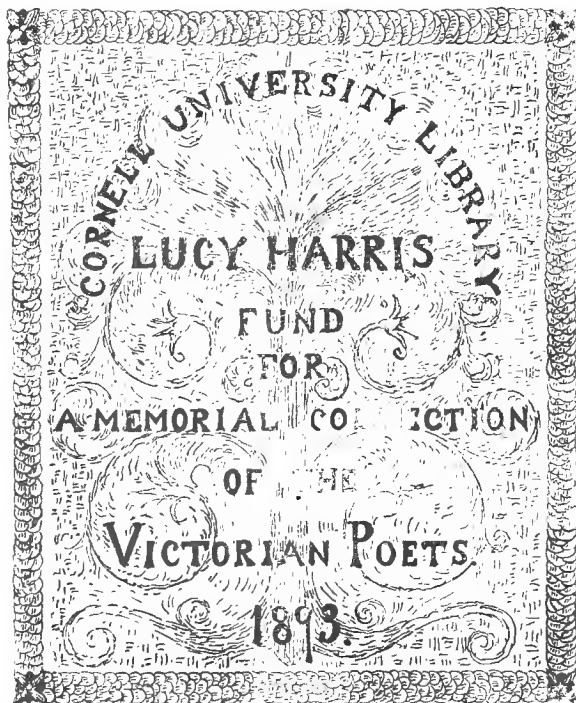


POEMS

AND MUSIC





7.211538

18 3/1907

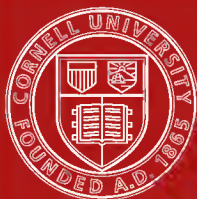
Cornell University Library  
**PR 4699.E83P7**

Poems and music; with memorial pref.by An



2 1024 013 456 888

dlm



## Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in  
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in  
the United States on the use of the text.

POEMS.







BA







ANNE EVANS

*POEMS AND MUSIC*

WITH MEMORIAL PREFACE BY

ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE.

LONDON:  
C. KEGAN PAUL & CO., 1, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.  
1880.

A 211538

NOVELLO, EWER & CO.,

PRINTERS,

69 & 70, DEAN STREET SOHO, (W.)

## CONTENTS.

|  | PAGE  |
|--|-------|
| Preface .. .. .                        | vii   |
| Roses and Rosemary .. .. .             | 1     |
| Two Red Roses on a Tree .. .. .        | 2     |
| A Dirge .. .. .                        | 3     |
| Summer Gifts .. .. .                   | 4     |
| Nancy .. .. .                          | 5     |
| Apart .. .. .                          | 6     |
| The Deadly Arbour .. .. .              | 7     |
| Over .. .. .                           | 8     |
| Tirlywiry .. .. .                      | 9     |
| Red and White Roses .. .. .            | 10    |
| The Early Summer Weather .. .. .       | 12    |
| The Cherry-Tree .. .. .                | 13    |
| May Marjory .. .. .                    | 14    |
| Frail Flowers .. .. .                  | 15    |
| Sir Faithful .. .. .                   | 16    |
| The Hard Rider .. .. .                 | 17    |
| “ Con Espressione ” .. .. .            | 20    |
| Blackbird .. .. .                      | 22    |
| Fragments .. .. .                      | 23    |
| Outcry .. .. .                         | 27    |
| A Deserted Hall .. .. .                | 28    |
| Letter to John Ella, Esq. .. .. .      | 30    |
| Words to a “ Lied ohne Worte ” .. .. . | 32    |
| Peradventure! .. .. .                  | 34    |
| Colin .. .. .                          | 35    |
| Garçon volage .. .. .                  | 36    |
| The Blew-Ey'd Ladie .. .. .            | 37    |
| Sonnets .. .. .                        | 38-46 |

|                          | PAGE |
|--------------------------|------|
| Maurice Clifton .. .. .  | 47   |
| Sir Ralph Duguay .. .. . | 58   |
| Orinda .. .. .           | 93   |
| Flora's Lesson .. .. .   | 107  |

---

## *MUSIC.*

|                                      |     |
|--------------------------------------|-----|
| 1. Quadrille :                       |     |
| En Russie .. .. .                    | 112 |
| En Allemagne .. .. .                 | 114 |
| En Ecosse .. .. .                    | 116 |
| En Pologne .. .. .                   | 118 |
| En Angleterre .. .. .                | 120 |
| 2. Polka .. .. .                     | 122 |
| 3. Waltz .. .. .                     | 124 |
| 4. Polonaise .. .. .                 | 126 |
| 5. Waltz .. .. .                     | 128 |
| 6. En Allemagne .. .. .              | 130 |
| 7. .. .. .                           | 132 |
| 8. Air (à la Russe .. .. .           | 134 |
| 9. Chauffe-main .. .. .              | 137 |
| 10. .. .. .                          | 139 |
| 11. .. .. .                          | 140 |
| 12. .. .. .                          | 141 |
| 13. .. .. .                          | 142 |
| 14. .. .. .                          | 143 |
| 15. La Rêverie .. .. .               | 144 |
| 16. The Blew-Ey'd Ladie .. .. .      | 146 |
| 17. I walk'd thro' my Garden .. .. . | 150 |
| 18. Colin .. .. .                    | 152 |
| 19. Peradventure .. .. .             | 154 |
| 20. Round .. .. .                    | 155 |
| 21. Garçon volage .. .. .            | 156 |
| 22. Roses .. .. .                    | 157 |
| 23. Dirge .. .. .                    | 158 |

## PREFACE.

---

Oh! happy, if haply one or two,  
My secret of secrets sharing,  
Shall have learnt that to be is more than to do,  
And suffering better than daring.

SEBASTIAN EVANS.

THIS little collection of rhyme and music would be, perhaps, incomplete without a few words of remembrance concerning the writer, whose name and memory are a music indeed to those who loved her. Others, who may not have met her face to face, will discern something of what she was, of her truth of heart, and poetic, contemplative nature, in these records of her passing moods and impressions. Her life was a very tranquil one, her acquaintance in her later years was not unlimited, most of her time was passed within the four walls of her own home, and the days were filled for her by her own pursuits, by the mingled cares and interests of a united family. She never married, but for that very reason was able to give more of herself to those whose interests she adopted. The writer of these few lines was one of those whose welfare and interests Anne Evans took to her kind heart. I was not ungrateful at the time, but it is only

now, after many, many years, that I have learned how deep this friendship was, so scrupulous was my friend of overstating her feeling, of protesting overmuch. With many of us words approximate as nearly as may be to the fact; with Anne Evans almost every word was a part of herself, of her own inner life and conviction.

Among the different gifts by which human beings influence each other, some persuading, some teaching, some leading by example, there is also that most precious gift of feeling truly. Anne Evans, who was a diffident woman, who would have shrunk from seeming to obtrude her opinion, nevertheless unconsciously touched and influenced us all by her intense sincerity of heart and purpose. There was something, at once original and delicate, in her nature which made itself felt through very silence; and in truth it is this essence of a human being that we love in those we care for. We may be proud of their success, we may delight in their gifts, but it is they themselves whom we love.

The first time I ever saw her was one sunny autumn afternoon, many years ago, when my sister and I walked to the house where she was staying, taking a note from our father, who had sent us to her. He had been telling us that it was possible she might come for a time to live in our home, and be a friend and chaperon to two girls who were considered too young to be entirely left alone through the long hours during which he was necessarily engaged and at work.

Miss Evans had been ill; her doctor, who was also our own, had prescribed entire change of scene and life, and had spoken of this plan to our father. His patient, he suggested, might come and pay us a long and indefinite



visit, and we should be infinitely the gainers by such an arrangement, which might at the same time be of benefit to her.

We were naturally in some trepidation as we were ushered into the room. It was just turning gray in the sunset. I remember that my first impression was one of almost surprise, and certainly of relief, when somebody not so tall as myself came quickly to meet us, greeting us with very shy cordiality. The lady had a low voice with a gentle quiver in it, two clear brown eyes, a face, not handsome, perhaps, as some faces are, but with a very tranquil yet wistful charm of its own. As I think of it now, it seems to me our friend never changed in all the years we knew her, nor looked older nor different from that first day. After our first meeting we left her with a feeling that she was an old friend, with all the charm and mysteriousness of a new one; we went home full of pleasure in the anticipation of her coming. The doctor rubbed his hands in triumph at the success of his combinations; but it was destined to be only a passing project. Anne Evans actually paid us a short preliminary visit; but she was summoned away to her father's sick bed; nor did the time ever come for her to return to the little spare room that was waiting for her, with the window looking out on the scraggy elm-tree avenue and the slated roofs of Baron Marochetti's big studios.

It must have been during her visit to us that she copied out, in her beautiful even handwriting, much of the MS. of "The Rose and the Ring" for my father. The story had been originally written on the boards of the drawing block, upon which the pictures were also drawn.

Among the letters which her sister has let me read, I find

one written at this time from Bosworth, where the family had lived for so many years.

“I mean, after this uncheering account, to send you a few more lines to-morrow, if mamma does not. I do hope, dear, that we may have more favourable news for you. . . . I wrote to Mr. Thackeray on Tuesday, and, things being as they are, quite declined to enter on a settled residence with him and his daughters. If they go off to Rome, or elsewhere abroad, which seems likely, how could I go with them? and if mamma were in want of me here at any moment, how could I let anything stand in the way of my coming? So, as, of course, Mr. Thackeray wants a settled inmate, and I could not be one, I set him free to look out for another, offering myself at the same time as a visitor while he made his search. To this came such a very nice, kind, gentleman-like, Thackeray answer. . . . He still asks me to come and occupy the vacant room, and, indeed, I hope to see more of them.” Her letter ends with “So much love to you and around you.”

“Bosworth was not Anne’s first home,” writes her sister. “Anne was between eight and nine before she first saw Bosworth, and eight or nine is a sort of middle age for a nature like hers. Home to her was a lovely old house in Buckinghamshire, Britwell Court, near Burnham; a two-storied house, with a high brown roof and a good cornice underneath; built round a quadrangle, and standing in a great, shady, flowery, fruity garden. Anne learnt to love Bosworth afterwards, but not so much while she was still living there as when she had left the place. The school-house was new (Dr. Evans was the head-master of

the Market Bosworth Grammar School), and it stood in the little market-place; and the garden was new and unshady but for two old walnut-trees. The Leicestershire climate is not genial,—she used to speak of the ‘raw green’ of the Midlands,—so no wonder the change seemed at first a cheerless one to her, and I grew up to hear traditions of Britwell that had about them a mythical flavour as of a lost paradise.”

This may be the place to say a few words of the father to whom Anne Evans was so tenderly and proudly attached, and who died soon after our first acquaintance with her. I never knew Dr. Evans except through her vivid and constant remembrance of him—that remembrance which breaks down the barriers of time and separation, and even of death itself. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1855, there is a notice of Dr. Arthur Evans—of his varied attainments, of his earnest, happy spirit, and influence. “To him,” says the writer, in conclusion, “it was given to look on nature with the eye of the painter and the heart of the poet; and it was perhaps from this source of gratification, more than from any other, that he drew his continual cheerfulness and unfailing enjoyment of life. He was never harassed by any fretful craving for distinction or fame. He had learned early to seek for the poet's true reward—not in the praises of men, but in his own capacities of keener appreciation of the blessings of life, and in the exercise of that genial love towards nature which is part and parcel of the love towards nature's God—the highest and holiest characteristic of all true genius. Hence, although isolated from communion with his equals in intellect, unbeneficed and almost unknown, hard-worked

and hard-working to the last, none ever heard from his lips one murmur of impatience or discontent. Careful only to do his duty nobly in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call him, he kept the even tenor of his way, peaceful and contented, a faithful minister and steward of Him to whose service he had devoted his life." Of Dr. Evans's four sons only two are surviving. The elder is Mr. John Evans, so well known to well-known men as an explorer in the past, more especially in the border-land between geology and archæology. His antiquarian researches, however, have not prevented him from most practical and effectual work in the present.

After the break up of their home at Bosworth, Mrs. Evans and her two daughters and her youngest son came to live in Kensington Square, in a pleasant rambling old house, with windows looking out between two gardens. There were several rooms on each landing, there was a pretty old wooden staircase, there were cross lights, quaint cupboards, corners, and light closets. The house is gone now, but it seemed to suit its inmates somehow. Its kind and handsome mistress, "the Mrs.," as her daughters used to call her, would receive us with her bright smile of welcome—long may she continue to gladden her friends with it—and Anne would come, with her kind looks, out of some inner garden-room.

In a room upstairs was an amusing bit of decoration, peculiarly her own. The old house had veined marble chimney-pieces in the bed-rooms, and Anne, as she sat by her fire, often too ill to read or talk, or be talked to, interpreted with her pencil all the wandering lines and marks of the marble into faces and figures full of character and meaning. When Mrs. Evans left Kensington Square

this chimney-piece was brought away and replaced by a blank one. This is how Anne describes it in a letter to her sister, with a numbered sketch on one page:—

“J. made acquaintance with my ‘fireside circle,’ the little folk I wish to show you. Compartment one appears to represent some scientific experiment, of a meteorological nature. The apparatus, I own, resembles an umbrella, but with differences; four spectators look on on the left, two scientific noblemen and two young engineers, with such delightful faces! One, open-mouthed, holds the stick of the apparatus, but all have the look of *spectators*, and it was not for some time that I discovered the *inventor himself*, on the right, with upturned face and ‘judicious nose,’ who is now carefully adjusting some strings. Below, in the foreground, is a heavy, stupid smoker, who cares not a rush for the ingenious experiment, but smokes lumpishly. Two is a draped head, which I take as Italian art. Three is an exile, standing among Siberian rocks, in such a becoming white fur cap! Four is a very amiable commodore, discussing the news (he holds the newspaper) with somebody not included in the picture, while his wife, a very fine lady, leans back on a picturesque carved chair, with *nil admirari* complacence, her bonnet and shawl falling off, and a fan raised. Five is an interesting ‘Quidan’ (ask W. what that is) of the French nation, as I guess, and the sixteenth or seventeenth century. He is walking alone in a fine country, looking over his shoulder, and wears a cap and a feather, a cloak and a frill. Six is a miscellaneous rout of about sixty faces, with adjuncts, and I want you to see them.”

When her younger sister married, Anne and her mother lived on in the house alone, except, indeed, for the procession of the little feet of small nephews and nieces and grandchildren to be met constantly upon the stairs. To me it always seemed an ideal grandmamma's or aunt's house, not the less so that it stood in Kensington Square, our own early London home; but Kensington, with all its associations, is not entirely satisfying to a country-bred woman. This one writes in one of her letters to her sister, Mrs. Hubbard: "I want to breathe the breath of fallen leaves somewhere deep in the country. Can't you fancy the kind of silly longing? One thing has pleased me more than you might think. Our neighbours at No. 15 have been cultivating sunflowers in their little front garden, and close by our palisades grew a noble one; and by and by, when it began to die, the way it hung its broad face over the earth, weighing its stiff stem forward, till I tied it up in pity, brought home to me so very strikingly my very favourite morsel of Tennyson. You don't know the interest I took in those sunflowers. Bees found them out; you might see two or three different kinds at once on the same beautiful green disc."

Here is a little sea-side rhapsody:—

"The Pavilion, Aldeburgh, Sept. 13, 1861.

