

**Francis T. Palgrave**

*The Golden Treasury  
of the Best Songs  
and Lyrical Poems  
in the English Language*

1875



1.

T. Nash

*Spring*

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;  
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,  
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,  
    Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,  
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,  
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,  
    Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,  
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,  
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,  
    Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!  
    Spring! the sweet Spring!

2.

## W. Drummond of Hawthornden

### *Summons to Love*

PHOEBUS, arise!  
 And paint the sable skies  
 With azure, white, and red:  
 Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed  
 That she may thy career with roses spread:  
 The nightingales thy coming each-where sing:  
 Make an eternal Spring!  
 Give life to this dark world which lieth dead;  
 Spread forth thy golden hair  
 In larger locks than thou wast wont before,  
 And emperor-like decore  
 With diadem of pearl thy temples fair:  
 Chase hence the ugly night  
 Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light

—This is that happy morn  
 That day, long-wishéd day  
 Of all my life so dark,  
 (If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn  
 And fates my hopes betray),  
 Which, purely white, deserves  
 An everlasting diamond should it mark.  
 This is the morn should bring unto this grove  
 My Love, to hear and recompense my love.  
 Fair King, who all preserves,  
 But show thy blushing beams,  
 And thou two sweeter eyes  
 Shalt see than those which by Peneus' streams

Did once thy heart surprise.  
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise:  
If that ye winds would hear  
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,  
Your furious chiding stay;  
Let Zephyr only breathe,  
And with her tresses play.

—The winds all silent are,  
And Phoebus in his chair  
Ensaffroning sea and air  
Makes vanish every star:  
Night like a drunkard reels  
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels:  
The fields with flowers are deck'd in every hue,  
The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue;  
Here is the pleasant place—  
And nothing wanting is, save She, alas!

3.

## W. Shakespeare

*Time and Love*

1

WHEN I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced  
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age;  
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,  
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;

When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
And the firm soil win of the watery main,  
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;

When I have seen such interchange of state,  
Or state itself confounded to decay,  
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat—  
That Time will come and take my Love away:

—This thought is as a death, which cannot choose  
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

4.

**W. Shakespeare**

*“Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea”*

2

SINCE brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,  
 But sad mortality o’ersways their power,  
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,  
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower?

O how shall summer’s honey breath hold out  
 Against the wreckful siege of battering days,  
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout  
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?

O fearful meditation! where, alack!  
 Shall Time’s best jewel from Time’s chest lie hid?  
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back,  
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?

O! none, unless this miracle have might,  
 That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

5.

## C. Marlowe

*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.

6.

W. Shakespeare

*A Madrigal*

CRABBED Age and Youth  
Cannot live together:  
Youth is full of pleasance,  
Age is full of care;  
Youth like summer morn,  
Age like winter weather,  
Youth like summer brave,  
Age like winter bare;  
Youth is full of sport,  
Age's breath is short,  
Youth is nimble, Age is lame;  
Youth is hot and bold,  
Age is weak and cold,  
Youth is wild, and Age is tame:—  
Age, I do abhor thee;  
Youth, I do adore thee:  
O! my Love, my Love is young!  
Age, I do defy thee—  
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,  
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

7.

## W. Shakespeare

*“Under the greenwood tree”*

UNDER the greenwood tree  
 Who loves to lie with me,  
 And tune 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.

8.

**W. Shakespeare***“It was a lover and his lass”*

IT was a lover and his lass

With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino!  
 That o'er the green cornfield did pass  
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
 When birds do sing hey ding a ding:  
 Sweet lovers love the Spring.

Between the acres of the rye  
 These pretty country folks would lie:  
 This carol they began that hour,  
 How that life was but a flower:

And therefore take the present time  
 With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino!  
 For love is crownéd with the prime  
 In spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
 When birds do sing hey ding a ding:  
 Sweet lovers love the Spring.

9.

**Anonymous***Present in Absence*

ABSENCE, hear thou my protestation  
 Against thy strength,  
 Distance, and length;  
 Do what thou canst for alteration:  
 For hearts of truest mettle  
 Absence doth join, and Time doth settle.

Who loves a mistress of such quality,  
 He soon hath found  
 Affection's ground  
 Beyond time, place, and all mortality.  
 To hearts that cannot vary  
 Absence is Presence, Time doth tarry.

By absence this good means I gain,  
 That I can catch her,  
 Where none can watch her,  
 In some close corner of my brain:  
 There I embrace and kiss her;  
 And so I both enjoy and miss her.

10.

W. Shakespeare

*Absence*

BEING your slave, what should I do but tend  
Upon the hours and times of your desire?  
I have no precious time at all to spend  
Nor services to do, till you require:

Nor dare I chide the world-without-end-hour  
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,  
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour  
When you have bid your servant once adieu:

Nor dare I question with my jealous thought  
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,  
But like a sad slave, stay and think of nought  
Save, where you are, how happy you make those;—

So true a fool is Love, that in your will  
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

11.

**W. Shakespeare***“How like a winter hath my absence been”*

HOW like a winter hath my absence been  
From Thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!  
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,  
What old December’s bareness everywhere!

And yet this time removed was summer’s time:  
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,  
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime  
Like widow’d wombs after their lords’ decease:

Yet this abundant issue seem’d to me  
But hope of orphans, and unfather’d fruit;  
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,  
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;

Or if they sing, ’tis with so dull a cheer,  
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter’s near.

12.

**W. Shakespeare***A Consolation*

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes  
I all alone bewep my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself, and curse my fate;

Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featured like him, like him with friends possest,  
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least;

Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on Thee—and then my state,  
Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;

For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.



13.

W. Shakespeare

*The Unchangeable*

O NEVER say that I was false of heart,  
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify;  
As easy might I from myself depart  
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie.

That is my home of love; if I have ranged,  
Like him that travels, I return again,  
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,  
So that myself bring water for my stain.

Never believe, though in my nature reign'd  
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
That it could so preposterously be stain'd  
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;

For nothing this wide universe I call,  
Save thou, my rose: in it thou art my all.

14.

## W. Shakespeare

*“To me, fair Friend, you never can be old”*

TO me, fair Friend, you never can be old,  
 For as you were when first your eye I eyed  
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold  
 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;

Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd  
 In process of the seasons have I seen,  
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,  
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.

Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,  
 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;  
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,  
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived:

For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,—  
 Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

15.

**H. Constable***Diaphenia*

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

Diaphenia like the spreading roses,  
 That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,  
 Fair sweet, how I do love thee!  
 I do love thee as each flower  
 Loves the sun's life-giving power;  
 For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia like to all things blesséd  
 When all thy praises are expresséd,  
 Dear joy, how I do love thee!  
 As the birds do love the spring,  
 Or the bees their careful king:  
 Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

16.

T. Lodge

*Rosaline*

LIKE to the clear in highest sphere  
 Where all imperial glory shines,  
 Of selfsame colour is her hair  
 Whether unfolded, or in twines:  
     Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline!

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,  
 Resembling heaven by every wink;  
 The Gods do fear whenas they glow,  
 And I do tremble when I think  
     Heigh-ho, would she were mine!

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud  
 That beautifies Aurora's face  
 Or like the silver crimson shroud  
 That Phoebus' smiling looks doth grace;  
     Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline!

Her lips are like two budded roses  
 Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,  
 Within which bounds she balm encloses  
 Apt to entice a deity:  
     Heigh-ho, would she were mine!

Her neck is like a stately tower  
 Where Love himself imprison'd lies,  
 To watch for glances every hour  
 From her divine and sacred eyes:  
     Heigh-ho, for Rosaline!

Her paps are centres of delight,  
 Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame,

Where Nature moulds the dew of light  
 To feed perfection with the same:  
     Heigh-ho, would she were mine!

With orient pearl, with ruby red,  
 With marble white, with sapphire blue  
 Her body every way is fed,  
 Yet soft in touch and sweet in view:  
     Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline!  
 Nature herself her shape admires;  
 The Gods are wounded in her sight;  
 And Love forsakes his heavenly fires  
 And at her eyes his brand doth light:  
     Heigh-ho, would she were mine!

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan  
 The absence of fair Rosaline,  
 Since for a fair there's fairer none,  
 Nor for her virtues so divine:  
     Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline;  
 Heigh-ho, my heart! would God that she were mine!

17.

**The Shepherd Tonie***Colin*

BEAUTY sat bathing by a spring  
 Where fairest shades did hide her;  
 The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,  
 The cool streams ran beside her.  
 My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye  
 To see what was forbidden;  
 But better memory said, fie!  
 So vain desire was chidden:—  
     Hey nonny nonny O!  
     Hey nonny nonny!

Into a slumber then I fell,  
 When fond imagination  
 Seeméd to see, but could not tell  
 Her feature or her fashion.  
 But ev'n as babes in dreams do smile,  
 And sometimes fall a-weeping,  
 So I awaked, as wise this while  
 As when I fell a-sleeping:—  
     Hey nonny nonny O!  
     Hey nonny nonny!

18.

W. Shakespeare

*To His Love*

1

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;  
Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:—

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

19.

W. Shakespeare

*“When in the chronicle of wasted time”*

2

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time  
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme  
 In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights;

Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best  
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
 I see their antique pen would have exprest  
 Ev'n such a beauty as you master now.

So all their praises are but prophecies  
 Of this our time, all, you prefiguring;  
 And for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing:

For we, which now behold these present days,  
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.



20.

**W. Shakespeare***Love's Perjuries*

ON a day, alack the day!  
Love, whose month is ever May,  
Spied a blossom passing fair  
Playing in the wanton air:  
Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
All unseen, 'gan passage find;  
That the lover, sick to death,  
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.  
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;  
Air, would I might triumph so!  
But, alack, my hand is sworn  
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:  
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;  
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.  
Do not call it sin in me  
That I am forsworn for thee:  
Thou for whom Jove would swear  
Juno but an Ethiope were,  
And deny himself for Jove,  
Turning mortal for thy love.



22.

**W. Alexander, Earl of Sterline***To Aurora*

O IF thou knew'st how thou thyself dost harm,  
And dost prejudge thy bliss, and spoil my rest,  
Then thou wouldst melt the ice out of thy breast,  
And thy relenting heart would kindly warm.

O if thy pride did not our joys controul,  
What world of loving wonders shouldst thou see!  
For if I saw thee once transform'd in me,  
Then in thy bosom I would pour my soul;

Then all my thoughts should in thy visage shine;  
And if that aught mischanced, thou shouldst not moan  
Nor bear the burthen of thy griefs alone;  
No, I would have my share in what were thine:

And whilst we thus should make our sorrows one,  
This happy harmony would make them none.

23.

## W. Shakespeare

*Man's 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-fixéd 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 ev'n to the edge of doom:—

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

24.

**Sir P. Sidney***A Ditty*

MY true-love hath my heart, and I have his,  
By just exchange one to the other given:  
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,  
There never was a better bargain driven:  
    My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,  
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:  
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,  
I cherish his because in me it bides:  
    My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

25.

J. Sylvester

*Love's Omnipresence*

WERE I as base as is the lowly plain,  
And you, my Love, as high as heaven above,  
Yet should the thoughts of me your humble swain  
Ascend to heaven, in honour of my Love.

Were I as high as heaven above the plain,  
And you, my Love, as humble and as low  
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,  
Whereso'er you were, with you my love should go.

Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the skies,  
My love should shine on you like to the sun,  
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes  
Till heaven wax'd blind, and till the world were done.

Whereso'er I am, below, or else above you,  
Whereso'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

26.

W. Shakespeare

*Carpe Diem*

O MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming?  
O stay and hear! your true-love's coming  
    That can sing both high and low;  
Trip no further, pretty sweetening,  
Journeys end in lovers meeting—  
    Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter;  
    What's to come is still unsure:  
In delay there lies no plenty,—  
Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-twenty,  
    Youth's a stuff will not endure.

27.

**W. Shakespeare***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 nipt, and ways be foul,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl  
                   Tu-whoo!  
 Tu-whit! tu-whoo! A merry note!  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all around 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-whoo!  
 Tu-whit! tu-whoo! A merry note!  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.



28.

W. Shakespeare

*“That time of year thou may’st in me behold”*

THAT time of year thou may’st in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare ruin’d choirs, where late the sweet birds sang:

In me thou see’st the twilight of such day  
As after sunset fadeth in the west,  
Which by-and-by black night doth take away,  
Death’s second self, that seals up all in rest:

In me thou see’st the glowing of such fire,  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie  
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
Consumed with that which it was nourish’d by:

—This thou perceiv’st, which makes thy love more strong,  
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

29.

W. Shakespeare

*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-bemoanéd 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.

30.

W. Shakespeare

*Revolutions*

LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore  
So do our minutes hasten to their end;  
Each changing place with that which goes before,  
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Nativity, once in the main of light,  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And Time that gave, doth now his gift confound.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,  
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:—

And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand  
Praising Thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

31.

W. Shakespeare

*“Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing”*

FAREWELL! thou art too dear for my possessing,  
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:  
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;  
My bonds in thee are all determinate.

For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?  
And for that riches where is my deserving?  
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
And so my patent back again is swerving.

Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,  
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;  
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,  
Comes home again, on better judgment making.

Thus have I had thee as a dream doth flatter—  
In sleep, a king; but waking, no such matter.

32.

**W. Shakespeare***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,  
Unmovéd, 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.

33.

Sir T. Wyatt

*The Lover's Appeal*

AND wilt thou leave me thus?  
 Say nay! say nay! for shame  
 To save thee from the blame  
 Of all my grief and grame.  
 And wilt thou leave me thus?  
     Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,  
 That hath loved thee so long  
 In wealth and woe among:  
 And is thy heart so strong  
 As for to leave me thus?  
     Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,  
 That hath given thee my heart  
 Never for to depart  
 Neither for pain nor smart:  
 And wilt thou leave me thus?  
     Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,  
 And have no more pity  
 Of him that loveth thee?  
 Alas! thy cruelty!  
 And wilt thou leave me thus?  
     Say nay! say nay!

34.

**R. Barnefield***The Nightingale*

AS it fell upon a day  
 In the merry month of May,  
 Sitting in a pleasant shade  
 Which a grove of myrtles made,  
 Beasts did leap and birds did sing,  
 Trees did grow and plants did spring;  
 Every thing did banish moan  
 Save the Nightingale alone.  
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
 Lean'd her breast against a thorn,  
 And there sung the dolefullest ditty  
 That to hear it was great pity.  
 Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry;  
 Teru, teru, by-and-by:  
 That to hear her so complain  
 Scarce I could from tears refrain;  
 For her griefs so lively shown  
 Made me think upon mine own.  
 —Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,  
 None takes pity on thy pain:  
 Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,  
 Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee;  
 King Pandion, he is dead,  
 All thy friends are lapp'd in lead:  
 All thy fellow birds do sing  
 Careless of thy sorrowing:  
 Even so, poor bird, like thee  
 None alive will pity me.

35.

**S. Daniel***“Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night”*

CARE-CHARMER Sleep, son of the sable Night,  
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,  
Relieve my languish, and restore the light;  
With dark forgetting of my care return.

And let the day be time enough to mourn  
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth;  
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,  
Without the torment of the night’s untruth.

Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,  
To model forth the passions of the morrow;  
Never let rising Sun approve you liars,  
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow:

Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,  
And never wake to feel the day’s disdain.



36.

W. Shakespeare

*Madrigal*

TAKE, O take those lips away  
That so sweetly were forsworn,  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn:  
But my kisses bring again,  
                  Bring again—  
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,  
                  Seal'd in vain!

37.

**M. Drayton***Love's Farewell*

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part, —  
Nay I have done, you get no more of me;  
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,  
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows;  
And when we meet at any time again,  
Be it not seen in either of our brows  
That we one jot of former love retain.

Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,  
When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,  
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,  
And innocence is closing up his eyes,

—Now if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,  
From death to life thou mightst him yet recover!

38.

**W. Drummond***To His Lute*

MY lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow  
With thy green mother in some shady grove,  
When immelodious winds but made thee move,  
And birds their ramage did on thee bestow.

Since that dear Voice which did thy sounds approve,  
Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,  
Is reft from Earth to tune those spheres above,  
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?

Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,  
But orphans' wailings to the fainting ear;  
Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear;  
For which be silent as in woods before:

Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,  
Like widow'd turtle, still her loss complain.

39.

W. Shakespeare

*Blind Love*

O ME! what eyes hath Love put in my head  
Which have no correspondence with true sight;  
Or if they have, where is my judgment fled  
That censures falsely what they see aright?

If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,  
What means the world to say it is not so?  
If it be not, then Love doth well denote  
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: No,

How can it? O how can Love's eye be true,  
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?  
No marvel then though I mistake my view:  
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.

O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,  
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find!

40.

## Anonymous

*The Unfaithful Shepherdess*

WHILE that the sun with his beams hot  
 Scorched the fruits in vale and mountain,  
 Philon the shepherd, late forgot,  
 Sitting beside a crystal fountain,  
     In shadow of a green oak tree  
     Upon his pipe this song play'd he:  
 Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,  
 Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love;  
 Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

So long as I was in your sight  
 I was your heart, your soul, and treasure;  
 And evermore you sobb'd and sigh'd  
 Burning in flames beyond all measure:  
     —Three days endur'd your love to me,  
     And it was lost in other three  
 Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,  
 Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love;  
 Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Another Shepherd you did see  
 To whom your heart was soon chainéd;  
 Full soon your love was leapt from me,  
 Full soon my place he had obtainéd.  
     Soon came a third your love to win,  
     And we were out and he was in.  
 Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,  
 Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love;  
 Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Sure you have made me passing glad  
That you your mind so soon removéd,  
Before that I the leisure had  
To choose you for my best belovéd:  
    For all your love was past and done  
    Two days before it was begun:—  
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,  
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love;  
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

41.

E. Vere, Earl of Oxford

*A Renunciation*

IF women could be fair, and yet not fond,  
 Or that their love were firm, not fickle still,  
 I would not marvel that they make men bond  
 By service long to purchase their good will;  
 But when I see how frail those creatures are,  
 I muse that men forget themselves so far.

To mark the choice they make, and how they change,  
 How oft from Phoebus they do flee to Pan;  
 Unsettled still, like haggards wild they range,  
 These gentle birds that fly from man to man;  
 Who would not scorn and shake them from the fist,  
 And let them fly, fair fools, which way they list?

Yet for disport we fawn and flatter both,  
 To pass the time when nothing else can please,  
 And train them to our lure with subtle oath,  
 Till, weary of their wiles, ourselves we ease;  
 And then we say when we their fancy try,  
 To play with fools, O what a fool was I!

42.

## W. Shakespeare

*“Blow, blow, thou winter wind”*

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,  
 Thou 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.



43.

**W. Drummond***Madrigal*

MY thoughts hold mortal strife;  
I do detest my life,  
And with lamenting cries  
Peace to my soul to bring  
Oft call that prince which here doth monarchize:  
— But he, grim grinning King,  
Who caitiffs scorns, and doth the blest surprise,  
Late having deck'd with beauty's rose his tomb,  
Disdains to crop a weed, and will not come.

44.

W. Shakespeare

*Dirge of Love*

COME away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypres let me be laid;  
Fly away, fly away, breath;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O prepare it!  
My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet  
On my black coffin let there be strown;  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:  
A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, oh, where  
Sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there.

45.

**W. Shakespeare***Fidele*

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.

46.

W. Shakespeare

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

47.

**J. Webster***A Land Dirge*

CALL for the robin-redbreast and the wren,  
Since o'er shady groves they hover  
And with leaves and flowers do cover  
The friendless bodies of unburied men.  
Call unto his funeral dole  
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole  
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm  
And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm:  
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,  
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

48.

W. Shakespeare

*Post Mortem*

IF thou survive my well-contented day  
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,  
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey  
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,

Compare them with the bettering of the time;  
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,  
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme  
Exceeded by the height of happier men.

O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought—  
“Had my friend’s Muse grown with this growing age,  
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,  
To march in ranks of better equipage:

But since he died, and poets better prove,  
Theirs for their style I’ll read, his for his love.”

49.

**W. Shakespeare***The Triumph of Death*

NO longer mourn for me when I am dead  
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
Give warning to the world that I am fled  
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell.

Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot  
If thinking on me then should make you woe.

O if, I say, you look upon this verse  
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,  
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,  
But let your love even with my life decay;

Lest the wise world should look into your moan,  
And mock you with me after I am gone.

50.

W. Shakespeare

*Madrigal*

TELL me where is Fancy bred,  
Or in the heart, or in the head?  
How begot, how nourishéd?  
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes;  
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies.  
Let us all ring Fancy's knell;  
I'll begin it,—Ding-dong, bell.  
—Ding-dong, bell.



51.

J. Lyly

*Cupid and Campaspe*

CUPID and my Campaspe play'd  
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid:  
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,  
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;  
Loses them too; then down he throws  
The coral of his lip, the rose  
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);  
With these, the crystal of his brow,  
And then the dimple on his chin;  
All these did my Campaspe win:  
And last he set her both his eyes—  
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.

O Love! has she done this to thee?  
What shall, alas! become of me?

52.

**T. Heywood***“Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day”*

PACK, clouds, away, and welcome day,  
 With night we banish sorrow;  
 Sweet air blow soft, mount larks aloft  
 To give my Love good-morrow!  
 Wings from the wind to please her mind  
 Notes from the lark I'll borrow;  
 Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale sing,  
 To give my Love good-morrow;  
     To give my Love good-morrow  
     Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin-red-breast,  
 Sing, birds, in every furrow;  
 And from each hill, let music shrill  
 Give my fair Love good-morrow!  
 Blackbird and thrush in every bush,  
 Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow!  
 You pretty elves, amongst yourselves  
 Sing my fair Love good-morrow;  
     To give my Love good-morrow  
     Sing, birds, in every furrow!

53.

E. Spenser

*Prothalamion*

CALM was the day, and through the trembling air  
 Sweet-breathing Zephyrus did softly play—  
 A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay  
 Hot Titan's beams, which then did glister fair;  
 When I, (whom sullen care,  
 Through discontent of my long fruitless stay  
 In princes' court, and expectation vain  
 Of idle hopes, which still do fly away  
 Like empty shadows, did afflict my brain,)  
 Walk'd forth to ease my pain  
 Along the shore of silver-streaming Thames,  
 Whose ruddy bank, the which his river hems,  
 Was painted all with variable flowers,  
 And all the meads adorn'd with dainty gems  
 Fit to deck maidens' bowers,  
 And crown their paramours  
 Against the bridal day, which is not long:  
     Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

There in a meadow by the river's side  
 A flock of nymphs I chancéd to espy,  
 All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,  
 With goodly greenish locks all loose untied  
 As each had been a bride;  
 And each one had a little wicker basket  
 Made of fine twigs, entrailéd curiously.  
 In which they gather'd flowers to fill their flasket,  
 And with fine fingers cropt full feateously  
 The tender stalks on high.

Of every sort which in that meadow grew  
 They gather'd some—the violet, pallid blue,  
 The little daisy that at evening closes,  
 The virgin lily and the primrose true,  
 With store of vermeil roses,  
 To deck their bridegrooms' posies  
 Against the bridal day, which was not long:  
     Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

With that I saw two swans of goodly hue  
 Come softly swimming down along the Lee:  
 Two fairer birds I yet did never see;  
 The snow which doth the top of Pindus strow  
 Did never whiter show,  
 Nor Jove himself, when he a swan would be  
 For love of Leda, whiter did appear;  
 Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,  
 Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near;  
 So purely white they were  
 That even the gentle stream, the which them bare?  
 Seem'd foul to them, and bade his billows spare  
 To wet their silken feathers, lest they might  
 Soil their fair plumes with water not so fair,  
 And mar their beauties bright  
 That shone as Heaven's light  
 Against their bridal day, which was not long:  
     Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

Eftsoons the nymphs, which now had flowers their fill?  
 Ran all in haste to see that silver brood  
 As they came floating on the crystal flood;  
 Whom when they saw, they stood amaz'd still  
 Their wondering eyes to fill;  
 Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fair  
 Of fowls, so lovely, that they sure did deem

Them heavenly born, or to be that same pair  
 Which through the sky draw Venus' silver team;  
 For sure they did not seem  
 To be begot of any earthly seed,  
 But rather Angels, or of Angels' breed;  
 Yet were they bred of summer's heat, they say,  
 In sweetest season, when each flower and weed  
 The earth did fresh array;  
 So fresh they seem'd as day,  
 Ev'n as their bridal day, which was not long:  
     Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew  
 Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,  
 That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,  
 All which upon those goodly birds they threw  
 And all the waves did strew,  
 That like old Peneus' waters they did seem  
 When down along by pleasant Tempe's shore  
 Scatter'd with flowers, through Thessaly they stream,  
 That they appear, through lilies' plenteous store,  
 Like a bride's chamber-floor.  
 Two of those nymphs meanwhile two garlands bound  
 Of freshest flowers which in that mead they found,  
 The which presenting all in trim array,  
 Their snowy foreheads therewithal they crown'd;  
 Whilst one did sing this lay  
 Prepared against that day,  
 Against their bridal day, which was not long:  
     Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

"Ye gentle birds! the world's fair ornament,  
 And heaven's glory, whom this happy hour  
 Doth lead unto your lovers' blissful bower,  
 Joy may you have, and gentle heart's content  
 Of your love's complement;

And let fair Venus, that is queen of love,  
 With her heart-quelling son upon you smile,  
 Whose smile, they say, hath virtue to remove  
 All love's dislike, and friendship's faulty guile  
 For ever to assoil.

Let endless peace your steadfast hearts accord,  
 And blessed plenty wait upon your board;  
 And let your bed with pleasures chaste abound,  
 That fruitful issue may to you afford  
 Which may your foes confound,  
 And make your joys redound  
 Upon your bridal day, which is not long:  
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song."

So ended she; and all the rest around  
 To her redoubled that her undersong,  
 Which said their bridal day should not be long;  
 And gentle Echo from the neighbour ground  
 Their accents did resound.

So forth those joyous birds did pass along  
 Adown the Lee that to them murmur'd low,  
 As he would speak but that he lack'd a tongue;  
 Yet did by signs his glad affection show,  
 Making his stream run slow.  
 And all the fowl which in his flood did dwell  
 'Gan flock about these twain, that did excel  
 The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend  
 The lesser stars. So they, enragéd well,  
 Did on those two attend,  
 And their best service lend  
 Against their wedding day, which was not long:  
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

At length they all to merry London came,  
 To merry London, my most kindly nurse,

That to me gave this life's first native source,  
 Though from another place I take my name,  
 An house of ancient fame:  
 There when they came whereas those bricky towers  
 The which on Thames' broad aged back do ride,  
 Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,  
 There whilome wont the Templar-knights to bide,  
 Till they decay'd through pride;  
 Next whereunto there stands a stately place,  
 Where oft I gainéd gifts and goodly grace  
 Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell,  
 Whose want too well now feels my friendless case:  
 But ah! here fits not well  
 Old woes, but joys to tell  
 Against the bridal day, which is not long:  
     Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,  
 Great England's glory and the world's wide wonder,  
 Whose dreadful name late through all Spain did thunder,  
 And Hercules' two pillars standing near  
 Did make to quake and fear:  
 Fair branch of honour, flower of chivalry!  
 That fillest England with thy triumphs' fame  
 Joy have thou of thy noble victory,  
 And endless happiness of thine own name  
 That promiseth the same;  
 That through thy prowess and victorious arms  
 Thy country may be freed from foreign harms,  
 And great Elisa's glorious name may ring  
 Through all the world, fill'd with thy wide alarms,  
 Which some brave Muse may sing  
 To ages following:  
 Upon the bridal day, which is not long:  
     Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

From those high towers this noble lord issuing  
Like radiant Hesper, when his golden hair  
In th' ocean billows he hath bathéd fair,  
Descended to the river's open viewing  
With a great train ensuing.  
Above the rest were goodly to be seen  
Two gentle knights of lovely face and feature,  
Beseeming well the bower of any queen,  
With gifts of wit and ornaments of nature,  
Fit for so goodly stature,  
That like the twins of Jove they seem'd in sight  
Which deck the baldrick of the heavens bright;  
They two, forth pacing to the river's side,  
Received those two fair brides, their love's delight;  
Which, at th' appointed tide,  
Each one did make his bride  
Against their bridal day, which is not long:  
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.



54.

T. Dekker

*The Happy Heart*

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?

O sweet content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexéd?

O punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexéd

To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?

O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;

Honest labour bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crispéd spring?

O sweet content!

Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?

O punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden bears

No burden bears, but is a king, a king!

O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;

Honest labour bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

55.

**W. Drummond***Sic Transit*

THIS life, which seems so fair,  
Is like a bubble blown up in the air  
By sporting children's breath,  
Who chase it everywhere  
And strive who can most motion it bequeath.  
And though it sometimes seem of its own might  
Like to an eye of gold to be fix'd there,  
And firm to hover in that empty height,  
That only is because it is so light.  
—But in that pomp it doth not long appear;  
For when 'tis most admired, in a thought,  
Because it erst was nought, it turns to nought.

56.

W. Shakespeare

*Soul and Body*

POOR Soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
Foil'd by those rebel powers that thee array,  
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,  
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?

Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?  
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?

Then, Soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;  
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
Within be fed, without be rich no more:—

So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men;  
And death once dead, there's no more dying then.

57.

**Lord Bacon***Life*

THE world's a bubble, and the life of man  
 Less than a span:  
 In his conception wretched, from the womb  
 So to the tomb;  
 Curs'd from his cradle, and brought up to years  
 With cares and fears.  
 Who then to frail mortality shall trust  
 But limns on water, or but writes in dust.

Yet whilst with sorrow here we live opprest,  
 What life is best?  
 Courts are but only superficial schools  
 To dandle fools;  
 The rural parts are turn'd into a den  
 Of savage men;  
 And where's a city from foul vice so free,  
 But may be term'd the worst of all the three?

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,  
 Or pains his head;  
 Those that live single take it for a curse,  
 Or do things worse;  
 Some would have children; those that have them moan  
 Or wish them gone:  
 What is it, then, to have, or have no wife,  
 But single thralldom, or a double strife?

Our own affections still at home to please  
    Is a disease;  
To cross the seas to any foreign soil,  
    Peril and toil;  
Wars with their noise affright us; when they cease,  
    We are worse in peace:  
What then remains, but that we still should cry  
For being born, or, being born, to die?

58.

**W. Drummond***The Lessons of Nature*

OF this fair volume which we World do name,  
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,  
Of Him who it corrects, and did it frame,  
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare:

Find out His power which wildest powers doth tame,  
His providence extending everywhere,  
His justice which proud rebels doth not spare  
In every page, no period of the same.

But silly we, like foolish children, rest  
Well pleased with colour'd vellum, leaves of gold,  
Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is best,  
On the great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold;

Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,  
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

59.

**W. Drummond***“Doth then the world go thus, doth all thus move?”*

DOTH then the world go thus, doth all thus move?  
 Is this the justice which on earth we find?  
 Is this that firm decree which all doth bind?  
 Are these your influences, Powers above?

Those souls which vice's moody mists most blind,  
 Blind Fortune, blindly, most their friend doth prove;  
 And they who thee, poor idol Virtue! love,  
 Ply like a feather toss'd by storm and wind.

Ah! if a Providence doth sway this all,  
 Why should best minds groan under most distress?  
 Or why should pride humility make thrall.  
 And injuries the innocent oppress?

Heavens! hinder, stop this fate; or grant a time  
 When good may have, as well as bad, their prime!

60.

W. Shakespeare

*The World's Way*

TIRED with all these, for restful death I cry—  
 As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
 And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,  
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,

And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,  
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
 And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,  
 And strength by limping sway disabled,

And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
 And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,  
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,  
 And captive Good attending captain Ill:—

—Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,  
 Save that, to die, I leave my Love alone.



61.

**W. Drummond***Saint John Baptist*

THE last and greatest herald of Heaven's King,  
 Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,  
 Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,  
 Which he more harmless found than man, and mild.

His food was locusts, and what there doth spring,  
 With honey that from virgin hives distill'd;  
 Parch'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing  
 Made him appear, long since from earth exiled.

There burst he forth: All ye whose hopes rely  
 On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn,  
 Repent, repent, and from old errors turn!  
 —Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry?

Only the echoes, which he made relent,  
 Rung from their flinty caves, Repent! Repent!

62.

**J. Milton***Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn  
 Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King  
 Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,  
 Our great redemption from above did bring;  
 For so the holy sages once did sing  
 That He our deadly forfeit should release,  
 And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,  
 And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty  
 Wherewith He wont at Heaven's high council-table  
 To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
 He laid aside; and, here with us to be,  
 Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
 And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
 Afford a present to the Infant God?  
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain  
 To welcome Him to this His new abode,  
 Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,  
 Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See how from far, upon the eastern road,  
 The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet:  
 O run, prevent them with thy humble ode  
 And lay it lowly at His blessed feet;  
 Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,

And join thy voice unto the Angel quire  
From out His secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

*THE HYMN*

It was the winter wild  
While the heaven-born Child  
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;  
Nature in awe to Him  
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,  
With her great Master so to sympathize:  
It was no season then for her  
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair  
She woos the gentle air  
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow;  
And on her naked shame,  
Pollute with sinful blame,  
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;  
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes  
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,  
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;  
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding  
Down through the turning sphere,  
His ready harbinger,  
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;  
And waving wide her myrtle wand,  
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound  
Was heard the world around:  
The idle spear and shield were high uphung;

The hookéd chariot stood  
 Unstain'd with hostile blood;  
 The trumpet spake not to the arméd throng;  
 And kings sat still with awful eye,  
 As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night  
 Wherein the Prince of Light  
 His reign of peace upon the earth began:  
 The winds, with wonder whist,  
 Smoothly the waters kist  
 Whispering new joys to the mild oceán—  
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charméd wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,  
 Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,  
 Bending one way their precious influence;  
 And will not take their flight  
 For all the morning light,  
 Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;  
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow  
 Until their Lord Himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom  
 Had given day her room,  
 The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,  
 And hid his head for shame,  
 As his inferior flame  
 The new-enlighten'd world no more should need;  
 He saw a greater Sun appear  
 Than his bright throne, or burning axle-tree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn  
 Or ere the point of dawn

Sate simply chatting in a rustic row;  
 Full little thought they than  
 That the mighty Pan  
 Was kindly come to live with them below;  
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep  
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep:—

When such music sweet  
 Their hearts and ears did greet  
 As never was by mortal finger strook—  
 Divinely-warbled voice  
 Answering the stringéd noise,  
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took:  
 The air, such pleasure loth to lose,  
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound  
 Beneath the hollow round  
 Of Cynthia's seat the airy region thrilling,  
 Now was almost won  
 To think her part was done,  
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;  
 She knew such harmony alone  
 Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight  
 A globe of circular light  
 That with long beams the shamefaced night array'd;  
 The helméd Cherubim  
 And sworded Seraphim  
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,  
 Harping in loud and solemn quire  
 With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)  
 Before was never made  
 But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,  
 While the Creator great  
 His constellations set  
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung;  
 And cast the dark foundations deep,  
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!  
 Once bless our human ears,  
 If ye have power to touch our senses so;  
 And let your silver chime  
 Move in melodious time;  
 And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow;  
 And with your ninefold harmony  
 Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song  
 Enwrap our fancy long,  
 Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;  
 And speckled Vanity  
 Will sicken soon and die,  
 And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;  
 And Hell itself will pass away,  
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then  
 Will down return to men,  
 Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,  
 Mercy will sit between  
 Throned in celestial sheen,  
 With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;  
 And Heaven, as at some festival,  
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

But wisest Fate says No;  
 This must not yet be so;  
 The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy  
 That on the bitter cross  
 Must redeem our loss;  
 So both Himself and us to glorify:  
 Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep  
 The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep;

With such a horrid clang  
 As on Mount Sinai rang  
 While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake:  
 The aged Earth aghast  
 With terror of that blast  
 Shall from the surface to the centre shake,  
 When, at the world's last sesión,  
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His throne.

And then at last our bliss  
 Full and perfect is,  
 But now begins; for from this happy day  
 The old Dragon under ground,  
 In straiter limits bound,  
 Not half so far casts his usurpéd sway;  
 And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
 Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The Oracles are dumb;  
 No voice or hideous hum  
 Runs through the archéd roof in words deceiving.  
 Apollo from his shrine  
 Can no more divine,  
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving:  
 No nightly trance or breathéd spell  
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er  
 And the resounding shore  
 A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;  
 From haunted spring and dale  
 Edged with poplar pale  
 The parting Genius is with sighing sent;  
 With flower-inwoven tresses torn  
 The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth  
 And on the holy hearth  
 The Lars and Lemurés moan with midnight plaint;  
 In urns, and altars round  
 A drear and dying sound  
 Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;  
 And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
 While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baalim  
 Forsake their temples dim,  
 With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine;  
 And moonéd Ashtaroth  
 Heaven's queen and mother both,  
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;  
 The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn:  
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,  
 Hath left in shadows dread  
 His burning idol all of blackest hue;  
 In vain with cymbals' ring  
 They call the grisly king,  
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue;  
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast,  
 Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.



Nor is Osiris seen  
 In Memphian grove, or green,  
 Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud:  
 Nor can he be at rest  
 Within his sacred chest;  
 Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud;  
 In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark  
 The sable-stoléd sorcerers bear his worshipt ark.

He feels from Juda's land  
 The dreaded Infant's hand;  
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;  
 Nor all the gods beside  
 Longer dare abide,  
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:  
 Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,  
 Can in His swaddling bands control the damnéd crew.

So, when the sun in bed  
 Curtain'd with cloudy red  
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
 The flocking shadows pale  
 Troop to the infernal jail,  
 Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave;  
 And the yellow-skirted fays  
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see! the Virgin blest  
 Hath laid her Babe to rest;  
 Time is, our tedious song should here have ending:  
 Heaven's youngest-teeméd star  
 Hath fix'd her polish'd car,  
 Her sleeping Lord with hand-maid lamp attending:  
 And all about the courtly stable  
 Bright-harness'd Angels sit in order serviceable.

63.

J. Dryden

*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.

64.

J. Milton

*On the Late Massacre in Piemont*

AVENGE, O Lord! Thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones  
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;  
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old  
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,  
Forget not: in Thy book record their groans  
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold  
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that roll'd  
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans  
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow  
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway  
The triple Tyrant: that from these may grow  
A hundredfold, who, having learnt Thy way,  
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

65.

A. Marvell

*Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland*

THE forward youth that would appear,  
 Must now forsake his Muses dear,  
     Nor in the shadows sing  
     His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,  
 And oil the unused armour's rust,  
     Removing from the wall  
     The corslet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease  
 In the inglorious arts of peace,  
     But through adventurous war  
     Urgéd his active star:

And like the three-fork'd lightning, first  
 Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,  
     Did thorough his own Side  
     His fiery way divide:

For 'tis all one to courage high,  
 The emulous, or enemy;  
     And with such, to enclose  
     Is more than to oppose;

Then burning through the air he went,  
 And palaces and temples rent;  
     And Caesar's head at last  
     Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame  
 The face of angry heaven's flame;  
     And if we would speak true,  
     Much to the Man is due

Who, from his private gardens, where  
 He lived reservéd and austere,  
     (As if his highest plot  
     To plant the bergamot),

Could by industrious valour climb  
 To ruin the great work of time,  
     And cast the Kingdoms old  
     Into another mould;

Though Justice against Fate complain,  
 And plead the ancient Rights in vain—  
     But those do hold or break  
     As men are strong or weak;

Nature, that hateth emptiness,  
 Allows of penetration less,  
     And therefore must make room  
     Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war  
 Where his were not the deepest scar?  
     And Hampton shows what part  
     He had of wiser art,

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,  
 He wove a net of such a scope  
     That Charles himself might chase  
     To Carisbrook's narrow case,

That thence the Royal actor borne  
 The tragic scaffold might adorn:  
     While round the arméd bands  
     Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did or mean  
 Upon that memorable scene,  
     But with his keener eye  
     The axe's edge did try;

Nor call'd the Gods, with vulgar spite,  
 To vindicate his helpless right;  
     But bow'd his comely head  
     Down, as upon a bed.

—This was that memorable hour  
 Which first assured the forcéd power:  
     So when they did design  
     The Capitol's first line,

A Bleeding Head, where they begun,  
 Did fright the architects to run;  
     And yet in that the State  
     Foresaw its happy fate!

And now the Irish are ashamed  
 To see themselves in one year tamed:  
     So much one man can do  
     That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,  
 And have, though overcome, confest  
     How good he is, how just  
     And fit for highest trust.



Nor yet grown stiffer with command,  
 But still in the Republic's hand—  
     How fit he is to sway  
     That can so well obey!

He to the Commons' feet presents  
 A Kingdom for his first year's rents,  
     And (what he may) forbears  
     His fame, to make it theirs:

And has his sword and spoils ungirt  
 To lay them at the Public's skirt;  
     So when the falcon high  
     Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having kill'd, no more doth search  
 But on the next green bough to perch,  
     Where, when he first does lure  
     The falconer has her sure.

—What may not then our Isle presume  
 While victory his crest does plume?  
     What may not others fear  
     If thus he crowns each year?

As Caesar he, ere long, to Gaul,  
 To Italy an Hannibal,  
     And to all States not free  
     Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find  
 Within his parti-colour'd mind,  
     But from this valour sad  
     Shrink underneath the plaid—

Happy, if in the tufted brake  
The English hunter him mistake,  
Nor lay his hounds in near  
The Caledonian deer.

But Thou, the War's and Fortune's son,  
March indefatigably on;  
And for the last effect  
Still keep the sword erect:

Besides the force it has to fright  
The spirits of the shady night,  
The same arts that did gain  
A power, must it maintain.

66.

J. Milton

*Lycidas**Elegy on a Friend drowned in the Irish Channel, 1637*

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,  
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,  
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,  
 And with forced fingers rude  
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.  
 Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear  
 Compels me to disturb your season due:  
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.  
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew  
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
 He must not float upon his watery bier  
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well  
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;  
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.  
 Hence with denial vain and coy excuse:  
 So may some gentle Muse  
 With lucky words favour my destined urn;  
 And as he passes, turn  
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the selfsame hill,  
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill:  
 Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd  
 Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,

We drove afield, and both together heard  
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,  
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
 Oft till the star that rose at evening bright  
 Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.  
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,  
 Temper'd to the oaten flute,  
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel  
 From the glad sound would not be absent long;  
 And old Damoetas loved to hear our song.

But oh the heavy change, now thou art gone—  
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!  
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves  
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
 And all their echoes, mourn:  
 The willows and the hazel copses green  
 Shall now no more be seen  
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays:—  
 As killing as the canker to the rose,  
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,  
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear  
 When first the white-thorn blows,  
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep  
 Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?  
 For neither were ye playing on the steep  
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,  
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:  
 Ay me! I fondly dream—  
 Had ye been there ... For what could that have done?  
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,  
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,

Whom universal nature did lament,  
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar  
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,  
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with uncessant care  
 To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade  
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?  
 Were it not better done, as others use,  
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
 Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?  
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)  
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days;  
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorréd shears  
 And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"  
 Phoebus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;  
 "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
 Nor in the glistening foil  
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies:  
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes  
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;  
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

O Fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood  
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,  
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood.  
 But now my oat proceeds,  
 And listens to the herald of the sea  
 That came in Neptune's plea;  
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,  
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?

And question'd every gust of rugged wings  
 That blows from off each beakéd promontory:  
 They knew not of his story;  
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd;  
 The air was calm and on the level brine  
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.  
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark  
 Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,  
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus reverend sire, went footing slow,  
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge  
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
 Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe:  
 "Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge!"  
 Last came, and last did go  
 The Pilot of the Galilean lake;  
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain  
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain);  
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:  
 "How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,  
 Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake  
 Creep and intrude and climb into the fold!  
 Of other care they little reckoning make  
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,  
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest.  
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold  
 A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least  
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!  
 What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;  
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw:  
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
 But swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:  
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said:  
 — But that two-handed engine at the door  
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.”

Return, Alpheus; the dread voice is past  
 That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,  
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
 Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.  
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks  
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,  
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes  
 That on the green turf suck the honey'd showers  
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
 The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,  
 The glowing violet,  
 The musk-rose, and the well-attiréd woodbine,  
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears:  
 Bid amarantus all his beauty shed,  
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears  
 To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.  
 For so to interpose a little ease,  
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise:—  
 Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas  
 Wash far away, — where'er thy bones are hurl'd,  
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides  
 Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,  
 Visitest the bottom of the monstrous world;  
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,  
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,

Where the great Vision of the guarded mount  
 Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold,  
 —Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth:  
 —And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth!

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,  
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,  
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor:  
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,  
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head  
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangl'd ore  
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:  
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high  
 Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves;  
 Where, other groves and other streams along,  
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song  
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
 There entertain him all the Saints above  
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,  
 That sing, and singing, in their glory move,  
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.  
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;  
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore  
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,  
 While the still morn went out with sandals gray;  
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,  
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:  
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,  
 And now was dropt into the western bay.  
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:  
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.



67.

**F. Beaumont***On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey*

MORTALITY, behold and fear  
What a change of flesh is here!  
Think how many royal bones  
Sleep within these heaps of stones;  
Here they lie, had realms and lands,  
Who now want strength to stir their hands,  
Where from their pulpits seal'd with dust  
They preach, "In greatness is no trust."  
Here's an acre sown indeed  
With the richest royallest seed  
That the earth did e'er suck in  
Since the first man died for sin:  
Here the bones of birth have cried,  
"Though gods they were, as men they died!"  
Here are sands, ignoble things,  
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings:  
Here's a world of pomp and state  
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

68.

J. Shirley

*The Last Conqueror*

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more  
 Proclaim how wide your empires are;  
 Though you bind-in every shore  
 And your triumphs reach as far  
     As night or day,  
 Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey  
 And mingle with forgotten ashes, when  
 Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring Famine, Plague, and War,  
 Each able to undo mankind,  
 Death's servile emissaries are;  
 Nor to these alone confined,  
     He hath at will  
 More quaint and subtle ways to kill;  
 A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,  
 Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

69.

J. Shirley

*Death the Leveller*

THE glories of our blood and state  
 Are shadows, not substantial things;  
 There is no armour against fate;  
 Death lays his icy hand on kings:  
     Sceptre and crown  
     Must tumble down,  
 And in the dust be equal made  
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,  
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill;  
 But their strong nerves at last must yield—  
     They tame but one another still:  
     Early or late  
     They stoop to fate,  
 And must give up their murmuring breath  
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow:  
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds;  
 Upon Death's purple altar now  
     See where the victor-victim bleeds.  
     Your heads must come  
     To the cold tomb:  
 Only the actions of the just  
 Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

70.

**J. Milton***When the Assault Was Intended to the City*

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

71.

**J. Milton***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.

72.

**Sir H. Wotton***Character of a Happy Life*

HOW happy is he born and taught  
 That serveth not another's will;  
 Whose armour is his honest thought  
 And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;  
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
 Not tied unto the world with care  
 Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
 Or vice; who never understood  
 How deepest wounds are given by praise,  
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed,  
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
 Nor ruin make accusers great;

Who God doth late and early pray  
 More of His grace than gifts to lend;  
 And entertains the harmless day  
 With a well-chosen book or friend;

—This man is freed from servile bands  
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;  
 Lord of himself, though not of lands;  
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

73.

**B. Jonson***The Noble Nature*

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

74.

**G. Herbert***The Gifts of God*

WHEN God at first made Man,  
 Having a glass of blessings standing by;  
 Let us (said He) pour on him all we can—  
 Let the world's riches, which disperséd lie,  
     Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;  
 Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure.  
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,  
 Perceiving that alone, of all His treasure,  
     Rest in the bottom lay;

For if I should (said He)  
 Bestow this jewel also on My creature,  
 He would adore My gifts instead of Me,  
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature,  
     So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,  
 But keep them with repining restlessness;  
 Let him be rich and weary, that at least,  
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness  
     May toss him to My breast.



75.

**H. Vaughan***The Retreat*

HAPPY those early days, when I  
 Shined in my Angel-infancy!  
 Before I understood this place  
 Appointed for my second race,  
 Or taught my soul to fancy aught  
 But a white, celestial thought;  
 When yet I had not walk'd above  
 A mile or two from my first Love,  
 And looking back, at that short space  
 Could see a glimpse of His bright face;  
 When on some gilded cloud or flower  
 My gazing soul would dwell an hour,  
 And in those weaker glories spy  
 Some shadows of eternity;  
 Before I taught my tongue to wound  
 My conscience with a sinful sound,  
 Or had the black art to dispense  
 A several sin to every sense,  
 But felt through all this fleshly dress  
 Bright shoots of everlastingness.

Oh how I long to travel back,  
 And tread again that ancient track!  
 That I might once more reach that plain  
 Where first I left my glorious train;  
 From whence th' enlighten'd spirit sees  
 That shady City of palm trees!  
 But ah! my soul with too much stay  
 Is drunk, and staggers in the way:—

Some men a forward motion love,  
But I by backward steps would move;  
And when this dust falls to the urn,  
In that state I came, return.

76.

**J. Milton***To Mr. Lawrence*

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,  
Now that the fields are dank and ways are mire,  
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire  
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won  
From the hard season gaining? Time will run  
On smoother, till Favonius reinspire  
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire  
The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.  
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,  
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise  
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice  
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?  
He who of those delights can judge, and spare  
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

77.

**J. Milton***To Cyriack Skinner*

CYRIACK, whose grandsire, on the royal bench  
Of British Themis, with no mean applause  
Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,  
Which others at their bar so often wrench;  
To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench  
In mirth, that after no repenting draws;  
Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,  
And what the Swede intends, and what the French.  
To measure life learn thou betimes, and know  
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;  
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,  
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,  
That with superfluous burden loads the day,  
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

78.

**B. Jonson***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 wishéd 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!

79.

R. Crashaw

*Wishes for the Supposed Mistress*

WHOE'ER she be,  
 That not impossible She  
 That shall command my heart and me;

Where'er she lie,  
 Lock'd up from mortal eye  
 In shady leaves of destiny:

Till that ripe birth  
 Of studied Fate stand forth,  
 And teach her fair steps to our earth;

Till that divine  
 Idea take a shrine  
 Of crystal flesh, through which to shine:

—Meet you her, my wishes,  
 Bespeak her to my blisses,  
 And be ye call'd, my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty  
 That owes not all its duty  
 To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie:

Something more than  
 Taffeta or tissue can,  
 Or rampant feather, or rich fan.

A face that's best  
 By its own beauty drest,  
 And can alone commend the rest—

A face made up  
 Out of no other shop  
 Than what Nature's white hand sets ope.

Sidneian showers  
 Of sweet discourse, whose powers  
 Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.

Whate'er delight  
 Can make day's forehead bright  
 Or give down to the wings of night.

Soft silken hours,  
 Open suns, shady bowers;  
 'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.

Days, that need borrow  
 No part of their good morrow  
 From a fore-spent night of sorrow—

Days, that in spite  
 Of darkness, by the light  
 Of a clear mind are day all night.

Life, that dares send  
 A challenge to his end,  
 And when it comes, say, "Welcome, friend."

I wish her store  
 Of worth may leave her poor  
 Of wishes; and I wish——no more.

—Now, if Time knows  
That Her, whose radiant brows  
Weave them a garland of my vows—

Her that dares be  
What these lines wish to see:  
I seek no further, it is She.

'Tis She, and here  
Lo! I unclothe and clear  
My wishes' cloudy character.

Such worth as this is  
Shall fix my flying wishes,  
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,  
My fancies, fly before ye;  
Be ye my fictions:—but her story.



80.

**Anonymous***The Great Adventurer*

OVER the mountains  
 And over the waves,  
 Under the fountains  
 And under the graves;  
 Under floods that are deepest,  
 Which Neptune obey;  
 Over rocks that are steepest  
 Love will find out the way,

Where there is no place  
 For the glow-worm to lie;  
 Where there is no space  
 For receipt of a fly;  
 Where the midge dares not venture  
 Lest herself fast she lay,—  
 If love come, he will enter  
 And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him  
 A child for his might;  
 Or you may deem him  
 A coward from his flight:  
 But if she whom love doth honour  
 Be conceal'd from the day,  
 Set a thousand guards upon her,  
 Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him  
 By having him confined;

And some do suppose him,  
Poor thing, to be blind:  
But if ne'er so close ye wall him  
Do the best that you may,  
Blind love, if so ye call him,  
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle  
To stoop to your fist;  
Or you may inveigle  
The phoenix of the east;  
The lioness, ye may move her  
To give o'er her prey:  
But you'll ne'er stop a lover;  
He will find out his way.

81.

Sir C. Sedley

*Child and Maiden*

AH, Chloris! could I now but sit  
 As unconcern'd as when  
 Your infant beauty could beget  
 No happiness or pain!  
 When I the dawn used to admire,  
 And praised the coming day,  
 I little thought the rising fire  
 Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay  
 Like metals in a mine;  
 Age from no face takes more away  
 Than youth conceal'd in thine.  
 But as your charms insensibly  
 To their perfection prest,  
 So love as unperceived did fly,  
 And centr'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,  
 While Cupid at my heart,  
 Still as his mother favour'd you,  
 Threw a new flaming dart:  
 Each gloried in their wanton part;  
 To make a lover, he  
 Employ'd the utmost of his art—  
 To make a beauty, she.

82.

R. Herrick

*Counsel to Girls*

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old Time is still a-flying;  
And this same flower that smiles to-day,  
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,  
The higher he's a-getting  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,  
When youth and blood are warmer;  
But being spent, the worse, and worst  
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time;  
And while ye may, go marry:  
For having lost but once your prime,  
You may for ever tarry.

83.

**Colonel Lovelace***To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars*

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind  
That from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,  
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,  
The first foe in the field;  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you too shall adore;  
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,  
Loved I not Honour more.

84.

**Sir H. Wotton***Elizabeth of Bohemia*

YOU meaner beauties of the night,  
 Which poorly satisfy our eyes  
 More by your number than your light,  
 You common people of the skies,—  
 What are you, when the Moon shall rise?

Ye violets that first appear,  
 By your pure purple mantles known  
 Like the proud virgins of the year,  
 As if the spring were all your own,—  
 What are you, when the Rose is blown?

Ye curious chanters of the wood  
 That warble forth dame Nature's lays,  
 Thinking your passions understood  
 By your weak accents,—what's your praise  
 When Philomel her voice doth raise?

So when my Mistress shall be seen  
 In sweetness of her looks and mind,  
 By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,  
 Tell me, if she were not design'd  
 Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

85.

**J. Milton***To the Lady Margaret Ley*

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once President  
 Of England's Council and her Treasury,  
 Who lived in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,  
 And left them both, more in himself content,  
 Till the sad breaking of that Parliament  
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory  
 At Chaeroneia, fatal to liberty,  
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent;—  
 Though later born than to have known the days  
 Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,  
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet;  
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,  
 That all both judge you to relate them true,  
 And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.

86.

**Anonymous***The Loveliness of Love*

IT is not Beauty I demand,  
 A crystal brow, the moon's despair,  
 Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,  
 Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair:

Tell me not of your starry eyes,  
 Your lips that seem on roses fed,  
 Your breasts, where Cupid tumbling lies,  
 Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed:—

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks  
 Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,  
 A breath that softer music speaks  
 Than summer winds a-wooing flowers,

These are but gauds: nay what are lips?  
 Coral beneath the ocean-stream,  
 Whose brink when your adventurer slips  
 Full off he perisheth on them.

And what are cheeks but ensigns oft  
 That wave hot youth to fields of blood?  
 Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft,  
 Do Greece or Ilium any good?

Eyes can with baleful ardour burn;  
 Poison can breath that erst perfumed;  
 There's many a white hand holds an urn  
 With lovers' hearts to dust consumed.



For crystal brows there's nought within;  
They are but empty cells for pride;  
He who the Syren's hair would win  
Is mostly strangled in the tide.

Give me, instead of Beauty's bust,  
A tender heart, a loyal mind  
Which with temptation I would trust,  
Yet never link'd with error find,—

One in whose gentle bosom I  
Could pour my secret heart of woes,  
Like the care-burthen'd honey-fly  
That hides his murmurs in the rose,—

My earthly Comforter! whose love  
So indefeasible might be  
That, when my spirit wonn'd above,  
Hers could not stay, for sympathy.

87.

T. Carew

*The True Beauty*

HE that loves a rosy cheek  
Or a coral lip admires,  
Or from starlike eyes doth seek  
Fuel to maintain his fires;  
As old Time makes these decay,  
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,  
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,  
Hearts with equal love combined,  
Kindle never-dying fires:—  
Where these are not, I despise  
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

88.

R. Herrick

*To Dianeme*

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes  
Which starlike sparkle in their skies;  
Nor be you proud that you can see  
All hearts your captives, yours yet free;  
Be you not proud of that rich hair  
Which wantons with the lovesick air;  
Whenas that ruby which you wear,  
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,  
Will last to be a precious stone  
When all your world of beauty's gone.

89.

E. Waller

*“Go, lovely Rose!”*

GO, lovely Rose!  
 Tell her that wastes her time and me  
     That now she knows,  
 When I resemble her to thee,  
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young  
 And shuns to have her graces spied,  
     That hadst thou sprung  
 In deserts, where no men abide,  
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth  
 Of beauty from the light retired:  
     Bid her come forth,  
 Suffer herself to be desired,  
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she  
 The common fate of all things rare  
     May read in thee:  
 How small a part of time they share  
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

90.

**B. Jonson***To Celia*

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss but in the cup  
And I'll not look for wine.  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise  
Doth ask a drink divine;  
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
I would not change for thine.  
I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honouring thee  
As giving it a hope that there  
It could not wither'd be.  
But thou thereon didst only breathe  
And sent'st it back to me;  
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself but thee!

91.

