

Selections from English Poetry.

Imagination:

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,—
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

(Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, V, 1.)

Poetry of the XVIth and XVIIth Centuries.

1. Old English Ballads.

1. Thomas the Rhymer.

TRUE Thomas lay on Huntley bank;
A ferlie spied he wi' his ee;
There he saw a lady bright
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her skirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fine;
At ilka tett o' her horse's mane,
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas he pu'd aff his cap,
And louted low down on his knee:
"Hail to thee, Mary, Queen of Heaven!
For thy peer on earth could never be."

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said,
"That name does not belong to me;
I'm but the Queen o' fair Elfland,
That hither have come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas," she said;
"Harp and carp along wi' me;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your body I shall be."

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunten me."
Syne he has kiss'd her on the lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

“Now ye maun go wi’ me,” she said,
 “Now, Thomas, ye maun go wi’ me;
 And ye maun serve me seven years,
 Through weal or woe as may chance to be.”

She’s mounted on her milk-white steed,
 And she’s taen Thomas up behind;
 And aye, whene’er her bridle rang,
 The steed gaed swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on,
 The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
 Until they reach’d a desert wide,
 And living land was left behind.

“Now, Thomas, light down, light down,” she said,
 “And lean your head upon my knee;
 Abide ye there a little space,
 And I will show you ferlies three.

“O see ye not yon narrow road,
 So thick beset wi’ thorns and briars?
 That is the Path of Righteousness,
 Though after it but few enquires.

“And see ye not yon braid, braid road,
 That lies across the lily leven?
 That is the Path of Wickedness,
 Though some call it the road to Heaven.

“And see ye not yon bonny road
 That winds about the ferny brae?
 That is the road to fair Elfland,
 Where thou and I this night maun gae.

“But, Thomas, ye sail bauld your tongue,
 Whatever ye may hear or see;
 For speak ye word in Elfin-land,
 Ye’ll ne’er win back to your ain countrie.”

O they rade on, and further on,
 And they waded rivers abune the knee;
 And they saw neither sun nor moon,
 But they heard the roaring of a sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, there was nae starlight,
 They waded through red blude to the knee;
 For a’ the blude that’s shed on the earth
 Rins through the springs o’ that countrie.

Syne they came to a garden green,
 And she pu’d an apple frae a tree:
 “Take this for thy wages, Thomas,” she said;
 “It will give thee the tongue that can never lee.”

“My tongue is my ain,” then Thomas he said;
 “A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
 I neither dought to buy or sell
 At fair or tryst where I might be.

“I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
 Nor ask of grace from fair ladye!” —
 “Now haud thy peace, Thomas,” she said,
 “For as I say, so must it be.”

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
 And a pair o’ shoon of the velvet green;
 And till seven years were come and gane,
 True Thomas on earth was never seen.

(Ballad Book ed. W. Allingham.)

2. *The Hunting of the Cheviot.*

THE Percy out of Northumberland,
 And a vow to God made he,
 That he would hunt in the mountains
 Of Cheviot within days three,
 In the maugre of doughty Douglas,
 And all that with him be.

The fattest harts in all Cheviot
 He said he would kill, and carry away;
 "By my faith," said the doughty Douglas again,
 "I will let that hunting if I may."

Then the Percy out of Bamborough came,
 And with him a mighty meyné,
 Fifteen hundred archers, of blood and bone,
 They were chosen out of shires three.

This began on a Monanday at morn,
 In Cheviot the hills so hie;
 The child may rue it that is unborn;
 It was the more pitie.

The drivers thorough the woodès went,
 For to raise the deer;
 Bowmen bicker'd upon the bent
 With their broad arrows clear.

Then the wild thorough the woodès went,
 On every side shear;
 Greyhounds thorough the grèves glent
 For to kill their deer.

They began in Cheviot, the hills aboon,
 Early on Monanday;
 By that it drew to the hour of noon,
 A hundred fat hartes dead there lay.

They blew a mort upon the bent,
 They assembled on sides shear;
 To the quarry then the Percy went,
 To the brittling of the deer.

He said, "It was the Douglas's promise
 This day to meet me here:
 But I wist he would fail, verament," —
 A great oath the Percy sware.

At last a squire of Northumberland
 Looked at his hand full nigh;
 He was ware of the doughty Douglas coming,
 With him a mighty meyné;

Both with spear, bill, and brand;
 It was a mighty sight to see;
 Hardier men, both of heart and hand,
 Were not in Christiantie.

They were twenty hundred spearmen good,
 Withouten any fail;
 They were born along by the Water of Tweed,
 In the bounds of Tivydale.

"Leave off brittling the deer," he said,
 "To your bows look ye take good heed;
 For since ye were of your mothers born
 Had ye never so mickle need."

The doughty Douglas on a steed
 He rode all his men beforne;
 His armour glittered as a glede;
 A bolder barne was never born.

“Tell me who ye are,” he says,
 “Or whose men that ye be;
 Who gave you leave to hunt in this chace
 In the spite of me?”

The first man that ever him answer made,
 It was the good Lord Percy;
 “We will not tell thee who we are,
 Nor whose men that we be;
 But we will hunt here in this chace,
 In spite of thine and thee.

“The fattest harts in all Cheviot
 We have kill’d, and cast to carry away.”
 “By my troth,” said the doughty Douglas again,
 “Therefor shall one of us die this day.”

Then said the doughty Douglas
 Unto the Lord Percy,
 “To kill all these guiltless men,
 Alas, it were great pitie!

“But, Percy, thou art a lord of land,
 And I am earl called in my countrie;
 Let all our men apart from us stand,
 And do the battle off thee and me.”

“Now, curse on his crown,” said the Lord Percy,
 “Whosoever thereto says nay!—
 By my troth, doughty Douglas,” he says,
 “Thou never shall see that day.

“Neither in England, Scotland, nor France,
 Of woman born there is none,
 But, an fortune be my chance,
 I dare meet him, one man for one.”

Then spake a squire of Northumberland,
 Richard Witherington was his name:
 “It shall never be told in South-England,” he says,
 “To King Harry the Fourth, for shame!

“I wot ye bin great lordès two,
 I am a poor squire of land;
 I’ll ne’er see my captain fight on a field,
 And a looker-on to stand:
 But while I may my weapon wield
 I will fail not, heart and hand.”

That day, that day, that dreadful day!—
 The first fytte here I find.
 An ye will hear more of the Hunting of Cheviot,
 Yet more there is behind.

The second Fytte.

THE Englishmen had their bowès bent,
 Their hearts were good enow;
 The first [flight] of arrows that they shot off,
 Seven score spearmen they sloughe.

Yet bides Earl Douglas upon the bent,
 A captain good enow,
 And that was soon seen, verament,
 For he wrought [the English wo].

The Douglas parted his host in three,
 Like a chieftain [full] of pride;
 With sure spears of mighty tree
 They came in on every side

Thorough our English archery,
 And gave many a wound full wide;
 Many a doughty they gar'd to die,
 Which gained them no [small] pride.

The Englishmen let their bowès be,
 And pull'd out brands that were bright;
 It was a heavy sight to see
 Bright swords on basnets light.

Thorough rich mail and maniple
 Stern they struck down straight;
 Many a freke that was full free,
 There under-foot did light.

At last the Douglas and Percy met,
 Like two captains of might and main;
 They swapt together till they both swat,
 With swords of the fine Milan.

These worthy frekes for to fight
 Thereto they were full fain,
 Till the blood out of their basnets sprent
 As ever did hail or rain.

“Hold thee, Percy!” said the Douglas,
 “And i’ faith I shall thee bring
 Where thou shalt have an earl’s wages
 Of Jamie our Scottish king.

“Thou shalt have thy ransom free;
 I hight thee here this thing;
 For the manfullest man yet art thou
 That ever I conquered in fighting.”

“Nay,” said the Lord Percy,
 “I told it thee beforne,
 That I would never yielded be
 To no man of a woman born.”

With that came an arrow hastily
 Forth of a mighty wane;
 And it hath stricken the Earl Douglas
 In at the breast bane.

Thorough liver and lungs both
 The sharp arrow is gone.
 That never after in all his life-days
 He spake more words but one:
 That was, “Fight ye, my merry men, while ye may!
 For my life-days be done.”

The Percy leaned on his brand,
 And saw the Douglas die;
 He took the dead man by the hand,
 And said, “Wo is me for thee!

“To have saved thy life, I would have given
 My landes for years three;
 For a better man, of heart nor of hand
 Was not in the north countrie.”

Of all that saw a Scottish knight,
 Sir Hugh the Montgomerie;
 He saw the Douglas to death was dight;
 He spended a spear, a trusty tree:

He rode upon a courser
 Through a hundred archery;
 He never stinted, nor never blan,
 Till he came to good Lord Percy.

He set upon the Lord Percy
 A dint that was full sore;
 With a sure spear of a mighty tree
 Clean thorough his body he bore,

On the other side that a man might see
 A large cloth-yard and mair.
 Two better captains in Christentie
 Were not, than the two slain there.

An archer of Northumberland
 Saw slain was the Lord Percy:
 He bare a bend-bow in his hand
 Was made of trusty tree.

An arrow, that was a cloth-yard long,
 To the hard steel haled he;
 A dint he set, was both sad and sore,
 On Sir Hugh the Montgomerie.

The dint it was both sad and sore
 That he on Montgomerie set:
 The swan-feathers the arrow bore
 With his heart's-blood they were wet.

There was never a freke one foot would flee,
 But still in stour did stand,
 Hewing on each other, while they might dree,
 With many a baleful brand.

This battle began in Cheviot
 An hour before the noon,
 And still when even-song bell was rung
 The battle was not half done.

They took [off] on either hand
 By the light of the moon;
 Many had no strength for to stand,
 In Cheviot the hills aboon.

Of fifteen hundred archers of England,
 Went away but fifty and three;
 Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland,
 But even five and fiftie,

That were not slain in Cheviot;
 They had no strength to stand on hie.
 The child may rue that is unborn:
 It was the more pitie.

There was slain with Lord Percy,
 Sir John of Agerstone;
 Sir Roger, the hyndè Hartley;
 Sir William, the bold Heron.

Sir George, the worthy Lovel,
 A knight of great renown;
 Sir Ralph, the rich Rugby,
 With dints were beaten down.

For Witherington my heart was wo,
 That ever he slain should be;
 For when both his legs were hewn in two,
 Yet he kneeled and fought on his knee.

There was slain with the doughty Douglas,
 Sir Hugh the Montgomerie;
 Sir Davy Liddale, that worthy was,
 His sister's son was he;

Sir Charles à Murray in that place,
 That never a foot would flee;
 Sir Hugh Maxwell, a lord he was,
 With the Douglas did he dee.

So on the morrow they made them biers
 Of birch and hazel gray;
 Many widows with weeping tears
 Came to fetch their makes away.

Tivydale may carp of care,
 Northumberland make great moan;
 For two such captains as there were slain
 On the Marches shall never be none.

Word is come to Edinborough,
 To Jamie the Scottish King,
 Doughty Douglas, lieutenant of the Marches,
 Lay slain Cheviot within.

His handès did he weal and wring:
 "Alas, and wo is me!
 Such another captain in Scotland wide
 There is not left," said he.

Word is come to lovely London,
 To Harry the Fourth our King,
 Lord Percy, lieutenant of the Marches,
 Lay slain Cheviot within.

“God have mercy on his soul,” said King Harry,
 “Good Lord, if Thy will it be!
 I’ve a hundred captains in England,” he said,
 “As good as ever was he:
 But, Percy, an I brook my life,
 Thy death well quit shall be.”

And now may Heaven amend us all,
 And into bliss us bring!
 This was the Hunting of the Cheviot:
 God send us all good ending!

(Ballad Book ed. W. Allingham.)

3. *Edward, Edward.*

“WHY does your brand sae drop wi’ blude,
 Edward, Edward?
 Why does your brand sae drop wi’ blude,
 And why sae sad gang ye, O?”
 “O I hae killed my hawk sae gude,
 Mither, mither;
 O I hae killed my hawk sae gude,
 And I hae nae mair but he, O.”

“Your hawk’s blude was never sae red,
 Edward, Edward;
 Your hawk’s blude was never sae red,
 My dear son, I tell thee, O.”
 “O I hae killed my red-roan steed,
 Mither, mither;
 O I hae killed my red-roan steed,
 That was sae fair and free, O.”

“Your steed was auld, and ye’ve plenty mair,
Edward, Edward;

Your steed was auld, and ye’ve plenty mair;
Some ither dule ye dree, O.”

“O I hae killed my father dear,
Mither, mither;
O I hae killed my father dear,
Alas, and wae is me, O!”

“And whatten penance will ye dree for that,
Edward, Edward?

Whatten penance will ye dree for that?
My dear son, now tell me, O.”

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

“And what will ye do wi’ your tow’rs and your ha’,
Edward, Edward?

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

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

“And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
Edward, Edward?

And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
When ye gang ower the sea, O?”

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

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

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

“The curse of hell frae me sail ye bear,
Mither, mither;

The curse of hell frae me sail ye bear:
Sic counsels ye gave to me, O!”

(Ballad Book ed. W. Allingham.)

2. Christopher Marlowe.

(1562 – 1593.)

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

COME live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds
 With coral clasps and amber studs:
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Come live with me and be my Love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
 As precious as the gods do eat,
 Shall on an ivory table be
 Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
 For thy delight each May-morning:
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me and be my Love.

(From *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1591.)

3. William Shakespeare.

(1564–1616.)

1. *Sonnets*.

Remembrance.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
 And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear Friend,
 All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

(Sonnets, 30.)

Immortality of his Verses.

NOT marble, nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Than unswept stone besmear'd with sluttish time.

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils root out the work of masonry,
 Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
 The living record of your memory.

Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
 Even in the eyes of all posterity
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.

So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

(Sonnets, 56.)

The Life without Passion.

THEY that have power to hurt and will do none,
 That do not do the thing they most do show,
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow,—

They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
 And husband nature's riches from expense;
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,
 Others but stewards of their excellence.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
 Though to itself it only live and die:
 But if that flower with base infection meet,
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity:

For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
 Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

(Sonnets, 94.)

The Player's Degradation.

O, FOR my sake do you with fortune chide
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
 That did not better for my life provide
 Than public means which public manners breeds.

Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
 And almost thence my nature is subdued
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
 Pity me then and wish I were renew'd;

Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
 Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,
 Nor double penance, to correct correction.

Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

(Sonnets, 111.)

True Love.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove:

O no! it is an ever-fixed mark
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

(Sonnets, 116.)

2. Songs from the Plays.

The Fairy Life.

I.

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I;
 In a cowslip's bell I lie;
 There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

(From *The Tempest*, V, 1.)

II.

Come unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands:
 Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
 The wild waves whist,
 Foot it featly here and there;
 And, sweet Sprites, the burthen bear:

Hark, hark!
 Bow-wow.
 The watch-dogs bark:
 Bow-wow.
 Hark, hark! I hear
 The strain of strutting chanticleer
 Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

(From *The Tempest*, I, 2.)

Under the Greenwood Tree.

UNDER the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And turn his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither!
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
 And loves to live i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats
 And pleased with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither:
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

(From *As you like it*, II, 5.)

Winter.

WHEN icicles hang by the wall
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
 And Tom bears logs into the hall
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,
 When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit;
 Tu-who;—a merry note;—
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw
 And birds sit brooding in the snow
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit;
 Tu-who;— a merry note;—
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

(From *Love's Labour's Lost*, V, 1.)

Ingratitude.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
 Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot:
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.
 Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
 Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
 This life is most jolly.

(From *As you like it*, II. 7.)

Dirge.

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun
 Nor the furious winter's rages;
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
 Golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
 Care no more to clothe and eat;
 To thee the reed is as the oak:
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
 Fear not slander, censure rash;
 Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
 All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

(From *Cymbaline*, IV, 2.)

A Sea Dirge.

FULL fathom five thy father lies;
 Of his bones are coral made;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes:
 Nothing of him that doth fade
 But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

Ding-dong.

Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

(From *The Tempest*, I, 2.)

The Power of Song.

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees

And the mountain tops that freeze

Bow themselves when he did sing:

To his music plants and flowers

Ever sprung; as sun and showers

There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,

Even the billows of the sea,

Hung their heads, and then lay by.

In sweet music is such art,

Killing care and grief of heart

Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

(From *Henry VIII.*, III, 1.)

3. Other passages from the Plays.

Mercy.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd,

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd,

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown:

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice.

(*Merchant of Venice* IV, 1.)

The Seven Ages of Man.

ALL the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players:
 They have their exits and their entrances;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
 And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice.
 In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
 His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,

Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion, —
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

(As you like it II, 7.)

Degree.

DEGREE being vizarded,
 Th' unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
 The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
 Observe degree, priority, and place,
 Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
 Office, and custom, in all line of order:
 And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
 In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
 Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
 And posts, like the commandment of a king,
 Sans check, to good and bad: but when the planets.
 In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
 What plagues, and what portents! what mutiny!
 What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!
 Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, horrors,
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
 The unity and married calm of states
 Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is shak'd,
 Which is the ladder to all high designs,
 The enterprise is sick. How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
 The primogenitive and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,

But by degree, stand in authentic place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
 In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe:
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father dead:
 Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides)
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
 Then everything includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite;
 And appetite, a universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce a universal prey,
 And, last, eat up himself.

(*Troilus and Cressida* I, 3.)

Hamlet's Monologue.

To be, or not to be,—that is the question:
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them? To die,—to sleep:
 No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep;—
 To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rub;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause: there's the respect

That makes calamity of so long life;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

(*Hamlet* III, 1.)

Good and Evil in Nature.

The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
 Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
 And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
 From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:
 Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
 The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
 I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
 With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers,
 The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb:

And from her womb children of divers kind
 We sucking on her natural bosom find;
 Many for many virtues excellent,
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
 But to the earth some special good doth give;
 Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
 And vice sometime's by action dignified.
 Within the infant rind of this small flower
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such opposed kings encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs,—grace, and rude will;
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.
(Romeo and Juliet II, 3.)

4. Ben Jonson.

(1572(73)–1637.)

*1. To the Memory of My Beloved Master William Shakspeare
and what he hath left us.*

To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy name
 Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
 While I confess thy writings to be such,
 As neither Man nor Muse can praise too much.
 'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways

Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
 For seeliest ignorance on these may light,
 Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
 Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
 The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
 Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
 And think to ruin where it seemed to raise.
 But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
 Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
 I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!
 The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
 My Shakspeare rise! I will not lodge thee by
 Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
 A little further, to make thee a room:
 Thou art a monument without a tomb,
 And art alive still while thy book doth live
 And we have wit to read, and praise to give.
 That I not mix thee so my brain excuses,
 I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses:
 For if I thought my judgment were of years,
 I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
 And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
 Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
 And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
 From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
 For names; but call forth thund'ring Aeschylus,
 Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
 Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
 To life again, thee hear thy buskin tread
 And shake a stage; or when thy socks were on,
 Leave thee alone for the comparison
 Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
 Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
 To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.

He was not of an age, but for all time!
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,
 When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
 Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
 Nature herself was proud of his designs,
 And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
 But antiquated and deserted lie,
 As they were not of Nature's family.
 Yet must I not give Nature all; thy Art,
 My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part.
 For though the poet's matter nature be,
 His art doth give the fashion; and, that he
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
 Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same,
 And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
 Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn;
 For a good poet's made, as well as born.
 And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
 Lives in his issue, even so the race
 Of Shakspeare's mind and manners brightly shines
 In his well torned and true filed lines:
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
 As brandisht at the eyes of ignorance.
 Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
 To see thee in our waters yet appear,
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
 That so did take Eliza, and our James!
 But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
 Advanced, and made a constellation there!
 Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage,

Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage,
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night
 And despairs day but for thy volume's light.

(The Works of Ben Jonson,
 ed. Cunningham, III, 287.)

2. *Hymn to Diana.*

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

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

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

(From *Cynthia's Revels*, V, 3.)

5. Robert Herrick.

(1591 – 1674)

1. *To Blossoms.*

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

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

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

2. *To Daffodils.*

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon:
 As yet the early-rising Sun
 Has not attain'd his noon.
 Stay, stay,

Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even-song;
 And, having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along.

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

(Herrick's *Poems*, World's Classics.)

6. John Milton.
 (1608 – 1674.)

1. Sonnet on his being arrived at the Age of Twenty-three.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three-and-twenti'th year!
 My hasting days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.

Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
 That I to manhood am arrived so near,
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.

Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even
 To that same lot, however mean or high,

Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

2. To the Lord General Cromwell, May 1652.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,

And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
 Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
 While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
 And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,

And Worcester's laureate wreath: yet much remains
 To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
 No less renowned than War: new foes arise,

Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their maw.

3. On his Blindness.

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He returning chide,—
 Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?
 I fondly ask:—But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies; God doth not need
 Either man's work, or His own gifts: who best
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
 Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest:—
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

(Milton's *Poetical Works*
 ed. D. Masson, 1903.)

4. *L'Allegro*.

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
 In Stygian cave forlorn
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
 Find out some uncouth cell
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings
 And the night-raven sings;
 There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
 In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth
 With two sister Graces more:
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
 Or whether (as some sager sing)

The frolic wind that breathes the spring
 Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
 As he met her once a-Maying—:
 There on beds of violets blue
 And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew
 Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee:
 Jest, and youthful jollity,
 Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides:—
 Come, and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And if I give thee honour due
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee
 In unprovèd pleasures free;
 To hear the lark begin his flight
 And singing startle the dull night
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good-morrow
 Through the sweetbriar, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine:
 While the cock with lively din
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before:

Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill:
 Sometime walking, not unseen,
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate
 Where the great Sun begins his state
 Robed in flames and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
 While the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the landscape round it measures;
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
 Mountains, on whose barren breast
 The labouring clouds do often rest;
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their savoury dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves

With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth and many a maid,
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sun-shine holyday,
 Till the live-long day-light fail:
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How Faery Mab the junkets eat:—
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said;
 And he, by Friar's lantern led;
 Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
 That ten day-labourers could not end;
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
 And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.

Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.

Tower'd cities please us then
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
 In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize

Of wit or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique pageantry;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber, on a bed
 Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

(Milton's *Poetical Works*
 ed. D. Masson, 1903.)

5. *From Paradise Lost.*

The Invocation and Introduction with the Speech of Satan.
(I, 1 – 124)

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that, on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the Heavens and Earth
Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou knowest; Thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like satst brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That, to the height of this great argument,
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first—for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell—say first what cause
Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favoured of Heaven so highly, to fall off

From their Creator, and transgress his will
 For one restraint, lords of the World besides.
 Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
 Th'infernal Serpent; he it was whose guile,
 Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride
 Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
 Of rebel Angels, by whose aid, aspiring
 To set himself in glory above his peers,
 He trusted to have equalled the Most High,
 If he opposed, and, with ambitious aim
 Against the throne and monarchy of God,
 Raised impious war in Heaven and battle proud,
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
 In adamant chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

Nine times the space that measures day and night
 To mortal men, he, with his horrid crew,
 Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
 Confounded, though immortal. But his doom
 Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
 Torments him: round he throws his baleful eyes,
 That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
 Mixed with obdurate pride and stedfast hate.
 At once, as far as angels ken, he views
 The dismal situation waste and wild.
 A dungeon horrible, on all sides round
 As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
 No light; but rather darkness visible
 Served only to discover sights of woe,
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace

And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
 That comes to all, but torture without end
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
 Such place Eternal Justice had prepared
 For those rebellious; here their prison ordained
 In utter darkness, and their portion set,
 As far removed from God and light of Heaven
 As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.

Oh how unlike the place from whence they fell!
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
 He soon discerns; and, weltering by his side,
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,
 Long after known in Palestine, and named
 BEËLZEBUB. To whom the Arch-Enemy,
 And thence in Heaven called SATAN, with bold words
 Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:—

“If thou beest he—but Oh how fallen! how changed
 From him!—who, in the happy realms of light,
 Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
 Myriads, though bright—if he whom mutual league,
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
 And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
 Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
 In equal ruin; into what pit thou seest
 From what highth fallen: so much the stronger proved
 He with his thunder: and till then who knew
 The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
 Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
 Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,
 Though changed in outward lustre, that fixed mind,
 And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
 That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
 And to the fierce contention brought along

Innumerable force of Spirits armed,
 That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,
 His utmost power with adverse power opposed
 In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
 And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
 All is not lost—the unconquerable will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield:
 And what is else not to be overcome.
 That glory never shall his wrath or might
 Extort from me. The bow and sue for grace
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power
 Who, from the terror of this arm, so late
 Doubted his empire—that were low indeed;
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath
 This downfall; since, by fate, the strength of Gods,
 And this empyreal substance, cannot fail;
 Since, through experience of this great event,
 In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
 We may with more successful hope resolve
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,
 Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
 Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
 Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven.”

Address to Light. (III, 1 – 55.)

Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born!
 Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam
 May I express thee unblamed? since God is Light,
 And never but in unapproachèd light
 Dwelt from eternity—dwelt then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate!
 Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,

Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
 Before the Heavens, thou wert, and at the voice
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless infinite!
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
 Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight,
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
 With other notes than to the Orphean lyre
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
 Taught by the Heavenly Muse to venture down
 The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
 Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
 So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander where the muses haunt
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
 That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit; nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equalled with me in fate,
 So were I equalled with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyris and blind Maeonides,
 And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old:
 Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
 Seasons return; but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn

Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
 But cloud instead and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

The Creation of the Earth. (VII, 210–260.)

On Heavenly ground they stood, and from the shore
 They viewed the vast immeasurable Abyss,
 Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
 Up from the bottom turned by furious winds
 And surging waves, as mountains to assault
 Heaven's highth, and with the centre mix the pole.

“Silence, ye troubled waves, and, thou Deep, peace!”
 Said then the omnific Word: “your discord end!”
 Nor stayed; but, on the wings of Cherubim
 Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
 Far into Chaos and the World unborn;
 For Chaos heard his voice. Him all his train
 Followed in bright procession, to behold
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.
 Then stayed the fervid wheels, and in his hand
 He took the golden compasses, prepared
 In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
 This Universe, and all created things.

One foot he centred, and the other turned
 Round through the vast profundity obscure,
 And said: "Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds;
 This be thy just circumference, O World!"
 Thus God the Heaven created, thus the Earth,
 Matter unformed and void. Darkness profound
 Covered the Abyss; but on the watery calm
 His brooding wings the Spirit of Good outspread,
 And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth,
 Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purged
 The black, tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,
 Adverse to life; then founded, then conglobed,
 Like things to like, the rest to several place
 Disparted, and between spun out the Air,
 And Earth, self-balanced, on her centre hung.

