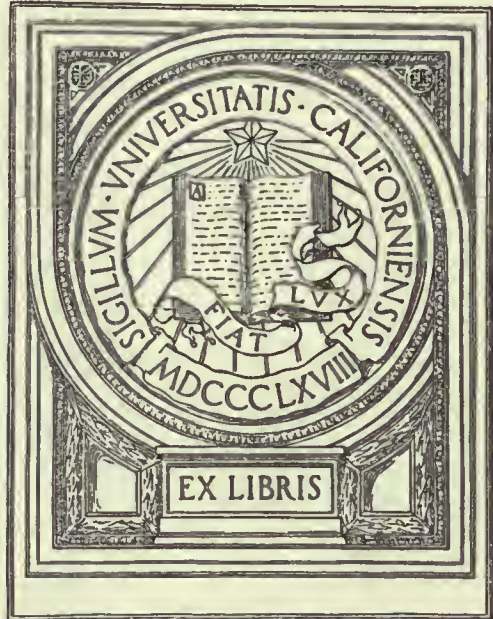




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# NATURE AND ART

## POEMS AND PICTURES

*FROM THE BEST AUTHORS AND ARTISTS*

COMPILED BY

LOUISE REID ESTES

ILLUSTRATED WITH FOURTEEN ETCHINGS, BY RAJON, AFTER BONNAT; FORBERG, AFTER GREUZE;  
R. SWAIN GIFFORD, H. FARRAR, A. F. BELLOWS, GARRETT, MORAN, AND OTHERS

AND

FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DESIGNS BY A. F. BELLOWS, GEORGE FULLER, GRANVILLE  
PERKINS, WM. M. HUNT, THOMAS MORAN, AND J. D. WOODWARD

ENGRAVED BY W. J. LINTON, G. T. ANDREW, W. B. CLOSSON, AND G. KRUELL



BOSTON

ESTES AND LAURIAT

1887

227  
Prof. Helm

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## NATURE AND ART.

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### THE OLD PATH.

I STAND again upon the bridge,  
I watch the shimmering stream below,  
I hear the pine-trees from the ridge  
Repeat the music of its flow.  
Lulled by their low, perpetual psalm,  
The listening waters lingering sweep  
Through meadows filled with drowsy calm —  
A dream that glorifies their sleep.

The eastern mountain's dewy shade  
 Still floats upon the field of grain,  
 Along whose edge my footsteps made  
 Their morning pathway to the train;  
 The eagle-eyed autumnal flowers  
 Guard, as of old, the rustic arch  
 Where the procession of the hours  
 Moved by us in melodious march;

And red leaves through the sunset wood  
 Still flicker down — like tongues of flame,  
 Just as around her where she stood  
 To greet me when I homeward came.  
 But there's no pressure on my arm,  
 No voice upon the evening air,  
 The path has lost its ancient charm —  
 It leads not home — she sleeps elsewhere.

JAMES FREEMAN COLEMAN.

---

LINES ON MY NEW CHILD-SWEETHEART.

I HOLD it a religious duty  
 To love and worship children's beauty;  
 They've least the taint of earthly clod,  
 They're freshest from the hand of God;  
 With heavenly looks they make us sure  
 The heaven that made them must be pure.  
 We love them not in earthly fashion,  
 But with a beatific passion.  
 I chanced to, yesterday, behold  
 A maiden child of beauty's mould;





'T was near, more sacred was the scene,  
The palace of our patriot Queen.  
The little charmer to my view  
Was sculpture brought to life anew.  
Her eyes had a poetic glow,  
Her pouting mouth was Cupid's bow;  
And through her frock I could descry  
Her neck and shoulders' symmetry.  
'T was obvious from her walk and gait  
Her limbs were beautifully straight.  
I stopped th' enchantress, and was told,  
Though tall, she was but four years old.  
Her guide so grave an aspect wore  
I could not ask a question more;  
But followed her. The little one  
Threw backward ever and anon  
Her lovely neck, as if to say,  
"I know you love me, Mr. Grey;"  
For by its instinct childhood's eye  
Is shrewd in physiognomy;  
They well distinguish fawning art  
From sterling fondness of the heart.  
And so she flirted, like a true,  
Good woman, till we bade adieu.  
'T was then I with regret grew wild,  
Oh, beauteous, interesting child!  
Why ask'd I not thy home and name?  
My courage fail'd me — more 's the shame.  
But where abides this jewel rare?  
Oh, ye that own her, tell me where!  
For sad it makes my heart and sore  
To think I ne'er may meet her more.

## THE FLIGHT OF NIGHT.

ENTHRONED upon her car of light, the moon  
Is circling down the lofty heights of heaven :  
Her well-trained coursers wedge the blindest depths  
With fearful plunge, yet heed the steady hand  
That guides their lonely way. So swift her course,  
So bright her smile, she seems on silver wings,  
O'erreaching space, to glide the airy main :  
Behind, far-flowing, spreads her deep blue veil,  
Inwrought with stars that shimmer in its wave.

Before the car an owl, gloom-sighted, flaps  
His weary way : with melancholy hoot  
Dispelling spectral shades that flee,  
With bat-like rush, affrighted, back  
Within the blackest nooks of caverned Night.  
Still Hours of darkness wend around the car,  
By raven tresses half concealed : but one,  
With fairer locks, seems lingering back for Day.  
Yet all with even measured footsteps mark  
Her onward course. And floating in her train  
Repose lies nestled on the breast of Sleep,  
While soft Desires enclasp the waists of Dreams,  
And light-winged Fancies flit around in troops.

LEAVITT HUNT.



THE FLIGHT OF NIGHT.







## JUNE.

AND what is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays:

Whether we look, or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;  
Every clod feels a stir of might,  
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
And, groping blindly above it for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;  
The flush of life may well be seen  
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;  
The cowslip startles in meadows green,  
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,  
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean  
To be some happy creature's palace;  
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,  
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,  
And lets his illumined being o'errun  
With the deluge of summer it receives;  
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,  
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;  
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—  
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,  
And whatever of life hath ebb'd away  
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,  
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;  
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,  
We are happy now because God wills it;  
No matter how barren the past may have been,  
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;  
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well  
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;  
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing  
That skies are clear and grass is growing;

The breeze comes whispering in our ear,  
 That dandelions are blossoming near,  
     That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,  
 That the river is bluer than the sky,  
 That the robin is plastering his house hard by;  
 And if the breeze kept the good news back,  
 For other couriers we should not lack;  
     We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—  
 And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,  
 Warmed with the new wine of the year,  
     Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;  
 Everything is happy now,  
     Everything is upward striving;  
 'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true  
 As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—  
     'Tis the natural way of living:  
 Who knows whither the clouds have fled?  
     In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;  
 And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,  
     The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;  
 The soul partakes the season's youth,  
     And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe  
 Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,  
     Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

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

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

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.





### OUR SKATER BELLE.

ALONG the frozen lake she comes  
In linking crescents, light and fleet;  
The ice-imprisoned Undine hums  
A welcome to her little feet.

I see the jaunty hat, the plume  
Swerve bird-like in the joyous gale,—  
The cheeks lit up to burning bloom,  
The young eyes sparkling through the veil.

The quick breath parts her laughing lips,  
The white neck shines through tossing curls;  
Her vesture gently sways and dips,  
As on she speeds in shell-like whirls.

Men stop and smile to see her go;  
 They gaze, they smile in pleased surprise;  
 They ask her name; they long to show  
 Some silent friendship in their eyes.



She glances not; she passes on;  
 Her steely footfall quicker rings;  
 She guesses not the benison  
 Which follows her on noiseless wings.

Smooth be her ways, secure her tread  
 Along the devious lines of life,  
 From grace to grace successive led,—  
 A noble maiden, nobler wife!

ANONYMOUS.





### THOSE EVENING BELLS.

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

Those joyous hours are pass'd away;  
And many a heart that then was gay  
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,  
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be when I am gone,—  
That tuneful peal will still ring on;  
While other bards shall walk these dells,  
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

THOMAS MOORE.

## SAY, LOVELY DREAM!

A SONG.

SAY, lovely dream! where couldst thou find  
Shades to counterfeit that face?  
Colors of this glorious kind  
Come not from any mortal place.

In heaven itself thou sure wert dress'd  
With that angel-like disguise;  
Thus deluded, am I blest,  
And see my joy with closèd eyes.

But, ah! this image is too kind  
To be other than a dream;  
Cruel Sacharissa's mind  
Ne'er put on that sweet extreme.

Fair dream! if thou intend'st me grace,  
Change that heavenly face of thine;  
Paint despised love in thy face,  
And make it t' appear like mine.

EDMUND WALLER [1605-87].







### THE HUSKERS.

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain  
Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with grass again;  
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay  
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow-flowers of  
    May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun rose broad and red,  
At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as he sped;  
Yet, even his noontide glory fell chastened and subdued,  
On the cornfields and the orchards, and softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night,  
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light;  
Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified the hill;  
And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter, greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky,  
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed, they knew not why;  
And school-girls, gay with aster-flowers, beside the meadow  
    brooks,  
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks.

From spire and barn looked westerly the patient weathercocks;  
But even the birches on the hill stood motionless as rocks.  
No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's dropping  
shell,  
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested; the stubble-fields lay dry,  
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the pale green  
waves of rye;  
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with wood,  
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn-crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that dry  
and sere,  
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow ear;  
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant fold,  
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters; and many a creaking wain  
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk and grain;  
Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank down, at last,  
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness passed.

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow, stream, and  
pond,  
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire beyond,  
Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone,  
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one!

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed away,  
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil shadows lay;  
From many a brown old farm-house, and hamlet without name,  
Their milking and their home-tasks done, the merry huskers came.



THE HUSKERS.





Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks in the mow,  
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene below ;  
The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before,  
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown cheeks glim-  
mering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart,  
Talking their old times over, the old men sat apart ;  
While, up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling in its shade,  
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy children  
played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young and fair,  
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of soft brown  
hair,  
The master of the village school, sleek of hair and smooth of  
tongue,  
To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking-ballad sung.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.



### THINK OF ME.

Go where the water glideth gently ever,  
    Glideth through meadows that the greenest be—  
Go, listen to our own beloved river,  
    And think of me.

Wander in forests, where the small flower layeth  
    Its fairy gem beneath the giant tree ;  
List to the dim brook, pining as it playeth,  
    And think of me.

And when the sky is silver-pale at even,  
    And the wind grieveth in the lonely tree,  
Walk out beneath the solitary heaven,  
    And think of me.

And when the moon riseth as she were dreaming,  
And treadeth with white feet the lulléd sea,  
Go, silent as a star beneath her beaming,  
And think of me!

JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS.



## WINTER SONG.

SUMMER joys are o'er:  
Flowerets bloom no more,  
Wintry winds are sweeping:  
Through the snow-drifts peeping,  
Cheerful evergreen  
Rarely now is seen.

Now no pluméd throng  
Charms the wood with song  
Ice-bound trees are glittering;  
Merry snow-birds, twittering,  
Fondly strive to cheer,  
Scenes so cold and drear.