**Anonymous***Cherry-Ripe*

THERE is a garden in her face  
 Where roses and white lilies blow;  
 A heavenly paradise is that place,  
 Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;  
 There cherries grow that none may buy,  
 Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose  
 Of orient pearl a double row,  
 Which when her lovely laughter shows,  
 They look like rosebuds fill'd with snow;  
 Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,  
 Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;  
 Her brows like bended bows do stand,  
 Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill  
 All that approach with eye or hand  
 These sacred cherries to come nigh,  
 Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry!

92.

R. Herrick

*The Poetry of Dress*

1

A SWEET disorder in the dress  
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:—  
A lawn about the shoulders thrown  
Into a fine distraction,—  
An erring lace, which here and there  
Enthral the crimson stomacher,—  
A cuff neglectful, and thereby  
Ribbands to flow confusedly,—  
A winning wave, deserving note,  
In the tempestuous petticoat,—  
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie  
I see a wild civility,—  
Do more bewitch me, than when art  
Is too precise in every part.

93.

R. Herrick

*“Whenas in silks my Julia goes”*

2

WHENAS in silks my Julia goes  
Then, then (methinks) how sweetly flows  
That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see  
That brave vibration each way free;  
Oh how that glittering taketh me!



94.

**Anonymous***“My Love in her attire doth show her wit”*

3

MY Love in her attire doth show her wit,  
It doth so well become her:  
For every season she hath dressings fit,  
For Winter, Spring, and Summer.  
No beauty she doth miss  
When all her robes are on;  
But Beauty's self she is  
When all her robes are gone.

95.

E. Waller

*On a Girdle*

THAT which her slender waist confined  
Shall now my joyful temples bind;  
No monarch but would give his crown  
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heaven's extremest sphere,  
The pale which held that lovely deer  
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love  
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there  
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:  
Give me but what this ribband bound,  
Take all the rest the Sun goes round.

96.

R. Herrick

*To Anthea Who May Command Him Any Thing*

BID me to live, and I will live  
 Thy Protestant to be;  
 Or bid me love, and I will give  
 A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,  
 A heart as sound and free  
 As in the whole world thou canst find,  
 That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,  
 To honour thy decree;  
 Or bid it languish quite away.  
 And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep  
 While I have eyes to see;  
 And having none, yet I will keep  
 A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,  
 Under that cypress tree;  
 Or bid me die, and I will dare  
 E'en Death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,  
 The very eyes of me,  
 And hast command of every part,  
 To live and die for thee.

97.

**Anonymous***“Love not me for comely grace”*

LOVE not me for comely grace,  
For my pleasing eye or face,  
Nor for any outward part,  
No, nor for my constant heart,—  
    For those may fail, or turn to ill,  
    So thou and I shall sever:  
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,  
And love me still, but know not why—  
    So hast thou the same reason still  
    To doat upon me ever!

98.

Sir C. Sedley

*“Not, Celia, that I juster am”*

NOT, Celia, that I juster am  
Or better than the rest;  
For I would change each hour, like them,  
Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee  
By every thought I have:  
Thy face I only care to see.  
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored  
In thy dear self I find;  
For the whole sex can but afford  
The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek further store,  
And still make love anew?  
When change itself can give no more,  
'Tis easy to be true.

99.

## Colonel Lovelace

*To Althea from Prison*

WHEN Love with unconfined wings  
 Hovers within my gates,  
 And my divine Althea brings  
 To whisper at the grates;  
 When I lie tangled in her hair  
 And fetter'd to her eye,  
 The birds that wanton in the air  
 Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round  
 With no allaying Thames,  
 Our careless heads with roses crown'd,  
 Our hearts with loyal flames;  
 When thirsty grief in wine we steep,  
 When healths and draughts go free—  
 Fishes that tipple in the deep  
 Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like confinéd, I  
 With shriller throat shall sing  
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty  
 And glories of my King;  
 When I shall voice aloud how good  
 He is, how great should be,  
 Enlargéd winds, that curl the flood,  
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
 Nor iron bars a cage;

Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage;  
If I have freedom in my love  
And in my soul am free,  
Angels alone, that soar above,  
Enjoy such liberty.

100.

## Colonel Lovelace

*To Lucasta, Going beyond the Seas*

IF to be absent were to be  
 Away from thee;  
 Or that when I am gone  
 You or I were alone;  
 Then, my Lucasta, might I crave  
 Pity from blustering wind or swallowing wave.

Though seas and land betwixt us both,  
 Our faith and troth,  
 Like separated souls,  
 All time and space controls:  
 Above the highest sphere we meet  
 Unseen, unknown, and greet as Angels greet.

So then we do anticipate  
 Our after-fate,  
 And are alive i' the skies,  
 If thus our lips and eyes  
 Can speak like spirits unconfined  
 In Heaven, their earthy bodies left behind.



101.

Sir J. Suckling

*Encouragements to a Lover*

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?

Prythee, why so pale?

Will, if looking well can't move her,

Looking ill prevail?

Prythee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?

Prythee, why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,

Saying nothing do't?

Prythee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move,

This cannot take her;

If of herself she will not love,

Nothing can make her:

The D——I take her!

102.

A. Cowley

*A Supplication*

AWAKE, awake, my Lyre!  
 And tell thy silent master's humble tale  
     In sounds that may prevail;  
 Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire:  
     Though so exalted she  
     And I so lowly be  
 Tell her, such different notes make all thy harmony.

Hark, how the strings awake!  
 And, though the moving hand approach not near,  
     Themselves with awful fear  
 A kind of numerous trembling make.  
     Now all thy forces try;  
     Now all thy charms apply;  
 Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

Weak Lyre! thy virtue sure  
 Is useless here, since thou art only found  
     To cure, but not to wound,  
 And she to wound, but not to cure.  
     Too weak too wilt thou prove  
     My passion to remove;  
 Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourishment to Love.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre!  
 For thou canst never tell my humble tale  
     In sounds that will prevail,  
 Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;  
     All thy vain mirth lay by,

Bid thy strings silent lie,  
Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy master die.

103.

G. Wither

*The Manly Heart*

SHALL I, wasting in despair,  
 Die because a woman's fair?  
 Or my cheeks make pale with care  
 'Cause another's rosy are?  
 Be she fairer than the day  
 Or the flowery meads in May,  
     If she be not so to me  
     What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined  
 'Cause I see a woman kind;  
 Or a well-disposéd nature  
 Joinéd with a lovely feature?  
 Be she meeker, kinder than  
 Turtle-dove or pelican,  
     If she be not so to me  
     What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move  
 Me to perish for her love?  
 Or her merit's value known  
 Make me quite forget mine own?  
 Be she with that goodness blest  
 Which may gain her name of Best,  
     If she seem not such to me,  
     What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,  
 Shall I play the fool and die?

Those that bear a noble mind  
Where they want of riches find,  
Think what with them they would do  
Who without them dare to woo;  
    And unless that mind I see,  
    What care I though great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,  
I will ne'er the more despair:  
If she love me, this believe,  
I will die ere she shall grieve;  
If she slight me when I woo,  
I can scorn and let her go;  
    For if she be not for me,  
    What care I for whom she be?

104.

J. Fletcher

*Melancholy*

HENCE, all you vain delights,  
 As short as are the nights  
 Wherein you spend your folly:  
 There's nought in this life sweet  
 If man were wise to see't,  
 But only melancholy,  
 O sweetest Melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms, and fixéd eyes,  
 A sigh that piercing mortifies,  
 A look that's fastened to the ground,  
 A tongue chain'd up without a sound!  
 Fountain-heads and pathless groves,  
 Places which pale passion loves!

    Moonlight walks, when all the fowls  
 Are warmly housed save bats and owls!  
 A midnight bell, a parting groan!

    These are the sounds we feed upon;  
 Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley;  
 Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

105.

Sir W. Scott

*To a Lock of Hair*

THY hue, dear pledge, is pure and bright  
 As in that well-remember'd night  
 When first thy mystic braid was wove,  
 And first my Agnes whisper'd love.

Since then how often hast thou prest  
 The torrid zone of this wild breast,  
 Whose wrath and hate have sworn to dwell  
 With the first sin that peopled hell;  
 A breast whose blood's a troubled ocean,  
 Each throb the earthquake's wild commotion!  
 Oh if such clime thou canst endure  
 Yet keep thy hue unstain'd and pure,  
 What conquest o'er each erring thought  
 Of that fierce realm had Agnes wrought!  
 I had not wander'd far and wide  
 With such an angel for my guide;  
 Nor heaven nor earth could then reprove me  
 If she had lived, and lived to love me.

Not then this world's wild joys had been  
 To me one savage hunting scene,  
 My sole delight the headlong race  
 And frantic hurry of the chase;  
 To start, pursue, and bring to bay,  
 Rush in, drag down, and rend my prey,  
 Then—from the carcass turn away!  
 Mine ireful mood had sweetness tamed,  
 And soothed each wound which pride inflamed:—

Yes, God and man might now approve me  
If thou hadst lived, and lived to love me!



106.

## Anonymous

*The Forsaken Bride*

O WALY waly up the bank,  
 And waly waly down the brae,  
 And waly waly yon burn-side  
 Where I and my Love wont to gae!  
 I leant my back unto an aik,  
 I thought it was a trusty tree;  
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,  
 Sae my true Love did lichtly me.

O waly waly, but love be bonny  
 A little time while it is new;  
 But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld  
 And fades awa' like morning dew.  
 O wherefore should I busk my head?  
 Or wherefore should I kame my hair?  
 For my true Love has me forsook,  
 And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed,  
 The sheets shall ne'er be prest by me,  
 Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,  
 Since my true Love has forsaken me.  
 Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw  
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree?  
 O gentle Death, when wilt thou come?  
 For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie—

'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,  
But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.  
When we came in by Glasgow town  
We were a comely sight to see;  
My Love was clad in the black velvè,  
And I mysell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kist,  
That love had been sae ill to win,  
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd  
And pinn'd it with a siller pin.  
And oh, if my young babe were born,  
And set upon the nurse's knee,  
And I mysell were dead and gane,  
And the green grass growing over me!

107.

**Anonymous***Fair Helen*

I WISH I were where Helen lies;  
 Night and day on me she cries;  
 Oh that I were where Helen lies  
     On fair Kirconnell lea!

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

O think na but my heart was sair  
 When my Love dropt down and spak nae mair!  
 I laid her down wi' meikle care  
     On fair Kirconnell lea.

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

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

O Helen fair, beyond compare,  
 I'll make a garland of thy hair  
 Shall bind my heart for evermair  
     Until the day I die.

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

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

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

I wish I were where Helen lies;  
Night and day on me she cries;  
And I am weary of the skies,  
Since my Love died for me.

108.

Anonymous

*The Twa Corbies*

AS I was walking all alane  
 I heard twa corbies making a mane;  
 The tane unto the t'other say,  
 "Where sall we gang and dine to-day?"

"—In behint yon auld fail dyke,  
 I wot there lies a new-slain knight;  
 And naebody kens that he lies there,  
 But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,  
 His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,  
 His lady's ta'en another mate,  
 So we may mak our dinner sweet.

"Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,  
 And I'll pick out his bonnie blue een;  
 Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair  
 We'll theek our nest when it grows bare

"Mony a one for him makes mane,  
 But nane sall ken where he is gane;  
 O'er his white banes, when they are bare,  
 The wind sall blaw for evermair."

109.

R. Herrick

*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.

110.

R. Herrick

*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.

111.

A. Marvell

*Thoughts in a Garden*

HOW vainly men themselves amaze  
 To win the palm, the oak, or bays,  
 And their uncessant labours see  
 Crown'd from some single herb or tree,  
 Whose short and narrow-vergéd shade  
 Does prudently their toils upbraid;  
 While all the flowers and trees do close  
 To weave the garlands of Repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,  
 And Innocence thy sister dear?  
 Mistaken long, I sought you then  
 In busy companies of men.  
 Your sacred plants, if here below,  
 Only among the plants will grow:  
 Society is all but rude  
 To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen  
 So amorous as this lovely green.  
 Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,  
 Cut in these trees their mistress' name:  
 Little, alas, they know or heed  
 How far these beauties her exceed!  
 Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound,  
 No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passions' heat,  
 Love hither makes his best retreat:



The gods, who mortal beauty chase,  
 Still in a tree did end their race;  
 Apollo hunted Daphne so  
 Only that she might laurel grow;  
 And Pan did after Syrinx speed  
 Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead!  
 Ripe apples drop about my head;  
 The luscious clusters of the vine  
 Upon my mouth do crush their wine;  
 The nectarine and curious peach  
 Into my hands themselves do reach;  
 Stumbling on melons, as I pass,  
 Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less  
 Withdraws into its happiness;  
 The mind, that ocean where each kind  
 Does straight its own resemblance find;  
 Yet it creates, transcending these,  
 Far other worlds, and other seas;  
 Annihilating all that's made  
 To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,  
 Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,  
 Casting the body's vest aside  
 My soul into the boughs does glide;  
 There, like a bird, it sits and sings,  
 Then whets and claps its silver wings,  
 And, till prepared for longer flight,  
 Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy Garden state  
While man there walk'd without a mate:  
After a place so pure and sweet,  
What other help could yet be meet?  
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share  
To wander solitary there:  
Two paradises 'twere in one,  
To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew  
Of flowers and herbs this dial new!  
Where, from above, the milder sun  
Does through a fragrant zodiac run;  
And, as it works, th' industrious bee  
Computes its time as well as we.  
How could such sweet and wholesome hours  
Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers?

112.

J. Milton

*L'Allegro*

HENCE, loathéd 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-crownéd 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 wreathéd 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 unprovéd 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 sweet-brier, 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 hedgerow 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 sunshine holy-day,

Till the livelong daylight 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.

113.

J. Milton

*Il Penseroso*

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,  
 The brood of Folly without father bred!  
 How little you bestead  
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!  
 Dwell in some idle brain,  
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess  
 As thick and numberless  
 As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,  
 Or likest hovering dreams,  
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

But hail, thou goddess sage and holy,  
 Hail, divinest Melancholy!  
 Whose saintly visage is too bright  
 To hit the sense of human sight,  
 And therefore to our weaker view  
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;  
 Black, but such as in esteem  
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,  
 Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove  
 To set her beauty's praise above  
 The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended:  
 Yet thou art higher far descended:  
 Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,  
 To solitary Saturn bore;  
 His daughter she; in Saturn's reign  
 Such mixture was not held a stain:  
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades  
 He met her, and in secret shades



Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, steadfast, and demure,  
All in a robe of darkest grain  
Flowing with majestic train,  
And sable stole of cypres lawn  
Over thy decent shoulders drawn:  
Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
With even step, and musing gait,  
And looks commencing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:  
There, held in holy passion still,  
Forget thyself to marble, till  
With a sad leaden downward cast  
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:  
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,  
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
And hears the Muses in a ring  
Aye round about Jove's altar sing:  
And add to these retiréd Leisure  
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure:—  
But first and chiefest, with thee bring  
Him that yon soars on golden wing  
Guiding the fiery-wheeléd throne,  
The cherub Contemplati6n;  
And the mute Silence hist along,  
'Less Philomel will deign a song  
In her sweetest saddest plight  
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,  
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke  
Gently o'er the accusom'd oak.  
—Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
Most musical, most melancholy!

Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among  
 I woo, to hear thy even-song;  
 And missing thee, I walk unseen  
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
 To behold the wandering Moon  
 Riding near her highest noon,  
 Like one that had been led astray  
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way,  
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,  
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

Oft, on a plat of rising ground  
 I hear the far-off curfeu sound  
 Over some wide-water'd shore,  
 Swinging slow with sullen roar:  
 Or, if the air will not permit,  
 Some still removéd place will fit,  
 Where glowing embers through the room  
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;  
 Far from all resort of mirth,  
 Save the cricket on the hearth,  
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm  
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Or let my lamp at midnight hour  
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,  
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear  
 With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere  
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
 What worlds or what vast regions hold  
 The immortal mind, that hath forsook  
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook:  
 And of those demons that are found  
 In fire, air, flood, or underground,  
 Whose power hath a true consent  
 With planet, or with element.

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy  
 In sceptr'd pall come sweeping by,  
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
 Or the tale of Troy divine;  
 Or what (though rare) of later age  
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O sad Virgin, that thy power  
 Might raise Musaeus from his bower,  
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,  
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek  
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek!  
 Or call up him that left half-told  
 The story of Cambuscan bold,  
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,  
 And who had Canacè to wife  
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass;  
 And of the wondrous horse of brass  
 On which the Tartar king did ride:  
 And if aught else great bards beside  
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung  
 Of turneys, and of trophies hung,  
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,  
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,  
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,  
 Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont  
 With the Attic Boy to hunt,  
 But kercheft in a comely cloud  
 While rocking winds are piping loud.  
 Or usher'd with a shower still,  
 When the gust hath blown his fill,  
 Ending on the rustling leaves  
 With minute drops from off the eaves.

And when the sun begins to fling  
 His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring  
 To archéd walks of twilight groves,  
 And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,  
 Of pine, or monumental oak,  
 Where the rude axe, with heavéd stroke,  
 Was never heard the nymphs to daunt  
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.  
 There in close covert by some brook  
 Where no profaner eye may look,  
 Hide me from day's garish eye,  
 While the bee with honey'd thigh  
 That at her flowery work doth sing,  
 And the waters murmuring,  
 With such consort as they keep  
 Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;  
 And let some strange mysterious dream  
 Wave at his wings in airy stream  
 Of lively portraiture display'd,  
 Softly on my eyelids laid:  
 And, as I wake, sweet music breathe  
 Above, about, or underneath,  
 Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,  
 Or the unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail  
 To walk the studious cloister's pale,  
 And love the high-embowéd roof,  
 With antique pillars massy proof,  
 And storied windows richly dight  
 Casting a dim religious light.  
 There let the pealing organ blow  
 To the full-voiced quire below  
 In service high and anthems clear,  
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown and mossy cell  
Where I may sit, and rightly spell  
Of every star that heaven doth shew,  
And every herb that sips the dew;  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
And I with thee will choose to live.

114.

A. Marvell

*Song of the Emigrants in Bermuda*

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride  
 In the ocean's bosom unespied,  
 From a small boat that row'd along  
 The listening winds received this song:—  
 "What should we do but sing His praise  
 That led us through the watery maze  
 Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,  
 That lift the deep upon their backs,  
 Unto an isle so long unknown,  
 And yet far kinder than our own?  
 He lands us on a grassy stage,  
 Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage  
 He gave us this eternal Spring  
 Which here enamels everything,  
 And sends the fowls to us in care  
 On daily visits through the air.  
 He hangs in shades the orange bright  
 Like golden lamps in a green night,  
 And does in the pomegranates close  
 Jewels more rich than Ormus shows;  
 He makes the figs our mouths to meet  
 And throws the melons at our feet;  
 But apples plants of such a price,  
 No tree could ever bear them twice.  
 With cedars chosen by His hand  
 From Lebanon He stores the land;  
 And makes the hollow seas that roar  
 Proclaim the ambergris on shore.  
 He cast (of which we rather boast)

The Gospel's pearl upon our coast;  
And in these rocks for us did frame  
A temple where to sound His name.  
O let our voice His praise exalt  
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,  
Which then perhaps rebounding may  
Echo beyond the Mexique bay!"

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

115.

**J. Milton***At a Solemn Music*

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,  
 Sphere-born harmonious Sisters, Voice and Verse!  
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ  
 Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce;  
 And to our high-raised phantasy present  
 That undisturbéd Song of pure concent  
 Aye sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne

To Him that sits thereon,

With saintly shout and solemn jubilee;  
 Where the bright Seraphim, in burning row,  
 Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow;  
 And the Cherubic host, in thousand quires,  
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms.

Hymns devout and holy psalms

Singing everlastingly:

That we on Earth, with undiscording voice,  
 May rightly answer that melodious noise;  
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin  
 Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din  
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made  
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd  
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood  
 In first obedience, and their state of good.

O may we soon again renew that Song,  
 And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long  
 To His celestial consort us unite,

To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light!



116.

J. Dryden

*Alexander's Feast; or, the Power of Music*

'T WAS at the royal feast for Persia won  
 By Philip's warlike son—  
 Aloft in awful state  
 The godlike hero sate  
 On his imperial throne;  
 His valiant peers were placed around,  
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound  
 (So should desert in arms be crown'd);  
 The lovely Thais by his side  
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride  
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride:—  
 Happy, happy, happy pair!  
 None but the brave  
 None but the brave  
 None but the brave deserves the fair!

Timotheus placed on high  
 Amid the tuneful quire  
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:  
 The trembling notes ascend the sky  
 And heavenly joys inspire.  
 The song began from Jove  
 Who left his blissful seats above  
 Such is the power of mighty love!  
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god;  
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode  
 When he to fair Olympia prest,  
 And while he sought her snowy breast,  
 Then round her slender waist he curl'd,  
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.

—The listening crowd admire the lofty sound;  
 A present deity! they shout around:  
 A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound:  
 With ravish'd ears  
 The monarch hears,  
 Assumes the god;  
 Affects to nod  
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,  
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:  
 The jolly god in triumph comes;  
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!  
 Flush'd with a purple grace  
 He shows his honest face:  
 Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes!  
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
 Drinking joys did first ordain;  
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:  
 Rich the treasure,  
 Sweet the pleasure,  
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;  
 Fought all his battles o'er again,  
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain!  
 The master saw the madness rise,  
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;  
 And while he Heaven and Earth defied  
 Changed his hand and check'd his pride.  
 He chose a mournful Muse  
 Soft pity to infuse:  
 He sung Darius great and good,  
 By too severe a fate

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
 Fallen from his high estate.  
 And weltering in his blood;  
 Deserted at his utmost need  
 By those his former bounty fed;  
 On the bare earth exposed he lies  
 With not a friend to close his eyes.  
 —With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,  
 Revolving in his alter'd soul  
 The various turns of chance below;  
 And now and then a sigh he stole,  
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see  
 That love was in the next degree;  
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,  
 For pity melts the mind to love.  
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures  
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.  
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble,  
 Honour but an empty bubble;  
 Never ending, still beginning,  
 Fighting still, and still destroying;  
 If the world be worth thy winning,  
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying:  
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
 Take the good the gods provide thee!  
 —The many rend the skies with loud applause;  
 So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.  
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
 Gazed on the fair  
 Who caused his care,  
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:  
 At length with love and wine at once opprest  
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again:  
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!  
 Break his bands of sleep asunder  
 And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.  
 Hark, hark! the horrid sound  
 Has raised up his head:  
 As awaked from the dead  
 And amazed he stares around.  
 Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,  
 See the Furies arise!  
 See the snakes that they rear  
 How they hiss in their hair,  
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!  
 Behold a ghastly band,  
 Each a torch in his hand!  
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain  
 And unburied remain  
 Inglorious on the plain:  
 Give the vengeance due  
 To the valiant crew!  
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
 How they point to the Persian abodes  
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods.  
 —The princes applaud with a furious joy:  
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;  
 Thais led the way  
 To light him to his prey,  
 And like another Helen, fired another Troy!

Thus, long ago,  
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,  
 While organs yet were mute,  
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute  
 And sounding lyre  
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

At last divine Cecilia came.  
Inventress of the vocal frame;  
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store  
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
And added length to solemn sounds,  
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
—Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
Or both divide the crown;  
He raised a mortal to the skies,  
She drew an angel down!

117.

T. Gray

*Ode on the Pleasure Arising from Vicissitude*

NOW the golden Morn aloft  
 Waves her dew-bespangled wing,  
 With vermeil cheek and whisper soft  
 She woos the tardy Spring:  
 Till April starts, and calls around  
 The sleeping fragrance from the ground,  
 And lightly o'er the living scene  
 Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

Newborn flocks, in rustic dance,  
 Frisking ply their feeble feet;  
 Forgetful of their wintry trance  
 The birds his presence greet:  
 But chief, the skylark warbles high  
 His trembling thrilling ecstasy;  
 And lessening from the dazzled sight,  
 Melts into air and liquid light.

Yesterday the sullen year  
 Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;  
 Mute was the music of the air,  
 The herd stood drooping by:  
 Their raptures now that wildly flow  
 No yesterday nor morrow know;  
 'Tis Man alone that joy descries  
 With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past misfortune's brow  
 Soft reflection's hand can trace,

And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw  
 A melancholy grace;  
 While hope prolongs our happier hour,  
 Or deepest shades, that dimly lour  
 And blacken round our weary way,  
 Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy pleasure leads,  
 See a kindred grief pursue;  
 Behind the steps that misery treads  
 Approaching comfort view:  
 The hues of bliss more brightly glow  
 Chastised by sabler tints of woe,  
 And blended form, with artful strife,  
 The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch that long has tost  
 On the thorny bed of pain,  
 At length repair his vigour lost  
 And breathe and walk again:  
 The meanest floweret of the vale,  
 The simplest note that swells the gale,  
 The common sun, the air, the skies,  
 To him are opening Paradise.





119.

C. Cibber

*The Blind Boy*

O SAY what is that thing call'd Light,  
 Which I must ne'er enjoy;  
 What are the blessings of the sight,  
 O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see;  
 You say the sun shines bright:  
 I feel him warm, but how can he  
 Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make  
 Whene'er I sleep or play;  
 And could I ever keep awake  
 With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear  
 You mourn my hapless woe;  
 But sure with patience I can bear  
 A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have  
 My cheer of mind destroy;  
 Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,  
 Although a poor blind boy.

120.

T. Gray

*On a Favourite Cat Drowned in a Tub of Goldfishes*

'T WAS on a lofty vase's side,  
 Where China's gayest art had dyed  
     The azure flowers that blow,  
 Demurest of the tabby kind,  
 The pensive Selima, reclin'd,  
     Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd:  
 The fair round face, the snowy beard,  
     The velvet of her paws,  
 Her coat that with the tortoise vies,  
 Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes—  
     She saw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide  
 Two angel forms were seen to glide,  
     The Genii of the stream;  
 Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue  
 Through richest purple, to the view  
     Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw:  
 A whisker first, and then a claw  
     With many an ardent wish  
 She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize—  
 What female heart can gold despise?  
     What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent  
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,  
Nor knew the gulf between—  
Malignant Fate sat by and smiled—  
The slippery verge her feet beguiled;  
She tumbled headlong in!

Eight times emerging from the flood  
She mew'd to every watery god  
Some speedy aid to send:—  
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,  
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard—  
A favourite has no friend!

From hence, ye Beauties! undeceiv'd  
Know one false step is ne'er retriev'd,  
And be with caution bold:  
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes  
And heedless hearts is lawful prize,  
Nor all that glisters gold!

121.

## A. Philips

*To Charlotte Pulteney*

TIMELY blossom, Infant fair,  
 Fondling of a happy pair,  
 Every morn and every night  
 Their solicitous delight,  
 Sleeping, waking, still at ease,  
 Pleasing, without skill to please;  
 Little gossip, blithe and hale,  
 Tattling many a broken tale,  
 Singing many a tuneless song,  
 Lavish of a heedless tongue;  
 Simple maiden, void of art,  
 Babbling out the very heart,  
 Yet abandon'd to thy will,  
 Yet imagining no ill,  
 Yet too innocent to blush;  
 Like the linnet in the bush  
 To the mother-linnet's note  
 Moduling her slender throat;  
 Chirping forth thy petty joys,  
 Wanton in the change of toys,  
 Like the linnet green, in May  
 Flitting to each bloomy spray;  
 Wearied then and glad of rest,  
 Like the linnet in the nest:—  
 This thy present happy lot,  
 This in time will be forgot:  
 Other pleasures, other cares,  
 Ever-busy Time prepares;  
 And thou shalt in thy daughter see,  
 This picture, once, resembl'd thee.

122.

**J. Thomson***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 rules 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!

123.

T. Gray

*The Bard**Pindaric Ode*

"RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!  
 Confusion on thy banners wait;  
 Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing  
 They mock the air with idle state.  
 Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail,  
 Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail  
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,  
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"  
 —Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride  
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,  
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side  
 He wound with toilsome march his long array:—  
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance;  
 "To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow  
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,  
 Robed in the sable garb of woe  
 With haggard eyes the Poet stood;  
 (Loose his beard and hoary hair  
 Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air)  
 And with a master's hand and prophet's fire  
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre:—  
 "Hark, how each giant oak and desert cave  
 Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!  
 O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,  
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;

Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,  
To highborn Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

“Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,  
That hush'd the stormy main;  
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:  
Mountains, ye mourn in vain  
Modred, whose magic song  
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.  
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie  
Smear'd with gore and ghastly pale:  
Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail;  
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.  
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,  
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,  
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,  
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—  
No more I weep; They do not sleep;  
On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,  
I see them sit; They linger yet,  
Avengers of their native land:  
With me in dreadful harmony they join,  
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

“Weave the warp and weave the woof  
The winding-sheet of Edward's race;  
Give ample room and verge enough  
The characters of hell to trace.  
Mark the year, and mark the night,  
When Severn shall re-echo with affright  
The shrieks of death thro' Berkley's roof that ring,  
Shrieks of an agonizing king!  
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs  
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,  
From thee be born who o'er thy country hangs  
The scourge of Heaven! What terrors round him wait!



