathered by our heroism. Virtues
 Are forced upon us by our impudent crimes.
 These tears are shaken from the wrath-bearing
 tree.
 The tiger springs in the new year. Us he devours.

Think at last

We have not reached conclusion, when I
Stiffen in a rented house. Think at last
I have not made this show purposelessly
And it is not by any concitation
Of the backward devils.

I would meet you upon this honestly.

I that was near your heart was removed there-
from

To lose beauty in terror, terror in inquisition.

I have lost my passion: why should I need to
keep it

Since what is kept must be adulterated?

I have lost my sight, smell, hearing, taste and
touch:

How should I use them for your closer contact?

These with a thousand small deliberations
Protract the profit of their chilled delirium,
Excite the membrane, when the sense has cooled,
With pungent sauces, multiply variety
In a wilderness of mirrors. What will the
spider do,

Suspend its operations, will the weevil

Delay? De Bailhache, Fresca, Mrs. Cammel,
whirled

Beyond the circuit of the shuddering Bear

In fractured atoms. Gull against the wind, in
the windy straits

Of Belle Isle, or running on the Horn,

White feathers in the snow, the Gulf claims,

And an old man driven by the Trades

To a sleepy corner.

Tenants of the house,

Thoughts of a dry brain in a dry season.

Animula

'ISSUES from the hand of God, the simple soul'
To a flat world of changing lights and noise,
To light, dark, dry or damp, chilly or warm;
Moving between the legs of tables and of chairs,
Rising or falling, grasping at kisses and toys,
Advancing boldly, sudden to take alarm,
Retreating to the corner of arm and knee,
Eager to be reassured, taking pleasure
In the fragrant brilliance of the Christmas tree,
Pleasure in the wind, the sunlight and the sea;
Studies the sunlit pattern on the floor
And running stags around a silver tray;
Confounds the actual and the fanciful,
Content with playing-cards and kings and
queens,
What the fairies do and what the servants say.
The heavy burden of the growing soul
Perplexes and offends more, day by day;
Week by week, offends and perplexes more
With the imperatives of 'is and seems'
And may and may not, desire and control.
The pain of living and the drug of dreams
Curl up the small soul in the window seat
Behind the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.
Issues from the hand of time the simple soul
Irresolute and selfish, misshapen, lame,
Unable to fare forward or retreat,
Fearing the warm reality, the offered good,
Denying the importunity of the blood,
Shadow of its own shadows, spectre in its own
gloom,
Leaving disordered papers in a dusty room;
Living first in the silence after the viaticum.

Pray for Guiterriez, avid of speed and power,
For Boudin, blown to pieces,
For this one who made a great fortune,
And that one who went his own way.
Pray for Floret, by the boarhound slain between
the yew trees,
Pray for us now and at the hour of our birth.

JULIAN GRENFELL

1888-1915

Into Battle

THE naked earth is warm with Spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
And quivers in the sunny breeze;
And Life is Colour and Warmth and Light
And a striving evermore for these;
And he is dead who will not fight;
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth;
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,
And with the trees to newer birth;
And find, when fighting shall be done,
Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven
Hold him in their high comradeship,
The Dog-Star and the Sisters Seven,
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,
They stand to him each one a friend;
They gently speak in the windy weather;
They guide to valley and ridge's end.

The kestrel hovering by day,
And the little owls that call by night,
Bid him be swift and keen as they,
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, 'Brother, brother,
If this be the last song you shall sing,
Sing well, for you may not sing another;
Brother, sing.'

In dreary, doubtful, waiting hours,
Before the brazen frenzy starts,
The horses show him nobler powers;
O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

And when the burning moment breaks,
And all things else are out of mind,
And only Joy of Battle takes
Him by the throat, and makes him blind—

Through joy and blindness he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still,
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,
And in the air Death moans and sings;
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

WALTER JAMES TURNER

1889-

Sea Music

ARE there sounds in the sea
 Fifty fathoms deep?
 No, there is not a sigh
 There, but like sheep
 Valley-wandering on the mountain-side
 Soft as the wool of sleep collide
 Sister-sounding streams
 In dumb clash of dreams.

There, when 'tis all light
 Jewel-boundaried, cool,
 Nothing is dark or bright
 There is no sound at all;
 Running water is not heard,
 Stone-babble, beak of bird
 Wing-dip or trout-streak
 In water pool or fall.

Inter-winding, never-ending
 Over-toppling, under-lapping
 In foamless motion
 Without crest crossing
 Or opaque white tossing
 Of billowless shadows
 Thro' the fish-eyed meadows
 Flows the herd-pasturing ocean.

Yet, there is music there,
 Music the flounders hear,
 Music lapping the ear
 Of the sea anemone:

Music that flows around
Silence deep-fringed with sound,
Music whose still bright curl
Sleeps in the oyster pearl.

What is the song of those
Fin-waving passengers
Still, as they rest afloat,
Eyes lidless, lives remote
Sending no messengers?
I hear that finny song
Voiceless the waves along
Into my heart it goes.

Strange is the thing it tells
Lovely and small
How a God once did dwell
In the sea's hall
How his harp hanging there
Now he is gone
Strung with his rainbow hair
Weeps all alone.

Cold is the grief that flows
Through the wide sea
Wordless its bloodless woes
Windless those hills where blows
No hope to be.
But there the living tone
Of the Unseen, Unknown
Is heard by me.

Signs of the Zodiac

I SAW the Scorpion in the sky
Before it bit my heart
Its country seemed so far, so far
I did not feel its dart.

But when at last that bitter wound
I felt within my side
The sky was clear its silver balm
The Moon was spreading wide.

I looked again, another sign:
The Archer drew his bow
Ten thousand years of anguished time
He planted with his arrow.

Once more the sky was clear, all pain
Assuaged with soothing dew;
The capering Goat with butting horn
Out from the darkness drew.

A shoal of Fish in gentle Rain
Rose swimming towards the Pole,
Then bright-hooved on that silver plain
Appeared the Ram, the Bull.

Each took some substance of my heart
Some longing of my soul,
Stamping upon the upper air
That fragment of the whole.

Cold-clasped in one another's arms
The Heavenly Twins lay drowned
One wave washed from the sea of love
In bright particulars found.

The sideways Crab, the tawny Lion
The Balance and the Maid
Passed distant in that still procession
Man's dreaming mind has made,

Then vanishing. The sky, left bright,
Empty, without a sign,
Sparkling with myriad points of light
All meaningless was mine.

The sky was emptied with my heart,
Mere data of my brain,
O Scorpio stab me with thy dart
That I may feel again!

DOROTHY WELLESLEY

1889-

*Horses**(Newmarket or St. Leger)*

WHO, in the garden-pony carrying skeps
Of grass or fallen leaves, his knees gone slack,
Round belly, hollow back,
Sees the Mongolian Tarpan of the Steppes?
Or, in the Shire with plaits and feathered feet,
The war-horse like the wind the Tartar knew?
Or, in the Suffolk Punch, spells out anew
The wild grey asses fleet
With stripe from head to tail, and moderate
ears?
In cross sea-donkeys, sheltering as storm gathers,
The mountain zebras maned upon the withers,
With round enormous ears?

And who in thoroughbreds in stable garb
Of blazoned rug, ranged orderly, will mark
The wistful eyelashes so long and dark,
And call to mind the old blood of the Barb?

And that slim island on whose bare campaigns
Galloped with flying manes,
For a king's pleasure, churning surf and scud,
A white Arabian stud?

That stallion, teaser to Hobgoblin, free
And foaled upon a plain of Barbary:
Godolphin Barb, who dragged a cart for hire
In Paris, but became a famous sire,
Covering all lovely mares; and she who threw
Rataplan to the Baron, loveliest shrew;
King Charles's royal mares; the Dodsworth
 Dam;
And the descendants: Yellow Turk, King Tom;
And Lath out of Roxana, famous foal;
Careless; Eclipse, unbeaten in the race,
With white blaze on his face;
Prunella who was dam to Parasol.

Blood Arab, pony, pedigree, no name,
All horses are the same:
The Shetland stallion stunted by the damp,
Yet filled with self-importance, stout and small;
The Cleveland slow and tall;
New Forests that may ramp
Their lives out, being branded, breeding free
When bluebells turn the Forest to a sea,
When mares with foal at foot flee down the
 glades,
Sheltering in bramble coverts
From mobs of corn-fed lovers;
Or, at the acorn harvest, in stockades
A round-up being afoot, will stand at bay,
Or, making for the heather clearings, splay

Wide-spread towards the bogs by gorse and
whin,
Roped as they flounder in
By foresters.

But hunters as day fails
Will take the short-cut home across the fields;
With slackened rein will stoop through darken-
ing wealds;
With creaking leathers skirt the swedes and
kales;
Patient, adventuring still,
A horse's ears bob on the distant hill;
He starts to hear
A pheasant chuck or whirr, having the fear
In him of ages filled with war and raid,
Night gallop, ambushade;
Remembering adventures of his kin
With giant winged worms that coiled round
mountain bases,
And Nordic tales of young gods riding races
Up courses of the rainbow; here, within
The depth of Hampshire hedges, does he dream
How Athens woke, to hear above her roofs
The welkin flash and thunder to the hoofs
Of Dawn's tremendous team?

HUGH MACDIARMID

1892-

Parley of Beasts

AULD Noah was at hame wi' them a',
The lion and the lamb,
Pair by pair they entered the Ark
And he took them as they cam'.

If twa a' ilka beist there is
 Into this room s'ud come,
 Wad I could welcome them like him,
 And no' stand gowpin' dumb!

Be chief wi' them and they wi' me
 And a' wi' ane anither
 As Noah and his couples were
 There in the Ark thegither.

It's fain I'd mell wi' tiger and tit,
 Wi' elephant and eel,
 But noo-a'days e'en wi' ain's sel
 At hame it's hard to feel.

OSBERT SITWELL

1892-

Mrs. Hague

OLD Mrs. Hague,
 The Gardener's wife,
 Was not to be enclosed in any formulas.
 She seems to stand upon a little mound
 Of pansies,

Primroses,

And primulas.

Outlined against the pale blue eye of northern
 spring,
 Heavily planted in this printed muslin beauty
 Of clumps and spots and dots and tiger-stripes,
 She swelled with ideas and ideals of duty,
 Emphatic,
 Rheumatic.

Mrs. Thatch,
The wife, she was sorry to say,
Of Lord X's gardener
—If such one could call him—
Was silly, town-bred, what Mrs. Hague would
call
—Well, she really did not like to say it,
Did not know what to call it;
Shall we say a Ne'er-do-Well?
And all the time the primroses, the wind-flowers
Opened their eyes and pressed their nodding
heads
Against her, and the moss seemed ready to
Run up those rugged limbs,
The lichen ready
To crystallise its feathery formations
Along these solid branches.

If not upon this flower-sprinkled mound,
Then Mrs. Hague stood
Pressed in the narrow framework of her door,
And fills it to our minds for evermore.
Out of the slender gaps
Between the figure and its frame,
Was wafted the crusty, country odour
Of new bread,
Which was but one blossom of the hedges
That Mrs. Hague had planted.

For Mrs. Hague was childless,
And so had wisely broken up her life
With fences of her own construction,
Above which she would peer
With bovine grace,
Kind nose, kind eyes
Wide open in wide face.

For

Monday was Washing Day,
Tuesday was Baking Day,
Wednesday h'Alfred 'as 'is dinner h'early,
Thursday was Baking Day again,
Friday was a busy day, a very busy day,
And Saturday prepared the way for Sunday,
Black satin bosoms and a brooch,
A bonnet and a Bible.

Nor were these all:

There were other more imposing barriers
Of Strawberry Jam in June
And Blackberry Jelly in October:
For each fruit contributed a hedge
To the garden of Mrs. Hague's days.

These fences made life safe for Mrs. Hague;
Each barrier of washing, mending, baking
Was a barricade
Thrown up against being lonely or afraid.
This infinite perspective
—The week, the month, the year—
Showed in the narrow gaps
Between her and the door,
As she stood there in the doorway,
Narrow as a coffin.

Oh, who can describe the grace of Mrs. Hague,
A Mrs. Noah limned by Botticelli,
'Mid flowering trees, green winds and pensive
flowers;
A Rousseau portrait, inflated by Picasso;
Or seen in summer,
As through a tapestry
Of pool, exotic flower and conifer?

As Daphne was transformed into a tree,
So some old elm had turned to Mrs. Hague,
Thick bole, wide arms and rustic dignity.

Winter the Huntsman

THROUGH his iron glades
Rides Winter the Huntsman.
All colour fades
As his horn is heard sighing.

Far through the forest
His wild hooves crash and thunder
Till many a mighty branch
Is torn asunder.

And the red reynard creeps
To his hole near the river,
The copper leaves fall
And the bare trees shiver.

As night creeps from the ground,
Hides each tree from its brother,
And each dying sound
Reveals yet another.

Is it Winter the Huntsman
Who gallops through his iron glades,
Cracking his cruel whip
To the gathering shades?

ROBERT NICHOLS

1893-

At the Wars

Now that I am ta'en away
 And may not see another day
 What is it to my eye appears?
 What sound rings in my stricken ears?
 Not even the voice of any friend
 Or eyes beloved-world-without-end,
 But scenes and sounds of the country-side
 In far England across the tide:
 An upland field when spring's begun,
 Mellow beneath the evening sun. . . .
 A circle of loose and lichen'd wall
 Over which seven red pines fall. . . .
 An orchard of wizen blossoming trees
 Wherein the nesting chaffinches
 Begin again the self-same song
 All the late April day-time long. . . .
 Paths that lead a shelving course
 Between the chalk scarp and the gorse
 By English downs; and oh! too well
 I hear the hidden, clanking bell
 Of wandering sheep. . . . I see the brown
 Twilight of the huge empty down. . . .
 Soon blotted out! for now a lane
 Glitters with warmth of May-time rain,
 And on a shooting briar I see
 A yellow bird who sings to me.