Winter, still I see  
Many charms in thee, —  
Love thy chilly greeting,  
Snow-storms fiercely beating,  
And the dear delights  
Of the long, long nights.

LUDWIG HÖLTY.  
Translation of Charles T. Brooks.



### SONG.

AT setting day and rising morn,  
With soul that still shall love thee,  
I'll ask of Heaven thy safe return,  
With all that can improve thee.  
I'll visit aft the birken bush,  
Where first thou kindly told me  
Sweet tales of love, and hid thy blush,  
Whilst round thou didst infold me.  
To all our haunts I will repair,  
By greenwood shaw or fountain;  
Or where the summer day I'd share  
With thee upon yon mountain;  
There will I tell the trees and flowers,  
From thoughts unfeigned and tender;  
By vows you're mine, by love is yours  
A heart which cannot wander.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

## THE VALLEY BROOK.

FRESH from the fountains of the wood  
A rivulet of the valley came,  
And glided on for many a rood,  
Flushed with the morning's ruddy flame.

The air was fresh and soft and sweet;  
The slopes in Spring's new verdure lay,  
And wet with dew-drops at my feet  
Bloomed the young violets of May.

No sound of busy life was heard  
Amid those pastures lone and still,  
Save the faint chirp of early bird,  
Or bleat of flocks along the hill.

I traced that rivulet's winding way;  
New scenes of beauty opened round,  
Where meads of brighter verdure lay,  
And lovelier blossoms tinged the ground.

"Ah, happy valley-stream!" I said,  
"Calm glides thy wave amid the flowers,  
Whose fragrance round thy path is shed  
Through all the joyous summer hours.



WINTER.





“Oh! could my years, like thine, be passed  
In some remote and silent glen,  
Where I could dwell and sleep at last,  
Far from the bustling haunts of men!”

But what new echoes greet my ear?  
The village schoolboys' merry call!  
And 'mid the village hum I hear  
The murmur of the water-fall.

I looked! the widening vale betrayed  
A pool that shone like burnished steel,  
Where that bright valley-stream was stayed  
To turn the miller's ponderous wheel.

Ah! why should I, I thought with shame,  
Sigh for a life of solitude,  
When even this stream without a name  
Is laboring for the common good.

No longer let me shun my part  
Amid the busy scenes of life,  
But with a warm and generous heart  
Press onward in the glorious strife.

JOHN HOWARD BRYANT.

## BY THE AUTUMN SEA.

FAIR as the dawn of the fairest day,  
Sad as the evening's tender gray,  
By the latest lustre of sunset kissed,  
That wavers and wanes through an amber mist, —  
There cometh a dream of the past to me,  
On the desert sands, by the autumn sea.

All heaven is wrapped in a mystic veil,  
And the face of the ocean is dim and pale,  
And there rises a wind from the chill north-west,  
That seemeth the wail of a soul's unrest,  
As the twilight falls, and the vapors flee  
Far over the wastes of the autumn sea.

A single ship through the gloaming glides,  
Upborne on the swell of the seaward tides;  
And above the gleam of her topmost spar  
Are the virgin eyes of the vesper-star  
That shine with an angel's ruth on me, —  
A hopeless waif, by the autumn sea.

The wings of the ghostly beach-birds gleam  
Through the shimmering surf, and the curlew's scream  
Falls faintly shrill from the darkening height;  
The first weird sigh on the lips of Night  
Breathes low through the sedge and the blasted tree,  
With a murmur of doom, by the autumn sea.



Old Coast  
Coast of Maine

William  
C. Miller





THE VALLEY BROOK.



O sky-enshadowed and yearning main!  
Your gloom but deepens this human pain;  
Those waves seem big with a nameless care,  
That sky is a type of the heart's despair,  
As I linger and muse by the sombre lea,  
And the night-shades close on the autumn sea.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.



### THE RETURN OF SPRING.

HAVE I passed through Death's unconscious birth,  
In a dream the midnight bare?  
I look on another and fairer Earth;  
I breathe a wondrous air!

A spirit of beauty walks the hills,  
A spirit of love the plain;  
The shadows are bright, and the sunshine fills  
The air with a diamond rain!

Before my vision the glories swim,  
To the dance of a tune unheard;  
Is an angel singing where woods are dim,  
Or is it an amorous bird?



Is it a spike of azure flowers,  
Deep in the meadows seen,  
Or is it the peacock's neck, that towers  
Out of the spangled green?

Is a white dove glancing across the blue,  
Or an opal taking wing?  
For my soul is dazzled through and through,  
With the splendor of the Spring.

Is it she that shines, as never before,  
The tremulous hills above,—  
Or the heart within me, awake once more  
To the dawning light of love?

BAYARD TAYLOR.



### TO MY HORSE.

WITH a glancing eye and curving mane  
He neighs and champs on the bridle-rein ;  
One spring, and his saddled back I press,  
And ours is a common happiness !  
'Tis the rapture of motion ! a hurrying cloud  
When the loosen'd winds are breathing loud ;—  
A shaft from the painted Indian's bow,  
A bird—in the pride of speed we go.

Dark thoughts that haunt me, where are ye now ?  
While the cleft air gratefully cools my brow,  
And the dizzy earth seems reeling by,  
And naught is at rest but the arching sky ;  
And the tramp of my steed, so swift and strong,  
Is dearer than fame and sweeter than song !  
There is life in the breeze as we hasten on ;  
With each bound some care of earth has gone,  
And the languid pulse begins to play,  
And the night of my soul is turn'd to day ;  
A richer verdure the earth o'erspreads,  
Sparkles the streamlet more bright in the meads ;

And its voice to the flowers that bend above  
Is soft as the whisper of early love ;  
With fragrance spring flowers have burden'd the air,  
And the blue-bird and robin are twittering clear.

Lovely tokens of gladness, I mark'd ye not  
When last I roamed o'er the self-same spot.  
Ah! then the deep shadows of sorrow's mien  
Fell, like a blight, on the happy scene ;  
And Nature, with all her love and grace,  
In the depths of the spirit could find no place.

So the vex'd breast of the mountain-lake,  
When wind and rain mad revelry make,  
Turbid and gloomy, and wildly tost,  
Retains no trace of the beauty lost.  
But when through the moist air, bright and warm,  
The sun looks down with his golden charm,  
And clouds have fled, and the wind is lull,  
Oh! then the changed lake, how beautiful!

The glistening trees, in their shady ranks,  
And the ewe with its lamb along the banks,  
And the kingfisher perch'd on the wither'd bough,  
And the pure blue heaven all pictured below!  
Bound proudly, my steed, nor bound proudly in vain,  
Since thy master is now himself again.  
And thine be the praise when the leech's power  
Is idle, to conquer the darken'd hour,  
By the might of the sounding hoof to win  
Beauty without and joy within ;  
Beauty else to my eyes unseen,  
And joy, that then had a stranger been.

## THE WAYSIDE INN.

ONE Autumn night, in Sudbury town,  
Across the meadows bare and brown,  
The windows of the wayside inn  
Gleamed red with firelight through the leaves  
Of woodbine, hanging from the eaves  
Their crimson curtains rent and thin.

As ancient is this hostelry  
As any in the land may be,  
Built in the old Colonial day,  
When men lived in a grander way,  
With ampler hospitality;  
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,  
Now somewhat fallen to decay,  
With weather-stains upon the wall,  
And stairways worn, and crazy doors,  
And creaking and uneven floors,  
And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall.

A region of repose it seems,  
A place of slumber and of dreams,  
Remote among the wooded hills!  
For there no noisy railway speeds,  
Its torch-race scattering smoke and gleeds;  
But noon and night, the panting teams  
Stop under the great oaks, that throw  
Tangles of light and shade below,



1885. G.H.S. 11

THE WAYSIDE INN.



On roofs and doors and window-sills.  
Across the road the barns display  
Their lines of stalls, their mows of hay,  
Through the wide doors the breezes blow,  
The wattled cocks strut to and fro,  
And, half effaced by rain and shine,  
The Red Horse prances on the sign.  
Round this old-fashioned, quaint abode  
Deep silence reigned, save when a gust  
Went rushing down the country road,  
And skeletons of leaves, and dust,  
A moment quickened by its breath,  
Shuddered and danced their dance of death,  
And through the ancient oaks o'erhead  
Mysterious voices moaned and fled.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



### SLEIGH SONG.

JINGLE, jingle, clear the way,  
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh!  
As it swiftly scuds along,  
Hear the burst of happy song;  
See the gleam of glances bright,  
Flashing o'er the pathway white!  
Jingle, jingle, past it flies,  
Sending shafts from hooded eyes,—  
Roguish archers, I'll be bound,  
Little heeding whom they wound;  
See them, with capricious pranks,  
Ploughing now the drifted banks;  
Jingle, jingle, mid the glee  
Who among them cares for me?



*SLEIGH SONG.*

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Jingle, jingle, on they go,  
Capes and bonnets white with snow,  
Not a single robe they fold  
To protect them from the cold ;  
Jingle, jingle, mid the storm,  
Fun and frolic keep them warm ;  
Jingle, jingle, down the hills,  
O'er the meadows, past the mills,  
Now 'tis slow, and now 'tis fast ;  
Winter will not always last.  
Jingle, jingle, clear the way !  
'Tis the merry, merry sleigh.

G. W. PETTEE.

## THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.  
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;  
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.  
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,  
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy  
day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang  
and stood  
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?  
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers  
Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair and good of ours.  
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November-rain  
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,  
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;  
But on the hills the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,  
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,  
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on  
men,  
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and  
glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will  
    come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home ;  
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees  
    are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,  
The south-wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he  
    bore,  
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,  
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.  
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief ;  
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## WINTER.

THE wrathful winter 'proaching on apace,  
With blust'ring blasts had all ybared the treen,  
And old Saturnus with his frosty face  
With chilling cold had pierced the tender green ;  
The mantles rent, wherein enwrapped been  
The gladsome groves that now lay overthrown,  
The tapets torn, and every bloom down blown.

The soil that erst so seemly was to seen,  
Was all despoiléd of her beauty's hue ;  
And soote fresh flowers (wherewith the summer's queen  
Had clad the earth) now Boreas' blasts down blew,  
And small fowls flocking, in their song did rue  
The winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defaced  
In woeful wise bewailed the summer past.