"Many happy returns of this day to you, my dear E. How I should like to have you here and be able to say so, and sit and talk with you a little among the agreeable odd shingles by the old, *old* sea. It is so good to see and hear it again. I do both here at my desk by an open French door-window, with a little balcony before it. Even the room would, I think, be in itself a pleasure to you. It is a little

room upstairs (both downstairs and upstairs must you go, Aldeburgh-fashion, to reach it from the drawing room). . . . The wall towards the sea is straight, with the French window in the middle, and classical vases on pedestals in niches. The rest of the room is one *fête champêtre*, amid green foliage, flowing water, and imposing objects of architecture and sculpture. The corners at the back of the room are rounded, the door merely cut in the paper; the sky-colour continued over the ceiling. Groups of gay and polite ladies and gentlemen are taking their pleasure in these superb retreats. The costume very marked—that of the early part of the present century. The ladies wear short waists and limp skirts, bonnets *prononcés*, or short curly hair, bare arms, and long gloves drawn up nearly to the short sleeve; often bare necks too, with, perhaps, a *dégagé* strip of a scarf. The gentlemen are in attitudes to correspond. Here's a boat-launch just behind me, with a waterfall and a rocky cave amid woods in the enchanting background. The lady of distinction just being deferentially handed into the ornamental skiff appears to be clad in a muslin gown over a pale *face-coloured* slip, relieved by a green bonnet with umbrageous feathers and elegant green shoes *en suite*. She can hardly be persuaded to place her long green foot in the boat, therefore he of the bright blue coat and orange-coloured trousers gesticulates gently with a reassuring simper; while the lady in the shiny black spencer and frill gingerly embraces the too timid lady in the yellow gown, as they wait already seated at the stern. Near these is a musical group, on and by a long bench under a tree. The effect of the air (probably Rousseau's dream) will be deliciously romantic, heard from the water." So the letter goes on.

“ 16 K. S., Friday, Oct. 11, 1861.

“ My dear E,—Did not Charles Lamb find out that he wanted each one of his friends for some one thing the others would not do for? I consider you as the friend *to enjoy little stones with*. I do not say that that is your only qualification, but what a rare qualification it is! Others have their useful and agreeable points; but I want you to look at my Aldeburgh box with me—can't you guess I do? Not that you need fancy the acquisitions of this year either very many or generally large in size. I doubt whether there are thirty, indeed I think not (even reckoning a priceless bit of glass), and few which are not small among these. But, then, the quality! the varieties of rich, subdued colour, of *texture*, of surface, marking, outline, the engaging individualities! and yet how few spectators perceive how much is lost by 'cutting and polishing'! To follow my principle of 'quality before quantity,' Lewis says I gave him a hundred. Some he bottled, as you might bottle your less tidy mushrooms for ketchup (well if they be 'real mushrooms,' Mrs. Emma!). The 'Mrs.,' Fanny, children, servants went a-hunting, and some choice treasures were found. Fanny may have told you of hers, and of her exultation on *finding that she could find them!* though a geological clergyman did come in before breakfast one day, and on seeing mine, coolly remarked that they found bigger on his part of the coast. There is much more to be said on the subject, but perhaps that is enough to write.

“ It is such a comfort, dear E., to have the cheerful news you send us of yourself and the other H.'s, and the house (an inferior kind of H., but an important one, nevertheless). . . . I should like to walk in and look at you; and how I should like you to walk in and look, not particularly at me,



for that cannot be so satisfactory to my friends as I could wish—but at my ‘Nelians.’ This, understand, is to give expression to some of my sentiments concerning them in a quarter where they will find sympathy; but, for a *letter*, I refer you to our ‘Mrs.’ Besides, there is an organ going on—so I leave off. My love to W., and to A., G., and M., and all kind neighbours who may care for it.

“Your very affectionate A.”

Here is a quaint little conceit, which seems to have been suggested by the pleasant Aldeburgh experiences. We are all used to see men and women classify minerals, but this is a contrary experience.

“THE PEBBLE-TEST.

“(For Mrs. Emma.)

“My dear E,—Allow me to call your attention to the value of the *Pebble-test* as an aid in attempting the classification of the human race.

“The following interesting results were obtained by means of a small apparatus formed of Aldeburgh materials.

“Each subject of the experiments may perhaps be taken to represent a class.

“I remain, &c., A.

Miss ——. “No. 1 appeared to consider the pebbles as—Objects with which (they not being really of sugar) *humanity has nothing whatever to do*: unless, indeed, with a view to brooches, &c.”

Mrs. B——. “No. 2, as—Substances which it is creditable and becoming to be able to distinguish readily by

their scientific names ; *which done, there is no more to be said.*"

Mr. G. —. "*No. 3, as—Things to pick up : the bigger the better.*"

J. M. H.—. "*No. 4, as—Phenomena which by beautiful combinations of form, colour, &c., are capable of affording refined and exalted pleasure, like any other beautiful phenomena—clouds, for instance.*"

—. "*No. 5, as—Properties to be prized for their engaging individualities. (Only three or four specimens of this class at present known in England, or very few more.)*"

Among her papers I have seen a packet labelled "Mr. Thackeray," in the beautiful handwriting my father used so much to admire. It contains extracts and cuttings from the newspapers about him, such as we ourselves might have chosen to keep.

Another envelope bears the touching inscription, "My darling B." These are papers about some very remarkable sonnets by her brother Sebastian, then quite a young man ; and she has copied out, at length, a letter from Sir James Stephen about these poems—a letter of discriminating praise and criticism. When our father died, the same young poet wrote an ode, full of beautiful things which I cannot help speaking of now, though so many, many years have passed.

This young brother was very dear to Anne, and much of her heart's interest was centred upon him. It was indeed a most tender bond that always united her to him.

On one occasion, while still at college, Mr. Sebastian Evans thought himself ill-used by his family, who had not

written to him as regularly as they were used to do. He sent home a letter full of extraordinary news: described himself as married, with a resident mother-in-law; as having given up his college career to turn coal-merchant in the neighbourhood of Cambridge; and also inclosed a little bunch of hair off a paint-brush as a specimen of his bride's locks. In reply to this Anne sent the following little poem:—

## OUR BAS.

## A FRAGMENT.

Oure Bas hee rode to ye College,  
 The College in Cambrydge towne,  
 There to consort with learned men,  
 Alle clad in cappe and gowne.

“My sisters twain they sit att home,  
 They can both reade and spell:  
 I'll e'en go write a faire Letter;  
 They like of soche full well.”

His sisters twayne they sit att home,  
 A breaking of their fast:  
 The yonger one gives over anone,  
 But the elder is Lagge Laste.

“Who steppes soe nimbly over the stones,  
 So nimbly to ye Gate?  
 Methinkes itt is the Poste-man,  
 Now see hee doe not wayte.”

- “ O welcome hither, Poste-man,  
 I fain wolde understande  
 Whose are those same ystamp Lettres  
 Thou bringest in thy Hande ?
- “ I see a Lettre for Will ye Millar,  
 And another for Maistre Ball ;  
 But I see a Lettre from faire Cambridge  
 To mee is woorth them alle.”
- “ Read now the newes of our yonge brother,  
 Come, read them straight away.”
- “ O here bee passing straunge tydinges  
 I read of hym this daye.
- “ For hee will none of his brave lernynge,  
 But, forsooth, a brave yonge bride ;  
 And he dwelleth in a dwelling-house,  
 With a mother-in-law besyde.
- “ He may not wend to gay Bosworth  
 Never no more at alle ;  
 But he sends a tuft of his wyfe her haire,  
 A short one and a smalle.
- “ I have seen many Gentilwomen,  
 Uncomely ones and faire ;  
 But I never sawe no Gentilwoman  
 With the lyke motley haire !”

\* \* \* \* \*

March 23, 1852.

---

“It seems to me that if I look hard enough at anything in this world it brings the tears into my eyes,” she once wrote. Anne Evans found other good things beside tears in what she looked at long; kindest laughter and sympathy, quaint fancies and humours, unexpected bits of philosophy. Her mood was not always a sad one—though such moods are more often written down than lighter ones, for the happier moods are content to be happy in silence.

She was one of those who take pleasure easily in the common daily events and minor happinesses of life. A friend’s well-doing and success, a pleasant visit, a country breath, the sunflowers next door, the bird’s song somebody else may have heard, all delight her in their turn. It is true she also felt more painful things acutely; but she herself says, “If any one expects to find poetry without susceptibility, let him look in the sky for a rainbow without rain.”

She has left many of these definitions and fancies, some humorous, some tender, revealing the drifting impressions of her thoughtful and innocent heart. How happy was her definition of Humour—“Thinking in fun, while we feel in earnest.” Indeed, among these notes and fly-leaves which I am quoting, almost at hazard, from the papers Mrs. Hubbard has let me see, are numbers of neat definitions and epigrammatic scraps, all bearing witness to her constant endeavour after strict accuracy of thought and expression.

Here, for instance, are the “Possible meanings of some common phrases”:—

“1. *A Moderate Man*.—One who agrees with Neighbour White as far as he can without contradicting Neighbour Black.

“ 2. *A Privileged Person.*—One who is so much a savage when thwarted that civilised persons avoid thwarting him.

“ 3. *A Practical Man.*—One whose judgment is not distracted by the power of seeing far before him.

“ 4. *A Musical Woman.*—One who has strength enough to make much noise, and obtuseness enough not to mind it.

“ 5. *A Good-Tempered Man.*—One who is so free from feeling himself as not to be disagreeably affected by the absence of it in others.

“ 6. *Nice People.*—People who always behave like other people.

“ 7. *A Popular Man.*—One who is so boldly vulgar that the timidly vulgar admire him.

“ 8. *A Liberal-Minded Man.*—One who disdains to prefer right to wrong.

“ 9. *A Judicious Man.*—One whose principles are controlled by circumstances.

“ 10. *A Domestic Woman.*—A woman like a domestic.

“ 11. *Radicals.*—Men who maintain the supposed right of each of us to help ruin all.

“ 12. *Liberals.*—Men who flatter Radicals.

“ 13. *Conservatives.*—Men who give way to Radicals.”

Many again are of a graver cast.

“ Any risk which it is not your duty to incur, consider that it is your duty to avoid.”

“ Everything is significant in itself, because all things are connected; but, not tracing the connection, we miss the significancies.”

This, on Heredity, is curious as having been written as early as 1859:—

“Some characters, showing, I suppose, the effects of a heterogeneous ancestry, are composed of elements which will not amalgamate into a consistent whole. If you judge of these characters by one fact, you are set at fault by another.”

“It is uphill work acting on other people’s principles.”

“Would you call a man ‘that fellow,’ or a woman ‘that creature’? Do not halve the true title. Join the two words thus: ‘fellow-cr  ature.’”

“As a test of principle and self-control see whether you always refrain from repeating a profane joke, or one that may do harm to your hearers, or by their spreading it. If you do not refrain in this little instance, how will you excuse it?”

“Do not put on your dignity like a coat; but wear it like your skin, which is always on, and never thought of.”

“When a man of thought takes any road of action let him beware of two dreadful phantoms awaiting him, one on either hand, and called severally, *Non possum*, and *Cui bono?*”

“Some people are said to lead their lives; but some let their lives lead them.”

“How many people seem to me to take the good, the true, and the beautiful, *mainly on trust!*”

“One may be too poor for economical ways, or too sick for healthy ways; and they who are not poor, or who are not sick, may fail to see it.”

“If we go to abstruse things we may show our meaning *by* words, but probably not *in* words.”

“I fancy there are some minds which, without being more crooked than others, yet work in so complicated a manner that others hardly believe them direct.”

“O the false dignity of stolidity as it looks on the aberrations of genius!”

“Compromise is not charity, but a miserable modern counterfeit or substitute.”

“The real lady is refined without being consequential; the false lady is consequential without being refined.”

“Vulgarity, I think, often shows itself in estimating things positively instead of relatively.”

“Courtesy is the art of taking your fellow-creatures by the right handle instead of the wrong. You, therefore, show neither real wisdom nor worldly wisdom in neglecting courtesy.”

“‘*Deeds, not words.*’ And yet sometimes words are perhaps a surer test of love than deeds. The deeds may be done from one or more of a variety of other motives, by persons who shrink from loving words unless they feel they can use them sincerely.”

“Writing novels is the way in which grown-up people play with dolls.”

“We are morally as well as physically omnivorous creatures. Therefore, let the mind as well as the body have its due share of vegetable diet.”

“‘Pity akin to contempt,’ says some one? No, to respect.”

“Do not throw cold guineas at the poor.”

“Wit is a thing of form—humour a thing of colour.”

“If ladies would but lace their stays as loosely as they express their thoughts!”

“We sometimes feel a reason we cannot see.”

“The term ‘good temper,’ as in general use, includes a variety of dispositions. They who strive to maintain or restore peace and kindness because dissension and unkind-



ness wound them, may be called *sweet tempered*. They who live in quiet because such things do *not* wound them, might rather, perhaps, be called *thick tempered*."

"Talent—a superior natural power of comprehending and managing the qualities of anything which may be made the material of art, taking the word in its widest sense—language, for example, or music."

"Talent may be partial—the qualities which raise it into genius pervade the whole character. You cannot have a 'genius' for music and only a 'talent' for painting. If you have any such fancy and sensibility as are necessary to a 'genius' for music, they will also show themselves through every other 'talent' you may possess."

Anne Evans could not help being fastidious—almost dainty—in her choice of associates; but she tried to look candidly at the duties as well as the pleasures of companionship.

"We have to cultivate society of two kinds; the first kind for our own pleasure and benefit, the second kind for the pleasure and benefit of others. Each kind is necessary—the first to our well-being, the second to our well-doing. 1. We are to associate with persons as refined, liberal-minded, and cultivated as ourselves, and with persons more so than ourselves, because this is necessary to our due enjoyment of life, and to the maintenance and development of our higher mental qualities. 2. We are to associate with persons less refined, liberal-minded, and cultivated than ourselves, on the broad ground of Christian charity, and to fulfil the various social duties into which Christian charity branches. But to offer the latter kind of society instead of the former, is to offer toil instead of ease, and depression

instead of exhilaration. A person needs an intellectual tonic—you give him a lowering mixture, and then you say, ‘You wanted medicine, you have had medicine—why are you not well?’ ”

“A real poet can as much help being sensitive as a damask rose can help being red. But people understand damask roses better than they do poets, and don’t try to talk them white!”

“It seems that our happiest state is that in which we can best exercise our best faculties.”

This is from Dr. Sebastian Evans :

“Something, even in the most fragmentary sketch of her life and character, should be said of her music. Her music was part of her. It was the art she most keenly appreciated and best understood. It was perhaps the only scientific study she ever seriously attempted ; and after the failure of health and strength had rendered it impossible for her to sit at the piano, she still for a time could beguile the long watches of lonely and sleepless suffering by noting down some of her exercises in counterpoint, or occasionally a phrase or theme which she hoped some day to elaborate. Her love of music, however, which was the source of one of the few abiding enjoyments of her existence, had also been the source of much pain. A false note or false time was intolerable to her ; and the false taste which in music as in other arts is one of the salient characteristics of a lamentably large proportion of popular productions, had for her something of the sting and humiliation of a personal insult.

“In one respect music appealed to her peculiar genius in a way no other art could. While offering to the artist perhaps a larger freedom than any other, it is subject to a code of

laws not only immutable, but capable of being to a very great extent accurately ascertained and definitely formulated. A false chord in painting jars on the eye of the colourist ; but the law of which it is a violation is seldom palpable, often undiscoverable, never, perhaps, of universal application. A false chord in music not only jars on the ear of the musician, but can be demonstrated on satisfactory evidence to be a definite offence against a definite law in that case made and provided. To have a law to appeal to and to work in obedience to it, was with her an instinct of nature. 'The weight of too much liberty' was a trouble and distress; and she felt the tangible restraints of music as a help and encouragement, while the more indefinite freedom of painting and poetry often oppressed and alarmed her. It was, therefore, a constant regret to her that she had never felt able to work at thorough-bass as continuously as she wished.

“ She had no very striking powers of execution either as a singer or pianist. Her voice was sweet, and of a very pleasant texture ; but her fastidious taste demanded more than she was capable of realising as a vocalist, and by degrees she ceased to sing, although some of her songs are among the latest of her compositions. Her playing was not brilliant, but it had a charm of a rare kind. Always correct, sympathetic, and in perfect taste, it impressed one as the playing of an artist of singular intellectual force, cultivation, and refinement. It had an interest beyond the music. It was not so much a manifestation of mechanical ability or even of musical talent, as of mind, and thought, and knowledge. What made it impressive was not so much the skill of the artist, though this was of a high order, as the genius of the woman.