Amazement in his van, with flight combined,  
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord,  
Low on his funeral couch he lies!  
No pitying heart, no eye, afford  
A tear to grace his obsequies.  
Is the sable warrior fled?  
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.  
The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born?  
—Gone to salute the rising morn.  
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,  
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm  
In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes:  
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm:  
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,  
That hush'd in grim repose expects his evening prey.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,  
The rich repast prepare;  
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:  
Close by the regal chair  
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl  
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.  
Heard ye the din of battle bray,  
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?  
Long years of havock urge their destined course,  
And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.  
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,  
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,  
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame  
And spare the meek usurper's holy head!  
Above, below, the rose of snow,  
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:  
The bristled boar in infant-gore  
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.

Now, brothers, bending o'er the accurséd loom,  
Stamp we our vengeance deep and ratify his doom.

“Edward, lo! to sudden fate

(Weave we the woof; The thread is spun;)

Half of thy heart we consecrate.

(The web is wove; The work is done.)

—Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn

Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn:

In yon bright track that fires the western skies

They melt, they vanish from my eyes.

But oh what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height

Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,

Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!

No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail:—

All hail, ye genuine kings! Britannia's issue, hail!

“Girt with many a baron bold

Sublime their starry fronts they rear;

And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old

In bearded majesty, appear.

In the midst a form divine!

Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line;

Her lion port, her awe-commanding face

Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.

What strings symphonious tremble in the air,

What strains of vocal transport round her play?

Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;

They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.

Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,

Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-colour'd wings.

“The verse adorn again

Fierce war, and faithful love,

And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.

In buskin'd measures move

Pale grief, and pleasing pain,

With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast

A voice as of the cherub-choir

Gales from blooming Eden bear,

And distant warblings lessen on my ear

That lost in long futurity expire.

Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud

Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?

To-morrow he repairs the golden flood

And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

Enough for me; with joy I see

The different doom our fates assign:

Be thine despair and sceptred care,

To triumph and to die are mine."

—He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height

Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

124.

**W. Collins***Ode Written in 1746*

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

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

125.

**R. Burns***Lament for Culloden*

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,  
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;  
 For e'en to morn she cries, "Alas!"  
 And aye the saut tear blin's her e'e:

"Drumossie moor—Drumossie day—  
 A waefu' day it was to me!  
 For there I lost my father dear,  
 My father dear, and brethren three.

"Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,  
 Their graves are growin' green to see;  
 And by them lies the dearest lad  
 That ever blest a woman's e'e!

"Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,  
 A bluidy man I trow thou be;  
 For mony a heart thou has made sair  
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee!"

126.

J. Elliott

*Lament for Flodden*

I'VE heard them liling at our ewe-milking,  
 Lasses a' liling before dawn o' day;  
 But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—  
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At bughts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,  
 Lasses are lonely and dowie and wae;  
 Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,  
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In har'st, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,  
 Bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and gray;  
 At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—  
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae youngers are roaming  
 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;  
 But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—  
 The Flowers of the Forest are weded away.

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border!  
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;  
 The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,  
 The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liling at the ewe-milking  
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae;  
 Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—  
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

127.

**J. Logan***The Braes of Yarrow*

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

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

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

His mother from the window look'd  
 With all the longing of a mother;

His little sister weeping walk'd  
The greenwood path to meet her brother;  
They sought him east, they sought him west,  
They sought him all the forest thorough;  
They only saw the cloud of night,  
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

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

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



128.

**Anonymous***Willie Drowned in Yarrow*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yestreen I made my bed fu’ braid,  
The night I’ll mak’ it narrow,  
For a’ the livelang winter night  
I lie twined o’ my marrow.

“O came ye by yon waterside?  
Pou’d you the rose or lily?  
Or came you by yon meadow green,  
Or saw you my sweet Willie?”

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

129.

W. Cowper

*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 tear 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.

130.

J. Gay

*Black-Eyed Susan*

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,  
 The streamers waving in the wind,  
 When black-eyed Susan came aboard;—  
 “O where shall I my true-love find?  
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true  
 If my sweet William sails among the crew.”

William, who high upon the yard  
 Rock'd with the billow to and fro,  
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard  
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:  
 The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,  
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,  
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast  
 If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,  
 And drops at once into her nest:—  
 The noblest captain in the British fleet  
 Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

“O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,  
 My vows shall ever true remain.  
 Let me kiss off that falling tear;  
 We only part to meet again.  
 Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be  
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

“Believe not what the landmen say  
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:  
 They’ll tell thee sailors, when away,  
 In every port a mistress find:  
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
 For Thou art present wheresoe’er I go.

“If to fair India’s coast we sail,  
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright;  
 Thy breath is Afric’s spicy gale,  
 Thy skin is ivory so white.  
 Thus every beauteous object that I view  
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

“Though battle call me from thy arms  
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;  
 Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms  
 William shall to his dear return.  
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,  
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan’s eye.”

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
 The sails their swelling bosom spread,  
 No longer must she stay aboard;  
 They kiss’d, she sigh’d, he hung his head.  
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land.  
 “Adieu!” she cries, and waved her lily hand.

131.

H. Carey

*Sally in Our Alley*

OF all the girls that are so smart  
 There's none like pretty Sally;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.  
 There is no lady in the land  
 Is half so sweet as Sally;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,  
 And through the streets does cry 'em;  
 Her mother she sells laces long  
 To such as please to buy 'em:  
 But sure such folks could ne'er beget  
 So sweet a girl as Sally;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,  
 I love her so sincerely;  
 My master comes like any Turk,  
 And bangs me most severely:  
 But let him bang his bellyful,  
 I'll bear it all for Sally;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week  
 I dearly love but one day,

And that's the day that comes betwixt  
 A Saturday and Monday;  
 For then I'm drest all in my best  
 To walk abroad with Sally;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,  
 And often am I blamed  
 Because I leave him in the lurch  
 As soon as text is named;  
 I leave the church in sermon-time  
 And slink away to Sally;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again  
 O then I shall have money;  
 I'll hoard it up, and box it all,  
 I'll give it to my honey.  
 I would it were ten thousand pound,  
 I'd give it all to Sally;  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all  
 Make game of me and Sally,  
 And, but for her, I'd better be  
 A slave and row a galley;  
 But when my seven long years are out  
 O then I'll marry Sally,—  
 O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,  
 But not in our alley!



132.

**R. Burns***A Farewell*

GO fetch to me a pint o' wine,  
 An' fill it in a silver tassie;  
 That I may drink before I go  
 A service to my bonnie 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 bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,  
 The glittering spears are rankéd ready;  
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,  
 The battle closes thick and bloody;  
 But 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 bonnie Mary.

133.

## R. Graham of Gartmore

*“If doughty deeds my lady please”*

IF doughty deeds my lady please  
 Right soon I'll mount my steed;  
 And strong his arm, and fast his seat  
 That bears frae me the meed.  
 I'll wear thy colours in my cap,  
 Thy picture at my heart;  
 And he that bends not to thine eye  
 Shall rue it to his smart!  
 Then tell me how to woo thee, Love;  
 O tell me how to woo thee!  
 For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,  
 Tho' ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye  
 I'll dight me in array;  
 I'll tend thy chamber door all night,  
 And squire thee all the day.  
 If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,  
 These sounds I'll strive to catch;  
 Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysell,  
 That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,  
 I never broke a vow;  
 Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,  
 I never loved but you.  
 For you alone I ride the ring,  
 For you I wear the blue,  
 For you alone I strive to sing—

O tell me how to woo!  
Then tell me how to woo thee, Love;  
O tell me how to woo thee!  
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,  
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

134.

**W. Cowper***To a Young Lady*

SWEET stream, that winds through yonder glade,  
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—  
Silent and chaste she steals along,  
Far from the world's gay busy throng;  
With gentle yet prevailing force,  
Intent upon her destined course;  
Graceful and useful all she does,  
Blessing and blest where'er she goes;  
Pure-bosom'd as that watery glass,  
And Heaven reflected in her face.

135.

**S. Rogers***The Sleeping Beauty*

SLEEP on, and dream of heaven awhile—  
Tho' shut so close thy laughing eyes,  
Thy rosy lips still wear a smile  
And move, and breathe delicious sighs!

Ah, now soft blushes tinge her cheeks  
And mantle o'er her neck of snow;  
Ah, now she murmurs, now she speaks  
What most I wish—and fear to know!

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps!  
Her fair hands folded on her breast:  
—And now, how like a saint she sleeps!  
A seraph in the realms of rest!

Sleep on secure! Above controul  
Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee;  
And may the secret of thy soul  
Remain within its sanctuary!

136.

**J. Thomson**

*“For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove”*

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove  
An unrelenting foe to Love,  
And when we meet a mutual heart  
Come in between, and bid us part?

Bid us sigh on from day to day,  
And wish and wish the soul away;  
Till youth and genial years are flown,  
And all the life of life is gone?

But busy, busy, still art thou,  
To bind the loveless joyless vow,  
The heart from pleasure to delude,  
To join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,  
And I absolve thy future care;  
All other blessings I resign,  
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

137.

**M. Prior***“The merchant, to secure his treasure”*

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,  
 Conveys it in a borrow'd name:  
 Euphelia serves to grace my measure,  
 But Cloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre  
 Upon Euphelia's toilet lay—  
 When Cloe noted her desire  
 That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,  
 But with my numbers mix my sighs;  
 And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,  
 I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

Fair Cloe blush'd; Euphelia frown'd:  
 I sung, and gazed; I play'd, and trembled  
 And Venus to the Loves around  
 Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

138.

**O. Goldsmith***“When lovely woman stoops to folly”*

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds too late that men betray,  
What charm can soothe her melancholy,  
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,  
To hide her shame from every eye,  
To give repentance to her lover  
And wring his bosom, is—to die.



139.

**R. Burns***“Ye banks and braes o’ bonnie Doon”*

YE banks and braes o’ bonnie Doon,  
 How can ye bloom sae fair?  
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
 And I sae fu’ o’ care?

Thou’ll break my heart, thou bonnie bird  
 That sings upon the bough;  
 Thou minds me o’ the happy days  
 When my fause Luve was true.

Thou’ll break my heart, thou bonnie bird  
 That sings beside thy mate;  
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,  
 And wist na o’ my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon  
 To see the woodbine twine:  
 And ilka bird sang o’ its Luve,  
 And sae did I o’ mine.

Wi’ lightsome heart I pu’d a rose,  
 Frae aff its thorny tree;  
 And my fause Luver staw the rose  
 But left the thorn wi’ me.

140.

T. Gray

*The Progress of Poesy*  
*A Pindaric Ode*

AWAKE, aeolian lyre, awake,  
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.  
 From Helicon's harmonious springs  
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take;  
 The laughing flowers that round them blow  
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.  
 Now the rich stream of music winds along  
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,  
 Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign;  
 Now rolling down the steep amain  
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:  
 The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar.

O Sovereign of the willing soul,  
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,  
 Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares  
 And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul,  
 On Thracia's hills the Lord of War  
 Has curb'd the fury of his car  
 And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command.  
 Perching on the sceptred hand  
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king  
 With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:  
 Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie  
 The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey  
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay.

O'er Idalia's velvet-green  
 The rosy-crownéd Loves are seen  
 On Cytherea's day;  
 With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures,  
 Frisking light in frolic measures;  
 Now pursuing, now retreating,  
     Now in circling troops they meet;  
 To brisk notes in cadence beating  
     Glance their many-twinkling feet.  
 Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare;  
     Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.  
 With arms sublime that float upon the air  
     In gliding state she wins her easy way;  
 O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move  
 The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

    Man's feeble race what ills await!  
 Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,  
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,  
     And Death, sad refuge from the storms of fate!  
 The fond complaint, my song, disprove,  
 And justify the laws of Jove.  
 Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?  
 Night, and all her sickly dews,  
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry  
 He gives to range the dreary sky:  
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar  
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

    In climes beyond the solar road  
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,  
 The Muse has broke the twilight gloom  
     To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.  
 And oft, beneath the odorous shade  
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,

She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat  
 In loose numbers wildly sweet  
 Their feather-cinctured chiefs and dusky loves  
 Her track, where'er the goddess roves,  
 Glory pursue, and generous Shame,  
 Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep,  
 Isles that crown th' aegean deep,  
 Fields that cool Ilissus laves,  
 Or where Maeander's amber waves  
 In lingering labyrinths creep,  
 How do your tuneful echoes languish,  
 Mute, but to the voice of anguish!  
 Where each old poetic mountain  
     Inspiration breathed around;  
 Every shade and hallow'd fountain  
     Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:  
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour  
     Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.  
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,  
     And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.  
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,  
 They sought, O Albion! next, thy sea-encircled coast.

Far from the sun and summer-gale  
 In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,  
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,  
     To him the mighty Mother did unveil  
 Her awful face: the dauntless child  
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled.  
 "This pencil take" (she said), "whose colours clear  
 Richly paint the vernal year:  
 Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal Boy!  
 This can unlock the gates of joy;

Of horror that, and thrilling fears,  
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.”

Nor second He, that rode sublime  
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy  
The secrets of the abyss to spy:

He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time:  
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze  
Where angels tremble while they gaze,  
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,  
Closed his eyes in endless night.  
Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car  
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear  
Two coursers of ethereal race,  
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!  
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,  
Scatters from her pictured urn  
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.  
But ah! 'tis heard no more—  
O lyre divine! what daring spirit  
Wakes thee now? Tho' he inherit  
Nor the pride nor ample pinion  
That the Theban eagle bear,  
Sailing with supreme dominion  
Thro' the azure deep of air,  
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run  
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray  
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun;  
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way  
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate:  
Beneath the Good how far, but far above the Great.

141.

W. Collins

*The Passions**An Ode for Music*

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,  
 While yet in early Greece she sung,  
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,  
 Throng'd around her magic cell  
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
 Possesst beyond the Muse's painting;  
 By turns they felt the glowing mind  
 Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined:  
 'Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,  
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,  
 From the supporting myrtles round  
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound,  
 And, as they oft had heard apart  
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
 Each (for Madness ruled the hour)  
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,  
     Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,  
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,  
     E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,  
     In lightnings own'd his secret stings;  
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
     And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair,  
 Low sullen sounds, his grief beguiled;  
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air,  
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,  
 What was thy delighted measure?  
 Still it whisper'd promised pleasure  
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!  
 Still would her touch the strain prolong;  
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale  
 She call'd on Echo still through all the song;  
 And, where her sweetest theme she chose,  
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;  
 And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair;—

And longer had she sung, but with a frown  
 Revenge impatient rose;  
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,  
 And with a withering look  
 The war-denouncing trumpet took  
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!  
 And ever and anon he beat  
 The doubling drum with furious heat;  
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,  
 Dejected Pity at his side  
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,  
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,  
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed:  
 Sad proof of thy distressful state!  
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd;  
 And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,  
 Pale Melancholy sat retired;  
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,  
 In notes by distance made more sweet,  
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:  
     And dashing soft from rocks around  
     Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;  
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,  
     Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,  
     Round a holy calm diffusing,  
     Love of peace, and lonely musing,  
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone  
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,  
     Her bow across her shoulder flung,  
     Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,  
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,  
     The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known!  
 The oak-crown'd Sisters and their chaste-eyed Queen,  
     Satyrs and Sylvan Boys, were seen  
     Peeping from forth their alleys green;  
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;  
     And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial.  
 He, with viny crown advancing,  
     First to the lively pipe his hand address;  
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,  
     Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.  
 They would have thought who heard the strain  
     They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids  
     Amidst the festal-sounding shades  
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing;  
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,



Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round.  
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;  
 And he, amidst his frolic play,  
 As if he would the charming air repay,  
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.  
 O Music! sphere-descended maid,  
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!  
 Why, goddess! why, to us denied,  
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?  
 As in that lov'd Athenian bower  
 You learn'd an all-commanding power,  
 Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endear'd,  
 Can well recall what then it heard.  
 Where is thy native simple heart  
 Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?  
 Arise, as in that elder time,  
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!  
 Thy wonders, in that godlike age,  
 Fill thy recording Sister's page;—  
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,  
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,  
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,  
 Than all which charms this laggard age:  
 E'en all at once together found,  
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound:—  
 O bid our vain endeavours cease;  
 Revive the just designs of Greece;  
 Return in all thy simple state!  
 Confirm the tales her sons relate!

142.

T. Gray

*Ode on the Spring*

LO! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,  
 Fair Venus' train, appear,  
 Disclose the long-expecting flowers  
 And wake the purple year!  
 The Attic warbler pours her throat  
 Responsive to the cuckoo's note,  
 The untaught harmony of Spring;  
 While, whispering pleasure as they fly,  
 Cool zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky  
 Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch  
 A broader, browner shade,  
 Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech  
 O'er-canopies the glade,  
 Beside some water's rushy brink  
 With me the Muse shall sit, and think  
 (At ease reclined in rustic state)  
 How vain the ardour of the crowd,  
 How low, how little are the proud,  
 How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;  
 The panting herds repose;  
 Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air  
 The busy murmur glows!  
 The insect-youth are on the wing,  
 Eager to taste the honied spring  
 And float amid the liquid noon:

Some lightly o'er the current skim,  
 Some show their gaily-gilded trim  
 Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye  
 Such is the race of Man;  
 And they that creep, and they that fly,  
 Shall end where they began.  
 Alike the Busy and the Gay  
 But flutter thro' life's little day,  
 In Fortune's varying colours drest:  
 Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,  
 Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance  
 They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low  
 The sportive kind reply:  
 Poor moralist! and what art thou?  
 A solitary fly!  
 Thy joys no glittering female meets,  
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,  
 No painted plumage to display:  
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown;  
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—  
 We frolic while 'tis May.

143.

W. Cowper

*The Poplar Field*

THE poplars are fell'd! farewell to the shade  
 And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade;  
 The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,  
 Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I last took a view  
 Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew;  
 And now in the grass behold they are laid,  
 And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade!

The blackbird has fled to another retreat  
 Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat,  
 And the scene where his melody charm'd me before  
 Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,  
 And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,  
 With a turf on my breast and a stone at my head,  
 Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

The change both my heart and my fancy employs,  
 I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys;  
 Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,  
 Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.



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 agley,  
 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,  
                                   For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd 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!

145.

**S. Rogers***A Wish*

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

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

Around my ivied porch shall spring  
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;  
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing  
In russet-gown and apron blue.

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

146.

W. Collins

*To Evening*

IF aught of oaten stop or pastoral song  
 May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear  
     Like thy own solemn springs,  
     Thy springs, and dying gales;

O Nymph reserved, while now the bright-hair'd sun  
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,  
     With brede ethereal wove,  
     O'erhang his wavy bed;

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat  
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,  
     Or where the beetle winds  
     His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,  
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum,—  
     Now teach me, maid composed,  
     To breathe some soften'd strain

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,  
 May not unseemly with its stillness suit:  
     As, musing slow, I hail  
     Thy genial lov'd return.

For when thy folding-star arising shows  
 His paly circlet, at his warning lamp  
     The fragrant Hours, and Elves  
     Who slept in buds the day,



And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge  
 And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,  
     The pensive Pleasures sweet,  
     Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene;  
 Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells,  
     Whose walls more awful nod  
     By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds or driving rain  
 Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut  
     That, from the mountain's side,  
     Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires;  
 And hears their simple bell; and marks o'er all  
     Thy dewy fingers draw  
     The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,  
 And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!  
     While Summer loves to sport  
     Beneath thy lingering light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;  
 Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,  
     Affrights thy shrinking train  
     And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,  
 Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,  
     Thy gentlest influence own,  
     And love thy favourite name!

147.

T. Gray

*Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*

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 bowed 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 the 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 ecstasy the living lyre:

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

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
 The dark unfathomed 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 forbade: nor circumscribed alone  
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;  
 Forbade to wade through 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 learned to stray;  
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life  
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

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

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered 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 resigned,  
 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;  
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,  
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;  
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire 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 noontide 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 crossed in hopeless love.

“One morn I missed him on the accustomed 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 frowned not on his humble birth,  
 And melancholy marked 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 gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No further 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.

148.

**R. Burns***Mary Morison*

O MARY, at thy window be,  
 It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!  
 Those smiles and glances let me see  
 That make the miser's treasure poor:  
 How blythely wad I bide the stoure,  
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,  
 Could I the rich reward secure,  
 The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string  
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',  
 To thee my fancy took its wing,—  
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw:  
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,  
 And yon the toast of a' the town,  
 I sigh'd, and said amang them a',  
 "Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace  
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee?  
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,  
 Whase only faut is loving thee?  
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,  
 At least be pity to me shown;  
 A thought ungentle canna be  
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

149.

**R. Burns***Bonnie Lesley*

O SAW ye bonnie Lesley  
 As she gaed o'er the Border?  
 She's gane, like Alexander,  
 To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,  
 And love but her for ever;  
 For Nature made her what she is,  
 And ne'er made sic anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,  
 Thy subjects, we before thee;  
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley,  
 The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he could na scaith thee,  
 Or aught that wad belang thee;  
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,  
 And say, "I canna wrang thee!"

The Powers aboon will tent thee;  
 Misfortune sha' na steer thee;  
 Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,  
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,  
 Return to Caledonie!  
 That we may brag we hae a lass  
 There's nane again sae bonnie.



150.

**R. Burns***“O my Luve’s like a red, red rose”*

O MY Luve’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 luvè am I;  
 And I will luvè 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 luvè thee still, my dear,  
 While the sands o’ life shall run.

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

151.

**R. Burns***Highland Mary*

YE banks and braes and streams around  
 The castle o' Montgomery,  
 Green be your woods and fair your flowers,  
 Your waters never drumlie!  
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,  
 And there the langest tarry;  
 For there I took the last fareweel  
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,  
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,  
 As underneath their fragrant shade  
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!  
 The golden hours on angel wings  
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
 For dear to me as light and life  
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,  
 Our parting was fu' tender;  
 And pledging aft to meet again,  
 We tore oursels asunder;  
 But, oh! fell Death's untimely frost,  
 That nipt my flower sae early!  
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,  
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,  
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!

And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance  
That dwelt on me sae kindly!  
And mouldering now in silent dust  
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!  
But still within my bosom's core  
Shall live my Highland Mary.

152.

Lady A. Lindsay

*Auld Robin Gray*

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,  
 And a' the warld to rest are gane,  
 The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,  
 While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;  
 But saving a croun he had naething else beside:  
 To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea;  
 And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,  
 When my father brak his arm, and the cow was stown awa';  
 My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea—  
 And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin;  
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;  
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e  
 Said, Jennie, for their sakes, O marry me!

My heart it said nay; I look'd for Jamie back:  
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;  
 His ship it was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee?  
 Or why do I live to cry, Wae's me?

My father urgit sair; my mother didna speak,  
 But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break:  
 They gi'ed him my hand, but my heart was at the sea;  
 Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,  
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,  
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he  
Till he said, I'm come hame to marry thee.

O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;  
We took but ae kiss, and I bade him gang away.  
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;  
And why was I born to say, Wae's me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;  
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;  
But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,  
For auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.

153.

**R. Burns***Duncan Gray*

DUNCAN GRAY cam' here to woo,  
     Ha, ha, the wooing o't;  
 On blythe Yule night when we were fou,  
     Ha, ha, the wooing o't:  
 Maggie coost her head fu' high,  
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,  
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;  
     Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd  
     Ha, ha, the wooing o't;  
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig;  
     Ha, ha, the wooing o't:  
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,  
 Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',  
 Spak o' lowpin ower a linn!  
     Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Time and chance are but a tide,  
     Ha, ha, the wooing o't;  
 Slighted love is sair to bide,  
     Ha, ha, the wooing o't:  
 Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,  
 For a haughty hizzie dee?  
 She may gae to—France for me!  
     Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

How it comes let doctors tell,  
     Ha, ha, the wooing o't;

Meg grew sick—as he grew hale,  
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't:  
Something in her bosom wrings,  
For relief a sigh she brings!  
And oh, her een, they spak sic things!  
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

Duncan was a lad o' grace,  
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't;  
Maggie's was a piteous case,  
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't:  
Duncan could na be her death,  
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;  
Now they're crouse and canty baith,  
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't!

154.

W. J. Mickle

*The Sailor's Wife*

AND are ye sure the news is true?  
 And are ye sure he's weel?  
 Is this the time to think o' wark?  
 Ye jades, lay by your wheel;  
 Is this the time to spin a thread,  
 When Colin's at the door?  
 Reach down my cloak, I'll to the quay,  
 And see him come ashore.  
 For there's nae luck about the house,  
 There's nae luck at a';  
 There's little pleasure in the house  
 When our gudeman's awa'.

And gie to me my bigonet,  
 My bishop's satin gown;  
 For I maun tell the baillie's wife  
 That Colin's in the town.  
 My Turkey slippers maun gae on,  
 My stockins pearly blue:  
 It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,  
 For he's baith leal and true.

Rise, lass, and mak' a clean fireside,  
 Put on the muckle pot;  
 Gie little Kate her button gown  
 And Jock his Sunday coat;  
 And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,  
 Their hose as white as snaw:  
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,  
 For he's been long awa'.



There's twa fat hens upo' the coop  
 Been fed this month and mair;  
 Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,  
 That Colin weel may fare;  
 And spread the table neat and clean,  
 Gar ilka thing look braw,  
 For wha can tell how Colin fared  
 When he was far awa'?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,  
 His breath like caller air;  
 His very foot has music in't  
 As he comes up the stair:  
 And will I see his face again?  
 And will I hear him speak?  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
 In troth I'm like to greet!

If Colin's weel, and weel content,  
 I hae nae mair to crave;  
 And gin I live to keep him sae,  
 I'm blest aboon the lave:  
 And will I see his face again,  
 And will I hear him speak?  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
 In troth I'm like to greet!  
 For there's nae luck about the house,  
 There's nae luck at a';  
 There's little pleasure in the house  
 When our gudeman's awa'.

155.

**R. Burns***Jean*

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw  
 I dearly like the west,  
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,  
 The lassie I lo'e best.  
 There wild woods grow, and rivers row,  
 And mony 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 bonnie flower that springs  
 By fountain, shaw, or green,  
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,  
 But minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft  
 Among the leafy trees;  
 Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale,  
 Bring hame the laden bees;  
 And bring the lassie back to me  
 That's aye sae neat and clean:  
 Ae blink o' her wad banish care,  
 Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows among the knowes  
 Hae pass'd atween us twa!

How fond to meet, how wae to part,  
That night she gaed awa'!  
The Powers aboon can only ken,  
To whom the heart is seen,  
That nane can be sae dear to me  
As my sweet, lovely Jean!

156.

**R. Burns***John Anderson*

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,  
When we were first acquaint,  
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!

157.

## Lady Nairn

*The Land o' the Leal*

I'M wearing awa', Jean,  
 Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean,  
 I'm wearing awa'  
     To the land o' the leal.  
 There's nae sorrow there, Jean,  
 There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,  
 The day is aye fair  
     In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,  
 Your task's ended noo, Jean,  
 And I'll welcome you  
     To the land o' the leal.  
 Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,  
 She was baith guid and fair, Jean;  
 O we grudged her right sair  
     To the land o' the leal!

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,  
 My soul lang's to be free, Jean,  
 And angels wait on me  
     To the land o' the leal.  
 Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,  
 This warld's care is vain, Jean;  
 We'll meet and aye be fain  
     In the land o' the leal!

158.

T. Gray

*Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*

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 belov'd 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;  
 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 skulks 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 defil'd,  
 And moody Madness laughing wild  
 Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath  
 A griesly 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.

159.

T. Gray

*Hymn to Adversity*

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,  
 Thou tamer of the human breast,  
 Whose iron scourge and torturing hour  
 The bad affright, afflict the best!  
 Bound in thy adamant chain  
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,  
 And purple tyrants vainly groan  
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth  
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,  
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth  
 And bade to form her infant mind.  
 Stern, rugged nurse; thy rigid lore  
 With patience many a year she bore;  
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,  
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly  
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,  
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,  
 And leave us leisure to be good.  
 Light they disperse, and with them go  
 The summer friend and flattering foe;  
 By vain Prosperity received,  
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd  
 Immersed in rapturous thought profound,

And Melancholy, silent maid,  
 With leaden eye that loves the ground,  
 Still on thy solemn steps attend;  
 Warm Charity, the general friend,  
 With Justice, to herself severe,  
 And Pity dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

O gently on thy suppliant's head,  
 Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand!  
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,  
 Nor circled with the vengeful band  
 (As by the impious thou art seen)  
 With thundering voice and threatening mien,  
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,  
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty;—

Thy form benign, O goddess, wear,  
 Thy milder influence impart,  
 Thy philosophic train be there  
 To soften not to wound my heart  
 The generous spark extinct revive,  
 Teach me to love and to forgive,  
 Exact my own defects to scan,  
 What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.

160.

W. Cowper

*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 tameness 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-wingéd 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.

161.

W. Cowper

*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.

162.