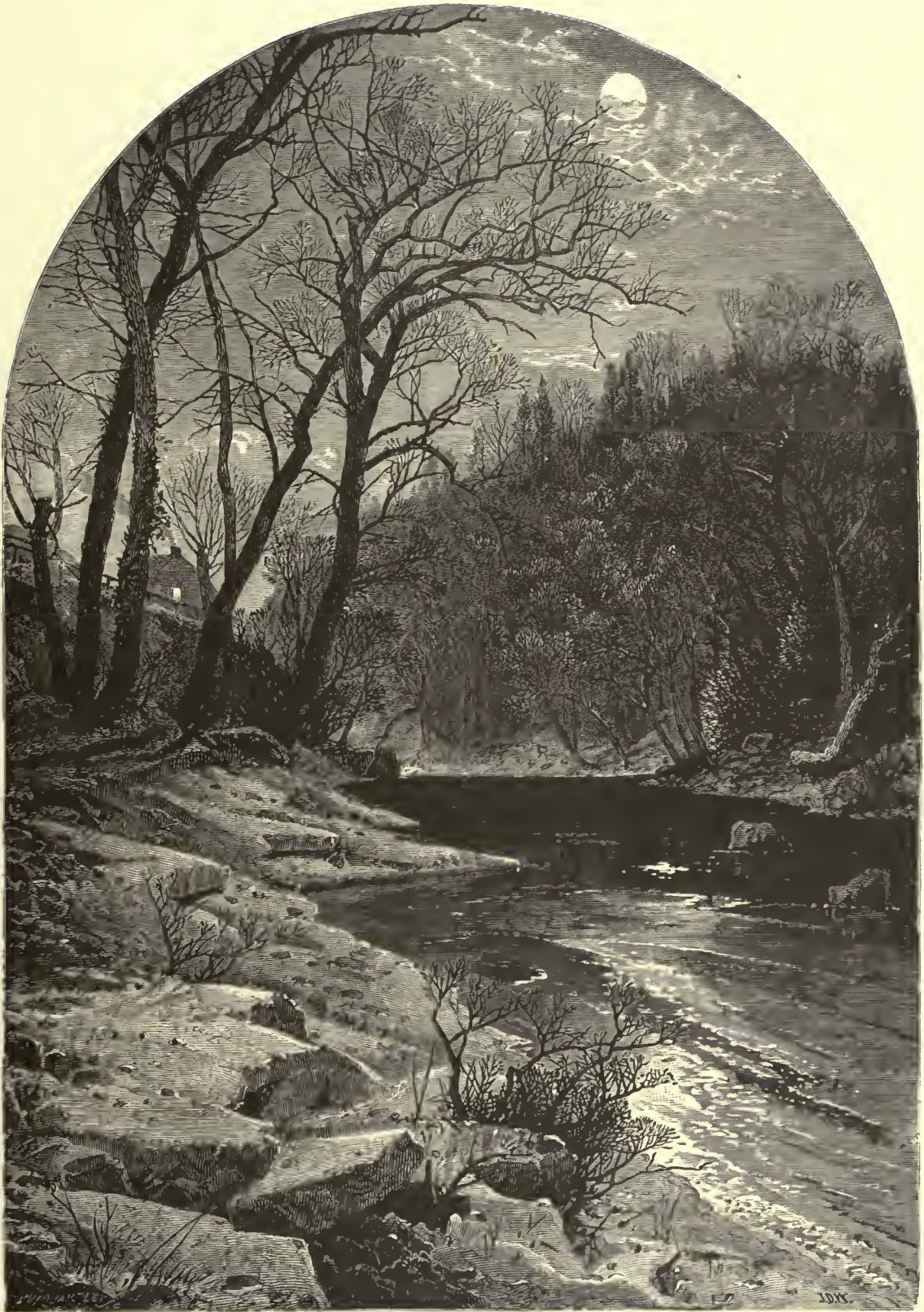
Hawthorn had left his motley livery ;  
The naked twigs were shivering all for cold,  
And dropping down the tears abundantly ;  
Each thing (methought) with weeping eye me told  
The cruel season, bidding me withhold  
My self within, for I was gotten out  
Into the fields whereas I walked about.

THOMAS SACKVILLE.



W. Turner. 1877





WINTER.







### ROCK AND RILL.

“ INTO the sunshine out of shade !”  
The rill has heard the call,  
And, babbling low, her answer made,—  
A laugh, 'twixt slip and fall.

Out from her cradle-roof of trees,  
Over the free, rough ground!  
The peaceful blue above she sees;  
The cheerful green around.

A pleasant world for running streams  
To steal unnoticed through,  
At play with all the sweet sky-gleams,  
And nothing else to do!

A rock has stopped the silent rill,  
And taught her how to speak;  
He hinders her; she chides him still;  
He loves her lispings weak.

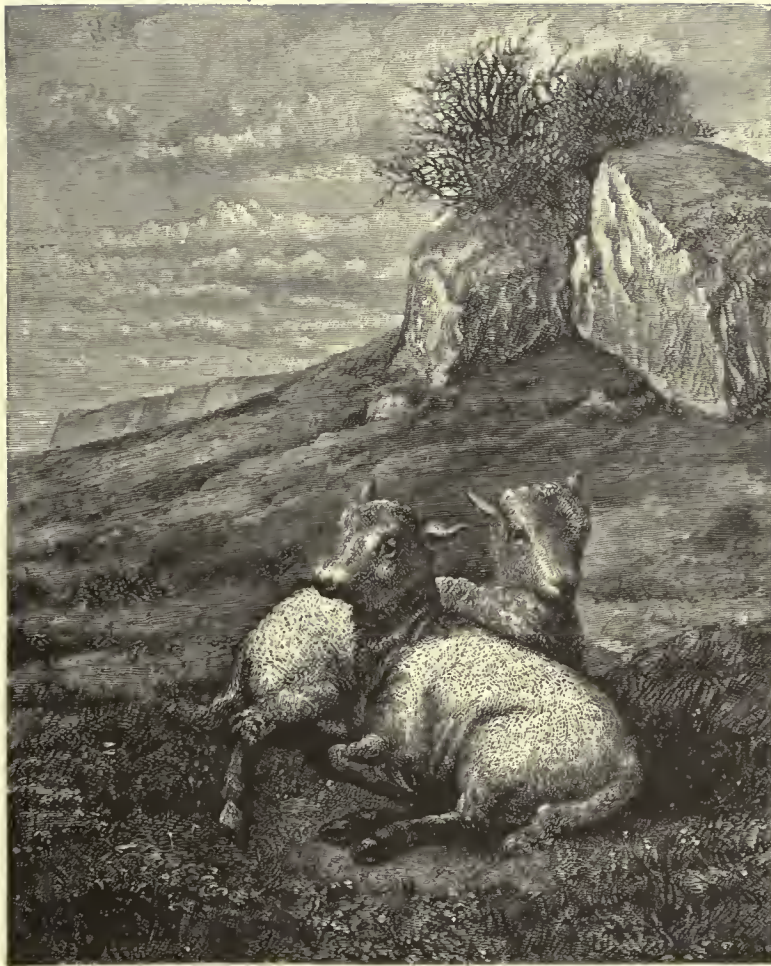
And still he will not let her go;  
But she may chide and sing,  
And o'er him liquid freshness throw,  
Amid her murmuring.

The harebell sees herself no more  
In waters clear at play;  
Yet never she such azure wore,  
Till wept on by the spray.

And many a woodland violet  
Stays charmed upon the bank;  
Her thoughtful blue eye brimming wet,  
The rock and rill to thank.

The rill is blessing in her talk  
What half she held a wrong,—  
The happy trouble of the rock  
That makes her life a song.

LUCY LARCOM.



### LAMBS AT PLAY.

SAY, ye that know, ye who have felt and seen  
Spring's morning smiles, and soul-enlivening green, —  
Say, did you give the thrilling transport way?  
Did your eye brighten when young lambs at play  
Leaped o'er your path with animated pride,  
Or gazed in merry clusters by your side?  
Ye who can smile — to wisdom no disgrace —  
At the arch meaning of a kitten's face ;

If spotless innocence, and infant mirth,  
Excites to praise, or gives reflection birth;  
In shades like these pursue your favorite joy,  
Midst Nature's revels, sports that never cloy.  
A few begin a short, but vigorous race,  
And Indolence, abashed, soon flies the place;  
Thus challenged forth, see thither, one by one,  
From every side assembling playmates run;  
A thousand wily antics mark their stay,  
A starting crowd, impatient of delay.  
Like the fond dove from fearful prison freed,  
Each seems to say, "Come, let us try our speed;"  
Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong,  
The green turf trembling as they bound along;  
Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,  
Where every mole-hill is a bed of thyme;  
There, panting, stop; yet scarcely can refrain;  
A bird, a leaf, will set them off again;  
Or, if a gale with strength unusual blow,  
Scattering the wild-brier roses into snow,  
Their little limbs increasing efforts try,  
Like the torn flower, the fair assemblage fly.  
Ah, fallen rose! sad emblem of their doom;  
Frail as thyself, they perish as they bloom!

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.



## A FOREST HYMN.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned  
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,  
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed  
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back  
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,  
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,  
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks  
And supplication. For his simple heart  
Might not resist the sacred influences  
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,  
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven  
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound  
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once  
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed  
His spirit with the thought of boundless power  
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why  
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect  
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore  
Only among the crowd, and under roofs  
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,  
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,  
Offer one hymn,—thrice happy if it find  
Acceptance in His ear.

Father, thy hand  
Hath reared these venerable columns, thou  
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down

Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose  
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,  
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,  
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,  
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died  
Among their branches, till at last they stood,  
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,  
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold  
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,  
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride  
Report not. No fantastic carvings show  
The boast of our vain race to change the form  
Of thy fair works. But thou art here,—thou fill'st  
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds  
That run along the summit of these trees  
In music; thou art in the cooler breath  
That from the inmost darkness of the place  
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,  
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.  
Here is continual worship;—Nature, here,  
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,  
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,  
From perch to perch, the solitary bird  
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,  
Wells softly forth and wandering steps the roots  
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale  
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left  
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,  
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace  
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak,—  
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem  
Almost annihilated,—not a prince,  
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,



THE FOREST.





E'er wore his crown as loftily as he  
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which  
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root  
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare  
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower  
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,  
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,  
An emanation of the indwelling Life,  
A visible token of the upholding Love,  
That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think  
Of the great miracle that still goes on,  
In silence, round me, — the perpetual work  
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed  
Forever. Written on thy works I read  
The lesson of thy own eternity.  
Lo! all grow old and die; but see again,  
How on the faltering footsteps of decay  
Youth presses, — ever gay and beautiful youth  
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees  
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors  
Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost  
One of Earth's charms! upon her bosom yet,  
After the flight of untold centuries,  
The freshness of her far beginning lies,  
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate  
Of his arch-enemy Death, — yea, seats himself  
Upon the tyrant's throne, the sepulchre,  
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe  
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth  
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves  
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave  
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived  
The generation born with them, nor seemed  
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks  
Around them; — and there have been holy men  
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.  
But let me often to these solitudes  
Retire, and in thy presence reassure  
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,  
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink  
And tremble, and are still. O God! when thou  
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire  
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,  
With all the waters of the firmament,  
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods  
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,  
Uprises the great deep, and throws himself  
Upon the continent, and overwhelms  
Its cities, — who forgets not, at the sight  
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,  
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?

Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face  
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath  
Of the mad unchained elements to teach  
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,  
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,  
And to the beautiful order of thy works  
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT



### A SUMMER MORNING.

THE morning hath not lost her virgin blush,  
Nor step but mine soiled the earth's tinselled robe.  
How full of heaven this solitude appears,  
This healthful comfort of the happy swain;  
Who from his hard but peaceful bed roused up,  
In's morning exercise saluted is  
By a full choir of feathered choristers,  
Wedding their notes to the enamored air!  
Here Nature in her unaffected dress  
Plaited with valleys, and embossed with hills,  
Enchased with silver streams, and fringed with woods,  
Sits lovely in her native russet.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE.

## THE FOUNTAIN.

INTO the sunshine,  
Full of light,  
Leaping and flashing  
From morn till night!

Into the moonlight,  
Whiter than snow,  
Waving so flower-like  
When the winds blow!

Into the starlight  
Rushing in spray;  
Happy at midnight,  
Happy by day!

Ever in motion,  
Blithesome and cheery,  
Still climbing heavenward,  
Never weary:—

Glad of all weathers,  
Still seeming best,  
Upward or downward,  
Motion thy rest;—



THE FOUNTAIN.



Full of a nature  
Nothing can tame;  
Changed every moment,  
Ever the same;—

Ceaseless aspiring,  
Ceaseless content,  
Darkness or sunshine  
Thy element;—

Glorious fountain!  
Let my heart be  
Fresh, changeful, constant,  
Upward, like thee!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## GIRLHOOD.

AN exquisite incompleteness, blossom foreshadowing fruit ;  
A sketch faint in its beauty, with promise of future worth ;  
A plant with some leaves unfolded, and the rest asleep at its  
root,  
To deck with their future sweetness the fairest thing on the  
earth.

Womanhood, wifeness, motherhood — each a possible thing,  
Dimly seen through the silence that lies between then and  
now ;  
Something of each and all has woven a magic ring,  
Linking the three together in glory on girlhood's brow.

ANONYMOUS.





GIRLHOOD.





### DOMESTIC PEACE.

TELL me, on what holy ground  
May domestic peace be found?  
Halcyon daughter of the skies,  
Far on fearful wings she flies  
From the pomp of sceptred state,  
From the rebel's noisy hate.  
In a cottaged vale she dwells,  
List'ning to the sabbath bells!

Still around her steps are seen  
Spotless Honor's meeker mien,  
Love, the sire of pleasing fears,  
Sorrow, smiling through her tears,  
And, conscious of the past employ,  
Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

COLERIDGE.





## ROBIN'S SONG.

WARWICKSHIRE, 16—.

Up, up, my heart! up, up, my heart,  
This day was made for thee!  
For soon the hawthorn spray shall part,  
And thou a face shalt see  
That comes, O heart, O foolish heart,  
This way to gladden thee.

The grass shows fresher on the way  
That soon her feet shall tread;  
The last year's leaflet curled and gray,  
I could have sworn was dead,  
Looks green, for lying in the way  
I know her feet will tread.

What hand yon blossom curtain stirs,  
More light than errant air?  
I know the touch — 't is hers, 't is hers!  
She parts the thicket there —  
The flowerèd branch her coming stirs  
Hath perfumed all the air.

The springs of all forgotten years  
Are waked to life anew —  
Up, up, my eyes, nor fill with tears  
As tender as the dew —  
I knew her not in all those years:  
But life begins anew.

Up, up, my heart! up, up, my heart,  
This day was made for thee!  
Come, Wit, take on thy nimblest art,  
And win Love's victory —  
What now? Where art thou, coward heart?  
Thy hour is here — and she!

H. C. BUNNER.



WHAT HAND YON BLOSSOM CURTAIN STIRS?





TO NIGHT.

*"Hesperus brings all things back  
That the daylight made us lack."*

SAPPHO.

BEND low, O dusky Night,  
And give my spirit rest,  
Hold me to your deep breast,  
And put old cares to flight.  
Give back the lost delight  
That once my soul possest,  
When love was loveliest.  
Bend low, O dusky Night!  
Enfold me in your arms —  
The sole embrace I crave,  
Until the embracing grave —  
Shield me from life's alarms.  
I dare your subtlest charms;  
Your deepest spell I brave.  
O, strong to slay or save,  
Enfold me in your arms!

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

## SOLITUDE.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society, where none intrudes,  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:  
I love not man the less, but nature more,  
From these our interviews, in which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,  
To mingle with the universe, and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

. BYRON.



R. Swain Gifford 79



TO A YOUNG ASS.

ITS MOTHER BEING TETHERED NEAR IT.

POOR little foal of an oppressed race!  
I love the languid patience of thy face;  
And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,  
And clap thy ragged coat, and pat thy head.  
But what thy dulled spirits hath dismay'd,  
That never thou dost sport along the glade?  
And (most unlike the nature of things young)  
That earthward still thy moveless head is hung?  
Do thy prophetic fears anticipate,  
Meek child of Misery! thy future fate? —  
The starving meal, and all the thousand aches  
“Which patient Merit of the Unworthy takes?”  
Or is thy sad heart thrilled with filial pain  
To see thy wretched mother's shorten'd chain?  
And, truly very piteous is her lot —  
Chain'd to a log within a narrow spot,  
Where the close-eaten grass is scarcely seen,  
While sweet around her waves the tempting green!  
Poor Ass! thy master should have learnt to show  
Pity — best taught by fellowship of Woe!  
For much I fear me that he lives like thee,  
Half famish'd in a land of Luxury!  
How askingly its footsteps hither bend!  
It seems to say, “And have I then one friend?”

Innocent foal! thou poor despised forlorn!  
I hail thee brother—spite of the fool's scorn!  
And fain would take thee with me, in the dell  
Of Peace and mild Equality to dwell,  
Where Toil shall call the charmer Health his bride,  
And Laughter tickle Plenty's ribless side!  
How thou wouldst toss thy heels in gamesome play,  
And frisk about, as lamb or kitten gay!  
Yea!—and more musically sweet to me  
Thy dissonant harsh bray of joy would be,  
Than warbled melodies that soothe to rest  
The aching of pale Fashion's vacant breast!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.









### TO SENECA LAKE.

ON thy fair bosom, silver lake,  
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,  
And round his breast the ripples break,  
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,  
The dipping paddle echoes far,  
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,  
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,  
As blows the north wind, heave their foam,  
And curl around the dashing oar,  
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view  
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,  
And see the mist of mantling blue  
Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,  
A sheet of silver spreads below,  
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,  
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,  
Oh I could ever sweep the oar,  
When early birds at morning wake,  
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

## THE SEA.

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!  
Without a mark, without a bound,  
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;  
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;  
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!  
I am where I would ever be;  
With the blue above, and the blue below,  
And silence wheresoe'er I go;  
If a storm should come and awake the deep,  
What matter? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love, Oh! *how* I love to ride  
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,  
When every mad wave drowns the moon,  
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,  
And tells how goeth the world below,  
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,  
But I loved the great sea more and more,  
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,  
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;  
And a mother she *was*, and *is*, to me;  
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,  
In the noisy hour when I was born;  
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,  
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;  
And never was heard such an outcry wild  
As welcomed to life the ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,  
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,  
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,  
But never have sought nor sighed for change;  
And Death, whenever he comes to me,  
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (BARRY CORNWALL).



THE OPEN SEA.





## THE PRAISE OF A COUNTRYMAN'S LIFE.

Oh, the sweet contentment  
The countryman doth find,  
High trolлие, lollie, lol ; high trolлие, lee ;  
That quiet contemplation  
Possesseth all my mind ;  
Then care away, and wend along with me.

For courts are full of flattery,  
As hath too oft been tried,  
High trolлие, lollie, lol ; high trolлие, lee ;  
The city full of wantonness,  
And both are full of pride ;  
Then care away, and wend along with me.

But oh! the honest countryman  
Speaks truly from his heart,  
High trolollie, lollie, lol; high trolollie, lee;  
His pride is in his tillage,  
His horses and his cart;  
Then care away, and wend along with me.

Our clothing is good sheep-skins,  
Gray russet for our wives,  
High trolollie, lollie, lol; high trolollie, lee;  
'Tis warmth and not gay clothing  
That doth prolong our lives;  
Then care away, and wend along with me.

The ploughman, though he labor hard,  
Yet on the holy day,  
High trolollie, lollie, lol; high trolollie, lee;  
No emperor so merrily  
Does pass his time away;  
Then care away, and wend along with me.

To recompense our tillage  
The heavens afford us showers,  
High trolollie, lollie, lol; high trolollie, lee;  
And for our sweet refreshments  
The earth affords us bowers;  
Then care away, and wend along with me.

The cuckoo and the nightingale  
Full merrily do sing,  
High trolollie, lollie, lol; high trolollie, lee;  
And with their pleasant roundelays  
Bid welcome to the spring;  
Then care away, and wend along with me.



This is not half the happiness  
The countryman enjoys,  
High trollic, lollie, lol; high trollic, lee;  
Though others think they have as much,  
Yet he that says so lies;  
Then care away, and wend along with me.

JOHN CHALKHILL.



*THE FOREST SHRINE.*

HOLY Mother! Holy Son  
At Thy feet ere day's begun  
Here I humbly kneel.

Guide my youthful steps aright  
Till the coming of the night;  
Hear my earnest prayer.

Let the sins of yesterday  
By Thy blood be washed away,  
Thou canst make me pure.

Lead me through life's work to Thee,  
Unto all eternity  
I would do Thy will.

MYRA MEREDITH.







## THE GARDEN OF MEMORY.

THERE is a garden which my memory knows,  
A grand old garden of the days gone by,  
Where lofty trees invite the breeze,  
And underneath them blooms full many a rose,  
Of rarest crimson or deep purple dye ;  
And there extend as far as eye can see,  
Dim vistas of cool greenery.

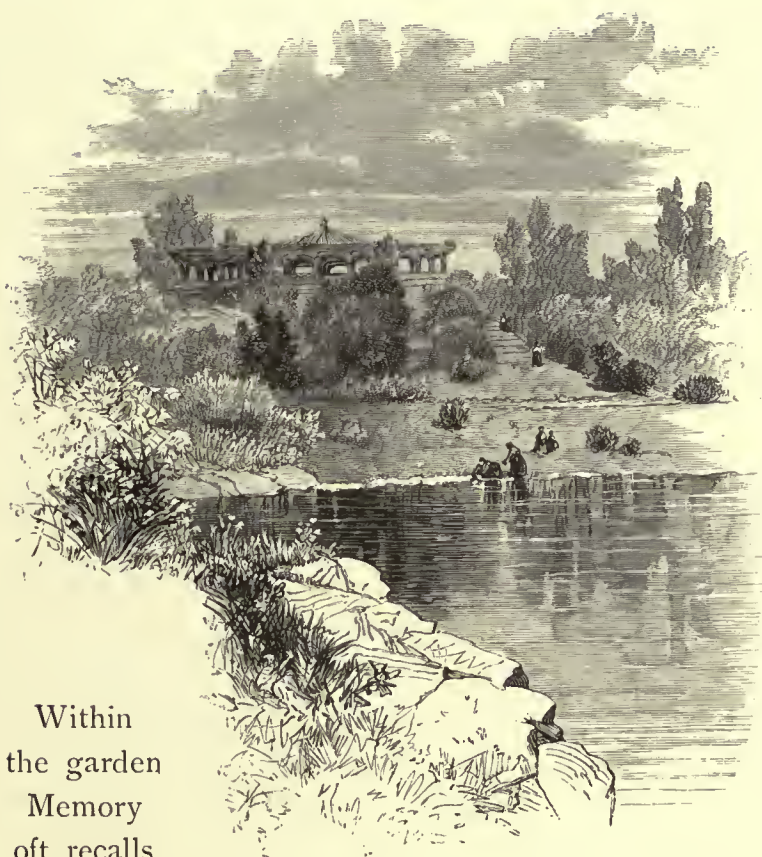
Quaint marble statues, clothed with vines and mould,  
Gleam gray and spectral 'mid the foliage there ;  
Grimly they stand on every hand,  
Along the walk whose sands are smoothly rolled,  
And borders trimmed with constant, watchful care ;  
There Memory sits, and hears soft voices call  
Above the plashing waterfall.