“Whatever was good of its kind appealed to her sympathies, whether it came in the shape of a nigger melody, or a fugue of Bach’s, a wild Russian air, or a symphony of Beethoven’s. Beethoven was the master for whom she cared most of all ; but she thoroughly felt and understood the special power and merit of all the greater composers, amongst whom she often complained that Arcangelo Corelli was most inadequately appreciated. All kinds of national music, whether dance or ballad, had a strong attraction for her, especially perhaps the old melodies of France and Russia. Her own compositions were nearly all of a similar order. Music to sing to, and music to dance to, form the greater part of that which she has left. In dance music she was singularly successful. ‘I am often amused,’ writes one who knows and plays her music better than any one else, ‘as well as pleased at the crowd of breathless young dancers who have rushed to the piano the moment I ceased playing, to ask the name and composer of “that delicious polka,” and I have been quite sorry I could not give both, with the name of the publisher.’ The same old friend writes, ‘Her songs will, I think, be a treasure to all real lovers of music. It is so rarely that one finds both words and music written by the same person, that there is an unusual completeness as well as originality in Anne’s songs.’ She speaks of their pathos and quaint humour, and of their ‘haunting melody’; and adds, ‘their only fault is that they are rather short; but then how often one hears songs that are too long!’”

Her health, never strong, broke down completely in 1867, and for many long months she was condemned to an invalid life; sometimes able to leave her room and seeming

better for a time ; at others, obliged to deny herself to us all for weeks together.

One day, after she had even ceased to rise from her bed, she sent for me, and I sat with her for some little while. She did not care to speak of herself, but asked me about my own concerns and interests. Something had troubled me at that time, and I made some complaint. She, who had so heavy a burden of suffering to bear, entered into my very minor anxieties with a serious kindness which made me both ashamed and more happy.

“Perhaps you may scarcely believe me,” she said, “but as I lie here I can honestly say that I am content ; I would not have it otherwise ;” and as she spoke she looked earnestly at me. The thought of this tender spirit facing death with heroic calmness has come before me again and again since then.

With so much love and depth of heart, hers might have indeed been a happier life, as this world goes ; but it was fated to be something different, at once more tender and more austere in its self-renunciation. The world would be but an empty place without a few such hearts beating in it. The Catholics pray to their saints : some of us Protestants have a way of loving ours, not the less because they are merely human beings, and we have known them and held their hands and felt the blessing of their help and sympathy.

Anne Evans was born June 4, 1820, and died February 19, 1870.



## SONGS AND POEMS.

*ROSES AND ROSEMARY.*

I walked through my garden to cull me fresh posies,  
Well I remember, on Midsummer's day :

I bound the sweet bay  
With pansies rich and gay,  
And with red, red roses !

O, garlands will wither, and seasons will vary :  
To-night I have plucked me a garland anew ;

Of cypress, and yew,  
And the bitter, bitter rue,  
And the pale rosemary !

*TWO RED ROSES ON A TREE.*

Two red roses on a tree :  
    Wind along, cold river !  
One for him, and one for me :  
    Shiver, willow, shiver !  
Not a word of love we said :  
    Wind along, cold river !  
Roses told the truth instead :  
    Shiver, willow, shiver !  
Other roses bud and blow :  
    Wind along, cold river !  
Other summers come and go :  
    Shiver, willow, shiver !  
Summer days to me are dim :  
    Wind along, cold river !  
Never comes a word from him :  
    Shiver, willow, shiver !  
Roses tell the truth instead :  
    Wind along, cold river !  
Others bloom, but mine is dead :  
    Shiver, willow, shiver !



*A DIRGE.*

Close the eyes which were so bright :  
Fold the hands above the heart :  
Eyes and hands have done their part :  
O'er the noon hath dropped the night.

Gently lay the sleeping form,  
In that shelter calm and meet ;  
There to rest while weary feet  
Walk above in sun and storm.

Faith and hope, all grief above,  
Guide us on till grief be past :  
Guide us thither where at last  
Faith and hope are lost in love !

*SUMMER GIFTS.*

So early on a May morning  
I heard the cuckoo call—  
“I bring again the blithe summer,  
With gifts for one and all.”

O what do you bring my tall schoolboy,  
My schoolboy bold and bright?—  
“I bring the schoolboy a sword and a flag,  
To carry amid the fight.”

And what do you bring my sweet maiden,  
My maiden mild and fair?—  
“I bring the maiden a sonnet to read,  
And a wedding-ring to wear.”

But what do you bring my dear baby,  
Hath seen no summer yet?—  
“I bring the baby a little white shroud,  
And a daisy coverlet!”

*NANCY.*

I.

Why do you smile, Nancy, Nancy?  
 Why do smile, Nancy?  
 Why do you smile so readily  
 At a quick-passing fancy?  
 Look in your heart, Nancy, Nancy;  
 Look down deep:  
 Look in your heart, poor Nancy—  
 And weep!

II.

What is the hope, Nancy, Nancy?  
 What is the hope, Nancy?  
 What is the hope that comes and goes  
 With a quick-passing fancy?  
 Look in your heart, Nancy, Nancy;  
 Look down deep:  
 Look in your heart, poor Nancy—  
 And weep!



*THE DEADLY ARBOUR.*

There stood an arbour in the spring,  
 Flowers above and flints below;  
 "Pretty maid, come in and sing"—  
 Flow, tears, flow.

"The flowers above are spicy sweet,"  
 Flowers above and flints below;  
 "The flints below they cut my feet,"  
 Flow, tears, flow.

"I would I were at home again,"  
 Flowers above and flints below;  
 "My mother calls to me in vain,"  
 Flow, tears, flow.

"I cannot sing, I cannot stand,"  
 Flowers above and flints below;  
 "Make me a grave here out of hand,"  
 Flow, tears, flow.

*OVER!*

A knight came prancing on his way,  
 And across the path a lady lay :  
 " Stoop a little and hear me speak !"  
 Then, " You are strong, and I am weak :  
                   Ride over me now, and kill me."

He opened wide his gay blue eyes,  
 Like one o'ermastered by surprise ;  
 His cheek and brow grew burning red,  
 " Long looked-for, come at last," she said,  
                   " Ride over me now, and kill me."

Then softly spoke the knight, and smiled :  
 " Fair maiden, whence this mood so wild ?"  
 " Smile on," said she, " my reign is o'er,  
 But do my bidding yet once more :  
                   Ride over me now, and kill me."

He smote his steed of dapple-gray,  
 And lightly cleared her where she lay ;  
 But still, as he sped on amain,  
 She murmured ever, " Turn again :  
                   Ride over me now, and kill me."

*TIRLYWIRLY.*

Tirlywirly, all alone,  
    Spinning under a yew ;  
Something came with no noise,  
    But Tirlywirly knew.

Tirlywirly sate spinning,  
    Never looked around ;  
Something made a black shadow  
    Creep on the ground.

Tirlywirly sate spinning,  
    Spinning fast for fear ;  
Something spoke a dark word  
    Close at her ear.

Tirlywirly sang a song,  
    Loud, and clear, and gay ;  
Then, when Tirlywirly sang,  
    Something fled away.





Now welcome shines the light of day,  
To chase the shadows all away ;  
For who would fold his hands and grieve  
O'er phantasies of yestereve,  
                    On a gay June morning ?

I come to greet my lady bright,  
With new-blown roses, red and white.  
“ Bring in the white, but leave the red :  
Your lady lies here cold and dead,  
                    In a death-deep silence.

*THE EARLY SUMMER WEATHER.*

He loved her ; ay, and she loved him,  
Or I am far mistaken :  
I little thought, a while ago,  
To hear he was forsaken.  
I saw them very often then,  
They used to stray together,  
Below the woods on yonder hill,  
In the early summer weather.

She gave him up, as they tell me,  
To please her lady mother :  
They say she's to be married soon  
To some rich lord or other.  
And now the poor lad strays alone,  
Where once they strayed together ;  
O, but a fair dream passed away,  
With the early summer weather !

*THE CHERRY-TREE.*

O, Willy, if thou needs must roam,  
How many thoughts wilt send me home?  
“As many,” gaily answers he,  
“As green leaves hang on the cherry-tree!”  
    Dance in the sun,  
    Dance every one,  
    Ye green leaves on the cherry-tree!

'Twas summer then : 'tis autumn now :  
O, Willy, Willy, where art thou?  
I wander here alone, and see  
The light leaves fall from the cherry-tree !  
    Sigh in the blast,  
    For fair days past,  
    Of thine and mine, old cherry-tree !

*MAY MARJORY.*

Beautiful May Marjory,  
Walking sadly in the sun,  
Passing the ripe roses by,  
Plucking ne'er a one ;  
What should ail her so to sigh,  
Wild and wilful Marjory ?

Here it was May Marjory  
Met young Allan yestermorn ;  
Here she gave her heart the lie,  
With her words of scorn.  
Many a morrow may she sigh,  
Weary-wandering Marjory.

*FRAIL FLOWERS.*

Pluck not the eglantine,  
But leave it there to bloom through sun and shade.  
    Wilt call it thine?  
    Poor eglantine!  
    Then look to see it fade!

Ah, grasp not earth's delight,  
But only take its fragrance, passing by.  
    Our paths are bright,  
    Through earth's delight,  
    Which in our grasp would die!

*SIR FAITHFUL.*

Sir Faithful was a noble knight,  
Who fought for love of truth :  
He rode a-tilt against the world,  
And perished in his youth.

He rode a-tilt against the world,  
That proud and stubborn foe ;  
Struck down one feather from his crest,  
Then got a deadly blow.

He waved the feather in his hand,  
While men around 'gan weep :  
“Methinks,” quoth he, right cheerily,  
“My life hath bought it cheap !”

Then some cried, “Would that he had known,  
To let the strong world be !”  
But I cry, “Would that we had more  
Of such bold knights as he !”

*THE HARD RIDER.*

Taveller of mien so high,  
 Tell me who thou art, and why  
 Toward the mountain's cloudy brow  
 Spurring up the rocky steep?  
 Very brilliant is thine eye;  
 Yet methinks to view it now  
 That proud eye would never weep,  
 Never warm with kindly glee—  
 And thou lookest fixedly,  
 As one a-moving in his sleep:  
 Thou hast ridden many a mile:  
 Turn and rest thee here awhile!

“I am Mind! I cannot stay!  
 I have far to ride to-day!  
 I have much to mark and measure,  
 Scorning pain and slighting pleasure  
 If I linger, death may find me!  
 Dost not hear the cry behind me?  
 Time is at my heels—away!  
 I am Mind: I cannot stay!”

What is that thou ridest on,  
 All so ghastly, worn and wan,  
 Piteously faint and lame ?

“ 'Tis the lazy Mortal Frame !  
 Let it be ! Whate'er betide,  
 I am master : I must ride ! ”

Tarry yet : I fain would see  
 What that hidden weight may be.  
 Is thy cloak so gaily spread  
 Over something cold and dead ?

“ Nay, it is a living Heart !  
 Now and then I feel it start ;  
 But through fasting on the way  
 Droop it doth, and droop it may !  
 'Tis a weak and idle thing :  
 In the morning it would sing :  
 Ere the noon it fell to weeping :  
 Let it be : 'tis better sleeping ! ”

Sleeping, dying, who can tell ?  
 Wake it up, thou tyrant fell !  
 Simple food the heart will nourish,  
 Fruits which by the roadside flourish :  
 Cruel ! couldst thou never stay  
 These to pluck upon thy way ?



Wake it up, or naught avail thee  
All the riches thou canst earn :  
If the heart's alliance fail thee,  
Into clay thy gold will turn !  
Spare the spur ! Thy wretched steed,  
Once so comely, strong, and brave,  
Madly urged beyond his speed,  
Doth but drag thee to the grave !

“*CON ESPRESSIONE.*”

Melodious lady, still be singing !  
 With notes impassioned ringing  
 Wild changes on the deep according tones  
 The tranced spirit owns,—  
 Unheard harmonics, fraught with rare delight ;  
     Sing on to-night !  
 If e'er the time should come when thou  
 Dost feel those moods thou feignest now,  
     Wilt thou sing on ?  
 Ah, trust me, lady, never try  
 The art and the reality  
 Blent in that overwhelming unison !

    Nay, cease even now !  
 For even now methinks I see  
 Within thy song too much of *thee* !  
 O, woman of the mantling brow,  
     Cease even now !  
 The piercing diction  
 Of all thine eloquent fiction  
 Let echo rock to death,  
 With every breath

Of that so little nourishing applause  
The artist from the undiscerning draws ;  
Ay, and the dear thanks of the finer few  
Who base the beautiful upon the true !

Wilt thou put on, thou lady gay,  
Like any other festival-array,  
The living treasures of the soul itself ?  
    Wilt thou, for praise or pelf,  
Withdraw them from their inner shade  
And flaunt withal in broad factitious glare ?  
    Beware,  
    Lest even so they fade !

*BLACKBIRD.*

Singing loud and singing gay,  
'Mid the dewy dawning,  
Blackbird welcomes in the day  
Under his green awning:  
Welcomes in the rising day,  
While the shadows haste away,  
Singing loud and singing gay  
'Mid the dewy dawning.

Singing sweet and singing clear  
While the day is waning,  
Blackbird spreads a pensive cheer  
Through the light remaining:  
Spreads a calm and pensive cheer  
Through the stillness far and near,  
Singing sweet and singing clear  
While the day is waning.

*FRAGMENTS.*

I.

Up sprang the merry grasshoppers  
 Around her very feet ;  
 A charm of many little wings  
 O'erspread the herbage sweet.

And from their city in the earth  
 To sunny thyme and heather.  
 The little conies in their mirth  
 Were come to play together.

The cuckoo's note came floating by,  
 To greet the sad new-comer ;  
 But she stood frozen through and through,  
 Against the glee of summer.

“ I have not happiness enow  
 To keep me warm,” said she ;  
 “ What should I do with all the days  
 That may remain to me ?”

## II.

Alone along the garden walk  
The lady paces to and fro :  
Beside her in their lovely prime  
Rich-hearted summer roses blow.

Sweet songs above her swell and blend,  
Far floating in the joyous blue :  
Around her all is festival  
Of sound, and scent, and form, and hue.

She hears the songs without a smile :  
She greets the roses with a tear :  
Her soul aches with a golden weight.  
In this high lifetime of the year.

Within her all is one dumb cry :  
“ Let me too live, before I die ! ”

## III.

The rains came down so heavily  
They swept the very earth away,  
Whereon the little flowers grew  
That made her poor home gay.

They swept away the earth, and left  
The rock below all bare and cold :  
She fell down weeping thereupon,  
And saw it bright with gold !

## IV.

The summer sward is somewhat hard  
 Methinks as here I lie ;  
 Yet here I stay, because I love  
 To look into the sky,  
 To place behind me for a while  
 The world and all its ill,  
 And gaze into the space of space,  
 How pure, and O, how still !

## V.

You'll say, perhaps, that a cup of hot tea  
 Taken, *sans souci*,  
 In a cheerful, curtained room,  
 With chattering friends around,  
 Is pleasanter far  
 Than blackberries are,  
 Devoured in the gloom  
 Of a hermit's cell,  
 Without any carpet, but only the ground.  
 Ah, well !  
 You mayn't like his lodging and diet,  
 But *think of his quiet !*

## VI.

In broidered cloak he passes to and fro :  
 He hears the people say,  
 " 'Tis well to go so gay :  
 This bravery above doth only show  
 How festal-rich the doublet is below !"

Upon a stormy day  
The cloak is blown away,  
And there he stands in threadbare weeds of woe!

## VII.

Lose not the hopeful moments, thou whose eye,  
By love and thought through many a grief refined,  
Can trace disquiet in the trifler's mind,  
Even through the looks that pity would defy ;

But touch thou tenderly the little store  
Of mean and frail to which his spirit clings :  
So may'st thou win him to accept the more  
From thine own treasury of better things.