"Let there be Light!" said God; and forthwith Light
 Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
 Sprung from the Deep, and from the native East
 To journey through the aery gloom began,
 Sphered in a radiant cloud—for yet the Sun
 Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle
 Sojourned the while. God saw the Light was good;
 And light from darkness by the hemisphere
 Divided: Light the Day, and Darkness Night,
 He named. Thus was the first Day even and morn;
 Nor passed uncelebrated, nor unsung
 By the celestial quires, when orient light
 Exhaling first from darkness they beheld,
 Birth-day of Heaven and Earth. With joy and shout
 The hollow universal orb they filled,
 And touched their golden harps, and hymning praised
 God and his works; Creator him they sung,
 Both when first evening was, and when first morn.

Our First Parents are led out of Paradise. (XII, 606–649.)

HE ended, and they both descend the hill.
 Descended, Adam to the bower where Eve
 Lay sleeping ran before, but found her waked;
 And thus with words not sad she him received:—
 “Whence thou return’st and whither went’st I know;
 For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,
 Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
 Presaging, since, with sorrow and heart’s distress
 Wearied, I fell asleep. But now lead on;
 In me is no delay; with thee to go
 Is to stay here; without thee here to stay
 Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
 Art all things under Heaven, all places thou,
 Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.
 This further consolation yet secure
 I carry hence: though all by me is lost,
 Such favour I unworthy am vouchsafed,
 By me the Promised Seed shall all restore.”

So spake our mother Eve; and Adam heard
 Well pleased, but answered not; for now too nigh
 The Archangel stood, and from the other hill
 To their fixed station, all in bright array,
 The Cherubim descended, on the ground
 Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
 Risen from a river o’er the marish glides,
 And gathers ground fast at the labourer’s heel
 Homeward returning. High in front advanced,
 The brandished sword of God before them blazed,
 Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
 And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
 Began to parch that temperate clime; whereat
 In either hand the hastening Angel caught
 Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate

Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
 To the subjected plain—then disappeared.
 They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
 Waved over by that flaming brand; the gate
 With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.
 Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon;
 The world was all before them, where to choose
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
 They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
 Through Eden took their solitary way.

(Milton's *Poetical Works*,
 ed. D. Masson, 1903.)

7. John Dryden.

(1631 – 1700.)

Song for St. Cecilia's Day (1687).

FROM Harmony, from heavenly Harmony

 This universal frame began:

 When Nature underneath a heap

 Of jarring atoms lay

 And could not heave her head,

The tuneful voice was heard from high,

 Arise, ye more than dead!

Then cold and hot and moist and dry

In order to their stations leap,

 And Music's power obey.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony

 This universal frame began:

 From harmony to harmony

Through all the compass of the notes it ran,

The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
 When Jubal struck the chorded shell
 His listening brethren stood around,
 And, wondering, on their faces fell
 To worship that celestial sound.
 Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.
 What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor
 Excites us to arms,
 With shrill notes of anger
 And mortal alarms.
 The double double double beat
 Of the thundering drum
 Cries "Hark! the foes come;
 Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!"

The soft complaining flute
 In dying notes discovers
 The woes of hopeless lovers,
 Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs and desperation,
 Fury, frantic indignation,
 Depth of pains, and height of passion
 For the fair disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach
 The sacred organ's praise?
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
 And trees unrooted left their place
 Sequacious of the lyre:
 But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
 When to her Organ vocal breath was given
 An Angel heard, and straight appear'd—
 Mistaking Earth for Heaven.

Grand Chorus.

As from the power of sacred lays
 The spheres began to move,
 And sung the great Creator's praise
 To all the blest above;
 So when the last and dreadful hour
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And Music shall untune the sky.

(Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*.)

Poetry of the XVIIIth Century.

8. Alexander Pope.

(1688–1744.)

Sentences from his Works.

1. *A little learning* is a dang'rous thing;
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.
2. True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd:
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.

3. Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.
4. Good-nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human—to forgive divine.

(*Essay on Criticism.*)

5. Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.
6. Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of Mankind is Man.
7. For Forms of Government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best.
8. Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
9. What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
10. An honest man's the noblest work of God.

(*Essay on Man.*)

9. John Gay.

(1685–1732.)

1. *The Fox at the Point of Death.*

A Fox, in life's extreme decay,
Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay;
All appetite had left his maw,
And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.
His numerous race around him stand,
To learn their dying sire's command;
He raised his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone:
“Ah, sons! from evil ways depart;

My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
 See, see the murder'd geese appear!
 Why are those bleeding turkeys there,
 Why all around this cackling train,
 Who haunt my ears for chickens slain?"
 The hungry foxes round them stared,
 And for the promised feast prepared:
 "Where, sir, is all this dainty cheer?
 Nor turkey, goose, nor hen, is here.
 These are the phantoms of your brain,
 And your sons lick their lips in vain."
 "O gluttons!" says the drooping sire,
 "Restrain inordinate desire:
 Your liquorish taste you shall deplore,
 When peace of conscience is no more.
 Does not the hound betray our pace,
 And gins and guns destroy our race?
 Thieves dread the searching eye of power
 And never feel the quiet hour.
 Old age (which few of us shall know)
 Now puts a period to my woe.
 Would you true happiness attain,
 Let honesty your passions reign;
 So live in credit and esteem,
 And the good name you lost redeem."
 "The counsel's good," a Fox replies,
 "Could we perform what you advise.
 Think what our ancestors have done,
 A line of thieves from son to son;
 To us descends the long disgrace,
 And infamy hath mark'd our race.
 Though we, like harmless sheep, should feed,
 Honest in thought, in word, and deed,
 Whatever hen-roost is decreased,
 We shall be thought to share the feast.

The change shall never be believed;
 A lost good name is ne'er retrieved."
 "Nay then," replies the feeble Fox;
 "But, hark! I hear a hen that clucks:
 Go, but be moderate in your food:
 A chicken, too, might do me good."

2. The Council of Horses.

UPON a time a neighing Steed,
 Who grazed among a numerous breed,
 With mutiny had fired the train
 And spread dissension through the plain.
 On matters that concern'd the state
 The Council met in grand debate.
 A Colt, whose eyeballs flamed with ire,
 Elate with strength and youthful fire,
 In haste stepp'd forth between the rest
 And thus the listening throng address'd:
 "Good gods! how abject is our race!
 Condemn'd to slavery and disgrace!
 Shall we our servitude retain,
 Because our sires have borne the chain?
 Consider, friends! your strength and might;
 'Tis conquest to assert your right.
 How cumbrous is the gilded coach!
 The pride of man is our reproach.
 Were we design'd for daily toil.
 To drag the ploughshare through the soil,
 To sweat in harness through the road,
 To groan beneath the carrier's load?
 How feeble are the two-legg'd kind!
 What force is in our nerves combin'd!
 Shall then our nobler jaws submit

To foam and champ the galling bit?
 Shall haughty man my back bestride?
 Shall the sharp spur provoke my side?
 Forbid it, Heaven! Reject the rein;
 Your shame, your infamy disdain.
 Let him the lion first control
 And still the tiger's famish'd growl.
 Let us, like them, our freedom claim
 And make him tremble at our name."

A general nod approved the cause,
 And all the circle neigh'd applause.
 When lo! with grave and solemn pace,
 A Steed advanced before the race,
 With age and long experience wise;
 Around he cast his thoughtful eyes,
 And, to the murmurs of the train,
 Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain:

"When I had health and strength, like you,
 The toils of servitude I knew;
 Now grateful man rewards my pains
 And gives me all these wide domains.
 At will I crop the year's increase,
 My latter life is rest and peace.
 I grant, to man we lend our pains
 And aid him to correct the plains;
 But doth not he divide the care
 Through all the labours of the year?
 How many thousand structures rise
 To fence us from inclement skies!
 For us he bears the sultry day
 And stores up all our winter's hay;
 He sows, he reaps the harvest's gain;
 We share the toil and share the grain.
 Since every creature was decreed
 To aid each other's mutual need,

Appease your discontented mind,
 And act the part by Heaven assign'd."
 The tumult ceased. The Colt submitted
 And, like his ancestors, was bitted.

(From *The Fables*, 1727.)

10. James Thomson.
 (1700 – 1748.)

Rule Britannia.

WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of her land,
 And guardian angels sung the strain:
 Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!
 Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
 Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
 As the loud blast that tears the skies
 Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
 All their attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 And work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore it circles thine!

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair;
 Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crown'd
 And manly hearts to guard the fair:—
 Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
 Britons never shall be slaves!

(From *The Masque of Alfred*, 1740.)

11. Thomas Gray. (1716–1771.)

1. *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard* (1751).

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

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
 Awaits alike th' inevitable hour:—
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
 If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or waked to extasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood,

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbad: nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
 Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply:
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
 E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
 Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"On morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next with dirges due in sad array
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,—
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

The Epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
 A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown;
 Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth
 And melancholy mark'd him for her own.
 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send:

He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
 He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.
 No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

(Palgrave, *Golden Treasury*.)

2. *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College* (1747).

YE distant spires, ye antique towers
 That crown the watery glade,
 Where grateful Science still adores
 Her Henry's holy shade;
 And ye, that from the stately brow
 Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way:

Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
 Ah fields beloved in vain!
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain!
 I feel the gales that from ye blow
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race
 Disporting on thy margent green
 The paths of pleasure trace;
 Who foremost now delight to cleave
 With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
 The captive linnet which enthrall?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed
 Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
 Their murmuring labours ply
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty:
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign
 And unknown regions dare descry:
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast:
 Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
 Wild wit, invention ever new,
 And lively cheer, of vigour born;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom
 The little victims play;
 No sense have they of ills to come
 Nor care beyond to-day:
 Yet see how all around 'em wait
 The ministers of human fate
 And black Misfortune's baleful train!
 Ah show them where in ambush stand
 To seize their prey, the murderous band!
 Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
 And Shame that sculks behind;
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
 Or Jealousy with rankling tooth
 That inly gnaws the secret heart,
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,
 Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice
 And grinning Infamy.
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try
 And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
 That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
 And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
 And moody Madness laughing wild
 Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
 A grisly troop are seen,
 The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their queen:
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every labouring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage:
 Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
 Condemn'd alike to groan;
 The tender for another's pain,
 Th' unfeeling for his own.
 Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies?
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more;—where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

(Palgrave, *Golden Treasury*.)

12. Oliver Goldsmith.

(1728–1774)

The Village Pastor (from the Deserted Village, 1770).

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden-flower grows wild;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,

And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place;
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train;
 He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain;
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
 The rev'rend champion stood. At his control
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;

Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

(From *The Deserted Village*, V. 136–192.)

13. William Cowper.

(1731–1800.)

1. *The Diverting History of John Gilpin*

(Showing how he went farther than he intended and came safe home again).

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown;
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

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

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

“Stop, stop, John Gilpin! Here’s the house!”

They all at once did cry;

“The dinner waits, and we are tired!”

Said Gilpin, “So am I!”

But yet his horse was not a whit

Inclined to tarry there;

For why?—his owner had a house

Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,

Shot by an archer strong,

So did he fly—which brings me to

The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath.

And sore against his will,

Till at his friend’s the calender’s

His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see

His neighbour in such trim,

Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,

And thus accosted him:

“What news? what news? your tidings tell;

Tell me you must, and shall—

Say why bare-headed you are come,

Or why you come at all?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,

And loved a timely joke,

And thus unto the calender

In merry guise he spoke:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain,
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

“Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!”
Not one of them was mute!
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking as before
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

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

2. Loss of the Royal George.

TOLL for the Brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

—Weigh the vessel up
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tears that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
 And she may float again
 Full charged with England's thunder,
 And plough the distant main:

But Kempenfelt is gone,
 His victories are o'er;
 And he and his eight hundred
 Shall plough the wave no more.

3. The Solitude of Alexander Selkirk.

I AM monarch of all I survey;
 My right there is none to dispute;
 From the centre all round to the sea
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 O Solitude! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech;
 I start at the sound of my own.
 The beasts that roam over the plain
 My form with indifference see;
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their lameness is shocking to me.

Society, Friendship, and Love
 Divinely bestow'd upon man,
 Oh, had I the wings of a dove
 How soon would I taste you again!

My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more:
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace
And reconciles man to his lot.

4. *To Mary Unwin.*

MARY! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from Heaven as some have feign'd they drew,
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things,

That ere through age or woe I shed my wings
I may record thy worth with honour due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
And that immortalizes whom it sings:—

But thou hast little need. There is a Book
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,

A chronicle of actions just and bright—
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine;
And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

(Cowper, *Poetical Works*, London 1836.)

14. **Robert Burns.**

(1759–1796.)

1. *John Barleycorn. A Ballad.*

THERE were three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high;
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head;
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong;
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim;
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe:
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller used him worst of all—
For he crush'd him 'tween two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round,
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
Twill heighten all his joy:
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Though the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

2. *My Heart's in the Highlands.* (1789.)

MY heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
 My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
 A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
 The birthplace of valour, the country of worth;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
 My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
 A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

3. *To a Mouse.*

*On turning her up in her nest, with the plough,
 November, 1785.*

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
 O what a panic's in thy breastie!
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle!
 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee
 Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
 A daimen icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request:
 I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
 And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin:
 And naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green!
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
 Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste
 An' weary winter comin' fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
 Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble
 An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
 In proving foresight may be vain:
 The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
 Gang aft a-gley,
 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
 For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
 The present only toucheth thee:
 But, och! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear!
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear!

4. The Silver Tassie.

GO, fetch to me a pint o' wine
 And fill it in a silver tassie,
 That I may drink before I go
 A service to my bonie lassie!
 The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the Ferry,
 The ship rides by the Berwick-Law,
 And I maun leave my bonie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glittering spears are ranked ready,
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes deep and bloody.
 It's not the roar o' sea or shore
 Wad mak me langer wish to tarry,
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar:
 It's leaving thee, my bonie Mary!

5. *Of a' the Airts.*

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best.
 There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 And monie a hill between,
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers—
 I see her sweet and fair.
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds—
 I hear her charm the air.
 There's not a bonie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 There's not a bonie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

6. *John Anderson.*

JOHN Anderson my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snow;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither,

And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither:
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson my jo.

7. *To Mary in Heaven.* (1789).

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
 That lovest to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love?
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past;
 Thy image at our last embrace;
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods' thick'ning green;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twined amorous round the raptured scene;
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray—

Till too, too soon the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care!
 Time but the impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

8. *A Red, Red Rose.*

O my luv'e's like a red, red rose
 That's newly sprung in June:
 O my Luve's like the melodie
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in luv'e am I:
 And I will luv'e thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
 I will luv'e thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luve!
 And fare thee weel awhile!
 And I will come again, my Luve,
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

9. *Bruce at Bannockburn* (Sept. 1793).

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
 See the front o' battle lower:
 See approach proud Edward's pow'r—
 Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
 Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do, or die!

10. For a' that, and a' that.

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that?
 The coward slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin grey, and a' that;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that.
 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor.
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that:
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that.
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,

The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that;
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

(Robert Burns, *Poetical Works*
ed. Ch. Kent.)

15. Sir Walter Scott.

(1771 – 1832.)

1. *Gathering Song of Donald the Black.*

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu
Pibroch of Donuil
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war-array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky;
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky.

Come every hill-plaid, and
 True heart that wears one,
 Come every steel blade, and
 Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
 The flock without shelter;
 Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
 The bride at the altar;
 Leave the deer, leave the steer,
 Leave nets and barges:
 Come with your fighting gear,
 Broadsword and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
 Forests are rended,
 Come as the waves come, when
 Navies are stranded:
 Faster come, faster come,
 Faster and faster,
 Chief, vassal, page and groom,
 Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
 See how they gather!
 Wide waves the eagle plume
 Blended with heather.
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
 Forward each man set!
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
 Knell for the onset!

2. *Coronach*.

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

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

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

(From *The Lady of the Lake*.)

3. *Love of Country.*

I.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,

From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concenter'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

II.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams are left;

And thus I love them better still,
 Even in extremity of ill.
 By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
 Though none should guide my feeble way;
 Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
 Although it chill my wither'd cheek;
 Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,
 Though there, forgotten and alone,
 The Bard may draw his parting groan.
 (*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, VX.)

4. *The Young Lochinvar.*

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
 And save his good broad-sword he weapons had none,
 He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

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

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

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

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

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
 And the bride-maidens whisper’d, “’Twere better by far
 To have match’d our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reach’d the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
 “She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush and scaur;
 They’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young Lochinvar.

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

(*Marmion*, V.)

Poetry of the XIXth Century.

16. William Wordsworth.

(1770 – 1850.)

1. *We are Seven.* (1798.)

A simple child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl;
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
—Her beauty made me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?”
“How many? Seven in all,” she said,
And wondering looked at me.

“And where are they? I pray you tell.”
She answered, “Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?"

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was little Jane;
 In bed she moaning lay,
 Till God released her of her pain;
 And then she went away.

So in the churchyard she was laid;
 And when the grass was dry,
 Together round her grave we played,
 My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow,
 And I could run and slide,
 My brother John was forced to go,
 And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I,
 "If they two are in Heaven?"
 The little maiden did reply,
 "O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
 Their spirits are in Heaven!"
 'Twas throwing words away: for still
 The little maid would have her will,
 And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

2. *Lucy*. (1799.)

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

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

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

3. Upon Westminster Bridge, Sept. 3. 1802.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty:
 This City now doth like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky,—
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!

The river glideth at his own sweet will:
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

4. *The Solitary Reaper.*

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

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
 More welcome notes to weary bands
 Of travellers in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian sands:
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

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

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending;
 I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending; —
 I listened, motionless and still;
 And, as I mounted up the hill,

The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

5. She was a Phantom of Delight. (1804.)

SHE was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death:
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;

A perfect Woman, nobly plann'd
 To warn, to comfort, and command;
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright,
 With something of an angel-light.

6. *Schill. (1809.)*

BRAVE Schill! by death delivered, take thy flight
 From Prussia's timid region. Go, and rest
 With heroes, 'mid the islands of the Blest,
 Or in the fields of empyrean light.

A meteor wert thou crossing a dark night;
 Yet shall thy name, conspicuous and sublime,
 Stand in the spacious firmament of time,
 Fixed as a star: such glory is thy right.

Alas! it may not be: for earthly fame
 Is Fortune's frail dependent; yet there lives
 A Judge who, as man claims by merit, gives;

To whose all-pondering mind a noble aim,
 Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed;
 In whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed.

7. *Hoffer. (1809.)*

Of mortal parents is the Hero born
 By whom the undaunted Tyrolese are led?
 Or is it Tell's great Spirit, from the dead
 Returned to animate an age forlorn?

He comes like Phoebus through the gates of morn
 When dreary darkness is discomfited,
 Yet mark his modest state! upon his head,
 That simple crest, a heron's plume, is worn.

O Liberty! they stagger at the shock
 From van to rear—and with one mind would flee.
 But half their host is buried:—rock on rock

Descends:—beneath this godlike Warrior, see!
 Hills, torrents, woods, embodied to bemock
 The Tyrant, and confound his cruelty.

8. *The World is too much with us.* (1836.)

The World is too much with us; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
 The winds that will be howling at all hours
 And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers,
 For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;

It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,—
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,

Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

(*The Poetical Works* of W. Wordsworth
 ed. by William Michael Rossetti.)

17. Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

(1772–1834.)

1. *Hymn before Sunrise, in the Vale of Chamouni.*

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star
 In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
 On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
 The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently! Around thee and above
 Deep in the air and dark, substantial, black,
 An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
 As with a wedge! But when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity!
 O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
 So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
 Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy:
 Till the dilating Soul, enwrapt, transfused,
 Into the mighty vision passing—there
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
 Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
 Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
 Voice of sweet song! Awake, my Heart, awake!
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the Vale!
 O struggling with the darkness all the night,
 And visited all night by troops of stars,
 Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:
 Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
 Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
 Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth?
 Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
 Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
 Who called you forth from night and utter death,
 From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged Rocks,
 For ever shattered and the same for ever?
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
 And who commanded (and the silence came):
 "Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest"?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
 Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
 Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
 Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
 God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer! and let the ice-plains echo: God!
 God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!

And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder: God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth: God! and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upwards from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the Earth!
Though kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

2. *Frost at Midnight.* (1798.)

THE frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind. The owl's cry
Came loud—and hark, again! loud as before.
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude, which suits

Abstruser musings: save that at my side
 My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
 'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
 And vexes meditation with its strange
 And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,
 This populous village! Sea, and hill, and wood,
 With all the numberless goings on of life
 Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame
 Lies on my low burnt fire, and quivers not;
 Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
 Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
 Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
 Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
 Making it a companionable form,
 Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit
 By its own moods interprets, everywhere
 Echo or mirror seeking of itself
 And makes a toy of Thought.

But O! how oft,
 How oft, at school, with most believing mind,
 Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
 To watch that fluttering *stranger!* and as oft
 With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
 Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-tower,
 Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
 From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day,
 So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me
 With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
 Most like articulate sounds of things to come!
 So gazed I, till the soothing things I dreamt
 Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams!
 And so I brooded all the following morn,
 Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
 Fixed with mock study on my swimming book:

Save if the door half opened, and I snatched
 A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up,
 For still I hoped to see the stranger's face,
 Townsman, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
 My playmate when we both were clothed alike!

Dear babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
 Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
 Fill up the interspersed vacancies
 And momentary pauses of the thought!
 My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
 With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
 And think that thou shalt learn far other lore
 And in far other scenes! For I was reared
 In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
 And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
 But thou, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
 By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
 Of ancient mountains, and beneath the clouds,
 Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
 And mountain crags: so shall thou see and hear
 The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
 Of that eternal language, which thy God
 Utters, who from eternity doth teach
 Himself in all, and all things in himself.
 Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
 Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
 Whether the summer clothe the general earth
 With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
 Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
 Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
 Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eve-drops fall
 Heard only in the trances of the blast,

Or if the secret ministry of frost
 Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
 Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

3. From "*France—an Ode*". (1798.)

I.

WHEN France in wrath her giant limbs upreared,
 And with that oath, which smote air, earth, and sea,
 Stamped her strong foot, and said she would be free,
 Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared!
 With what a joy my lofty gratulation
 Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band:
 And when to whelm the disenchanted nation,
 Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,
 The Monarchs marched in evil day,
 And Britain joined the dire array;
 Though dear her shores and circling ocean,
 Though many friendships, many youthful loves
 Had swol'n the patriot emotion
 And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves;
 Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat
 To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,
 And shame too long delayed and vain retreat!
 For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
 I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy flame;
 But blessed the paeans of delivered France,
 And hung my head and wept at Britain's name.

II.

Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those dreams!
 I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
 From bleak Helvetia's icy cavern sent—
 I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained streams!
 Heroes, that for your peaceful country perished,
 And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain-snows
 With bleeding wounds; forgive me, that I cherished
 One thought that ever blessed your cruel foes!
 To scatter rage, and traitorous guilt,
 Where Peace her jealous home had built;
 A patriot-race to disinherit
 Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear;
 And with inexpiable spirit
 To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer—
 O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous, blind,
 And patriot only in pernicious toils,
 Are these thy boasts, Champion of human kind?
 To mix with Kings in the low lust of sway,
 Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous prey;
 To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
 From freemen torn; to tempt and to betray?

4. *Sonnet to the Author of "The Robbers."*

SCHILLER! that hour I would have wished to die,
 If through the shuddering midnight I had sent
 From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent
 That fearful voice, a famished Father's cry—

Lest in some after moment aught more mean
 Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout
 Black Horror screamed, and all her goblin rout
 Diminished shrunk from the more withering scene.

Ah! Bard tremendous in sublimity!
 Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood
 Wandering at eve with finely frenzied eye

Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood!
 Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood:
 Then weep aloud in a wild ecstasy!

(*The Poems* of S. T. Coleridge, London 1884.)

18. Robert Southey.
 (1774–1843.)

1. After Blenheim.

IT was a summer evening,
 Old Kaspar's work was done,
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun;
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round
 Which he beside the rivulet
 In playing there had found;
 He came to ask what he had found
 That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
 Who stood expectant by;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And with a natural sigh
 "Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
 "Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
 For there's many here about;
 And often when I go to plough
 The ploughshare turns them out.
 For many thousand men," said he,
 "Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
 Young Peterkin he cries;
 And little Wilhelmine looks up
 With wonder-waiting eyes;
 "Now tell us all about the war,
 And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
 "Who put the French to rout;
 But what they fought each other for
 I could not well make out.
 But every body said," quoth he,
 "That 'twas a famous victory."

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by;
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly:
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head."

"With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide,
 And many a childing mother then
 And newborn baby died:
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory."

"They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won;
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun:
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won
 And our good Prince Eugene;"
 "Why 'twas a very wicked thing!"
 Said little Wilhelmine;
 "Nay .. nay .. my little girl," quoth he,
 "It was a famous victory.

"And every body praised the Duke
 Who this great fight did win."
 "But what good came of it at last?"
 Quoth little Peterkin:—
 "Why that I cannot tell," said he,
 "But 'twas a famous victory."

(Palgrave, *Golden Treasury*.)

19. Thomas Campbell.

(1777 – 1844)

1. *Ye Mariners of England*.

YE Mariners of England
 That guard our native seas!
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze!
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe:

And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave—
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And Ocean was their grave:
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long
 And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep;
 Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from, her native oak
 She quells the floods below—
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow;
 When the battle rages loud and long
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn;
 Till danger's troubled night depart
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow;

When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

2. Hohenlinden.

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

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

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riv'n,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driv'n,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

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

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

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

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

3. The Soldier's Dream.

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd.
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
 At the dead of the night a sweet Vision I saw;
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
 Far, far, I had roam'd on a desolate track:
 'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part;

My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay—stay with us!—rest! thou art weary and worn!"—
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

(*The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell*
ed. by W. A. Hill, London 1875.)

20. Thomas Moore.
(1779–1852.)

1. Oh! breathe not his name.

OH! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

(*Irish Melodies*, Nr. I.)

2. The Harp that once through Tara's halls.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er,
 And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
 Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells:
 The chord alone, that breaks at night,
 Its tale of ruin tells.
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,
 To show that still she lives.

(Irish Melodies, Nr. I.)

3. Let Erin remember the days of old.

LET Erin remember the days of old,
 Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
 When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
 Which he won from the proud invader,
 When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd
 Led the Red-Branch knights to danger,
 Ere the emerald gem of the western world
 Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
 When the clear, cold eve's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days,
 In the wave beneath him shining;
 Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
 Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
 For the long-faded glories they cover.

(Irish Melodies, Nr. II.)

4. *'Tis the last rose of summer.*

'Tis the last rose of summer
 Left blooming alone;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rosebud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 To pine on the stem;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go sleep thou with them.
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away!
 When true hearts lie withered
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone?

(*Irish Melodies*, Nr. V.)