W. Cowper

*To the Same*

THE twentieth year is well-nigh past  
 Since first our sky was overcast;  
 Ah, would that this might be the last!  
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,  
 I see thee daily weaker grow—  
 'Twas my distress that brought thee low,  
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,  
 For my sake restless heretofore,  
 Now rust disused and shine no more,  
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil  
 The same kind office for me still,  
 Thy sight now seconds not thy will,  
My Mary!

But well thou play'st the housewife's part,  
 And all thy threads with magic art  
 Have wound themselves about this heart,  
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem  
 Like language utter'd in a dream;  
 Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,  
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,  
 Are still more lovely in my sight  
 Than golden beams of orient light,  
My Mary!

For could I view nor them nor thee,  
 What sight worth seeing could I see?  
 The sun would rise in vain for me,  
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,  
 Thy hands their little force resign;  
 Yet, gently prest, press gently mine,  
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st  
 That now at every step thou mov'st  
 Upheld by two; yet still thou lov'st,  
My Mary!

And still to love, though prest with ill,  
 In wintry age to feel no chill,  
 With me is to be lovely still,  
My Mary!

But, ah! by constant heed I know  
 How oft the sadness that I show  
 Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,  
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast  
 With much resemblance of the past,  
 Thy worn-out heart will break at last,  
My Mary!



163.

G. Sewell

*The Dying Man in His Garden*

WHY, Damon, with the forward day  
 Dost thou thy little spot survey,  
 From tree to tree, with doubtful cheer,  
 Pursue the progress of the year,  
 What winds arise, what rains descend,  
 When thou before that year shalt end?

What do thy noontide walks avail,  
 To clear the leaf, and pick the snail,  
 Then wantonly to death decree  
 An insect usefuller than thee?  
 Thou and the worm are brother-kind,  
 As low, as earthy, and as blind.

Vain wretch! canst thou expect to see  
 The downy peach make court to thee?  
 Or that thy sense shall ever meet  
 The bean-flower's deep-embosom'd sweet  
 Exhaling with an evening blast?  
 Thy evenings then will all be past!

Thy narrow pride, thy fancied green  
 (For vanity's in little seen),  
 All must be left when Death appears,  
 In spite of wishes, groans, and tears;  
 Nor one of all thy plants that grow  
 But rosemary will with thee go.

164.

J. Collins

*To-Morrow*

IN the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,  
 May my lot no less fortunate be  
 Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,  
 And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;  
 With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,  
 While I carol away idle sorrow,  
 And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn  
 Look forward with hope for To-morrow.

With a porch at my door both for shelter and shade too,  
 As the sunshine or rain may prevail;  
 And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,  
 With a barn for the use of the flail;  
 A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,  
 And a purse when a friend wants to borrow,—  
 I'll envy no Nabob his riches or fame,  
 Or what honours await him To-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely  
 Secured by a neighbouring hill;  
 And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly  
 By the sound of a murmuring rill;  
 And while peace and plenty I find at my board,  
 With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,  
 With my friends may I share what To-day may afford,  
 And let them spread the table To-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail cov'ring  
 Which I've worn for threescore years and ten,

On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hov'ring,  
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again;  
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,  
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,  
As this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare To-day,  
May become Everlasting To-morrow.

165.

A. L. Barbauld

*“Life! I know not what thou art”*

LIFE! I know not what thou art,  
But know that thou and I must part;  
And when, or how, or where we met  
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together,  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—  
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;  
—Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time;  
Say not Good-night—but in some brighter clime  
Bid me Good-morning.

166.

J. Keats

*On First Looking into Chapman's "Homer"*

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold,  
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;  
Round many western islands have I been  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne,  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold.  
—Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

167.

J. Keats

*Ode on the Poets*

BARDS of Passion and of Mirth,  
 Ye have left your souls on earth!  
 Have ye souls in heaven too,  
 Double-lived in regions new?  
 —Yes, and those of heaven commune  
 With the spheres of sun and moon;  
 With the noise of fountains wond'rous  
 And the parle of voices thund'rous;  
 With the whisper of heaven's trees  
 And one another, in soft ease  
 Seated on Elysian lawns  
 Browsed by none but Dian's fawns;  
 Underneath large blue-bells tented,  
 Where the daisies are rose-scented,  
 And the rose herself has got  
 Perfume which on earth is not;  
 Where the nightingale doth sing  
 Not a senseless, trancéd thing,  
 But divine melodious truth;  
 Philosophic numbers smooth;  
 Tales and golden histories  
 Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then  
 On the earth ye live again;  
 And the souls ye left behind you  
 Teach us, here, the way to find you,  
 Where your other souls are joying,  
 Never slumber'd, never cloying.

Here, your earth-born souls still speak  
To mortals, of their little week—  
Of their sorrows and delights,  
Of their passions and their spite,  
Of their glory and their shame,  
What doth strengthen and what maim:—  
Thus ye teach us, every day,  
Wisdom, though fled far away.

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

168.

S. T. Coleridge

*Love*

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
 All are but ministers of Love,  
     And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I  
 Live o'er again that happy hour,  
 When midway on the mount I lay,  
     Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene  
 Had blended with the lights of eve;  
 And she was there, my hope, my joy,  
     My own dear Genevieve!

She lean'd against the arm'd man,  
 The statue of the arm'd knight;  
 She stood and listen'd to my lay,  
     Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,  
 My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!  
 She loves me best, whene'er I sing  
     The songs that make her grieve.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,  
 I sang an old and moving story—  
 An old rude song, that suited well  
     That ruin wild and hoary.



She listen'd with a flitting blush,  
 With downcast eyes and modest grace;  
 For well she knew, I could not choose  
     But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore  
 Upon his shield a burning brand;  
 And that for ten long years he woo'd  
     The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined: and, ah!  
 The deep, the low, the pleading tone  
 With which I sang another's love  
     Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,  
 With downcast eyes and modest grace;  
 And she forgave me, that I gazed  
     Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn  
 That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,  
 And that he cross'd the mountain-woods,  
     Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,  
 And sometimes from the darksome shade,  
 And sometimes starting up at once  
     In green and sunny glade,

There came and look'd him in the face  
 An angel beautiful and bright;  
 And that he knew it was a Fiend,  
     This miserable Knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,  
 He leap'd amid a murderous band,  
 And saved from outrage worse than death  
     The Lady of the Land;—

And how she wept, and clasp'd his knees;  
 And how she tended him in vain;  
 And ever strove to expiate  
     The scorn that crazed his brain;—

And that she nursed him in a cave,  
 And how his madness went away,  
 When on the yellow forest-leaves  
     A dying man he lay;—

His dying words:—but when I reach'd  
 That tenderest strain of all the ditty,  
 My faltering voice and pausing harp  
     Disturb'd her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense  
 Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve;  
 The music and the doleful tale,  
     The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,  
 An undistinguishable throng,  
 And gentle wishes long subdued,  
     Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight,  
 She blush'd with love and virgin shame;  
 And like the murmur of a dream,  
     I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepp'd aside,  
As conscious of my look she stept—  
Then suddenly, with timorous eye  
    She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,  
She press'd me with a meek embrace;  
And bending back her head, look'd up,  
    And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear.  
And partly 'twas a bashful art  
That I might rather feel, than see,  
    The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm.  
And told her love with virgin pride;  
And so I won my Genevieve,  
    My bright and beauteous Bride.

169.

Lord Byron

*All for Love*

O TALK not to me of a name great in story;  
 The days of our youth are the days of our glory;  
 And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty  
 Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?  
 'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled:  
 Then away with all such from the head that is hoary—  
 What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory?

O Fame! if I e'er took delight in thy praises,  
 'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,  
 Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover  
 She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee;  
 Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee;  
 When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,  
 I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

170.

Sir W. Scott

*The Outlaw*

O BRIGNALL banks are wild and fair,  
 And Greta woods are green,  
 And you may gather garlands there  
 Would grace a summer-queen.  
 And as I rode by Dalton Hall  
 Beneath the turrets high,  
 A Maiden on the castle wall  
 Was singing merrily:  
 "O Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
 And Greta woods are green;  
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there  
 Than reign our English queen."

"If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,  
 To leave both tower and town,  
 Thou first must guess what life lead we  
 That dwell by dale and down.  
 And if thou canst that riddle read,  
 As read full well you may,  
 Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed  
 As blithe as Queen of May."  
 Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,  
 And Greta woods are green;  
 I'd rather rove with Edmund there  
 Than reign our English queen."

"I read you, by your bugle-horn  
 And by your palfrey good,

I read you for a ranger sworn  
 To keep the king's greenwood."  
 "A ranger, lady, winds his horn,  
 And 'tis at peep of light;  
 His blast is heard at merry morn,  
 And mine at dead of night."  
 Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,  
 And Greta woods are gay;  
 I would I were with Edmund there  
 To reign his Queen of May!

"With burnish'd brand and musketoon  
 So gallantly you come,  
 I read you for a bold dragoon  
 That lists the tuck of drum."  
 "I list no more the tuck of drum,  
 No more the trumpet hear;  
 But when the beetle sounds his hum  
 My comrades take the spear.  
 And, oh! though Brignall banks be fair  
 And Greta woods be gay,  
 Yet mickle must the maiden dare  
 Would reign my Queen of May!

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,  
 A nameless death I'll die;  
 The fiend whose lantern lights the mead  
 Were better mate than I!  
 And when I'm with my comrades met  
 Beneath the greenwood bough,  
 What once we were we all forget,  
 Nor think what we are now."

*Chorus*

Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
And Greta woods are green,  
And you may gather garlands there  
Would grace a summer-queen.

171.

**Lord Byron***“There be none of Beauty’s daughters”*

THERE be none of Beauty’s daughters  
With a magic like thee;  
And like music on the waters  
Is thy sweet voice to me:  
When, as if its sound were causing  
The charmed ocean’s pausing,  
The waves lie still and gleaming,  
And the lull’d winds seem dreaming:

And the midnight moon is weaving  
Her bright chain o’er the deep,  
Whose breast is gently heaving  
As an infant’s asleep:  
So the spirit bows before thee  
To listen and adore thee;  
With a full but soft emotion,  
Like the swell of summer’s ocean.



172.

P. B. Shelley

*Lines to an Indian Air*

I ARISE from dreams of thee  
 In the first sweet sleep of night,  
 When the winds are breathing low  
 And the stars are shining bright—  
 I arise from dreams of thee,  
 And a spirit in my feet  
 Hath led me—who knows how?  
 To thy chamber-window, Sweet!

The wandering airs they faint  
 On the dark, the silent stream;  
 The champak odours fail  
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream;  
 The nightingale's complaint  
 It dies upon her heart,  
 As I must die on thine,  
 O belovéd, as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!  
 I die, I faint, I fail!  
 Let thy love in kisses rain  
 On my lips and eyelids pale.  
 My cheek is cold and white, alas!  
 My heart beats loud and fast;  
 O press it close to thine again  
 Where it will break at last!

173.

**Lord Byron***“She walks in beauty, like the night”*

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

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
 Had half impair'd 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.

174.

**W. Wordsworth***"She was a Phantom of delight"*

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.

175.

H. Coleridge

*“She is not fair to outward view”*

SHE is not fair to outward view,  
As many maidens be;  
Her loveliness I never knew  
Until she smiled on me.  
Oh, then I saw her eye was bright,  
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,  
To mine they ne'er reply,  
And yet I cease not to behold  
The love-light in her eye:  
Her very frowns are fairer far  
Than smiles of other maidens are.

176.

P. B. Shelley

*“I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden”*

I FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden;  
Thou needest not fear mine;  
My spirit is too deeply laden  
Ever to burthen thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion;  
Thou needest not fear mine;  
Innocent is the heart's devotion  
With which I worship thine.

177.

**W. Wordsworth***The Lost Love*

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!

178.

## W. Wordsworth

*"I travell'd among unknown men"*

I TRAVELL'D among unknown men  
 In lands beyond the sea;  
 Nor, England! did I know till then  
 What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!  
 Nor will I quit thy shore  
 A second time, for still I seem  
 To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel  
 The joy of my desire;  
 And she I cherish'd turn'd her wheel  
 Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings show'd, thy nights conceal'd  
 The bowers where Lucy play'd;  
 And thine too is the last green field  
 That Lucy's eyes survey'd.



179.

**W. Wordsworth***The Education of Nature*

THREE years she grew in sun and shower;  
 Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower  
     On earth was never sown:  
 This child I to myself will take;  
 She shall be mine, and I will make  
     A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be  
 Both law and impulse; and with me  
     The girl, in rock and plain,  
 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,  
 Shall feel an overseeing power  
     To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn  
 That wild with glee across the lawn  
     Or up the mountain springs;  
 And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
 And hers the silence and the calm  
     Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend  
 To her; for her the willow bend;  
     Nor shall she fail to see  
 Ev'n in the motions of the storm  
 Grace that shall mould the maiden's form  
     By silent sympathy.

“The stars of midnight shall be dear  
 To her; and she shall lean her ear  
     In many a secret place,  
 Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
 And beauty born of murmuring sound  
     Shall pass into her face.

“And vital feelings of delight  
 Shall rear her form to stately height,  
     Her virgin bosom swell;  
 Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,  
 While she and I together live  
     Here in this happy dell.”

Thus Nature spake—the work was done—  
 How soon my Lucy’s race was run!  
     She died, and left to me  
 This heath, this calm and quiet scene;  
 The memory of what has been,  
     And never more will be.

180.

**W. Wordsworth**

*“A slumber did my spirit seal”*

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal;  
I had no human fears:  
She seem'd a thing that could not feel  
The touch of earthly years.

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

181.

T. Campbell

*Lord Ullin's Daughter*

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

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

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

"His horsemen hard behind us ride—  
 Should they our steps discover,  
 Then who will cheer my bonnie bride,  
 When they have slain her lover?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

And still they row’d amidst the roar  
 Of waters fast prevailing:  
 Lord Ullin reach’d that fatal shore,—  
 His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay’d, through storm and shade  
 His child he did discover;—  
 One lovely hand she stretch’d for aid,  
 And one was round her lover.

“Come back! come back!” he cried in grief  
 “Across this stormy water;  
 And I’ll forgive your Highland chief,  
 My daughter! O my daughter!”

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

182.

Sir W. Scott

*Jock of Hazeldean*

“WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie?  
 Why weep ye by the tide?  
 I’ll wed ye to my youngest son,  
 And ye sall be his bride:  
 And ye sall be his bride, ladie,  
 Sae comely to be seen” —  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa’  
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

“Now let this wilfu’ grief be done,  
 And dry that cheek so pale;  
 Young Frank is chief of Errington  
 And lord of Langley-dale;  
 His step is first in peaceful ha’,  
 His sword in battle keen” —  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa’  
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

“A chain of gold ye sall not lack,  
 Nor braid to bind your hair,  
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,  
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair;  
 And you the foremost o’ them a’  
 Sall ride our forest-queen” —  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa’  
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,  
 The tapers glimmer’d fair;

The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
And dame and knight are there:  
They sought her baith by bower and ha';  
The ladie was not seen!—  
She's o'er the Border, and awa'  
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.



183.

**T. Campbell***Freedom and Love*

HOW delicious is the winning  
 Of a kiss at Love's beginning,  
 When two mutual hearts are sighing  
 For the knot there's no untying!

Yet remember, 'midst your wooing,  
 Love has bliss, but Love has ruing;  
 Other smiles may make you fickle,  
 Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,  
 Just as fate or fancy carries;  
 Longest stays when sorest chidden,  
 Laughs and flies when press'd and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,  
 Bind its odour to the lily,  
 Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,  
 Then bind Love to last for ever.

Love's a fire that needs renewal  
 Of fresh beauty for its fuel;  
 Love's wing moults when caged and captured,  
 Only free he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging,  
 Or the ringdove's neck from changing?  
 No! nor fetter'd Love from dying  
 In the knot there's no untying.

184.

P. B. Shelley

*Love's Philosophy*

THE fountains mingle with the river  
And the rivers with the ocean,  
The winds of heaven mix for ever  
With a sweet emotion;  
Nothing in the world is single,  
All things by a law divine  
In one another's being mingle—  
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,  
And the waves clasp one another;  
No sister-flower would be forgiven  
If it disdain'd its brother;  
And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
And the moonbeams kiss the sea—  
What are all these kissings worth,  
If thou kiss not me?

185.

T. Moore

*Echoes*

HOW sweet the answer Echo makes  
    To Music at night  
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,  
And far away o'er lawns and lakes  
    Goes answering light!

Yet Love hath echoes truer far  
    And far more sweet  
Than e'er, beneath the moonlight's star,  
Of horn or lute or soft guitar  
    The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh,—in youth sincere  
    And only then,  
The sigh that's breathed for one to hear—  
Is by that one, that only Dear  
    Breathed back again.

186.

Sir W. Scott

*A Serenade*

AH! County Guy, the hour is nigh,  
 The sun has left the lea;  
 The orange-flower perfumes the bower;  
 The breeze is on the sea;  
 The lark, his lay who thrill'd all day,  
 Sits hush'd his partner nigh:  
 Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,  
 But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade  
 Her shepherd's suit to hear;  
 To Beauty shy, by lattice high,  
 Sings high-born cavalier.  
 The star of Love, all stars above,  
 Now reigns o'er earth and sky,  
 And high and low the influence know—  
 But where is County Guy?

187.

**T. Campbell***To the Evening Star*

GEM of the crimson-colour'd even,  
 Companion of retiring day,  
 Why at the closing gates of heaven,  
 Beloved Star, dost thou delay?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns  
 When soft the tear of twilight flows;  
 So due thy plighted love returns  
 To chambers brighter than the rose;

To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love  
 So kind a star thou seem'st to be,  
 Sure some enamour'd orb above  
 Descends and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing, blushing hour  
 When all unheavenly passions fly,  
 Chased by the soul-subduing power  
 Of Love's delicious witchery.

Oh! sacred to the fall of day,  
 Queen of propitious stars, appear,  
 And early rise, and long delay,  
 When Caroline herself is here!

Shine on her chosen green resort  
 Whose trees the sunward summit crown,  
 And wanton flowers, that well may court  
 An angel's feet to tread them down:—

Shine on her sweetly-scented road,  
Thou star of evening's purple dome,  
That lead'st the nightingale abroad,  
And guid'st the pilgrim to his home.

Shine where my charmer's sweeter breath  
Embalms the soft exhaling dew,  
Where dying winds a sigh bequeath  
To kiss the cheek of rosy hue;—

Where winnow'd by the gentle air,  
Her silken tresses darkly flow  
And fall upon her brow so fair,  
Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline  
In converse sweet to wander far—  
O bring with thee my Caroline.  
And thou shalt be my Ruling Star!

188.

P. B. Shelley

*To the Night*

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 noontide 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, belovéd Night—  
Swift be thine approaching flight,  
    Come soon, soon!



189.

## W. Wordsworth

*To a Distant Friend*

WHY art thou silent? Is thy love a plant  
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air  
Of absence withers what was once so fair?  
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?  
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant,  
Bound to thy service with unceasing care—  
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant  
For nought but what thy happiness could spare.  
Speak!—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold  
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,  
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold  
Than a forsaken bird's-nest fill'd with snow  
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—  
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

190.

Lord Byron

*“When we two parted”*

WHEN we two parted  
     In silence and tears,  
 Half broken-hearted,  
     To sever for years,  
 Pale grew thy cheek and cold,  
     Colder thy kiss;  
 Truly that hour foretold  
     Sorrow to this!  
 The dew of the morning  
     Sunk chill on my brow;  
 It felt like the warning  
     Of what I feel now.  
 Thy vows are all broken,  
     And light is thy fame:  
 I hear thy name spoken  
     And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,  
     A knell to mine ear;  
 A shudder comes o'er me—  
     Why wert thou so dear?  
 They know not I knew thee  
     Who knew thee too well:  
 Long, long shall I rue thee,  
     Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met:  
     In silence I grieve  
 That thy heart could forget,  
     Thy spirit deceive.

If I should meet thee  
    After long years,  
How should I greet thee?—  
    With silence and tears.

191.

J. Keats

*Happy Insensibility*

IN a drear-nighted December,  
 Too happy, happy tree,  
 Thy branches ne'er remember  
 Their green felicity:  
 The north cannot undo them  
 With a sleety whistle through them,  
 Nor frozen thawings glue them  
 From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,  
 Too happy, happy brook,  
 Thy bubblings ne'er remember  
 Apollo's summer look;  
 But with a sweet forgetting  
 They stay their crystal fretting,  
 Never, never petting  
 About the frozen time.

Ah! would 'twere so with many  
 A gentle girl and boy!  
 But were there ever any  
 Writhed not at passéd joy?  
 To know the change and feel it,  
 When there is none to heal it  
 Nor numbéd sense to steal it—  
 Was never said in rhyme.

192.

Sir W. Scott

*“Where shall the lover rest”*

WHERE shall the lover rest  
 Whom the fates sever  
 From his true maiden's breast  
 Parted for ever?  
 Where, through groves deep and high  
 Sounds the far billow,  
 Where early violets die  
 Under the willow.  
*Eleu loro*  
*Soft shall be his pillow.*

There through the summer day  
 Cool streams are laving;  
 There, while the tempests sway,  
 Scarce are boughs waving;  
 There thy rest shalt thou take,  
 Parted for ever,  
 Never again to wake,  
 Never, O never!  
*Eleu loro*  
*Never, O never!*

Where shall the traitor rest,  
 He, the deceiver,  
 Who could win maiden's breast,  
 Ruin, and leave her?  
 In the lost battle,  
 Borne down by the flying,  
 Where mingles war's rattle  
 With groans of the dying;

*Eleu loro*  
*There shall he be lying.*

Her wing shall the eagle flap  
O'er the falsehearted;  
His warm blood the wolf shall lap  
Ere life be parted:  
Shame and dishonour sit  
By his grave ever;  
Blessing shall hallow it  
Never, O never!  
*Eleu loro*  
*Never, O never!*

193.

J. Keats

*La Belle Dame Sans Merci*

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

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

“I see a lily on thy brow  
 With anguish moist and fever-dew.  
 And on thy cheeks 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 made a garland for her head,  
 And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;  
 She look'd at me as she did love,  
 And made sweet moan.

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

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

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

“And there she lulléd me asleep,  
And there I dream'd—ah! woe betide!  
The latest dream I ever dream'd  
On the cold hill's side.

“I saw pale kings and princes too,  
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all:  
They cried, 'La belle Dame sans Merci  
Hath thee in thrall!'

“I saw their starved lips in the gloam  
With horrid warning gapéd wide,  
And I awoke and found me here  
On the cold hill's 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.”



194.

Sir W. Scott

*The Rover*

"A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,  
   A weary lot is thine!  
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,  
   And press the rue for wine.  
 A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,  
   A feather of the blue,  
 A doublet of the Lincoln green—  
   No more of me you knew,  
                   My love!  
   No more of me you knew.

"The morn is merry June, I trow,  
   The rose is budding fain;  
 But she shall bloom in winter snow  
   Ere we two meet again."  
 He turn'd his charger as he spake  
   Upon the river shore,  
 He gave the bridle-reins a shake,  
   Said, "Adieu for evermore,  
                   My love!  
   And adieu for evermore."

195.

P. B. Shelley

*The Flight of Love*

WHEN the lamp is shatter'd  
 The light in the dust lies dead—  
 When the cloud is scatter'd,  
 The rainbow's glory is shed.  
 When the lute is broken,  
 Sweet tones are remember'd not;  
 When the lips have spoken,  
 Lov'd accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour  
 Survive not the lamp and the lute,  
 The heart's echoes render  
 No song when the spirit is mute—  
 No song but sad dirges,  
 Like the wind through a ruin'd cell,  
 Or the mournful surges  
 That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingl'd,  
 Love first leaves the well-built nest;  
 The weak one is singl'd  
 To endure what it once possesst.  
 O Love! who bewailest  
 The frailty of all things here,  
 Why choose you the frailest  
 For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee  
 As the storms rock the ravens on high;

Bright reason will mock thee  
Like the sun from a wintry sky.  
From thy nest every rafter  
Will rot, and thine eagle home  
Leave thee naked to laughter,  
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

196.

Sir W. Scott

*The Maid of Neidpath*

OH, lovers' eyes are sharp to see,  
 And lovers' ears in hearing;  
 And love, in life's extremity,  
 Can lend an hour of cheering!  
 Disease had been in Mary's bower  
 And slow decay from mourning;  
 Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower  
 To watch her Love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,  
 Her form decay'd by pining,  
 Till through her wasted hand, at night,  
 You saw the taper shining.  
 By fits a sultry hectic hue  
 Across her cheek was flying;  
 By fits so ashy pale she grew  
 Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear  
 Seem'd in her frame residing:  
 Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear,  
 She heard her lover's riding;  
 Ere scarce a distant form was kenn'd,  
 She knew and waved to greet him,  
 And o'er the battlement did bend  
 As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he pass'd—a heedless gaze,  
 As o'er some stranger glancing;

Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,  
Lost in his courser's prancing;  
The castle-arch, whose hollow tone  
Returns each whisper spoken,  
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan  
Which told her heart was broken.

197.

**T. Campbell***The Maid of Neidpath*

EARL MARCH look'd on his dying child,  
And, smit with grief to view her—  
The youth, he cried, whom I exiled  
Shall be restored to woo her.

She's at the window many an hour  
His coming to discover;  
And he look'd up to Ellen's bower,  
And she look'd on her lover.

But ah! so pale, he knew her not,  
Though her smile on him was dwelling.  
“And am I then forgot—forgot?”  
It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,  
Her cheek is cold as ashes;  
Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes  
To lift their silken lashes.

198.

J. Keats

*“Bright Star! would I were steadfast as thou art”*

BRIGHT Star! would I were steadfast as thou art—  
 Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,  
 And watching, with eternal lids apart,  
 Like Nature’s patient sleepless Eremite,

The moving waters at their priestlike task  
 Of pure ablution round earth’s human shores,  
 Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask  
 Of snow upon the mountains and the moors:—

No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,  
 Pillow’d upon my fair Love’s ripening breast  
 To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,  
 Awake for ever in a sweet unrest;

Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,  
 And so live ever,—or else swoon to death.

199.

J. Keats

*The Terror of Death*

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be  
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,  
Before high-piléd books, in charact'ry  
Hold like rich garners 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.



200.

## W. Wordsworth

*Desideria*

SURPRISED by joy—impatient as the wind—  
     I turn'd to share the transport—oh! with whom  
     But thee—deep buried in the silent tomb,  
 That spot which no vicissitude can find?  
 Love, faithful love recall'd thee to my mind—  
     But how could I forget thee? Through what power  
     Even for the least division of an hour  
 Have I been so beguiled as to be blind  
 To my most grievous loss?—That thought's return  
     Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore  
 Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,  
     Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;  
 That neither present time nor years unborn  
     Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

201.

**T. Moore***“At the mid hour of night”*

AT the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly  
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye;  
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air  
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there  
And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the sky!

Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to hear  
When our voices, commingling, breathed like one on the ear;  
And as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,  
I think, O my Love! 'tis thy voice, from the Kingdom of Souls  
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

202.

Lord Byron

*Elegy on Thyrza*

AND thou art dead, as young and fair  
 As aught of mortal birth;  
 And form so soft and charms so rare  
 Too soon return'd to Earth!  
 Though Earth received them in her bed,  
 And o'er the spot the crowd may tread  
 In carelessness or mirth,  
 There is an eye which could not brook  
 A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,  
 Nor gaze upon the spot;  
 There flowers or weeds at will may grow,  
 So I behold them not:  
 It is enough for me to prove  
 That what I loved, and long must love,  
 Like common earth can rot;  
 To me there needs no stone to tell  
 'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last,  
 As fervently as thou  
 Who didst not change through all the past,  
 And canst not alter now.  
 The love where Death has set his seal  
 Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,  
 Nor falsehood disavow;  
 And, what were worse, thou canst not see  
 Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours,  
 The worst can be but mine;  
 The sun that cheers, the storm that lours,  
 Shall never more be thine.  
 The silence of that dreamless sleep  
 I envy now too much to weep;  
 Nor need I to repine  
 That all those charms have pass'd away  
 I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd  
 Must fall the earliest prey;  
 Though by no hand untimely snatch'd.  
 The leaves must drop away.  
 And yet it were a greater grief  
 To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,  
 Than see it pluck'd to-day;  
 Since earthly eye but ill can bear  
 To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne  
 To see thy beauties fade;  
 The night that follow'd such a morn  
 Had worn a deeper shade.  
 Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,  
 And thou wert lovely to the last,  
 Extinguish'd, not decay'd;  
 As stars that shoot along the sky  
 Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,  
 My tears might well be shed  
 To think I was not near, to keep  
 One vigil o'er thy bed—

To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,  
To fold thee in a faint embrace,  
    Uphold thy drooping head,  
And show that love, however vain,  
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,  
    Though thou hast left me free,  
The loveliest things that still remain  
    Than thus remember thee!  
The all of thine that cannot die  
Through dark and dread eternity  
    Returns again to me,  
And more thy buried love endears  
Than aught except its living years.

203.