Old,  
faded bowers,  
with their  
rustic seats

Of knotted branches closely intertwined,  
May there be seen, the walks between ;  
Within their shade the dove at noon retreats,  
And gives her sad voice to the summer wind ;  
Around them bloom rich flowers, where all day long  
The wild bee drones his dreamy song.

The garden stretches downward to a lake,  
Where gentle ripples kiss a pebbly shore ;  
All cool and deep the waters sleep,  
With naught the calm of their repose to break  
Save now and then the plashing of an oar,  
Or the long train of diamond sparkles bright  
Left by the wayward swallow's flight.



Within  
the garden  
Memory  
oft recalls

Gay friends, who lived, and loved, and passed away ;  
Who met at morn upon the lawn,  
And strolled in couples by the garden-walls,  
Or on the grass beneath the maples lay,  
And passed the hours as gayly as might be,  
With olden tales of chivalry.

The younger maidens, each with silken net,  
Chased butterflies that hung, on painted wings,  
Above the beds where poppy-heads  
Drooped heavily with morning dew-drops wet ;  
In recollection still their laughter rings,  
And still I seem to see them sport among  
The statues gray, with vines o'erhung.

One sainted maiden I remember well,  
And shall remember, though all else should fade;  
Her dreamy eyes, her gentle sighs,  
Her golden hair in tangled curls that fell,  
Her queen-like beauty and demeanor staid,  
And O, her smile, that played at hide-and-seek  
With dimples on her chin and cheek!

O Edith! often have we sat at rest,  
And watched the sunset from the Lover's Hill,  
When few, faint stars shone through the bars  
Of purple cloud that stretched athwart the west;  
And nature's pulse seemed silently to thrill,  
While night came o'er the moorlands wide and brown,  
On dusky pinions sweeping down.

Long years have faded since those happy days,  
Yet still in memory are their joys enshrined.  
Tall grasses wave o'er Edith's grave;  
Above her breast the birds sing plaintive lays;  
Yet still I feel her arms about me twined;  
Still float her tangled tresses in the breeze;  
Still sit we 'neath the maple-trees.

Thus may it be, until I too am gone!  
Thus let me ever dream of youth and love!  
And when the strife of earthly life  
Is past; when all my weary tasks are done,  
I know that in some garden there, above,  
My angel Edith waits to welcome me  
Unto thy halls, Eternity!

GEORGE ARNOLD.



## JULY.

LOUD is the Summer's busy song,  
The smallest breeze can find a tongue,  
While insects of each tiny size  
Grow teasing with their melodies,  
Till noon burns with its blistering breath  
Around, and day lies still as death.

The busy noise of man and brute  
Is on a sudden lost and mute ;  
Even the brook that leaps along,  
Seems weary of its bubbling song,  
And, so soft its waters creep,  
Tired silence sinks in sounder sleep ;

The cricket on its bank is dumb ;  
The very flies forget to hum ;  
And, save the wagon rocking round,  
The landscape sleeps without a sound.  
The breeze is stopped, the lazy bough  
Hath not a leaf that danceth now ;

The taller grass upon the hill,  
And spider's threads, are standing still ;  
The feathers, dropped from moorhen's wing  
Which to the water's surface cling,  
Are steadfast, and as heavy seem  
As stones beneath them in the stream ;

Hawkweed and groundsel's fanny downs  
Unruffled keep their seedy crowns;  
And in the overheated air  
Not one light thing is floating there,  
Save that to the earnest eye  
The restless heat seems twittering by.

Noon swoons beneath the heat it made,  
And flowers e'en within the shade;  
Until the sun slopes in the west,  
Like weary traveller, glad to rest  
On pillowed clouds of many hues.  
Then Nature's voice its joy renews,

And checkered field and grassy plain  
Hum with their summer songs again,  
A requiem to the day's decline,  
Whose setting sunbeams coolly shine  
As welcome to day's feeble powers  
As falling dews to thirsty flowers.

JOHN CLARE.





## THE EDGE OF THE SWAMP.

'Tis a wild spot, and hath a gloomy look ;  
The bird sings never merrily in the trees,  
And the young leaves seem blighted. A rank growth  
Spreads poisonously round, with power to taint  
With blistering dews the thoughtless hand that dares  
To penetrate the covert. Cypresses  
Crowd on the dank, wet earth ; and, stretched at length,  
The cayman — a fit dweller in such home —  
Slumbers, half buried in the sedgy grass.  
Beside the green ooze where he shelters him,  
A whooping crane erects his skeleton form,  
And shrieks in flight. Two summer ducks, aroused  
To apprehension, as they hear his cry,  
Dash up from the lagoon, with marvellous haste,  
Following his guidance. Meetly taught by these,  
And startled at our rapid, near approach,  
The steel-jawed monster, from his grassy bed,  
Crawls slowly to his slimy, green abode,  
Which straight receives him. You behold him now,  
His ridgy back uprising as he speeds,  
In silence, to the centre of the stream,  
Whence his head peers alone. A butterfly,  
That, travelling all the day, has counted climes  
Only by flowers, to rest himself awhile  
Lights on the monster's brow. The surly mute  
Straightway goes down, so suddenly that he,

The dandy of the summer flowers and woods,  
Dips his light wings, and spoils his golden coat,  
With the rank water of that turbid pond.  
Wondering and vexed, the pluméd citizen  
Flies, with a hurried effort, to the shore,  
Seeking his kindred flowers; but seeks in vain, —  
Nothing of genial growth may there be seen,  
Nothing of the beautiful! Wild, ragged trees,  
That look like felon spectres, — fetid shrubs,  
That taint the gloomy atmosphere, — dusk shades  
That gather, half a cloud, and half a fiend  
In aspect, lurking on the swamp's wild edge, —  
Gloom with their sternness and forbidding frowns  
The general prospect. The sad butterfly,  
Waving his lackered wings, darts quickly on,  
And, by his free flight, counsels us to speed  
For better lodgings, and a scene more sweet  
Than these drear borders offer us to-night.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.



THE EDGE OF THE SWAMP.







### THE SHEPHERD.

Ah, gentle Shepherd! thine the lot to tend,  
Of all that feel distress, the most assailed,  
Feeble, defenceless; lenient be thy care;  
But spread around thy tenderest diligence  
In flowery Spring-time, when the new-dropp'd lamb,  
Tottering with weakness by his mother's side,  
Feels the fresh world about him; and each thorn,  
Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet;

Oh! guard his meek, sweet innocence from all  
Th' innumerable ills that rush around his life;  
Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,  
Circling the skies to snatch him from the plain;  
Observe the lurking crows; beware the brake,—  
There the sly fox the careless minute waits;  
Nor trust thy neighbor's dog, nor earth, nor sky;  
Thy bosom to a thousand cares divide.  
Eurus oft flings his hail; the tardy fields  
Pay not their promised food; and oft the dam  
O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,  
Or fails to guard, when the bold bird of prey  
Alights, and hops in many turns around,  
And tires her also turning; to her aid  
Be nimble, and the weakest in thine arms  
Gently convey to the warm cote, and oft,  
Between the lark's note and the nightingale's,  
His hungry bleating still with tepid milk;—  
In this soft office may thy children join,  
And charitable actions learn in sport.  
Nor yield him to himself ere vernal airs  
Sprinkle thy little croft with daisy flowers;  
Nor yet forget him; life has rising ills.

DYER.



### THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN.

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

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

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

When we have run our passion's heat,  
Love hither makes his best retreat.  
The gods, who mortal beauty chase,  
Still in a tree did end their race ;  
Apollo hunted Daphne so  
Only that she might laurel grow ;  
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,  
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

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

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,  
Withdraws into its happiness, —  
The mind, that ocean where each kind  
Does straight its own resemblance find ; —

Yet it creates, transcending these,  
Far other worlds, and other seas;  
Annihilating all that's made  
To a green thought in a green shade.

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

Such was that happy garden state  
While man there walk'd without a mate;  
After a place so pure and sweet,  
What other help could yet be meet?  
But 't was beyond a mortal's share  
To wander solitary there;  
Two paradises are in one,  
To live in Paradise alone.