5. *The Minstrel-Boy.*

THE Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.—
 "Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
 "Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under;
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder;
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery!
 Thy songs were made for the brave and free,
 They shall never sound in slavery!"

(*Irish Melodies*, Nr. V.)

6. *Those Evening Bells.*

Air: The Bells of St. Petersburg.

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
 How many a tale their music tells,
 Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
 When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are past away!
 And many a heart, that then was gay,
 Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
 And hears no more those evening bells!

And so 'twill be when I am gone;
 That tuneful peal will still ring on,
 While other bards shall walk these dells,
 And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

(*National Airs*, Nr. I.)

7. Oft, in the stilly night.

I.

OFT, in the stilly night.

Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond Mem'ry brings the light
 Of other days around me;
 The smiles, the tears
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken;
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimm'd and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken!
 Thus in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me.
 Sad Mem'ry brings the light
 Of other days around me.

II.

When I remember all
 The friends, so link'd together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather;
 I feel like one,
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet-hall deserted,

Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garland's dead,
 And all but he departed!
 Thus, in the stilly night,
 Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad Mem'ry brings the light
 Of other days around me.

(*National Airs*, Nr. I.)

8. *Thou art, o God.*

THOU art, O God! the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from Thee.
 Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
 Among the opening clouds of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into Heaven;—
 Those hues, that make the sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes;—
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;

And every flower the summer wreathes
 Is born beneath that kindling eye.
 Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine.

(*Sacred Songs.*)

21. Lord Byron, George Gordon Noel.
 (1788 – 1824.)

1. Childe Harold's Adieu to his Native Land.

“ADIEU, adieu! my native shore
 Fades o'er the waters blue;
 The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
 And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
 Yon Sun that sets upon the sea
 We follow in his flight;
 Farewell awhile to him and thee,
 My native Land—Good Night!

“A few short hours and He will rise
 To give the Morrow birth;
 And I shall hail the main and skies,
 But not my mother Earth.
 Deserted is my own good Hall,
 Its hearth is desolate;
 Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
 My Dog howls at the gate.

“Come hither, hither, my little page!
 Why dost thou weep and wail?
 Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,
 Or tremble at the gale?

But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
 Our ship is swift and strong:
 Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
 More merrily along."

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
 I fear not wave nor wind;
 Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
 Am sorrowful in mind;
 For I have from my father gone,
 A mother whom I love,
 And have no friend, save these alone,
 But thee—and One above.

"My father bless'd me fervently,
 Yet did not much complain;
 But sorely will my mother sigh
 Till I come back again." —
 "Enough, enough, my little lad!
 Such tears become thine eye;
 If I thy guileless bosom had,
 Mine own would not be dry.

"Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,
 Why dost thou look so pale?
 Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
 Or shiver at the gale?"
 "Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
 Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
 But thinking on an absent wife
 Will blanch a faithful cheek.

"My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
 Along the bordering lake,

And when they on their father call,
 What answer shall she make?"

"Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
 Thy grief let none gainsay;
 But I, who am of lighter mood,
 Will laugh to flee away.

"For who would trust the seeming sighs
 Of wife or paramour?
 Fresh feeres will dry the bright blue eyes
 We late saw streaming o'er.
 For pleasures past I do not grieve
 Nor perils gathering near;
 My greatest grief is that I leave
 No thing that claims a tear.

"And now I'm in the world alone,
 Upon the wide, wide sea:
 But why should I for others groan,
 When none will sigh for me?
 Perchance my Dog will whine in vain,
 Till fed by stranger hands;
 But long ere I come back again,
 He'd tear me where he stands.

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
 Athwart the foaming brine;
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
 So not again to mine.
 Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves!
 And when you fail my sight,
 Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
 My native Land—Good Night!"

(Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto I.)

2. *The Night before the Battle of Waterloo.*

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

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

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

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;

And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

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

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

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

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
 Battle's magnificently-stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!
 (*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto III, Str. 21 – 28.)

3. *The Rhine.*

THE castled crag of Drachenfels
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
 Whose breast of waters broadly swells
 Between the banks which bear the vine,
 And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
 And fields which promise corn and wine,
 And scattered cities crowning these,
 Whose far white walls along them shine,
 Have strewed a scene, which I should see
 With double joy wert thou with me.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
 And hands which offer early flowers,
 Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
 Above, the frequent feudal towers
 Through green leaves lift their walls of gray;
 And many a rock which steeply lowers,
 And noble arch in proud decay,
 Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
 But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—
 Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

I send the lilies given to me;
 Though long before thy hand they touch,
 I know that they must withered be,
 But yet reject them not as such;
 For I have cherished them as dear,
 Because they yet may meet thine eye,
 And guide thy soul to mine even here,
 When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
 And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
 And offered from my heart to thine!

The river nobly foams and flows,
 The charm of this enchanted ground,
 And all its thousand turns disclose
 Some fresher beauty varying round:
 The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
 Through life to dwell delighted here;
 Nor could on earth a spot be found
 To nature and to me so dear,
 Could thy dear eyes in following mine
 Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

(*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto III, Str. 55.)

4. *The Bridge of Sighs in Venice.*

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
 A palace and a prison on each hand:
 I saw from out the wave her structures rise
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
 A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
 Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
 O'er the far times, when many a subject land
 Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
 Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
 Rising with her tiara of proud towers
 At airy distance, with majestic motion,
 A ruler of the waters and their powers:
 And such she was; her daughters had their dowers
 From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
 Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
 In purple was she robed, and of her feast
 Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
 And silent rows the songless gondolier;
 Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
 And music meets not always now the ear:
 Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.
 States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,
 Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
 The pleasant place of all festivity,
 The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
 Her name in story, and her long array
 Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
 Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway;
 Ours is a trophy which will not decay
 With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
 And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away—
 The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
 For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

The beings of the mind are not of clay;
 Essentially immortal, they create
 And multiply in us a brighter ray
 And more beloved existence: that which Fate
 Prohibits to dull life, in this our state

Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied,
 First exiles, then replaces what we hate;
 Watering the heart whose early flowers have died,
 And with a fresher growth replenishing the void.

(*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, IV. 1–5.)

5. *The Isles of Greece.*

THE Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!

Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of War and Peace,
 Where Delos rose, and Phoebus sprung!
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their Sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,

The Hero's harp, the Lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse:
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your Sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—

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

A King sate on the rocky brow

Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations;—all were his!
 He counted them at break of day—
 And, when the Sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
 My Country? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—
 The heroic bosom beats no more!
 And must thy Lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine?

'T is something, in the dearth of Fame,
 Though linked among a fettered race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
 For what is left the poet here?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
 Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
 Earth! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylae!

What, silent still? and silent all?
 Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, "Let one living head,
 But one arise,—we come, we come!"
 'T is but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
 Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
 How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—
 Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 We will not think of themes like these!
 It made Anacreon's song divine:
 He served—but served Polycrates—
 A Tyrant; but our masters then
 Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The Tyrant of the Chersonese
 Was Freedom's best and bravest friend;
 That tyrant was Miltiades!
 Oh! that the present hour would lend
 Another despot of the kind!
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
 Exists the remnant of a line
 Such as the Doric mothers bore;
 And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
 The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
 They have a king who buys and sells;
 In native swords, and native ranks,
 The only hope of courage dwells;
 But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
 Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
 I see their glorious black eyes shine;
 But gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!
 (Song from *Don Juan*, Canto III.)

6. *She walks in Beauty.*

SHE walks in Beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
 Thus mellowed to that tender light
 Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
 Had half impaired the nameless grace
 Which waves in every raven tress,
 Or softly lightens o'er her face;
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,

The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 But tell of days in goodness spent,
 A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent!

(*Hebrew Melodies*, I.)

7. *Vision of Belshazzar.*

The King was on his throne,
 The Satraps thronged the hall;
 A thousand bright lamps shone
 O'er that high festival.
 A thousand cups of gold,
 In Judah deemed divine—
 Jehovah's vessels hold
 The godless Heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall,
 The fingers of a hand
 Came forth against the wall,
 And wrote as if on sand:
 The fingers of a man;—
 A solitary hand
 Along the letters ran,
 And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
 And bade no more rejoice;
 And bloodless waxed his look,
 All tremulous his voice.
 "Let the men of lore appear,
 The wisest of the earth,
 And expound the words of fear,
 Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldea's seers are good,
 But here they have no skill;
 And the unknown letters stood
 Untold and awful still.
 And Babel's men of age
 Are wise and deep in lore;
 But now they were not sage,
 They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
 A stranger and a youth,
 He heard the king's command,
 He saw that writing's truth.
 The lamps around were bright,
 The prophecy in view;
 He read it on that night,—
 The morrow proved it true.

“Belshazzar's grave is made,
 His kingdom passed away,
 He, in the balance weighed,
 Is light and worthless clay.
 The shroud, his robe of stale,
 His canopy, the stone;
 The Mede is at his gate!
 The Persian on his throne!”

(*Hebrew Melodies*, XVI.)

8. *The Destruction of Sennacherib.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

9. *Fare thee well.*

FARE thee well! and if for ever,
 Still for ever, fare *thee well*;
 Even though unforgiving, never
 'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee,
 Where thy head so oft hath lain,
 While that placid sleep came o'er thee
 Which thou ne'er canst know again:

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
 Every inmost thought could show!
 Then thou wouldst at last discover
 'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee—
 Though it smile upon the blow,
 Even its praises must offend thee,
 Founded on another's woe:

Although my many faults defaced me,
 Could no other arm be found
 Than the one which once embraced me,
 To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not:
 Love may sink by slow decay,
 But by sudden wrench, believe not
 Hearts can thus be torn away;

Still thine own its life retaineth—
 Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
 And the undying thought which paineth
 Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
 Than the wail above the dead;
 Both shall live, but every morrow
 Wake us from a widowed bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,
 When our child's first accents flow,
 Wilt thou teach her to say 'Father!'
 Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee,
 When her lip to thine is pressed,
 Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
 Think of him thy love had blessed!

Should her lineaments resemble
 Those thou never more mayst see,
 Then thy heart will softly tremble
 With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,
 All my madness none can know;
 All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
 Wither—yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken,
 Pride, which not a world could bow,
 Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
 Even my soul forsakes me now:

But 'tis done—all words are idle—
 Words from me are vainer still;
 But the thoughts we cannot bridle
 Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well!—thus disunited,
 Torn from every nearer tie;
 Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted,
 More than this I scarce can die.

10. *Lord Byron's last lines.*

Missolonghi, Jan. 22, 1824.

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
 Since others it hath ceased to move:
 Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
 Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
 The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
 The worm, the canker, and the grief
 Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
 Is lone as some volcanic isle;
 No torch is kindled at its blaze—
 A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
 The exalted portion of the pain
 And power of love, I cannot share,
 But wear the chain.

But 'tis not thus—and 'tis not here—
 Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor now,
 Where glory decks the hero's bier,
 Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
 Glory and Greece, around me see!
 The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
 Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she is awake!)
 Awake, my spirit! Think through whom
 Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
 And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
 Unworthy manhood!—unto thee
 Indifferent should the smile or frown
 Of beauty be.

If thou regret'st thy youth, why live?
 The land of honourable death
 Is here:—up to the field, and give
 Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
 A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
 Then look around, and choose thy ground,
 And take thy rest.

(*The Works of Lord Byron, Albion Edit.*)

22. Percy Bysshe Shelley.

(1792–1822.)

1. *Ode to the West Wind.* (1819.)

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
 Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes! O thou
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
 The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until
 Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow
 Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
 With living hues and odours plain and hill:
 Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
 Destroyer and Preserver; Hear, oh hear!

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
 Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,
 Angels of rain and lightning! there are spread
 On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
 Of some fierce Maenad, ev'n from the dim verge
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height —
 The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
 Of the dying year, to which this closing night
 Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
 Vaulted with all thy congregated might
 Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
 Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: Oh hear!

Thou who didst waken from his summer-dreams
 The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
 Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,
 Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
 And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
 Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
 All overgrown with azure moss, and flowers
 So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
 For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
 Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
 The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
 The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
 Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear
 And tremble and despoil themselves: Oh hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
 If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
 A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
 The impulse of thy strenght, only less free
 Than Thou, O uncontrollable! If even

I were as in my boyhood, and could be
 The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
 As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
 Scarce seem'd a vision,—I would ne'er have striven
 As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
 Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
 I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
 A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
 One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, ev'n as the forest is:
 What if my leaves are falling like its own!
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
 Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
 Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
 My spirit! be thou me, impetuous one!
 Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
 Like wither'd leaves, to quicken a new birth;
 And, by the incantation of this verse,
 Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
 Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
 Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth
 The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

2. To a Skylark. (1820.)

HAIL to thee, blithe Spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest,
 Like a cloud of fire,
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun
 O'er which clouds are brightening,
 Thou dost float and run,
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of heaven
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight:

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not;
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody;—

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its aerial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embower'd
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflower'd,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awaken'd flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine:
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal
 Or triumphal chaunt
 Match'd with thine, would be all
 But an empty vaunt—
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be:
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee:
 Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not:
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now!

3. To Night. (1821.)

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
 Spirit of Night!
 Out of the misty eastern cave
 Where, all the long and lone daylight,
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
 Which make thee terrible and dear,—
 Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray
 Star-inwrought;
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
 Kiss her until she be wearied out:
 Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
 Touching all with thine opiate wand—
 Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
 I sigh'd for thee;
 When light rode high, and the dew was gone.
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,

And the weary Day turn'd to his rest
 Lingering like an unloved guest,
 I sigh'd for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried
 Wouldst thou me?
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
 Murmur'd like a noon-tide bee
 Shall I nestle near thy side?
 Wouldst thou me?—And I replied
 No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon—
 Sleep will come when thou art fled;
 Of neither would I ask the boon
 I ask of thee, beloved Night—
 Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon!

(Shelley's *Poetical Works*
 ed. Prof. Dowden, 1890.)

23. John Keats. (1795–1821.)

1. *A Thing of Beauty is a Joy for ever.* (1818.)

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever:
 Its loveliness increases; it will never
 Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
 Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing

A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
 Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
 Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
 For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
 With the green world they live in; and clear rills
 That for themselves a cooling covert make
 'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
 And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
 We have imagined for the mighty dead;
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read;
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
 For one short hour; no, even as the trees
 That whisper round a temple become soon
 Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
 The passion poesy, glories infinite,
 Haunt us till they become a cheering light
 Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
 That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
 They alway must be with us, or we die.

(From *Endymion* I, v. 1–33.)

2. *When I have Fears that I may cease to be.*
Sonnet. (1818.)

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be
 Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
 Before high-piled books, in characterly,
 Hold like rich garnerers the full ripen'd grain;

When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
 And think that I may never live to trace
 Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance:

And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,
 That I shall never look upon thee more,
 Never have relish in the faery power
 Of unreflecting love;—then on the shore

Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
 Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

3. *Ode to a Nightingale. (1819.)*

MY heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thine happiness,—
 That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
 O for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stained mouth;
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-ey'd despairs,
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
 Already with thee! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
 Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,

But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown:
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.

Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades:
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

4. La Belle Dame sans Merci. (1820.)

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

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
 So haggard and so woe-begone?
 The squirrel's granary is full,
 And the harvest's done.

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

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

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

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

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

She took me to her elfin grot,
 And there she gaz'd and sighed deep,
 And there I shut her wild sad eyes—
 So kiss'd to sleep.

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

I saw pale kings, and princes too,
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
 Who cry'd—"La belle Dame sans merci
 Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starv'd lips in the gloam
 With horrid warning gaped wide,
 And I awoke, and found me here
 On the cold hill side.

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

5. *Ode on a Grecian Urn.* (1820.)

THOU still unravish'd bride of quietness,
 Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
 What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
 What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
 What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
 Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,
 For ever piping songs for ever new;
 More happy love! more happy, happy love!
 For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
 For ever panting, and for ever young;
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
 What little town by river or sea shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shall remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st.
 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

(Keats' *Poetical Works*,
 ed. by T. F. Palgrave, 1901.)

24. Charles Wolfe. (1791 – 1823.)

The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*.)

25. Thomas Hood.

(1799–1845.)

1. *The Song of the Shirt.* (December 1843.)

WITH fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch—stitch—stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
 She sang the “Song of the Shirt!”

“Work—work—work!
 While the cock is crowing aloof;
 And work—work—work
 Till the stars shine through the roof!
 It’s O! to be a slave
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
 Where woman has never a soul to save,
 If this is Christian work!

“Work—work—work
 Till the brain begins to swim;
 Work—work—work
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
 Seam, and gusset, and band,—
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in a dream!

“O! men with Sisters dear!
 O! men with Mothers and Wives!

It is not linen you're wearing out,
 But human creatures' lives!
 Stitch—stitch—stitch,
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 Sewing at once with a double thread,
 A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

“But why do I talk of Death!
 That phantom of grisly bone,
 I hardly fear his terrible shape,
 It seems so like my own—
 It seems so like my own,
 Because of the fasts I keep;
 Oh God! that bread should be so dear,
 And flesh and blood so cheap!

“Work—work—work!
 My labour never flags;
 And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
 A crust of bread—and rags.
 That shattered roof,—and this naked floor,—
 A table,—a broken chair,—
 And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
 For sometimes falling there.

“Work—work—work!
 From weary chime to chime,
 Work—work—work
 As prisoners work for crime!
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
 As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work,
 In the dull December light,
 And work—work—work,
 When the weather is warm and bright—
 While underneath the eaves
 The brooding swallows cling,
 As if to show me their sunny backs
 And twit me with the Spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
 With the sky above my head,
 And the grass beneath my feet,
 For only one short hour
 To feel as I used to feel,
 Before I knew the woes of want
 And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!
 A respite however brief!
 No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
 But only time for Grief!
 A little weeping would ease my heart,
 But in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch—stitch—stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
 Would that its tone could reach the Rich!
 She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

2. *The Death Bed.*

WE watch'd her breathing through the night,
 Her breathing soft and low,
 As in her breast the wave of life
 Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,
 So slowly moved about,
 As we had lent her half our powers
 To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
 Our fears our hopes belied —
 We thought her dying when she slept,
 And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
 And chill with early showers,
 Her quiet eyelids closed — she had
 Another morn than ours.

3. *I Remember, I Remember.*

I REMEMBER, I remember,
 The house where I was born,
 The little window where the sun
 Came peeping in at morn;
 He never came a wink too soon,
 Nor brought too long a day,
 But now, I often wish the night
 Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,
 The roses, red and white,
 The violets, and the lily-cups,
 Those flowers made of light!
 The lilacs where the robin built,
 And where my brother set
 The laburnum on his birth-day,—
 The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
 Where I was used to swing,
 And thought the air must rush as fresh
 To swallows on the wing;
 My spirit flew in feathers then,
 That is so heavy now,
 And summer pools could hardly cool
 The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
 The fir trees dark and high;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky:
 It was a childish ignorance,
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm farther off from Heav'n
 Than when I was a boy.

(Thomas Hood's *Poetical Works*
 ed. W. M. Rossetti.)

26. Felicia Hemans.

(1794–1835.)

1. *Casabianca*.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
 Whence all but him had fled;
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
 As born to rule the storm;
 A creature of heroic blood,
 A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go,
 Without his father's word;
 That father, faint in death below,
 His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud—“Say, father, say
 If yet my task is done?”
 He knew not that the chieftain lay
 Unconscious of his son.

“Speak, father!” once again he cried,
 “If I may yet be gone!”
 —And but the booming shots replied,
 And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
 And in his waving hair;
 And look'd from that lone post of death,
 In still, yet brave despair:

And shouted but once more aloud,
 "My father! must I stay?"
 While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud
 The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
 They caught the flag on high,
 And stream'd above the gallant child,
 Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
 The boy—oh! where was he?
 —Ask of the winds that far around
 With fragments strew'd the sea!

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
 That well had borne their part—
 But the noblest thing that perish'd there,
 Was that young faithful heart.

2. The Homes of England.

THE stately homes of England,
 How beautiful they stand,
 Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
 O'er all the pleasant land!
 The deer across their greensward bound
 Through shade and sunny gleam,
 And the swan glides past them with the sound
 Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England—
 Around their hearths by night,
 What gladsome looks of household love
 Meet in the ruddy light!

There woman's voice flows forth in song,
 Or childhood's tale is told;
 Or lips move tunefully along
 Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England,
 How softly on their bowers,
 Is laid the holy quietness
 That breathes from Sabbath hours!
 Solemn, yet sweet, the church bells' chime
 Floats through their woods at morn,
 All other sounds in that still time
 Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England
 By thousands on her plains,
 They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
 And round the hamlet fanes.
 Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
 Each from its nook of leaves,
 And fearless there the lowly sleep,
 As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free fair homes of England,
 Long, long, in hut and hall,
 May hearts of native proof be reared
 To guard each hallowed wall.
 And green for ever be the groves,
 And bright the flowery sod,
 Where first the child's glad spirit loves
 Its country and its God.

(Mrs. Hemans' *Poetical Works*
 ed. W. M. Rossetti.)

27. Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay.
(1800–1859.)

Ivry. A Song of the Huguenots. (1824.)

Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant land
of France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war.
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand!
And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Goligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the
King!"

“And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
 For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
 Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
 And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre.”

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
 Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
 The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
 With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
 Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
 Charge for the Golden Lilies—upon them with the lance!
 A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
 A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white
 crest;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his
 rein.

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.
 Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
 The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven
 mail;

And then, we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
 “Remember St. Bartholomew” was passed from man to man;
 But out spake gentle Henry, “No Frenchman is my foe:
 Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go.”
 Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
 As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day:
 And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
 But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;
 And the good Lord of Rosny has ta'en the cornet white.
 Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
 The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.

Up with it high; unfurl it wide, that all the host may know
 How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His
 Church such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of
 war,
 Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
 Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy mexican pistoles,
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's
 souls!

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
 Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!
 For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the
 slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.
 Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
 And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre!

(Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*.)

28. Alfred Tennyson.

(1809–1892.)

1. *The Lady of Shalott.*

Part I.

On either side the river lie
 Long fields of barley and of rye,
 That clothe the wold and meet the sky:
 And thro' the field the road runs by
 To many-tower'd Camelot.

And up and down the people go,
 Gazing where the lilies blow
 Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
 Little breezes dusk and shiver
 Thro' the wave that runs for ever
 By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.
 Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
 Overlook a space of flowers,
 And the silent isle imbowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
 Slide the heavy barges trail'd
 By slow horses; and unhail'd
 The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
 Skimming down to Camelot:
 But who hath seen her wave her hand?
 Or at the casement seen her stand?
 Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
 In among the bearded barley,
 Hear a song that echoes cheerly
 From the river winding clearly,
 Down to tower'd Camelot:
 And by the moon the reaper weary,
 Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
 Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott."

Part II.

There she weaves by night and day
 A magic web with colours gay.
 She has heard a whisper say,
 A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.
 She knows not what the curse may be,
 And so she weaveth steadily,
 And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
 That hangs before her all the year,
 Shadows of the world appear.
 There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot:
 There the river eddy whirls,
 And there the surly village-churls,
 And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
 An abbot on an ambling pad,
 Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
 Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
 And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
 The knights come riding two and two:
 She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
 To weave the mirror's magic sights,

For often thro' the silent nights
 A funeral, with plumes and lights
 And music, went to Camelot:
 Or when the moon was overhead,
 Came two young lovers lately wed;
 "I am half sick of shadows," said
 The Lady of Shalott.

Part III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
 He rode between the barley-sheaves,
 The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
 And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.
 A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
 To a lady in his shield,
 That sparkled on the yellow field,
 Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
 Like to some branch of stars we see
 Hung in the golden Galaxy.
 The bridle bells rang merrily
 As he rode down to Camelot:
 And from his blazon'd baldric slung
 A mighty silver bugle hung,
 And as he rode his armour rung,
 Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
 Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
 The helmet and the helmet-feather
 Burn'd like one burning flame to-gether,
 As he rode down to Camelot.

As often thro' the purple night,
 Below the starry clusters bright,
 Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
 Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
 On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
 From underneath his helmet flow'd
 His coal-black curls as on he rode,
 As he rode down to Camelot.
 From the bank and from the river
 He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
 "Tirra lirra," by the river
 Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
 She made three paces thro' the room,
 She saw the water-lily bloom,
 She saw the helmet and the plume,
 She look'd down to Camelot.
 Out flew the web and floated wide;
 The mirror crack'd from side to side;
 "The curse is come upon me," cried
 The Lady of Shalott.

Part IV.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
 The pale yellow woods were waning,
 The broad stream in his banks complaining,
 Heavily the low sky raining
 Over tower'd Camelot;
 Down she came and found a boat
 Beneath a willow left afloat,
 And round about the prow she wrote
 The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
 Like some bold seer in a trance,
 Seeing all his own mischance—
 With a glassy countenance
 Did she look to Camelot.
 And at the closing of the day
 She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
 The broad stream bore her far away,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
 That loosely flew to left and right—
 The leaves upon her falling light—
 Thro' the noises of the night
 She floated down to Camelot:
 And as the boat-head wound along
 The willowy hills and fields among,
 They heard her singing her last song,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
 Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
 Till her blood was frozen slowly,
 And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
 Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
 For ere she reach'd upon the tide
 The first house by the water-side,
 Singing in her song she died,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
 By garden-wall and gallery,
 A gleaming shape she floated by,
 Dead-pale between the houses high
 Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,
 Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
 And round the prow they read her name,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
 And in the lighted palace near
 Died the sound of royal cheer;
 And they cross'd themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot:
 But Lancelot mused a little space;
 He said, "She has a lovely face;
 God in his mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."

(*Poems*, 1832.)

2. *Dora*.

WITH farmer Allan at the farm abode
 William and Dora. William was his son,
 And she his niece. He often looked at them,
 And often thought, "I'll make them man and wife."
 Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
 And yearned towards William; but the youth, because
 He had been always with her in the house,
 Thought not of Dora:

Then there came a day

When Allan called his son, and said: "My son,
 I married late, but I would wish to see
 My grandchild on my knees before I die:
 And I have set my heart upon a match.
 Now therefore look to Dora; she is well
 To look to; thrifty too, beyond her age.
 She is my brother's daughter: he and I

Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
 In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred
 His daughter Dora: take her for your wife;
 For I have wished this marriage, night and day,
 For many years." But William answered short:
 "I cannot marry Dora! by my life,
 I will not marry Dora." Then the old man
 Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said:
 "You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!
 But in my time a father's word was law,
 And so it shall be now for me. Look to it;
 Consider, William; take a month to think,
 And let me have an answer to my wish;
 Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
 And never more darken my doors again!"
 But William answered madly; bit his lips,
 And broke away. The more he looked at her
 The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;
 But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
 The month was out he left his father's house,
 And hired himself to work within the fields;
 And half in love, half spite, he wooed and wed
 A labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan called
 His niece and said: "My girl, I love you well;
 But if you speak with him that was my son,
 Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
 My home is none of yours. My will is law."
 And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
 "It cannot be: my uncle's mind will change."