O yellow-hammer, once I heard
 Thy brief song when no other bird
 Could to my sunk heart comfort bring;
 But now I would not have thee sing,

So sharp thy note is with the pain
 Of England I may not see again!
 Yet sing thy song: there answereth
 Deep in me a voice which saith:

‘The gorse upon the twilit down,
 The English loam so sunset brown,
 The bowed pines and the sheep-bells’
 clamour,
 The wet, lit lane and the yellow-hammer,
 The orchard and the chaffinch song
 Only to the Brave belong.
 And he shall lose their joy for aye
 If their price he cannot pay,
 Who shall find them dearer far
 Enriched by blood after long War.’

WILFRED OWEN

1893-1918

Asleep

UNDER his helmet, up against his pack,
 After the many days of work and waking,
 Sleep took him by the brow and laid him back.
 And in the happy no-time of his sleeping,
 Death took him by the heart. There was a
 quaking
 Of the aborted life within him leaping. . . .
 Then chest and sleepy arms once more fell
 slack.
 And soon the slow, stray blood came creeping
 From the intrusive lead, like ants on track.

.

Whether his deeper sleep lie shaded by the
 shaking
 Of great wings, and the thoughts that hung the
 stars,
 High-pillowed on calm pillows of God's making
 Above these clouds, these rains, these sleets of
 lead,
 And these winds' scimitars;
 —Or whether yet his thin and sodden head
 Confuses more and more with the low mould,
 His hair being one with the grey grass
 And finished fields of autumns that are old. . . .
 Who knows? Who hopes? Who troubles? Let
 it pass!
 He sleeps. He sleeps less tremulous, less cold,
 Than we who must awake, and waking, say
 Alas!

Greater Love

RED lips are not so red
 As the stained stones kissed by the English
 dead.
 Kindness of wooed and wooer
 Seems shame to their love pure.
 O Love, your eyes lose lure
 When I behold eyes blinded in my stead!

 Your slender attitude
 Trembles not exquisite like limbs knife-
 skewed,
 Rolling and rolling there
 Where God seems not to care;
 Till the fierce Love they bear
 Cramps them in death's extreme decrepitude.

Your voice sings not so soft,—
 Though even as wind murmuring through
 raftered loft,—
Your dear voice is not dear,
Gentle, and evening clear,
As theirs whom none now hear,
 Now earth has stopped their piteous mouths
 that coughed.

Heart, you were never hot,
 Nor large, nor full like hearts made great
 with shot;
And though your hand be pale,
Paler are all which trail
Your cross through flame and hail:
 Weep, you may weep, for you may touch
 them not.

EDMUND BLUNDEN

1896—

The Pike

FROM shadows of rich oaks outpeer
The moss-green bastions of the weir,
Where the quick dipper forages
In elver-peopled crevices.
And a small runlet trickling down the sluice
Gossamer music tires not to unloose.

Else round the broad pool's hush
 Nothing stirs,
Unless sometime a straggling heifer crush
Through the thronged spinney where the phea-
sant whirs;

Or martins in a flash
Come with wild mirth to dip their magical
wings,
While in the shallow some doomed bulrush
swings
At whose hid root the diver vole's teeth
gnash.

And nigh this toppling reed, still as the dead
The great pike lies, the murderous
patriarch,
Watching the waterpit shelving and dark,
Where through the plash his lithe bright vassals
thread.

The rose-finned roach and bluish bream
And staring ruffe steal up the stream
Hard by their glutton tyrant, now
Still as a sunken bough.

He on the sandbank lies,
Sunning himself long hours
With stony gorgon eyes:
Westward the hot sun lowers.

Sudden the gray pike changes, and, quivering,
poises for slaughter;
Intense terror wakens around him, the shoals
scud awry, but there chances
A chub unsuspecting; the prowling fins
quicken, in fury he lances;
And the miller that opens the hatch stands
amazed at the whirl in the water.

Almswomen

AT Quincey's moat the squandering village ends,
 And there in the almshouse dwell the dearest
 friends

Of all the village, two old dames that cling
 As close as any trueloves in the spring.

Long, long ago they passed three-score-and-ten,
 And in this doll's house lived together then;
 All things they have in common being so poor,
 And their one fear, Death's shadow at the door.
 Each sundown makes them mournful, each
 sunrise

Brings back the brightness in their failing eyes.

How happy go the rich fair-weather days
 When on the roadside folk stare in amaze
 At such a honeycomb of fruit and flowers
 As mellows round their threshold; what long
 hours

They gloat upon their steeping hollyhocks,
 Bee's balsams, feathery southernwood and
 stocks,

Fiery dragon's-mouths, great mallow leaves
 For salves, and lemon-plants in bushy sheaves,
 Shagged Esau's-hands with five green finger-
 tips.

Such old sweet names are ever on their lips.

As pleased as little children where these grow
 In cobbled pattens and worn gowns they go,
 Proud of their wisdom when on gooseberry
 shoots

They stuck egg-shells to fright from coming
 fruits

The brisk-billed rascals; scanning still to see
 Their neighbour owls saunter from tree to tree
 Or in the hushing half-light mouse the lane
 Long-winged and lordly.

But when those hours wane
 Indoors they ponder, scared by the harsh storm
 Whose pelting saracens on the window swarm,
 And listen for the mail to clatter past
 And church clock's deep bay withering on the
 blast;

They feed the fire that flings its freakish light
 On pictured kings and queens grotesquely bright,
 Platters and pitchers, faded calendars,
 And graceful hour-glass trim with lavenders.

Many a time they kiss and cry and pray
 That both be summoned in the selfsame day,
 And wiseman linnet tinkling in his cage
 End too with them the friendship of old age,
 And all together leave their treasured room
 Some bell-like evening when the May's in bloom.

SACHEVERELL SITWELL

1897-

The Rio Grande

By the Rio Grande
 They dance no sarabande
 On level banks like lawns above the glassy,
 lolling tide;
 Nor sing they forlorn madrigals
 Whose sad note stirs the sleeping gales
 Till they wake among the trees, and shake the
 boughs,
 And fright the nightingales;

But they dance in the city, down the public
squares,
On the marble pavers with each colour laid in
shares,
At the open church doors loud with light within,
At the bell's huge tolling,
By the river music, gurgling, thin
Through the soft Brazilian air.

The Comendador and Alguacil are there
On horseback, hid with feathers, loud and shrill
Blowing orders on their trumpets like a bird's
sharp bill
Through boughs, like a bitter wind, calling;
They shine like steady starlight while those other
sparks are falling
In burnished armour, with their plumes of fire,
Tireless, while all others tire.
To where, in the square, they dance and the
band is playing
The noisy streets are empty and hushed is the
town
Such a space of silence through the town to the
river
That the water murmurs loud
Above the band and crowd together;
And the strains of the sarabande,
More lively than a madrigal,
Go hand in hand
Like the river and its waterfall
As the great Rio Grande rolls down to the sea.
Loud is the marimba's note
Above these half-salt waves,
And louder still the tympanum,
The plectrum, and the kettledrum,

Sullen and menacing
Do these brazen voices ring.
They ride outside,
Above the salt sea's tide,
Till the ships at anchor there
Hear this enchantment
Of the soft Brazilian air,
By those Southern winds wafted,
Slow and gentle,
Their fierceness tempered
By the air that flows between.

RUTH PITTER

1897-

The Comet

O STILL withhold thyself, be not possessed:
Hyperbola, the dread uncharted line,
Debase not into orbit; still make shine
Portentous rays of arrowy unrest
Among the earthy planets. Know not law,
Here are too many who lie straightly bound
Fly all but in the sun, and shooting round
Dart to the outer darkness of our awe:
And if there be incalculable return,
Come in another shape with monstrous hair
Or triple train enclosing half the skies:
Still let thy face with various omens burn,
Still shun the reasoned pathways to despair,
Nor answerable be to earthly eyes.

*The Frog in the Well**A True History, and Image of the State*

FROM the far brink of sacred Helicon
Stoop, kindly Muse, to hymn the tale of one
Poor atomy, whose tragedy was wrought
To comedy by means she never sought,
Nor could have known; ah let me then believe
In saving fates, and hope when most I grieve.

Some rustic boys set forth in bloomy spring
To fish for tadpoles: pendent from a string
An urn they bore which erst had jam contained;
Long did they strive, and of bad sport com-
plained;

One only wriggler did their search reward,
The season then fast settling summerward.
Then homeward straggling, on a mighty tea
Resolved, and much desiring to be free
From the loathed vessel's all but barren weight,
They to a horrid and a lingering fate
Consigned the victim; thoughtlessness more fell
Than crime deliberate! In a lonely well
They chucked the jar with its imprisoned nymph
Down through the darkness to the icy lymph.
Ah poor Sabrina! what unknown despair
Clutched at thine heart, sunk in deep prison,
where

No food appeared in those pure waters cold,
Nor any blade of grass you watched unfold;
Where scarce a ray of light to thee could drop,
For a stout hatch secured the domy top!
Some few poor ferns she saw with hopeless love
Glimmer in ghostly greenness far above;
Her sole relief from the engulfing tide

To cling at whiles to the rough bricky side.
Not long she lived, say you? you do not know
How long a reptile may unnourished go.
Summer was spent, the autumn almost come,
And she still pent in the relentless tomb;
Her metamorphosis she even achieved,
A smaller frog than you would have believed
Had you not seen; but the flat wistful head
Grew to full size, so we must think she fed,
Though upon what, and on how little too,
We marvel much, and much the same must rue:
And pity muses how that little brain
Wove stratagems the distant top to gain;
How those frail midget-hands have striven to
scale

The tyrant wall, for ever doomed to fail:
Thinks of those pretty eyes still fixed on high
In huge despair unknown to passers-by.
Till on a fateful day of August heat
The tempest gathered, and the lightnings fleet
Flew o'er the welkin, while a hollow boom
Of thunder shook the water of her tomb:
Down from the pregnant sky the fluid teemed,
The runnels roared and all the meadows
steamed;

Nor was it long before the porous sides
Of the well dripped, and all the stealthy tides
Of the field-drainage swelled the scanty spring,
And hope grew strong in the imprisoned thing.
Still, still the flood mounts with resistless urge
And now is but a foot below the verge.
Fast to a twig she clung, that many a day
Had mouldered in the nether floods away,
And scarce her eyes or her weak heart could
bear

Light, and deliverance now come so near.
The hatch remained, but she'd admit no doubt
That some kind chink therein would let her out:
Let her but grasp the edge, she'd starve to death,
Or till grown spare enough to slip beneath.
She measured in a hopeful agony
The few top inches still remaining dry:
When the blind heaven its saving tears allayed,
The trickle ceased, and straight the tide was
 stayed,
And slowly downward from the mocking brink
She with her rotten twig began to sink.
Poor soul! I cannot sing the pains of hell,
And so that last defeat may never tell.

Now for thy faith! still call on heaven to save,
And save it shall, though every demon rave.
The hatch is lifted and a human face
Looks down into the dim and dismal place:
The human vision sees the victim there,
And human reason knows her whole despair.
A tactful hand (no paw of murderous lout,
But kind Ruth Pitter's) plucks the sufferer out,
And to a pond where she may soon be fat
She takes the wizen creature in her hat;
And many a balmy tear the bard doth shed
On the mere tadpole with the full-grown head:
Perchance some simile therein she sees,
Or sure would not waste brine on things like
 these.

Yet, ah believe that if the fates can do
Thus for a frog, we may be hopeful too
That we shall see this wretched State of ours
Snatched from the malice of the nether powers!

[160]

ROY CAMPBELL

1902—

The Serf

His naked skin clothed in the torrid mist
That puffs in smoke around the patient hooves,
The ploughman drives, a slow somnambulist,
And through the green his crimson furrow
grooves.

His heart, more deeply than he wounds the plain,
Long by the rasping share of insult torn,
Red clod, to which the war-cry once was rain
And tribal spears the fatal sheaves of corn,
Lies fallow now. But as the turf divides
I see in the slow progress of his strides
Over the toppled clods and falling flowers,
The timeless, surly patience of the serf
That moves the nearest to the naked earth
And ploughs down palaces, and thrones, and
towers.

Choosing a Mast

THIS mast, new-shaved, through whom I rive
the ropes,
Says she was once an oread of the slopes,
Graceful and tall upon the rocky highlands,
A slender tree, as vertical as noon,
And her low voice was lovely as the silence
Through which a fountain whistles to the moon,
Who now of the white spray must take the veil
And, for her songs, the thunder of the sail.

I chose her for her fragrance, whence the spring
With sweetest resins swelled her fourteenth ring
And with live amber welded her young thews:
I chose her for the glory of the Muse,
Smoother of forms, that her hard-knotted grain,
Grazed by the chisel, shaven by the plane,
Might from the steel as cool a burnish take
As from the bladed moon a windless lake.

I chose her for her eagerness of flight
Where she stood tiptoe on the rocky height
Lifted by her own perfume to the sun,
While through her rustling plumes with eager
 sound

Her eagle spirit, with the gale at one,
Spreading wide pinions, would have spurned
 the ground

And her own sleeping shadow, had they not
With thymy fragrance charmed her to the spot.