P. B. Shelley

*“One word is too often profaned”*

ONE word is too often profaned  
For me to profane it,  
One feeling too falsely disdain'd  
For thee to disdain it.  
One hope is too like despair  
For prudence to smother,  
And pity from thee more dear  
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love;  
But wilt thou accept not  
The worship the heart lifts above  
And the Heavens reject not:  
The desire of the moth for the star,  
Of the night for the morrow,  
The devotion to something afar  
From the sphere of our sorrow?

204.

Sir W. Scott

*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,  
 Broadswords 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!



205.

## A. Cunningham

*“A wet sheet and a flowing sea”*

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,  
 A wind that follows fast  
 And fills the white and rustling sail  
 And bends the gallant mast;  
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
 While like the eagle free  
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
 Old England on the lee.

“O for a soft and gentle wind!”  
 I heard a fair one cry:  
 But give to me the snoring breeze  
 And white waves heaving high;  
 And white waves heaving high, my lads,  
 The good ship tight and free—  
 The world of waters is our home,  
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,  
 And lightning in yon cloud:  
 But hark the music, mariners!  
 The wind is piping loud;  
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,  
 The lightning flashes free—  
 While the hollow oak our palace is,  
 Our heritage the sea.

206.

**T. Campbell***“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.

207.

**T. Campbell***Battle of the Baltic*

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now joy, old England, raise!  
 For the tidings of thy might,  
 By the festal cities' blaze,  
 Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;

And yet amidst that joy and uproar,  
Let us think of them that sleep  
Full many a fathom deep  
By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsinore!

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

208.

**W. Wordsworth***Ode to Duty*

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God!  
 O Duty! if that name thou love  
 Who art a light to guide, a rod  
 To check the erring, and reprove;  
 Thou who art victory and law  
 When empty terrors overawe;  
 From vain temptations dost set free,  
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye  
 Be on them; who, in love and truth  
 Where no misgiving is, rely  
 Upon the genial sense of youth.  
 Glad hearts! without reproach or blot,  
 Who do thy work, and know it not:  
 O if through confidence misplaced  
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright  
 And happy will our nature be  
 When love is an unerring light,  
 And joy its own security.  
 And they a blissful course may hold  
 Ev'n now, who, not unwisely bold,  
 Live in the spirit of this creed,  
 Yet find that other strength according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,  
 No sport of every random gust,

Yet being to myself a guide,  
 Too blindly have reposed my trust:  
 And oft, when in my heart was heard  
 Thy timely mandate, I deferr'd  
 The task, in smoother walks to stray;  
 But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul  
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
 I supplicate for thy control,  
 But in the quietness of thought:  
 Me this uncharter'd freedom tires;  
 I feel the weight of chance desires:  
 My hopes no more must change their name;  
 I long for a repose which ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear  
 The Godhead's most benignant grace;  
 Nor know we anything so fair  
 As is the smile upon thy face:  
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,  
 And fragrance in thy footing treads;  
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,  
 And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!  
 I call thee: I myself commend  
 Unto thy guidance from this hour.  
 O let my weakness have an end!  
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
 The spirit of self-sacrifice;  
 The confidence of reason give;  
 And in the light of Truth thy bondman let me live!



209.

Lord Byron

*On the Castle of Chillon*

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind!

Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,

For there thy habitation is the heart—

The heart which love of Thee alone can bind.

And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd,

To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,

Their country conquers with their martyrdom,

And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

Chillon! thy prison is a holy place

And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,

Until his very steps have left a trace

Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,

By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!

For they appeal from tyranny to God.

210.

**W. Wordsworth***England and Switzerland, 1802*

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

211.

**W. Wordsworth***On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic*

ONCE did she hold the gorgeous East in fee,  
And was the safeguard of the West; the worth  
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,  
Venice, the eldest child of Liberty.  
She was a Maiden City, bright and free;  
No guile seduced, no force could violate;  
And when she took unto herself a mate,  
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.  
And what if she had seen those glories fade,  
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay,—  
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid  
When her long life hath reach'd its final day:  
Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade  
Of that which once was great has pass'd away.

212.

**W. Wordsworth***London, 1802*

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must look  
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest  
To think that now our life is only drest  
For show—mean handiwork of craftsman, cook,  
Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook  
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest;  
The wealthiest man among us is the best.  
No grandeur now in nature or in book  
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,  
This is idolatry; and these we adore—  
Plain living and high thinking are no more.  
The homely beauty of the good old cause  
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,  
And pure religion breathing household laws.

213.

**W. Wordsworth***The Same*

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour.

England hath need of thee: she is a fen

Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,

Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,

Have forfeited their ancient English dower

Of inward happiness. We are selfish men:

O raise us up, return to us again;

And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;

Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,

Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free.

So didst thou travel on life's common way

In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart

The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

214.

**W. Wordsworth**

*“When I have borne in memory what has tamed”*

WHEN I have borne in memory what has tamed  
Great nations; how ennobling thoughts depart  
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert  
The student's bower for gold,—some fears unnamed  
I had, my Country!—am I to be blamed?  
But when I think of thee, and what thou art,  
Verily, in the bottom of my heart  
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.  
For dearly must we prize thee, we who find  
In thee a bulwark of the cause of men;  
And I by my affection was beguiled:  
What wonder if a Poet now and then,  
Among the many movements of his mind,  
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

215.

**T. Campbell***Hohenlinden*

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

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

By torch and trumpet fast 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 riven;  
 Then rush'd the steed to battle driven;  
 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 sulphurous canopy.

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

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



216.

**R. Southey***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  
 I could not well make out.  
 But everybody 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 Welhelmine;  
“Nay—nay, my little girl,” quoth he,  
“It was a famous victory.

“And everybody 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.”

217.

**T. Moore***Pro Patria Mori*

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

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

218.

## C. Wolfe

*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 nor 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 of the 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.

219.

**W. Wordsworth***Simon Lee, the Old Huntsman*

IN the sweet shire of Cardigan,  
 Not far from pleasant Ivor Hall,  
 An old man dwells, a little man—  
 I've heard he once was tall.  
 Full five-and-thirty years he lived  
 A running huntsman merry;  
 And still the centre of his cheek  
 Is red as a ripe cherry.

No man like him the horn could sound,  
 And hill and valley rang with glee  
 When Echo banded, round and round,  
 The halloo of Simon Lee.  
 In those proud days he little cared  
 For husbandry or tillage;  
 To blither tasks did Simon rouse  
 The sleepers of the village.

He all the country could outrun,  
 Could leave both man and horse behind;  
 And often, ere the chase was done,  
 He reel'd and was stone-blind.  
 And still there's something in the world  
 At which his heart rejoices;  
 For when the chiming hounds are out,  
 He dearly loves their voices.

But oh, the heavy change!—bereft  
 Of health, strength, friends and kindred, see!

Old Simon to the world is left  
 In liveried poverty:—  
 His master's dead, and no one now  
 Dwells in the Hall of Ivor;  
 Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead—  
 He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean, and he is sick,  
 His body, dwindled and awry,  
 Rests upon ankles swoln and thick;  
 His legs are thin and dry.  
 He has no son, he has no child;  
 His wife, an aged woman,  
 Lives with him, near the waterfall,  
 Upon the village common.

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,  
 Not twenty paces from the door,  
 A scrap of land they have, but they  
 Are poorest of the poor.  
 This scrap of land he from the heath  
 Enclosed when he was stronger;  
 But what avails the land to them  
 Which he can till no longer?

Oft, working by her husband's side,  
 Ruth does what Simon cannot do;  
 For she, with scanty cause for pride,  
 Is stouter of the two.  
 And though you with your utmost skill  
 From labour could not wean them,  
 'Tis little, very little, all  
 That they can do between them.



Few months of life has he in store  
 As he to you will tell,  
 For still, the more he works, the more  
 Do his weak ankles swell.  
 My gentle Reader, I perceive  
 How patiently you've waited,  
 And now I fear that you expect  
 Some tale will be related.

O Reader! had you in your mind  
 Such stores as silent thought can bring,  
 O gentle Reader! you would find  
 A tale in every thing.  
 What more I have to say is short,  
 And you must kindly take it.  
 It is no tale; but, should you think,  
 Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

One summer day I chanced to see  
 This old man doing all he could  
 To unearth the root of an old tree,  
 A stump of rotten wood.  
 The mattock totter'd in his hand;  
 So vain was his endeavour  
 That at the root of the old tree  
 He might have work'd for ever.

"You're overtask'd, good Simon Lee,  
 Give me your tool," to him I said;  
 And at the word right gladly he  
 Received my proffer'd aid.  
 I struck, and with a single blow  
 The tangled root I sever'd,  
 At which the poor old man so long  
 And vainly had endeavour'd.

The tears into his eyes were brought,  
And thanks and praises seem'd to run  
So fast out of his heart, I thought  
They never would have done.—  
I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds  
With coldness still returning;  
Alas! the gratitude of men  
Has oftener left me mourning.

220.

**C. Lamb***The Old Familiar Faces*

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,  
 In my days of childhood, in my joyful schooldays:  
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
 Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies:  
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women:  
 Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—  
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man:  
 Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;  
 Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,  
 Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,  
 Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,  
 Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?  
 So might we talk of the old familiar faces,

How some they have died, and some they have left me,  
 And some are taken from me: all are departed;  
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

221.

**T. Moore***The Journey Onwards*

AS slow our ship her foamy track  
 Against the wind was cleaving,  
 Her trembling pennant still look'd back  
 To that dear isle 'twas leaving.  
 So loth we part from all we love,  
 From all the links that bind us;  
 So turn our hearts, as on we rove,  
 To those we've left behind us!

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years  
 We talk with joyous seeming—  
 With smiles that might as well be tears,  
 So faint, so sad their beaming;  
 While memory brings us back again  
 Each early tie that twined us,  
 Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then  
 To those we've left behind us!

And when, in other climes, we meet  
 Some isle or vale enchanting,  
 Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,  
 And nought but love is wanting;  
 We think how great had been our bliss  
 If Heaven had but assign'd us  
 To live and die in scenes like this,  
 With some we've left behind us!

As travellers oft look back at eve  
 When eastward darkly going,

To gaze upon that light they leave  
    Still faint behind them glowing,—  
So, when the close of pleasure's day  
    To gloom hath near consign'd us,  
We turn to catch one fading ray  
    Of joy that's left behind us.

222.

## Lord Byron

*Youth and Age*

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it takes away  
 When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay;  
 'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which fades so  
   fast,  
 But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness  
 Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt, or ocean of excess:  
 The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain  
 The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down;  
 It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own;  
 That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,  
 And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the  
   breast,  
 Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of  
   rest,  
 'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,  
 All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and gray beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been,  
 Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a vanish'd scene,—  
 As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they  
   be,  
 So midst the wither'd waste of life those tears would flow to me!

223.

## W. Wordsworth

*A Lesson*

THERE is a flower, the lesser celandine,  
 That shrinks like many more from cold and rain,  
 And the first moment that the sun may shine,  
 Bright as the sun himself, 'tis out again!

When hailstones have been falling, swarm on swarm,  
 Or blasts the green field and the trees distrest,  
 Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm  
 In close self-shelter, like a thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this flower I pass'd,  
 And recognized it, though an alter'd form,  
 Now standing forth an offering to the blast,  
 And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

I stopp'd and said, with inly-mutter'd voice,  
 "It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold;  
 This neither is its courage nor its choice,  
 But its necessity in being old.

"The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew;  
 It cannot help itself in its decay;  
 Stiff in its members, wither'd, changed of hue,"—  
 And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was gray.

To be a prodigal's favourite—then, worse truth,  
 A miser's pensioner—behold our lot!  
 O man! that from thy fair and shining youth  
 Age might but take the things youth needed not!

224.

**T. Hood***Past and Present*

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 birthday,—  
 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 heaven  
    Than when I was a boy.

225.

**T. Moore***The Light of Other Days*

OFT in the stilly night  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Fond Memory 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 Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me.

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 garlands dead,  
 And all but he departed!  
 Thus in the stilly night  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Sad Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me.

226.

P. B. Shelley

*Invocation*

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,  
 Spirit of Delight!  
 Wherefore hast thou left me now  
 Many a day and night?  
 Many a weary night and day  
 'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me  
 Win thee back again?  
 With the joyous and the free  
 Thou wilt scoff at pain.  
 Spirit false! thou hast forgot  
 All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade  
 Of a trembling leaf,  
 Thou with sorrow art dismay'd;  
 Even the sighs of grief  
 Reproach thee, that thou art not near,  
 And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty  
 To a merry measure;  
 Thou wilt never come for pity,  
 Thou wilt come for pleasure:  
 Pity then will cut away  
 Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,  
 Spirit of Delight!  
 The fresh earth in new leaves drest  
 And the starry night;  
 Autumn evening, and the morn  
 When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms  
 Of the radiant frost;  
 I love waves, and winds, and storms,  
 Everything almost  
 Which is Nature's, and may be  
 Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,  
 And such society  
 As is quiet, wise, and good;  
 Between thee and me  
 What diff'rence? but thou dost possess  
 The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,  
 And like light can flee,  
 But above all other things,  
 Spirit, I love thee—  
 Thou art love and life! O come!  
 Make once more my heart thy home!

227.

P. B. Shelley

*Stanzas Written in Dejection near Naples*

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,  
 The waves are dancing fast and bright,  
 Blue isles and snowy mountains wear  
 The purple noon's transparent might:  
 The breath of the moist earth is light  
 Around its unexpanded buds;  
 Like many a voice of one delight—  
 The winds', the birds', the ocean-floods'—  
 The city's voice itself is soft like solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor  
 With green and purple seaweeds strown;  
 I see the waves upon the shore  
 Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown.  
 I sit upon the sands alone;  
 The lightning of the noontide ocean  
 Is flashing round me, and a tone  
 Arises from its measured motion—  
 How sweet, did any heart now share in my emotion!

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,  
 Nor peace within nor calm around;  
 Nor that content, surpassing wealth,  
 The sage in meditation found,  
 And walk'd with inward glory crown'd;  
 Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.  
 Others I see whom these surround—  
 Smiling they live, and call life pleasure:  
 To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,  
Even as the winds and waters are;  
I could lie down like a tired child,  
And weep away the life of care  
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,—  
Till death like sleep might steal on me,  
And I might feel in the warm air  
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea  
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

228.

**R. Southey***The Scholar*

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

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

My thoughts are with the dead; with them  
 I live in long-past years,  
 Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
 Partake their hopes and fears,  
 And from their lessons seek and find  
 Instruction with an humble mind.

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

229.

J. Keats

*The Mermaid Tavern*

SOULS of poets dead and gone,  
 What Elysium have ye known—  
 Happy field or mossy cavern  
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?  
 Have ye tippled drink more fine  
 Than mine host's Canary wine?  
 Or are fruits of Paradise  
 Sweeter than those dainty pies  
 Of venison? O generous food!  
 Drest as though bold Robin Hood  
 Would, with his Maid Marian,  
 Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day  
 Mine host's signboard flew away  
 Nobody knew whither, till  
 An astrologer's old quill  
 To a sheepskin gave the story,  
 Said he saw you in your glory  
 Underneath a new-old sign  
 Sipping beverage divine,  
 And pledging with contented smack  
 The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of poets dead and gone,  
 What Elysium have ye known—  
 Happy field or mossy cavern  
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?



230.

Sir W. Scott

*The Pride of Youth*

PROUD Maisie is in the wood,  
Walking so early;  
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,  
Singing so rarely.

“Tell me, thou bonny bird,  
When shall I marry me?”—  
“When six braw gentlemen  
Kirkward shall carry ye.”

“Who makes the bridal bed,  
Birdie, say truly?”—  
“The gray-headed sexton  
That delves the grave duly.

“The glowworm o’er grave and stone  
Shall light thee steady;  
The owl from the steeple sing,  
Welcome, proud lady.”

231.

**T. Hood***The Bridge of Sighs*

ONE more Unfortunate  
 Weary of breath  
 Rashly importunate,  
 Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,  
 Lift her with care;  
 Fashion'd so slenderly,  
 Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments  
 Clinging like cerements;  
 Whilst the wave constantly  
 Drips from her clothing:  
 Take her up instantly,  
 Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully,  
 Think of her mournfully,  
 Gently and humanly;  
 Not of the stains of her—  
 All that remains of her  
 Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
 Into her mutiny  
 Rash and undutiful:  
 Past all dishonour,  
 Death has left on her  
 Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,  
 One of Eve's family—  
 Wipe those poor lips of hers  
 Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses  
 Escaped from the comb,  
 Her fair auburn tresses;  
 Whilst wonderment guesses  
 Where was her home?

Who was her father?  
 Who was her mother?  
 Had she a sister?  
 Had she a brother?  
 Or was there a dearer one  
 Still, and a nearer one  
 Yet, than all other?

Alas, for the rarity  
 Of Christian charity  
 Under the sun!  
 Oh it was pitiful!  
 Near a whole city full,  
 Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,  
 Fatherly, motherly  
 Feelings had changed:  
 Love, by harsh evidence,  
 Thrown from its eminence;  
 Even God's providence  
 Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver  
So far in the river,  
With many a light  
From window and casement,  
From garret to basement,  
She stood with amazement,  
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver;  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river:  
Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery  
Swift to be hurl'd—  
Anywhere, anywhere  
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran,—  
Over the brink of it,  
Picture it—think of it,  
Dissolute man!  
Lave in it, drink of it,  
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashion'd so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly  
Stiffen too rigidly,

Decently, kindly,  
Smooth and compose them;  
And her eyes, close them,  
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring  
Thro' muddy impurity,  
As when with the daring  
Last look of despairing  
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,  
Spurr'd by contumely,  
Cold inhumanity,  
Burning insanity,

Into her rest.—  
Cross her hands humbly,  
As if praying dumbly,  
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behaviour,  
And leaving, with meekness,  
Her sins to her Saviour.

232.

Lord Byron

*Elegy*

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

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

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

233.

C. Lamb

*Hester*

WHEN maidens such as Hester die  
 Their place ye may not well supply,  
 Though ye among a thousand try  
     With vain endeavour.

A month or more hath she been dead,  
 Yet cannot I by force be led  
 To think upon the wormy bed  
     And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,  
 A rising step, did indicate  
 Of pride and joy no common rate  
     That flush'd her spirit:  
 I know not by what name beside  
 I shall it call; if 'twas not pride,  
 It was a joy to that allied  
     She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,  
 Which doth the human feeling cool;  
 But she was train'd in Nature's school—  
     Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,  
 A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;  
 A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind—  
     Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour! gone before  
 To that unknown and silent shore,

Shall we not meet, as heretofore  
    Some summer morning—  
When from thy cheerful eyes a ray  
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,  
A bliss that would not go away,  
    A sweet fore-warning?



234.

Sir W. Scott

*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!

235.

**T. Hood***The Deathbed*

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

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

236.

Sir W. Scott

*Rosabelle*

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

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

“The blackening wave is edged with white;  
 To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;  
 The fishers have heard the water-sprite,  
 Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

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

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

“’Tis not because the ring they ride,  
 And Lindesay at the ring rides well,  
 But that my sire the wine will chide  
 If ’tis not fill’d by Rosabelle.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

237.

**C. Lamb***On an Infant Dying as Soon as Born*

I SAW wherein the shroud did lurk  
 A curious frame of Nature's work;  
 A flow'ret crushéd in the bud,  
 A nameless piece of babyhood,  
 Was in her cradle-coffin lying;  
 Extinct, with scarce the sense of dying:  
 So soon to exchange the imprisoning womb  
 For darker closets of the tomb!  
 She did but ope an eye, and put  
 A clear beam forth, then straight up shut  
 For the long dark: ne'er more to see  
 Through glasses of mortality.  
 Riddle of destiny, who can show  
 What thy short visit meant, or know  
 What thy errand here below?  
 Shall we say, that Nature blind  
 Check'd her hand, and changed her mind  
 Just when she had exactly wrought  
 A finish'd pattern without fault?  
 Could she flag, or could she tire,  
 Or lack'd she the Promethean fire  
 (With her nine moons' long workings sicken'd)  
 That should thy little limbs have quicken'd?  
 Limbs so firm, they seem'd to assure  
 Life of health, and days mature—  
 Woman's self in miniature!  
 Limbs so fair, they might supply  
 (Themselves now but cold imagery)  
 The sculptor to make Beauty by.  
 Or did the stern-eyed Fate descry

That babe or mother, one must die;  
 So in mercy left the stock  
 And cut the branch—to save the shock  
 Of young years widow'd, and the pain  
 When single state comes back again  
 To the lone man who, reft of wife,  
 Thenceforward drags a maiméd life?  
 The economy of Heaven is dark,  
 And wisest clerks have miss'd the mark  
 Why human buds, like this, should fall,  
 More brief than fly ephemeral  
 That has his day; while shrivell'd crones  
 Stiffen with age to stocks and stones,  
 And crabbéd use the conscience sears  
 In sinners of an hundred years.  
 —Mother's prattle, mother's kiss,  
 Baby fond, thou ne'er wilt miss.  
 Rites, which custom does impose,  
 Silver bells, and baby clothes;  
 Coral redder than those lips  
 Which pale death did late eclipse;  
 Music framed for infants' glee,  
 Whistle never tuned for thee,—  
 Though thou want'st not, thou shalt have them,  
 Loving hearts were they which gave them.  
 Let not one be missing; nurse,  
 See them laid upon the hearse  
 Of infant slain by doom perverse.  
 Why should kings and nobles have  
 Pictured trophies to their grave,  
 And we, churls, to thee deny  
 Thy pretty toys with thee to lie—  
 A more harmless vanity?

238.

**W. Wordsworth***The Affliction of Margaret*

WHERE art thou, my beloved son—  
 Where art thou, worse to me than dead?  
 O find me, prosperous or undone!  
 Or if the grave be now thy bed,  
 Why am I ignorant of the same,  
 That I may rest, and neither blame  
 Nor sorrow may attend thy name?

Seven years, alas! to have received  
 No tidings of an only child;  
 To have despaired, have hoped, believed,  
 And be for evermore beguiled—  
 Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss!  
 I catch at them, and then I miss:  
 Was ever darkness like to this?

He was among the prime in worth,  
 An object beauteous to behold;  
 Well born, well bred; I sent him forth  
 Ingenuous, innocent, and bold:  
 If things ensued that wanted grace,  
 As hath been said, they were not base;  
 And never blush was on my face.

Ah! little doth the young one dream,  
 When full of play and childish cares,  
 What power is in his wildest scream  
 Heard by his mother unawares!

He knows it not, he cannot guess;  
 Years to a mother bring distress,  
 But do not make her love the less.

Neglect me! no, I suffered long  
 From that ill thought; and being blind  
 Said, "Pride shall help me in my wrong.  
 Kind mother have I been, as kind  
 As ever breathed:" and that is true;  
 I've wet my path with tears like dew,  
 Weeping for him when no one knew.

My son, if thou be humbled, poor,  
 Hopeless of honour and of gain,  
 O do not dread thy mother's door;  
 Think not of me with grief and pain.  
 I now can see with better eyes;  
 And worldly grandeur I despise,  
 And fortune with her gifts and lies.

Alas! the fowls of heaven have wings,  
 And blasts of heaven will aid their flight;  
 They mount—how short a voyage brings  
 The wanderers back to their delight!  
 Chains tie us down by land and sea;  
 And wishes, vain as mine, may be  
 All that is left to comfort thee.

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,  
 Maimed, mangled by inhuman men;  
 Or thou upon a desert thrown  
 Inheritest the lion's den;  
 Or hast been summoned to the deep,  
 Thou, thou, and all thy mates, to keep  
 An incommunicable sleep.



I look for ghosts; but none will force  
Their way to me. 'Tis falsely said  
That there was ever intercourse  
Between the living and the dead;  
For surely then I should have sight  
Of him I wait for day and night  
With love and longings infinite.

My apprehensions come in crowds;  
I dread the rustling of the grass;  
The very shadows of the clouds  
Have power to shake me as they pass;  
I question things, and do not find  
One that will answer to my mind;  
And all the world appears unkind.

Beyond participation lie  
My troubles, and beyond relief:  
If any chance to heave a sigh,  
They pity me, and not my grief.  
Then come to me, my son, or send  
Some tidings that my woes may end!  
I have no other earthly friend.

239.

Sir W. Scott

*Hunting Song*

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,  
 On the mountain dawns the day;  
 All the jolly chase is here  
 With hawk and horse and hunting-spear,  
 Hounds are in their couples yelling,  
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,  
 Merrily, merrily mingle they—  
 “Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
 The mist has left the mountain gray;  
 Springlets in the dawn are steaming,  
 Diamonds on the brake are gleaming;  
 And foresters have busy been  
 To track the buck in thicket green;  
 Now we come to chant our lay,  
 “Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
 To the greenwood haste away;  
 We can show you where he lies,  
 Fleet of foot and tall of size;  
 We can show the marks he made  
 When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;  
 You shall see him brought to bay—  
 “Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Louder, louder chant the lay,  
 Waken, lords and ladies gay!

Tell them youth and mirth and glee  
Run a course as well as we;  
Time, stern huntsman! who can balk,  
Staunch as hound and fleet as hawk:  
Think of this, and rise with day,  
Gentle lords and ladies gay!

240.

**W. Wordsworth***To the Skylark*

ETHEREAL Minstrel! Pilgrim of the sky!  
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?  
 Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?  
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,  
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond  
 Mount, daring warbler! — that love-prompted strain  
 ('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)  
 Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:  
 Yet mightst thou seem, proud privilege! to sing  
 All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;  
 A privacy of glorious light is thine,  
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine;  
 Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam —  
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

241.

P. B. Shelley

*To a Skylark*

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

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

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

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-wingéd 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!



242.

## W. Wordsworth

*The Green Linnet*

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that shed  
 Their snow-white blossoms on my head,  
 With brightest sunshine round me spread  
     Of Spring's unclouded weather,  
 In this sequester'd nook how sweet  
 To sit upon my orchard-seat,  
 And flowers and birds once more to greet,  
     My last year's friends together!

One have I mark'd, the happiest guest  
 In all this covert of the blest:—  
 Hail to thee, far above the rest  
     In joy of voice and pinion!  
 Thou, Linnet! in thy green array  
 Presiding spirit here to-day  
 Dost lead the revels of the May;  
     And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,  
 Make all one band of paramours,  
 Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,  
     Art sole in thy employment;  
 A life, a presence like the air,  
 Scattering thy gladness without care,  
 Too blest with any one to pair,  
     Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees  
 That twinkle to the gusty breeze,

Behold him perch'd in ecstasies  
Yet seeming still to hover;—  
There! where the flutter of his wings  
Upon his back and body flings  
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,  
That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives—  
A brother of the dancing leaves;  
Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves  
Pours forth his song in gushes;  
As if by that exulting strain  
He mock'd and treated with disdain  
The voiceless form he chose to feign,  
While fluttering in the bushes.

243.

**W. Wordsworth***To the Cuckoo*

O BLITHE new-comer! I have heard,  
 I hear thee and rejoice.  
 O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,  
 Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass  
 Thy twofold shout I hear;  
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
 At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale  
 Of sunshine and of flowers,  
 Thou bringest unto me a tale  
 Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!  
 Even yet thou art to me  
 No bird, but an invisible thing,  
 A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my schoolboy days  
 I listen'd to; that Cry  
 Which made me look a thousand ways  
 In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove  
 Through woods and on the green;  
 And thou wert still a hope, a love—  
 Still long'd for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet;  
Can lie upon the plain  
And listen, till I do beget  
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial, faery place,  
That is fit home for thee!

244.

J. Keats

*Ode to a Nightingale*

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

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

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,  
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;  
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,  
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies  
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
 And leaden-eyed despairs;

Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,  
 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 embalméd 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 muséd 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 selfsame 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 ofttimes 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 famed to do, deceiving elf.  
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades  
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,  
 Up the hillside; 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?

245.

**W. Wordsworth**

*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!



246.

P. B. Shelley

*Ozymandias of Egypt*

I MET a traveller from an antique land  
Who said:—Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown  
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed.  
And on the pedestal these words appear:  
“My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:  
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!”  
Nothing beside remains: round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

247.

**W. Wordsworth**

*Composed at Neidpath Castle,  
the Property of Lord Queensberry, 1803*

DEGENERATE Douglas! O the unworthy lord!  
 Whom mere despite of heart could so far please  
 And love of havoc (for with such disease  
 Fame taxes him) that he could send forth word  
 To level with the dust a noble horde,  
 A brotherhood of venerable trees,  
 Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like these,  
 Beggar'd and outraged!—Many hearts deplored  
 The fate of those old trees; and oft with pain  
 The traveller at this day will stop and gaze  
 On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed:  
 For shelter'd places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,  
 And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,  
 And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

248.

**W. Wordsworth***Admonition to a Traveller*

YES, there is holy pleasure in thine eye!  
The lovely cottage in the guardian nook  
Hath stirr'd thee deeply; with its own dear brook,  
Its own small pasture, almost its own sky!  
But covet not the abode; O do not sigh  
As many do, repining while they look—  
Intruders, who would tear from Nature's book  
This precious leaf with harsh impiety.  
Think what the home would be if it were thine,  
Even thine, though few thy wants!—Roof, window, door,  
The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,  
The roses to the porch which they entwine:  
Yea, all that now enchants thee, from the day  
On which it should be touch'd, would melt away!