And days went on, and there was born a boy
 To William; then distresses came on him;
 And day by day he passed his father's gate,

Heart-broken, and his father helped him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save,
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest-time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And looked with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said:
“I have obeyed my uncle until now,
And I have sinned, for it was all thro’ me
This evil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that’s gone,
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you:
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest: let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle’s eye
Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that’s gone.”

And Dora took the child, and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,

But her heart failed her; and the reapers reaped,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.
But when the morrow came, she rose and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound:
And made a little wreath of all the flowers

That grew about, and tied it round his hat
 To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
 Then when the farmer passed into the field
 He spied her, and he left his men at work.
 And came and said, "Where were you yesterday?
 Whose child is that? what are you doing here?"
 So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
 And answered softly, "This is William's child." —
 "And did I not," said Allan, "did I not
 Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again:
 "Do with me as you will, but take the child
 And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!"
 And Allan said, "I see it is a trick
 Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
 I must be taught my duty, and by you!
 You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
 To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy;
 But go you hence, and never see me more."

So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud
 And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
 At Dora's feet. She bowed upon her hands,
 And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
 More and more distant. She bowed down her head,
 Remembering the day when first she came,
 And all the things that had been. She bowed down
 And wept in secret; and the reapers reaped,
 And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
 Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
 Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
 To God, that helped her in her widowhood.
 And Dora said, "My uncle took the boy!
 But, Mary, let me live and work with you:

He says that he will never see me more.”
 Then answered Mary, “This shall never be,
 That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself:
 And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
 For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
 His mother; therefore thou and I will go,
 And I will have my boy, and bring him home;
 And I will beg of him to take thee back;
 But if he will not take thee back again,
 Then thou and I will live within one house,
 And work for William’s child, until he grows
 Of age to help us.”

So the women kissed
 Each other, and set out, and reached the farm.
 The door was off the latch; they peeped, and saw
 The boy set up betwixt his grandsire’s knees,
 Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
 And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
 Like one that loved him; and the lad stretched out
 And babbled for the golden seal, that hung
 From Allan’s watch, and sparkled by the fire.
 Then they came in; but when the boy beheld
 His mother, he cried out to come to her;
 And Allan set him down, and Mary said;

“O Father!—if you let me call you so—
 I never came a-begging for myself,
 Or William, or this child; but now I come
 For Dora: take her back; she loves you well.
 O Sir, when William died, he died at peace
 With all men; for I asked him, and he said,
 He could not ever rue his marrying me—
 I had been a patient wife: but, Sir, he said,
 That he was wrong to cross his father thus:
 ‘God bless him!’ he said, and ‘may he never know
 The troubles I have gone thro’!’ Then he turned

His face and passed—unhappy that I am!
 But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you
 Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
 His father's memory! and take Dora back,
 And let all this be as it was before."

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
 By Mary. There was silence in the room;
 And all at once the old man burst in sobs:—
 "I have been to blame—to blame! I have killed my son!
 I have killed him—but I loved him—my dear son!
 May God forgive me!—I have been to blame.
 Kiss me, my children."

Then they clung about
 The old man's neck, and kissed him many times.
 And all the man was broken with remorse;
 And all his love came back a hundredfold;
 And for three hours he sobbed o'er William's child,
 Thinking of William.

So those four abode
 Within one house together; and as years
 Went forward, Mary took another mate;
 But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

(From *English Idyls and Other Poems*, 1842.)

3. *Ulysses*.

It little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
 I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
 Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd

Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
 Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
 For always roaming with a hungry heart,
 Much have I seen and known: cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
 I am a part of all that I have met;
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
 Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
 For ever and for ever when I move.
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
 As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
 Were all to little, and of one to me
 Little remains: but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something more,
 A bringer of new things; and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
 Of common duties, decent not to fail
 In offices of tenderness, and pay

Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail,
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
"Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and Heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

(*Ib.*)

4. *The Passing of Arthur.*

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
 Among the mountains by the winter sea;
 Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
 Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their lord,
 King Arthur. Then, because his wound was deep,
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
 Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
 A broken chancel with a broken cross,
 That stood on a dark strait of barren land:
 On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
 Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
 "The sequel of to-day unsolders all
 The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
 Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
 They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
 Shall never more, at any future time,
 Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
 Walking about the gardens and the halls
 Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
 I perish by this people which I made,—
 Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
 To rule once more; but, let what will be, be,
 I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
 That without help I cannot last till morn.
 Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
 Which was my pride; for thou rememberest how
 In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
 Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 Holding the sword and how I row'd across
 And took it, and have worn it, like a king;

And, wheresoever I am sung or told
 In aftertime, this also shall be known:
 But now delay not: take Excalibur,
 And fling him far into the middle mere:
 Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word.”
 To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
 “It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
 Aidless, alone, and smitten thro’ the helm —
 A little thing may harm a wounded man;
 Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
 Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.”

So saying, from the ruin’d shrine he stept,
 And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
 Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
 Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
 Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
 By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
 Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
 And o’er him, drawing it; the winter moon,
 Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
 And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:
 For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
 Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
 Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
 That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood,
 This way and that dividing the swift mind,
 In act to throw: but at the last it seem’d
 Better to leave Excalibur conceal’d
 There in the many-knotted waterflags,
 That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
 So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
 “Hast thou perform’d my mission which I gave?
 What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?”

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
 "I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
 And the wild water lapping on the crag."
 To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
 "Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
 Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
 Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight:
 For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
 Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
 This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
 Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again,
 As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
 I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
 Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
 Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;
 But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
 How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
 His palms together, and he cried aloud:
 "And if indeed I cast the brand away,
 Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
 Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
 Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
 What good should follow this, if this were done?
 What harm, undone? Deep harm to disobey,
 Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
 Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
 An act unprofitable, against himself?
 The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
 What record, or what relic of my lord
 Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
 And rumours of a doubt? But were this kept,
 Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
 Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
 Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,

Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
 Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
 Upon the hidden bases of the hills.
 So might some old man speak in the aftertime
 To all the people, winning reverence.
 But now much honour and much fame were lost.”

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
 And hid Excalibur the second time,
 And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
 “What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?”

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
 “I heard the water lapping on the crag,
 And the long ripple washing in the reeds.”

To whom replied King Arthur much in wrath:
 “Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
 Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
 Authority forgets a dying king,
 Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
 That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
 For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
 In whom should meet the offices of all,
 Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
 Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
 Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
 Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
 And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:
 But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
 I will arise and slay thee with my hands.”

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
 And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
 Among the bulrush beds, and clutch'd the sword,
 And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
 Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
 And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,

Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
 Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
 By night, with noises of the Northern Sea.
 So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:
 But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
 And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
 'Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
 Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
 'Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
 Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
 Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
 Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
 So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
 Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
 But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere.'

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
 'My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
 Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
 And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
 My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.'

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
 Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
 And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
 As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
 Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
 And would have spoken, but he found not words;
 Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,

O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, 'Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die.'

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold: and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, 'Place me in the barge.'
So to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,

And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
 And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
 And dropping bitter tears against a brow
 Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
 And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
 Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
 And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
 Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
 That made his forehead like a rising sun
 High from the daïs-throne—were parch'd with dust;
 Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
 Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
 So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
 Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
 From spur to plume a star of tournament,
 Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
 Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
 'Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
 Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
 For now I see the true old times are dead,
 When every morning brought a noble chance,
 And every chance brought out a noble knight.
 Such times have been not since the light that led
 The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
 But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
 Which was an image of the mighty world,
 And I, the last, go forth companionless,
 And the days darken round me, and the years,
 Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:
 'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
 And God fulfils himself in many ways,
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
 Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?

I have lived my life, and that which I have done
 May He within himself make pure! but thou,
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
 For what are men better than sheep or goats
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
 For so the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
 But now farewell. I am going a long way
 With these thou seest—if indeed I go
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
 To the island-valley of Avilion;
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
 Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
 Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
 And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'

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

(From *Idylls of the King*, Bk. XII, ll. 170–541.)

5. *Break, break, break.*

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

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

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

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

(From *English Idyls and Other Poems*, 1842.)

6. *Cradle Song.*

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea!
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me;
 While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon:
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.
 (From "*The Princess*", 1847.)

7. Home they brought her warrior dead.

HOME they brought her warrior dead:
 She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:
 All her maidens, watching, said,
 "She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
 Call'd him worthy to be loved,
 Truest friend and noblest foe;
 Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
 Lightly to the warrior stept,
 Took the face-cloth from the face;
 Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
 Set his child upon her knee—
 Like summer tempest came her tears—
 "Sweet my child, I live for thee."

8. *The Yew-Tree.*

OLD Yew, which graspest at the stones
 That name the underlying dead,
 Thy fibres net the dreamless head,
 Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

The seasons bring the flower again,
 And bring the firstling to the flock;
 And in the dusk of thee, the clock
 Beats out the little lives of men.

O not for thee the glow, the bloom,
 Who changest not in any gale,
 Nor branding summer suns avail
 To touch thy thousand years of gloom:

And gazing on thee, sullen tree,
 Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,
 I seem to fail from out my blood
 And grow incorporate into thee.

From *In Memoriam* II. (1850)

The old and the new Year.

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

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

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

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient form of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

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

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

(Ib. CVI.)

Spring is coming.

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
 Now burgeons every maze of quick
 About the flowering squares, and thick
 By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
 The distance takes a lovelier hue,
 And drown'd in yonder living blue
 The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
 The flocks are whiter down the vale,
 And milkier every milky sail
 On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
 In yonder greening gleam, and fly
 The happy birds, that change their sky
 To build and brood; that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
 Spring wakens too; and my regret
 Becomes an April violet,
 And buds and blossoms like the rest.

(*Ib.* CXV.)

9. The Charge of the Light Brigade.

HALF a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!
 Charge for the guns!” he said:
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

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

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

Flash’d all their sabres bare,
 Flash’d as they turn’d in air
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder’d:
 Plunged in the battery-smoke
 Right thro’ the line they broke;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reel’d from the sabre-stroke
 Shatter’d and sunder’d.

Then they rode back, but not
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell
 They that had fought so well
 Came thro' the jaws of Death,
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

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

(1854.)

10. The 'Revenge.' A Ballad of the Fleet.

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

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

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,
 Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;
 But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land
 Very carefully and slow,
 Men of Bideford in Devon,
 And we laid them on the ballast down below;
 For we brought them all aboard,
 And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left to Spain,
 To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.
 He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
 And he sail'd away from Flores till the Spaniard came in sight,
 With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
 "Shall we fight or shall we fly?
 Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
 For to fight is but to die!
 There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
 And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men.
 Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
 For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

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

Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
 Running on and on, till delay'd

By their mountain-like *San Philip* that, of fifteen hundred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

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

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

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

For he said 'Fight on! fight on!'
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;

And the Lord hath spared our lives.
 We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;
 We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow.”
 And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.
 And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
 Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,
 And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
 But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
 “I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
 I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:
 With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!”
 And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,
 And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
 That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
 Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
 But they sank his body with honour down into the deep,
 And they mann'd the *Revenge* with a swarthier alien crew,
 And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;
 When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,
 And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
 And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
 And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
 Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their
 flags,
 And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy of
 Spain,
 And the little *Revenge* herself went down by the island crags.
 To be lost evermore in the main.

(1880.)

11. *Crossing the Bar.*

SUNSET and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark!
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crost the bar.

(1889.) (*Poetical Works* of Alfred Lord Tennyson,
 Poet Laureate, London, 1899.)

29. Robert Browning.

(1812–1889.)

1. *The Year's at the Spring.*

THE year's at the spring
 And day's at the morn;
 Morning's at seven;
 The hill-side's dew-pearled;

The lark's on the wing;
 The snail's on the thorn:
 God's in his heaven—
 All's right with the world!

(From "*Pippa Passes*", 1841.)

2. *A New Year's Hymn.*

ALL service ranks the same with God:
 If now, as formerly he trod
 Paradise, his presence fills
 Our earth, each only as God wills
 Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,
 Are we; there is no last nor first.

Say not "a small event!" Why "small"?
 Costs it more pain that this, ye call
 "A great event", should come to pass
 Than that? Untwine me from the mass
 Of deeds which make up life, one deed
 Power shall fall short in or exceed!

(*Ib.*)

3. *Home-thoughts, from abroad.*

OH, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossom'd pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

(From *Bells and Pomegranates*, VII, 1845.)

4. *The Pied Piper of Hamelin; a Child's Story*

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

Rats!

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the woman's chats,

By drowning their speaking
 With shrieking and squeaking
 In fifty different sharps and flats.

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

An hour they sate in council,
 At length the Mayor broke silence:
 "For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell!
 I wish I were a mile hence!
 It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
 I'm sure my poor head aches again
 I've scratched it so, and all in vain
 Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
 Just as he said this, what should hap
 At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
 "Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
 (With the Corporation as he sat,
 Looking little though wondrous fat;
 Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister,
 Than a too-long-opened oyster,

Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
 For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)

“Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?

Anything like the sound of a rat

Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!”

“Come in!”—the Mayor cried, looking bigger:

And in did come the strangest figure!

His queer long coat from heel to head

Was half of yellow and half of red;

And he himself was tall and thin,

With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,

And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,

No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,

But lips where smiles went out and in—

There was no guessing his kith and kin!

And nobody could enough admire

The tall man and his quaint attire.

Quoth one: “It’s as my great grandsire,

Starting up at the Trump of Doom’s tone,

Had walked this way from his painted tombstone.”

He advanced to the council-table:

And, “Please your honours,” said he, “I’m able,

By means of a secret charm, to draw

All creatures living beneath the sun,

That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,

After me so as you never saw!

And I chiefly use my charm

On creatures that do people harm,

The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper;

And people call me the Pied Piper.”

(And here they noticed round his neck

A scarf of red and yellow stripe,

To match with his coat of the self same cheque;

And at the scarfs end hung a pipe;

And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
 As if impatient to be playing
 Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
 Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

“Yet,” said he, “poor piper as I am,
 In Tartary I freed the Cham,
 Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
 I eased in Asia the Nizam
 Of a monstrous brood of vampyre bats:
 And, as for what your brain bewilders,
 If I can rid your town of rats,
 Will you give me a thousand guilders?”

“One? fifty thousand!”—was the exclamation
 Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
 Smiling first a little smile,
 As if he knew what magic slept
 In his quiet pipe the while;
 Then, like a musical adept,
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
 And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled
 Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
 And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
 You heard as if an army muttered;
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
 And out of the house the rats came tumbling.
 Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
 Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
 Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
 Families by tens and dozens,
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
 Followed the Piper for their lives.

From street to street he piped advancing,
 And step by step they followed dancing,
 Until they came to the river Weser
 Wherein all plunged and perished
 — Save one, who, stout as Julius Caesar,
 Swam across and lived to carry
 (As he, the manuscript he cherished)
 To Rat-land home his commentary:
 Which was, “At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
 I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
 And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
 Into a cider-press’s gripe;
 And a moving away of pickle-tubboards,
 And a leaving ajar of conserve cup-boards,
 And a drawing the corks of train-oilflasks,
 And a breaking the hoops of butter casks;
 And it seemed as if a voice
 (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
 Is breathed) called out, Oh! rats, rejoice!
 The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
 To munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
 Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
 And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
 All ready staved, like a great sun shone
 Glorious scarce an inch before me,
 Just as methought it said, come, bore me!
 — I found the Weser rolling o’er me.”

You should have heard the Hamelin people
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
 “Go,” cried the Mayor, “and get long poles!
 Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
 Consult with carpenters and builders,
 And leave in our town not even a trace
 Of the rats!” — when suddenly up the face

Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.

For council dinners made rare havock
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;

And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.

To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!

"Besides," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,

"Our business was done at the river's brink;

We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,

And what's dead can't come to life, I think.

So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink

From the duty of giving you something to drink,

And a matter of money to put in your poke;

But, as for the guilders, what we spoke

Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.

Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;

A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The piper's face fell, and he cried,

"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!

I've promised to visit by dinner-time

Bagdad, and accepted the prime

Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,

For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,

Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—

With him I proved no bargain-driver,

With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!

And folks who put me in a passion

May find me pipe to another fashion."

“How?” cried the Mayor, “d’ye think I’ll brook
 Being worse treated than a Cook?
 Insulted by a lazy ribald
 With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
 You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
 Blow your pipe there till you burst!”
 Once more he stept into the street;
 And to his lips again
 Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
 And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
 Soft notes as yet musicians cunning
 Never gave the enraptured air),
 There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
 Of merry crowds justling, at pitching and hustling,
 Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
 Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
 And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
 Out came the children running.
 All the little boys and girls,
 With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
 And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
 Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
 The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
 As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
 Unable to move a step, or cry
 To the children merrily skipping by—
 And could only follow with the eye
 That joyous crowd at the Piper’s back.
 But how the Mayor was on the rack,
 And the wretched Council’s bosoms beat,
 As the Piper turned from the High Street
 To where the Weser rolled its waters
 Right in the way of their sons and daughters!

However he turned from South to West,
 And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
 And after him the children pressed;
 Great was the joy in every breast.

“He never can cross that mighty top!

He’s forced to let the piping drop,

And we shall see our children stop!”

When lo! as they reached the mountain’s side,
 A wondrous portal opened wide,
 As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
 And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
 And when all were in to the very last,
 The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
 Did I say all? No! one was lame,
 And could not dance the whole of the way;
 And in after years, if you would blame
 His sadness, he was used to say,—

“It’s dull in our town since my playmates left;

I can’t forget that I’m bereft

Of all the pleasant sights they see,

Which the Piper also promised me;

For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,

Joining the town and just at hand,

Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
 And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
 And everything was strange and new;
 The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
 And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
 And honey-bees had lost their stings;
 And horses were born with eagle’s wings;
 And just as I became assured
 My lame foot would be speedily cured,
 The music stopped, and I stood still,
 And found myself outside the Hill,
 Left alone against my will,

To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that Heaven's Gate
Opes to the Rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,

Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,

And bring the children all behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never

Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,

"And so long after what happened here
On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"

And the better in memory to fix
The place of the Children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's street—
Where any one playing on pipe of tabor,
Was sure for the future to lose his labour,
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;

And there it stands to this very day.
 And I must not omit to say
 That in Transylvania there's a tribe
 Of alien people that ascribe
 The outlandish ways and dress,
 On which their neighbours lay such stress,
 To their fathers and mothers having risen
 Out of some subterraneous prison,
 Into which they were trepanned
 Long time ago in a mighty band
 Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
 But how or why they don't understand.

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

(*Ib.*)

5. How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

6. *Incident of the French Camp.*

I.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
 A mile or so away
 On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming-day;
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the proud brow
 Oppressive with its mind.

II.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall,
 Let once my army-leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall" —
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

III.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy;
 You hardly could suspect —
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came through)
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.

IV.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
 We've got you Ratisbon!
 The Marshal's in the market-place,
 And you'll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 Where I, to heart's desire
 Perched him!" The chiefs eye flashed; his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

V.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother-eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes;
 "You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said:
 "I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
 Smiling the boy fell dead.

(Robert Browning, *Complete Works*,
 ed. by A. Birrell.)

30. Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

(1809–1861.)

From "Sonnets from the Portuguese". (1847–1850.)

I.

UNLIKE are we, unlike, O princely Heart!
 Unlike our uses and our destinies.
 Our ministering angels look surprise
 On one another, as they strike athwart

Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee, art
 A guest for queens to social pageantries,
 With gages from a hundred brighter eyes
 Than tears even can make mine, to play thy part

Of chief musician. What hast thou to do
 With looking from the lattice-lights at me,
 A poor, tired, wandering singer, singing through

The dark, and leaning up a cypress tree?
 The chrism is on thine head—on mine, the dew,—
 And Death must dig the level when these agree.

II.

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
 Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
 Alone upon the threshold of my door
 Of individual life, I shall command

The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
 Serenely in the sunshine as before,
 Without the sense of that which I forbore,
 Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land

Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
 With pulses that beat double. What I do
 And what I dream includes thee, as the wine

Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
 God for myself, He hears that name of thine,
 And sees within my eyes, the tears of two.

III.

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways,
 I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
 My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
 For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.

I love thee to the level of everyday's
 Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
 I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
 I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.

I love thee with the passion put to use
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose

With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,
 Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose
 I shall but love thee better after death.

(Elizabeth B. Browning, *Poems*, 6 vols.)

31. Charles Mackay.
 (1814–1889.)

1. The Miller of the Dee.

THERE dwelt a miller hale and bold,
 Beside the river Dee;
 He worked and sang from morn till night,
 No lark more blithe than he;
 And this the burden of his song
 For ever used to be,—
 “I envy nobody: no, not I,
 And nobody envies me!”

“Thou’rt wrong, my friend!” said old King Hal,
 “Thou’rt wrong as wrong can be;
 For could my heart be light as thine,
 I’d gladly change with thee.
 And tell me now what makes thee sing
 With voice so loud and free,
 While I am sad, though I’m the King,
 Beside the river Dee.”

The miller smiled and doffed his cap:
 "I earn my bread," quoth he;
 "I love my wife, I love my friend,
 I love my children three;
 I owe no penny I cannot pay;
 I thank the river Dee,
 That turns the mill, that grinds the corn,
 To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
 "Farewell! and happy be:
 But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
 That no one envies thee.
 Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
 Thy mill my kingdom's fee!
 Such men as thou are England's boast,
 O miller of the Dee!"

2. *Tubal Cain.*

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might
 In the days when Earth was young;
 By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
 The strokes of his hammer rung;
 And he lifted high his brawny hand
 On the iron glowing clear,
 Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
 As he fashioned the sword and spear.
 And he sang—"Hurra for my handiwork!
 Hurra for the spear and sword!
 Hurra for the hand that shall wield them well,
 For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
 As he wrought by his roaring fire,
 And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
 As the crown of his desire:
 And he made them weapons sharp and strong
 Till they shouted loud for glee,
 And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
 And spoils of the forest free.
 And they sang—“Hurra for Tubal Cain,
 Who hath given us strength anew!
 Hurra for the smith, hurra for the fire,
 And hurra for the metal true!”

But a sudden change came o’er his heart
 Ere the setting of the sun,
 And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
 For the evil he had done;
 He saw that men, with rage and hate,
 Made war upon their kind,
 That the land was red with the blood they shed
 In their lust for carnage blind.
 And he said—“Alas! that ever I made,
 Or that skill of mine should plan,
 The spear and the sword for men whose joy
 Is to slay their fellow-man.”

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
 Sat brooding o’er his woe;
 And his hand forebore to smite the ore
 And his furnace smouldered low.
 But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
 And a bright courageous eye,
 And bared his strong right arm for work,
 While the quick flames mounted high.

And he sang—“Hurra for my handicraft!”
 And the red sparks lit the air;
 “Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made;”
 And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
 In friendship joined their hands,
 Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
 And ploughed the willing lands;
 And sang—“Hurra for Tubal Cain!
 Our staunch good friend is he;
 And for the ploughshare and the plough
 To him our praise shall be.
 But while oppression lifts its head,
 Or a tyrant would be lord,
 Though we may thank him for the plough,
 We'll not forget the sword!”

(Ch. Mackay, *A Thousand and one Gems of English Poetry*, 1904.)

32. Charles Kingsley. (1819–1876.)

1. *The Sands of Dee.*

“On, Mary, go and call the cattle home.
 And call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 Across the sands of Dee.”
 The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
 And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
 And o'er and o'er the sand,

And round and round the sand,
 As far as eye could see.
 The rolling mist came down and hid the land:
 And never home came she.

“Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
 A tress of golden hair,
 A drowned maiden’s hair,
 Above the nets at sea?”
 Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
 Across the stakes on Dee.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
 The cruel crawling foam,
 The cruel hungry foam,
 To her grave beside the sea.
 But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
 Across the sands of Dee.

2. Three Fishers.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the west,
 Out into the west, as the sun went down,
 Each thought of the woman who loved him best,
 And the children stood watching them out of the town;
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 And there’s little to earn, and many to keep,
 Though the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
 And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
 They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
 And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown;
 But men must work, and women must weep,

Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour-bar be moaning.

Three corpses lie out in the shining sands,
In the morning gleam, as the tide goes down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come home to the town.
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

(Charles Kingsley, *1001 Gems*.)

33. Matthew Arnold.

(1822 – 1888.)

1. *The Forsaken Merman.*

COME, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below.
Now my brothers call from the bay;
Now the great winds shorewards blow;
Now the salt tides seawards flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away.
This way, this way.

Call her once before you go.
Call once yet.
In a voice that she will know:
“Margaret! Margaret!”
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear:

Children's voices, wild with pain.

Surely she will come again.

Call her once and come away.

This way, this way.

"Mother dear, we cannot stay."

The wild white horses foam and fret.

Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down.

Call no more.

One last look at the white-wall'd town,

And the little grey church on the windy shore.

Then come down.

She will not come though you call all day.

Come away, come away.

Children dear, was it yesterday

We heard the sweet bells over the bay?

In the caverns where we lay,

Through the surf and through the swell,

The far-off sound of a silver bell?

Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,

Where the winds are all asleep;

Where the spent lights quiver and gleam;

Where the salt weed sways in the stream;

Where the sea-beasts rang'd all round

Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground;

Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,

Dry their mail and bask in the brine;

Where great whales come sailing by,

Sail and sail, with unshut eye,

Round the world for ever and aye?

When did music come this way?

Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
 (Call yet once) that she went away?
 Once she sate with you and me,
 On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
 And the youngest sate on her knee.
 She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
 When down swung the sound of the far-off bell.
 She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea,
 She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
 In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
 'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me!
 And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee."
 I said: "Go up, dear heart, through the waves.
 Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves."
 She smil'd, she went up through the surf in the bay.
 Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?
 "The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.
 Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say.
 Come," I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.
 We went up the beach, by the sandy down
 Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town.
 Through the narrow pav'd streets, where all was still,
 To the little grey church on the windy hill.
 From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
 But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
 We climb'd on the graves, on the stones, worn with rains,
 And we gaz'd up the aisle through the small leaded panes.
 She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
 "Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here.
 Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone.
 The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
 But, ah, she gave me never a look,
 For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book.

“Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door.”
 Come away, children, call no more.
 Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down, down.
 Down to the depths of the sea.
 She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
 Singing most joyfully.
 Hark, what she sings: “O joy, O joy,
 For the humming street, and the child with its toy.
 For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well.
 For the wheel where I spun,
 And the blessed light of the sun.”
 And so she sings her fill,
 Singing most joyfully,
 Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
 And the whizzing wheel stands still.