## OUTCRY.

Away with loving ! Let it all go by ;  
 For losing is too grievous,  
 And our beloved successively  
 Turn cold and leave us !  
 What matter whence the cold may come  
 Which makes them deaf to us, and blind, and dumb—  
 Whether from dark thoughts clouding old regard,  
 Or from their lodging out in the churchyard ?  
 Friends ? We may lose our best  
 Through some poor jest,  
 And all our after-days lament the losing !  
 Besides, there is no choosing  
 One of them all on whom to reckon  
 If death should beckon.  
 O miserable men !  
 O dreary doom !  
 Our love's delight is hollow—  
 Hollow as treachery, hollow as the tomb !  
 Away, away with loving then,  
 With hoping and believing ;  
 For what should follow,  
 But grieving, grieving ?

*A DESERTED HALL.*

The jasmine bloomed unsought-for  
Against the garden wall:  
The morning-glory tangled  
The poppies, great and small.

The moss crept unmolested  
Across the basin's brink:  
The marble dolphin thirsted,  
With none to give him drink.

The birds among the branches  
Were singing far and near,  
Through groves and winding woodwalks,  
With nobody to hear.

Along the southern terrace  
The grass grew bold and rank:  
No step was on the threshold,  
The windows all were blank.

The dial above the doorway  
    (His face was hoary gray),  
As in a dream did measure  
    The sultry summer day.

And ever, "*Tempus fugit* :  
    *Hoc age*," said the stone.  
But who should mind the warning ?  
    The preacher preached alone.

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*

*LETTER TO JOHN ELLA, ESQ.,*

MUSICAL UNION.

Bassi, violini, violoncelli !

Where is Corelli ?

Let grateful acknowledgments greet  
 Mr. Ella : how few for a musical treat  
 So willing and able to cater !  
 He brings to us Beethoven, greater  
 Than mortal admirer can measure,  
 Mozart with a treasure  
 Of pleasure—

Ah ! well !—

Beyond what our speaking can tell :  
 Blythe Haydn, who so playfully reigns  
 O'er flowery Arcadian domains ;  
 And the amiable Spohr,  
 Who charms us the more  
 By blending the pure gold of joy  
 With subtle discordant alloy.  
 We 've these and we 've others,  
 Their generous brothers :

Each from the wealth of his mind  
Gives in his kind.  
But amid the profusion,  
Wherefore Corelli's exclusion?  
What, will the passion  
For music be subject to fashion?  
Nay, might it not now be improving  
To show as a fact  
That a work of art *can* be compact,  
Yet dignified, elegant, moving?  
Might nobody thence  
Discover the value of form,  
As opposed to the prevalent storm  
Of musical sound without sense?  
And is it not really a duty  
To recognise *all* kinds of beauty?  
Bassi, violini, violoncelli!  
Forget not Corelli!



WORDS TO A "LIED OHNE WORTE."

MENDELSSOHN.

(ALLEGRO NON TROPPO, IN C MINOR, BOOK III. 14, ED. PAUER.)

I'm a song that sing to myself,  
 Although I have no name ;  
 And having lost one leg out of four  
 I do go rather lame.  
 Mister Mendelssohn-Bartholdy,  
 A remarkable man is he,  
 To drive a coach with one wheel off  
 So very pleasantly.  
 For there's something that jerks or jars —  
 You may hear it in all the bars ;—  
 And perhaps it is he wrote me out,  
 Not minding what he was about,  
 At some old piano where certain keys were dumb,  
 And left out the notes he meant to put in,  
 Because they would not come.  
 (A fine idea, to leave out the notes,  
 Because the keys were dumb !)  
 Mister Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

Might be proud of a song like me ;  
And the reason why I have no words  
I really do not see.  
But I fancy, if the truth were known,  
'Tis quite as well to go alone,  
Escaping foreign words high-flown,  
To speak the language all my own—  
To speak the language fine and free  
That is all composed of melody and harmony—

Like beating with one hand and rubbing with the other  
while you're beating—so !  
Ha ! ha !

*PERADVENTURE!*

## I.

My love he 's gone to London town ;  
 Hey, ho, and who should say him nay ?  
 Wait a year, and he 'll come down  
 Twice as rich as he went away,—  
 With a peradventure, hey, with a peradventure . . .

## II.

My love he 's gone to London town ;  
 Hey, ho, I'll bear it as I may !  
 Wait a year, and he 'll come down  
 All as true as he went away,—  
 With a peradventure, hey, with a peradventure . . .



*COLIN.*

## I.

Take thy crook and go, Colin,  
 Bitter winds do blow, Colin,  
 Drifting fast the snow, Colin,  
     Down the Deep Holm Lane.  
 If the night be wild and dreary,  
 If the way do make thee weary,  
 Think we parted with a cheery  
     Hope to meet again.  
 Take thy crook and go, Colin, &c.

## II.

Haply next in May, Colin,  
 Some long sunny day, Colin,  
 Thou may'st take thy way, Colin,  
     Down the Deep Holm Lane.  
 When the new green leaves are growing,  
 When the frozen brook is flowing,  
 Primrose tufts and daisies blowing  
     O'er the bank again.  
 Haply next in May, Colin, &c.

## GARÇON VOLAGE.

1<sup>R</sup> COUPLET.

“ Garçon volage,  
 Garçon volage, ”  
 Une bergère  
 Jeune et sincère,  
 Dit, “ Ton hommage,  
 Garçon volage,  
 Ne me plaît guères,  
 Lan lire lan la.

2<sup>ME</sup> COUPLET.

“ Pour tes cadeaux,  
 Pour tes cadeaux,  
 (Nouvell’ houlette,  
 Douce musette),  
 Tant qu’ils soient beaux,  
 Point de cadeaux  
 Ne veut Lucette.  
 Lan lire lan la.

3<sup>ME</sup> COUPLET.

“ Moi, j’ai un cœur,  
 Moi, j’ai un cœur,  
 Veux-tu cueillir  
 Pour voir flétrir  
 De pareils fleurs ?  
 Moi, j’ai un cœur  
 Qui peut souffrir,  
 Lan lire lan la.

4<sup>ME</sup> COUPLET.

“ Mais, mon ami,  
 Mais, mon ami,  
 Je veux garder,  
 Moi, le cœur gai,  
 Si je le puis.  
 Va, mon ami,  
 C’en est assez.  
 Lan lire lan la. ”

*THE BLEW-EY'D LADIE.*

My Ladie's Eyes are blew and brighte,  
 iff these of mine doe see arighte ;  
 My Ladie's Hand doth seeme to me  
 soe white as whyter scarce could bee.  
 Yet naught recke I of azure Blew  
 in Eies that speake and speake so trew ;  
 To me those Wordes the Hande hath writ  
 show fairer far than itt.

The Spring may decke in braver Dye  
 eche short-lived Budd and Butterflie ;  
 My Ladie's worth I can not tell  
 by fleeting Hews which these excell.  
 Who hath the Witte a Booke to read  
 its costlie Guise doth slightly heede,  
 When he in everie Leafe can finde  
 wherewith to charm the Minde !

## SONNET.

## LUCID INTERVALS.

Some fragment of the Beautiful, some ray  
     Refracted from the Truth he fails to find,  
     Care's very slave may hoard within his mind :  
 Some prison-plant, wan for the want of day.  
 And there are times when he would thrust away  
     His vaunted lore of base and narrow kind,  
     His cramped fancy piteously inclined  
 In wider and in loftier paths to stray :  
 When he, the strong adept in worldly art,  
     Would court the simpler man he shunned before,  
 To him disclose a long-forgotten heart,  
     Through mere neglect grown timid, and deplore,  
 As in a trance from all his life apart,  
     Those earthly bonds which bind him more and more !

*SONNET.*

Still journeying onward in this "vale of tears,"  
Where shades of cypress ever overspread,  
The wayworn traveller turns his weary head,  
And muses on the uneven track of years.  
Far in the hazy distance there appears  
A little path bright as a golden thread ;  
But here o'er rugged stones and flowers dead  
His way must lie ; while uncouth phantom fears,  
Risen from behind him, ever glide before.  
Faint is he now ; yet would he all retrace  
To pass unhurt the slippery footing o'er  
Whereon he lamed himself ; and in his face  
The keen regret comes deepening, till once more  
His wistful eyes are toward the resting-place.

## SONNET.

The world shut out, as here I sit and sigh  
 By fading midnight embers, o'er its cold  
 Caprice and colder craft, my heart, grown bold  
 In solitude, cries loudly, "Why, O why  
 Must earth-grown tangles intercept the sky?  
 Why must one live and labour and wax old  
 Beneath this hateful league of vulgar gold,  
 Oppressive pride, and empty vanity?"  
 Thou poor fond heart, on present rest and bliss  
 So strongly bent—and O, how much in vain!—  
 Look farther on; remembering that this  
 Brief stage for trial is, of toil and pain,  
 Wherein no single lot is cast amiss  
 Which human choice may turn to loss or gain.

*SONNET.*

Poor lonely heart, aching with passionate woe!  
If that keen fire must needs burn down and die  
Beyond the reach of mortal ear and eye,  
Turn pain to patience : prove its virtue so.  
Didst thou then hope thy fellow-hearts could know  
What riches there within thy dark ward lie ?  
O hope forlorn ! The many passing by  
Dream not of ores the common dust below.  
Of shallow streams the herd are fain to drink,  
Which dry and leave them at their utmost need ;  
Yet spy they not the spring within its cave,  
Whose deeper waters ever touch the brink ;  
While day by day, through screening rock and weed,  
Blind echoes idly move them in their grave !

*SONNET.*

Blind to all bars, the Artist fain would try  
To shadow forth the Rainbow; and in vain!  
Earth hath not wherewithal to give again  
Those heavenliest hues of the ethereal sky.  
Far less the Poet finds a fitting dye  
To sketch the airy castles of the brain;  
His pencil mars them with rude touch mundane,  
Bright though they gleam on his enchanted eye.  
Yet will he toil to make his lone world free  
To alien minds. Alas! the fond endeavour!  
E'en through his glass that realm they dimly see  
Which, from their own, unmeasured spaces sever:  
For ages on his words may echoed be,  
The while his thought remains unread for ever!



## SONNET.

A mighty voice once echoed o'er the sad  
And sinful world, for evermore to be  
Re-echoed on ; bidding the slave be free,  
The guilty reconciled, the wretched glad ;  
Preaching a conquest over all things bad,  
Revealing Truth and Life : so blest are we.  
Yet says the man of facts, "'Tis ours to see :  
What need of hearing ?" Miserably mad,  
He leaves his place, too narrow as he thinks,  
To wander in strange deserts, far and wide ;  
And grasping as a clue some curious links  
Whereof the last falls earthward at his side,  
Confronts the blank face of a heathen sphinx,  
And cries, " We have no better hope, nor guide !"

*SONNET.*

Midnight ! I love thee for thine own true sake  
Not as they love thee who thy grand array  
Bid thee relinquish for disguises gay,  
Till thy dim reign of noontide blaze partake :  
Not as the toil-worn, for the needful break  
Thou bringest to their life-consuming day :  
I, following leisurely my quiet way,  
Earn not, nor prize, their interval opaque.  
For through thy darkness gleams unearthly light ;  
Whether in dreams the unresting spirit, free  
From weight of Reason, climb the wildest height  
Of Wonder, and strange Beauty, Power, and Glee ;  
Or whether, wakeful, lost to sound and sight,  
Dead to the world, we face Eternity !

## SONNET.

PEVENSEY AND HURSTMONCEAUX.

I looked upon two corpses in one day,  
Two noble corpses, lying by the shore :  
First, one who on his large proportions bore  
The stamp of heathen warrior ; where he lay,  
Harmless and helpless in his disarray,  
The mild autumnal cheer was clouded o'er  
By uncouth shades which haunt him evermore,  
Dark horrors of his harsh rule past away.  
Then a fair lady, barbarously slain :  
O stately pleasantness, untimely cold !  
There might one grieve till sad night should unfold  
The appealing form ; and gaze, and gaze again,  
As though through longing one might yet behold  
The vanished life. Ah, longing all in vain !

## SONNET.

If I and mine were all below the grass  
Beside that old and solemn Church you know,  
Would you forget us? Nay! in fitful show  
Fair early friendships through lone memory pass,  
Like sunny glimpses caught in a cold glass.  
And there, serenely sheltered, come and go  
The undying dead ; ay, better sheltered so  
Than under sepulchres of stone and brass.  
But for the rest, whose mortal hands to-day  
Might clasp your own as warmly as before,  
To whom your voice, your looks, might now convey  
The joy Time crowns with pathos, and restore  
The strength of trust in absence worn away,—  
Let these, through memory, mutely plead for more.

## MAURICE CLIFTON.

### PART I.

*Scene*, Clifton Park. *Time*, Evening. *Speaker*, MAURICE.  
*Hearer*, DICK, his Friend.

Hi! hi! come along, Dick, and see the West Gate;  
I'm going there now, and I don't mean to wait.  
My uncle, is that? If it is, I shall bolt.  
It's not. Well, then, look to your right. That's the Holt.  
Her aunt took the place about two months ago—  
In June. It belongs to my uncle, you know.  
You see it? those chimneys behind the Scotch firs;  
And one little window—I fancy that hers.  
O, Dick, I've no words to describe her! And she  
Mewed up there, and snubbed, and tormented for me!  
Break off our engagement we certainly shan't;  
My uncle's mistaken, and likewise her aunt.  
Why *should* we break off our engagement? Look here:  
I've got rather over four hundred a-year,  
Which most younger brothers would think pretty well;  
Besides my profession, which doesn't much tell  
At present, I own; but it may by and bye.  
The law's not my passion; but never say die!

And Helen has something, though not very much ;  
Enough for a lady to live on as such.  
Together we surely might manage with ease.  
Oh, no. Not at all. She must wait, if you please,  
For somebody else with a proper estate,  
And get a grand house, and a service of plate,  
And make herself wretched thereby, and me too.  
Yes. That they consider a fine thing to do.  
Oh, young people's fancies, of course, are absurd !  
But, I say, Dick, how about keeping your word ?  
My uncle's tyrannical—horribly so ;  
He's upright, and downright, and generous, though ;  
But as for her aunt, she's so sneaking and spiteful,  
Poor Helen's position must be something frightful !  
That aunt—well, I won't call her names. Take the facts,  
And guess what she is, when you hear how she acts.  
She had an old butler, who's just gone away,  
A real honest, capital fellow, named Gray ;  
A servant, now, such as you don't often find ;  
A worse may be more to her ladyship's mind !  
I told you of yesterday's row. After that,  
By way of reaction, I put on my hat  
And trudged round the country some ten miles or more ;  
It's fine for the temper : I've tried it before.  
And on my way homeward, out there by the Holt,  
I fall in with Gray, in a state of revolt,  
And gratified highly at lighting on me.  
“ It's you, Mr. Maurice, I wanted to see !  
A nice piece of work, sir, we've had with your letter !  
And I'm to be off ; and the sooner the better !  
To-morrow per eight o'clock train I'm to start !  
I've now been across there to speak for the cart.”

Poor Gray ! in the midst of his fuming and fuss  
I really believe that he cared more for us—  
For Helen, that is—than he did for himself ;  
Although it's no joke to be laid on the shelf,  
At his time of life. Why, he cried like a child  
In speaking of Helen. It made me so wild,  
I wanted to thrust myself in then and there,  
And carry her off once for all. Only, *where ?*  
And so we two walked up and down in the lane :  
I can't give the whole of it over again,  
But here's just the substance of what Gray told me.  
That morning, as Helen was pouring out tea,  
He took in the postbag, and saw, well enough,  
There were but two letters, and one was a puff,  
With printing outside, and the other my own  
To Helen. My writing was very well known  
To Gray, I may tell you ; my sentiments, too,  
For that matter. Well, he had no more to do  
Just then in the room, and he therefore came out  
And spent some few moments in looking about  
For one of her ladyship's gloves, which she thought  
She'd left in the hall, when a message was brought  
Which made him go back to the breakfast-room. Dick,  
That woman—

(I thought so. I've broken my stick.

No matter !)