Lover of song, I chose this mountain pine
Not only for the straightness of her spine
But for her songs: for these she loved to sing
Through a long noon's repose of wave and wing—
The fluvial swerving of her scented hair
Sole rill of song in all that windless air
And her slim form the naiad of the stream
Afloat upon the languor of its theme;

And for the soldier's fare on which she fed—
Her wine the azure, and the snow her bread;
And for her stormy watches on the height—
For only out of solitude or strife
Are born the sons of valour and delight;
And lastly for her rich exulting life
That with the wind stopped not its singing breath
But carolled on, the louder for its death.

Under a pine, when summer days were deep,
 We loved the most to lie in love or sleep:
 And when in long hexameters the west
 Rolled his grey surge, the forest for his lyre,
 It was the pines that sang us to our rest
 Loud in the wind and fragrant in the fire,
 With legioned voices swelling all night long,
 From Pelion to Provence, their storm of song.
 It was the pines that fanned us in the heat,
 The pines, that cheered us in the time of sleet,
 For which sweet gifts I set one dryad free—
 No longer to the wind a rooted foe,
 This nymph shall wander where she longs to be
 And with the blue north wind arise and go,
 A silver huntress with the moon to run
 And fly through rainbows with the rising sun;
 And when to pasture in the glittering shoals
 The guardian mistral drives his thundering foals,
 And when like Tartar horsemen racing free
 We ride the snorting fillies of the sea,
 My pine shall be the archer of the gale
 While on the bending willow curves the sail
 From whose great bow the long keel shooting
 home
 Shall fly, the feathered arrow of the foam.

WILLIAM PLOMER

1903—

The Scorpion

LIMPOPO and Tugela churned
 In flood for brown and angry miles
 Melons, maize, domestic thatch,
 The trunks of trees and crocodiles;

The swollen estuaries were thick
With flotsam, in the sun one saw
The corpse of a young negress bruised
By rocks, and rolling on the shore,
Pushed by the waves of morning, rolled
Impersonally among shells,
With lolling breasts and bleeding eyes,
And round her neck were beads and bells.
That was the Africa we knew,
Where, wandering alone,
We saw, heraldic in the heat,
A scorpion on a stone.

A Levantine

A MOUTH like old silk soft with use,
The weak chin of a dying race,
Eyes that know all and look at naught—
Disease, depravity, disgrace
Are all united in that face.
And yet the triumph of decay
Outbraves the pride of bouncing fools—
As an old craftsman smiles to hear
His name respected in the schools
And sees the rust upon his tools;
Through shades of truth and memory
He burrows, secret as a mole,
And smiles with loose and withered lips
Because the workings of his soul
Will, when he's low, stay sound and whole.
With Socrates as ancestor,
And rich Byzantium in his veins,
What if this weakling does not work?
He never takes the slightest pains
To exercise his drowsy brains,

But drinks his coffee, smokes and yawns
While new-rich empires rise and fall:
His blood is bluer than their heaven,
 Poor, but no poorer than them all,
He has no principles at all.

CECIL DAY LEWIS

1905—

Come up, Methuselah

COME up, Methuselah,
You doddering superman!
Give me an instant realized
And I'll outdo your span.

In that one moment of evening
When roses are most red
I can fold back the firmament,
I can put time to bed.

Abraham, stint your tally
Of concubines and cattle!
Give place to me—capitalist
In more intrinsic metal.

I have a lover of flesh
And a lover that is a sprite:
To-day I lie down with finite,
To-morrow with infinite.

That one is a constant
And suffers no eclipse,
Though I feel sun and moon burning
Together on her lips.

This one is a constant,
But she's not kind at all;
She raddles her gown with my despair
And paints her lip with gall.

My lover of flesh is wild,
And willing to kiss again;
She is the potency of earth
When woods exhale the rain.

My lover of air, like Artemis
Spectrally embraced,
Shuns the daylight that twists her smile
To mineral distaste.

Twin poles energetic, they
Stand fast and generate
This spark that crackles in the void
As between fate and fate.

Rest from Loving

REST from loving and be living.
Fallen is fallen past retrieving
The unique flyer dawn's dove
Arrowing down feathered with fire.

Cease denying, begin knowing.
Comes peace this way here comes renewing
With dower of bird and bud knocks
Loud on winter wall on death's door.

Here's no meaning but of morning.
Naught soon of night but stars remaining,
Sink lower, fade, as dark womb
Recedes creation will step clear.

I've heard them Lilting at Loom and Belting

I'VE heard them lilting at loom and belting,
 Lasses lilting before dawn of day:
 But now they are silent, not gamesome and
 gallant—
 The flowers of the town are rotting away.
 There was laughter and loving in the lanes at
 evening;
 Handsome were the boys then, and girls were
 gay.
 But lost in Flanders by medalled commanders
 The lads of the village are vanished away.
 Cursed be the promise that takes our men from
 us—
 All will be champion if you choose to obey:
 They fight against hunger but still it is stronger—
 The prime of our land grows cold as the clay.
 The women are weary, once lilted so merry,
 Waiting to marry for a year and a day:
 From wooing and winning, from owning or
 earning
 The flowers of the town are all turned away.

WILLIAM EMPSON

1906—

Dissatisfaction with Metaphysics

HIGH over Mecca Allah's prophet's corpse
 (The empty focus opposite the sun)
 Receives homage, centre of the universe.
 How smooth his epicycles round him run,
 Whose hearth is cold, and all his wives undone.

Two mirrors with Infinity to dine
Drink him below the table when they please.
Adam and Eve breed still their dotted line,
Repeated incest, a plain series.
Their trick is all philosophers' disease.

New safe straight lines are finite though un-
bounded,
Old epicycles numberless in vain.
Then deeper than e'er plummet, plummet
sounded,
Then corpses flew, when God flooded the plain.
He promised Noah not to flood again.

To an old Lady

RIPENESS is all; her in her cooling planet
Revere; do not presume to think her wasted.
Project her no projectile, plan nor man it;
Gods cool in turn, by the sun long outlasted.

Our earth alone given no name of god
Gives, too, no hold for such a leap to aid her;
Landing, you break some palace and seem odd;
Bees sting their need, the keeper's queen
invader.

No, to your telescope; spy out the land;
Watch while her ritual is still to see,
Still stand her temples emptying in the sand
Whose waves o'er threw their crumbled tracery;

Still stand uncalled-on her soul's appanage;
Much social detail whose successor fades,
Wit used to run a house and to play Bridge,
And tragic fervour, to dismiss her maids.

Years her precession do not throw from gear.
She reads a compass certain of her pole;
Confident, finds no confines on her sphere,
Whose failing crops are in her sole control.

Stars how much further from me fill my night,
Strange that she too should be inaccessible,
Who shares my sun. He curtains her from sight,
And but in darkness is she visible.

WYSTAN HUGH AUDEN

1907-

Song for the New Year

It's farewell to the drawing-room's civilized cry
The professor's sensible whereto and why
The frock-coated diplomat's social aplomb
Now matters are settled with gas and with bomb.

The works for two pianos, the brilliant stories
Of reasonable giants and remarkable fairies,
The pictures, the ointments, the frangible wares,
And the branches of olive are stored upstairs.

For the Devil has broken parole and arisen,
He has dynamited his way out of prison,
Out of the well where his Papa throws
The rebel angel, the outcast rose.

Like influenza he walks abroad,
He stands on the bridge, he waits by the ford;
As a goose or a gull he flies overhead,
He hides in the cupboards and under the bed.

Assuming such shapes as may best disguise
The hate that burns in his big blue eyes;
He may be a baby that croons in its pram,
Or a dear old grannie boarding a tram:

A plumber, a doctor, for he has the skill
To adopt a serious profession at will;
Superb at ice-hockey, a prince at the dance,
He's fierce as the tiger, secretive as plants.

O were he to triumph, dear heart, you know
To what depths of shame he would drag you
 low;
He would steal you away from me, yes, my dear,
He would steal you and cut off your marvellous
 hair.

Millions already have come to their harm,
Succumbing like doves to his adder's charm:
Hundreds of trees in the wood are unsound;
I'm the axe that must cut them down to the
 ground.

For I, after all, am the fortunate one,
The Happy-go-Lucky, the spoilt third son;
For me it is written the Devil to chase,
And to rid the earth of the human race.

The behaving of man is a world of horror,
A sedentary Sodom and slick Gomorrah:
I must take charge of the liquid fire
And storm the cities of human desire;

The buying and selling, the eating and drinking,
The disloyal machines and irreverent thinking,
The lovely dullards again and again
Inspiring their bitter ambitious men.

I shall come, I shall punish, the Devil be dead:
I shall have caviare thick on my bread,
I shall build myself a cathedral for home
With a vacuum cleaner in every room.

I shall ride on the front in a platinum car,
My features shall shine, my name shall be Star:
Day long and night long the bells I shall peal,
And down the long street I shall turn the cart-
wheel.

So Little John, Long John, Polly and Peg,
And poor little Horace with only one leg,
You must leave your breakfast, your desk, and
your play

On a fine summer morning the Devil to slay.

For it's order and trumpet and anger and drum,
And power and glory command you to come:
The graves shall fly open and suck you all in
And the earth shall be emptied of mortal sin.

The fishes are silent deep in the sea,
The skies are lit up like a Christmas tree,
The star in the West shoots its warning cry:
'Mankind is alive, but mankind must die.'

So good-bye to the house with its wallpaper red,
Good-bye to the sheets on the warm double bed,
Good-bye to the beautiful birds on the wall,
It's good-bye, dear heart, good-bye to you all.

It's no use raising a Shout

It's no use raising a shout.

No, Honey, you can cut that right out.

I don't want any more hugs;

Make me some fresh tea, fetch me some rugs.

Here am I, here are you:
But what does it mean? What are we going
to do?

A long time ago I told my mother
I was leaving home to find another:
I never answered her letter
But I never found a better.
Here am I, here are you:
But what does it mean? What are we going
to do?

It wasn't always like this?
Perhaps it wasn't, but it is.
Put the car away; when life fails,
What's the good of going to Wales?
Here am I, here are you:
But what does it mean? What are we going
to do?

In my spine there was a base;
And I knew the general's face:
But they've severed all the wires,
And I can't tell what the general desires.
Here am I, here are you:
But what does it mean? What are we going
to do?

In my veins there is a wish,
And a memory of fish:
When I lie crying on the floor,
It says, 'You've often done this before.'
Here am I, here are you:
But what does it mean? What are we going
to do?

But do not imagine we do not know
 Or that what you hide with care won't show
 at a glance;
 Nothing is done, nothing is said
 But don't make the mistake of thinking us dead;
 I shouldn't dance

For I'm afraid in that case you'll have a fall;
 We've been watching you over the garden wall
 for hours,
 The sky is darkening like a stain,
 Something is going to fall like rain
 and it won't be flowers.

When the green field comes off like a lid
 Revealing what were much better hid,
 unpleasant;
 And look! behind without a sound
 The woods have come up and are standing round
 in deadly crescent.

And the bolt is sliding in its groove,
 Outside the window is the black remov-
 ers van,
 And now with sudden swift emergence
 Come the women in dark glasses, the hump-
 backed surgeons
 and the scissor-man.

This might happen any day
 So be careful what you say
 or do
 Be clean, be tidy, oil the lock,
 Trim the garden, wind the clock
 Remember the Two.

[178]

LOUIS MACNEICE

1907-

August

THE shutter of time darkening ceaselessly
Has whisked away the foam of may and elder
And I realise how now, as every year before,
Once again the gay months have eluded me.

For the mind, by nature stagey, welds its frame
Tomb-like around each little world of a day;
We jump from picture to picture and cannot
follow

The living curve that is breathlessly the same.

While the lawn-mower sings moving up and
down

Spiriting its little fountain of vivid green,
I, like Poussin, make a still-bound fête of us
Suspending every noise, of insect or machine.

Garlands at a set angle that do not slip,
Theatrically (and as if for ever) grace
You and me and the stone god in the garden
And Time who is also shown with a stone face.

But all this is a dilettante's lie
Time's face is not stone nor still his wings,
Our mind, being dead, wishes to have time die
For we being ghosts cannot catch hold of things.

Spring Sunshine

IN a between world, a world of amber,
The old cat on the sand-warm window-sill
Sleeps on the verge of nullity.

Spring sunshine has a quality
 Transcending rooks and the hammering
 Of those who hang new pictures,
 Asking if it is worth it
 To clamour and caw, to add stick to stick for ever.
 If it is worth while really
 To colonise any more the already populous
 Tree of knowledge, to portion and reportion
 Bits of broken knowledge brittle and dead,
 Whether it would not be better
 To hide one's head in the warm sand of sleep
 And be embalmed without bustle or bother.
 The rooks bicker heckle bargain always
 And market carts lumber—
 Let me in the calm of the all-humouring sun
 Also indulge my humour
 And bury myself beyond creaks and cawings
 In a below world, a bottom world of amber.

STEPHEN SPENDER

1909—

The Shapes of Death

SHAPES of death haunt life,
 Neurosis eclipsing each in special shadow:
 Unrequited love not solving
 One's need to become another's body
 Wears black invisibility:
 The greed for property
 Heaps a skyscraper over the breathing ribs:
 The speedlines of dictators
 Cut their own stalks:
 From afar, we watch the best of us—
 Whose adored desire was to die for the world.

Ambition is my death. That flat thin flame
 I feed, that plants my shadow. This prevents
 love

And offers love of being loved or loving.
 The humorous self-forgetful drunkenness
 It hates, demands the slavish pyramids
 Be built. Who can prevent
 His death's industry, which when he sleeps
 Throws up its towers? And conceals in slackness
 The dreams of revolution, the birth of death?

Also the swallows by autumnal instinct
 Comfort us with their effortless exhaustion
 In great unguided flight to their complete South.
 There on my fancied pyramids they lodge
 But for delight, their whole compulsion.
 Not teaching me to love, but soothing my eyes;
 Not saving me from death, but saving me for
 speech.