She steals to the window, and looks at the sand;
 And over the sand at the sea;
 And her eyes are set in a stare;
 And anon there breaks a sigh,
 And anon there drops a tear,
 From a sorrow-clouded eye,
 And a heart sorrow-laden,
 A long, long sigh.
 For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,
 And the gleam of her golden hair,

Come away, away children.
 Come children, come down.
 The hoarse wind blows colder;
 Lights shine in the town.
 She will start from her slumber
 When gusts shake the door;

She will hear the winds howling,
 Will hear the waves roar.
 We shall see, while above us
 The waves roar and whirl,
 A ceiling of amber,
 A pavement of pearl.
 Singing, "Here came a mortal,
 But faithless was she.
 And alone dwell for ever
 The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
 When soft the winds blow;
 When clear falls the moonlight;
 When spring-tides are low:
 When sweet airs come seaward
 From heaths starr'd with broom;
 And high rocks throw mildly
 On the blanch'd sands a gloom:
 Up the still, glistening beaches,
 Up the creeks we will hie;
 Over banks of bright seaweed
 The ebb-tide leaves dry.
 We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
 At the white, sleeping town;
 At the church on the hill-side—
 And then come back down.
 Singing, "There dwells a lov'd one,
 But cruel is she.
 She left lonely for ever
 The kings of the sea."

(From *The Strayed Reveller and other Poems*. 1849.)

2. From "*Balder Dead*". (ll. 1 – 72.)

So on the floor lay Balder dead; and round
 Lay thickly strewn swords, axes, darts, and spears,
 Which all the Gods in sport had idly thrown
 At Balder, whom no weapon pierced or clove;
 But in his breast stood fixt the fatal bough
 Of mistletoe, which Lock the Accuser gave
 To Hoder, and unwitting Hoder threw—
 'Gainst that alone had Balder's life no charm.

And all the Gods and all the Heroes came,
 And stood round Balder on the bloody floor,
 Weeping and wailing; and Valhalla rang
 Up to its golden roof with sobs and cries;
 And on the tables stood the untasted meats,
 And in the horns and gold-rimm'd skulls the wine.
 And now would night have fall'n, and found them yet
 Wailing; but otherwise was Odin's will.
 And thus the father of the ages spake:—

"Enough of tears, ye Gods, enough of wail!
 Not to lament in was Valhalla made.
 If any here might weep for Balder's death,
 I most might weep, his father; such a son
 I lose to-day, so bright, so loved a God.
 But he has met that doom, which long ago
 The Nornies, when his mother bare him, spun,
 And fate set seal, that so his end must be.
 Balder has met his death, and ye survive—
 Weep him an hour, but what can grief avail?
 For ye yourselves, ye Gods, shall meet your doom,
 All ye who hear me, and inhabit Heaven,
 And I too, Odin too, the Lord of all.
 But ours we shall not meet, when that day comes,

With women's tears and weak complaining cries—
 Why should we meet another's portion so?
 Rather it fits you, having wept your hour,
 With cold dry eyes, and hearts composed and stern,
 To live, as erst, your daily life in Heaven.
 By me shall vengeance on the murderer Lok,
 The foe, the accuser, whom, though Gods, we hate,
 Be strictly cared for, in the appointing day.
 Meanwhile, to-morrow, when the morning dawns,
 Bring wood to the seashore to Balder's ship,
 And on the deck build high a funeral-pile,
 And on the top lay Balder's corpse, and put
 Fire to the wood, and send him out to sea
 To burn; for that is what the dead desire."

So spake the King of Gods, and straightway rose,
 And mounted his horse Sleipner, whom he rode;
 And from the hall of Heaven he rode away
 To Lidskialf, and sate upon his throne,
 The mount, from whence his eye surveys the world.
 And far from Heaven he turn'd his shining orbs
 To look on Midgard, and the earth, and men.
 And on the conjuring Lapps he bent his gaze
 Whom antler'd reindeer pull over the snow;
 And on the Finns, the gentlest of mankind,
 Fair men, who live in holes under the ground;
 Nor did he look once more to Ida's plain,
 Nor tow'rd Valhalla, and the sorrowing Gods;
 For well he knew the Gods would heed his word,
 And cease to mourn, and think of Balder's pyre.

But in Valhalla all the Gods went back
 From around Balder, all the Heroes went;
 And left his body stretch'd upon the floor.
 And on their golden chairs they sate again,

Beside the tables, in the hall of Heaven;
 And before each the cooks who served them placed
 New messes of the boar Serimner's flesh,
 And the Valkyries crown'd their horns with mead.
 So they, with pent-up hearts and tearless eyes,
 Wailing no more, in silence ate and drank,
 While twilight fell, and sacred night came on.

(1855.)

3. *Isolation.*

Yes! in the sea of life enisled,
 With echoing straits between us thrown,
 Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
 We mortal millions live *alone*.
 The islands feel the enclasping flow,
 And then their endless bounds they know.

But when the moon their hollows lights,
 And they are swept by balms of spring,
 And in their glens, on starry nights,
 The nightingales divinely sing;
 And lovely notes, from shore to shore,
 Across the sounds and channels pour—

Oh! then a longing like despair
 Is to their farthest caverns sent;
 For surely once, they feel, we were
 Parts of a single continent!
 Now round us spreads the watery plain—
 Oh might our marges meet again!

Who order'd, that their longing's fire
 Should be, as soon as kindled, cool'd?

Who renders vain their deep desire?—
 A God, a God their severance ruled!
 And bade betwixt their shores to be
 The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

(From *Switzerland*, 5. 1852.)

34. Dante Gabriel Rossetti.
 (1828–1882.)

1. The Blessed Damozel.

THE blessed damozel lean'd out
 From the gold bar of Heaven;
 Her eyes were deeper than the depth
 Of waters still'd at even;
 She had three lilies in her hand,
 And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
 No wrought flowers did adorn,
 But a white rose of Mary's gift,
 For service meetly worn;
 Her hair that lay along her back
 Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seem'd she scarce had been a day
 One of God's choristers;
 The wonder was not yet quite gone
 From that still look of hers;
 Albeit, to them she left, her day
 Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
 ... Yet now, and in this place,
 Surely she lean'd o'er me—her hair
 Fell all about my face. ...
 Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves.
 The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house
 That she was standing on;
 By God built over the sheer depth
 The which is Space begun;
 So high, that looking downward thence
 She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
 Of ether, as a bridge.
 Beneath, the tides of day and night
 With flame and darkness ridge
 The void, as low as where this earth
 Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
 In joy no sorrow claims,
 Spoke evermore among themselves
 Their rapturous new names;
 And the souls mounting up to God
 Went by her like thin flames,

And still she bow'd herself and stoop'd
 Out of the circling charm;
 Until her bosom must have made
 The bar she lean'd on warm,
 And the lilies lay as if asleep
 Along her bended arm.

From the fix'd place of Heaven she saw
 Time like a pulse shake fierce
 Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
 Within the gulf to pierce
 Its path; and now she spoke as when
 The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curl'd moon
 Was like a little feather
 Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
 She spoke through the still weather.
 Her voice was like the voice the stars
 Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,
 Strove not her accents there,
 Fain to be hearken'd? When those bells
 Possess'd the mid-day air,
 Strove not her steps to reach my side
 Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,
 For he will come," she said.
 "Have I not pray'd in Heaven?—on earth,
 Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd?
 Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
 And shall I feel afraid?

"When round his head the aureole clings,
 And he is clothed in white,
 I'll take his hand and go with him
 To the deep wells of light;
 We will step down as to a stream.
 And bathe there in God's sight.

“We two will stand beside that shrine,
 Occult, withheld, untrod,
 Whose lamps are stirr’d continually
 With prayer sent up to God;
 And see our old prayers, granted, melt
 Each like a little cloud.

“We two will lie i’ the shadow of
 That living mystic tree
 Within whose secret growth the Dove
 Is sometimes felt to be,
 While every leaf that His plumes touch
 Saith his Name audibly.

“And I myself will teach to him,
 I myself, lying so,
 The songs I sing here; which his voice
 Shall pause in, hush’d and slow,
 And find some knowledge at each pause,
 Or some new thing to know.”

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say’st!
 Yea, one wast thou with me
 That once of old. But shall God lift
 To endless unity
 The soul whose likeness with thy soul
 Was but its love for thee?)

“We two,” she said, “will seek the groves
 Where the lady Mary is,
 With her five handmaidens, whose names
 Are five sweet symphonies,
 Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
 Margaret and Rosalys.

“Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
 And foreheads garlanded;
 Into the fine cloth white like flame
 Weaving the golden thread,
 To fashion the birth-robcs for them
 Who are just born, being dead.

“He shall fear, haply, and be dumb:
 Then will I lay my cheek
 To his, and tell about our love,
 Not once abash’d or weak:
 And the dear Mother will approve
 My pride, and let me speak.

“Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
 To Him round whom all souls
 Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumber’d heads
 Bow’d with their aureoles:
 And angels meeting us shall sing
 To their citherns and citoles.

“There will I ask of Christ the Lord
 Thus much for him and me:—
 Only to live as once on earth
 With Love, only to be,
 As then awhile, for ever now
 Together, I and he.”

She gazed and listen’d and then said,
 Less sad of speech than mild,—
 “All this is when he comes.” She ceased.
 The light thrill’d towards her, fill’d
 With angels in strong level flight.
 Her eyes pray’d, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
 Was vague in distant spheres:
 And then she cast her arms along
 The golden barriers,
 And laid her face between her hands,
 And wept. (I heard her tears.)

(1850.)

2. My Sister's Sleep.

She fell asleep on Christmas Eve:
 At length the long-ungranted shade
 Of weary eyelids overweigh'd
 The pain nought else might yet relieve.

Our mother, who had leaned all day
 Over the bed from chime to chime,
 Then raised herself for the first time,
 And as she sat her down, did pray.

Her little work-table was spread
 With work to finish. For the glare
 Made by her candle, she had care
 To work some distance from the bed.

Without, there was a cold moon up,
 Of winter radiance sheer and thin;
 The hollow halo it was in
 Was like an icy crystal cup.

Through the small room, with subtle sound
 Of flame, by vents the fireshine drove
 And reddened. In its dim alcove
 The mirror shed a clearness round.

I had been sitting up some nights,
 And my tired mind felt weak and blank;
 Like a sharp strengthening wine it drank
 The stillness and the broken lights.

Twelve struck. That sound, by dwindling years
 Heard in each hour, crept off; and then
 The ruffled silence spread again,
 Like water that a pebble stirs.

Our mother rose from where she sat:
 Her needles, as she laid them down,
 Met lightly, and her silken gown
 Settled: no other noise than that.

“Glory unto the Newly Born!”
 So, as said angels, she did say;
 Because we were in Christmas Day,
 Though it would still be long till morn.

Just then in the room over us
 There was a pushing back of chairs,
 As some who had sat unawares
 So late, now heard the hour, and rose.

With anxious softly-stepping haste
 Our mother went where Margaret lay,
 Fearing the sounds o’erhead-should they
 Have broken her long watched-for rest!

She stopped an instant, calm, and turned;
 But suddenly turned back again;
 And all her features seemed in pain
 With woe, and her eyes gazed and yearned.

For my part, I but hid my face,
 And held my breath, and spoke no word:
 There was none spoken; but I heard
 The silence for a little space.

Our mother bowed herself and wept:
 And both my arms fell, and I said,
 "God knows I knew that she was dead."
 And there, all white, my sister slept.

Then kneeling, upon Christmas morn
 A little after twelve, o'clock
 We said, ere the first quarter struck,
 "Christ's blessing on the newly born!"

(*Poems*, 1870.)

3. *Lost Days.*

The lost days of my life until to-day,
 What were they, could I see them on the street
 Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat
 Sown once for food but trodden into clay?

Or golden coins squander'd and still to pay?
 Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet!
 Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat
 The undying throats of Hell, athirst alway?

I do not see them here; but after death
 God knows I know the faces I shall see,
 Each one a murder'd self, with low last breath.

‘I am thyself,—what hast thou done to me?’
 ‘And I—and I—thyself’ (lo! each one saith,)
 ‘And thou thyself to all eternity!’

(From *The House of Life*, LXXXVI.)
 (*Ballads and Sonnets*, 1881.)

35. William Allingham. (1824–1889.)

1. *Wishing.*

RING-TING! I wish I were a primrose,
 A bright yellow primrose blowing in the spring!
 The stooping boughs above me,
 The wandering bee to love me,
 The fern and moss to creep across,
 And the elm-tree for our king!

Nay, stay! I wish I were an elm-tree,
 A great lofty elm-tree with green leaves gay!
 The winds would set them dancing,
 The sun and moonshine glance in,
 And birds would house among the boughs,
 And sweetly sing.

Oh, no! I wish I were a robin—
 A robin or a little wren, everywhere to go;
 Through forest, field or garden,
 And ask no leave or pardon.
 Till winter comes with icy thumbs
 To ruffle up our wing.

Well—tell! Where should I fly to,
 Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
 Before a day was over
 Home comes the rover
 For mother's kiss—sweeter this
 Than any other thing!

(From M. G. Edgar, *A Treasury of Verse*, 1901.)

2. *The Fairies.*

UP the airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen,
 We daren't go a-hunting
 For fear of little men;
 Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together;
 Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
 Some make their home,
 They live on crispy pancakes
 Of yellow tide-foam;
 Some in the reeds
 Of the black mountain lake,
 With frogs for their watch-dogs,
 All night awake.

High on the hill-top
 The old King sits;
 He is now so old and gray
 He's nigh lost his wits.
 With a bridge of white mist
 Columbkil he crosses,

On his stately journeys
 From Slieveleague to Rosses;
 Or going up with music
 On old starry nights
 To sup with the Queen
 Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
 For seven years long;
 When she came down again
 Her friends were all gone.
 They took her lightly back,
 Between the night and morrow,
 They thought that she was fast asleep,
 But she was dead with sorrow.

They have kept her ever since
 Deep within the lake,
 On a bed of flag-leaves,
 Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,
 Through the mosses bare,
 They have planted thorn-trees
 For pleasure here and there.
 If any man so daring
 As dig them up in spite,
 He shall find their sharpest thorn
 In his bed a night.

Up the airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen,
 We daren't go a-hunting
 For fear of little men;

Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

(*Ib.*)

36. George Mac Donald.
(1824–1905.)

The Wind and the Moon.

SAID the Wind to the Moon, 'I will blow you out;
 You stare
 In the air
 Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about—
I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out.'

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon,
 So deep
 On a heap
 Of clouds to sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, 'I've done for that Moon.'

He turned in his bed; she was there again!
 On high
 In the sky,
 With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain.
Said the Wind, 'I will blow you out again.'

The Wind he took to his revels once more;
 On down,
 In town,
 Like a merry-mad clown,
 He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar—
 ‘What’s that?’ the glimmering thread once more!

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew;
 But in vain
 Was the pain
 Of his bursting brain;
 For still the broader the Moon-scrap grew,
 The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,
 And shone
 On her throne
 In the sky alone,
 A matchless, wonderful silvery light,
 Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.
 ‘With my sledge
 And my wedge,
 I have knocked off her edge!
 If only I blow right fierce and grim,
 The creature will soon be dimmer than dim.’

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.
 ‘One puff
 More’s enough
 To blow her to snuff!
 One good puff more where the last was bred,
 And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the thread.’

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone.
 In the air
 Nowhere
 Was a moonbeam bare;
 Far off and harmless the shy stars shone—
 Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

Said the Wind: 'What a marvel of power am I!
 With my breath,
 Good faith!
 I blew her to death—
 First blew her away right out of the sky—
 Then blew her in; what strength have I!'

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair;
 For high
 In the sky,
 With her one white eye,
 Motionless, miles above the air,
 She had never heard the great Wind blare.

(*Poems*, 1857.)

37. Christina Georgina Rossetti.
 (1830–1894.)

1. Up-hill.

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way?
 Yes, to the very end.
 Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
 From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
 A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
 May not the darkness hide it from my face?
 You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
 Those who have gone before.
 Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
 They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
 Of labour you shall find the sura.
 Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
 Yea, beds for all who come.

2. *Song.*

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,
 Sing no sad songs for me;
 Plant thou no roses at my head,
 Nor shady cypress tree:
 Be the green grass above me
 With showers and dewdrops wet;
 And if thou wilt, remember,
 And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
 I shall not feel the rain;
 I shall not hear the nightingale
 Sing on, as if in pain:
 And dreaming through the twilight
 That doth not rise nor set,
 Haply I may remember,
 And haply may forget.

(Palgrave, *Golden Treasury II.*)

38. William Morris.

(1834–1896.)

1. An Apology.

OF Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing,
 I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
 Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
 Or bring again the pleasure of past years,
 Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
 Or hope again for aught that I can say,
 The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather, when aweary of your mirth,
 From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
 And, feeling kindly unto all the earth,
 Grudge every minute as it passes by,
 Made the more mindful that the sweet days die—
 —Remember me a little then I pray,
 The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
 That weighs us down who live and earn our bread,
 These idle verses have no power to bear;
 So let me sing of names remembered,
 Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
 Or long time take their memory quite away
 From us poor singers of an empty day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
 Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
 Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
 Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
 Telling a tale not too importunate

To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Folk say, a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did show,
That through one window men beheld the spring,
And through another saw the summer glow,
And through a third the fruited vines a-row,
While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December day.

So with this Earthly Paradise it is,
If ye will read aright, and pardon me,
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,
Where tossed about all hearts of men must be:
Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall slay,
Not the poor singer of an empty day.

(From *The Earthly Paradise*, 1868–1870.)

2. *The Voice of Toil.*

I HEARD men saying, Leave hope and praying,
All days shall be as all have been;
To-day and to-morrow bring fear and sorrow,
The never ending toil between.

When Earth was younger mid toil and hunger,
In hope we strove, and our hands were strong;
Then great men led us, with words they fed us,
And bade us right the earthly wrong.

Go read in story their deeds and glory,
Their names amidst the nameless dead;
Turn then from lying to us slow-dying
In that good world to which they led;

Where fast and faster our iron master,
 The thing we made, for ever drives,
 Bids us grind treasure and fashion pleasure
 For other hopes and other lives.

Where home is a hovel and dull we grovel,
 Forgetting that the world is fair;
 Where no babe we cherish, lest its very soul perish;
 Where mirth is crime, and love a snare.

Who now shall lead us, what god shall heed us
 As we lie in the hell our hands have won?
 For us are no rulers but fools and befoolers,
 The great are fallen, the wise men gone.

* * *

I heard men saying, Leave tears and praying,
 The sharp knife heedeth not the sheep;
 Are we not stronger than the rich and the wronger,
 When they break over dreams and sleep?

Come, shoulder to shoulder ere the world grow older!
 Help lies in nought but thee and me;
 Hope is before us, the long years that bore us
 Bore leaders more than men may be.

Let dead hearts tarry and trade and marry,
 And trembling nurse their dreams of mirth,
 While we the living our lives are giving
 To bring the bright new world to birth.

Come, shoulder to shoulder ere earth grows older!
 The Cause spreads over land and sea;
 Now the world shaketh, and fear awaketh,
 And joy at last for thee and me.

(From *Poems by the Way*, 1891.)

39. George Meredith.
 (1828 – 1909.)

Dirge in Woods.

A WIND sways the pines,
 And below
 Not a breath of wild air;
 Still as the mosses that glow
 On the flooring and over the lines
 Of the roots here and there.
 The pine-tree drops its dead;
 They are quiet, as under the sea.
 Overhead, overhead
 Rushes life in a race,
 As the clouds the clouds chase;
 And we go,
 And we drop like the fruits of the tree,
 Even we,
 Even so.

(From A. Quiller-Couch, *The Oxford Book
 of Victorian Verse*, 1912.)

40. Algernon Charles Swinburne.
(1837 – 1909.)

1. Chorus from *“Atalanta in Calydon.”*

BEFORE the beginning of years
 There came to the making of man
 Time, with a gift of tears;
 Grief, with a glass that ran;
 Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
 Summer, with flowers that fell;
 Remembrance fallen from heaven,
 And madness risen from hell;
 Strength without hands to smite;
 Love that endures for a breath;
 Night, the shadow of light;
 And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
 Fire, and the falling of tears;
 And a measure of sliding sand
 From under the feet of the years;
 And froth and drift of the sea;
 And dust of the labouring earth;
 And bodies of things to be
 In the houses of death and of birth;
 And wrought with weeping and laughter,
 And fashioned with loathing and love,
 With life before and after
 And death beneath and above,
 For a day, and a night, and a morrow,
 That his strength might endure for a span
 With travail and heavy sorrow,
 The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
 They gathered as unto strife;
 They breathed upon his mouth,
 They filled his body with life;
 Eye-sight and speech they wrought
 For the veils of the soul therein,
 A time for labour and thought,
 A time to serve and to sin;
 They gave him light in his ways,
 And love, and a space for delight,
 And beauty, and length of days,
 And night, and sleep in the night.
 His speech is a burning fire;
 With his lips he travaileth;
 In his heart is a blind desire;
 In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
 He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
 Sows, and he shall not reap;
 His life is a watch or a vision
 Between a sleep and a sleep.

(1805.)

2. *A Forsaken Garden.*

IN a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,
 At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,
 Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
 The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
 A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses
 The steep square slope of the blossomless bed
 Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses
 Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
 To the low last edge of the long lone land.
 If a step should sound or a word be spoken,
 Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand?
 So long have the grey bare walks lain guestless,
 Through branches and briars if a man make way,
 He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless
 Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled,
 That crawls by a track none turn to climb
 To the strait waste place that the years have rifled
 Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time,
 The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;
 The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.
 The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,
 These remain.

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls not;
 As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry;
 From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,
 Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.
 Over the meadows that blossom and wither
 Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;
 Only the sun and the rain come hither
 All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels
 One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.
 Only the wind here hovers and revels
 In a round where life seems barren as death.
 Here then was laughing of old, there was weeping,
 Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
 Whose eyes went seaward, a hundred sleeping
 Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, "Look thither,"
 Did he whisper? "look forth from the flowers to the sea;
 For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms wither,
 And men that love lightly may die—but we?"
 And the same wind sang and the same waves whitened,
 And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,
 In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened,
 Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through and then went whither?
 And were one to the end; but what end who knows?
 Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,
 As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.
 Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them?
 What love was ever so deep as a grave?
 They are loveless now as the grass above them
 Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,
 Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea.
 Not a breath of the time that has been hovers
 In the air now soft with a summer to be.
 Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter
 Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,
 When as they that are free now of weeping and laughter
 We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again for ever;
 Here change may come not till all change end.
 From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,
 Who have left nought living to ravage and rend.
 Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,
 While the sun and the rain live, these shall be;
 Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing
 Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,
 Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,
 Till the strength of the waves of high tides humble
 The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,
 Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
 Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,
 As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
 Death lies dead.

(From *Poems and Ballads*, Second Series, 1878.)

3. *A Child's Laughter.*

ALL the bells of heaven may ring,
 All the birds of heaven may sing,
 All the wells on earth may spring,
 All the winds on earth may bring
 All sweet sounds together;
 Sweeter far than all things heard,
 Hand of harper, tone of bird,
 Sound of woods at sundawn stirred,
 Welling water's winsome word,
 Wind in warm wan weather,

One thing yet there is that none
 Hearing ere its chime be done
 Knows not well the sweetest one
 Heard of man beneath the sun,
 Hoped in heaven hereafter;
 Soft and strong and loud and light,
 Very sound of very light
 Heard from morning's rosiest height,
 Where the soul of all delight
 Fills a child clear laughter.

Golden bells of welcome rolled
 Never forth such notes, nor told
 Hours so blithe in tones so bold,
 As the radiant mouth of gold

Here that rings forth heaven.

If the golden-crested wren
 Were a nightingale—why, then,
 Something seen and heard of men
 Might be half as sweet as when
 Laughs a child of seven.

(1882.)

41. Robert Bulwer Lord Lytton.

(Owen Meredith).

(1831 – 1891.)

1. *Earth's Havings.* (Song.)

WEARY the cloud falleth out of the sky,
 Dreary the leaf lieth low.
 All things must come to the earth by-and-by,
 Out of which all things grow.

Let the wild wind laugh and whistle
 Aloof in the lonesome wood:
 In our garden let the thistle
 Start where the rose-tree stood:
 Let the rotting moss fall rotten
 With the rain-drops from the eaves:
 Let the dead past lie forgotten
 In his grave with the yellow leaves.

Wearie the cloud falleth out of the sky,
 Dreary the leaf lieth low.
 All things must come to the earth by-and-by,
 Out of which all things grow.

And again the hawthorn pale
 Shall blossom sweet i' the Spring:
 And again the nightingale
 In the deep blue nights shall sing:
 And seas of the wind shall wave
 In the light of the golden grain:
 But the love that is gone to his grave
 Shall never return again.

Wearie the cloud falleth out of the sky,
 Dreary the leaf lieth low.
 All things must come to the earth by-and-by,
 Out of which all things grow.

2. The Thistle.

Part I.

'T WAS long after the grass and the flowers, one day,
 That there came straggling along the way
 A little traveller, somewhat late.
 Tired he was; and down he sat
 In the ditch by the road, where he tried to nestle
 Out of the dust and the noontide heat.
 Poor little vagabond wayside Thistle!
 In the ditch was his only safe retreat.
 Flung out of the field as soon as found there,
 And banisht the garden, where should he stay?

Wherever he roam'd, still Fortune frown'd there,
 And, wherever he settled, spurn'd him away.
 From place to place, had he wander'd long
 The weary high road, parcht with thirst.
 Now here, in the ditch, for awhile among
 The brambles hidden, he crouch'd; and first
 Wistfully eyed, on the other side,
 A fresh green meadow with flow'rets pied;
 And then, with a pang, as he peep'd and pried,
 "Oh, to rest there!" he thought, and sigh'd.
 "Oh, to rest there, it is all so fair!
 Yonder wanders a brooklet, sure?
 No! it is only the mill-sluice small.
 But he looks like a brook, so bright and pure,
 And his banks are broider'd with violets all.
 Soft!—I have half a mind to try—
 Could one slip in yonder quietly,
 Where the rippled damp of the deep grass spares
 Cool rest to each roving butterfly,
 How pleasant 'twould be! There is nobody by,
 And perhaps there is nobody owns or cares
 To look after yon meadow. It seems so still,
 Silent, and safe—shall I venture?—I will!
 From the ditch it is but a step or two.
 And, maybe, the owner is dead, and the heirs
 Away in the town, and will never know."

Part II.

Then the little Thistle atiptoe stood,
 All in a tremble, sharp yet shy.
 The vagabond's conscience was not good.
 He had been so often a trespasser sly,
 He had been so often caught by the law,
 He had been so often beaten before;

He was still so small: if a spade he saw,
 He mutter'd a *Paternoster* o'er,
 And cower'd. So, cautiously thrusting out
 Here a timorous leaf, there a tiny sprout,
 And then dropping a seed, and so waiting anon
 For a chance lift got from the wind—still on,
 With a hope that the sun and the breeze might please
 To be helpful and kind—by degrees he frees
 And feels his way with a fluttering heart.

In the ditch there were heaps of stones to pass.
 They scratch'd him, and tore him, and made him smart,
 And ruin'd his leaves. But those leaves, alas,
 Already so tatter'd and shatter'd were,

That to keep them longer was worth no care;
 And at last he was safe in the meadow; and there
 "Ah, ha!" sigh'd the Thistle; "so far, so well!