Well, there she sat up in her place,  
A sort of detestable smirk on her face,  
Perusing my letter ! Yes. That ! And what's more,  
Gray says from the time he was gone he feels sure  
That Helen could never have read it half through,  
If even she opened it ! What could she do,

Shut up with that—ruffianly woman? But wait;  
Oh, that isn't all. It appears that of late  
The aunt has adopted a notable plan  
For stuffing her cushions without any—bran,  
Or wool, or whatever they use. This is all:  
You tear up old papers uncommonly small,  
And stuff in instead. And her ladyship keeps  
A basket in which she accumulates heaps  
Of this sort of stuffing. Well, what does she do,  
But first read my letter composedly through,  
Then pick up her basket, and coolly begin  
To mince the said letter, and *stir the bits in!*  
Poor Helen stood up, and turned round towards the door,  
And fainted away—Yes! fell down on the floor!  
Then Gray's indignation burst out on the spot;  
And rather plain language her ladyship got;  
And very superbly her ladyship stared,  
For *that* demonstration she was not prepared,  
Apparently. Still, she was pretty collected,  
And straightway gave warning to Gray, as expected.  
Well, Gray rang the bell, and had down Helen's maid,  
And did what was wanted, without the least aid  
From Helen's own aunt, who got bonnet and shawl,  
And called for her ponies, and drove to the Hall,  
And rated my uncle, who then rated me.  
I told you this morning. And then—let me see:  
I went, as I say, for a jolly long walk,  
And stumbled on Gray, and came in for this talk.  
The gist of the talk, though, you haven't heard yet.  
Of course the main question was, how could I get  
More letters to Helen? I heard with disgust  
That Gray knew of nobody there he could trust.



"Keep clear of the lot, sir," said he, looking glum ;  
 "They're all of 'em under her ladyship's thumb."  
 At last, though, I hit on a capital dodge,  
 I've set up a post-office here at the lodge.  
 The aunt of the woman who opens the gate,  
 Was Tom's and my nurse, and she sits there in state  
 And knits in the little front parlour ; and so  
 I rushed off and found her : a word and a blow.  
 Said I, "Mrs. Chapman, perhaps you've not heard,  
 They're wishing to make me go back from my word,  
 And treat a young lady exceedingly ill."  
 Said she, "Mr. Maurice, I don't think you will."  
 "I don't think I shall, Mrs. Chapman," said I ;  
 "But now will you help me?" Said she, "Sir, I'll try."  
 Of course I sent Helen a message by Gray,  
 To ask her to call for a letter to-day  
 (The fun was to fancy how neatly she could,  
 Because the Holt shrubbery joins this West wood).  
 Of course, too, I wrote it and took it last night,  
 And hope to hear now that she got it all right.  
 Look out by that haystack, beyond the two carts :  
 You just get a glimpse of the paling which parts  
 The Holt from the lane where we met, Gray and I ;  
 And where I had rather a fright, by the bye.  
 Within that same paling I certainly heard  
 A something which rustled ; and not like a bird,  
 Nor yet like a beast, as it sounded to me ;  
 And close at my elbow. Now, what might that be ?  
 Gray said it was nothing. To me, I confess,  
 It sounded remarkably like a silk dress.  
 One could not see over at all from the ground ;  
 And, when I took hold of the paling, I found

The wood in so shaky and rotten a state,  
The question arose, would it carry my weight?  
Which question Gray answered with, "Well, if you do,  
And bring it all down, sir, I wouldn't be you."  
—I wish though I'd cleared up the point while I might.  
H'm. Gray called it nonsense. Let's hope he was right.—  
I say, here we are, so we part, I suppose.  
Now just cut across to that footpath. It goes  
Right through the old chestnuts you wanted to see,  
And into the avenue. Don't wait for me.

## PART II.

*Scene*, the Front Parlour at the Lodge. *Time*, Five Minutes later. *Speaker*, Mrs. CHAPMAN. *Hearer*, MAURICE.

Come, come, Mr. Maurice, now don't ye look so ;  
 I meant ye no harm, sir, but how should I know ?  
 She walks in straight-forrard, and asks for your letter ;  
 I puts on my glasses to see her the better :  
 The room's rayther dark, for they boughs be so shady ;  
 Thinks I to myself though, " You looks like a lady !"  
 She didn't speak pleasant ; I can't say she did.  
 (Let them as belongs to her do as they're bid !)  
 I gives her the letter, and curchneys, ye know :  
 She takes it like *this* now ; and looks at it *so* :  
 No " thankee," no nothing ; not even " Good day " ;  
 But picks up her flounces, and marches away !  
 I felt myself quite colour up, I declare !  
 Thinks I, " If they marry, they *won't be no pair* !  
 And what shall I do if the match turns out bad ?  
 I doubt it's no kindness to screen him, poor lad !"  
 A great mind I had to set off to the Hall,  
 And ask for the Squire, and confess to it all !  
 Well, then I bethought me—I hadn't afore,  
 " He said she wa'n't twenty. *She ain't*, for *she's more*."

Not twenty? She's that, *and the rest*, if she's ten!  
I'm out if she'll see five-and-thirty agen!  
Why, what will she make that poor boy believe next?  
Not twenty, indeed!" I was properly vexed.  
She'd got a smart hat on, like I don't know what,  
They now-a-days dresses so young, when they 're not;  
As if you could put back your age with a hat!  
*I* goes by the face, and they can't put back that!  
I watcht her a bit; and she hadn't got fur,  
When all of a sudden says I, "It aint *her*"—  
That's Roger goes there, lookee, out by the deer;  
I'd give him a call, but I don't think he'd hear.  
The wind sets this way, and he's deafer than *me*;  
He 's out in all weathers, is Roger, ye see.  
We've let off the Holt, but that don't touch the game;  
Our squire kep' the shootin', ye know, all the same;  
So Roger he just takes and goes his old rounds,  
And *he's* seen them ladies, odd times, in the grounds.  
And so I was thinking he maybe could say  
Which lady it was as come in here to-day.  
Go you now and ask him. I think, sir, you'd better.  
It runs in my head that *the aunt got that letter*.

## PART III.

*Scene*, the Park. *Time*, Ten Minutes later. *Speaker*, MAURICE.

*Hearer*, DICK.

O, why have you waited? Don't speak to me, Dick!  
Don't speak to me yet! Here's another vile trick!  
That noise in the bushes—why, what should it be  
Except that—that woman! And so, there were we  
Parading, like dolts, in the lane, to and fro,  
And telling her just what she wanted to know!  
And chuckling, moreover: the thing seemed so pat!  
Imagine her nice *counter-chuckling* at that!  
I heard her, I tell you, again and again,  
Though Gray would not have it. I heard her quite plain,  
And might have confronted her there on the spot:  
I'd rather have brought down the paling than not!  
I gave into Gray with that stupid submission  
Through shame, I believe, for the very suspicion!  
And so, we talk on, and the spy wins the day!  
I had one resource, and I've thrown it away!

## PART IV.

*Scene*, the Library at the Holt. *Time*, a Week later.  
*Letter-writer*, the Aunt.

My dearest Augusta, my preface might be,  
“ Congratulate Helen : commiserate me,  
Deserted so soon !” But I will not complain.  
On such an occasion as this one is fain  
To silence one’s poor selfish feelings. If only  
*Her* lot be so bright, then be mine dull and lonely !  
Dear Helen engaged herself ten days ago  
To young Maurice Clifton. You possibly know  
At least who he is, for his family hold  
An ancient position down here. I am told  
Of certain old records from which it appears  
The land has been theirs nearly five hundred years.  
An uncle reigns now, who behaves like a bear ;  
But Maurice’s own elder brother’s the heir.  
Not Maurice himself ; which perhaps you’ll regret.  
For my part, however, I don’t mean to fret.  
We cannot have everything : nobody can !  
And what are the acres, compared with the man ?  
My Helen considers all that such a trifle,  
If Maurice had nothing on earth but his rifle

I think she would marry him first, and then say  
“Suppose you shoot something for dinner to-day!”  
And Maurice, indeed, is so great as a shot,  
They *might* have a dinner where others would not.  
He rides, too, superbly. And get him indoors,  
Where other young riders and shots are such bores,  
You find him quite charming—so bright, so well-bred,  
With very fine brains in a very fine head.  
And then—my dear Helen’s peculiar ambition—  
Besides all the rest, a delightful musician!  
I fancied it merely from hearing him speak.  
But stay—I’ve not mentioned that Maurice, last week,  
Came into a fortune which, somehow or other,  
Was always expected to go to his brother;  
A property worth full six thousand a year,  
(While this does not quite bring in five—so I hear).  
And now the clock warns me this gossip must end,  
Believe me your truly affectionate friend,

Oh, Helen confesses she teased you one day  
About a late servant of mine, William Gray.  
She now sends her love, and says Maurice and she  
Intend to engage him. They don’t consult me.

*SIR RALPH DUGUAY.*

A BALLAD IN TWO PARTS.

## PART I.

It fell upon a merry day,  
When hawthorn boughs were white,  
Two brothers met in green Broadwood,  
Betwixt the noon and night.

The one was called Sir Ralph Duguay,  
A stately knight and tall :  
The other was the young Walter,  
Beloved of great and small.

They sate them down beneath an oak,  
All on the grassy ground,  
Young Walter with his gay viol,  
Sir Ralph with his great hound.



Young Walter took his viol up,  
And tunéd every string,  
Then gaily 'gan he play thereon,  
And gaily 'gan he sing.

He sang a song of chivalry,  
Made long ago in France,  
Which set Sir Ralph his heart astir,  
With deeds of sword and lance.

“ A brave old song is that, Walter,  
And bravely sung to boot :  
The bird on the tree may fly for me,  
So thou sing at the root.”

Young Walter took his viol up,  
And tunéd it again ;  
And again he sang till Broadwood rang,  
But in another strain.

A roundel of a sweet lady,  
That witty was and fair,  
The daughter of a puissant prince,  
His only child and heir.

Sir Ralph uprose before the close,  
And loudly laughed he :  
“ Now be she fair as the fair moon,  
May'st have her thyself, for me.

“ She may be witty as thou wilt,  
Right royal of degree :  
She may have castles, and counties eke,  
And thou may’st have all, for me.

“ Let him who will go seek for care,  
And carry home a wife :  
If she have wealth, he payeth for that  
Full dearly in his life.

“ If she be great, his scutcheon therefor  
May all the braver be ;  
But the higher name, the higher dame,  
And the lower falleth he.

“ If she be fair, her beauty fleeth  
Like any summer’s day ;  
But the monstrous vain conceit of it  
No time will do away.

“ If she have wit, she turneth it  
To mischief every hour :  
Her spouse may scarce abide in peace,  
Nor he never will in power.

“ Be what she may, let him give her straight  
(Or he shall fare the worse)  
A jangling pack of mincing maids,  
And gold to stuff her purse.

“ She must have trinkets quaint and rare,  
And gowns both rich and trim :  
Of such, I wot, she wearieth not,  
But she wearieth soon of him.”

“ Now nay, now nay,” quoth his young brother :  
“ Now put these gibes away :  
His heart is cold which weddeth for gold,  
And rue it well he may.

“ For gold were vain, and also wit,  
Nobility, and beauty,  
To him who therewithal should lack  
His lady’s loving duty.

“ But a hard life, with a loving wife,  
Were pleasanter to me  
Than the King his throne, and I thereon  
A lonely man to be.”

“ O hold thy peace, thou simple Walter !  
Hold thou thy peace, and list :  
The bachelor he hath trouble enow,  
But much more hath he missed.

“ Thou hast read in thy brave books, Walter,  
Of things which never were :  
May’st look till thou art blind, Walter,  
For damsels limnéd there.

“ This thing I credit not a whit,  
For all the minstrels say,  
That ever a lady held one mind  
For twelve months and a day.

“ On such if I should ever light  
(As never I look to do),  
Methinks I will cry mercy then  
All womankind unto.

“ Fast heart were better than fair face,  
Wit, wealth, or high degree :  
Till such I find, it is my mind  
A bachelor to be.

“ And for that he who doth not seek,  
The slower is to gain,  
Therefore I think until my death  
A bachelor to remain.”

He has taken to him his strong cross-bow,  
He has whistled to him his hound ;  
And away again through green Broadwood  
Sir Ralph Duguay is bound.

Of all the paths in green Broadwood  
The nighest taketh he ;  
And that is a path doth lead him out  
Over against the sea.

“ I'll thread the woods no more to-day,  
But on the Heights I'll go ;  
For I fain would see what ship doth ride  
At anchor there below.”

The ship lay moored without the bay  
The rocky reef beside :  
A royal ship all outward bound,  
A waiting for the tide.

“ Now hie thee home, hound Forester,  
Now hie thee home, I say !  
Bid them be ware of a hungry man,  
Would sup with small delay.”

The hound leapt up with one short note,  
Then bounded off amain,  
Around the skirts of fair Broadwood,  
Nor ever turned again.

Sir Ralph looked out along the cliff  
To see what might be seen,  
And so he saw Earl Peregrine  
Come riding over the green,

Who had been thorough two shires  
All on the King's behests,  
And now rode homeward merrily,  
With a score of gallant guests.

And ever as he ambled on  
He looked across the bay,  
Where stood so strong his castle walls—  
The walls of Warenstay.

The walls rise up above the rock,  
The rock from out of the sea,  
From the water's edge to the postern-gate  
Full fourscore steps there be.

And looking o'er to Warenstay,  
He spied upon the stair  
His daughter, Lady Margaret,  
That was so young and fair.

She waved her white scarf o'er her head,  
But stepping forward so,  
Down from the stair that lady fell,  
Into the waves below.

Then sprang the Earl upon the ground  
Like one of wit bereft :  
And " If ye leave my child to drown  
I have never another left !

" O I have never another child  
Save her in the surging sea,  
And I'll give him a king's ransom  
Who bringeth her safe to me !

“ Across the bay is a little way,  
A bowshot and no more,  
And I'll give him a king's ransom  
Who bringeth her ashore ! ”

Across the bay is a little way,  
Though it runneth far inland ;  
But fearful high above the sea  
The Heights of Whindon stand.

On Whindon Heights the old shepherd  
Hath sat full many a day ;  
But never swimmer saw he yet  
Leap down into the bay.

And all the Earl's brave company,  
So sound of neck and limb,  
Deemed he who that great leap should try  
Might never live to swim.

Then loud and louder cried the Earl,  
“ Will any save her life,  
So he be come of gentle kin,  
My daughter is his wife ! ”

Sir Ralph could hear no word of that :  
A furlong off was he,  
But presently he turned and spied  
A woman in the sea.

He dropped his cross-bow then and there  
With never a but nor if,  
Stripped off his coat of Lincoln green,  
And flung him from the cliff.

He flung him down into the waves,  
And the waves went over his head,  
But lightly rose he up again,  
And lightly forth he sped.

Right forward steering swift and true  
He stoutly cleft his way  
Up to the goal he started for,  
Beneath dark Warenstay.

He caught her by the silken sleeve,  
And by the long, long hair,  
And safe and sound he landed her  
Upon the castle stair.

“ I marvel,” quoth Earl Peregrine,  
“ What stranger this may be  
Hath won, without the knowing it,  
Mine only child from me ? ”

Out and spoke a saucy squire,  
As they to ride began :  
“ And what if this same gentle wight  
Do prove a married man ? ”



“ Nay,” said the Earl, “ I give him then  
This jewel in my hat :  
The King himself were fain I trow  
To bid broad lands for that.”

They found the coat of Lincoln green,  
And eke the rare cross-bow :  
“ Ho,” quoth the Earl, “ methinks no churl  
Such gear as this doth owe.”

They rode round by the head of the bay,  
And up to the castle gate :  
The gray-haired porter at his post  
Their coming doth await.

“ Now hither, hither, Hilary,  
And say who this may be  
Hath saved the Lady Margaret  
From drowning in the sea ? ”

“ Fair fall him ay by sea and land ! ”  
Replied the porter old :  
“ Sir Ralph Duguay it was, my lord,  
That knight renowned and bold.”