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

## THE BUGLE.

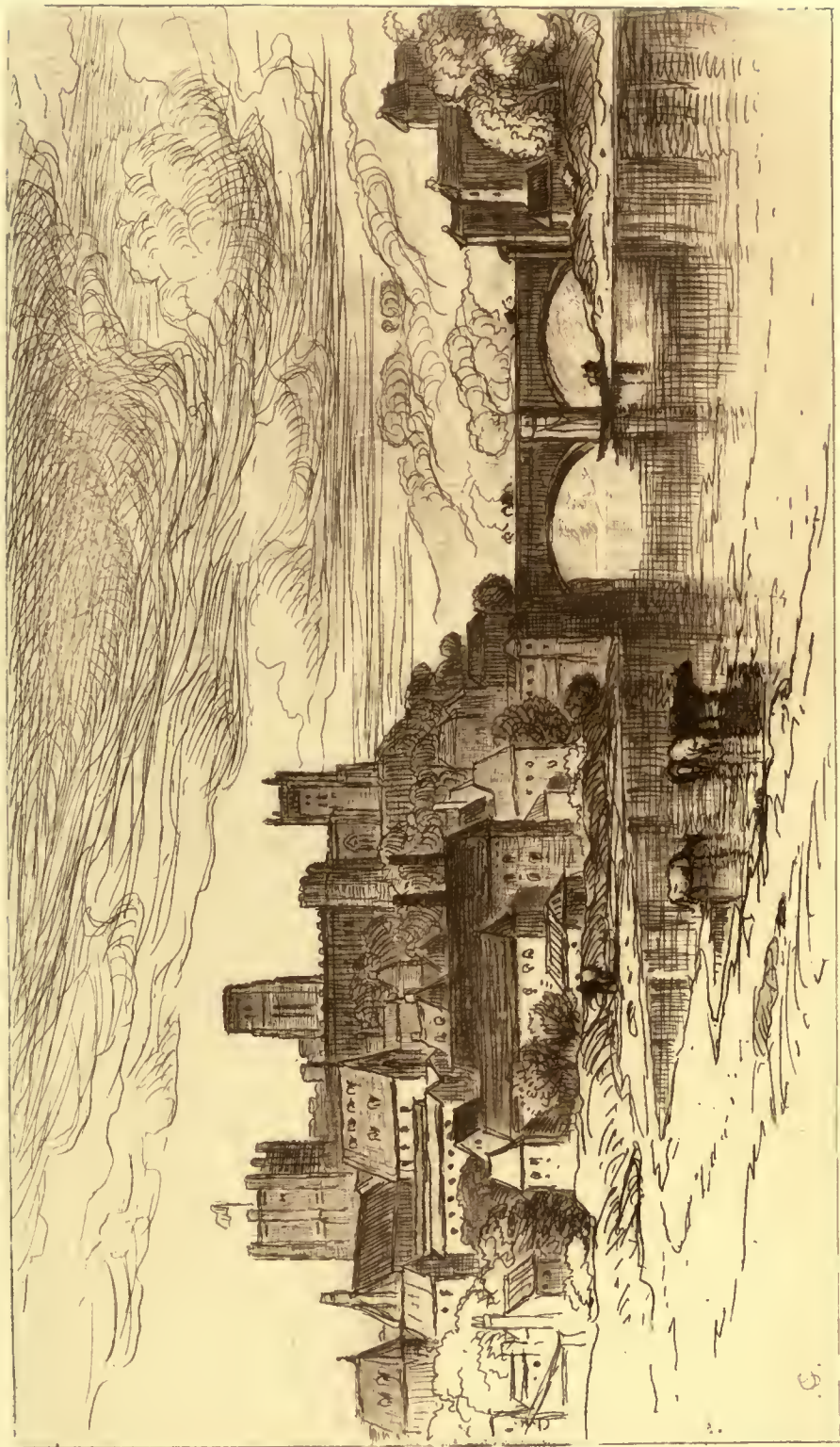
FROM "THE PRINCESS."

THE splendor falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story ;  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying ;  
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark ! O hear ! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going !  
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !  
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying ;  
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O, love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill or field or river ;  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

ALFRED TENNYSON.







SUNSET ON THE KEKOUGHTON RIVER.

SEE the scattered clouds of evening, —  
Lattice bars across the blue, —  
Where the moon in pallid beauty  
Like an angel gazes through!

Over all the winding river,  
By the fading sunset kissed,  
Slowly rises up the vapor  
In a cloud of ghostly mist.

While the eve is slowly turning  
Its last grains of golden sand,  
What a holy quiet hovers  
Over all the drowsy land!

There is now the spell of silence,  
Of a silence calm and deep,  
Over all the placid waters  
Where the pale mist seems asleep.

And the vessels, slowly gliding  
Down the river to the bay,  
Show on spreading sheets of canvas  
Tints that change from red to gray.



All is quiet, save the murmur  
Of the tide upon the bar ;  
See each little breaker playing  
With the image of a star !

And 't is thus that human creatures,  
Bowed with age, or fresh in youth,  
Give back brokenly the image  
Of each grand, celestial truth.

Now the brooding silence deepens,  
And the scene is one of rest,  
As the wrecked day drifts down grandly  
To be stranded in the west,

On yon rugged coast of Cloudland  
High above the village spire,  
On its mighty, purple headlands  
And its crags all tipped with fire.

JAMES BARRON HOPE.



## THE GREENWOOD.

O, WHEN 't is summer weather,  
And the yellow bee, with fairy sound,  
The waters clear is humming round,  
And the cuckoo sings unseen,  
And the leaves are waving green,—  
    O, then 't is sweet,  
    In some retreat,  
To hear the murmuring dove,  
With those whom on earth alone we love,  
And to wind through the greenwood together.

But when 't is winter weather,  
    And grasses grieve,  
    And friends deceive,  
    And rain and sleet  
    The lattice beat,—  
    O, then 't is sweet  
    To sit and sing  
Of the friends with whom, in the days of spring,  
We roamed through the greenwood together.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES



THE GREENWOOD.





### TO THE TURTLE DOVE.

DEEP in the wood, thy voice I list, and love  
Thy soft complaining song, thy tender cooing ;  
O what a winning way thou hast of wooing !  
Gentlest of all thy race — sweet Turtle-dove !  
Thine is a note that doth not pass away,  
Like the light music of a summer's day ;  
The merle may trill his richest song in vain —  
Scarce do we say, " List ! for he pipes again ;"  
But thou ! that low plaint oft and oft repeating  
To the coy mate that needs so much entreating,

Fillest the woods with a discursive song  
Of love, that sinketh deep, and resteth long;  
Hushing the voice of mirth, and staying folly,  
And waking in the heart a gentle melancholy.

D. CONWAY.







### THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet  
As that vale, in whose bosom the bright waters meet;  
Oh, the last rays of feeling and life must depart  
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart!

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;  
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill, —  
Oh, no! it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,  
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,  
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve  
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest  
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best;  
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,  
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

THOMAS MOORE.



### A MORNING WALK.

I ROSE anone and thought I woulde gone  
Into the woode, to heare the birdes sing,  
Whan that the misty vapour was agone,  
And cleare and faire was the morning,  
The dewe also like silver in shining  
Upon the leaves, as any baume swete,  
Till fiery Titan with his persant hete

Had dried up the lusty licour newe,  
Upon the herbes in the grene mede,  
And that the floures of many divers hue,  
Upon hir stalkes gon for to sprede,  
And for to splay out hir leves in brede  
Againe the Sunne, gold burned in his spere,  
That doune to hem cast his beames clere.

And by a river forth I gan costay,  
Of water clere, as birell or cristall,  
Till at the last I found a little way,  
Toward a parke, enclosed with a wall,  
In compace rounde, and by a gate small,  
Who so that would, might freely gone  
Into this parke, walled with grene stone.

And in I went to heare the birdes song,  
Which on the branches, both in plaine and vale,  
So loud sang, that all the wood rong,  
Like as it should shiver in peeces small,  
And, as me thought, that the nightingale  
With so great might her voice gan out wrest,  
Right as her herte for love would brest.

CHAUCER.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

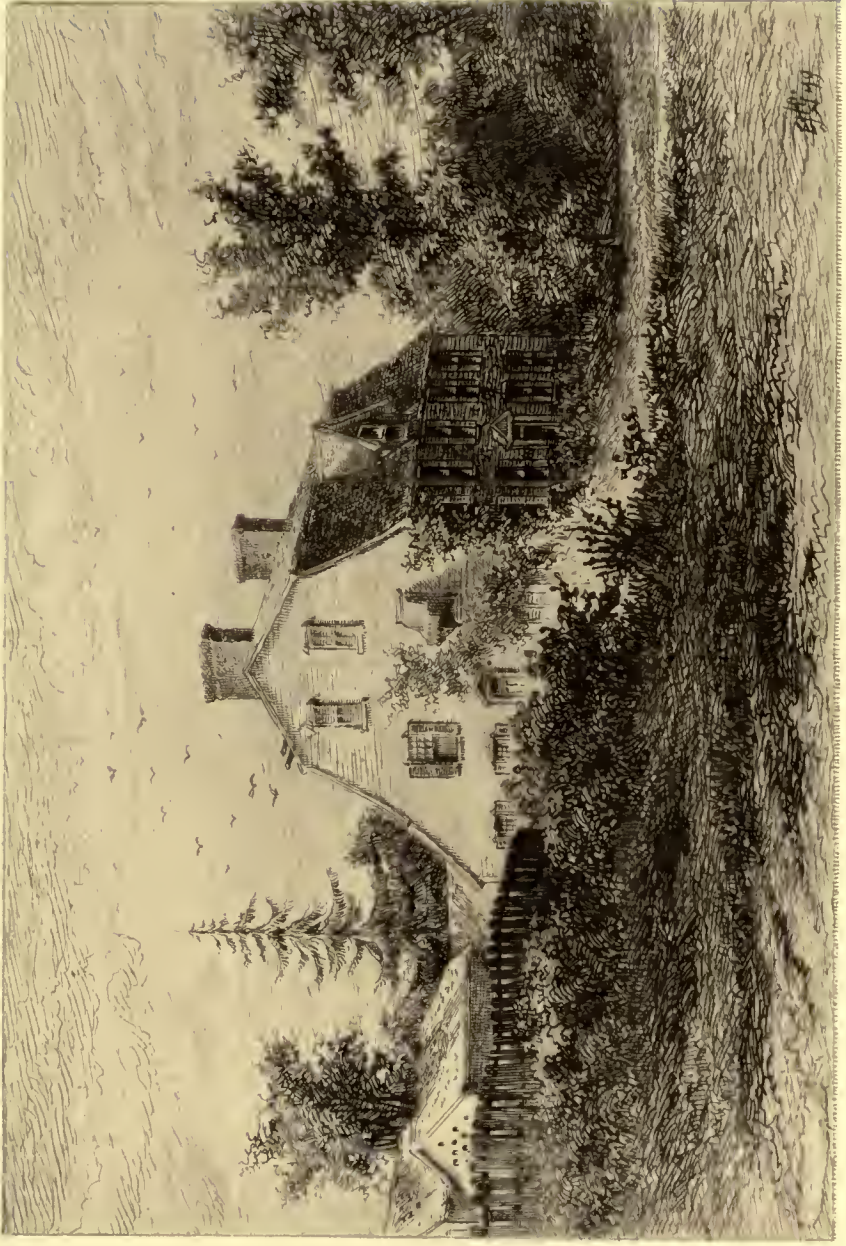
I REMEMBER, I remember  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn ;  
He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day ;  
But now I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away.

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

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

I remember, I remember  
The fir trees dark and high ;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky ;  
It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 't is little joy  
To know I'm farther off from heaven  
Than when I was a boy.

THOMAS HOOD.



1843







### RIVER SONG.

COME to the river's reedy shore,  
My maiden, while the skies,  
With blushes fit to grace thy cheek,  
Wait for the sun's uprise;

There, dancing on the rippling wave,  
My boat expectant lies,  
And jealous flowers, as thou goest by,  
Unclose their dewy eyes.

As slowly down the stream we glide,  
The lilies all unfold  
Their leaves, less rosy white than thou,  
And virgin hearts of gold;  
The gay birds on the meadow elm  
Salute thee blithe and bold,  
While I sit shy and silent here,  
And glow with love untold.