249.

## W. Wordsworth

*To the Highland Girl of Inversnaid*

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower  
 Of beauty is thy earthly dower!  
 Twice seven consenting years have shed  
 Their utmost bounty on thy head:  
 And these gray rocks, this household lawn,  
 These trees—a veil just half withdrawn;  
 This fall of water, that doth make  
 A murmur near the silent lake;  
 This little bay, a quiet road  
 That holds in shelter thy abode;—  
 In truth together ye do seem  
 Like something fashion'd in a dream—  
 Such forms as from their covert peep  
 When earthly cares are laid asleep!  
 But, O fair Creature! in the light  
 Of common day, so heavenly bright,  
 I bless Thee, Vision as thou art,  
 I bless thee with a human heart:  
 God shield thee to thy latest years!  
 I neither know thee nor thy peers,  
 And yet my eyes are fill'd with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray  
 For thee when I am far away;  
 For never saw I mien or face  
 In which more plainly I could trace  
 Benignity and home-bred sense  
 Ripening in perfect innocence.  
 Here scatter'd, like a random seed,  
 Remote from men, thou dost not need

The embarrass'd look of shy distress,  
 And maidenly shamefacédness.  
 Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear  
 The freedom of a mountaineer;  
 A face with gladness overspread;  
 Soft smiles, by human kindness bred;  
 And seemliness complete, that sways  
 Thy courtesies, about thee plays;  
 With no restraint, but such as springs  
 From quick and eager visitings  
 Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach  
 Of thy few words of English speech—  
 A bondage sweetly brook'd, a strife  
 That gives thy gestures grace and life!  
 So have I, not unmoved in mind,  
 Seen birds of tempest-loving kind  
 Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull  
 For thee, who art so beautiful?  
 O happy pleasure! here to dwell  
 Beside thee in some heathy dell;  
 Adopt your homely ways, and dress,  
 A shepherd, thou a shepherdess!  
 But I could frame a wish for thee  
 More like a grave reality:  
 Thou art to me but as a wave  
 Of the wild sea; and I would have  
 Some claim upon thee, if I could,  
 Though but of common neighbourhood,  
 What joy to hear thee, and to see!  
 Thy elder brother I would be,  
 Thy father—anything to thee.

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace  
Hath led me to this lonely place.  
Joy have I had; and going hence  
I bear away my recompense.  
In spots like these it is we prize  
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes.  
Then why should I be loth to stir?  
I feel this place was made for her;  
To give new pleasure like the past,  
Continued long as life shall last.  
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,  
Sweet Highland Girl! from thee to part;  
For I, methinks, till I grow old  
As fair before me shall behold  
As I do now the cabin small,  
The lake, the bay, the waterfall,  
And thee, the spirit of them all!

250.

**W. Wordsworth***The 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;  
 No sweeter voice was ever heard  
 In springtime 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 listen'd till I had my fill;  
And, as I mounted up the hill,  
The music in my heart I bore  
Long after it was heard no more.



251.

**W. Wordsworth***The Reverie of Poor Susan*

AT the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,  
Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years:  
Poor Susan has pass'd by the spot, and has heard  
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment: what ails her? She sees  
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;  
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,  
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale  
Down which she so often has tripp'd with her pail;  
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,  
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven: but they fade,  
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;  
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,  
And the colours have all pass'd away from her eyes!

252.

P. B. Shelley

*To a Lady, with a Guitar*

ARIEL to Miranda:—Take  
 This slave of music, for the sake  
 Of him, who is the slave of thee;  
 And teach it all the harmony  
 In which thou canst, and only thou,  
 Make the delighted spirit glow,  
 Till joy denies itself again  
 And, too intense, is turn'd to pain.  
 For by permission and command  
 Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,  
 Poor Ariel sends this silent token  
 Of more than ever can be spoken;  
 Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who  
 From life to life must still pursue  
 Your happiness, for thus alone  
 Can Ariel ever find his own.  
 From Prospero's enchanted cell,  
 As the mighty verses tell,  
 To the throne of Naples he  
 Lit you o'er the trackless sea,  
 Flitting on, your prow before,  
 Like a living meteor.  
 When you die, the silent Moon  
 In her interlunar swoon  
 Is not sadder in her cell  
 Than deserted Ariel:—  
 When you live again on earth,  
 Like an unseen Star of birth  
 Ariel guides you o'er the sea  
 Of life from your nativity:—

Many changes have been run  
 Since Ferdinand and you begun  
 Your course of love, and Ariel still  
 Has track'd your steps and served your will.  
 Now in humbler, happier lot,  
 This is all remember'd not;  
 And now, alas, the poor Sprite is  
 Imprison'd for some fault of his  
 In a body like a grave—  
 From you he only dares to crave,  
 For his service and his sorrow  
 A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

The artist who this viol wrought  
 To echo all harmonious thought,  
 Fell'd a tree, while on the steep  
 The woods were in their winter sleep,  
 Rock'd in that repose divine  
 On the wind-swept Apennine;  
 And dreaming, some of autumn past,  
 And some of spring approaching fast,  
 And some of April buds and showers,  
 And some of songs in July bowers,  
 And all of love; and so this tree,—  
 Oh that such our death may be!—  
 Died in sleep, and felt no pain,  
 To live in happier form again:  
 From which, beneath heaven's fairest star,  
 The artist wrought this loved guitar;  
 And taught it justly to reply  
 To all who question skilfully  
 In language gentle as thine own;  
 Whispering in enamour'd tone  
 Sweet oracles of woods and dells,  
 And summer winds in sylvan cells.

For it had learnt all harmonies  
Of the plains and of the skies,  
Of the forests and the mountains,  
And the many-voicéd fountains;  
The clearest echoes of the hills,  
The softest notes of falling rills,  
The melodies of birds and bees,  
The murmuring of summer seas,  
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,  
And airs of evening; and it knew  
That seldom-heard mysterious sound  
Which, driven on its diurnal round,  
As it floats through boundless day,  
Our world enkindles on its way:—  
All this it knows, but will not tell  
To those who cannot question well  
The spirit that inhabits it:  
It talks according to the wit  
Of its companions; and no more  
Is heard than has been felt before  
By those who tempt it to betray  
These secrets of an elder day.  
But, sweetly as its answers will  
Flatter hands of perfect skill,  
It keeps its highest holiest tone  
For one beloved Friend alone.

253.

**W. Wordsworth***The Daffodils*

I WANDER'D lonely as a cloud  
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
 When all at once I saw a crowd,  
 A host of golden daffodils,  
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
 And twinkle on the Milky Way,  
 They stretch'd in never-ending line  
 Along the margin of a bay:  
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:—  
 A poet could not but be gay  
 In such a jocund company!  
 I gazed, and gazed, but little thought  
 What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
 In vacant or in pensive mood,  
 They flash upon that inward eye  
 Which is the bliss of solitude;  
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
 And dances with the daffodils.

254.

**W. Wordsworth***To the Daisy*

WITH little here to do or see  
 Of things that in the great world be,  
 Sweet Daisy! oft I talk to thee,  
     For thou art worthy,  
 Thou unassuming commonplace  
 Of Nature, with that homely face,  
 And yet with something of a grace  
     Which Love makes for thee!

Oft on the dappled turf at ease  
 I sit and play with similes,  
 Loose types of things through all degrees,  
     Thoughts of thy raising;  
 And many a fond and idle name  
 I give to thee, for praise or blame,  
 As is the humour of the game,  
     While I am gazing.

A nun demure, of lowly port;  
 Or sprightly maiden, of Love's court,  
 In thy simplicity the sport  
     Of all temptations;  
 A queen in crown of rubies drest;  
 A starveling in a scanty vest;  
 Are all, as seems to suit thee best,  
     Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops, with one eye  
 Staring to threaten and defy,

That thought comes next—and instantly  
     The freak is over,  
 The shape will vanish, and behold!  
 A silver shield with boss of gold  
 That spreads itself, some fairy bold  
     In fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar—  
 And then thou art a pretty star,  
 Not quite so fair as many are  
     In heaven above thee!  
 Yet like a star, with glittering crest,  
 Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest;—  
 May peace come never to his nest  
     Who shall reprove thee!

Sweet Flower! for by that name at last  
 When all my reveries are past  
 I call thee, and to that cleave fast,  
     Sweet silent creature!  
 That breath'st with me in sun and air,  
 Do thou, as thou art wont, repair  
 My heart with gladness, and a share  
     Of thy meek nature!

255.

J. Keats

*Ode to Autumn*

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;  
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,  
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
 With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,  
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
 Until they think warm days will never cease;  
 For Summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?  
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;  
 Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
 Spares the next swath and all its twinéd flowers:  
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
 Steady thy laden head across a brook;  
 Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,  
 Thou watchest the last oozyings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?  
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—  
 While barréd clouds bloom the soft-dying day  
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;



Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
Among the river-sallows, borne aloft  
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;  
Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft  
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft;  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

256.

**T. Campbell***Ode to Winter**Germany, December 1800*

WHEN first the fiery-mantled Sun  
 His heavenly race began to run,  
 Round the earth and ocean blue  
 His children four, the Seasons, flew.  
     First, in green apparel dancing,  
 The young Spring smiled with angel-grace;  
     Rosy Summer, next advancing,  
 Rush'd into her sire's embrace—  
 Her bright-hair'd sire, who bade her keep  
     For ever nearest to his smiles,  
 On Calpe's olive-shaded steep  
     Or India's citron-cover'd isles.  
 More remote, and buxom-brown,  
     The Queen of vintage bow'd before his throne;  
 A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown,  
     A ripe sheaf bound her zone.  
 But howling Winter fled afar  
 To hills that prop the polar star;  
 And loves on deer-borne car to ride  
 With barren darkness at his side,  
 Round the shore where loud Lofoden  
     Whirls to death the roaring whale,  
 Round the hall where Runic Odin  
     Howls his war-song to the gale;  
 Save when adown the ravaged globe  
     He travels on his native storm,  
 Deflowering Nature's grassy robe  
     And trampling on her faded form:—

Till light's returning Lord assume  
 The shaft that drives him to his northern field,  
 Of power to pierce his raven plume  
 And crystal-cover'd shield.

O sire of storms! whose savage ear  
 The Lapland drum delights to hear,  
 When Frenzy with her bloodshot eye  
 Implores thy dreadful deity—  
 Archangel! Power of desolation!  
 Fast descending as thou art,  
 Say, hath mortal invocation  
 Spells to touch thy stony heart?  
 Then, sullen Winter! hear my prayer,  
 And gently rule the ruin'd year;  
 Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare,  
 Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear;  
 To shuddering Want's unmantled bed  
 Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lend,  
 And gently on the orphan head  
 Of Innocence descend.

But chiefly spare, O king of clouds!  
 The sailor on his airy shrouds,  
 When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,  
 And spectres walk along the deep.  
 Milder yet thy snowy breezes  
 Pour on yonder tented shores,  
 Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,  
 Or the dark-brown Danube roars.  
 O winds of Winter! list ye there  
 To many a deep and dying groan?  
 Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,  
 At shrieks and thunders louder than your own?

Alas! ev'n your unhallow'd breath  
    May spare the victim fallen low;  
But man will ask no truce to death—  
    No bounds to human woe.

257.

**W. Wordsworth***Yarrow Unvisited*

1803

FROM Stirling Castle we had seen  
 The mazy Forth unravell'd,  
 Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay  
 And with the Tweed had travell'd;  
 And when we came to Clovenford,  
 Then said my "winsome Marrow,"  
 "Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,  
 And see the Braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow folk, frae Selkirk town,  
 Who have been buying, selling,  
 Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own,  
 Each maiden to her dwelling!  
 On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,  
 Hares couch, and rabbits burrow;  
 But we will downward with the Tweed,  
 Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

"There's Gala Water, Leader Haughs,  
 Both lying right before us;  
 And Dryburgh, where with chiming Tweed  
 The lintwhites sing in chorus;  
 There's pleasant Tiviotdale, a land  
 Made blithe with plough and harrow:  
 Why throw away a needful day  
 To go in search of Yarrow?"

“What’s Yarrow but a river bare  
 That glides the dark hills under?  
 There are a thousand such elsewhere  
 As worthy of your wonder.” —  
 Strange words they seem’d of slight and scorn;  
 My true-love sigh’d for sorrow,  
 And look’d me in the face, to think  
 I thus could speak of Yarrow!

“Oh, green,” said I, “are Yarrow’s holms,  
 And sweet is Yarrow flowing!  
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,  
 But we will leave it growing.  
 O’er hilly path and open strath  
 We’ll wander Scotland thorough;  
 But, though so near, we will not turn  
 Into the dale of Yarrow.

“Let beeves and home-bred kine partake  
 The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;  
 The swan on still Saint Mary’s Lake  
 Float double, swan and shadow!  
 We will not see them—will not go  
 To-day, nor yet to-morrow;  
 Enough if in our hearts we know  
 There’s such a place as Yarrow.

“Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!  
 It must, or we shall rue it:  
 We have a vision of our own,  
 Ah! why should we undo it?  
 The treasured dreams of times long past,  
 We’ll keep them, winsome Marrow!  
 For when we’re there, although ’tis fair  
 ’Twill be another Yarrow!

“If Care with freezing years should come,  
And wandering seem but folly,—  
Should we be loth to stir from home,  
And yet be melancholy;  
Should life be dull, and spirits low,  
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow  
That earth has something yet to show,  
The bonny holms of Yarrow!”

258.

**W. Wordsworth**

*Yarrow Visited*  
*September 1814*

AND is this Yarrow?—this the stream  
 Of which my fancy cherish'd  
 So faithfully a waking dream,  
 An image that hath perish'd?  
 Oh that some minstrel's harp were near  
 To utter notes of gladness,  
 And chase this silence from the air,  
 That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—a silvery current flows  
 With uncontroll'd meanderings;  
 Nor have these eyes by greener hills  
 Been soothed, in all my wanderings.  
 And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake  
 Is visibly delighted;  
 For not a feature of those hills  
 Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow Vale,  
 Save where that pearly whiteness  
 Is round the rising sun diffused,  
 A tender hazy brightness;  
 Mild dawn of promise! that excludes  
 All profitless dejection,  
 Though not unwilling here to admit  
 A pensive recollection.



Where was it that the famous Flower  
 Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?  
 His bed perchance was yon smooth mound  
 On which the herd is feeding;  
 And haply from this crystal pool,  
 Now peaceful as the morning,  
 The Water-wraith ascended thrice  
 And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings  
 The haunts of happy lovers,  
 The path that leads them to the grove,  
 The leafy grove that covers:  
 And pity sanctifies the verse  
 That paints, by strength of sorrow,  
 The unconquerable strength of love;—  
 Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou that didst appear so fair  
 To fond imagination,  
 Dost rival in the light of day  
 Her delicate creation:  
 Meek loveliness is round thee spread,  
 A softness still and holy—  
 The grace of forest charms decay'd,  
 And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds  
 Rich groves of lofty stature,  
 With Yarrow winding through the pomp  
 Of cultivated nature;  
 And rising from those lofty groves  
 Behold a ruin hoary,  
 The shatter'd front of Newark's towers,  
 Renown'd in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,  
 For sportive youth to stray in,  
 For manhood to enjoy his strength,  
 And age to wear away in!  
 Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,  
 A covert for protection  
 Of studious ease and generous cares,  
 And every chaste affection.

How sweet on this autumnal day  
 The wild-wood fruits to gather,  
 And on my true-love's forehead plant  
 A crest of blooming heather!  
 And what if I enwreathed my own?  
 'Twere no offence to reason;  
 The sober hills thus deck their brows  
 To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,  
 Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;  
 A ray of Fancy still survives—  
 Her sunshine plays upon thee!  
 Thy ever-youthful waters keep  
 A course of lively pleasure;  
 And gladsome notes my lips can breathe  
 Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the heights,  
 They melt, and soon must vanish;  
 One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—  
 Sad thought! which I would banish,  
 But that I know, where'er I go,  
 Thy genuine image, Yarrow!  
 Will dwell with me, to heighten joy,  
 And cheer my mind in sorrow.

259.

P. B. Shelley

*The Invitation*

BEST and brightest, come away, —  
 Fairer far than this fair day,  
 Which, like thee, to those in sorrow  
 Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow  
 To the rough year just awake  
 In its cradle on the brake.  
 The brightest hour of unborn Spring  
 Through the winter wandering,  
 Found, it seems, the halcyon morn  
 To hoar February born;  
 Bending from heaven, in azure mirth,  
 It kiss'd the forehead of the earth,  
 And smiled upon the silent sea,  
 And bade the frozen streams be free,  
 And waked to music all their fountains,  
 And breathed upon the frozen mountains,  
 And like a prophetess of May  
 Strew'd flowers upon the barren way,  
 Making the wintry world appear  
 Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

Away, away, from men and towns,  
 To the wild woods and the downs —  
 To the silent wilderness,  
 Where the soul need not repress  
 Its music, lest it should not find  
 An echo in another's mind,  
 While the touch of Nature's art  
 Harmonizes heart to heart.

Radiant Sister of the Day  
Awake! arise! and come away!  
To the wild woods and the plains,  
To the pools where winter rains  
Image all their roof of leaves,  
Where the pine its garland weaves  
Of sapless green, and ivy dun,  
Round stems that never kiss the sun;  
Where the lawns and pastures be  
And the sandhills of the sea;  
Where the melting hoar-frost wets  
The daisy-star that never sets,  
And wind-flowers and violets  
Which yet join not scent to hue  
Crown the pale year weak and new;

When the night is left behind  
In the deep east, dim and blind,  
And the blue noon is over us,  
And the multitudinous  
Billows murmur at our feet,  
Where the earth and ocean meet,  
And all things seem only one  
In the universal Sun.

260.

P. B. Shelley

*The Recollection*

NOW the last day of many days,  
 All beautiful and bright as thou,  
 The loveliest and the last, is dead:  
 Rise, Memory, and write its praise!  
 Up—to thy wonted work! come, trace  
 The epitaph of glory fled,  
 For now the earth has changed its face,  
 A frown is on the heaven's brow.

We wander'd to the Pine Forest  
 That skirts the ocean's foam.  
 The lightest wind was in its nest,  
 The tempest in its home;  
 The whispering waves were half asleep,  
 The clouds were gone to play,  
 And on the bosom of the deep  
 The smile of heaven lay:  
 It seem'd as if the hour were one  
 Sent from beyond the skies  
 Which scatter'd from above the sun  
 A light of Paradise!

We paused amid the pines that stood  
 The giants of the waste,  
 Tortured by storms to shapes as rude  
 As serpents interlaced,—  
 And soothed by every azure breath  
 That under heaven is blown,  
 To harmonies and hues beneath,  
 As tender as its own.

Now all the tree-tops lay asleep  
 Like green waves on the sea,  
 As still as in the silent deep  
 The ocean-woods may be.

How calm it was!—The silence there  
 By such a chain was bound,  
 That even the busy woodpecker  
 Made stiller by her sound  
 The inviolable quietness;  
 The breath of peace we drew  
 With its soft motion made not less  
 The calm that round us grew.  
 There seem'd, from the remotest seat  
 Of the wide mountain waste  
 To the soft flower beneath our feet,  
 A magic circle traced,—  
 A spirit interfused around  
 A thrilling silent life;  
 To momentary peace it bound  
 Our mortal nature's strife;—  
 And still I felt the centre of  
 The magic circle there  
 Was one fair form that fill'd with love  
 The lifeless atmosphere.

We paused beside the pools that lie  
 Under the forest bough;  
 Each seem'd as 'twere a little sky  
 Gulf'd in a world below—  
 A firmament of purple light  
 Which in the dark earth lay,  
 More boundless than the depth of night  
 And purer than the day—

In which the lovely forests grew  
As in the upper air,  
More perfect both in shape and hue  
Than any spreading there.  
There lay the glade and neighbouring lawn,  
And through the dark-green wood  
The white sun twinkling like the dawn  
Out of a speckled cloud.  
Sweet views which in our world above  
Can never well be seen  
Were imaged in the water's love  
Of that fair forest green;  
And all was interfused beneath  
With an Elysian glow,  
An atmosphere without a breath,  
A softer day below.  
Like one beloved, the scene had lent  
To the dark water's breast  
Its every leaf and lineament  
With more than truth exprest;  
Until an envious wind crept by,  
Like an unwelcome thought  
Which from the mind's too faithful eye  
Blots one dear image out.  
—Though thou art ever fair and kind,  
The forests ever green,  
Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind  
Than calm in waters seen!

261.

**W. Wordsworth***By the Sea*

IT is a beauteous evening, calm and free;  
The holy time is quiet as a nun  
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun  
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;  
The gentleness of heaven is on the Sea:  
Listen! the mighty being is awake,  
And doth with his eternal motion make  
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.  
Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,  
If thou appear untouch'd by solemn thought  
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:  
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,  
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,  
God being with thee when we know it not.



262.

**T. Campbell***To the Evening Star*

STAR that bringest home the bee,  
 And sett'st the weary labourer free!  
 If any star shed peace, 'tis thou  
     That send'st it from above,  
 Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow  
     Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,  
 Whilst the landscape's odours rise,  
 Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard  
     And songs when toil is done,  
 From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd  
     Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,  
 Parted lovers on thee muse;  
 Their remembrancer in Heaven  
     Of thrilling vows thou art,  
 Too delicious to be riven  
     By absence from the heart.

263.

Sir W. Scott

*Datur Hora Quieti*

THE sun upon the lake is low,  
 The wild birds hush their song,  
 The hills have evening's deepest glow,  
 Yet Leonard tarries long.  
 Now all whom varied toil and care  
 From home and love divide,  
 In the calm sunset may repair  
 Each to the loved one's side.

The noble dame, on turret high,  
 Who waits her gallant knight,  
 Looks to the western beam to spy  
 The flash of armour bright.  
 The village maid, with hand on brow  
 The level ray to shade,  
 Upon the footpath watches now  
 For Colin's darkening plaid.

Now to their mates the wild swans row,  
 By day they swam apart;  
 And to the thicket wanders slow  
 The hind beside the hart;  
 The woodlark at his partner's side  
 Twitters his closing song:  
 All meet whom day and care divide,  
 But Leonard tarries long!

264.

P. B. Shelley

*To the Moon*

ART thou pale for weariness  
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,  
    Wandering companionless  
Among the stars that have a different birth,—  
And ever-changing, like a joyless eye  
That finds no object worth its constancy?

265.

P. B. Shelley

*“A widow bird sate mourning for her Love”*

A WIDOW bird sate mourning for her Love  
Upon a wintry bough;  
The frozen wind crept on above,  
The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare.  
No flower upon the ground,  
And little motion in the air  
Except the mill-wheel's sound.

266.

**W. Wordsworth***To Sleep*

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by  
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees  
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,  
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky—  
I've thought of all by turns, and still I lie  
Sleepless; and soon the small birds' melodies  
Must hear, first utter'd from my orchard trees,  
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.  
Even thus last night, and two nights more I lay,  
And could not win thee, Sleep, by any stealth:  
So do not let me wear to-night away.  
Without thee what is all the morning's wealth?  
Come, blessed barrier between day and day,  
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

267.

**T. Campbell***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 fagot 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 battlefield'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 fullness 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.

268.

P. B. Shelley

*A Dream of the Unknown*

I DREAM'D that as I wander'd by the way  
 Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,  
 And gentle odours led my steps astray,  
 Mix'd with a sound of waters murmuring  
 Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay  
 Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling  
 Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,  
 But kiss'd it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,  
 Daisies, those pearl'd Arcturi of the earth,  
 The constellated flower that never sets;  
 Faint oxlips; tender bluebells, at whose birth  
 The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets—  
 Like a child, half in tenderness and mirth—  
 Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,  
 When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,  
 Green cow-bind and the moonlight-colour'd may,  
 And cherry-blossoms, and white cups, whose wine  
 Was the bright dew yet drain'd not by the day;  
 And wild roses, and ivy serpentine  
 With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray;  
 And flowers azure, black, and streak'd with gold,  
 Fairer than any waken'd eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge  
 There grew broad flag-flowers, purple prank'd with white,

And starry river-buds among the sedge,  
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,  
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge  
With moonlight beams of their own watery light;  
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green  
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers  
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way  
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers  
Were mingled or opposed, the like array  
Kept these imprison'd children of the Hours  
Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay,  
I hasten'd to the spot whence I had come  
That I might there present it—oh! to Whom?



269.

**W. Wordsworth***The Inner Vision*

MOST sweet it is with unuplifted eyes  
To pace the ground, if path there be or none,  
While a fair region round the traveller lies  
Which he forbears again to look upon;  
Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,  
The work of Fancy, or some happy tone  
Of meditation, slipping in between  
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.  
—If Thought and Love desert us, from that day  
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse:  
With Thought and Love companions of our way—  
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,—  
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews  
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

270.

J. Keats

*The Realm of Fancy*

EVER let the Fancy roam;  
 Pleasure never is at home.  
 At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,  
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;  
 Then let wingéd Fancy wander  
 Through the thought still spread beyond her:  
 Open wide the mind's cage-door,  
 She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.  
 O sweet Fancy! let her loose;  
 Summer's joys are spoilt by use,  
 And the enjoying of the Spring  
 Fades as does its blossoming;  
 Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,  
 Blushing through the mist and dew,  
 Cloys with tasting: what do then?  
 Sit thee by the ingle, when  
 The sear fagot blazes bright,  
 Spirit of a winter's night;  
 When the soundless earth is muffled,  
 And the cakéd snow is shuffled  
 From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;  
 When the Night doth meet the Noon  
 In a dark conspiracy  
 To banish Even from her sky.  
 Sit thee there, and send abroad,  
 With a mind self-overaw'd,  
 Fancy, high-commission'd:—send her!  
 She has vassals to attend her:  
 She will bring, in spite of frost,  
 Beauties that the earth hath lost;

She will bring thee, all together,  
 All delights of summer weather;  
 All the buds and bells of May,  
 From dewy sward or thorny spray;  
 All the heapéd Autumn's wealth,  
 With a still, mysterious stealth:  
 She will mix these pleasures up  
 Like three fit wines in a cup,  
 And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt hear  
 Distant harvest-carols clear;  
 Rustle of the reapéd corn;  
 Sweet birds antheming the morn:  
 And, in the same moment—hark!  
 'Tis the early April lark,  
 Or the rooks, with busy caw,  
 Foraging for sticks and straw.  
 Thou shalt, at one glance, behold  
 The daisy and the marigold;  
 White-plum'd lilies, and the first  
 Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;  
 Shaded hyacinth, always  
 Sapphire queen of the mid-May;  
 And every leaf, and every flower  
 Pearléd with the selfsame shower.  
 Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep  
 Meagre from its celléd sleep;  
 And the snake all winter-thin  
 Cast on sunny bank its skin;  
 Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see  
 Hatching in the hawthorn tree,  
 When the hen-bird's wing doth rest  
 Quiet on her mossy nest;  
 Then the hurry and alarm  
 When the beehive casts its swarm;  
 Acorns ripe down-pattering,  
 While the autumn breezes sing.

O sweet Fancy! let her loose;  
Everything is spoilt by use:—  
Where's the cheek that doth not fade,  
Too much gazed at? Where's the maid  
Whose lip mature is ever new?  
Where's the eye, however blue,  
Doth not weary? Where's the face  
One would meet in every place?  
Where's the voice, however soft,  
One would hear so very oft?  
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth  
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.  
Let then wingéd Fancy find  
Thee a mistress to thy mind:  
Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,  
Ere the God of Torment taught her  
How to frown and how to chide;  
With a waist and with a side  
White as Hebe's, when her zone  
Slipt its golden clasp, and down  
Fell her kirtle to her feet,  
While she held the goblet sweet,  
And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh  
Of the Fancy's silken leash;  
Quickly break her prison-string,  
And such joys as these she'll bring.  
—Let the wingéd Fancy roam;  
Pleasure never is at home.

271.

P. B. Shelley

*Hymn to the Spirit of Nature*

LIFE of Life! thy lips enkindle  
 With their love the breath between them;  
 And thy smiles before they dwindle  
 Make the cold air fire: then screen them  
 In those locks, where whoso gazes  
 Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning  
 Through the veil which seems to hide them,  
 As the radiant lines of morning  
 Through thin clouds, ere they divide them;  
 And this atmosphere divinest  
 Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others: none beholds thee;  
 But thy voice sounds low and tender  
 Like the fairest, for it folds thee  
 From the sight, that liquid splendour;  
 And all feel, yet see thee never,  
 As I feel now, lost for ever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest  
 Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,  
 And the souls of whom thou lovest  
 Walk upon the winds with lightness  
 Till they fail, as I am failing,  
 Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

272.

**W. Wordsworth***Written in Early Spring*

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

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

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

The birds around me hopp'd and play'd,  
 Their thoughts I cannot measure,  
 But the least motion which they made  
 It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.

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

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

273.