“ A bold knight ! ” cried the company :  
“ Long live he with his bride ! ”  
“ A bold knight ! ” said Earl Peregrine,  
And nought said he beside.

The saucy squire he laughed apart :  
“ The stone may stick by the hat ;  
For Ralph Duguay is a bachelor,  
And there’s an end of that.

“ But yet, I doubt, an he were asked  
Herein to choose his own,  
The bauble he were fain to take,  
The bride to leave alone :

“ Because of all blythe bachelors  
I wot of east or west,  
Methinks this very Ralph Duguay  
Doth love his freedom best.”

So rode they all into the court,  
And lighted by the door :  
The Earl he walked into his hall  
With gallant guests a score.

In there came the gay Countess,  
Arrayed in scarlet pall :  
“ Now welcome home, mine own dear lord,  
And welcome, gentles all !”

And in there came sweet Margaret,  
All freshly clad and fair ;  
But still the damp of the salt sea waves  
Lay on her yellow hair.

“ O Elinor, my dear lady,  
Great news there be to-day :  
How to a knight of high renown  
I have given our child away.”

“ Great news are these indeed, my lord,”  
The Countess said, and smiled :  
“ Now where is the knight hath won the right  
To marry our only child ? ”

“ An if thou ask me where, Madame,  
I cannot surely say :  
But here or there or anywhere  
His name is Ralph Duguay.”

The smile went off that lady's face  
Then when she heard the name :  
The smile went off her face thereat,  
And the colour went and came.

Up and spoke a prattling page,  
The youngest and the least :  
“ Were 't not well done to seek this knight,  
And bid him to the feast ?

“ For yonder in the Hollow Way,  
As I came through but now,  
I saw one sleeping on the bank,  
And he it was, I trow.”

“It were well done,” replied the Earl,  
“And best methinks by me.”  
With that he turned him on his heel,  
And went forth suddenly.

Down from the wold into the vale  
There runs the Hollow Way,  
Wherein he looked to find Sir Ralph ;  
As, certes, there he lay.

But him a-sleeping on the bank  
The Earl had scarce espied,  
When he was ware of his own lady  
A stepping at his side.

Out and spoke the Countess then,  
And roundly speaketh she :  
“For all that’s come and gone, my lord,  
This match shall never be.

“I had liefer this same bold swimmer  
Lay a fathom under water :  
His father was my father’s foe :  
He never shall wed my daughter.”

The Earl he stood and knit his brow,  
As one perplexéd sore :  
“O, Elinor, their hearts which beat  
In anger, beat no more.

“ No challenge from the chantry comes,  
No answer from the nave :  
Leave them alone : their swords, Madame,  
Are sheathéd in the grave.

“ What boots it now to stir again  
The reliques of their strife ?  
I have given herein my knightly word,  
To keep it with my life.”

Lightly laughed the lady then,  
Took up the Earl his hand :  
“ Stout fist was here, upon a time,  
For battle-axe or brand.

“ To break a lance with any man  
Earl Peregrine would dare ;  
And is he now afeared to break  
A rash word made of air ?”

“ For honour I would break a lance,”  
He sadly made reply ;  
“ But if I break my plighted word,  
I honour lose thereby.”

“ Ah, mockery !” then the Countess cried,  
“ For as stout as stout men be,  
Will honour bind them hand and foot,  
In bonds one cannot see !

“ Hey, go thy ways, my lord,” she said :

“ Leave me to work alone ;  
And trust thou ay to woman’s wit  
What things do pass thine own.

“ Go home to thy brave company,  
That loiter by the gate ;  
And bid them in to meat and drink,  
For idle tongues will prate.

“ Put off these dumpish looks, and say,  
In merry speech and free,  
‘ Thou art ever best with the old friends,  
And thè new are best with me.’

“ But send me four men secretly,  
And a rope to every man ;  
And warn them that they make no noise  
But all the speed they can.”

“ A par’ous dame thou art, truly,  
And ready of thy wit !  
But mark me, if he come to harm,  
’Tis thou must answer it.

“ The case is so, that friend or foe,  
His debtors much are we.”  
“ O for his safety never fear !  
I’ll care for that,” quoth she.

The Earl he gnawed his nether lip,  
Like one who boded ill ;  
Then turned him homeward grudgingly  
To work his lady's will.

The Countess stood and watched Sir Ralph :  
No mischief boded he :  
In sooth he was a wearied man,  
And so slept heavily.

O, comely was that lady's face,  
But crafty was her thought ;  
And dainty fair her fingers were,  
But a sorry deed they wrought.

She crept beside him where he lay,  
With his arm thrown over a stone :  
She drew the ring from off his hand,  
And slipped it on her own.

Sir Ralph he dreamed a troublous dream,  
There lying on the ground :  
He thought that he was set upon  
At unawares, and bound.

He tossed and muttered in his sleep,  
But waking up ere long,  
He found himself made fast in sooth  
With cords both new and strong.

“ How now, how now, ye false varlets !  
Speak out, ye knaves, for shame !  
Where learnt ye this new-fangled trick ?  
How call ye yonder dame ? ”

She turned upon him suddenly,  
With rancour in her face :  
“ Thou hast known me ere to-day,” she said,  
“ My name, and eke my race.”

“ I’ve known you ere to-day, Madame,  
And I should know you still ;  
And I would the most I knew of you  
Were good, as it is ill.”

“ Take up, take up this bold fardel,”  
Cry’d she, “ this valiant load !  
An he will needs discourse to us,  
E’en be it on the road.”

They carried him to a high tower,  
And the Countess went before :  
She drew a key from her gay girdle,  
And so unmade the door.

They passed in at the narrow doorway,  
And up by the narrow stair :  
Then when his shoulder struck the wall,  
She never said “ Have a care ! ”



They carried him into a little chamber,  
With roof and floor of stone :  
For hempen bands they did on iron,  
And left him there alone.

Then laughed the Countess to herself,  
And to herself said she,  
“ Now I have laid him by the heels,  
I'll do what liketh me ! ”

The purse hung heavy at her side  
With pieces broad and bright ;  
But ere she parted from those men,  
The purse hung very light.

She bribed them all to hold them dumb  
And her intent fulfil ;  
And if her gold was strong enow  
Her threats were stronger still.

So hied she to the banquet-hall  
Where all the folk were set ;  
But never spoke until she came  
Beside fair Margaret.

Then drew she off Sir Ralph his ring :  
“ A token, child, for thee !  
The knight who gave it me in charge  
Sails yonder on the sea.

“ No word of mine would bring him back,  
Nor he never will claim his wife,  
Till he have won a wider name,  
At peril of his life.

“ ‘ I’m not my lady’s peer,’ said he,  
‘ In having, nor in birth :  
The more ’s the need that every man  
Should hold me so in worth :

“ ‘ And therefore I’ll to France, Madame,  
To seek what fame I may !’  
Look out, for yonder goes the ship  
Wherein he sails away !”

Then rushed forth all that company,  
And mounted on the wall :  
The Countess, laughing to herself,  
Was foremost of them all.

They watched the ship which sailed away,  
And shouted o’er and o’er  
Farewell to bold Sir Ralph Duguay,  
Who yet remained ashore.

PART II.

O'er Whindon Heights and Broadwood glades  
The summer waned away,  
But thorough wood or over wold  
Went never Ralph Duguay.

O'er Whindon Heights and Broadwood glades  
A year went round and still  
Sir Ralph Duguay at Warenstay  
Was lodged against his will.

The Countess to her daughter spoke  
(And that high tower in sight),  
“ Sweet heart, no tidings come to us  
Of yonder errant knight.

“ Gay ladies plenty dwell in France :  
Men are a fickle kind ;  
And truly she that 's out of sight  
Will soon be out of mind.

“ Reck nought of him recks nought of thee :  
’Twere shame to stoop so low :  
Hey, never mope for a false traitor,  
But laugh and let him go !

“ Why here’s the Duke, the king’s cousin,  
Will wed thee if he may :  
Go to,” said she, “ be ruled by me,  
And never say him nay.”

Fair Margaret’s face waxed red apace :  
“ Sir Ralph Duguay his name  
I have heard it spoken with little love,  
But never, methinks, with blame.

“ Never before, nor never more,  
Dear mother, let it be ;  
But as you find me true to him,  
Ay think him true to me.”

The Countess talked no more with her,  
But on that self-same day,  
Unto the Duke she writ boldly,  
And promised her away.

Within a se’nnight from that time,  
All at the twilight hour,  
Came she again to her young daughter,  
A spinning in her bower.

“ O here be news enow from France !  
A battle late hath been,  
And a woful price the winning on 't  
Hath cost our King, I ween !

“ For many a stout heart lieth cold,  
Which never to none would yield ;  
And among the rest Sir Ralph Duguay  
Was slain upon the field.

“ 'Tis pity, yet he died the death  
A soldier ay loves best :  
Who falls in fight falls like a knight :  
So let his memory rest !

“ But other knights are left on live,  
Whereof the Duke is one :  
Now art thou free as bird on tree,  
And naysay shall he none.”

“ O what is this device, mother,”  
Sad Margaret replied,  
“ To take a woful fresh widow,  
And make of her a bride ? ”

Little thought fair Margaret,  
A-mourning in her bower,  
How safe and sound Sir Ralph was lodged  
Anigh her in the tower.

Little thought Sir Ralph the while,  
    Within his prison dim,  
How Margaret in her gay bower  
    Wept all alone for him.

Sir Ralph looked forth at the narrow loophole,  
    And saw the jackdaws fly :  
“ Ay, tarry,” quoth he, “ by the old tower :  
    You love it better than I.”

O strong, strong is the thick freestone  
    And strong is the iron gray ;  
But stronger still is the steadfast will,  
    And wears them both away.

He wrought by day, he wrought by night,  
    He wrought with might and main :  
When he had wrought a year and a week  
    He went at large again.

Abroad amid the gay morning  
    The daws flew to and fro ;  
And Ralph Duguay as well as they  
    Was free to come and go.

He wandered down upon the shore :  
    “ My limbs are something stiff,  
Else would I fain go swim again,  
    And double Whindon Cliff.”

Anon he looked across the land,  
A-doubting of his way ;  
And a voice came by with a heavy sigh,  
“ Farewell, Sir Ralph Duguay ! ”

Then he was ware of a sad lady  
Sate weeping by the sea.  
“ Now of all the knights that ever wore spurs,  
What makes her light on me ?

“ Of all the knights in broad England,  
Fair lady, tell me true,  
Why call you on this Ralph Duguay,  
Who calleth not on you ? ”

She never rose, nor turned her head,  
But her voice came like a moan :  
“ It is no blame to speak that name  
Which should have been mine own.

“ When he was living, as now he is dead,  
I looked to be his wife :  
He won me on my father’s word,  
By saving of my life.”

Quoth he, “ There be more bars than one  
This marriage well may let ;  
But certes Ralph his death is none,  
For that he liveth yet.”

She rose and looked him in the face :

O wan she was that day !—

“ In very sooth, do you know aught

Of this Sir Ralph Duguay ? ”

Said he, “ In very sooth I do :

I've known him many's the year,

And every word I listen to,

I warrant he shall hear.”

She drew a ring from her fair finger :

“ If this be so,” said she,

“ As you would help one in distress,

Give him this ring from me.

“ And tell him here at Warenstay

They count him to be dead ;

And they would marry me forthwith

Unto the Duke instead.”

He took the ring of wreathen gold :

He knew it well enow ;

And still he shook the tangled hair

The thicker o'er his brow.

“ Yet ponder well, fair damosel,

And make this choice aright :

Is not the one a princely duke,

And the other only a knight ? ”



“Were the knight a simple squire,” she said,  
“And the Duke a crownéd King,  
The heart were due to the promise true,  
And the hand unto the ring.”

“Take back the ring, thou rare lady!  
Take back the ring, I say!  
And take therewith my love and troth,  
For I’m that Ralph Duguay.

“I thought whilere of ladies fair  
Things bitter and untrue;  
But from my very heart this day  
Those ill thoughts do I rue.”

Fair Margaret stepped two paces back:  
She scanned him o’er and o’er:  
“O sorely art thou changed, my knight!  
I had known thee else before.”

He swept aside the tangled hair  
From off his cheek and brow:  
“O sorely art thou changed, my knight  
But well I know thee now.”

Earl Peregrine was set in state  
Within his hall that day,  
And around him all, both great and small,  
In festival array.

And next beside him sate the Duke :  
As richly dight was he  
As it had been his wedding day :  
He thought it so to be.

In there walked Sir Ralph Duguay,  
Unshorn, unkempt, unclean ;  
A-leading lovely Margaret,  
Apparelled like a queen.

Uprose the Duke in stark amaze :  
“ I fain would understand  
How dares yon strange unsightly man  
To touch my lady's hand ? ”

Straight replied fair Margaret :  
Her voice was low and clear :  
“ No lady am I of yours, Lord Duke,  
But his which standeth here. ”

O, then the Duke laid hand on sword  
“ My lord, I fain would know,  
Is this some mime to pass the time,  
Or may the truth be so ? ”

The Earl sate silent whilst he spoke,  
And eke when he had done :  
He gazed upon him dolefully,  
But answer made he none.

Then laughed Sir Ralph a little laugh :  
Said, " Lords and ladies gay,  
And all the rest, hear now a geste  
Upon this merry day."

So presently before them all  
He told his own true tale:  
The Earl did quake whereas he sate  
Beside his Countess pale.

The Duke stood still and heard him through,  
Then laughed so loud and free,  
Stepped forth and shook him by the hand,  
And spoke out heartily.

" Gramercy for this merry geste,  
This rare new geste of thine,  
And I wish thee joy of thy wedding-day,  
Though I thought it had been mine.

" For I would not part a lady's hand  
From her own true love his ring,  
For all the breadth of the broad acres  
That lady ever should bring.

" I wish you joy of your wedding-day,  
Sir Ralph Duguay," he cried:  
" Have you for me the mother-in-law,  
And the father-in-law beside.

“ For I would not call them mine,” said he,  
“ As they sit there this day,  
For the bravest bride in all England  
Was ever given away.

“ To horse, to horse, and home again!  
Mine errand here is done.”  
With that he flung him forth straightway,  
And his following every one.

Then, like a hunted hind at bay,  
Uprose that Countess bold :  
“ Is this our thanks, to be defied,  
In our own house and hold ? ”

Outspoke Sir Ralph : “ Of thanks, Madame  
You have earned you double meed :  
His friend that’s gone you were in will,  
And mine you were in deed.

“ For had you asked my mind herein  
That day I won your daughter,  
I had given her up as readily  
As another might have sought her.

“ And had you not this trial shaped,  
And done my doubts away,  
I might have lived a bachelor  
Up to my dying day.

“ My heart is full of gay joyance :  
Let anger go ! ” said he ;  
“ And here’s my hand for all present  
Will give their hands to me . ”

Forthwith uprose Earl Peregrine,  
In answer to that call :  
Stepped lightly past his proud Countess :  
“ Now hear me, one and all !

“ I have given way this many a day  
To wicked woman-craft ;  
But I’ll be master henceforward . ”  
The saucy squire he laughed.

“ The tide is turned , ” quoth the proud Countess,  
“ And all the work undone :  
I had liefer sewn my daughter’s shroud  
Than call Duguay my son .

“ But yet, if better may not be,  
Why battle any more ?  
Have here my hand, Sir Ralph , ” she said,  
“ And let our strife be o’er . ”

Then rose a shout amid the hall,  
And rang from side to side :  
“ Now happy live the true bridegroom,  
And happy live the bride ! ”

“An uncouth bridegroom,” quoth Sir Ralph:  
“I’ll mend him if I can:  
Let me go seek a coat to wear,  
And bid mine own best man.”

They set him on a swift courser,  
And home he rode full fain:  
A joyful wight was young Walter  
To look on him again.

And “Dearly welcome home, brother,  
And welcome home to me;  
But O thou comest home at last  
In sorry plight,” said he.