F. B. SANBORN.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

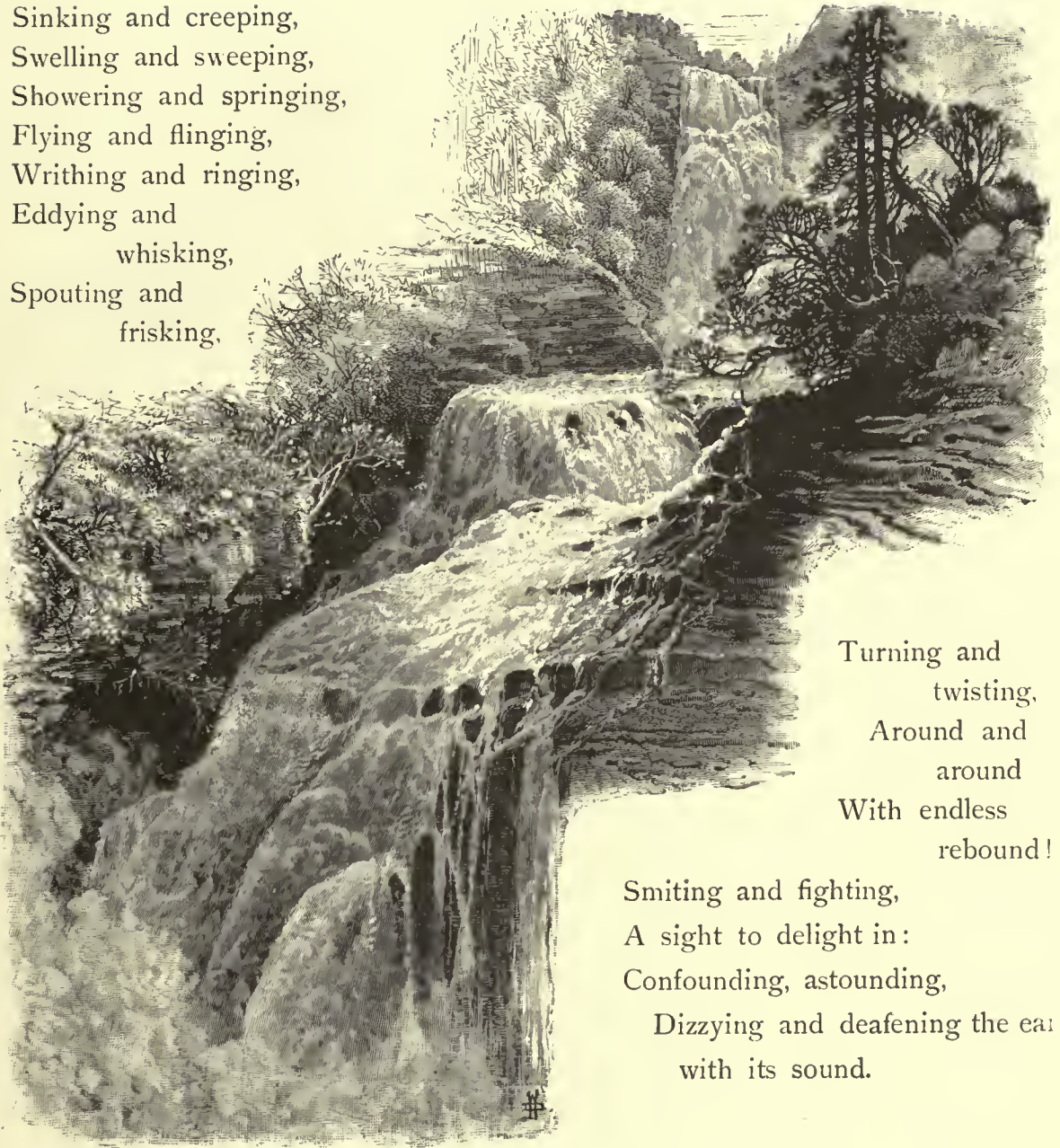
“How does the water  
Come down at Lodore?”  
My little boy asked me  
Thus once on a time;  
And moreover he tasked me  
To tell him in rhyme.  
Anon, at the word,  
There first came one daughter,  
And then came another,  
To second and third  
The request of their brother,  
And to hear how the water  
Comes down at Lodore,  
With its rush and its roar,  
As many a time  
They had seen it before.  
So I told them in rhyme,  
For of rhymes I had store;  
And 'twas in my vocation  
For their recreation  
That so I should sing,  
Because I was Laureate  
To them and the King.

From its sources which well  
In the tarn on the fell;  
From its fountains  
In the mountains,  
Its rills and its gills, —  
Through moss and through brake  
It runs and it creeps  
For a while, till it sleeps  
In its own little lake.  
And thence at departing,  
Awakening and starting,  
It runs through the reeds,  
And away it proceeds  
Through meadow and glade,  
In sun and in shade,  
And through the wood-shelter,  
Among crags in its flurry,  
Helter-skelter,  
Hurry-scurry.  
Here it comes sparkling,  
And there it lies darkling;  
Now smoking and frothing  
Its tumult and wrath in,  
Till, in this rapid race  
On which it is bent,  
It reaches the place  
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong  
Then plunges along,  
Striking and raging,  
As if a war waging  
Its caverns and rocks among;  
Rising and leaping,

*THE CATARACT OF LODORE.*

Sinking and creeping,  
Swelling and sweeping,  
Showering and springing,  
Flying and flinging,  
Writhing and ringing,  
Eddying and  
    whisking,  
Spouting and  
    frisking,



Turning and  
    twisting,  
    Around and  
    around  
With endless  
    rebound!

Smiting and fighting,  
A sight to delight in:  
Confounding, astounding,  
    Dizzying and deafening the ear  
    with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,  
Receding and speeding,  
And shocking and rocking,  
And darting and parting,  
And threading and spreading,  
And whizzing and hissing,  
And dripping and skipping,  
And hitting and splitting,  
And shining and twining,  
And rattling and battling,  
And shaking and quaking,  
And pouring and roaring,  
And waving and raving,  
And tossing and crossing,  
And flowing and going,  
And running and stunning,  
And foaming and roaming,  
And dinning and spinning,  
And dropping and hopping,  
And working and jerking,  
And guggling and struggling,  
And heaving and cleaving,  
And moaning and groaning;

And glittering and frittering,  
And gathering and feathering,  
And whitening and brightening,  
And quivering and shivering,  
And hurrying and skurrying,  
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,  
And falling and brawling and sprawling,

And driving and riving and striving,  
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,  
And sounding and bounding and rounding,  
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,  
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,  
And clattering and battering and shattering:

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,  
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,  
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,  
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,  
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,  
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,  
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,  
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,  
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,  
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing:  
And so never ending, but always descending,  
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,  
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar:  
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

## AUTUMN.

## A DIRGE.

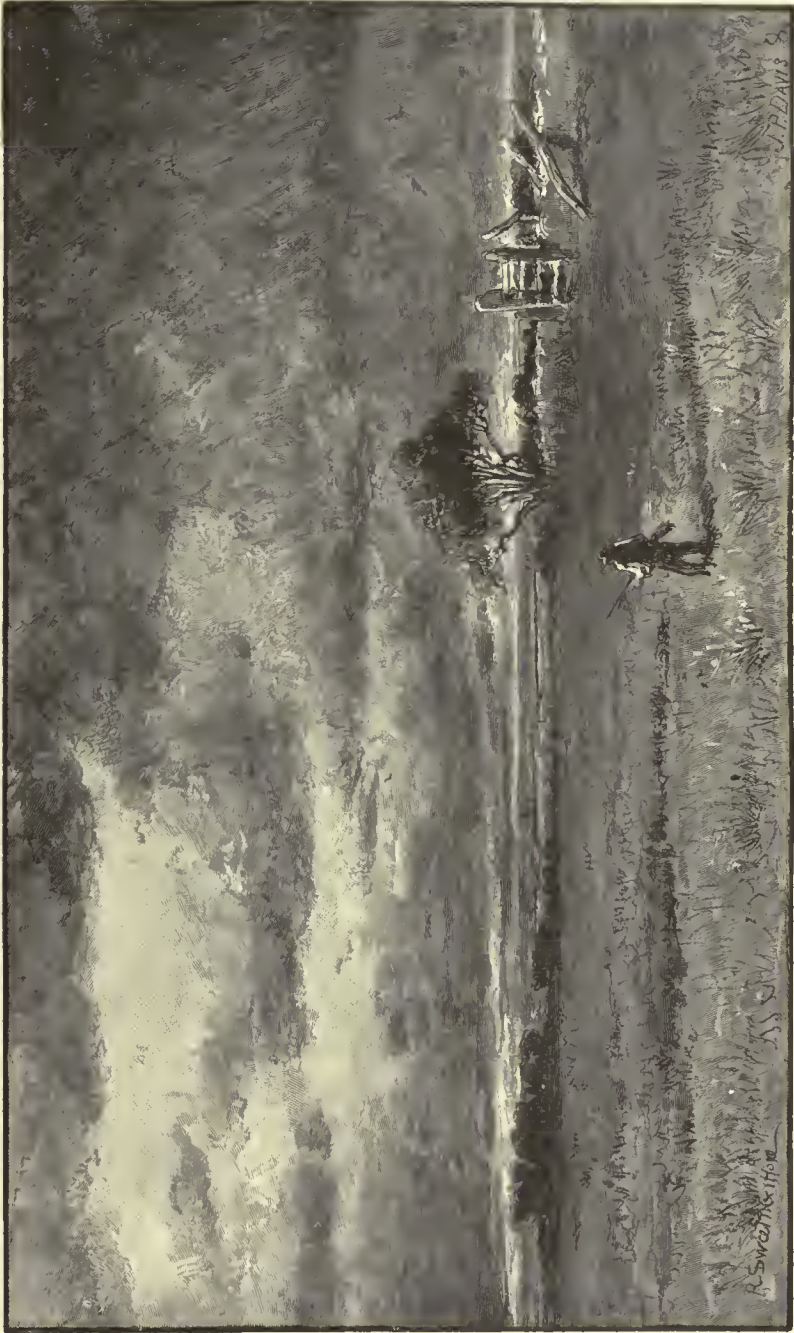
THE warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,  
 The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,  
                   And the year  
 On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead,  
                   Is lying.

          Come, months, come away,  
           From November to May,  
           In your saddest array;  
           Follow the bier  
           Of the dead cold year,  
 And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the nipt worm is crawling,  
 The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling  
                   For the year;  
 The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone  
                   To his dwelling;  
           Come, months, come away;  
           Put on white, black, and gray;  
           Let your light sisters play —  
           Ye, follow the bier  
           Of the dead cold year,  
 And make her grave green with tear on tear.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.





AUTUMN.

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## RUTH.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,  
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,  
Like the sweetheart of the sun  
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush  
Deeply ripen'd;—such a blush  
In the midst of brown was born,  
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell—  
Which were blackest none could tell;  
But long lashes veil'd a light  
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,  
Made her tressy forehead dim;—  
Thus she stood amid the stooks,  
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean  
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;  
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,  
Share my harvest and my home.

THOMAS HOOD.



*A picture of an oak tree in a wood.*

### THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

A SONG to the oak, the brave old oak,  
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;  
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,  
And his fifty arms so strong.  
There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down,  
And the fire in the west fades out;  
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,  
When the storms through his branches shout.

Then here 's to the oak, the brave old oak,  
Who stands in his pride alone;  
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,  
When a hundred years are gone!

In the days of old, when the spring with cold  
Had brightened his branches gray,  
Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet,  
To gather the dew of May.  
And on that day to the rebeck gay  
They frolicked with lovesome swains;  
They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid,  
But the tree it still remains.  
Then here 's, etc.