If I can but stay where I am, I shall fare
 Blithe as the bee in the blossom's bell.

O blest abode! To have done with the road,
 And got rid of the ditch! Ah, who can tell

The rapture of rest to the wanderer's breast?"

Down out of heaven a dewdrop fell
 On the head of the Thistle: and he fell asleep
 In the lap of the twilight soft and deep.

Part III.

At sunrise he woke: and he still was there,
 In the bright grass, breathing the balmy air.
 He stretch'd his limbs, and he shook off the dust,
 And he wash'd himself in the morning dew;
 And, opening his pedlar's pack, out-thrust
 A spruce little pair of leaflets new;
 And made for himself a fine white ruff,
 About his neck to wear;

And pruned and polish'd his prickles tough;
 And put on a holiday air.
 And "If only nobody finds me out!"
 He laugh'd, as he loll'd among
 The grass, delighted, and look'd about,
 And humm'd a homely song,
 In his wanderings heard elsewhere—

"A crown! a crown!
 A crown of mine own,
 To wind in a maiden's hair!"

But ... a sweep of the scythe, and a stamp of the foot,
 And "Vile weed! is there no getting rid of thee ever?"
 And what little was spared by the scythe, the boot,
 With its hobnails, hasten'd to crush and shiver.

Part IV.

'Twas the Farmer, who just then happen'd to pass.
 He had gone to the field to cut some grass
 For his beast that morn; and no sooner saw
 The trespasser there *in flagrante delicto*,
 Than, scythe in hand, he enforced the law
 On the luckless offender, *vi et ictu*.

All mangled and bruised, the poor little Thistle
 With his desperate roots to the soil clung fast.
 The Farmer away, with a careless whistle,
 Homeward over the meadow pass'd.
 The Thistle breathed freer, and shook his gasht head.
 "All's well, if it be no worse!" he said.
 "My crown is gone, but 'twill grow again.
 There is many another (*I feel it*) in me.

And one must not make too much of the pain.

Only, you good saints, let me not be
Forced, for my sins, to return to the road!"
Then his roots he burrow'd more deep and broad.

But every day 'twas the self-same thing!

Tho' he made himself little, and hid his head,
Trying, with all his might, to cling
Close to the soil, and appear to be dead.
For his spacious leaves, that were carved and curl'd,
For Corinthian columns in temples fair,
He could not check them when these unfurl'd
Their flourishing architecture there,
And, all about him their beauty spreading,
Layer upon layer uprose from below;
And the hardy young head, in despite of beheading,
Sprang up again—for the scythe to mow!
Round and about him, each blossom was blowing.
No chance of blowing had *he* found ever:
Who no sooner was seen than the sharp steel mowing,
Or the harsh foot crushing him, stopp'd the endeavour.
And, "Oh, blessed," he sigh'd, "is the blossom that blows!
Colours I know of, no eyes yet see.
But I dare not show them; and nobody knows,
Nobody guesses, what's hidden in me!
In all the world but one creature, alas,
For love's sake seeks me; and *he* is an ass."

Part V.

So went the Spring: and so came and went
The Summer. The aftermath was mown.
In bristly patches, no longer blent
With the glow of the blossoms that there had blown,

The lean gaunt herbage scantly grew,
 And the beast of the field had the residue.
 The primrose was gone, and the violet,
 And under the desolate woods, the white
 Anemone's constellations, set,
 Had left the earth dark as a starless night,
 But, outliving his betters one by one,
 In the flowerless field, with no thought of flight,
 The brave little Thistle remain'd—alone!
 And, since skies were cold, and suns were dim,
 No one noticed, and no one praised,
 But also no one *maltreated*, him.
 And the pensive beasts of the field, that grazed
 The twice-cropt grass, where their wandering whim
 Led them, lazy, from spot to spot,
 Shunn'd the Thistle and harm'd him not.

Part VI.

Then the Thistle, at last, could enlarge his store
 Of the few joys fate had vouchsafed him sparely.
 Baffled a hundred times, and more,
 Bruised, and torn, and surviving barely,
 Still he *survived*: and for him, him only,
 Green leaves gladden'd the leafless cold
 Where, Summer's orphan, he linger'd lonely
 Over her grave in the frozen mould.
 For, as days, long dead, by a bard born after
 Are invoked, and revive in a form more fair,
 All the bliss that was beauty, the life that was laughter,
 Ere the frolic fields were bereft and bare,
 The lone Thistle renew'd and transform'd to his own;
 As flower by flower—from the fervid rose,
 Whose beauty so well to herself is known,
 That she blushes proud of the truth she knows,

To the violet, Modesty's vanquish! child,
 Hiding her head in the sylvan places
 Where her wandering wooer, the March gust wild,
 Hath left her faint from his harsh embraces,
 All of them—all, in a dream divine
 To the Thistle their else-lost secrets told
 Of blushes that burn, and of brows that shine,
 With passion of purple and glory of gold.
 So all flowers of the field were alive in one:
 And the glow of his sheen, and the gloss of his down,
 Were as jewels dead queens have confided alone
 To the craftsman who fashions them all to a crown.

For each hope in the heart of the poor plant hidden,
 Each vision of bliss and of beauty, nurst
 With a passion, by Prejudice check'd and chidden,
 For a life by the fiat of Fortune curst,
 Rushing forthwith into rich reality.
 Fill'd the cup of a quenchless thirst
 Till it flow'd with exuberant prodigality,
 And his long-pent life into blossom burst.
 A single blossom: but statelier far
 And fairer, than many a million are.
 A splendid disc, full and flashing with wonder!
 As the sea-rose swims on the water, so
 That effulgent star on the bleak earth under
 Lay spread out in a luminous glow.
 And "At last I can blossom! blossom! blossom!"
 The Thistle laugh'd, greeting the earth and heaven,
 And he blossom'd his whole heart out of his bosom.
 And all was forgotten, save all that was given.

(From *Fables in Song*.)

(*Poems* of Owen Meredith.)

Selected by M. Betham-Edwards.)

42. Austin Dobson.

geb. 1840.

1. A Garden Song.

HERE in this sequester'd close
 Bloom the hyacinth and rose,
 Here beside the modest stock
 Flaunts the flaring hollyhock;
 Here, without a pang, one sees
 Ranks, conditions, and degrees.

All the seasons run their race
 In this quiet resting-place;
 Peach and apricot and fig
 Here will ripen and grow big;
 Here is store and overplus,—
 More had not Alcinous!

Here, in alleys cool and green,
 Far ahead the thrush is seen;
 Here along the southern wall
 Keeps the bee his festival;
 All is quiet else—afar
 Sounds of toil and turmoil are.
 Here be shadows large and long;

Here be spaces meet for song;
 Grant, O garden-god, that I,
 Now that none profane is nigh,—
 Now that mood and moment please.—
 Find the fair Pierides!

(From A. Quiller-Couch, *The Oxford Book
 of Victorian Verse*, 1912.)

2. *In after days.*

IN after days when grasses high
O'er-top the stone where I shall lie,
Though ill or well the world adjust
My slender claim to honour'd dust,
I shall not question nor reply.

I shall not see the morning sky;
I shall not hear the night-wind sigh;
I shall be mute, as all men must
In after days!

But yet, now living, fain would I
That some one then should testify,
Saying—'He held his pen in trust
To Art, not serving shame or lust.'
Will none?—Then let my memory die
In after days!

(*Ib.*)

43. **Bertram Dobell.**

geb. 1842.

Microcosm.

His home a speck in a vast Universe,
He a mere atom on that tiny speck,
Victim of countless evils that coerce
And force him onward on a pathless track
And yet a being made to dominate
O'er all things else by mind's controlling power:
Spoilt favourite at once and sport of fate,
Football of fortune, time's consummate flower!

To him alone did Nature's self impart
 A spark of her divinest energy,
 With power to create a world of Art,
 And intellect to solve all mystery:
 So great and yet so little! blest and curst—
 Nature's most noble offspring—yet her worst!

(*Ib.*)

44. William Cosmo Monkhouse.

(1840–1901.)

The Night Express.

WITH three great snorts of strength,
 Stretching my mighty length
 Like some long dragon stirring in his sleep,
 Out from the glare of gas
 Into the night I pass,
 And plunge alone into the silence deep.

Little I know or care
 What be the load I bear,
 Why thus compell'd, I seek not to divine;
 At man's command I stir,
 I, his stern messenger!
 Does he his duty well as I do mine?

Straight on my silent road,
 Flank'd by no man's abode,
 No foe I parley with, no friend I greet;
 On like a bolt I fly
 Under the starry Sky,
 Scorning the current of the sluggish street.

Onward from South to North,
 Onward from Thames to Forth,
 On—like a comet—on, unceasingly;
 Faster and faster yet
 On—where far boughs of jet
 Stretch their wild woof against the pearly sky.

Faster and faster still—
 Dive I through rock and hill,
 Starting the echoes with my shrill alarms;
 Swiftly I curve and bend;
 While, like an eager friend;
 The distance runs to clasp me in its arms.

Ne'er from my path I swerve
 Rattling around a curve
 Not vainly trusting to my trusty bars;
 On through the hollow night,
 While, or to left or right,
 A city glistens like a clump of stars.

On through the night I steer;
 Never a sound I hear
 Save the strong beating of my steady stroke—
 Save when the circling owl
 Hoots, or the screaming fowl
 Rise from the marshes like a sudden smoke.

Now o'er a gulf I go:
 Dark is the depth below,
 Smiles the slant beam the shoulder of the height—
 Now through a lane of trees—
 Past sleeping villages,
 Their white walls whiter in the silver light.

Be the night foul or fair,
 Little I reckon or care,
 Bandy with storms, and with the tempests jest;
 Little I care or know
 What winds may rage or blow,
 But charge the whirlwind with a dauntless breast,

Now through the level plain,
 While, like a mighty mane,
 Stretches my endless breath in cloudy miles;
 Now o'er a dull lagoon,
 While the broad beamed moon
 Lights up its sadness into sickly smiles.

O, 'tis a race sublime!
 I, neck and neck with Time,—
 I, with my thews of iron and heart of fire,—
 Run without pause for breath,
 While all the earth beneath
 Shakes with the shocks of my tremendous ire!

On—till the race be won;
 On—till the coming sun
 Blinds moon and stars with his excessive light;
 On—till the earth be green,
 And the first lark be seen
 Shaking away with songs the dews of night.

Sudden my speed I slack—
 Sudden all force I lack—
 Without a struggle yield I up my breath;
 Numb'd are my thews of steel,
 Wearily rolls each wheel,
 My heart cools slowly to the sleep of death.

Why for so brief a length
 Dower'd with such mighty strength?
 Man is my God—I seek not to divine:
 At his command I stir,
 I, his stern messenger;—
 Does he his duty well as I do mine?

(*Ib.*)

45. Arthur O'Shaughnessy.
 (1814–1881.)

1. *A Love Symphony.*

ALONG the garden ways just now
 I heard the flowers speak;
 The white rose told me of your brow,
 The red rose of your cheek;
 The lily of your bended head,
 The bindweed of your hair:
 Each look'd its loveliest and said
 You were more fair.

I went into the wood anon,
 And heard the wild birds sing,
 How sweet you were; they warbled on,
 Piped, trill'd the self-same thing.
 Thrush, blackbird, linnet, without pauso,
 The burden did repeat,
 And still began again because
 You were more sweet.

And then I went down to the sea,
 And heard it murmuring too,

Part of an ancient mystery,
 All made of me and you:
 How many a thousand years ago
 I loved, and you were sweet—
 Longer I could not stay, and so
 I fled back to your feet.

2. *The Fountain of Tears.*

IF you go over desert and mountain,
 Far into the country of sorrow,
 To-day and to-night and to-morrow,
 And maybe for months and for years;
 You shall come, with a heart that is bursting
 For trouble and toiling and thirsting,
 You shall certainly come to the fountain
 At length,—to the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely
 For piteous lamenting and sighing,
 And those who come living or dying
 Alike from their hopes and their fears;
 Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,
 And statues that cover their faces:
 But out of the gloom springs the holy
 And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows and it flows with a motion
 So gentle and lovely and listless,
 And murmurs a tune so resistless
 To him who hath suffer'd and hears—
 You shall surely—without a word spoken,
 Kneel down there and know your, heart broken,
 And yield to the long curb'd emotion
 That day by the Fountain of Tears.

For it grows and it grows, as though leaping
 Up higher the more one is thinking;
 And ever its tunes go on sinking
 More poignantly into the ears;
 Yea, so blessed and good seems that fountain,
 Reach'd after dry desert and mountain,
 You shall fall down at length in your weeping
 And bathe your sad face in the tears.

Then, alas! while you lie there a season,
 And sob between living and dying,
 And give up the land you were trying
 To find 'mid your hopes and your fears;
 —O the world shall come up and pass o'er you;
 Strong men shall not stay to care for you,
 Nor wonder indeed for what reason
 Your way should seem harder than theirs.

But perhaps, while you lie, never lifting
 Your cheek from the wet leaves it presses,
 Nor caring to raise your wet tresses
 And look how the cold world appears,—
 O perhaps the mere silences round you—
 All things in that place grief hath found you,
 Yea, e'en to the clouds o'er you drifting,
 May soothe you somewhat through your tears.

You may feel, when a falling leaf brushes
 Your face, as though some one had kiss'd you,
 Or think at least some one who miss'd you
 Hath sent you a thought,—if that cheers;
 Or a bird's little song, faint and broken,
 May pass for a tender word spoken:
 —Enough, while around you there rushes
 That life-drowning torrent of tears.

And the tears shall flow faster and faster,
 Brim over, and baffle resistance,
 And roll down blear'd roads to each distance
 Of past desolation and years;
 Till they cover the place of each sorrow,
 And leave you no Past and no morrow:
 For what man is able to master
 And stem the great Fountain of Tears?

But the floods of the tears meet and gather;
 The sound of them all grows like thunder:
 —O into what bosom I wonder,
 Is pour'd the whole sorrow of years?
 For Eternity only seems keeping
 Account of the great human weeping:
 May God, then, the Maker and Father—
 May He find a place for the tears!

(Palgrave, *Golden Treasury*, II.)

46. William Ernest Henley.
 (1849–1903.)

I. M. Margaritae Sorori. (1886.)

A LATE lark twitters from the quiet skies;
 And from the west,
 Where the sun, his day's work ended,
 Lingers as in content,
 There falls on the old, grey city
 An influence luminous and serene,
 A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
 In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires
 Shine, and are changed. In the valley
 Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
 Closing his benediction,
 Sinks, and the darkening air
 Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
 Night with her train of stars
 And her great gift of sleep.
 So be my passing!
 My task accomplished and the long day done,
 My wages taken, and in my heart
 Some late lark singing,
 Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
 The sundown splendid and serene,
 Death.

(*Book of Verses*, 1888.)

47. Robert Louis Stevenson.
 (1850 – 1894.)

1. The Land of Counterpane.

WHEN I was sick and lay a-bed,
 I had two pillows at my head,
 And all my toys behind me lay
 To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
 I watched my leaden soldiers go,
 With different uniforms and drills,
 Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets,
 All up and down among the sheets;
 Or brought my trees and houses out,
 And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
 That sits upon the pillow-hill,
 And sees before him, dale and plain,
 The pleasant land of counterpane.

2. My Bed is a Boat.

MY bed is like a little boat;
 Nurse helps me in when I embark;
 She girds me in my sailor's coat
 And starts me in the dark.

At night, I go on board and say
 Good night to all my friends on shore;
 I shut my eyes and sail away,
 And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
 As prudent sailors have to do:
 Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,
 Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer:
 But when the day returns at last,
 Safe in my room, beside the pier,
 I find my vessel fast.

A Child's Garden of Verses, 1885.

3. *Requiem.*

UNDER the wide and starry sky,
 Dig the grave and let me lie.
 Glad did I live and gladly die,
 And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

(*Underwoods: Poems.*)

48. **Eric Mackay.**

(Born 1851.)

1. *A Mother's Name.*

I LOVE the sound! The sweetest under Heaven,
 That name of mother,—and the proudest, too.
 As babes we breathe it, and with seven times seven
 Of youthful prayers, and blessings that accrue,
 We still repeat the word, with tender steven.
 Dearest of friends! dear mother! what we do
 This side the grave, in purity of aim,
 Is glorified at last by thy good name.

But how forlorn the word, how full of woe,
 When she who bears it lies beneath the clod.
 In vain the orphan child would call her so,—
 She comes not back: her place is up with God.
 The wintry winds are wailing o'er the snow;
 The flowers are dead that once did grace the sod.
 Ah, lose not heart! Some flowers may fade in gloom,
 But Hope's a plant grows brightest on the tomb!

2. *The Mission of the Bard.* (Sonnets XVII.)

HE is a seer. He wears the wedding-ring
 Of Art and Nature; and his voice is bold.
 He should be quicker than the birds to sing,
 And fill'd with frenzy like the men of old

Who sang their songs for country and for king.
 Nothing should daunt him, though the news were told
 By fiends from Hell! He should be swift to hold
 And swift to part with truth, as from a spring.

He should discourse of war and war's alarm,
 And deeds of peace, and garlands to be sought,
 And love, and lore, and death, and beauty's charm,

And warlike men subdued by tender thought,
 And grief dismiss'd, and hatred set at nought,
 And Freedom shielded by his strong right arm!

(Love Letters of a Violinist and other Poems, 1885.)

49. **Oscar Wilde.**

(1856–1900.)

Requiescat.

TREAD lightly, she is near
 Under the snow,
 Speak gently, she can hear
 The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair
 Tarnished with rust,
 She that was young and fair
 Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,
 She hardly knew
 She was a woman, so
 Sweetly she grew.

Coffin board, heavy stone,
 Lie on her breast,
 I vex my heart alone,
 She is at rest.

Peace, peace, she cannot hear
 Lyre or sonnet,
 All my life's buried here,
 Heap earth upon it.

(From *Poems*, 1881.)

50. William Watson.

geb. 1858.

Song.

April, April,
 Laugh thy girlish laughter;
 Then, the moment after,
 Weep thy girlish tears!
 April, that mine ears
 Like a lover greetest,
 If I tell thee, sweetest,

All my hopes and fears,
 April, April,
 Laugh thy golden laughter,
 But, the moment after,
 Weep thy golden tears!

(From A. Quiller-Couch, *The Oxford Book
 of Victorian Verse*, 1912.)

51. Henry Newbolt.
 geb. 1862.

Admirals All.

EFFINGHAM, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
 Here's to the bold and free!
 Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
 Hail to the Kings of the Sea!
 Admirals all, for England's sake,
 Honour be yours and fame!
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,
 To Nelson's peerless name!

Admirals all, for England's sake,
 Honour be yours and fame!
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,
 To Nelson's peerless name!

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay,
 With the galleons fair in sight;
 Howard at last must give him his way,
 And the word was passed to fight.
 Never was schoolboy gayer than he,
 Since holidays first began:

He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
And under the guns he ran.

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,
Their cities he put to the sack;
He singed His Catholic Majesty's beard,
And harried his ships to wrack.
He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls
When the great Armada came;
But he said, 'They must wait their turn, good souls',
And he stooped, and finished the game.

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,
Duncan he had but two:
But he anchored them fast where the Texel shoaled,
And his colours aloft he flew—
'I've taken the depth to a fathom,' he cried,
'And I'll sink with a right good will,
For I know when we're all of us under the tide
My flag will be fluttering still.'

Splinters were flying above, below,
When Nelson sailed the Sound:
'Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,'
Said he, 'for a thousand pound!'
The Admiral's signal bade him fly,
But he wickedly wagged his head;
He clapped the glass to his sightless eye,
And 'I'm dammed if I see it,' he said.

Admirals all, they said their say,
(The echoes are ringing still)
Admirals all, they went their way
To the haven under the hill.

But they left us a kingdom none can take,
 The realm of the circling sea,
 To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake
 And the Rodneys yet to be.

Admirals all, for England's sake,
 Honour be yours and fame!
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,
 To Nelson's peerless name!

(*The Island Race*, 1898.)

52. Rudyard Kipling.

(Born 1865.)

1. *Tommy*.

I WENT into a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer,
 The publican 'e up an' sez, "We serve no red-coats here."
 The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die,
 I outs into the street again an' to myself sez I:
 O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' 'Tommy go away';
 But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to
 play,
 The band begins to play, my boys, the band begins to play,
 O it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to
 play.

I went into a theatre as sober as could be,
 They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me;
 They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls,
 But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll shove me in the stalls!
 For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' 'Tommy wait outside';
 But it's "Special train for Atkins" when the trooper's on the
 tide,

The troopship's on the tide, my boys, the troopship's on the
 tide,
 O it's "Special train for Atkins" when the trooper's on the tide.

Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while you sleep
 Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're starvation cheap;
 An' hustlin' drunken soldiers when they're goin' large a bit
 Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, 'ow's yer
 soul?"

But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll,
 The drums begin to roll, my boys, the drums begin to roll,
 O it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too,
 But single men in barracks, most remarkable like you;
 An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,
 Why, single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints;
 While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, fall be'ind,"
 But it's "Please to walk in front, sir", when there's trouble in
 the wind,
 There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's trouble in the
 wind,
 O it's 'Please to walk in front, sir,' when there's trouble in the
 wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an' all:
 We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us rational.
 Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it to our face
 The Widow's Uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck him out, the
 brute!"

But it's 'Saviour of 'is country' when the guns begin to shoot;
 An, it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please;
 An' Tommy ain't a bjoomin' fool—you bet that Tommy sees!

Barrack Room Ballads, 1892.

2. *Soldier, Soldier.*

"SOLDIER, soldier come from the wars,
 "Why don't you march with my true love?"
 "We're fresh from off the ship an' 'e's maybe give the slip,
 "An' you'd best go look for a new love."
 New love! True love!
 Best go look for a new love,
 The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd better dry your eyes,
 An' you'd best go look for a new love.

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
 "What did you see o' my true love?"
 "I seed 'im serve the Queen in a suit o' rifle-green,
 "An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
 "Did ye see no more o' my true love?"
 "I seed 'im runnin' by when the shots begun to fly—
 "But you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
 "Did aught take 'arm to my true love?"
 "I couldn't see the fight, for the smoke it lay so white—
 "An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
 "I'll up an' tend to my true love!"
 "'E's lying on the dead with a bullet through 'is 'ead,
 "An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
 "I'll down an' die with my true love!"
 "The pit we dug'll 'ide 'im an' the twenty men beside 'im—
 "An' you'd best go look for a new love."

4. *The Sea-Wife.*

THERE dwells a wife by the Northern Gate,
 And a wealthy wife is she;
 She breeds a breed o' rovin' men
 And casts them over sea.

And some are drowned in deep water,
 And some in sight o' shore,
 And word goes back to the weary wife
 And ever she sends more.

For since that wife had gate or gear,
 Or hearth or garth or bield,
 She willed her sons to the white harvest,
 And that is a bitter yield.

She wills her sons to the wet ploughing,
 To ride the horse of tree,
 And syne her sons come back again
 Far-spent from out the sea.

The good wife's sons come home again
 With little into their hands,
 But the lore of men that ha' dealt with men
 In the new and naked lands;

But the faith of men that ha' brothered men
 By more than easy breath,
 And the eyes o' men that ha' read wi' men
 In the open books of death.

Rich are they, rich in wonders seen,
 But poor in the goods o' men;
 So what they ha' got by the skin o' their teeth
 They sell for their teeth again.

For whether they lose to the naked life
 Or win to their hearts' desire,
 They tell it all to the weary wife
 That nods beside the fire.

Her hearth is wide to every wind
 That makes the white ash spin;
 And tide and tide and 'tween the tides
 Her sons go out and in;

(Out with great mirth that do desire
 Hazard of trackless ways,
 In with content to wait their watch
 And warm before the blaze);

And some return by failing light,
 And some in waking dream,
 For she hears the heels of the dripping ghosts
 That ride the rough roof-beam.

Home, they come home from all the ports,
 The living and the dead;
 The good wife's sons come home again
 For her blessing on their head!

(*Ib.*)

5. Hymn before Action.

THE earth is full of anger,
 The seas are dark with wrath,
 The Nations in their harness
 Go up against our path:
 Ere yet we loose the legions—
 Ere yet we draw the blade,

Jehovah of the Thunders,
 Lord God of Battles, aid!

High lust and froward bearing,
 Proud heart, rebellious brow—
 Deaf ear and soul uncaring,
 We seek Thy mercy now!
 The sinner that forswore Thee,
 The fool that passed Thee by,
 Our times are known before Thee—
 Lord, grant us strength to die!

For those who kneel beside us
 At altars not Thine own,
 Who lack the lights that guide us,
 Lord, let their faith atone.
 If wrong we did to call them,
 By honour bound they came;
 Let not Thy Wrath befall them,
 But deal to us the blame.

From panic, pride, and terror,
 Revenge that knows no rein,
 Light haste and lawless error,
 Protect us yet again.
 Cloak Thou our undeserving,
 Make firm the shuddering breath,
 In silence and unswerving
 To taste Thy lesser death!

Ah, Mary pierced with sorrow,
 Remember, reach and save
 The soul that comes to-morrow
 Before the God that gave!

Since each was born of woman,
 For each at utter need—
 True comrade and true foeman—
 Madonna, intercede!

E'en now their vanguard gathers,
 E'en now we face the fray—
 As Thou didst help our fathers,
 Help Thou our host to-day!
 Fulfilled of signs and wonders,
 In life, in death made clear—
 Jehovah of the Thunders,
 Lord God of Battles, hear!

(*Ib.*)

6. *The White Man's Burden.*

TAKE up the White Man's burden—
 Send forth the best ye breed—
 Go bind your sons to exile
 To serve your captives' need;
 To wait in heavy harness,
 On fluttered folk and wild—
 Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
 Half-devil and half-child.

Take up the White Man's burden—
 In patience to abide,
 To veil the threat of terror
 And check the show of pride;
 By open speech and simple,
 An hundred times made plain,
 To seek another's profit,
 And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden—
 The savage wars of peace—
 Fill full the mouth of Famine
 And bid the sickness cease;
 And when your goal is nearest
 The end for others sought,
 Watch Sloth and heathen Folly
 Bring all your hope to nought.

Take up the White Man's burden—
 No tawdry rule of kings,
 But toil of serf and sweeper—
 The tale of common things.
 The ports ye shall not enter,
 The roads ye shall not tread,
 Go make them with your living,
 And mark them with your dead.

Take up the White Man's burden—
 And reap his old reward:
 The blame of those ye better,
 The hate of those ye guard—
 The cry of hosts ye humour
 (Ah, slowly!) toward the light:—
 "Why brought ye us from bondage,
 Our loved Egyptian night?"