The Prisoners

FAR far the least of all, in want,
 Are these,
 The prisoners
 Turned massive with their vaults and dark with
 dark.

They raise no hands, which rest upon their
 knees,
 But lean their solid eyes against the night,
 Dimly they feel
 Only the furniture they use in cells.

Their Time is almost Death. The silted flow
 Of years on years
 Is marked by dawns
 As faint as cracks on mud-flats of despair.

My pity moves amongst them like a breeze
On walls of stone
Fretting for summer leaves, or like a tune
On ears of stone.

Then, when I raise my hands to strike,
It is too late,
There are no chains that fall
Nor visionary liquid door
Melted with anger.

When have their lives been free from walls and
 dark
And airs that choke?
And where less prisoner to let my anger
Like a sun strike?

If I could follow them from room to womb
To plant some hope
Through the black silk of the big-bellied gown
There would I win.

No, no, no,
It is too late for anger,
Nothing prevails
But pity for the grief they cannot feel.

The Express

AFTER the first powerful plain manifesto
The black statement of pistons, without more
 fuss
But gliding like a queen, she leaves the station.
Without bowing and with restrained unconcern
She passes the houses which humbly crowd
 outside,
The gasworks and at last the heavy page

Of death, printed by gravestones in the cemetery.
 Beyond the town there lies the open country
 Where, gathering speed, she acquires mystery,
 The luminous self-possession of ships on ocean.
 It is now she begins to sing—at first quite low
 Then loud, and at last with a jazzy madness—
 The song of her whistle screaming at curves,
 Of deafening tunnels, brakes, innumerable bolts.
 And always light, aerial, underneath
 Goes the elate metre of her wheels.
 Steaming through metal landscape on her lines
 She plunges new eras of wild happiness
 Where speed throws up strange shapes, broad
 curves
 And parallels clean like the steel of guns.
 At last, further than Edinburgh or Rome,
 Beyond the crest of the world, she reaches night
 Where only a low streamline brightness
 Of phosphorus on the tossing hills is white.
 Ah, like a comet through flame she moves
 entranced
 Wrapt in her music no bird song, no, nor bough
 Breaking with honey buds, shall ever equal.

CHARLES MADGE

1912—

The Times

TIME wasted and time spent
 Daytime with used up wit
 Time to stand, time to sit
 Or wait and see if it
 Happens, happy event
 For war is eating now.

Waking, shaking off death
 Leaving the white sheets
 And dull-head who repeats
 The dream of his defeats
 And drawing colder breath
 For war is eating now.

Growing older, going
 Where the water runs
 Black as death, and guns
 Explode the sinking suns,
 Blowing like hell, snowing
 For war is eating now.

GEORGE BARKER

1913-

The Leaping Laughters

WHEN will men again
 Lift irresistible fists
 Not bend from ends
 But each man lift men
 Nearer again.

Many men mean
 Well: but tall walls
 Impede, their hands bleed and
 They fall, their seed the
 Seed of the fallen.

See here the fallen
 Stooping over stones, over their
 Own bones: but all
 Stooping doom beaten.

Whom the noonday washes
Whole, whom the heavens compel,
And to whom pass immaculate messages,
When will men again
Lift irresistible fists
Impede impediments
Leap mountains laugh at walls?

Luctus in Morte Infantis

COUNT them as they cluster
Like young frond around
That passing throne a cloud
Embellishing their master!

Thousand on thousand, charming
The upward birds, that ascend
To take the recent hand
In support in first performing.

O that adept evader
Of the bubble or bomb
Who from the immediate womb
Leaped cloudward, to border

The budded throne! He, though scarce
Earth breathing once
Intuitively analysed the air
Contagious of fatal and sour

Ill, so sprang
Immaculate with his spring
Upon the skies' steps
Laughing with his leaps.

His radiant flesh is
Interchangeable
With his spirit's iridesce;
Which up flies we cannot tell

Distinguishing only the flash
Of that ascendant flame,
For barely his spirit flesh
In being became.

O in summer he came with roses
And with them rose
Over the rose trees, and over
The mountains and the roseate clouds, never

With next summer or after
To visit with them, and laughter,
The gardens, nor to know
From whom he was called to go.

ANNE RIDLER

1912-

Bunhill Fields

UNDER cool trees the City tombs
extend, and nearer lie
stones above Blake's and Bunyan's bones
to Vivian's working days than I.

Since he is gentle, wild and good
as you were, peaceable Shades,
there may he go within your care
as in my heart his love resides.

Such a care as held unharmed
 the three within the fire;
 spread wings like those that led
 Tobias in the dangerous shire.

And if I fear his death too much,
 let me not learn more faith
 by sad trial of what I dread,
 nor grieve him by my own death.

For our faith is one which may
 convert but not console:
 we shall not, except by our own will,
 part for ever in the gape of hell.

Against Anger

THE boy asking—in a swing travelling to the
 moon
 through curled ice of the spinney frozen with
 flowers—
 ‘The bery old man in the moon, does he wear a
 beret?’
 The poet in the glassy office doorway,
 unable to remember the Professor’s Christian
 name;
 and the man I love, in another glass
 seeing his looks of delight as an unlikeable face
 and his eloquence as a hum, surprised at our
 prizing,
 had such humility I think they cannot be
 wounded,
 their unmeant sweetness makes them a safe
 place.
 Next when I kill them in my heart for harms

I think they do me, and when next am raging,
this remembering, let it save
my mind from the hell-go-round of the grievance-ridden,
save the fool turkey-cock into love.

DYLAN THOMAS

1914-

'Out of the Sighs . . .'

OUT of the sighs a little comes,
But not of grief, for I have knocked down that
Before the agony; the spirit grows,
Forgets, and cries;
A little comes, is tasted and found good;
All could not disappoint;
There must, be praised, some certainty,
If not of loving well, then not,
And that is true after perpetual defeat.
After such fighting as the weakest know,
There's more than dying;
Lose the great pains or stuff the wound,
He'll ache too long
Through no regret of leaving woman waiting
For her soldier stained with spilt words
That spill such acrid blood.
Were that enough, enough to ease the pain,
Feeling regret when this is wasted
That made me happy in the sun,
How much was happy while it lasted,
Were vaguenesses enough and the sweet lies
plenty,
The hollow words could bear all suffering
And cure me of ills.

Were that enough, bone, blood, and sinew,
The twisted brain, the fair-formed loin,
Groping for matter under the dog's plate,
Man should be cured of distemper
For all there is to give I offer:
Crumbs, barn, and halter.

INDEX OF AUTHORS

| | |
|--|-----|
| ABERCROMBIE, LASCELLES, 1881-1938 | |
| The Stream's Song | 91 |
| Hymn to Love | 93 |
| ANDERSON, J. REDWOOD, 1883- | |
| The Tarn | 99 |
| ASQUITH, HERBERT, 1881- | |
| The Volunteer | 91 |
| AUDEN, WYSTAN HUGH, 1907- | |
| Song for the New Year | 168 |
| It's no use raising a Shout | 170 |
| The Witnesses | 172 |
| | |
| BARKER, GEORGE, 1913- | |
| The Leaping Laughers | 183 |
| Luctus in Morte Infantis | 184 |
| BELLOC, HILAIRE, 1870- | |
| The South Country | 55 |
| Ha'nacker Mill | 57 |
| On a Sleeping Friend | 57 |
| BINYON, LAURENCE, 1869- | |
| The Little Dancers | 53 |
| For the Fallen | 53 |
| BLUNDEN, EDMUND, 1896- | |
| The Pike | 151 |
| Almswomen | 153 |
| BLUNT, WILFRID SCAWEN, 1840-1922 | |
| Esther | 1 |
| Chanclebury Ring | 2 |
| BOTTOMLEY, GORDON, 1874- | |
| To Iron-Founders and Others | 79 |
| BRIDGES, ROBERT, 1844-1930 | |
| 'The very names of things below'd' | 8 |
| 'Ye blessed saints, . . . ' | 9 |
| 'I heard a linnet courting' | 9 |
| 'I will not let thee go' | 10 |
| 'Awake, my heart . . . ' | 11 |
| Cheddar Pinks | 12 |
| BROOKE, RUPERT, 1887-1915 | |
| The Dead | 117 |
| The Old Vicarage | 118 |

| | |
|---|-----|
| CAMPBELL, ROY, 1902- | |
| The Serf | 160 |
| Choosing a Mast | 160 |
| CHESTERTON, GILBERT KEITH, 1872-1936 | |
| Lepanto | 62 |
| When I came back to Fleet Street | 69 |
| The Donkey | 71 |
| COLERIDGE, MARY, 1861-1907 | |
| Unwelcome | 27 |
| Where a Roman Villa Stood | 27 |
| COLUM, PADRAIC, 1881- | |
| Old Soldier | 94 |
| A Cradle Song | 95 |
| CORNFORD, FRANCES, 1886- | |
| Near an old Prison | 111 |
| | |
| DAVIES, WILLIAM HENRY, 1871-1940 | |
| Joy and Pleasure | 59 |
| Leisure | 60 |
| School's Out | 61 |
| Days that have Been | 61 |
| DE LA MARE, WALTER, 1873- | |
| Arabia | 74 |
| ✓ All that's Past | 75 |
| ✓ Tartary | 76 |
| ✓ The Little Creature | 77 |
| ✓ Babel | 78 |
| DIXON, RICHARD WATSON, 1833-1900 | |
| Song ('The feathers of the willow') | 1 |
| DOWSON, ERNEST, 1867-1900 | |
| Non sum qualis eram bonae sub regno Cynarae | 48 |
| DRINKWATER, JOHN, 1882-1937 | |
| The Blackbird | 95 |
| | |
| ELIOT, THOMAS STEARNS, 1888- | |
| Preludes | 127 |
| Whispers of Immortality | 129 |
| Marina | 130 |
| Gerontion | 132 |
| Animula | 135 |
| EMPSON, WILLIAM, 1906- | |
| Dissatisfaction with Metaphysics | 166 |
| To an old Lady | 167 |

INDEX OF AUTHORS

191

| | |
|---|-----|
| FLECKER, JAMES ELROY, 1884-1915 | |
| Prologue to <i>The Golden Journey to Samarkand</i> . | 100 |
| <i>The Old Ships</i> | 101 |
| FREEMAN, JOHN, 1880-1929 | |
| <i>The Eye</i> | 87 |
| <i>To end her Fear</i> | 88 |
| GIBSON, WILFRID, 1878- | |
| <i>Breakfast</i> | 80 |
| <i>The Parrot</i> | 81 |
| GRENFELL, JULIAN, 1888-1915 | |
| <i>Into Battle</i> | 136 |
| HARDY, THOMAS, 1840-1928 | |
| <i>Weathers</i> | 3 |
| <i>Friends Beyond</i> | 4 |
| ‘ <i>Men who March Away</i> ’ | 6 |
| <i>The Night of Trafalgar</i> | 7 |
| HODGSON, RALPH, 1872- | |
| <i>Reason has Moons</i> | 72 |
| <i>Eve</i> | 72 |
| HOPKINS, GERARD MANLEY, 1844-89 | |
| <i>Pied Beauty</i> | 13 |
| <i>Felix Randal</i> | 14 |
| <i>Carrion Comfort</i> | 15 |
| ‘ <i>Thou art indeed just, Lord . . .</i> ’ | 15 |
| HOUSMAN, ALFRED EDWARD, 1859-1936 | |
| <i>The Chestnut casts his Flambeaux</i> | 23 |
| <i>The Deserter</i> | 24 |
| <i>The Cherry Tree</i> | 26 |
| <i>Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries</i> | 26 |
| HOUSMAN, LAURENCE, 1865- | |
| <i>Annus Mirabilis (1902)</i> | 30 |
| JOHNSON, LIONEL, 1867-1902 | |
| <i>By the Statue of King Charles</i> | 49 |
| JOYCE, JAMES, 1882- | |
| <i>On the Beach at Fontana</i> | 96 |
| <i>From Chamber Music</i> | 97 |
| KIPLING, RUDYARD, 1865-1936 | |
| <i>The Long Trail</i> | 31 |
| <i>The Flowers</i> | 35 |
| <i>Recessional</i> | 37 |
| <i>Danny Deeveer</i> | 39 |

| | |
|------------------------------------|-----|
| LAWRENCE, DAVID HERBERT, 1885-1930 | |
| Snake | 102 |
| Cypresses | 106 |
| Bat | 109 |
| LEWIS, CECIL DAY, 1905- | |
| Come up, Methuselah | 164 |
| Rest from Loving | 165 |
| I've heard them Liling. | 166 |
| MACDIARMID, HUGH, 1892- | |
| Parley of Beasts | 143 |
| MACNEICE, LOUIS, 1907- | |
| August | 178 |
| Spring Sunshine | 178 |
| MADGE, CHARLES, 1912- | |
| The Times | 182 |
| MASEFIELD, JOHN, 1878- | |
| Sea-change | 81 |
| Cargoes | 82 |
| Port of Holy Peter | 83 |
| MEW, CHARLOTTE, 1870-1928 | |
| Exspecto Resurrectionem | 58 |
| MEYNELL, ALICE, 1847-1922 | |
| Unto us a Son is given | 16 |
| Two Boyhoods | 17 |
| MONRO, HAROLD, 1879-1932 | |
| Milk for the Cat | 86 |
| MOORE, T. STURGE, 1870- | |
| Wind's Work | 58 |
| NEWBOLT, SIR HENRY, 1862-1938 | |
| Drake's Drum | 29 |
| NICHOLS, ROBERT, 1893- | |
| At the Wars | 148 |
| NOYES, ALFRED, 1880- | |
| Wizards | 89 |
| OWEN, WILFRID, 1893-1918 | |
| Asleep | 149 |
| Greater Love | 150 |
| PITTER, RUTH, 1897- | |
| The Comet | 156 |
| The Frog in the Well | 157 |