He saw the rare times when the Christmas chimes  
Were a merry sound to hear,  
When the squire's wide hall and the cottage small  
Were filled with good English cheer.  
Now gold hath the sway we all obey,  
And a ruthless king is he;  
But he never shall send our ancient friend  
To be tossed on the stormy sea.  
Then here 's, etc.

HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY.



### THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

Is there, where the winds are singing  
In the happy summer time, —  
Where the raptured air is ringing  
With Earth's music heavenward springing,  
Forest chirp, and village chime, —  
Is there, of the sounds that float  
Unsighingly, a single note  
Half so sweet and clear and wild  
As the laughter of a child?

Listen! and be now delighted;  
 Morn hath touched her golden strings:  
 Earth and Sky their vows have plighted;  
 Life and Light are reunited  
 Amid countless carollings:  
 Yet, delicious as they are,  
 There's a sound that's sweeter far,—  
 One that makes the heart rejoice  
 More than all,—the human voice!

Organ finer, deeper, clearer,  
 Though it be a stranger's tone,—  
 Than the winds or waters dearer,  
 More enchanting to the hearer,  
 For it answereth to his own.  
 But, of all its witching words,  
 Sweeter than the song of birds,  
 Those are sweetest, bubbling wild  
 Through the laughter of a child.

Harmonies from time-touched towers,  
 Haunted strains from rivulets,  
 Hum of bees among the flowers,  
 Rustling leaves, and silver showers,—  
 These, ere long, the ear forgets:  
 But in mine there is a sound  
 Ringing on the whole year round,—  
 Heart-deep laughter that I heard  
 Ere my child could speak a word.

Ah! 't was heard by ear far purer,  
 Fondlier formed to catch the strain,—  
 Ear of one whose love is surer,—



Hers, the mother, the endurer  
Of the deepest share of pain ;  
Hers the deepest bliss to treasure  
Memories of that cry of pleasure ;  
Hers to hoard, a lifetime after,  
Echoes of that infant laughter.

'Tis a mother's large affection  
Hears with a mysterious sense, —  
Breathings that evade detection,  
Whisper faint and fine inflection,  
Thrill in her with power intense.  
Childhood's honeyed words untaught  
Hiveth she in loving thought, —  
Tones that never thence depart ;  
For she listens — with her heart.

LAMAN BLANCHARD.

## THE FALLS OF MINNEHAHA.

THIS was Hiawatha's wooing!  
Thus it was he won the daughter  
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs!

From the wigwam he departed,  
Leading with him Laughing Water;  
Hand in hand they went together,  
Through the woodland and the meadow,  
Left the old man standing lonely  
At the doorway of his wigwam,  
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to them from the distance,  
Crying to them from afar off,  
"Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker  
Turned again unto his labor,  
Sat down by his sunny doorway,  
Murmuring to himself, and saying:  
"Thus it is our daughters leave us,  
Those we love, and those who love us!  
Just when they have learned to help us,  
When we are old and lean upon them,  
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,  
With his flute of reeds, a stranger



Wanders piping through the village,  
Beckons to the fairest maiden,  
And she follows where he leads her,  
Leaving all things for the stranger!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## BEWARE!

FROM THE GERMAN.

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,

Take care!

She can both false and friendly be,

Beware! Beware!

Trust her not,

She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,

Take care!

She gives a side-glance and looks down,

Beware! Beware!

Trust her not,

She is fooling thee!

And she has hair of a golden hue,

Take care!

And what she says, it is not true,

Beware! Beware!

Trust her not,

She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow,

Take care!

She knows how much it is best to show,

Beware! Beware!

Trust her not,

She is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair,

Take care!

It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,

Beware! Beware!

Trust her not,

She is fooling thee!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

M. Y. Augustin







### THE OLD KIRK YARD.

OH! come, come with me, to the old kirk yard,  
I well know the path through the soft green sward.  
Friends slumber there we were wont to regard,  
We'll trace out their names in the old kirk yard.

Oh! mourn not for them, their grief is o'er,  
Oh! weep not for them, they weep no more,  
For deep is their sleep, though cold and hard  
Their pillow may be in the old kirk yard.

I know it is in vain, when friends depart,  
To breathe kind words to a broken heart;  
I know that the joy of life seems marr'd  
When we follow them home to the old kirk yard.  
But were I at rest beneath yon tree,  
Why shouldst thou weep, dear love, for me:  
I'm wayworn and sad, ah! why then retard  
The rest that I seek in the old kirk yard?

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.







### THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,  
From the seas and the streams ;  
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid  
In their noonday dreams.  
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken  
The sweet birds every one,  
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,  
As she dances about the sun.  
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
And whiten the green plains under,  
And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
And their great pines groan aghast ;  
And all the night 't is my pillow white,  
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.  
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers  
Lightning, my pilot, sits ;  
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,  
It struggles and howls at fits ;  
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,

This pilot is guiding me,  
Lured by the love of the genii that move  
In the depths of the purple sea ;  
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,  
Over the lakes and the plains,  
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,  
The Spirit he loves remains ;  
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,  
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,  
And his burning plumes outspread,  
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
When the morning star shines dead.  
As on the jag of a mountain-crag,  
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,  
An eagle alit one moment may sit  
In the light of its golden wings.  
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,  
Its ardors of rest and of love,  
And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
From the depth of heaven above,  
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,  
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,  
Whom mortals call the moon,  
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,  
By the midnight breezes strewn ;  
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,  
Which only the angels hear,  
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,  
The stars peep behind her and peer ;  
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,

Like a swarm of golden bees,  
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,  
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,  
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,  
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,  
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;  
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,  
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.  
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,  
Over a torrent sea,  
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,  
The mountains its columns be.  
The triumphal arch through which I march  
With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,  
Is the million-colored bow;  
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,  
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,  
And the nursling of the sky;  
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;  
I change, but I cannot die.  
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,  
The pavilion of heaven is bare,  
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,  
Build up the blue dome of air,  
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
And out of the caverns of rain,  
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,  
I arise and unbuild it again.



## THE OHIO.

Flow on, thou glorious river,  
Thy mountain-shores between,  
To where the Mexique's stormy waves  
Dash on savannas green.

. . . . .  
Flow on, thou mighty river!  
High-road of nations, flow!  
And thou shalt flow, when all the woods  
Upon thy sides are low.  
Yes, thou shalt flow eternally,  
Though on thy peopled shore  
The rising town and dawning state  
Should sink to rise no more.

EPHRAIM PEABODY.



Geo. Inness. Print.

THE SACO RIVER VALLEY

From the Original in the American Art Gallery, New York

W. Westland, Sc.



## THE RIVER SACO.

FROM Agiochook's granite steep,  
Fair Saco rolls in chainless pride,  
Rejoicing as it laughs and leaps  
Down the gray mountain's rugged side;—  
The stern rent crags and tall dark pines  
Watch that young pilgrim flashing by,  
While close above them frowns or shines  
The black torn cloud, or deep blue sky.

Soon gathering strength it swiftly takes  
Through Bartlett's vales its tuneful way,  
Or hides in Conway's fragrant brakes,  
Retreating from the glare of day;—  
Now, full of vigorous life, it springs  
From the strong mountain's circling arms,  
And roams, in wide and lucid rings,  
Among green Fryeburg's woods and farms.

Here with low voice it comes and calls  
For tribute from some hermit lake,  
And here it wildly foams and falls,  
Bidding the forest echoes wake;—  
Now sweeping on it runs its race  
By mound and mill in playful glee;—  
Now welcomes, with its pure embrace,  
The vestal waves of Ossipee.

At last, with loud and solemn roar,  
 Spurning each rocky ledge and bar,  
 It sinks where, on the sounding shore,  
 The broad Atlantic heaves afar;—  
 There, on old ocean's faithful breast,  
 Its wealth of waves it proudly flings,  
 And there its weary waters rest,  
 Clear as they left their crystal springs.

Sweet stream! it were a fate divine,  
 Till this world's toils and tasks were done,  
 To go, like those bright floods of thine,  
 Refreshing all, enslaved by none,—  
 To pass through scenes of calm and strife,  
 Singing, like thee, with holy mirth,  
 And close in peace a varied life,  
 Unsullied by one stain of earth.

JAMES GILBORNE LYONS.

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### CHOCORUA.

THE pioneer of a great company  
 That wait behind him, gazing toward the east,—  
 Mighty ones all, down to the nameless least,—  
 Though after him none dares to press, where he  
 With bent head listens to the minstrelsy  
 Of far waves chanting to the moon, their priest.  
 What phantom rises up from winds deceased?  
 What whiteness of the unapproachable sea?  
 Hoary Chocorua guards his mystery well;  
 He pushes back his fellows, lest they hear  
 The haunting secret he apart must tell  
 To his lone self, in the sky-silence clear.  
 A shadowy, cloud-cloaked wraith, with shoulders bowed,  
 He steals, conspicuous, from the mountain-crowd.

LUCY LARCOM.





MOUNT CHOCORUA.



THE ANGLER'S WISH.

I IN these flowery meads would be ;  
These crystal streams should solace me ;  
To whose harmonious bubbling noise  
I, with my angle, would rejoice,  
    Sit here, and see the turtle-dove  
    Court his chaste mate to acts of love ;

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind  
Breathe health and plenty ; please my mind,  
To see sweet dewdrops kiss these flowers,  
And then wash'd off by April showers ;  
    Here, hear my Kenna sing a song ;  
    There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a leverock build her nest ;  
Here, give my weary spirits rest,  
And raise my low-pitch'd thoughts above  
Earth, or what poor mortals love.  
    Thus, free from lawsuits, and the noise  
    Of princes' courts, I would rejoice ;

Or, with my Bryan and a book,  
Loiter long days near Shawford brook;  
There sit by him, and eat my meat;  
There see the sun both rise and set;  
There bid good-morning to next day;  
There meditate my time away;  
And angle on, and beg to have  
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

IZAACK WALTON.



THE ANGLER.





### THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

O THE old house at home, where my forefather dwelt,  
Where a child at the feet of my mother I knelt,  
Where she taught me the prayer, where she read me the page,  
Which, if infancy lisps, is the solace of age,  
My heart, 'mid all changes, wherever I roam,  
Ne'er loses its love for the old house at home.

ANONYMOUS.

## "ISABELLA PLAYING THE LUTE."

SUCH moving sounds from such a careless touch!  
So unconcern'd herself, and we so much!  
What art is this, that with so little pains  
Transports us thus, and o'er our spirits reigns?  
The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,  
And tell their joy for every kiss aloud.  
Small force there needs to make them tremble so;  
Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too?  
Here Love takes stand, and while she charms the ear,  
Empties his quiver on the listening deer.  
Music so softens and disarms the mind,  
That not an arrow does resistance find.  
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,  
And acts herself the triumph of her eyes;  
So Nero once, with harp in hand, surveyed  
His flaming Rome, and as it burned he played.

WALLER.







Leop. Müller p.

J. Klaus sc.



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