**W. Wordsworth***Ruth, or the Influences of Nature*

WHEN Ruth was left half desolate,  
 Her father took another mate;  
     And Ruth, not seven years old,  
 A slighted child, at her own will  
 Went wandering over dale and hill,  
     In thoughtless freedom, bold.

And she had made a pipe of straw,  
 And music from that pipe could draw  
     Like sounds of winds and floods;  
 Had built a bower upon the green,  
 As if she from her birth had been  
     An infant of the woods.

Beneath her father's roof, alone  
 She seem'd to live; her thoughts her own,  
     Herself her own delight:  
 Pleased with herself, nor sad nor gay,  
 She pass'd her time, and in this way  
     Grew up to woman's height.

There came a youth from Georgia's shore—  
 A military casque he wore  
     With splendid feathers drest;  
 He brought them from the Cherokees:  
 The feathers nodded in the breeze  
     And made a gallant crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung:  
 But no! he spake the English tongue  
     And bore a soldier's name;  
 And, when America was free  
 From battle and from jeopardy,  
     He 'cross the ocean came.

With hues of genius on his cheek,  
 In finest tones the youth could speak.  
     While he was yet a boy  
 The moon, the glory of the sun,  
 And streams that murmur as they run,  
     Had been his dearest joy.

He was a lovely youth! I guess  
 The panther in the wilderness  
     Was not so fair as he;  
 And when he chose to sport and play,  
 No dolphin ever was so gay  
     Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought;  
 And with him many tales he brought  
     Of pleasure and of fear;  
 Such tales as, told to any maid  
 By such a youth, in the green shade,  
     Were perilous to hear.

He told of girls, a happy rout!  
 Who quit their fold with dance and shout,  
     Their pleasant Indian town,  
 To gather strawberries all day long  
 Returning with a choral song  
     When daylight is gone down.



He spake of plants that hourly change  
 Their blossoms, through a boundless range  
     Of intermingling hues;  
 With budding, fading, faded flowers,  
 They stand the wonder of the bowers  
     From morn to evening dews.

He told of the magnolia, spread  
 High as a cloud, high over head!  
     The cypress and her spire;  
 Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam  
 Cover a hundred leagues, and seem  
     To set the hills on fire.

The youth of green savannahs spake,  
 And many an endless, endless lake  
     With all its fairy crowds  
 Of islands, that together lie  
 As quietly as spots of sky  
     Among the evening clouds.

And then he said: "How sweet it were  
 A fisher or a hunter there,  
     In sunshine or in shade  
 To wander with an easy mind,  
 And build a household fire, and find  
     A home in every glade!

"What days and what bright years! Ah me!  
 Our life were life indeed, with thee  
     So pass'd in quiet bliss;  
 And all the while," said he, "to know  
 That we were in a world of woe,  
     On such an earth as this!"

And then he sometimes interwove  
Fond thoughts about a father's love—

“For there,” said he, “are spun  
Around the heart such tender ties,  
That our own children to our eyes  
Are dearer than the sun.

“Sweet Ruth! and could you go with me,  
My helpmate in the woods to be,  
Our shed at night to rear;  
Or run, my own adopted bride,  
A sylvan huntress at my side,  
And drive the flying deer!

“Beloved Ruth!”—No more he said.  
The wakeful Ruth at midnight shed  
A solitary tear;  
She thought again—and did agree  
With him to sail across the sea,  
And drive the flying deer.

“And now, as fitting is and right,  
We in the church our faith will plight,  
A husband and a wife.”  
Even so they did; and I may say  
That to sweet Ruth that happy day  
Was more than human life.

Through dream and vision did she sink,  
Delighted all the while to think  
That, on those lonesome floods  
And green savannahs, she should share  
His board with lawful joy, and bear  
His name in the wild woods.

But, as you have before been told,  
 This stripling, sportive, gay, and bold,  
     And with his dancing crest  
 So beautiful, through savage lands  
 Had roam'd about, with vagrant bands  
     Of Indians in the West.

The wind, the tempest roaring high,  
 The tumult of a tropic sky  
     Might well be dangerous food  
 For him, a youth to whom was given  
 So much of earth, so much of heaven,  
     And such impetuous blood.

Whatever in those climes he found  
 Irregular in sight or sound  
     Did to his mind impart  
 A kindred impulse, seem'd allied  
 To his own powers, and justified  
     The workings of his heart.

Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,  
 The beauteous forms of Nature wrought, —  
     Fair trees and gorgeous flowers;  
 The breezes their own languor lent;  
 The stars had feelings, which they sent  
     Into those favour'd bowers.

Yet, in his worst pursuits, I ween  
 That sometimes there did intervene  
     Pure hopes of high intent;  
 For passions link'd to forms so fair  
 And stately, needs must have their share  
     Of noble sentiment.

But ill he lived, much evil saw,  
 With men to whom no better law  
     Nor better life was known;  
 Deliberately and undeceived  
 Those wild men's vices he received,  
     And gave them back his own.

His genius and his moral frame  
 Were thus impair'd, and he became  
     The slave of low desires—  
 A man who without self-control  
 Would seek what the degraded soul  
     Unworthily admires.

And yet he with no feign'd delight  
 Had woo'd the maiden, day and night  
     Had loved her, night and morn:  
 What could he less than love a maid  
 Whose heart with so much nature play'd—  
     So kind and so forlorn?

Sometimes most earnestly he said,  
 "O Ruth! I have been worse than dead;  
     False thoughts, thoughts bold and vain  
 Encompass'd me on every side  
 When I, in confidence and pride,  
     Had cross'd the Atlantic main.

"Before me shone a glorious world,  
 Fresh as a banner bright, unfurl'd  
     To music suddenly:  
 I look'd upon those hills and plains,  
 And seem'd as if let loose from chains  
     To live at liberty!

“No more of this—for now, by thee,  
 Dear Ruth! more happily set free,  
     With nobler zeal I burn;  
 My soul from darkness is releas'd,  
 Like the whole sky when to the east  
     The morning doth return.”

Full soon that better mind was gone;  
 No hope, no wish remain'd, not one,—  
     They stirr'd him now no more;  
 New objects did new pleasure give,  
 And once again he wish'd to live  
     As lawless as before.

Meanwhile, as thus with him it fared,  
 They for the voyage were prepared,  
     And went to the seashore;  
 But when they thither came the youth  
 Deserted his poor bride, and Ruth  
     Could never find him more.

God help thee, Ruth!—Such pains she had  
 That she in half a year was mad  
     And in a prison housed;  
 And there, exulting in her wrongs,  
 Among the music of her songs  
     She fearfully caroused.

Yet sometimes milder hours she knew,  
 Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew,  
     Nor pastimes of the May—  
 They all were with her in her cell;  
 And a clear brook with cheerful knell  
     Did o'er the pebbles play.

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain,  
 There came a respite to her pain:  
     She from her prison fled.  
 But of the vagrant none took thought;  
 And where it liked her best she sought  
     Her shelter and her bread.

Among the fields she breathed again—  
 The master-current of her brain  
     Ran permanent and free;  
 And, coming to the banks of Tone,  
 There did she rest, and dwell alone  
     Under the greenwood tree.

The engines of her pain, the tools  
 That shaped her sorrow, rocks and pools,  
     And airs that gently stir  
 The vernal leaves—she loved them still,  
 Nor ever tax'd them with the ill  
     Which had been done to her.

A barn her winter bed supplies;  
 But, till the warmth of summer skies  
     And summer days is gone,  
 (And all do in this tale agree,)  
 She sleeps beneath the greenwood tree,  
     And other home hath none.

An innocent life, yet far astray!  
 And Ruth will, long before her day,  
     Be broken down and old.  
 Sore aches she needs must have—but less  
 Of mind, than body's wretchedness,  
     From damp, and rain, and cold.

If she is prest by want of food,  
 She from her dwelling in the wood  
     Repairs to a roadside;  
 And there she begs at one steep place,  
 Where up and down with easy pace  
     The horsemen-travellers ride.

That oaten pipe of hers is mute,  
 Or thrown away, but with a flute  
     Her loneliness she cheers:  
 This flute, made of a hemlock stalk,  
 At evening in his homeward walk  
     The Quantock woodman hears.

I, too, have pass'd her on the hills,  
 Setting her little water-mills  
     By spouts and fountains wild—  
 Such small machinery as she turn'd  
 Ere she had wept, ere she had mourn'd—  
     A young and happy child!

Farewell! and when thy days are told,  
 Ill-fated Ruth! in hallow'd mould  
     Thy corpse shall buried be;  
 For thee a funeral bell shall ring,  
 And all the congregation sing  
     A Christian psalm for thee.

274.

**P. B. Shelley***Written among the Euganean Hills, North Italy*

MANY a green isle needs must be  
 In the deep wide sea of Misery,  
 Or the mariner, worn and wan,  
 Never thus could voyage on  
 Day and night, and night and day,  
 Drifting on his dreary way,  
 With the solid darkness black  
 Closing round his vessel's track;  
 Whilst above, the sunless sky  
 Big with clouds, hangs heavily,  
 And behind the tempest fleet  
 Hurries on with lightning feet,  
 Riving sail, and cord, and plank,  
 Till the ship has almost drank  
 Death from the o'er-brimming deep,  
 And sinks down, down, like that sleep  
 When the dreamer seems to be  
 Weltering through eternity;  
 And the dim low line before  
 Of a dark and distant shore  
 Still recedes, as ever still  
 Longing with divided will,  
 But no power to seek or shun,  
 He is ever drifted on  
 O'er the unreposing wave,  
 To the haven of the grave.

Ay, many flowering islands lie  
 In the waters of wide Agony:



To such a one this morn was led  
 My bark, by soft winds piloted.  
 —'Mid the mountains Euganean  
 I stood listening to the paean  
 With which the legion'd rooks did hail  
 The Sun's uprise majestic:  
 Gathering round with wings all hoar,  
 Through the dewy mist they soar  
 Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven  
 Bursts; and then—as clouds of even  
 Fleck'd with fire and azure, lie  
 In the unfathomable sky—  
 So their plumes of purple grain  
 Starr'd with drops of golden rain  
 Gleam above the sunlight woods,  
 As in silent multitudes  
 On the morning's fitful gale  
 Through the broken mist they sail;  
 And the vapours cloven and gleaming  
 Follow down the dark steep streaming,  
 Till all is bright, and clear, and still  
 Round the solitary hill.

Beneath is spread like a green sea  
 The waveless plain of Lombardy,  
 Bounded by the vaporous air,  
 Islanded by cities fair;  
 Underneath day's azure eyes,  
 Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,—  
 A peopled labyrinth of walls,  
 Amphitrite's destined halls,  
 Which her hoary sire now paves  
 With his blue and beaming waves.  
 Lo! the sun upsprings behind,  
 Broad, red, radiant, half-reclined

On the level quivering line  
 Of the waters crystalline;  
 And before that chasm of light,  
 As within a furnace bright,  
 Column, tower, and dome, and spire,  
 Shine like obelisks of fire,  
 Pointing with inconstant motion  
 From the altar of dark ocean  
 To the sapphire-tinted skies;  
 As the flames of sacrifice  
 From the marble shrines did rise  
 As to pierce the dome of gold  
 Where Apollo spoke of old.

Sun-girt City! thou hast been  
 Ocean's child, and then his queen;  
 Now is come a darker day,  
 And thou soon must be his prey,  
 If the power that raised thee here  
 Hallow so thy watery bier.  
 A less drear ruin than than now,  
 With thy conquest-branded brow  
 Stooping to the slave of slaves  
 From thy throne among the waves  
 Wilt thou be—when the sea-mew  
 Flies, as once before it flew,  
 O'er thine isles depopulate,  
 And all is in its ancient state,  
 Save where many a palace-gate  
 With green sea-flowers overgrown,  
 Like a rock of ocean's own,  
 Topples o'er the abandon'd sea  
 As the tides change sullenly.  
 The fisher on his watery way,  
 Wandering at the close of day,

Will spread his sail and seize his oar  
 Till he pass the gloomy shore,  
 Lest thy dead should, from their sleep,  
 Bursting o'er the starlight deep,  
 Lead a rapid masque of death  
 O'er the waters of his path.

Noon descends around me now:  
 'Tis the noon of autumn's glow,  
 When a soft and purple mist  
 Like a vaporous amethyst,  
 Or an air-dissolvéd star  
 Mingling light and fragrance, far  
 From the curv'd horizon's bound  
 To the point of heaven's profound,  
 Fills the overflowing sky,  
 And the plains that silent lie  
 Underneath; the leaves unsodden  
 Where the infant Frost has trodden  
 With his morning-wingéd feet  
 Whose bright print is gleaming yet;  
 And the red and golden vines  
 Piercing with their trellised lines  
 The rough, dark-skirted wilderness;  
 The dun and bladed grass no less,  
 Pointing from this hoary tower  
 In the windless air; the flower  
 Glimmering at my feet; the line  
 Of the olive-sandall'd Apennine  
 In the south dimly islanded;  
 And the Alps, whose snows are spread  
 High between the clouds and sun;  
 And of living things each one;  
 And my spirit, which so long  
 Darken'd this swift stream of song,—

Interpenetrated lie  
 By the glory of the sky;  
 Be it love, light, harmony,  
 Odour, or the soul of all  
 Which from heaven like dew doth fall,  
 Or the mind which feeds this verse,  
 Peopling the lone universe.

Noon descends, and after noon  
 Autumn's evening meets me soon,  
 Leading the infantine moon  
 And that one star, which to her  
 Almost seems to minister  
 Half the crimson light she brings  
 From the sunset's radiant springs:  
 And the soft dreams of the morn  
 (Which like wingéd winds had borne  
 To that silent isle, which lies  
 'Mid remember'd agonies,  
 The frail bark of this lone being),  
 Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,  
 And its ancient pilot, Pain,  
 Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be  
 In the sea of Life and Agony:  
 Other spirits float and flee  
 O'er that gulf: ev'n now, perhaps,  
 On some rock the wild wave wraps,  
 With folding wings they waiting sit  
 For my bark, to pilot it  
 To some calm and blooming cove,  
 Where for me, and those I love,  
 May a windless bower be built,  
 Far from passion, pain, and guilt,

In a dell 'mid lawny hills  
Which the wild sea-murmur fills,  
And soft sunshine, and the sound  
Of old forests echoing round,  
And the light and smell divine  
Of all flowers that breathe and shine.  
—We may live so happy there,  
That the Spirits of the Air  
Envyng us, may ev'n entice  
To our healing paradise  
The polluting multitude:  
But their rage would be subdued  
By that clime divine and calm,  
And the winds whose wings rain balm  
On the uplifted soul, and leaves  
Under which the bright sea heaves;  
While each breathless interval  
In their whisperings musical  
The inspiréd soul supplies  
With its own deep melodies;  
And the Love which heals all strife  
Circling, like the breath of life,  
All things in that sweet abode  
With its own mild brotherhood:—  
They, not it, would change; and soon  
Every sprite beneath the moon  
Would repent its envy vain,  
And the Earth grow young again!

275.

P. B. Shelley

*Ode to the West Wind*

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 wingéd 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, O 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! they 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:—O 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:—O 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 strength, 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.  
 O 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?



276.

**W. Wordsworth***Nature and the Poet*

*Suggested by a Picture of Peel Castle in a Storm,  
painted by Sir George Beaumont*

I WAS thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile!  
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:  
I saw thee every day; and all the while  
Thy form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!  
So like, so very like, was day to day!  
Whene'er I look'd, thy image still was there;  
It trembled, but it never pass'd away.

How perfect was the calm! It seem'd no sleep,  
No mood, which season takes away, or brings;  
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep  
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah! then, if mine had been the painter's hand  
To express what then I saw, and add the gleam,  
The light that never was on sea or land,  
The consecration, and the Poet's dream,—

I would have planted thee, thou hoary pile,  
Amid a world how different from this!  
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;  
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

A picture had it been of lasting ease,  
 Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;  
 No motion but the moving tide—a breeze—  
 Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,  
 Such picture would I at that time have made;  
 And seen the soul of truth in every part,  
 A steadfast peace that might not be betray'd.

So once it would have been—'tis so no more;  
 I have submitted to a new control:  
 A power is gone, which nothing can restore;  
 A deep distress hath humanized my soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold  
 A smiling sea, and be what I have been:  
 The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;  
 This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have been the friend  
 If he had lived, of him whom I deplore,  
 This work of thine I blame not, but commend;  
 This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

Oh 'tis a passionate work!—yet wise and well,  
 Well chosen is the spirit that is here:  
 That hulk which labours in the deadly swell,  
 This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear;

And this huge castle, standing here sublime,  
 I love to see the look with which it braves—  
 Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time—  
 The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

—Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,  
Housed in a dream, at distance from the kind!  
Such happiness, wherever it be known,  
Is to be pitied, for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,  
And frequent sights of what is to be borne!  
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here:—  
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

277.

**P. B. Shelley***The Poet's Dream*

ON a Poet's lips I slept,  
Dreaming like a love-adept  
In the sound his breathing kept;  
Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,  
But feeds on the aerial kisses  
Of shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses.  
He will watch from dawn to gloom  
The lake-reflected sun illumine  
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,  
Nor heed nor see what things they be—  
But from these create he can  
Forms more real than living man,  
Nurslings of Immortality!

278.

## W. Wordsworth

*“The world is too much with us”*

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 everything, 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 wreathéd horn.

279.

**W. Wordsworth***Within King's College Chapel, Cambridge*

TAX not the royal Saint with vain expense,  
 With ill-match'd aims the Architect who plann'd  
 (Albeit labouring for a scanty band  
 Of white-robed scholars only) this immense  
 And glorious work of fine intelligence!—  
 Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore  
 Of nicely-calculated less or more:—  
 So deem'd the man who fashion'd for the sense  
 These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof  
 Self-poised, and scoop'd into ten thousand cells  
 Where light and shade repose, where music dwells  
 Lingerin'—and wandering on as loth to die;  
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof  
 That they were born for immortality.

280.

S. T. Coleridge

*Youth and Age*

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,  
 Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—  
 Both were mine! Life went a-Maying  
     With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,  
     When I was young!  
 When I was young?—Ah, woeful when!  
 Ah, for the change 'twixt Now and Then!  
 This breathing house not built with hands,  
 This body that does me grievous wrong,  
 O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands  
 How lightly then it flash'd along:  
 Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,  
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,  
 That ask no aid of sail or oar,  
 That fear no spite of wind or tide!  
 Nought cared this body for wind or weather  
 When Youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;  
 Friendship is a sheltering tree;  
 Oh the joys that came down shower-like,  
 Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,  
     Ere I was old!  
 Ere I was old?—Ah, woeful ere,  
 Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!  
 O Youth! for years so many and sweet,  
 'Tis known that thou and I were one,  
 I'll think it but a fond conceit—  
 It cannot be, that thou art gone!





281.

**W. Wordsworth***The Two April Mornings*

WE walk'd along, while bright and red  
 Uprose the morning sun;  
 And Matthew stopp'd, he look'd, and said,  
 "The will of God be done!"

A village schoolmaster was he,  
 With hair of glittering gray;  
 As blithe a man as you could see  
 On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass  
 And by the steaming rills  
 We travell'd merrily, to pass  
 A day among the hills.

"Our work," said I, "was well begun;  
 Then, from thy breast what thought,  
 Beneath so beautiful a sun,  
 So sad a sigh has brought?"

A second time did Matthew stop;  
 And fixing still his eye  
 Upon the eastern mountain-top,  
 To me he made reply:

"Yon cloud with that long purple cleft  
 Brings fresh into my mind  
 A day like this, which I have left  
 Full thirty years behind.

“And just above yon slope of corn  
 Such colours, and no other,  
 Were in the sky that April morn,  
 Of this the very brother.

“With rod and line I sued the sport  
 Which that sweet season gave,  
 And coming to the church, stopp'd short  
 Beside my daughter's grave.

“Nine summers had she scarcely seen,  
 The pride of all the vale;  
 And then she sang,—she would have been  
 A very nightingale.

“Six feet in earth my Emma lay;  
 And yet I loved her more—  
 For so it seem'd—than till that day  
 I e'er had loved before.

“And turning from her grave, I met,  
 Beside the churchyard yew,  
 A blooming girl, whose hair was wet  
 With points of morning dew.

“A basket on her head she bare;  
 Her brow was smooth and white:  
 To see a child so very fair,  
 It was a pure delight!

“No fountain from its rocky cave  
 E'er tripp'd with foot so free;  
 She seem'd as happy as a wave  
 That dances on the sea.

“There came from me a sigh of pain,  
Which I could ill confine;  
I look'd at her, and look'd again:  
And did not wish her mine!”

Matthew is in his grave, yet now  
Methinks I see him stand  
As at that moment, with a bough  
Of wilding in his hand.

282.

**W. Wordsworth***The Fountain**A Conversation.*

WE talk'd with open heart, and tongue  
 Affectionate and true—  
 A pair of friends, though I was young,  
 And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,  
 Beside a mossy seat;  
 And from the turf a fountain broke  
 And gurgled at our feet.

“Now, Matthew,” said I, “let us match  
 This water's pleasant tune  
 With some old border-song, or catch  
 That suits a summer's noon;

“Or of the church-clock and the chimes  
 Sing here beneath the shade  
 That half-mad thing of witty rhymes  
 Which you last April made!”

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed  
 The spring beneath the tree;  
 And thus the dear old man replied,  
 The gray-hair'd man of glee:

“No check, no stay this streamlet fears,  
 How merrily it goes!  
 'Twill murmur on a thousand years,  
 And flow as now it flows.

“And here, on this delightful day,  
 I cannot choose but think  
 How oft, a vigorous man, I lay  
 Beside this fountain’s brink.

“My eyes are dim with childish tears,  
 My heart is idly stirr’d,  
 For the same sound is in my ears  
 Which in those days I heard.

“Thus fares it still in our decay:  
 And yet the wiser mind  
 Mourns less for what age takes away,  
 Than what it leaves behind.

“The blackbird amid leafy trees,  
 The lark above the hill,  
 Let loose their carols when they please,  
 Are quiet when they will.

“With Nature never do they wage  
 A foolish strife; they see  
 A happy youth, and their old age  
 Is beautiful and free.

“But we are press’d by heavy laws;  
 And often, glad no more,  
 We wear a face of joy, because  
 We have been glad of yore.

“If there be one who need bemoan  
 His kindred laid in earth,  
 The household hearts that were his own,—  
 It is the man of mirth.

“My days, my friend, are almost gone,  
My life has been approved,  
And many love me; but by none  
Am I enough beloved.”

“Now both himself and me he wrongs,  
The man who thus complains!  
I live and sing my idle songs  
Upon these happy plains:

“And, Matthew, for thy children dead,  
I’ll be a son to thee!”  
At this he grasp’d my hand and said,  
“Alas, that cannot be!”

We rose up from the fountain-side,  
And down the smooth descent  
Of the green sheep-track did we glide,  
And through the wood we went;

And ere we came to Leonard’s Rock  
He sang those witty rhymes  
About the crazy old church-clock,  
And the bewilder’d chimes.

283.

**T. Campbell***The River of Life*

THE more we live, more brief appear  
 Our life's succeeding stages;  
 A day to childhood seems a year,  
 And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,  
 Ere passion yet disorders,  
 Steals lingering like a river smooth  
 Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,  
 And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,  
 Ye stars, that measure life to man,  
 Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,  
 And life itself is vapid,  
 Why, as we reach the Falls of Death  
 Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange—yet who would change  
 Time's course to slower speeding,  
 When one by one our friends have gone,  
 And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength  
 Indemnifying fleetness;  
 And those of youth, a seeming length,  
 Proportion'd to their sweetness.

284.

J. Keats

*The Human Seasons*

FOUR Seasons fill the measure of the year;  
There are four seasons in the mind of man:—  
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear  
Takes in all beauty with an easy span:

He has his Summer, when luxuriously  
Spring's honey'd cud of youthful thought he loves  
To ruminate, and by such dreaming high  
Is nearest unto heaven: quiet coves

His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings  
He furleth close; contented so to look  
On mists in idleness—to let fair things  
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook:

He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,  
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.



285.

P. B. Shelley

*A Lament*

O WORLD! O Life! O Time!

On whose last steps I climb,

Trembling at that where I had stood before;

When will return the glory of your prime?

No more—oh, never more!

Out of the day and night

A joy has taken flight:

Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar

Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight

No more—oh, never more!

286.

**W. Wordsworth***“My heart leaps up when I behold”*

MY heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky:  
So was it when my life began,  
So is it now I am a man,  
So be it when I shall grow old  
Or let me die!  
The child is father of the man:  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.

287.

## W. Wordsworth

*Ode on Intimations of Immortality  
from Recollections of Early Childhood*

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
 The earth, and every common sight,  
     To me did seem  
     Apparell'd in celestial light,  
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
 It is not now as it hath been of yore;—  
     Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
     By night or day,  
 The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

    The rainbow comes and goes,  
     And lovely is the rose;  
     The moon doth with delight  
 Look round her when the heavens are bare;  
     Waters on a starry night  
     Are beautiful and fair;  
     The sunshine is a glorious birth;  
     But yet I know, where'er I go,  
 That there hath pass'd away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
     And while the young lambs bound  
     As to the tabor's sound,  
 To me alone there came a thought of grief:  
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
     And I again am strong.  
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;—  
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong:

I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,  
 The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
     And all the earth is gay;  
     Land and sea  
 Give themselves up to jollity,  
     And with the heart of May  
 Doth every beast keep holiday;—  
     Thou child of joy,  
 Shout round me; let me hear thy shouts, thou happy Shepherd  
     boy!

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call  
     Ye to each other make; I see  
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;  
     My heart is at your festival,  
     My head hath its coronal,  
 The fullness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.  
     O evil day! if I were sullen  
     While Earth herself is adorning  
     This sweet May morning;  
 And the children are pulling  
     On every side,  
     In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
     Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,  
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm:—  
     I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!  
     —But there's a tree, of many, one,  
 A single field which I have look'd upon,  
 Both of them speak of something that is gone:  
     The pansy at my feet  
     Doth the same tale repeat:  
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;  
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,

Hath had elsewhere its setting  
     And cometh from afar;  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
     And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
     From God, who is our home:  
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
     Upon the growing Boy,  
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,  
     He sees it in his joy;  
 The Youth, who daily farther from the east  
     Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
     And by the vision splendid  
     Is on his way attended;  
 At length the Man perceives it die away,  
 And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;  
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,  
 And, even with something of a mother's mind  
     And no unworthy aim,  
     The homely nurse doth all she can  
 To make her foster-child, her inmate, Man,  
     Forget the glories he hath known,  
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,  
 A six years' darling of a pigmy size!  
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
 With light upon him from his father's eyes!  
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
 Shaped by himself with newly-learnéd art;

A wedding or a festival,  
 A mourning or a funeral;  
     And this hath now his heart,  
 And unto this he frames his song:  
     Then will he fit his tongue  
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife;  
     But it will not be long  
     Ere this be thrown aside,  
     And with new joy and pride  
 The little actor cons another part;  
 Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"  
 With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,  
 That Life brings with her in her equipage;  
     As if his whole vocation  
     Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
     Thy soul's immensity;  
 Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep  
 Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,  
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,  
 Haunted for ever by the eternal Mind,—  
     Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!  
     On whom those truths do rest  
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find;  
 Thou, over whom thy immortality  
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,  
 A Presence which is not to be put by;  
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might  
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,  
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?  
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,  
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight  
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers  
 Is something that doth live;  
 That Nature yet remembers  
 What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
 Perpetual benediction: not indeed  
 For that which is most worthy to be blest,  
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
 Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—

Not for these I raise  
 The song of thanks and praise;  
 But for those obstinate questionings  
 Of sense and outward things,  
 Fallings from us, vanishings;  
 Blank misgivings of a creature

Moving about in worlds not realized,  
 High instincts, before which our mortal nature  
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:

But for those first affections,  
 Those shadowy recollections,  
 Which, be they what they may,  
 Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,  
 Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
 Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,

To perish never;  
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,  
 Nor man nor boy,  
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence, in a season of calm weather,  
 Though inland far we be,  
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea

Which brought us hither;  
 Can in a moment travel thither—  
 And see the children sport upon the shore,  
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!  
 And let the young lambs bound  
 As to the tabor's sound!

We, in thought, will join your throng,  
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
 Ye that through your hearts to-day  
 Feel the gladness of the May!

What though the radiance which was once so bright  
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the hour  
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;  
 We will grieve not, rather find  
 Strength in what remains behind;  
 In the primal sympathy,  
 Which having been must ever be;  
 In the soothing thoughts that spring  
 Out of human suffering;  
 In the faith that looks through death;  
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And, O ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,  
 Forbode not any severing of our loves!  
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;  
 I only have relinquish'd one delight  
 To live beneath your more habitual sway:  
 I love the brooks which down their channels fret  
 Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they;  
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day  
 Is lovely yet;



The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;  
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

288.

P. B. Shelley

*“Music, when soft voices die”*

MUSIC, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory;  
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken;

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Are heap'd for the belovéd's bed:  
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
Love itself shall slumber on.

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