“No coat upon thy back, brother,  
No hat upon thy head:  
I doubt it hath gone hard with thee  
In France, dear Ralph,” he said.

“I have not been in France, Walter,  
Nor I have not been in Spain;  
But on English ground, where I have found  
Small choice but to remain.”

“If I speak wide now, brother Ralph,  
I speak but after thee,  
And after that same fair letter  
Which thou didst write to me.”

“ O fair may yet be false, Walter,  
And well methinks I wot  
Who writ this fair and false letter,  
Which I myself writ not.”

Then 'gan he shout, “ Ho, Forester,  
To greet me in time past  
Wast wont to be the foremost ay,  
Art now, my hound, the last ? ”

“ Nay cease thy calling, brother Ralph,  
Or call some other hound ;  
For Forester is dead and gone :  
His bones lie under ground.

“ He sought thee far and wide, brother,  
And so he pined away :  
We found his carcase on the Heights :  
We buried it where it lay.”

Sir Ralph thereto made answer none ;  
But only from his eye  
A tear dropped down on the broad hearthstone  
Where the hound had used to lie.

“ Now, Walter, put thy sad suit off,  
And lightly don thy best ;  
For a wedding is to do this day,  
And thou must be a guest.”

Right speedily they clad them both  
In seemly rich array,  
And so they rode forth side by side,  
And up to Warenstay.

As they two rode amid the throng,  
Quoth one, "Whoe'er they be,  
These are the comeliest gentlemen  
Of all the company."

When they two stepped into the hall,  
Young Walter spoke aside:  
"I see no groom save one, brother,  
To match with yonder bride:

"No king but one for yonder queen  
Throughout the banquet-hall;  
And he's the King of the Bachelors,  
Will crown no Queen at all."

"Hey, live and learn, my boy Walter:  
I have lived and learned herein;  
For yonder bride is mine, Walter,  
And let them laugh who win."

"O am I waking, brother Ralph,  
Or dreaming where I stand?  
If yon fair Queen my sister is,  
Then let me kiss her hand.



So into chapel presently  
 They passed in order due;  
 And there Sir Ralph Duguay espoused  
 That lady tried and true.

“A heart that’s fast I have won at last,  
 Even in mine own despite:  
 With wit, and wealth, and high degree,  
 And beauty passing bright!”

When Ralph Duguay rode home again,  
 His courser carried double,  
 And home rode he right merrily,  
 Forgetting care and trouble.

\* \* \* \* \*

O earthly joy doth come and go,  
 But nowhere may abide:  
 Grief o’er his shoulder ever peers,  
 And thrusts him soon aside.

Sir Ralph unto his lady spoke,  
 Upon a summer’s day;  
 “What is it ails our young brother,  
 To fade and fall away?”

Young Walter stood in green Broadwood,  
 With his back against a tree:  
 He took his viol in his hand,  
 And sweetly carolled he:

“ Upon a time, methought that I,  
Of all birds in the air,  
Would fainest be the Ger-falcon  
On lady’s fist so fair.

“ Methought there flew no bird so blest  
As he, by wold or wood ;  
But now I’m in another mind :  
I’ll none of jess nor hood.

“ I had liefer be the little Lark,  
Which soareth up so high :  
The Falcon he is well at home,  
But the Lark more free doth fly.

“ O happy, happy little Lark  
Which soarest up so high !  
The earth shows wondrous beautiful,  
But brighter is the sky ! ”

Young Walter he grew very sick  
Ere harvesting began ;  
But when All-hallowmas came round  
He lay a dying man.

At dawn of that All-hallowmas  
He sang surpassing well :  
At noon of that All-hallowmas  
They tolled young Walter’s knell.

*ORINDA.*

## A BALLAD.

At sundown of a summer's day,  
When the world was growing still,  
Came sad Orinda forth alone  
And climbed the stony hill.

She sought the wide and dreary moor,  
Where tracks were few and small;  
But where Orinda set her foot  
Was never a track at all.

Nor man nor beast she met abroad  
Amid the gorse and ling,  
Only the little flittermouse  
Was chirping on the wing.

The moor lay bleak on either hand,  
But as far as one might see,  
Right on before Orinda's face,  
There stood a single tree.

And on that tree, as on a mark,  
Her two blue eyes were set:  
She held her course through ling and gorse,  
Nor turned for any let.

What time she rose above the hill  
The sky was glowing red;  
But ay on the way the twilight gray  
Came thickening overhead.

And when she drew anigh the tree,  
The moon shone broad and bright:  
A sighing silvery tree it stood  
Alone there in the night.

Across the shadow of the tree  
There flowed a glittering brook:  
Orinda turned and followed it,  
With never a backwood look.

The brook flowed on from East to West,  
Flowed on from North to South;  
Flowed on below a rugged rock,  
And past a cavern's mouth.

And when she saw that same cavern  
She balanced never a whit,  
But waded through the chill water  
And entered into it.

All in the low and black cavern  
She reckoned slowly o'er  
Twenty paces at the side ;  
Twenty, and no more.

Thereby a hidden opening was,  
The trick<sup>r</sup> whereof she knew,  
Which groping in the damp darkness  
She found, and so passed through.

Thence mounted she a winding stair  
Up to a narrow door :  
The key which should that door undo  
On a silken string she wore.

She kissed the faded silken string,  
She kissed the little key :  
“ O mother dear ! O mother dead !  
Thy lost love rescues me ! ”

So entered she a dim chapel,  
By veinéd vaulting spanned,  
On many clustered marble shafts  
Upreared on either hand ;

Wherein, through mazy masonry,  
Deep-set in arches old,  
Fell window-slants of stained moonshine  
Across the pavement cold.

And as Orinda lightly trod  
    Adown that chapel fair,  
The lustres rose up one by one,  
    And glided over her hair.

Into an ancient rich cloister  
    She from the chapel passed,  
And where the shadow shrouded her,  
    Made she her halt at last.

All black and white, in the clear moonlight,  
    Stood up the chapel wall:  
Right to the tip of the pinnacles  
    You might scan the tracery small;

And eke the grim and starkthroat crew  
    Of gurgoyles gaping wide,  
Which, weather-scarred, with eyeballs hard,  
    Into the cloister pried.

So quiet was all, that high on the wall,  
    In a little whiff of wind,  
You might hear the edge of an ivy-leaf  
    Grate on the stone behind.

Also the beat of the old clock  
    At work within his tower:  
Orinda hearkened wistfully  
    What time he told the hour.

And "Dost thou count to me," she said,  
    "These hours which come and go ;  
Or count them to the waiting Dead,  
    Whose bodies lie below?"

But when the last of the midnight strokes  
    Came shivered in its fall,  
A sound of rustling raiment rose,  
    And pattering feet withal.

And straight there swept a darksome train  
    The lofty cloister through,  
Of nuns who toward the chapel went  
    In silence, two and two.

And last of all walked slowly by  
    The abbess old and frail,  
Who led a little blooming maid  
    With never a hood nor veil.

So passed they into chapel all,  
    And soon upon the air  
Came echoes of low orisons  
    Across the cloister-square.

Then suddenly there burst abroad  
    Strong harmony of praise :—  
Orinda stood and wept aloud :  
    So would she end her days !

The service o'er, those nuns once more,  
With dull and muffled sound,  
Swept all before Orinda's face,  
To lowly pallets bound.

"Henceforth," she thought, "O tranquil souls,  
Be your calm rest my own!  
But yet this night I would be free  
To watch here all alone."

The last again of the darksome train  
Came by that abbess mild;  
And still beside her, hand in hand,  
There walked the blooming child.

"A solemn masque," Orinda said:  
"These two play Life and Death:"  
Anon the child began to speak  
To the abbess, under her breath,

"I love to stand by the North window;  
But I would I could look through;  
For my father he dwells in the North,  
And my little brother too."

"O North and South," the abbess replied,  
"'Tis a world of sorrow and sin:  
Without yon wall it is perilous all:  
Rest thankful, child, within."



The child looked out upon the sky,  
And musing spoke again:  
"One's heart may cry for its liberty  
Most when the most in vain."

No further answer uttered then  
That abbess grave and old;  
But softly on the child's red lip  
She laid a finger cold;

And softly down the long cloister,  
And by a little door,  
The unequal footsteps passed away:  
Orinda heard no more.

She lingered in the lone cloister,  
Nor marked how time sped by,  
But the clock went on in his old tower  
And the moon went over the sky.

The light came gliding to her foot,  
Came gleaming in her face:  
Then with a sigh departed she  
From that cold lurking-place.

She came into a great garden,  
Beside a granite wall:  
Bright casements there enframéd were  
In niches old and small.

She stood before a little window,  
The midmost of the row;  
With a blowing eglantine above,  
And lily-buds below.

“ Ah, fair white flowers,” Orinda said,  
“ ’Tis meet ye thrive so well,  
Where sprights in saintly innocence  
And peace unbroken dwell!”

There rose a face in that window:  
Looked right out on her own;  
All in a woful staring trance,  
And with a shuddering groan.

“ They took me ere my life was done,  
And laid me here in the pit!  
I am pent up quick in the close darkness!  
I am mad, I am mad of it!”

So ghastly glared the unblinking eyes,  
The fixéd eyes of gray,  
So fierce and frantic was the voice,  
Orinda shrank away.

And that child’s words came back to her,  
With a sharp sudden pain:  
“ One’s heart may cry for its liberty,  
Most when the most in vain.”

She wandered in the still garden,  
All fresh with summer dew,  
Through hedges of sweet lavender,  
And rosemary, and rue ;

By old thick-flowering elder-trees  
Low-branching overhead,  
She wandered with a mind perturbed,  
And with a faltering tread ;

Till straying down a broad alley,  
When the moon was low in the West,  
She found a little hazel-bower  
Wherein she sank to rest.

At length the day began to dawn  
Up in the silent sky ;  
But she amid the waxing light  
Slept on right heavily.

The stare looked out from the walnut-tree,  
And piped so sweet and clear :  
The lark and the throstle 'gan merrily whistle,  
And blithe birds far and near.

The lightfoot squirrel was astir :  
The bee flew humming by ;  
But she amid the wakening all  
Slept on right heavily.

At the convent gate, ere the morn grew late,  
A minstrel took his stand;  
With a ragged cloak upon his back  
And a cithern in his hand.

The nuns' confessor paced the court  
With measured steps and slow,  
A-reading in a little book  
As he went to and fro.

"No good cometh of light music,"  
Said he, when he drew near:  
"Go on thy way; or if thou wilt stay  
And taste of the traveller's cheer,

"Yet will we none of that thy craft  
Fantastical and vain:  
Here is no leisure for such-like pleasure  
We sing in another strain."

With that he turned him into the house,  
And the minstrel hung his head;  
But the portress pale brought a draught of ale,  
And a crust of the wheaten bread.

Full dearly loved this pale portress  
The airs of her youth gone by:  
She sent him away, but she bade him play  
By the garden wall so high.

There was a broad and smooth alley  
Lay close within the wall;  
Screenéd from view by the rows of yew,  
Which stood so trim and tall.

Of threescore years, and five to that,  
This portress lacked not much:  
She had been lame for many a day,  
And went ay with a crutch.

Yet swiftly stole she from the gate  
To win that alley near:  
And over the wall came the gay music  
She had a mind to hear.

She fell a-dancing then and there,  
Her crutch she flung away:  
Down fell her hood, and down it hung,  
Down fell her locks of gray.

And eke she prattled while she danced:  
“I doubt, I doubt,” quoth she,  
“There’s never a one i’ the old house yon  
Could step so jauntily!”

When sad Orinda, sleeping on,  
Heard that same minstrel play,  
She dreamed a dream of a noble knight,  
And a castle far away.

She never minded in her sleep,  
    Though waking well she knew,  
How far away that castle lay,  
    Beyond the waters blue.

She never minded in her dream  
    How that brave knight was dead ;  
Though her own hands had garlanded  
    The stone above his head.

Time past arose on that old air,  
    And closed her lightly round ;  
And she lay still in the green arbour,  
    With gentle fancies crowned.

But when the minstrel changed his tune,  
    Her mood was overthrown :  
A trouble came across her face,  
    And from her lips a moan.

Then opening slow bewildered eyes,  
    She marvelled much to spy  
That silly portress, bent and lame,  
    A-frolicking hard by.

And in a while those very words  
    Came back to her again :  
"One's heart may cry for its liberty  
    Most when the most in vain."

The portress was a scared woman  
When next she turned her round,  
To light upon that strange lady  
Within the garden ground.

And " If you be the portress here,  
As so you seem to be,  
And that the key of the outer gate,  
Come open it now for me."

The portress was a scared woman,  
A-panting where she stood :  
She pounced upon her crutch anon,  
And shuffled on her hood.

She tarried for no parley then,  
But up the alley hied,  
Betook her to the outer gate,  
And flung it open wide.

And thus Orinda, once for all,  
The convent bounds forsook ;  
Back toward the moor she went her way,  
Beside the winding brook.

*(L'ENVOI.)*

“And tell me, I beseech you, do you not think it possible for a man to have his heart in the World when his legs and arms are out of it? May it not dwell in his fancy, when he sees it not with his eyes? May he not please himself in the shadow and image of his old friend which he says is dead and buried? May not one leave his soul behind when he withdraws his body from all the World? I wish there be not many of such Religious men and women: As, on the contrary, I hope there are not a few whose minds and hearts are shut up from the World, though they are with it every day. Who have made a Cloyster for their souls while their bodies are at liberty. Who bridle their appetites, and lay restraints on their desires; though they live at large, and are under no Vow but that of their Baptism.”—Bishop PATRICK: “Parable of the Pilgrim.”



*FLORA'S LESSON.*

(WRITTEN IN 1832, WHEN A. E. WAS TWELVE YEARS OLD.)

Flora once invited  
 The Senses to her bower,  
 Where, in perfection rare,  
 Was every lovely flower.

But Hearing did not come  
 To see these lovely flowers ;  
 In Music's cave was she,  
 Where she often spent her hours.

And Taste, too, stayed away,  
 To dine and sup with Fame ;  
 And so, instead of *five*,  
*Three* senses only came.

Venus in her car  
 Came on that very day,  
 To ask a perfect flower  
 For her to take away.

## FLORA'S LESSON.

Said she, "You sister ladies  
Must choose a flower for me ;  
I'll take it not unless  
'Tis liked by all the three."

Said Flora, "There's a flower,  
I know you'll like it, when  
I tell you which I mean :  
The *Tulip of the Fen*."

Said Sight, "It pleases me,  
'Tis a lovely little bell ;"  
But her sister liked it not,  
For it had a horrid smell.

"But say," said she, "What plant  
With the Spice-flower rich can vie?"  
"I like it not," said Sight,  
"For it pleases not the eye."

Said Smell, "The Rose will do,  
It covers Flora's lands ;"  
But Touch directly said,  
"Thorns always hurt my hands !"

So not a single flower  
Had suited all the three ;  
And Flora, smiling, said,  
"Let this a lesson be.

“ From things not perfect quite,  
Turn not away in scorn ;  
For where was ever found  
The Rose without a thorn ? ”



MUSIC.

# QUADRILLE.

I.

## EN RUSSIE.

1.

(Le Pantalon.)

PIANO.

*f* Ped. \* Ped. \*

Ped. \* Ped. \*

FINE.

*p* Sva...

First system of musical notation. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music begins with a dynamic marking of *f* and a pedaling instruction *Ped.*. A breath mark *v* is placed above the first measure. The piece concludes with a fermata over the final note. Additional markings include an asterisk *\** above the second measure and another *Ped.* marking above the fifth measure, followed by another asterisk *\** above the sixth measure.

Second system of musical notation. The upper staff is in bass clef and the lower staff is in treble clef. The music begins with a dynamic marking of *f* and a pedaling instruction *Ped.*. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the marking *D.C.* (Da Capo). Additional markings include an asterisk *\** above the second measure and a breath mark *v* above the fifth measure.

## II.

## EN ALLEMAGNE.

First eight bars *8va.* after the 1st time.