INDEX OF AUTHORS

193

| | |
|---|-----|
| PLOMER, WILLIAM, 1903- | |
| The Scorpion | 162 |
| A Levantine | 163 |
| | |
| RIDLER, ANNE, 1912- | |
| Bunhill Fields | 185 |
| Against Anger | 186 |
| | |
| RUSSELL, GEORGE WILLIAM ('A. E.'), 1867-1935 | |
| On Behalf of Some Irishmen | 51 |
| | |
| SASSOON, SIEGFRIED, 1886- | |
| Base Details | 111 |
| On Passing the New Menin Gate | 112 |
| Everyone Sang | 112 |
| Memorial Tablet | 113 |
| | |
| SITWELL, EDITH, 1887- | |
| Colonel Fantock | 122 |
| When Sir Beelzebub | 126 |
| | |
| SITWELL, OSBERT, 1892- | |
| Mrs. Hague | 144 |
| Winter the Huntsman | 147 |
| | |
| SITWELL, SACHEVERELL, 1897- | |
| The Rio Grande | 154 |
| | |
| SPENDER, STEPHEN, 1909- | |
| The Shapes of Death | 179 |
| The Prisoners | 180 |
| The Express | 181 |
| | |
| STEPHENS, JAMES, 1882- | |
| The Snare | 97 |
| Deirdre | 98 |
| | |
| TAGORE, SIR RABINDRANATH, 1861- | |
| From 'Gitanjali' | 28 |
| | |
| THOMAS, DYLAN, 1914- | |
| 'Out of the Sighs | 187 |
| | |
| THOMAS, EDWARD, 1878-1917 | |
| Adlestrop | 84 |
| If I should ever by chance grow rich | 85 |
| | |
| TURNER, WILLIAM JAMES, 1889- | |
| Sea Music | 138 |
| Signs of the Zodiac | 139 |
| | |
| WELLESLEY, DOROTHY, 1889- | |
| Horses | 141 |

| | |
|---|-----|
| WILDE, OSCAR, 1856-1900 | |
| From 'The Ballad of Reading Gaol' | 18 |
| WILLIAMS, CHARLES, 1886- | |
| The Coming of Palomides | 113 |
| YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER, 1865-1939 | |
| The Lake Isle of Innisfree ✓ | 41 |
| When You are Old ✓ | 41 |
| No Second Troy ✓ | 42 |
| Sailing to Byzantium | 42 |
| Coole and Ballylee, 1931 | 43 |
| For Anne Gregory | 45 |
| Byzantium | 46 |
| Her Vision in the Wood ✓ | 47 |

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

| | |
|--|-----|
| A mouth like old silk soft with use | 163 |
| A snake came to my water-trough | 102 |
| After the first powerful plain manifesto | 181 |
| Are there sounds in the sea | 138 |
| At evening, sitting on this terrace | 109 |
| At Quincey's moat the squandering village ends | 153 |
| At that hour when all things have repose | 97 |
| Auld Noah was at hame wi' them a' | 143 |
| Awake, my heart, to be loved | 11 |
| | |
| Be kind to her O Time | 88 |
| Buy my English posies! | 35 |
| By the Rio Grande | 154 |
| | |
| Call him Prince Alpha if you wish | 173 |
| Can I forget the sweet days that have been | 61 |
| Come up, Methuselah | 164 |
| Count them as they cluster | 184 |
| | |
| Daylight was down, and up the cool | 30 |
| Do not let any woman read this verse | 98 |
| Down in the valley not a bird-note calls | 99 |
| Drake he's in his hammock | 29 |
| Dry timber under that rich foliage | 47 |
| | |
| Eve, with her basket | 72 |
| Everyone suddenly burst out singing | 112 |
| | |
| Far are the shades of Arabia | 74 |
| Far far the least of all, in want | 180 |
| Felix Randal the farrier | 14 |
| From shadows of rich oaks outpeer | 151 |
| From the far brink of sacred Helicon | 157 |
| | |
| Girls scream, Boys shout | 61 |
| Given, not lent | 16 |
| Glory be to God for dappled things | 13 |
| God of our fathers, known of old | 37 |
| 'Goneys an' gullies an' all o' the birds' | 81 |

| | |
|---|-----|
| He comes on chosen evenings | 95 |
| He did not wear his scarlet coat | 18 |
| He who has once been happy | 1 |
| Here I am, an old man in a dry month | 132 |
| Here is thy footstool and there rest thy feet | 28 |
| Here lies the clerk | 91 |
| High over Mecca Allah's prophet's corpse | 166 |
| His naked skin clothed in the torrid mist | 160 |
| His soul stretched tight across the skies | 128 |
| I have seen old ships sail like swans asleep | 101 |
| I hear a sudden cry of pain! | 97 |
| I heard a linnet courting | 9 |
| I saw the Scorpion in the sky | 139 |
| I will arise and go now | 41 |
| I will not let thee go | 10 |
| If I should ever by chance grow rich | 85 |
| If I were fierce, and bald | 111 |
| If I were Lord of Tartary | 76 |
| In a between world, a world of amber | 178 |
| In the wild October night-time | 7 |
| 'Issues from the hand of God, the simple soul' | 135 |
| It is not true that eyes | 87 |
| It's farewell to the drawing-room's civilized cry | 168 |
| It's no use raising a shout | 170 |
| I've heard them liting at loom and belting | 166 |
| Just now the lilac is in bloom | 118 |
| Kate rose up early as fresh as a lark | 58 |
| Lady, when your lovely head | 57 |
| Last night, ah, yesternight | 48 |
| Limpopo and Tugela churned | 162 |
| Lonely, save for a few faint stars | 53 |
| Long since I'd ceased to care | 81 |
| Loveliest of trees, the cherry now | 26 |
| Luminous passions reign | 17 |
| Make way, make way | 91 |
| Mid the squander'd colour | 12 |
| Never shall a young man | 45 |
| Not, I'll not, carrion comfort, Despair | 15 |
| Now, Joy is born of parents poor | 59 |
| Now that I am ta'en away | 148 |

| <i>INDEX OF FIRST LINES</i> | | 197 |
|--|--|---------|
| O men from the fields! | | 95 |
| O still withhold thyself, be not possessed | | 156 |
| Oh! King who hast the key | | 58 |
| Old Mrs. Hague | | 144 |
| On alien ground, breathing an alien air | | 27 |
| Out of the sighs a little comes | | 187 |
| Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir. | | 82 |
| Reason has moons, but moons not hers. | | 72 |
| Red lips are not so red | | 150 |
| Rest from loving and be living | | 165 |
| Ripeness is all; her in her cooling planet | | 167 |
| Sally is gone that was so kindly | | 57 |
| Say what you will, there is not in the world | | 2 |
| Shapes of death haunt life | | 179 |
| Sombre and rich, the skies | | 49 |
| Squire nagged and bullied | | 113 |
| Talaat ibn Kula of Ispahan | | 113 |
| That is no country for old men | | 42 |
| The blue laguna rocks and quivers | | 83 |
| The boy asking—in a swing travelling to the moon | | 186 |
| The chestnut casts his flambeaux. | | 23 |
| The feathers of the willow | | 1 |
| The morning comes to consciousness | | 127 |
| The naked earth is warm with Spring | | 136 |
| The sea washes England | | 78 |
| The shutter of time darkening ceaselessly | | 178 |
| The unpurged images of day recede | | 46 |
| The very names of things beloved | | 8 |
| The winter evening settles down | | 127 |
| There's a whisper down the field. | | 31 |
| There's many a proud wizard | | 89 |
| These hearts were woven of human joys | | 117 |
| These, in the day when heaven was falling | | 26 |
| They call us aliens, we are told | | 51 |
| This is the weather the cuckoo likes | | 3 |
| This mast, new-shaved | | 160 |
| Thou art indeed just, Lord | | 15 |
| Through his iron glades | | 147 |
| Thus spoke the lady underneath the trees | | 122 |

| | |
|--|-----|
| Time wasted and time spent | 182 |
| Tuscan cypresses, what is it? | 106 |
| Twinkum, twankum, twirlum, twitch | 77 |
| Under cool trees the City tombs | 185 |
| Under his helmet, up against his pack | 149 |
| Under my window-ledge the waters race | 43 |
| Very old are the woods | 75 |
| We are thine, O Love | 93 |
| We ate our breakfast lying on our backs | 80 |
| We wander now who marched before | 94 |
| We were young, we were merry | 27 |
| We who with songs beguile your pilgrimage | 100 |
| Webster was much possessed by death | 129 |
| 'What are the bugles blowin' for?' | 39 |
| What had he done to be treated thus? | 176 |
| What is this life if, full of care | 60 |
| What of the faith and fine within us | 6 |
| What seas what shores what grey rocks | 130 |
| What sound awakened me, I wonder | 24 |
| When fishes flew and forests walked | 71 |
| When I am living in the Midlands | 55 |
| When I came back to Fleet Street | 69 |
| When I hear laughter from a tavern door | 2 |
| When Sir Beelzebub called | 126 |
| When the tea is brought at five o'clock | 86 |
| When we would reach the anguish of the dead | 111 |
| When will men again Lift irresistible fists | 183 |
| When you are old and grey | 41 |
| When you destroy a blade of grass | 79 |
| White founts falling in the courts of the sun | 62 |
| Who, in the garden-pony carrying skeps | 141 |
| Who will remember, passing through this Gate | 112 |
| Why should I blame her | 42 |
| William Dewy, Tranter Reuben | 4 |
| Wind whines, and whines the shingle | 96 |
| With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children | 53 |
| Ye blessed saints, that now in heaven | 9 |
| Yes, I remember Adlestrop | 84 |
| You dowagers with Roman noses | 172 |
| You tossed a blanket from the bed | 128 |

PRINTED IN
GREAT BRITAIN
AT THE
UNIVERSITY PRESS
OXFORD
BY
JOHN JOHNSON
PRINTER
TO THE
UNIVERSITY



A LIST OF THE
WORLD'S
CLASSICS

Oxford University Press



THE WORLD'S CLASSICS

A SERIES in constant progress, containing nearly five hundred volumes, and offering in a size adapted for the pocket, and at a low price, the most famous works in the English language, with more than a few translations. Many of the volumes contain introductions by the best modern writers.

POCKET SIZE, $6 \times 3\frac{3}{4}$ inches (as this list). Large type, on thin opaque paper, in superfine art cloth.

MANY of the volumes are also obtainable in Pebble grain Moroccoette. These are specially recommended for presentation.

THE VOLUMES are obtainable through any bookseller.

IN THE FOLLOWING LIST the books are classified as below :

| | |
|--|------------------------------------|
| <i>Anthologies</i> | <i>Letters</i> |
| <i>Autobiography</i> | <i>Literary Criticism</i> |
| <i>Biography</i> | <i>Philosophy and Science</i> |
| <i>Classics—Greek and Roman</i> | <i>Poetry</i> |
| <i>Drama</i> | <i>Politics, Political Theory,</i> |
| <i>Essays and Belles Lettres</i> | <i>and Political Economy</i> |
| <i>Fiction</i> (Short Stories are grouped separately) | <i>Religion</i> |
| <i>History</i> | <i>Short Stories</i> |
| | <i>Travel and Topography</i> |

AN INDEX OF AUTHORS is given at the end of the list.

THE WORLD'S CLASSICS

PRINTED ON OXFORD INDIA PAPER

The following Works are obtainable in superfine maroon cloth, gilt lettered on back, gilt top, and marker.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE

BORROW. *Lavengro and Romany Rye.*

MAUDE (AYLMER). *Life of Tolstoy.*

TOLSTOY. *Anna Karenina.* Translated by *Louise and Aylmer Maude.*

TROLLOPE. *Can You Forgive Her?*

„ *The Duke's Children.*

„ *Last Chronicle of Barset.*

„ *Orley Farm.*

„ *Phineas Finn.*

„ *Phineas Redux.*

„ *The Prime Minister.*

„ *Ralph the Heir.*

„ *The Small House at Allington.*

THREE VOLUMES IN ONE

DANTE. *The Divine Comedy.* Italian text and translation by *M. B. Anderson.*

ENGLISH SHORT STORIES (Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries).

RABELAIS (FRANÇOIS). *Gargantua and Pantagruel.*

TOLSTOY. *War and Peace.* Revised translation by *Louise and Aylmer Maude.*

COMPLETE LIST OF THE SERIES

¶ *Anthologies*

- A BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE. Selected and edited by *A. C. Ward* (428).
- A BOOK OF NARRATIVE VERSE. Compiled by *V. H. Collins*. Introduction by *Edmund Blunden* (350).
- A BOOK OF SCOTTISH VERSE. Compiled by *R. L. Mackie* (417).
- AMERICAN CRITICISM. Representative Literary Essays. Chosen by *Norman Foerster* (354).
- ENGLISH ESSAYS, chosen and arranged by *W. Peacock* (32).
- ENGLISH ESSAYS, 1600-1900, chosen by *S. V. Mahower* and *B. H. Blackwell* (172).
- ENGLISH ESSAYS, MODERN. Two Series. Selected by *H. S. Milford* (280, 406).
- ENGLISH PROSE from MANDEVILLE to RUSKIN, chosen and arranged by *W. Peacock* (45).
- ENGLISH PROSE, chosen and arranged by *W. Peacock* in 5 volumes : I, WYCLIFFE to CLARENDON; II, MILTON to GRAY, III, WALPOLE to LAMB; IV, LANDOR to HOLMES; V, MRS. GASKELL to HENRY JAMES (219-23).
- ENGLISH PROSE, Narrative, Descriptive, Dramatic (MALORY to STEVENSON), compiled by *H. A. Treble* (204).
- ENGLISH SHORT STORIES (Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries), selected by *H. S. Milford*. Three Series (193, 228, 315).
- ENGLISH SONGS AND BALLADS, compiled by *T. W. H. Crosland*. New edition, with the text revised, and additional poems (13).
- ENGLISH VERSE. Edited by *W. Peacock*. I, Early Lyrics to SHAKESPEARE (308); II, CAMPION to the Ballads (309); III, DRYDEN to WORDSWORTH (310); IV, SCOTT to ELIZABETH BROWNING (311); V, LONGFELLOW to RUPERT BROOKE (312).
- A MISCELLANY OF TRACTS AND PAMPHLETS. Sixteenth to Nineteenth Centuries. Edited by *A. C. Ward* (304).
- PALGRAVE'S GOLDEN TREASURY, with 188 pages of additional poems from LANDOR to BLUNDEN (133).
- READING AT RANDOM. A 'World's Classics' Anthology. Edited by *Ben Ray Redman* (410).