Take up the White Man's burden—
 Ye dare not stoop to less—
 Nor call too loud on Freedom
 To cloak your weariness;
 By all ye cry or whisper,
 By all ye leave or do,
 The silent, sullen peoples
 Shall weigh your Gods and you.

Take up the White Man's burden—
 Have done with childish days—
 The lightly proffered laurel,
 The easy, ungrudged praise,
 Comes now, to search your manhood
 Through all the thankless years,
 Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
 The judgment of your peers!

(*The Five Nations*, 1903.)

7. *Recessional*. (*Juli 17, 1897.*)

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!
 Amen.

(*Ib.*)

53. William Butler Yeats.
 geb. 1865.

1. The Fiddler of Dooney.

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney
 Folk dance like a wave of the sea;
 My cousin is priest in Kilbarnet,
 My brother in Moharabuiee.

I pass'd my brother and cousin:
 They read in their books of prayers;
 I read in my book of songs
 I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come at the end of time,
 To Peter sitting in state
 He will smile on the three old spirits,
 But call me first through the gate;

For the good are always the merry,
 Save by an evil chance;
 And the merry love the fiddle,
 And the merry love to dance:

And when the folk there spy me,
 They will all come up to me,
 With 'Here is the fiddler of Dooney!'
 And dance like a wave of the sea.

(From A. Quiller-Couch, *The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*, 1912.)

2. *The Lake Isle of Innisfree.*

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

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

(*Ib.*)

54. Laurence Housman.

geb. 1867.

The Settlers.

How green the earth, how blue the sky,
How pleasant all the days that pass,
Here where the British settlers lie
Beneath their cloaks of grass!

Here ancient peace resumes her round,
And rich from toil stand hill and plain;
Men reap and store; but they sleep sound,
The men who sow'd the grain.

Hard to the plough their hands they put,
And wheresoe'er the soil had need
The furrow drave, and underfoot
They sow'd themselves for seed.

Ah! not like him whose hand made yield
The brazen kine with fiery breath,
And over all the Colchian field
Strew'd far the seeds of death;

Till, as day sank, awoke to war
The seedlings of the dragon's teeth,
And death ran multiplied once more
Across the hideous heath.

But rich in flocks be all these farms,
And fruitful be the fields which hide
Brave eyes that loved the light, and arms
That never clasp'd a bride!

O willing hearts turn'd quick to clay,
 Glad lovers holding death in scorn,
 Out of the lives ye cast away
 The coming race is born.

(*Ib.*)

55. God save the King!

GOD save our gracious King,
 Long live our noble King,
 God save the King!
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the King!

O Lord, our God, arise,
 Scatter his enemies,
 And make them fall!
 Confound their politics,
 Frustrate their knavish tricks!
 On him our hopes we fix:
 God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store
 On him be pleased to pour,
 Long may he reign!
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 With heart and voice to sing:
 God save the King!

O grant him long to see
Friendship and amity
 Always increase!
May he his sceptre sway,
All loyal souls obey,
Join heart and voice: Huzza!
 God save the King!

(Anonymous.)

American Poetry.

56. Yankee Doodle. (1755.)

A Yankee boy is trim and tall
 And never over fat, Sir;
 At dance and frolic, hop and ball,
 As nimble as a rat, Sir.
 Yankee doodle, guard your coast,
 Yankee doodle dandy,
 Fear not then, nor threat nor boast,
 Yankee doodle dandy.

He's always out on training day,
 Commencement or Election:
 At truck and trade he knows the way
 Of thriving to perfection.
 Yankee doodle etc.

His door is always open found,
 His cider of the best, Sir,
 His board with pumpkin pie is crowned,
 And welcome every guest, Sir.
 Yankee doodle etc.

Tho' rough and little is his farm,
 That little is his own, Sir,
 His hand is strong, his heart is warm,
 'Tis truth's and honour's throne, Sir.
 Yankee doodle etc.

His Country is his pride and boast,
 He'll ever prove true blue, Sir,
 When called upon to give his toast,
 'Tis "Yankee doodle, doo!" Sir.
 Yankee doodle etc.

57. Joseph Hopkinson.

(1770–1842.)

Hail, Columbia!

HAIL, Columbia! happy land!

Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

And when the storm of war was gone,

Enjoyed the peace your valour won.

Let independence be our boast,

Ever mindful what it cost;

Ever grateful for the prize,

Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm—united—let us be,

Rallying round our Liberty;

As a band of brothers join'd,

Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;

Defend your rights, defend your shore;

Let no rude foe, with impious hand,

Let no rude foe, with impious hand,

Invade the shrine where sacred lies

Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.

While offering peace sincere and just,

In Heaven we place a manly trust,

That truth and justice will prevail,

And every scheme of bondage fail.

Firm—united, &c.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!

Let Washington's great name

Ring through the world with loud applause,

Ring through the world with loud applause,

Let every clime to Freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear.

With equal skill, with godlike power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides, with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm—united, &c.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country, stands—
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat:

But, armed in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.
Firm—united, &c.

58. Francis Rodman Drake.
(1795–1820.)

The American Flag.

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies;
And striped its pure, celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light.

Then from his mansion in the sun
 She called her eagle-bearer down,
 And gave into his mighty hand
 The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the clouds,
 Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
 To hear the tempest trummings loud,
 And see the lightning lances driven,
 Where strive the warriors of the storm,
 And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven;
 Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
 To guard the banner of the free,
 To hover in the sulphur smoke,
 To ward away the battle-stroke,
 And bid its blendings shine afar,
 The harbingers of Victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
 The sign of hope and triumph high!
 When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
 And the long line comes gleaming on,—
 Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
 Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,—
 Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
 To where thy sky-born glories burn;
 And as his springing steps advance,
 Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
 And when the cannon-mouthings loud
 Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
 And gory sabres rise and fall
 Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,—
 Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
 And cowering foes shall sink beneath
 Each gallant arm that strikes below

That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,
 When death, careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
 And frightened waves rush wildly back
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,
 Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shail look at once to heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendours fly
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.
 Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
 By angel hands to valour given,
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 Forever float that standard sheet!
 Where breathes the foe that falls before us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner floating o'er us.

59. John Howard Payne.

(1792 – 1852.)

Home, Sweet Home.

'MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow all there,
 Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home! Home! sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain;
 Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!
 The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
 Give me these, and the peace of mind dearer than all.
 Home! Home! sweet, sweet homel
 There's no place like home!

60. William Cullen Bryant.
 (1794–1878.)

1. To a Waterfowl.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
 Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
 The desert and illimitable air,—
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
 At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
 Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
 Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
 Soon shall thou find a summer home, and rest,
 And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
 Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
 Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
 Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
 And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
 Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
 In the long way that I must tread alone
 Will lead my steps aright.

2. *The Indian Girl's Lament.*

AN Indian girl was sitting where
 Her lover, slain in battle, slept;
 Her maiden veil, her own black hair,
 Came down o'er eyes that wept;
 And wildly, in her woodland tongue,
 This sad and simple lay she sung:

"I've pulled away the shrubs that grew
 Too close above thy sleeping head,
 And broke the forest-boughs that threw
 Their shadows o'er thy bed,
 That, shining from the sweet southwest,
 The sunbeams might rejoice thy rest.

“It was a weary, weary road
 That led thee to the pleasant coast,
 Where thou, in his serene abode,
 Hast met thy father’s ghost;
 Where everlasting autumn lies
 On yellow woods and sunny skies.

“’Twas I the broidered mocsen made,
 That shot thee for that distant land,
 ’Twas I thy bow and arrows laid
 Beside thy still cold hand;
 Thy bow in many a battle bent,
 Thy arrows never vainly sent.

“With wampum-belts I crossed thy breast,
 And wrapped thee in the bison’s hide,
 And laid the food that pleased thee best,
 In plenty, by thy side,
 And decked thee bravely, as became
 A warrior of illustrious name.

“Thou’rt happy now, for thou hast passed
 The long dark journey of the grave,
 And in the land of light, at last,
 Hast joined the good and brave:
 Amid the flushed and balmy air,
 The bravest and the loveliest there.

“Yet, oft to thine own Indian maid
 Even there thy thoughts will earthward stray—
 To her who sits where thou wert laid,
 And weeps the hours away,
 Yet almost can her grief forget,
 To think that thou dost love her yet.

“And thou, by one of those still lakes
 That in a shining cluster lie,
 On which the south wind scarcely breaks
 The image of the sky,
 A bower for thee and me hast made.
 Beneath the many-colored shade.

“And thou dost wait and watch to meet
 My spirit sent to join the blessed,
 And wondering what detains my feet
 From that bright land of rest,
 Dost seem, in every sound, to hear
 The rustling of my footsteps near.”

3. O Mother of a Mighty Race.

O MOTHER of a mighty race,
 Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
 The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
 Admire and hate thy blooming years.
 With words of shame
 And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
 That tints the morning hills with red;
 Thy step—the wild deer’s rustling feet
 Within thy woods are not more fleet;
 Thy hopeful eye
 Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones—
 While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.
 They do not know how loved thou art—
 How many a fond and fearless heart

Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe!

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide;
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley-shades;
What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen:

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By the lone rivers of the west;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared,
In woodland homes,
And where the solemn ocean foams!

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest
For earth's down-trodden and oppressed,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved labourer toil and bread.
Power, at thy bounds,
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

O fair young mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of thy skies
The thronging years in glory rise,
And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,

Before thine eye,
Upon their lips the taunt shall die!

4. Hymn of the City.

NOT in the solitude
Alone may man commune with Heaven, or see
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale the present Deity;
Or only hear his voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the crowd
Through the great city rolled,
With everlasting murmur, deep and loud—
Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human-kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies,
And lights their inner homes—
For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;
And this eternal sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of thee.

And when the hours of rest
 Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
 Hushing its billowy breast—
 The quiet of that moment, too, is thine;
 It breathes of Him who keeps
 The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

(*Poetical Works* of William Cullen Bryant, 1884.)

61. Ralph Waldo Emerson.

(1803–1882.)

1. *Good-bye, Proud World!*

GOOD-BYE, proud world! I'm going home;
 Thou art not my friend; I am not thine:
 Too long through weary crowds I roam:—
 A river ark on the ocean brine,
 Too long I am tossed like the driven foam;
 But now, proud world, I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
 To Grandeur with his wise grimace:
 To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
 To supple office, low and high;
 To crowded halls, to court and street,
 To frozen hearts, and hasting feet,
 To those who go, and those who come,
 Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home.

I go to seek my own hearth-stone,
 Bosomed in yon green hills alone;
 A secret lodge in a pleasant land,
 Whose groves the frolic fairies planned,

Where arches green, the livelong day
 Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
 And evil men have never trod
 A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
 I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome;
 And when I am stretched beneath the pines
 Where the evening star so holy shines,
 I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
 At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
 For what are they all in their high conceit,
 When man in the bush with God may meet?

2. The Apology.

THINK me not unkind and rude,
 That I walk alone in grove and glen;
 I go to the god of the wood
 To fetch his word to men.

Tax not my sloth that I
 Fold my arms beside the brook;
 Each cloud that floated in the sky
 Writes a letter in my book.

Chide me not, laborious band,
 For the idle flowers I brought;
 Every aster in my hand
 Goes home loaded with a thought.

There was never mystery
 But 'tis figured in the flowers;
 Was newer secret history
 But birds tell it in the bowers.

One harvest from thy field
 Homeward brought the oxen strong,
 A second crop thy acres yield,
 Which I gather in a song.

*3. Hymn: Sung at the Completion of the Concord Monument.
 (April 19, 1836.)*

BY the rude bridge that arched the flood,
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
 Here once the embattled farmers stood,
 And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
 Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
 And Time the ruined bridge has swept
 Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
 We set to-day a votive stone;
 That memory may their deed redeem,
 When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
 To die, and leave their children free,
 Bid Time and Nature gently spare
 The shaft we raise to them and thee.

Emerson's Poems, Avon Edition, New York.

62. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
(1807 – 1882.)

1. *A Psalm of Life.*

What the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 “Life is but an empty dream!”
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal;
“Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
 Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
 Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labour and to wait.

(Voices of the Night, 1839.)

2. *Excelsior.*

THE shades of night were falling fast,
 As through an Alpine village passed
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
 A banner with the strange device,—
 Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
 And like a silver clarion rung,
 The accents of that unknown tongue,
 Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright:
 Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
 And from his lips escaped a groan,
 Excelsior!

“Try not the Pass!” the old man said;
 “Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide!”
 And loud that clarion voice replied,
 Excelsior!

“O stay,” the maiden said, “and rest
 Thy weary head upon this breast!”
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
 But still he answered, with a sigh,
 Excelsior!

“Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch!
 Beware the awful avalanche!”
 This was the peasant’s last Good-night.
 A voice replied, far up the height,
 Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
 The pious monks of Saint Bernard
 Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
 A voice cried through the startled air,
 Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
 Half-buried in the snow was found,
 Still grasping in his hand of ice
 That banner with the strange device,
 Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
 Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
 And from the sky, serene and far,
 A voice fell, like a falling star,
 Excelsior!

(From *Ballads and Other Poems*, 1841.)

3. *The Village Blacksmith.*

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door:
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
 Singing in Paradise!
 He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies;
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes;
 Each morning sees some task begun,
 Each evening sees it close;
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught!
 Thus at the flaming forge of life
 Our fortunes must be wrought;
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought!

(*Ib.*)

4. *The Slave's Dream.*

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,
 His sickle in his hand;
 His breast was bare, his matted hair
 Was buried in the sand.
 Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
 He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
 The lordly Niger flowed;
 Beneath the palm-trees on the plain

Once more a king he strode;
 And heard the tinkling caravans
 Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
 Among her children stand;
 They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
 They held him by the hand!—
 A tear burst from the sleeper's lids,
 And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
 Along the Niger's bank;
 His bridle-reins were golden chains.
 And, with a martial clank,
 At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
 Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
 The bright flamingoes flew;
 From morn till night he followed their flight,
 O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
 Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
 And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
 And the hyaena scream,
 And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
 Beside some hidden stream;
 And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
 Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
 Shouted of liberty;

And the blast of the Desert cried aloud,
 With a voice so wild and free,
 That he started in his sleep, and smiled
 At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
 Nor the burning heat of day;
 For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
 And his lifeless body lay
 A worn-out fetter, that the soul
 Had broken and thrown away!

(*Ib.*)

5. *The Arrow and the Song.*

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
 It fell to earth, I knew not where;
 For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
 Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
 It fell to earth, I knew not where;
 For who has sight so keen and strong,
 That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
 I found the arrow, still unbroke;
 And the song, from beginning to end,
 I found again in the heart of a friend.

(From *The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems*, 1845.)

6. *The Wreck of the Hesperus.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of
the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and
 maidens,

Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the labourers home from the field, and serenely the sun
sank

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the angélus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and
contentment.

Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

(From *Evangeline*, Part. I, 1, ll. 1–88, 1847.)

8. *Hiawatha's Hunting.*

THEN the little Hiawatha;
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
 Learned their names and all their secrets,
 How the beavers built their lodges,
 Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
 How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
 Why the rabbit was so timid,
 Talked with them whene'er he met them,
 Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
 He the marvellous story-teller,
 He the traveller and the talker,
 He the friend of old Nokomis,
 Made a bow for Hiawatha;
 From a branch of ash he made it,
 From an oak-bough made the arrows,
 Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
 And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha:
 "Go, my son, into the forest,
 Where the red deer herd together,
 Kill for us a famous roebuck,
 Kill for us a deer with antlers!"

Forth into the forest straightway
 All alone walked Hiawatha
 Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
 And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
 "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
 Sang the robin, the Opechee,
 Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
 "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
 Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
 In and out among the branches,
 Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
 Laughed, and said between his laughing,
 "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
“Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!”

But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened.
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.

Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him.

Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;

Beat his timid heart no longer,
 But the heart of Hiawatha
 Throbbled and shouted and exulted,
 As he bore the red deer homeward.

(From *The Song of Hiawatha*, III, ll. 143–224, [1855]).

9. *The White Man's foot.*

From his wanderings far to eastward,
 From the regions of the morning,
 From the shining land of Wabun
 Homeward now returned Iagoo,
 The great traveller, the great boaster,
 Full of new and strange adventures,
 Marvels many and many wonders.

And the people of the village
 Listened to him as he told them
 Of his marvellous adventures,
 Laughing answered him in this wise:

“Ugh! it is indeed Iagoo!
 No one else beholds such wonders!”

He had seen, he said, a water
 Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,
 Broader than the Gitche Gumee,
 Bitter so that none could drink it!
 At each other looked the warriors,
 Looked the women at each other,
 Smiled, and said, “It cannot be so!
 Kaw!” they said, “it cannot be so!”

O'er it, said he, o'er this water
 Came a great canoe with pinions,
 A canoe with wings came flying,
 Bigger than a grove of pine-trees,

Taller than the tallest tree-tops!
 And the old men and the women
 Looked and tittered at each other;
 "Kaw!" they said, "we don't believe it!"

From its mouth, he said, to greet him,
 Came Waywassimo, the lightning,
 Came the thunder, Annemeekee!
 And the warriors and the women
 Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo;
 "Kaw!" they said, "what tales you tell us!"

In it, said he, came a people,
 In the great canoe with pinions
 Came, he said, a hundred warriors;
 Painted white were all their faces,
 And with hair their chins were covered!
 And the warriors and the women
 Laughed and shouted in derision,
 Like the ravens on the tree-tops,
 Like the crows upon the hemlocks.
 "Kaw!" they said, "what lies you tell us!
 Do not think that we believe them!"

Only Hiawatha laughed not,
 But he gravely spake and answered
 To their jeering and their jesting:
 "True is all Iagoo tells us;
 I have seen it in a vision,
 Seen the great canoe with pinions,
 Seen the people with white faces,
 Seen the coining of this bearded
 People of the wooden vessel
 From the regions of the morning
 From the shining land of Wabun.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
 The Great Spirit, the Creator,
 Sends them hither on his errand,
 Sends them to us with his message.
 Wheresoe'er they move, before them
 Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo,
 Swarms the bee, the honey-maker;
 Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them
 Springs a flower unknown among us,
 Springs the White-man's Foot in blossom.

"Let us welcome, then, the strangers,
 Hail them as our friends and brothers,
 And the heart's right hand of friendship
 Give them when they come to see us.
 Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
 Said this to me in my vision.

"I beheld too, in that vision,
 All the secrets of the future,
 Of the distant days that shall be.
 I beheld the westward marches
 Of the unknown, crowded nations.
 All the land was full of people,
 Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
 Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
 But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
 In the woodlands rang their axes,
 Smoked their towns in all the valleys,
 Over all the lakes and rivers
 Rushed their great canoes of thunder.

"Then a darker, drearier vision,
 Passed before me, vague and cloud-like,
 I beheld our nations scattered,
 All forgetful of my counsels,

Weakened, warring with each other;
 Saw the remnants of our people
 Sweeping westward, wild and woeful
 Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
 Like the withered leaves of autumn!"

(From *The Song of Hiawatha*, XXI, ll. 136–231.)

63. John Greenleaf Whittier.

(1807–1892.)

1. *Barbara Fritchie.*

UP from the meadows, rich with corn,
 Clear from the cool September morn,
 The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
 Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
 Apple and peach tree fruited deep;
 Fair as a garden of the Lord
 To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
 When Lee marched over the mountain wall,
 Over the mountains winding down,
 Horse and foot, into Frederick town,

Forty flags with their silver stars,
 Forty flags with their silver bars,
 Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
 Of noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then,
 Bowed with her fourscore years and ten,
 Bravest of all in Frederick town,
 She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
 To show that one heart was loyal yet.
 Up the street came the rebel tread,
 Stonewall Jackson riding ahead;

Under his slouched hat, left and right,
 He glanced, the old flag met his sight.
 "Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
 "Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
 It rent the banner with seam and gash,
 Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
 Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window sill
 And shook it forth with a royal will.
 "Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
 But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
 Over the face of the leader came;
 The noble nature within him stirred
 To life, at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon grey head,
 Dies like a dog. March on!" he said.
 All day long through Frederick street
 Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long the free flag tossed
 Over the heads of the rebel host;
 Ever its torn folds rose and fell
 On the loyal winds, that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
 Shone over it with a warm good-night.
 Barbara Fritchie's work is o'er,
 And the rebel rides on his raid no more.

Honour to her! and let a tear
 Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier!
 Over Barbara Fritchie's grave,
 Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace, and order, and beauty draw
 Round thy symbol of light and law;
 And ever the stars above look down
 On thy stars below, in Frederick town!

2. Abraham Davenport.

IN the old days (a custom laid aside
 With breeches and cocked hats) the people sent
 Their wisest men to make the public laws.
 And so, from a brown homestead, where the Sound
 Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,
 Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,
 And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil deaths,
 Stamford sent up to the councils of the State
 Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

'Twas on a May-day of the far old year
 Seventeen hundred eighty that there fell

Over the bloom and sweet life of the Spring,
 Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,
 A horror of great darkness, like the night
 In day of which the Norland sagas tell,—
 The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung sky
 Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim
 Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs
 The crater's sides from the red hell below.
 Birds ceased to sing, and all the barnyard fowls
 Roosted; the cattle at the pasture-bars
 Lowed, and looked homeward; bats on leathern wings
 Flitted abroad; the sounds of labour died;
 Men prayed, and women wept; all ears grew sharp
 To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter
 The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ
 Might look from the rent clouds, not as he looked
 A loving guest at Belhany, but stern
 As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old Stale-House, dim as ghosts,
 Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
 Trembling beneath their legislative robes.
 "It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us adjourn,"
 Some said; and then, as if with one accord,
 All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.
 He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice
 The intolerable hush. "This well may be
 The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;
 But, be it so or not, I only know
 My present duty, and my Lord's command
 To occupy till he come. So, at the post
 Where he hath set me in his providence,
 I choose, for one, to meet him face to face,—
 No faithless servant frightened from my task,
 But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls;

And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,
 Let God do his work, we will see to ours.
 Bring in the candles." And they brought them in.

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read,
 Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,
 An act to amend an act to regulate
 The shad and alewife fisheries. Whereupon
 Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport.
 Straight to the question, with no figures of speech
 Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without
 The shrewd dry humour natural to the man:
 His awe-struck colleagues listening all the while,
 Between the pauses of his argument,
 To hear the thunder of the wrath of God
 Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.

And there he stands in memory to this day,
 Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen
 Against the background of unnatural dark,
 A witness to the ages as they pass
 That simple duty hath no place for fear.

3. Skipper Ireson's Ride.

Of all the rides since the birth of time,
 Told in story or sung in rhyme,—
 On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
 Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
 Witch astride of a human back,
 Islam's prophet on Al-Borák,—
 The strangest ride that ever was sped
 Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
 Wings a-droop, like a rained-on fowl,
 Feathered and ruffled in every part,
 Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
 Scores of women, old and young,
 Strong of muscle and glib of tongue,
 Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
 Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd and futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scold with hands on hips,
 Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
 Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
 Bacchus round some antique vase,
 Brief of skirt, with ankles bare.
 Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
 With conch-shells blowing and fish-horn's twang,
 Over and over the Maenads sang:
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd and futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him!—He sailed away
 From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay,
 Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
 With his own towns-people on her deck!
 "Lay by! lay by!" they called to him.
 Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
 Brag of your catch of fish again!"
 And off he sailed through the fog and rain!

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
 That wreck shall lie for evermore.
 Mother and sister, wife and maid,
 Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
 Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
 Looked for the coming that might not be!
 What did the winds and the sea-birds say
 Of the cruel captain who sailed away?—
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
 Up flew windows, doors flung wide;
 Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
 Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
 Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
 Hulks of old sailors, run-a-ground,
 Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
 And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd and futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road
 Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
 Little the wicked skipper knew
 Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
 Riding there in his sorry trim,
 Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
 Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
 Of voices shouting, far and near:

“Here’s Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr’d an’ futherr’d an corr’d in a corrt
 By the women o’ Morble’ead!”

“Hear me, neighbours!” at last he cried,—
 “What to me is this noisy ride?
 What is the shame that clothes the skin
 To the nameless horror that lives within!
 Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
 And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
 Hate me and curse me,—I only dread
 The hand of God and the face of the dead!”
 Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
 Said, “God has touched him!—why should we?”
 Said an old wife mourning her only son,
 “Cut the rogue’s tether and let him run!”
 So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
 Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
 And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
 And left him alone with his shame and sin.
 Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

(J. G. Whittier, *Complete Poetical Works*, Boston 1885.)

64. Edgar Allan Poe.

(1809–1849.)

1. *The Haunted Palace.*

IN the greenest of our valleys
 By good angels tenanted,
 Once a fair and stately palace—
 Radiant palace—reared its head.
 In the monarch Thought's dominion—
 It stood there:
 Never seraph spread a pinion
 Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
 On its roof did float and flow,
 (This—all this—was in the olden
 Time long ago);
 And every gentle air that dallied
 In that sweet day,
 Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
 A winged odour went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
 Through two luminous windows, saw
 Spirits moving musically
 To a lute's well-tuned law,
 Round about a throne where, sitting
 Porphyrogene,
 In state his glory well-befitting,
 The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
 Was the fair palace door,

Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
 And sparkling evermore,
 A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
 Was but to sing,
 In voices of surpassing beauty,
 The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
 Assailed the monarch's high estate:
 Ah let us mourn!—for never morrow
 Shall dawn upon him desolate!
 And round about his home the glory
 That blushed and bloomed
 Is but a dim-remembered story
 Of the old time entombed.

And travellers, now, within that valley,
 Through the red-litten windows, see
 Vast forms, that move fantastically
 To a discordant melody;
 While, like a ghastly rapid river,
 Through the pale door
 A hideous throng rush out for ever,
 And laugh—but smile no more.

2. To one in Paradise.

THOU wast all that to me, love,
 For which my soul did pine—
 A green isle in the sea, love,
 A fountain, and a shrine
 All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
 And all the flowers were mine.

Ah dream too bright to last!

Ah, starry hope that didst arise
But to be overcast!

A voice from out the future cries,
"On! on!"—but o'er the past
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! with me

The light of life is o'er!

No more—no more—no more
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,

And all my nightly dreams

Are where thy dark eye glances,

And where thy footstep gleams—

In what ethereal dances,

By what eternal streams!

3. *The Raven*.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and
weary,

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—

Only this and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
 Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
 From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost

Lenore—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
 Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
 Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
 So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
 “’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
 Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
 This it is and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
 “Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
 But the fact is I was napping; and so gently you came rapping,
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
 That I scarce was sure I heard you.” Here I opened wide the door:

—

Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering,
 fearing,
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
 But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
 And the only word there spoken was the whispered word
 “Lenore.”

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word
 “Lenore!”—

Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
 Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.

“Surely,” said I, “surely that is something at my window lattice;
 Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
 Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—
 ’Tis the wind and nothing more.”