(L'Été.)

PIANO.



The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, all under a single slur. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a rhythmic accompaniment of chords, primarily dyads and triads, with some sixteenth-note patterns.

The second system of music also consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line from the first system, ending with a fermata over the final note. A *tr* (trill) marking is placed above the penultimate note. The system concludes with a double bar line and a *D.C.* (Da Capo) instruction. The lower staff continues the accompaniment, with a *fz* (forzando) marking placed above the final chord. The system ends with a double bar line.

III.  
EN ECOSSE.

*Vivace.* (La Poule.)

PIANO.

FIN.

8va

Musical score for the first system, measures 1-4. The treble clef staff contains a melodic line starting with a dotted quarter note, followed by eighth and quarter notes. The bass clef staff contains a rhythmic accompaniment of chords. A dotted line above the treble staff indicates an octave shift.

Musical score for the second system, measures 5-8. The treble clef staff continues the melodic line, ending with a double bar line. The bass clef staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment. The notation "D.C." is written above the final chord.

IV.  
EN POLOGNE.

PIANO. *p* (La Trenise.)

*f*

*p*

*p dol.*

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. It contains four measures of music. The first measure has a dotted quarter note followed by an eighth note. The second measure has a quarter note followed by an eighth note. The third and fourth measures feature a complex texture with multiple beamed notes and rests. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It contains four measures of music, primarily consisting of chords and some moving lines.

*8va.....*

*D.C.*

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. It contains four measures of music. The first measure has a dotted quarter note followed by an eighth note. The second measure has a quarter note followed by an eighth note. The third and fourth measures feature a complex texture with multiple beamed notes and rests. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It contains four measures of music, primarily consisting of chords and some moving lines. The system concludes with a double bar line.

v.

## EN ANGLETERRE.

(Finale.)

PIANO.

The first system of the piano score is written in 6/8 time. The right hand features a melody of eighth notes and chords, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed at the beginning of the right-hand staff.

The second system continues the musical piece, maintaining the 6/8 time signature and the established melodic and harmonic patterns.

The third system of the score shows a change in dynamics, with a marking of *f* *v* (forte) appearing at the start of the right-hand staff.

The fourth system concludes the piece, ending with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass line in the left hand.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a series of chords, primarily triads and dyads, with some eighth-note movement. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with eighth and sixteenth notes, providing harmonic support for the chords above.

The second system continues the musical piece. The upper staff in treble clef shows a progression of chords, including some with moving lines. The lower staff in bass clef continues the bass line with rhythmic patterns of eighth and sixteenth notes.

The third system is marked with "8va" above the treble clef, indicating an octave shift. The upper staff now contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the lower staff continues with the bass line. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The upper staff in treble clef features a melodic line with accents (marked with a 'v' symbol) on several notes. The lower staff in bass clef continues the bass line. The system ends with a double bar line and the marking "D.C." (Da Capo).

2.

## POLKA.

PIANO. *p*

*f*

FINE.



First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff begins with a dynamic marking of *ff*. The bass clef staff contains a melodic line with a slur over the first two measures.

Second system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melodic line. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment with a slur over the first two measures.

Third system of musical notation. The treble clef staff starts with a dynamic marking of *ff*. The bass clef staff has a dynamic marking of *p* in the third measure. A hairpin crescendo is shown over the first two measures of the bass staff.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff starts with a dynamic marking of *sf*. The bass clef staff has a dynamic marking of *sf* in the first measure. The system concludes with a double bar line and the marking *D.C.* (Da Capo).

## 3.

## WALTZ.

*Allegro.*

PIANO.

*f* *p*

*f* *p*

FINE.

*p*

*f* *p*

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with a series of eighth notes, followed by a half note, and then a quarter note. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is placed below the staff. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with a series of eighth notes, followed by a half note, and then a quarter note. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed below the staff.

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with a series of eighth notes, followed by a half note, and then a quarter note. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed below the staff. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with a series of eighth notes, followed by a half note, and then a quarter note. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed below the staff. The word *Sua* is written above the staff, with a dotted line indicating a breath mark.

## 4.

## POLONAISE.

PIANO.

First system of a piano score. The right hand (treble clef) features a melodic line with slurs and accents. The left hand (bass clef) provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A dynamic marking of *fp* (fortissimo piano) is present in the left hand.

Second system of the piano score. The right hand continues the melodic line, including a triplet of eighth notes. The left hand maintains the accompaniment pattern.

Third system of the piano score. The right hand has a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) and includes a section marked *8va* (octave) with a dotted line above it. The left hand continues with chords and notes.

Fourth system of the piano score. The right hand features a triplet of eighth notes. The system concludes with the instruction *Dal Segno* and a *Segno* symbol (an 'S' with a crossbar). The left hand continues with the accompaniment.

## 5.

## WALTZ.

*Moderato.*

PIANO. *p*

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The music features a series of chords and melodic lines. A dynamic marking of *v* (accents) is present above the first measure of both staves. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in a key signature of two flats. The music continues from the first system. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed between the staves, with a hairpin indicating a decrease in volume. The system concludes with a double bar line and the marking *D.C.* (Da Capo).

## 6.

## EN ALLEMAGNE.

*Allegro vivace.*

PIANO. *mf*

*FINE.*

*p*

*cres.* *Sua* *ir*



The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and begins with a trill (*tr*) on a quarter note. The lower staff is in bass clef and begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. Both staves contain a series of chords and melodic lines with slurs and accents.

The second system of music continues from the first. It features similar notation with slurs and accents. The system concludes with a double bar line, a *D.C.* (Da Capo) marking, and a *V* (Coda) symbol on both staves.

7.

PIANO. *Moderato.*

*f* >

*f* >

**FINE.**

*p*

First system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and a fermata over the final measure.

Second system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music includes a *D.C.* marking and a fermata over the final measure.

## 8. AIR (à la Russe).

The first eight bars the 2nd time 8va. higher and *p*.  
*Allegretto.*

PIANO. *mf*

*f*

8va. ....

*3va.*

*dim.* *p*

*>* *>*

*mf*

*>*

*>* *>*

First system of music, measures 1-4. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The music is in 4/4 time. The upper staff (treble clef) features a melodic line with eighth-note patterns and slurs. The lower staff (bass clef) provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and eighth-note patterns. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed in the lower staff at the beginning of the first measure.

Second system of music, measures 5-8. The key signature remains B-flat major. The upper staff continues with melodic development, including sixteenth-note passages. The lower staff features a steady accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *pp* (pianissimo) is placed in the lower staff at the end of the second measure. A performance instruction *rit. e dim.* (ritardando e diminuendo) is written above the lower staff, with a long horizontal line extending from the second measure to the eighth measure, indicating a gradual deceleration and decrease in volume.

## 9.

## CHAUFFE-MAIN.

*Allegro vivace.*

PIANO. *p*

*Legato e ben marcato.*

*f*

Musical score for page 138, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The score includes a repeat sign with first and second endings.

The first ending is marked "1st time." and the second ending is marked "2nd time." Both endings conclude with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

The score is written in a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first ending is marked "1st time." and the second ending is marked "2nd time." Both endings conclude with a double bar line and a repeat sign.



## 10.

*Moderato.*

PIANO.

11.

PIANO. *Andante.*

*sotto voce.*

## 12.

PIANO. *Slow.*

*p*

*mf*

*f*

13.

PIANO.

Musical score for piano, first system. The score is in G major (one flat) and 3/4 time. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a simple accompaniment of eighth notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

Musical score for piano, second system. The right hand continues the melody with some chords, and the left hand continues the accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line.

Musical score for piano, third system. The right hand continues the melody with some chords, and the left hand continues the accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line.

Musical score for piano, fourth system. The right hand continues the melody with some chords, and the left hand continues the accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line.

## 14.

PIANO.



*Sua. lower.*



15.

## LA RÊVERIE.

*Andante.*

PIANO. *p*

*p*

R.H.



First system of musical notation. The right hand (RH) plays a melody in the treble clef, featuring a triplet of eighth notes. The left hand (L.H.) plays a bass line in the bass clef. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat).



Second system of musical notation. The right hand (R.H.) plays a melody in the treble clef. The left hand (L.H.) plays a bass line in the bass clef, including a triplet of eighth notes. The key signature is two flats.



Third system of musical notation. The right hand (RH) plays a melody in the treble clef. The left hand (L.H.) plays a bass line in the bass clef. The key signature is two flats. Dynamics include accents (>) and a forte (f) marking.



Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand (RH) plays a melody in the treble clef. The left hand (L.H.) plays a bass line in the bass clef. The key signature is two flats. A piano (p) dynamic marking is present.



Fifth system of musical notation. The right hand (RH) plays a melody in the treble clef. The left hand (L.H.) plays a bass line in the bass clef. The key signature is two flats. A forte (f) dynamic marking is present.

## 16. THE BLEW-EY'D LADIE.

AN AYRE,

Invented and sett forth to bee sung with one Voyce to the *Spinnet*,  
*Virginalls*, or *other like Instrumente*,

by *A.E.* Practitioner in *Musicke*.

ALL yee, who love the simple Song  
 That doth to older Tyme belong,  
 In these poore notes bee pleased to heare  
 A feeble Echo briog it neere.  
 Eke let your Sight be cheated soe  
 By th' antick Garb mine Ayre doth show, }  
 (Tho' but imperfite as I trow,) }  
 That Eares and Eies may travell back  
 To James or Charles uppon its Tracke,  
 While faithfull to Victoria's Raiga  
 Your loyall Harts doe still remaine.

My la - die's eyes are blew and brighte, Iff these of mine doe

see a - righte; My la die's hand doth seeme to mee Soe



white as whyt-er scarce could bee. Yet nought recke I of

a - zure blew, in eies that speake and speake soe trew; To

mee those wordes the hande hath writ Show fair - er far than itt.

The Spring may decke in brav - er dye Eche short-lived budd and

but ter-flie; My la - die's worth I can - not tell By

fleet - ing hews which these ex - cell. Who hath the witte a

booke to read, Its . . cost - lie guise doth slight - ly heede, When

hee in eve - rie leafe can finde Where-with to . . charm the minde.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth notes: B-flat, A, G, F, E, D, C, B-flat. This is followed by a triplet of eighth notes: B-flat, A, G. The system concludes with a quarter note B-flat, a quarter note A, and a quarter note G. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. It starts with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth notes: B-flat, A, G, F, E, D, C, B-flat. The system ends with a quarter note B-flat, a quarter note A, and a quarter note G.

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. It begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth notes: B-flat, A, G, F, E, D, C, B-flat. This is followed by a triplet of eighth notes: B-flat, A, G. The system concludes with a quarter note B-flat, a quarter note A, and a quarter note G. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat. It starts with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth notes: B-flat, A, G, F, E, D, C, B-flat. The system ends with a quarter note B-flat, a quarter note A, and a quarter note G. A trill (tr) is indicated above the final note of the upper staff.

## 17. I WALK'D THRO' MY GARDEN.

VOICE.

I walk'd thro' my gard-en to cull me fresh po-sies,

PIANO.

Well I re-mem-ber, on Mid-sum-mer's day, I bound the sweet

bay with pan-sies rich and gay, And with red, red ro-ses, and with

red, red ro ses.

*pp*

O gar - lands will wi - ther and sea sons will va - ry: To -

- night I have pluck'd me a po sy a new:

Cy - press and yew, and the bit - ter, bit - ter rue, And the

pale rose ma ry, and the pale rose - ma ry.

## 18.

## COLIN.

VOICE.

Take thy crook and go, Co-lin: Bit-ter winds do blow, Co-lin,

PIANO.

Drift-ing fast the snow, Co-lin, Down the Deep Holm lane.

If the night be wild and drea-ry, If the way do make thee wea-ry,

Think we part-ed with a cheer-y Hope to meet a gain. . .

Take thy crook and go, Co - lin: Bit - ter winds do blow, Co - lin,

Drift - ing fast the snow, Co - lin, Down the Deep Holm lane.

Haply next in May, Colin,  
 Some long sunny day, Colin,  
 Thou mayest take thy way Colin,  
 Down the Deep Holm lane.

When the new green leaves are growing,  
 When the frozen brook is flowing,  
 Primrose-tufts and daisies blowing  
 O'er the bank again:  
 Haply next in May, Colin, &c.

## 19.

## PERADVENTURE!

*Moderato.*

VOICE.

My love he's goae to London town, Hey, ho, and who should say him nay!

*Moderato.*

PIANO.

Wait a year, and he'll come down Twice as rich as he went a - way,—

*rit ar do.*

With a per - ad - ven - ture, Hey, With a per - ad - ven - ture . . .

My love he's gone to London town:  
 Hey, ho, I'll bear it as I may!  
 Wait a year, and he'll come down  
 All as true as he went away,—  
 With a peradventure, Hey,  
 With a peradventure . . .



## 20.

## ROUND.

*(SUGGESTED BY DOVER CRIES.)*

1 Buy my fine ap - ples and jar - go - nelle pears! 2

2 Nuts all ripe, haz - el nuts, Buy my nuts, O! 3

3 Fine fresh shrimps! Here they are Fine large ones! 1

## 21.

## GARÇON VOLAGE.

*Gai.*

VOICE.

1. "Gar-çon vo - la - ge, Gar-çon vo - la - ge," U - ne ber - gè - re,

PIANO.

Jeune et sin - cè re, Dit, "Ton hom - ma ge, Gar-çon vo - la - ge,

Ne me plaît guè-res, Lan li - re lan la."

2.

Pour tes cadeaux,  
Pour tes cadeaux,  
Nouvelle houlette,  
Douce musette—  
Tant qu'ils soient beaux,  
Point de cadeaux  
Ne veut Lucette,  
Lan lire lan la.

3.

Moi, j'ai un cœur,  
Moi, j'ai un cœur,  
Veux-tu cueillir  
Pour voir flétrir  
De pareils fleurs ?  
Moi, j'ai un cœur  
Qui peut souffrir  
Lan lire lan la.

4.

Mais, mon ami,  
Mais, mon ami,  
Je veux garder  
Mon humeur gai,  
Si je le puis :—  
Va, mon ami,  
C'en est assez,  
Lan lire lan la.

## 22.

## ROSES.

VOICE.

1. O ro-ses red, and ro-ses white, You are my gar-den's

PIANO.

rare de-light: I'll reap my ro-ses dew-y sweet, And lay them at my

la-dy's feet, In a wide rich har-vest. *No Symphony after last verse.*

2.  
Sing loud, blithe birds, among the trees,  
For there's a death-bell on the breeze,  
And how shall I go to and fro,  
To pluck my roses where they blow,  
With a death-bell tolling.


3.  
Last eve my lady sang to me,  
Her soul elate with melody,  
And tuning so the tranquil air  
Methought she grew more lovely fair,  
In the pale still moonshine.


4.  
"I come to greet my lady bright  
With new-blown roses, red and white."  
"Bring in the white, but leave the red,  
Your lady lies here, cold and dead,  
In a death-deep silence."


## 23.


## DIRGE.


*Largo.*

TREBLE.  Close the eyes which were so bright, Fold the hands a

ALTO.  Close the eyes which were so bright, Fold the hands a

TENOR.  Close the eyes which were so bright, Fold the hands a

BASS.  Close the eyes which were so bright, Fold the hands a -


PIANO.  *Largo.*

bove the heart: All have done their mor - tal part, . .

bove the heart: All have done their mor - tal part,

bove the heart: All have done their mor tal part,

bove the heart: All have done their mor - tal part, . . .



O'er the noon hath dropp'd the night.

O'er the noon hath dropp'd the night.

O'er the noon hath dropp'd the night.

O'er the noon hath dropp'd the night.

*p*

- 2 Softly lay the sleeping form  
 In that shelter close and meet;  
 There to rest while weary feet  
 Walk o'erhead in sun and storm.
- 3 Faith and Hope, all grief above,  
 Guide us on till grief be past;  
 Guide us thither, where at last  
 Faith and Hope shall end in Love.