¶ *Autobiography*

- AKSAKOFF (SERGHEI). Trans. by *J. D. Duff*. A Russian Gentleman (241). Years of Childhood (242). A Russian Schoolboy (261).
- CELLINI (BENVENUTO) (300).
- DE QUINCEY (THOMAS). Confessions of an Opium-Eater (23).
- FRANKLIN (BENJAMIN). The Autobiography, edited from his original manuscript by *John Bigelow* (250).
- GIBBON (EDWARD). Autobiography. Introduction by *J. B. Bury* (139).

- HAYDON (BENJAMIN ROBERT). *The Autobiography. Introduction and Epilogue by Edmund Blunden* (314).
 HUNT (LEIGH). *Autobiography. Intro. Edmund Blunden* (329).
 MILL (JOHN STUART). *Autobiography. Introduction by Harold J. Laski* (262).
 TOLSTOY. *A Confession, and What I believe. Translated by Aylmer Maude* (229).
 TROLLOPE (ANTHONY). *Autobiography. Introduction by Michael Sadler* (239).

¶ *Biography*

- CARLYLE. *The Life of John Sterling. Introduction by W. Hale White ('Mark Rutherford')* (144).
 CRABBE, LIFE OF. *By his Son. Introduction by E. M. Forster* (404).
 DOBSON (AUSTIN). *Four Frenchwomen: Charlotte Corday, Madame Roland, Princess de Lamballe, Madame de Genlis* (248).
 EMERSON. *Representative Men. (With English Traits)* (30).
 FRANCIS OF ASSISI (ST.). *The Little Flowers; and The Life of Brother Giles. Translated into English verse by James Rhoades* (265).
 GASKELL (MRS.). *The Life of Charlotte Brontë* (214).
 HOUGHTON (LORD). *Life of Keats* (364).
 JOHNSON (SAMU'EL). *Lives of the Poets. 2 vols. (83, 84)*.
 MAUDE (AYLMER). *Life of Tolstoy. 2 vols. (383, 384)*.
 SCOTT (SIR WALTER). *Lives of the Novelists. Introduction by Austin Dobson* (94).
 STANHOPE (LORD). *Conversations with Wellington. Introduction by Philip Guedalla* (470).
 TREVELYAN (SIR G. O.). *Life of Macaulay. With a new Introduction by G. M. Trevelyan. 2 vols. (401, 402)*.
 WALTON (IZAAB). *Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, Sanderson. Introduction by George Saintsbury* (303).

¶ *The 'Classics', Greek and Roman*

- AESCHYLUS. *The Seven Plays. Translated into English Verse by Lewis Campbell* (117).
 ARISTOPHANES. *The Acharnians, Knights, Birds, and Frogs. Translated by J. Hookham Frere. Intro. W. W. Merry* (134).
 HOMER. *Translated by Pope. Iliad (18). Odyssey (36)*.
 SOPHOCLES. *The Seven Plays. Translated into English Verse by Lewis Campbell* (116).
 VIRGIL. *The Aeneid, Georgics, and Eclogues. Translated by John Dryden* (37).
 — *The Aeneid, Georgics, and Eclogues. Translated by James Rhoades* (227).

¶ *Drama*

- BROWNING (ROBERT). *Poems and Plays, 1833-42* (58).
- CONGREVE (WILLIAM). *Complete Works, 2 vols.* Introduction by *Bonamy Dobrée*. I, *The Comedies*. II, *The Mourning Bride, with Letters, Poems, and Miscellanies* (276, 277).
- EIGHTEENTH CENTURY COMEDY. FARQUHAR'S *Beaux' Stratagem*, STEELE'S *Conscious Lovers*, GAY'S *Beggar's Opera*, FIELDING'S *Tom Thumb*, GOLDSMITH'S *She Stoops to Conquer* (292).
- EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, LESSER COMEDIES OF THE. Edited by *Allardyce Nicoll*. The five comedies are ARTHUR MURPHY'S *The Way to keep him*, GEORGE COLMAN'S *The Jealous Wife*, MRS. INCHBALD'S *Everyone has his Fault*, THOMAS MORTON'S *Speed the Plough*, and FREDERICK REYNOLDS'S *The Dramatist* (321).
- ELIZABETHAN TRAGEDIES. Edited by *A. K. McIlwraith*. Contains SACKVILLE and NORTON'S *Gorboduc*; MARLOWE'S *Dr. Faustus*; *Arden of Feversham*; KYD'S *Spanish Tragedy*; HEYWOOD'S *Woman Killed with Kindness* (452).
- FIVE ELIZABETHAN COMEDIES. Edited by *A. K. McIlwraith*. Contains GREENE'S *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, PEELE'S *The Old Wives' Tale*, LYLY'S *Campaspe*, DEKKER'S *Shoemaker's Holiday*, and the anonymous *Merry Devil of Edmonton* (422).
- FIVE PRE-SHAKESPEAREAN COMEDIES. Edited by *F. S. Boas*. Contains MEDWALL'S *Fulgens and Lucrece*, HEYWOOD'S *The Four PP.*, UDALL'S *Ralph Roister Doister*, the anonymous *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, and GASCOIGNE'S *Supposes* (418).
- GOETHE. *Faust, Parts I and II* (380).
- IBSEN, HENRIK. *Peer Gynt*. Trans. with an Introduction by *R. Ellis Roberts* (446).
- MARLOWE. *Plays*. (478).
- MARLOWE'S *Dr. Faustus* (with GOETHE'S *Faust, Part I*) (135).
- RESTORATION TRAGEDIES. DRYDEN'S *All for Love*, OTWAY'S *Venice Preserved*, SOUTHERNE'S *Oroonoko*, ROWE'S *Fair Penitent*, and ADDISON'S *Cato*. Introduction by *Bonamy Dobrée* (313).
- SHAKESPEARE. *Plays and Poems, 9 vols.* *Comedies, 3 vols.* (100, 101, 102). *Histories and Poems, 3 vols.* (103, 104, 105). *Tragedies, 3 vols.* (106, 107, 108).
- SHAKESPEARE, *Six Plays by Contemporaries of.* DEKKER, *The Shoemaker's Holiday*; WEBSTER, *The White Devil*; BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, and Philaster; WEBSTER, *The Duchess of Malfi*; MASSINGER, *A New Way to pay Old Debts*. Edited by *C. B. Wheeler* (199).
- SHERIDAN. *Plays*. Introduction by *Joseph Knight* (79).
- TOLSTOY. *The Plays*. Tr. by *Louise and Aylmer Maude* (243).

¶ *Essays and Belles Lettres*

- BACON. *The Essays, Civil and Moral* (24).
- CARLYLE. *On Heroes and Hero-Worship* (62). *Past and Present*. Introduction by *G. K. Chesterton* (153). *Sartor Resartus* (19).

- DOBSON (AUSTIN). At Prior Park, &c. (259). Eighteenth-Century Vignettes. Three Series (245-7). Four Frenchwomen (248). Old Kensington Palace, &c. (258). A Paladin of Philanthropy, &c. (256). Rosalba's Journal, &c. (260). Side-Walk Studies (257).
- EMERSON. English Traits, and Representative Men (30). Essays (6).
- ENGLISH CRITICAL ESSAYS. 3 volumes: I, Sixteenth to Eighteenth Centuries; II, Nineteenth Century; III, Twentieth Century (240, 206, 405).
- ENGLISH ESSAYS, chosen and arranged by *W. Peacock* (32).
- (A BOOK OF), 1600-1900 (172).
- MODERN. Two Series. Selected by *H. S. Milford* (280, 406).
- ENGLISH PROSE. MANDEVILLE to RUSKIN. Chosen by *W. Peacock* (45). Also a selection in 5 volumes by the same editor: I, WYCLIFFE to CLARENDON (219); II, MILTON to GRAY (220); III, WALPOLE to LAMB (221); IV, LANDOR to HOLMES (222); V, MRS. GASKELL to HENRY JAMES (223).
- ENGLISH PROSE. Narrative, Descriptive, and Dramatic (204).
- FROUDE (J. A.). Short Studies on Great Subjects. Series I (269).
- HAZLITT (WILLIAM). Characters of Shakespeare's Plays (205). The English Comic Writers (124). Sketches and Essays. Essays on Men and Manners (15). Table-Talk (5). The Spirit of the Age (57). Winterslow (25).
- HOLMES (OLIVER WENDELL). The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table (61). The Poet at the Breakfast-Table (95). The Professor at the Breakfast-Table (89).
- HORNE (R. H.). A New Spirit of the Age (127).
- HUNT (LEIGH). Essays and Sketches (115).
- IRVING (WASHINGTON). The Sketch Book (173).
- LAMB. Essays of Elia, and The Last Essays of Elia (2).
- LANDOR. Imaginary Conversations. Selected (196).
- LA ROCHEFOUCAULD. The Maxims. Trans. by *F. G. Stevens* (482).
- MILTON. Selected Prose (293).
- MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS. Florio's translation. 3 vols. (65, 70, 77).
- REYNOLDS (SIR JOSHUA). The Discourses, &c. (149).
- RUSKIN. 'A Joy for Ever', and The Two Paths. Illustrated (147). Sesame and Lilies, and Ethics of the Dust (145). Time and Tide, and The Crown of Wild Olive (146). Unto this Last, and Munera Pulveris (148).
- RUTHERFORD (MARK). Pages from a Journal (358).
- SERMONS, SELECTED ENGLISH, from LATIMER to R. W. DALE (464).
- SMITH (ALEXANDER). Dreamthorp, &c. (200).
- SMOLLETT. Travels through France and Italy (90).
- STERNE (LAURENCE). A Sentimental Journey (333).
- STEVENSON (R. L.). Virginibus Puerisque; Across the Plains (296).
- TOLSTOY. Translated by *A. Maude*. Recollections and Essays (459). 'What is Art?' and Essays on Art (331).
- TRACTS AND PAMPHLETS, from JOHN KNOX to H. G. WELLS (304);

WALTON and COTTON. *The Compleat Angler* (430).
 WHITE (GILBERT). *The Natural History of Selborne* (22).
 WHITMAN. *Specimen Days in America* (371).

¶ *Fiction* (For SHORT STORIES see separate heading)

AINSWORTH (W. HARRISON). *The Tower of London* (162).
 AUSTIN (JANE). *Emma* (129). *Pride and Prejudice* (335). *Mansfield Park* (345). *Northanger Abbey* (355). *Persuasion* (356).
Sense and Sensibility (389).
 BLACKMORE (R. D.). *Lorna Doone* (171).
 BORROW (GEORGE). *Lavengro* (66). *The Romany Rye* (73).
 BRONTË (ANNE). *Agnes Grey* (141). *Tenant of Wildfell Hall* (67).
 BRONTË (CHARLOTTE). *Jane Eyre* (1). *Shirley* (14). *Villette* (47).
The Professor, and the Poems of the Brontës (78).
 BRONTË (EMILY). *Wuthering Heights* (10).
 BUNYAN. *The Pilgrim's Progress* (12). *Mr. Badman* (338).
 BUTLER (SAMUEL). *The Way of all Flesh* (438).
 CERVANTES. *Don Quixote*. 2 volumes (130, 131).
 COBBOLD (REV. RICHARD). *Margaret Catchpole* (119).
 COLLINS (WILKIE). *The Moonstone*. Introduction by T. S. Eliot (316). *The Woman in White* (226).
 COOPER (J. FENIMORE). *The Last of the Mohicans* (163).
 DEFOE. *Robinson Crusoe*. Part I (17).
 DICKENS. *Barnaby Rudge* (286). *Christmas Books* (307). *Edwin Drood* (263). *Great Expectations* (128). *Hard Times* (264).
Old Curiosity Shop (270). *Oliver Twist* (8). *Pickwick Papers*. 2 volumes (120, 121). *Tale of Two Cities* (38).
 DISRAELI (BENJAMIN). *Coningsby* (381). *Sybil* (291).
 DOUGLAS (G.). *The House with the Green Shutters*. Intro. by W. Somerset Maugham (466).
 ELIOT (GEORGE). *Adam Bede* (63). *Felix Holt* (179). *The Mill on the Floss* (31). *Romola* (178). *Scenes of Clerical Life* (155).
Silas Marner, &c. (80).
 FIELDING. *Jonathan Wild* (382). *Joseph Andrews* (334).
 GALT (JOHN). *The Entail* (177).
 GASKELL (MRS.). *Cousin Phillis, and Other Tales, &c.* (168).
Cranford, The Cage at Cranford, and The Moorland Cottage (110). *Lizzie Leigh, The Grey Woman, and Other Tales, &c.* (175). *Mary Barton* (86). *North and South* (154). *Right at Last, and Other Tales, &c.* (203). *Round the Sofa* (190).
Ruth (88). *Sylvia's Lovers* (156). *Wives and Daughters* (157).
 GOLDSMITH. *The Vicar of Wakefield* (4).
 HARRIS (JOEL CHANDLER). *Uncle Remus* (361).
 HAWTHORNE. *House of the Seven Gables* (273). *The Scarlet Letter* (26). *Tales* (319).
 HOLME (CONSTANCE). *Beautiful End* (431). *Crump Folk going Home* (419). *He-who-came?* (440). *The Lonely Plough* (390).
The Old Road from Spain (400). *The Splendid Fairing* (416).
The Things which Belong— (425). *The Trumpet in the Dust* (409). *The Wisdom of the Simple, &c.* (453).