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and
 flutter,
 In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
 Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed
 he;
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber
 door—
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
 “Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I said, “art sure
 no craven,
 Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven wandering from the nightly
 shore:
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night’s Plutonian shore!”
 Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
 Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
 Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his chamber door—
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
 With such name as “Nevermore.”

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
 Nothing farther then he uttered; not a feather then he
 fluttered—

Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown
 before—
 On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
 Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,—
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store.
 Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster
 Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden
 bore—
 Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore
 Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But, the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and
 door.

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
 Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,—
 But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen
 censer
 Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
 "Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee, by these angels he
 hath sent thee,
 Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
 Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or
devil!—

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is there* balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend,” I shrieked,
upstarting—
“Get thee back into the tempest and the night’s Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my
door!”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is dreaming;
And the lamplight o’er him streaming throws his shadow on the
floor.
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

(E. A. Poe, *Complete Poetical Works*, 1888.)

65. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

(1809–1894)

The Voiceless.

WE count the broken lyres that rest
 When the sweet wailing singers slumber,
 But o'er their silent sister's breast
 The wild-flowers who will stoop to number?
 A few can touch the magic string,
 And noisy Fame is proud to win them:—
 Alas for those that never sing,
 But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone
 Whose song has told their hearts' sad story,—
 Weep for the voiceless, who have known
 The cross without the crown of glory!
 Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
 O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
 But where the glistening night-dews weep
 On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign
 Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
 Till Death pours out his cordial wine
 Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses,—
 If singing breath or echoing chord
 To every hidden pang were given,
 What endless melodies were poured,
 As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

O. W. Holmes, *Complete Poetical Works*, 1891.

66. James Russell Lowell.
(1819–1891.)

1. *The Prophecy of Concord Bridge.*

This land o' ourn, I tell ye, 's gut to be
A better country than man ever see.
I feel my sperit swellin' with a cry
Thet seems to say, "Break forth an' prophesy!"
O strange New World, thet yit wast never young,
Whose youth from thee by gripin' need was wrung,
Brown foundlin' o' the woods, whose baby-bed
Was prowled roun' by the Injun's cracklin' tread,
An' who grew'st strong thru shifts an' wants an' pains,
Nussed by stern men with empires in their brains,
Who saw in vision their young Ishmel strain
With each hard hand a vassal ocean's mane,
Thou, skilled by Freedom an' by gret events
To pitch new States ez Old-World men pitch tents,
Thou, taught by Fate to know Jehovah's plan
Thet man's devices can't unmake a man,
An' whose free latch-string never was drawed in
Against the poorest child of Adam's kin,—
The grave's not dug where traitor hands shall lay
In fearful haste thy murdered corse away!
I see—

Jest here some dogs begun to bark,
So thet I lost old Concord's last remark!
I listened long, but all I seemed to hear
Was dead leaves gossipin' on some birch-trees near;
But ez they hed n't no gret things to say,
An' sed 'em often, I come right away.

(From *The Biglow Papers*, Second Series II, 1868).

2. *The first snow-fall.*

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
 That fell from that cloud like snow,
 Flake by flake, healing and hiding
 The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
 "The snow that husheth all,
 Darling, the merciful Father
 Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not. I kissed her;
 And she, kissing back, could not know
 That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
 Folded close under deepening snow.

(From *Under the Willows and Other Poems*, 1869.)

67. Francis Bret Harte.

(1839 – 1902.)

1. Plain Language from truthful James.
(Table mountain, 1870.)

Which I wish to remark,—
 And my language is plain,—
 That for ways that are dark,
 And for tricks that are vain,
 The heathen Chineese is peculiar,—
 Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name.
 And I shall not deny
 In regard to the same
 What that name might imply;

But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve.
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve:
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chineese,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see,—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me,
And he rose with a sigh,
And he said, "Can this be?

We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour;”
 And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
 I did not take a hand;
 But the floor it was strewed
 Like the leaves on the strand
 With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
 In the game “he did not understand.”

In his sleeves, which were long,
 He had twenty-four packs,—
 Which was coming it strong,
 Yet I state but the facts;
 And we found on his nails, which were taper,
 What is frequent in tapers,—that’s wax.

Which is why I remark,
 And my language is plain,
 That for ways that are dark,
 And for tricks that are vain.
 The heathen Chinee is peculiar,—
 Which the same I am free to maintain.

2. *The Idyl of Battle Hollow.*
 (*War of the Rebellion, 1864.*)

No, I won’t—thar, now, so! And it ain’t nothin’,—no!
 And thar’s nary to tell that you folks yer don’t know;
 And it’s “Belle, tell us, do!” and it’s “Belle, is it true?”
 And “Wot’s this yer yarn of the Major and you?”
 Till I’m sick of it all,—so I am, but I s’pose
 Thet is nothin’ to you Well then, listen! yer goes:

It was after the fight, and around us all night
 Thar was poppin' and shootin' a powerful sight;
 And the niggers had fled, and Aunt Chlo' was abed,
 And Pinky and Milly were hid in the shed;
 And I ran out at daybreak and nothin' was nigh
 But the growlin' of cannon low down in the sky.

And I saw not a thing as I ran to the spring,
 But a splintered fence-rail and a broken-down swing,
 And a bird said "Kerchee!" as it sat on a tree,
 As if it was lonesome and glad to see me;
 And I filled up my pail and was rising to go,
 When up comes the Major a canterin' slow.

When he saw me he drew in his reins, and then threw
 On the gate-post his bridle, and—what does he do
 But come down where I sat; and he lifted his hat,
 And he says—well, thar ain't any need to tell *that*—
 'Twas some foolishness, sure, but it 'mounted to this,
 Thet he asked for a drink, and he wanted a kiss.

Then I said (I was mad), "For the water, my lad,
 You're too big and must stoop; for a kiss, it's as bad—
 You ain't near big enough." And I turned in a huff,
 When that Major he laid his white hand on my cuff,
 And he says, "You're a trump! Take my pistol, don't fear!
 But shoot the next man that insults you, my dear."

Then he stooped to the pool, very quiet and cool,
 Leavin' me with that pistol stuck there like a fool,
 When thar flashed on my sight a quick glimmer of light
 From the top of the little stone-fence on the right,
 And I knew 'twas a rifle, and back of it all
 Rose the face of that bushwhacker, Cherokee Hall!

Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? No sleepers
 must sleep in those beds;
 No bargainers' bargains by day—no brokers or speculators—
 Would they continue?
 Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt to sing?
 Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before the
 judge?
 Then rattle quicker, heavier, drums—you bugles, wilder blow!

Beat! beat! drums!—Blow! bugles! blow!
 Make no parley—stop for no expostulation;
 Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer;
 Mind not the old man beseeching the young man;
 Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties;
 Make even the trestles to shake the dead, where they lie awaiting
 the hearses,
 So strong you thump, O terrible drums—so loud you bugles blow!
 (From *Drum-Taps*, 1865.)

2. *A Letter from Camp.*

“COME up from the fields, father, here's a letter from our Pete;
 And come to the front door, mother—here's a letter from thy dear
 son.”
 Lo, 'tis autumn;
 Lo where the trees, deeper green, yellower and redder,
 Cool and sweeten Ohio's villages, with leaves fluttering in the
 moderate wind;
 Where apples ripe in the orchards hang, and grapes on the trellised
 vines;
 (Smell you the smell of the grapes on the vines?
 Smell you the buckwheat, where the bees were lately buzzing?)

Above all, lo, the sky, so calm, so transparent after the rain, and
 with wondrous clouds;
 Below, too, all calm, all vital and beautiful—and the farm prospers
 well.

Down in the fields all prospers well;
 But now from the fields come, father—come at the daughter's call;
 And come to the entry, mother—to the front door come, right
 away.

Fast as she can she hurries—something ominous—her steps
 trembling;
 She does not tarry to smooth her hair, nor adjust her cap.

Open the envelope quickly;
 O this is not our son's writing, yet his name is signed;
 O a strange hand writes for our dear son—O stricken mother's
 soul!
 All swims before her eyes—flashes with black—she catches the
 main words only;
 Sentences broken—"Gun-shot wound in the breast, cavalry
 skirmish, taken to hospital,
 At present low, but will soon be better."

Ah now the single figure to me,
 Amid all teeming and wealthy Ohio, with all its cities and farms,
 Sickly white in the face, and dull in the head, very faint,
 By the jamb of a door leans.

"Grieve not so, dear mother," (the just-grown daughter speaks
 through her sobs;
 The little sisters huddle around, speechless and dismayed;)
 "See, dearest mother, the letter says Pete will soon be better."
 Alas, poor boy, he will never be better, (nor may-be needs to be
 better, that brave and simple soul:)

While they stand at home at the door, he is dead already;
The only son is dead.

But the mother needs to be better;
She, with thin form, presently dressed in black;
By day her meals untouched—then at night fitfully sleeping, often
waking,
In the midnight waking, weeping, longing with one deep longing,
O that she might withdraw unnoticed—silent from life escape and
withdraw,
To follow, to seek, to be with her dear dead son!

(*Ib.*)

3. *O Captain! My Captain.*
(*On the Death of Lincoln.*)

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead!

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the shores a-
crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
 The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
 From fearful trip, the victor ship comes in with object won.

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!

But I, with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

(From *Passage to India*, 1870.)

69. Eugene Field.

(1850–1895.)

1. *Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.*

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night

Sailed off in a wooden shoe—

Sailed on a river of crystal light,

Into a sea of dew.

‘Where are you going, and what do you wish?’

The old moon asked the three.

‘We have come to fish for the herring-fish

That live in this beautiful sea;

Nets of silver and gold have we!’

Said Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,

As they rocked in the wooden shoe,

And the wind that sped them all night long,

Ruffled the waves of dew.

The little stars were the herring-fish

That lived in that beautiful sea—

‘Now cast your nets wherever you wish—

But never afraid are we;’

So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
 Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
 For the fish in the twinkling foam—
 Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
 Bringing the fishermen home;
 'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
 As if it could not be;
 And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
 Of sailing that beautiful sea—
 But I shall name you the fishermen three:
 Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
 And Nod is a little head,
 And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
 Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
 So shut your eyes while mother sings
 Of wonderful sights that be,
 And you shall see the beautiful things
 As you rock in the misty sea,
 Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
 Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

(From M. G. Edgar, *A Treasury of Verse*, 1907.)

2. *The Wanderer.*

Upon a mountain height far from the sea
 I found a shell,
 And to my listening ear the lonely thing
 Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing,
 Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

How came the shell upon that mountain height?

Ah, who can say?

Whether there dropped by some too careless hand,
Or whether cast when Ocean left the Land,
Ere the Eternal had ordained the Day.

Strange, was it not? Far from its native deep

One song it sang,—

Sang of the awful mysteries of the tide,
Sang of the misty sea, profound and wide,—
Ever with echoes of the ocean rang.

And as the shell upon the mountain height

Sings of the sea,

So do I ever, leagues and leagues away,—
So do I ever, wandering where I may—
Sing, O my home! sing, O my home, of thee!

(*Ib.*)

70. Translations.

1. *The Hemlock-Tree.*

O HEMLOCK-tree! O hemlock-tree! how faithful are thy
branches!

Green not alone in summer time,

But in the winter's frost and rime!

O hemlock-tree! O hemlock-tree! how faithful are thy branches!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!

To love me in prosperity,

And leave me in adversity!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example!
 So long as summer laughs she sings,
 But in the autumn spreads her wings
 The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example!

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood!
 It flows so long as falls the rain,
 In drought its springs soon dry again.

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood!
H. W. Longfellow.

2. *The Erl-King. (Goethe.)*

OH! who rides by night through the woodland so wild?
 It is the fond father embracing his child;
 And close the boy nestles within his loved arm,
 From the blast of the tempest to keep himself warm.

"O father! see yonder! see yonder!" he says.
 "My boy, upon what dost thou fearfully gaze?" —
 "Oh, 'tis the Erl-King, with his staff and his shroud!" —
 "No, my love! it is but a dark wreath of the cloud."

"O, wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest child?
 By many gay sports shall thy hours be beguiled;
 My mother keeps for thee full many a fair toy,
 And many a fine flower shall she pluck for my boy." —

"O father! my father! and did you not hear
 The Erl-King whisper so close in my ear?" —
 "Be still, my loved darling, my child, be at ease!
 It was but the wild blast, as it howled through the trees." —

“O, wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest boy?

My daughter shall tend thee with care and with joy;
She shall bear thee so lightly through wet and through wild,
And hug thee, and kiss thee, and sing to my child.” —

“O father, my father! and saw you not plain

The Erl-King’s pale daughter glide fast through the rain?” —

“O no, my heart’s treasure! I knew it full soon,
It was the gray willow that danced to the moon.” —

“Come with me, come with me, no longer delay!

Or else, silly child, I will drag thee away.” —

“O father! O father! now, now, keep your hold,
The Erl-King has seized me—his grasp is so cold.”

Sore trembled the father; he spurred through the wild,

Clasping close to his bosom his shuddering child.

He reaches his dwelling in doubt and in dread;

But clasped to his bosom, the infant was dead!

Walter Scott.

3. *Thekla’s Song.* (*Schiller.*)

THE cloud doth gather, the greenwood roar,

The damsel paces along the shore;

The billows they tumble with might, with might;

And she flings out her voice to the darksome night;

Her bosom is swelling with sorrow;

The world it is empty, the heart will die,

There’s nothing to wish for beneath the sky:

Thou Holy One, call thy child away!

I’ve lived and loved, and that was to-day—

Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow.

S. T. Coleridge.

4. *The Castle by the Sea. (Uhland.)*

“HAST thou seen that lordly castle,
That Castle by the Sea?
Gold and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.

“And fain it would stoop downward
To the mirrored wave below;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening’s crimson glow.”

“Well have I seen that castle,
That Castle by the Sea,
And the moon above it standing
And the mist rise solemnly.”

“The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
The harp and the minstrel’s rhyme?”

“The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly,
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye.”

“And sawest thou on the turrets
The King and his royal bride?
And the wave of their crimson mantles?
And the golden crown of pride?

“Led they not forth in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there?
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?”

“Well saw I the ancient parents,
 Without the crown of pride;
 They were moving slow, in weeds of woe.
 No maiden was by their side!”

H. W. Longfellow.

5. *The Luck of Edenhall. (Umland.)*

OF Edenhall the youthful Lord
 Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;
 He rises at the banquet board,
 And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,
 “Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!”

The butler hears the words with pain,
 The house's oldest seneschal,
 Takes slow from its silken cloth again
 The drinking glass of crystal tall;
 They call it the Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord, “This glass to praise,
 Fill with red wine from Portugal!”
 The gray-beard with trembling hand obeys;
 A purple light shines over all,
 It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light,
 “This glass of flashing crystal tall
 Gave to my sire the Fountain-Sprite;
 She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!

'Twas right a goblet the fate should be
 Of the joyous race of Edenhall!

Deep draughts drink we right willingly;
 And willingly ring, with merry call,
 Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
 Like to the song of a nightingale;
 Then like the roar of a torrent wild;
 Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall,
 The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper takes a race of might
 The fragile goblet of crystal tall;
 It has lasted longer than is right;
 Kling! klang!—with a harder blow than all
 Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
 Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;
 And through the rift the wild flames start;
 The guests in dust are scattered all,
 With the breaking Luck of Edenhall.

In storms the foe, with fire and sword;
 He in the night had scaled the wall,
 Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,
 But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
 The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the buller gropes alone,
 The gray-beard in the desert hall,
 He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,
 He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
 The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

“The stone wall,” saith he, “doth fall aside,
 Down must the stately columns fall;
 Glass is this earth’s Luck and Pride;
 In atoms shall fall this earthly ball
 One day like the Luck of Edenhall!”

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

6. *My Child.* (*Heine.*)

MY child, we were two children,
 Small, merry by childhood’s law;
 We used to crawl to the hen-house,
 And hide ourselves in the straw.

We crowed like cocks, and whenever
 The pursuers near us drew—
 Cock-a-doodle! they thought
 ’Twas a real cock that crew.

The boxes about our courtyard
 We carpeted to our mind,
 And lived there both together—
 Kept house in a noble kind.

The neighbour’s old cat often
 Came to pay us a visit;
 We made her a bow and curtsy,
 Each with a compliment in it.

After her health we asked,
 Our care and regard to evince—
 (We have made the very same speeches
 To many an old cat since).

We also sate and wisely
Discoursed, as old folks do,
Complaining how all went better
In those good times we knew—

How love, and truth, and believing,
Had left the world to itself,
And how so dear was the coffee,
And how so scarce was the pelf.

The children's games are over,
The rest is over with youth—
The world, the good games, the good times,
The belief, and the love, and the truth.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Contents

Selections from English Poetry.	1
Imagination	2
 Poetry of the XVIth and XVIIth Centuries.	 3
1. Old English Ballads.	3
1. Thomas the Rhymer.	3
2. The Hunting of the Cheviot.	6
3. Edward, Edward.	15
2. Christopher Marlowe.	17
The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.	17
3. William Shakespeare.	18
1. Sonnets.	18
2. Songs from the Plays.	22
3. Other passages from the Plays.	26
4. Ben Jonson.	31
1. To the Memory of My Beloved Master William Shakspeare and what he hath left us.	31
2. Hymn to Diana.	34
5. Robert Herrick.	35
1. To Blossoms.	35
2. To Daffodils.	35
6. John Milton.	36
1. Sonnet on his being arrived at the Age of Twenty-three.	36
2. To the Lord General Cromwell, May 1652.	37
3. On his Blindness.	37
4. L'Allegro.	38
5. From Paradise Lost.	43
7. John Dryden.	51
Song for St. Cecilia's Day (1687).	51
 Poetry of the XVIIIth Century.	 53
8. Alexander Pope.	53
Sentences from his Works.	53
9. John Gay.	54
1. The Fox at the Point of Death.	54
2. The Council of Horses.	56
10. James Thomson.	58
Rule Britannia.	58

11. Thomas Gray.	59
1. Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard (1751).	59
2. Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College (1747).	64
12. Oliver Goldsmith.	67
The Village Pastor (from the <i>Deserted Village</i> , 1770).	67
13. William Cowper.	69
1. The Diverting History of John Gilpin	69
2. Loss of the Royal George.	79
3. The Solitude of Alexander Selkirk.	80
4. To Mary Unwin.	82
14. Robert Burns.	82
1. John Barleycorn. A Ballad.	82
2. My Heart's in the Highlands. (1789.)	85
3. To a Mouse.	85
4. The Silver Tassie.	87
5. Of a' the Airts.	88
6. John Anderson.	88
7. To Mary in Heaven. (1789).	89
8. A Red, Red Rose.	90
9. Bruce at Bannockburn (Sept. 1793).	91
10. For a' that, and a' that.	92
15. Sir Walter Scott.	93
1. Gathering Song of Donald the Black.	93
2. Coronach.	95
3. Love of Country.	96
4. The Young Lochinvar.	97
Poetry of the XIXth Century.	99
16. William Wordsworth.	99
1. We are Seven. (1798.)	99
2. Lucy. (1799.)	101
3. Upon Westminster Bridge, Sept. 3. 1802.	102
4. The Solitary Reaper.	103
5. She was a Phantom of Delight. (1804.)	104
6. Schill. (1809.)	105
7. Hoffer. (1809.)	105
8. The World is too much with us. (1836.)	106
17. Samuel Taylor Coleridge.	107
1. Hymn before Sunrise, in the Vale of Chamouni.	107
2. Frost at Midnight. (1798.)	109
3. From "France—an Ode". (1798.)	112
4. Sonnet to the Author of "The Robbers."	113

18. Robert Southey.	114
1. After Blenheim.	114
19. Thomas Campbell.	116
1. Ye Mariners of England.	116
2. Hohenlinden.	118
3. The Soldier's Dream.	119
20. Thomas Moore.	120
1. Oh! breathe not his name.	120
2. The Harp that once through Tara's halls.	120
3. Let Erin remember the days of old.	121
4. 'Tis the last rose of summer.	122
5. The Minstrel-Boy.	123
6. Those Evening Bells.	123
7. Oft, in the stilly night.	124
8. Thou art, o God.	125
21. Lord Byron, George Gordon Noel.	126
1. Childe Harold's Adieu to his Native Land.	126
2. The Night before the Battle of Waterloo.	129
3. The Rhine.	131
4. The Bridge of Sighs in Venice.	132
5. The Isles of Greece.	134
6. She walks in Beauty.	137
7. Vision of Belshazzar.	138
8. The Destruction of Sennacherib.	139
9. Fare thee well.	140
10. Lord Byron's last lines.	143
22. Percy Bysshe Shelley.	144
1. Ode to the West Wind. (1819.)	144
2. To a Skylark. (1820.)	146
3. To Night. (1821.)	150
23. John Keats.	151
1. A Thing of Beauty is a Joy for ever. (1818.)	151
2. When I have Fears that I may cease to be.	153
3. Ode to a Nightingale. (1819.)	153
4. La Belle Dame sans Merci. (1820.)	156
5. Ode on a Grecian Urn. (1820.)	158
24. Charles Wolfe.	159
The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna.	159
25. Thomas Hood.	161
1. The Song of the Shirt. (December 1843.)	161
2. The Death Bed.	164
3. I Remember, I Remember.	164

26. Felicia Hemans.	166
1. Casabianca.	166
2. The Homes of England.	167
27. Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay.	169
Ivry. A Song of the Huguenots. (1824.)	169
28. Alfred Tennyson.	171
1. The Lady of Shalott.	171
2. Dora.	177
3. Ulysses.	182
4. The Passing of Arthur.	185
5. Break, break, break.	193
6. Cradle Song.	193
7. Home they brought her warrior dead.	194
8. The Yew-Tree.	195
9. The Charge of the Light Brigade.	197
10. The 'Revenge.' A Ballad of the Fleet.	199
11. Crossing the Bar.	204
29. Robert Browning.	204
1. The Year's at the Spring.	204
2. A New Year's Hymn.	205
3. Home-thoughts, from abroad.	205
4. The Pied Piper of Hamelin; a Child's Story	206
5. How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.	215
6. Incident of the French Camp.	217
30. Elizabeth Barrett Browning.	219
From "Sonnets from the Portuguese". (1847-1850.)	219
31. Charles Mackay.	221
1. The Miller of the Dee.	221
2. Tubal Cain.	222
32. Charles Kingsley.	224
1. The Sands of Dee.	224
2. Three Fishers.	225
33. Matthew Arnold.	226
1. The Forsaken Merman.	226
2. From "Balder Dead". (ll. 1-72.)	231
3. Isolation.	233
34. Dante Gabriel Rossetti.	234
1. The Blessed Damozel.	234
2. My Sister's Sleep.	239
3. Lost Days.	241
35. William Allingham.	242
1. Wishing.	242
2. The Fairies.	243

36. George Mac Donald.	245
The Wind and the Moon.	245
37. Christina Georgina Rossetti.	247
1. Up-hill.	247
2. Song.	248
38. William Morris.	249
1. An Apology.	249
2. The Voice of Toil.	250
39. George Meredith.	252
Dirge in Woods.	252
40. Algernon Charles Swinburne.	253
1. Chorus from "Atalanta in Calydon."	253
2. A Forsaken Garden.	254
3. A Child's Laughter.	257
41. Robert Bulwer Lord Lytton.	258
1. Earth's Havings. (Song.)	258
2. The Thistle.	259
42. Austin Dobson.	266
1. A Garden Song.	266
2. In after days.	267
43. Bertram Dobell.	267
Microcosm.	267
44. William Cosmo Monkhouse.	268
The Night Express.	268
45. Arthur O'Shaughnessy.	271
1. A Love Symphony.	271
2. The Fountain of Tears.	272
46. William Ernest Henley.	274
I. M. Margaritae Sorori. (1886.)	274
47. Robert Louis Stevenson.	275
1. The Land of Counterpane.	275
2. My Bed is a Boat.	276
3. Requiem.	277
48. Eric Mackay.	277
1. A Mother's Name.	277
2. The Mission of the Bard. (Sonnets XVII.)	278
49. Oscar Wilde.	278
Requiescat.	278
50. William Watson.	279
Song.	279
51. Henry Newbolt.	280
Admirals All.	280

52. Rudyard Kipling.	282
1. Tommy.	282
2. Soldier, Soldier.	284
3. The Deep-Sea Cables.	285
4. The Sea-Wife.	286
5. Hymn before Action.	287
6. The White Man's Burden.	289
7. Recessional. (Juli 17, 1897.)	291
53. William Butler Yeats.	292
1. The Fiddler of Dooney.	292
2. The Lake Isle of Innisfree.	293
54. Laurence Housman.	294
The Settlers.	294
55. God save the King!	295
 American Poetry.	 297
56. Yankee Doodle. (1755.)	297
57. Joseph Hopkinson.	298
Hail, Columbia!	298
58. Francis Rodman Drake.	299
The American Flag.	299
59. John Howard Payne.	301
Home, Sweet Home.	301
60. William Cullen Bryant.	302
1. To a Waterfowl.	302
2. The Indian Girl's Lament.	303
3. O Mother of a Mighty Race.	305
4. Hymn of the City.	307
61. Ralph Waldo Emerson.	308
1. Good-bye, Proud World!	308
2. The Apology.	309
3. Hymn: Sung at the Completion of the Concord Monument.	310
62. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.	311
1. A Psalm of Life.	311
2. Excelsior.	312
3. The Village Blacksmith.	314
4. The Slave's Dream.	315
5. The Arrow and the Song.	317
6. The Wreck of the Hesperus.	318
7. The village of Grand-Pré.	321
8. Hiawatha's Hunting.	322
9. The White Man's foot.	325

63. John Greenleaf Whittier.	328
1. Barbara Fritchie.	328
2. Abraham Davenport.	330
3. Skipper Ireson's Ride.	332
64. Edgar Allan Poe.	336
1. The Haunted Palace.	336
2. To one in Paradise.	337
3. The Raven.	338
65. Oliver Wendell Holmes.	343
The Voiceless.	343
66. James Russell Lowell.	344
1. The Prophecy of Concord Bridge.	344
2. The first snow-fall.	345
67. Francis Bret Harte.	346
1. Plain Language from truthful James.	346
2. The Idyl of Battle Hollow.	348
68. Walt Whitman.	350
1. Beat! Beat! Drums!	350
2. A Letter from Camp.	351
3. O Captain! My Captain.	353
69. Eugene Field.	354
1. Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.	354
2. The Wanderer.	355
70. Translations.	356
1. The Hemlock-Tree.	356
2. The Erl-King. (Goethe.)	357
3. Thekla's Song. (Schiller.)	358
4. The Castle by the Sea. (Uhland.)	359
5. The Luck of Edenhall. (Uhland.)	360
6. My Child. (Heine.)	362