- KINGSLEY (HENRY).** *Geoffry Hamlyn* (271). *Ravenshoe* (267). *Austin Elliot* (407).
- LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.** *Undine, Sintram, &c.* (408).
- LESAGE.** *Gil Blas*. 2 vols. (151, 152).
- MACKENZIE (COMPTON).** *Guy and Pauline*. With new Introduction by the Author (461).
- MARRYAT.** *Mr. Midshipman Easy* (160). *Jacob Faithful* (439).
- MELVILLE (HERMAN).** *Moby Dick* (225). *Typee* (274). *Omoo* (275). *White Jacket* (253).
- MORIER (J. J.).** *Hajji Baba* (238). *Hajji Baba in England* (285).
- PEACOCK (T. L.).** *Headlong Hall*; and *Nightmare Abbey* (339). *Misfortunes of Elphin*; and *Crotchet Castle* (244).
- RABELAIS.** *Gargantua and Pantagruel*. 3 volumes (411-13).
- SCOTT.** *Ivanhoe* (29).
- SMOLLETT.** *Roderick Random* (353). *Humphry Clinker* (290).
- STERNE.** *Sentimental Journey* (333). *Tristram Shandy* (40).
- STEVENSON (R. L.).** *Kidnapped*; and *Catriona* (297). *The Master of Ballantrae* (441). *Treasure Island* (295).
- STURGIS (HOWARD).** *Belchamber* (429).
- SWIFT.** *Gulliver's Travels* (20).
- SWINNERTON (FRANK).** *Nocturne* (460).
- TAYLOR (MEADOWS).** *Confessions of a Thug* (207).
- THACKERAY.** *Henry Esmond* (28).
- TOLSTOY.** Translated by *Louise and Aylmer Maude*. *Anna Karenina*. 2 volumes (210, 211). *Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth* (352). *The Cossacks, &c.* (208). *Iván Ilých, and Hadji Murád* (432). *The Kreutzer Sonata, &c.* (266). *Resurrection*, trans. by *L. Maude* (209). *Twenty-three Tales* (72). *War and Peace*. 3 volumes (233-5).
- TROLLOPE.** *American Senator* (391). *Ayala's Angel* (342). *Barchester Towers* (268). *The Belton Estate* (251). *Can you forgive her?* 2 vols. (468, 469). *The Claverings* (252). *Cousin Henry* (343). *Doctor Thorne* (298). *Dr. Wortle's School* (317). *The Duke's Children*. 2 vols. (462, 463). *The Eustace Diamonds* (357). *Framley Parsonage* (305). *The Kellys and the O'Kellys* (341). *Lady Anna* (443). *Last Chronicle of Basset*. 2 vols. (398, 399). *Miss Mackenzie* (278). *Orley Farm*. 2 vols. (423, 424). *Phineas Finn*. 2 vols. (447, 448). *Phineas Redux*. 2 vols. (450, 451). *The Prime Minister*. 2 vols. (454, 455). *Rachel Ray* (279). *Ralph the Heir*. 2 vols. (475, 476). *Sir Harry Hotspur* (336). *The Small House at Allington*. 2 vols. (472, 473). *Tales of all Countries* (397). *The Three Clerks* (140). *The Vicar of Bullhampton* (272). *The Warden* (217). *The Way we Live now*. 2 vols. (484, 485).
- WALPOLE (HUGH).** *Prelude to Adventure* (465).
- WATTS-DUNTON (THEODORE).** *Aylwin* (52).
- WHARTON (EDITH).** *The House of Mirth* (437).

¶ *History*

- BARROW (SIR JOHN). *The Mutiny of the Bounty* (195).
 BUCKLE. *The History of Civilization*. 3 volumes (41, 48, 53).
 CARLYLE. *The French Revolution*. Introduction by C. R. L. Fletcher. 2 volumes (125, 126).
 FROUDE (J. A.). *Short Studies on Great Subjects*. Series I (269).
 GIBBON. *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. With Maps. 7 volumes (35, 44, 51, 55, 64, 69, 74).
 IRVING (WASHINGTON). *Conquest of Granada* (150).
 MACAULAY. *History of England*. 5 volumes (366-70).
 MOTLEY. *Rise of the Dutch Republic*. 3 volumes (96, 97, 98).
 PRESCOTT (W. H.). *The Conquest of Mexico*. 2 vols. (197, 198).

¶ *Letters*

- BURKE. *Letters*. Selected, with Introduction, by *H. J. Laski* (237).
 CHESTERFIELD. *Letters*. Selected, with an Introduction, by *Phyllis M. Jones* (347).
 CONGREVE. *Letters*, in Volume II. See under *Drama* (277).
 COWPER. *Letters*. Selected, with Intro., by *E. V. Lucas* (138).
 DUFFERIN (LORD). *Letters from High Latitudes*. Illustrated (158).
 GRAY (THOMAS). *Letters*. Selected by *John Beresford* (283).
 JOHNSON (SAMUEL). *Letters*. Selected, with Introduction, by *R. W. Chapman* (282).
 SOUTHEY. *Selected Letters* (169).
 WHITE (GILBERT). *The Natural History of Selborne* (22);

¶ *Literary Criticism*

- AMERICAN CRITICISM. *Representative Literary Essays*. Chosen by *Norman Foerster* (354).
 COLERIDGE (S. T.) *Lectures on Shakespeare* (363).
 ENGLISH CRITICAL ESSAYS. Selected and edited by *Edmund D. Jones*. 2 volumes: I, Sixteenth to Eighteenth Centuries (240); II, Nineteenth Century (206).
 HAZLITT (WILLIAM). *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*. Introduction by *Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch* (205). *Lectures on the English Comic Writers*. Introduction by *R. Brimley Johnson* (124). *Lectures on the English Poets* (255). *The Spirit of the Age*. (Essays on his contemporaries) (57).
 HORNE (R. H.). *A New Spirit of the Age* (127).
 JOHNSON (SAMUEL). *Lives of the Poets*. 2 volumes (83, 84).
 MORE (PAUL ELMER). *Selected Shelburne Essays* (434).
 SAINTE-BEUVE. *Causeries du Lundi*. (In English.) Two Series (372-3).
 SHAKESPEARE CRITICISM. (HEMINGE and CONDELL to CARLYLE.) Selected and introduced by *D. Nichol Smith* (212).
 SHAKESPEARE CRITICISM (1919-1935). Selected and introduced by *Anne Bradby* (436).

¶ *Philosophy and Science*

(For POLITICAL THEORY and RELIGION see separate headings)

- AURELIUS (MARCUS). *Thoughts*. Translated by *John Jackson* (60).
 BACON. *The Advancement of Learning, and the New Atlantis*.
 Introduction by *Professor Case* (93). *Essays* (24).
 CARLYLE. *Sartor Resartus* (19).
 DARWIN. *The Origin of Species*. With a new preface by *Major Leonard Darwin* (11).
 REYNOLDS (SIR JOSHUA). *Discourses, &c.* Introduction by *A. Dobson* (149).
 TOLSTOY. *What then must we do?* Trans. by *A. Maude* (281).
 WHITE (GILBERT). *The Natural History of Selborne* (22).

¶ *Poetry*

- ARNOLD (MATTHEW). *Poems, 1849-67* (85).
 BLAKE (WILLIAM). *Selected Poems* (324).
 BRONTË SISTERS, THE. *The Professor*, by CHARLOTTE BRONTË, and
Poems by CHARLOTTE, EMILY, and ANNE BRONTË (78).
 BROWNING (ROBERT). *Poems and Plays, 1833-42* (58). *Poems,*
 1842-64 (137).
 BURNS (ROBERT). *Poems* (34). Complete and in large type.
 BYRON. *Poems. A Selection* (180).
 CHAUCER, *The Works of*. 3 volumes: I (42); II (56); III, con-
 taining the whole of the *Canterbury Tales* (76).
 COLERIDGE. *Poems*. Introduction by *Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch* (99).
 CONGREVE (WILLIAM). Complete works in 2 volumes. Intro-
 ductions by *Bonamy Dobrée*. I, *The Comedies* (276); II, *The*
Mourning Bride, Poems, Miscellanies and Letters (277).
 DANTE. Italian text and English verse-translation by *Melville B.*
Anderson, on facing pages, with notes. 3 vols. (392-4).
 Translation only, with notes, in one volume (395).
 DOBSON (AUSTIN). *Selected Poems* (249).
 ENGLISH SONGS AND BALLADS. Compiled by *T. W. H. Crosland*.
 New edition, with revised text and additional poems, 1927 (13).
 ENGLISH VERSE. Vols. I-V: Early Lyrics to SHAKESPEARE; CAM-
 PION to the Ballads; DRYDEN to WORDSWORTH; SCOTT to R. B.
 BROWNING; LONGFELLOW to RUPERT BROOKE. Edited by *William*
Peacock (308-312).
 FRANCIS OF ASSISI (ST.). *The Little Flowers of St. Francis*.
 Translated into English Verse by *James Rhoades* (265).
 GOETHE. *Faust, Parts I and II*. Translated by *Bayard Taylor*.
 Intro. by *Marshall Montgomery* and notes by *Douglas Yates* (380).
 GOLDEN TREASURY, THE. With additional *Poems* (133).
 GOLDSMITH. *Poems*. Introduction by *Austin Dobson* (123).
 GRAY. *Poems*. Introduction by *Leonard Whibley* (474).
 HERRICK (ROBERT). *Poems* (16).

- HOMER. Translated by *Pope*. Iliad (18). Odyssey (36).
 HOOD. Poems. Introduction by *Walter Jerrold* (87).
 IBSEN. Peer Gynt. Translated by *R. Ellis Roberts* (446).
 KEATS. Poems (7).
 KEBLE. The Christian Year (181).
 LONGFELLOW. Hiawatha, Miles Standish, &c. (174).
 MACAULAY. Lays of Ancient Rome; Ivry; The Armada (27).
 MARLOWE. Dr. Faustus (with *GOETHE's Faust, Part I*, trans. *J. Anster*). Introduction by *Sir A. W. Ward* (135). Plays (478).
 MILTON. The English Poems (182).
 MORRIS (WILLIAM). The Defence of Guenevere, Life and Death of Jason, and other Poems (183).
 NARRATIVE VERSE, A BOOK OF. Compiled by *V. H. Collins*. With an Introduction by *Edmund Blunden* (350).
 PALGRAVE. The Golden Treasury. With additional Poems (133).
 ROSSETTI (CHRISTINA). Goblin Market, &c. (184).
 SCOTT (SIR WALTER). Selected Poems (186).
 SCOTTISH VERSE, A BOOK OF. Compiled by *R. L. Mackie* (417).
 SHAKESPEARE. Plays and Poems. Preface by *A. C. Swinburne*. Introductions by *Edward Dowden*. 9 volumes. Comedies. 3 volumes (100, 101, 102). Histories and Poems. 3 volumes (103, 104, 105). Tragedies. 3 volumes (106, 107, 108).
 SHELLEY. Poems. A Selection (187).
 SWINBURNE (A. C.). Selected Poems (481).
 TENNYSON. Selected Poems. Intro. by *Sir Herbert Warren* (3).
 VIRGIL. The Aeneid, Georgics, and Eclogues. Translated by *Dryden* (37). Translated by *James Rhoades* (227).
 WELLS (CHARLES). Joseph and his Brethren. A Dramatic Poem. Intro. by *A. C. Swinburne*, and Note by *T. Watts-Dunton* (143).
 WHITMAN. A Selection. Introduction by *E. de Sélincourt* (218).
 WHITTIER. Poems: A Selection (188).
 WORDSWORTH. Poems: A Selection (189).

¶ *Politics, Political Economy, Political Theory*

- BAGEHOT (WALTER). The English Constitution. With an Introduction by the *Earl of Balfour* (330).
 BUCKLE. The History of Civilization. 3 volumes (41, 48, 53).
 BURKE (EDMUND). Letters. Selected, with an Introduction, by *Harold J. Laski* (237). Works. 6 volumes. I: A Vindication of Natural Society; The Sublime and Beautiful &c. (71). II: The Present Discontents; and Speeches and Letters on America (81). III: Speeches on India, &c. (111). IV: Writings on France, 1790-1 (112). V: Writings on Ireland, &c. (113). VI: A Letter to a Noble Lord; and Letters on a Regicidal Peace (114).
 ENGLISH SPEECHES, from BURKE to GLADSTONE. Selected and edited by *E. R. Jones* (191).
 MACAULAY. Speeches. Selected by *G. M. Young* (433).
 MACHIAVELLI. The Prince (43).

- MAINE (SIR HENRY). *Ancient Law* (362).
- MILL (JOHN STUART). *On Liberty, Representative Government, and the Subjection of Women* (170).
- MILTON (JOHN). *Selected Prose*. Intro. *Malcolm W. Wallace* (293).
- RUSKIN. 'A Joy for Ever', and *The Two Paths*. Illustrated (147).
Time and Tide, and *The Crown of Wild Olive* (146). *Unto this Last*, and *Munera Pulveris* (148).
- SMITH (ADAM). *The Wealth of Nations*. 2 volumes (54, 59).
- SPEECHES AND DOCUMENTS ON BRITISH COLONIAL POLICY (1763-1917). Ed. *A. B. Keith*. 2 volumes (215, 216).
- SPEECHES AND DOCUMENTS ON THE BRITISH DOMINIONS, 1918-31. Selected, with Introduction, by *A. B. Keith* (403).
- SPEECHES AND DOCUMENTS ON INDIAN POLICY (1756-1921). Edited, with Introduction, by *A. B. Keith* (231, 232).
- SPEECHES AND DOCUMENTS ON INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS (1918-37). Edited by *A. B. Keith*. 2 vols. (457, 458).
- SPEECHES ON BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY (1738-1914) (201).
- SPEECHES ON THE CONSTITUTION. Selected by *C. S. Emden*. 2 vols. (479, 480).
- TOLSTOY. *What then must we do?* (281).
- TRACTS AND PAMPHLETS, A Miscellany of. Sixteenth to Nineteenth Centuries. Edited by *A. C. Ward* (304).

¶ Religion

- THE OLD TESTAMENT. Revised Version. 4 vols. (385-8).
- APOCRYPHA, THE, in the Revised Version (294).
- THE FOUR GOSPELS, AND THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES. Authorized Version (344).
- THE NEW TESTAMENT. Authorized Version (471). Revised Version (346).
- A KEMPIS (THOMAS). *Of the Imitation of Christ* (49).
- AURELIUS (MARCUS). Translated by *John Jackson* (60).
- SOME SAYINGS OF THE BUDDHA. Edited by *F. L. Woodward* (483).
- BUNYAN. *The Pilgrim's Progress* (12). *Mr. Badman* (338).
- CONFUCIUS. *The Analects*. Trans. by *W. E. Soothill*. Introduction by *Lady Hosie* (442).
- KORAN, THE. Translated by *E. H. Palmer* (328).
- SERMONS, Selected English. Intro. *Rt. Rev. Hensley Henson* (464).
- TOLSTOY. Translated by *Aylmer Maude*. *A Confession*, and *What I believe* (229). *On Life*, and *Essays on Religion* (426). *The Kingdom of God*, and *Peace Essays* (445).

¶ Short Stories

- AFRICA, STORIES OF. Chosen by *E. C. Parnwell* (359).
- AUSTRIAN SHORT STORIES. Translated by *Marie Busch* (337).
- CRIME AND DETECTION. Two Series (301, 351). Stories by H. C. BAILEY, ERNEST BRAMAH, G. K. CHESTERTON, SIR A. CONAN DOYLE, R. AUSTIN FREEMAN, W. W. JACOBS, EDEN PHILPOTTS, 'SAPPER', DOROTHY SAYERS, and others.

- CZECH TALES, SELECTED.** Translated by *Maris Busch* and *Otto Pick* (288).
- DICKENS.** Christmas Books (307).
- ENGLISH SHORT STORIES.** Four Series. Selected by *H. S. Milford* (193, 228, 315, 477).
- FRENCH SHORT STORIES.** Eighteenth to Twentieth Centuries. Selected and translated by *K. Rebillon Lambley* (396).
- GASKELL (MRS.).** Introductions by *Clement Shorter*. *Cousin Phillis*, and *Other Tales* (168). *Lizzie Leigh*, *The Grey Woman*, and *Other Tales, &c.* (175). *Right at Last*, and *Other Tales, &c.* (203). *Round the Sofa* (190).
- GERMAN SHORT STORIES.** Translated by *E. N. Bennett* (415).
- GERMAN SHORT STORIES (MODERN).** Translated by *H. Steinhauer* and *Helen Jessiman* (456).
- GHOSTS AND MARVELS and MORE GHOSTS AND MARVELS.** Two Selections of Uncanny Tales made by *V. H. Collins*. Introduction by *Montague R. James* in Series I (284, 323).
- HARTE (BRET).** Short Stories (318).
- HAWTHORNE (NATHANIEL).** Tales (319).
- HOLME (CONSTANCE).** *The Wisdom of the Simple, &c.* (453).
- IRVING (WASHINGTON).** Tales (320).
- PERSIAN (FROM THE).** *The Three Dervishes*, and *Other Stories.* Translated from MSS. in the Bodleian by *Reuben Levy* (254).
- POE (EDGAR ALLAN).** Tales of Mystery and Imagination (21).
- POLISH TALES BY MODERN AUTHORS.** Translated by *Else C. M. Benecke* and *Marie Busch* (230).
- RUSSIAN SHORT STORIES.** Translated by *A. E. Chamot* (287).
- SCOTT.** Short Stories. With an Introduction by *Lord David Cecil* (414).
- SPANISH SHORT STORIES.** Sixteenth Century. In contemporary translations, revised, with Introduction, by *J. B. Trend* (326).
- TOLSTOY.** *Nine Stories (1855-63)* (420). *Twenty-three Tales.* Translated by *Louise* and *Aylmer Maude* (72).
- TROLLOPE.** Tales of all Countries (397).

¶ *Travel and Topography*

- BORROW (GEORGE).** *The Bible in Spain* (75). *Wild Wales* (224). *Lavengro* (66). *The Romany Rye* (73).
- DUFFERIN (LORD).** *Letters from High Latitudes* (158).
- MELVILLE (HERMAN).** *Typee* (294). *Omoo* (275).
- MORIER (J. J.).** *Hajji Baba of Ispahan.* Introduction by *C. W. Stewart*, and a Map (238).
- SMOLLETT (TOBIAS).** *Travels through France and Italy in 1765.* Introduction (lxii pages) by *Thomas Seccombe* (90).
- STERNE (LAURENCE).** *A Sentimental Journey* (333).

INDEX OF AUTHORS, ETC.

- Addison, 6.
 Aeschylus, 5.
 Africa, Stories of, 13.
 Ainsworth (W. Harrison), 8.
 A Kempis (Thomas), 13.
 Aksakoff (Sergei), 4.
 American Criticism, 4, 10.
 American Verse, 4.
 Ancient Law, 13.
 Apocrypha The (R. V.), 13.
 Aristophanes, 5.
 Arnold (Matthew), 11.
 Aurelius (Marcus), 11, 13.
 Austen (Jane), 8.
 Austrian Short Stories, 13.

 Bacon (Francis), 11.
 Bagehot (Walter), 12.
 Barrow (Sir John), 10.
 Beaumont and Fletcher, 6.
 Blackmore (R. D.), 8.
 Blake (William), 11.
 Borrow (George), 3, 14.
 British Colonial Policy, 13.
 Foreign Policy, 13.
 Brontë Sisters, 8, 11.
 Browning (Robert), 6, 11.
 Buckle (T. H.), 10, 12.
 Buddha, Sayings of the, 13.
 Bunyan (John), 8.
 Burke, 12.
 Burns (Robert), 11.
 Butler, 8.
 Byron (Lord), 11.

 Carlyle (Thomas), 5, 6, 10.
 Cellini (Benvenuto), 4.
 Cervantes, 8.
 Chaucer, 11.
 Chesterfield, 10.
 Cobbold (Richard), 8.
 Coleridge (S. T.), 10, 11.
 Collins (Wilkie), 8.
 Colman, 6.
 Confucius, 13.
 Congreve (William), 6, 11.
 Cooper (J. Fenimore), 8.
 Cowper (William), 10.
 Crabbe, 5.
 Crime and Detection, 13.
 Critical Essays, 3, 7, 10.
 Czech Tales, 14.

 Dante, 3, 11.
 Darwin (Charles), 11.
 Defoe (Daniel), 8.
 Dekker, 6.
 De Quincey (Thomas), 4.
 Dickens (Charles), 8, 14.

 Disraeli (Benjamin), 8.
 Dobson (Austin), 5, 7, 11.
 Don Quixote, 8.
 Douglas (George), 8.
 Drvden, 5, 6.
 Dufferin (Lord), 10, 14.

 Eighteenth-Century Comedies,
 Eliot (George), 8.
 Elizabethan Comedies, 6.
 Elizabethan Tragedies, 6.
 Emerson (R. W.), 7.
 English Critical Essays, 7, 10.
 English Essays, 3, 4.
 English Prose, 4.
 English Sermons, 7.
 English Short Stories, 3, 4, 14.
 English Songs and Ballads, 4, 11.
 English Speeches, 12.
 English Verse, 4, 11.

 Farquhar, 6.
 Fielding (Henry), 6, 8.
 Four Gospels, 13.
 Francis (St.), 5, 11.
 Franklin (Benjamin), 4.
 French Short Stories, 14.
 Froude (J. A.), 7.

 Galt (John), 8.
 Gaskell (Mrs.), 5, 8, 14.
 Gay, 6.
 German Short Stories, 14.
 Ghosts and Marvels, 14.
 Gibbon (Edward), 4, 10.
 Gil Blas, 9.
 Goethe, 6, 11, 12.
 Goldsmith (Oliver), 6, 8, 11.
 Gray (Thomas), 10, 11.

 Harris (J. C.), 8.
 Harte (Bret), 14.
 Hawthorne (Nathaniel), 8, 14.
 Haydon (B. R.), 5.
 Hazlitt (William), 5, 7, 10.
 Herrick (Robert), 11.
 Holme (Constance), 8, 14.
 Holmes (Oliver Wendell), 7.
 Homer, 5, 12.
 Hood (Thomas), 12.
 Horne (R. H.), 7.
 Houghton (Lord), 5.
 Hunt (Leigh), 5, 7.

 Ibsen (Henrik), 6, 12.
 Inchbald (Mrs.), 6.
 Ingoldsby Legends, 11.
 International Affairs, 13.
 Irving (Washington), 7, 10, 14.

- Johnson (Samuel), 5, 10.
 Keats, 12.
 Keble (John), 12.
 Keith (A. B.), 13.
 Kingsley (Henry), 9.
 Koran, The, 13.
 Lamb (Charles), 7.
 La Motte Fouqué, 9.
 Landor (W. S.), 7.
 La Rochefoucauld, 7.
 Lesage, 9.
 Longfellow (H. W.), 12.
 Macaulay (T. B.), 5, 10, 12.
 Machiavelli, 12.
 Mackenzie (Compton), 9.
 Maine, Sir Henry, 13.
 Marcus Aurelius, 11, 13.
 Marlowe (Christopher), 6, 12.
 Marryat (Captain), 9.
 Massinger, 6.
 Maude (Aylmer), 3, 5.
 Meinhold (J. W.), 9.
 Melville (Herman), 9, 14.
 Mill (John Stuart), 5, 13.
 Milton (John), 7, 12.
 Montaigne, 7.
 More (Paul Elmer), 10.
 Morier (J. J.), 9, 14.
 Morris (W.), 12.
 Morton, 6.
 Motley (J. L.), 10.
 Murphy, 6.
 Narrative Verse, 4, 12.
 New Testament, 13.
 Old Testament, 13.
 Otway, 6.
 Palgrave (F. T.), 4.
 Pamphlets and Tracts, 4, 7.
 Peacock (T. L.), 9.
 Peacock (W.), 4.
 Persian (From the), 14.
 Poe (Edgar Allan), 14.
 Polish Tales, 14.
 Prescott (W. H.), 10.
 Pre-Shakespearean Comedies, 6.
 Rabelais, 3, 9.
 Reading at Random, 4.
 Redman (B. R.), 4.
 Restoration 'I ragadies, 6.
 Reynolds (Frederick), 6.
 Reynolds (Sir Joshua), 7.
 Rossetti (Christina), 12.
 Rowe, 6.
 Ruskin (John), 7, 13.
 Russian Short Stories, 14.
 Rutherford (Mark), 7.
 Sainte-Beuve, 10.
 Scott (Sir W.), 5, 9, 12, 14.
 Scottish Verse, 4, 12.
 Sermons (English), 7, 13.
 Shakespeare, 6, 12.
 Shakespeare Criticism, 10.
 Shakespeare's Predecessors and Contemporaries, 6.
 Shelley, 12.
 Sheridan (R. B.), 6.
 Smith (Adam), 13.
 Smith (Alexander), 7.
 Smollett (T.), 7, 9, 14.
 Sophocles, 5.
 Southerne, 6.
 Southey (Robert), 10.
 Spanish Short Stories, 14.
 Stanhope (Lord), 5.
 Steele, 6.
 Sterne (Laurence), 7, 9, 14.
 Stevenson (R. L.), 7, 9.
 Sturgis, 9.
 Swift (Jonathan), 9.
 Swinburne, 12.
 Swinnerton (Frank), 9.
 Taylor (Meadows), 9.
 Tennyson (Lord), 12.
 Thackeray (W. M.), 9.
 Three Dervishes, The, 14.
 Tolstoy, 3, 5, 6, 7, 9, 11, 13, 14.
 Tracts and Pamphlets, 4, 7.
 Trevelyan, 5.
 Trollope (Anthony), 3, 5, 9, 14.
 Virgil, 5, 12.
 Walpole (Hugh), 9.
 Walton (Izaak), 5, 8.
 Watts-Dunton (Theodore), 9.
 Webster, 6.
 Wellington (Duke of), 5.
 Wells (Charles), 12.
 Wells (H. G.), 4.
 Wharton (Edith), 9.
 White (Gilbert), 8, 10.
 Whitman (Walt), 8, 12.
 Whittier (J. G.), 12.
 Wordsworth (William), 12.

Further Volumes are in preparation.

August 1940

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

200

English practice -
C. C. C. C.

