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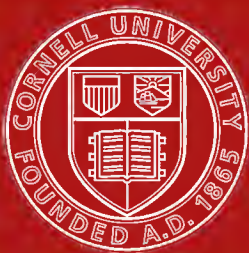
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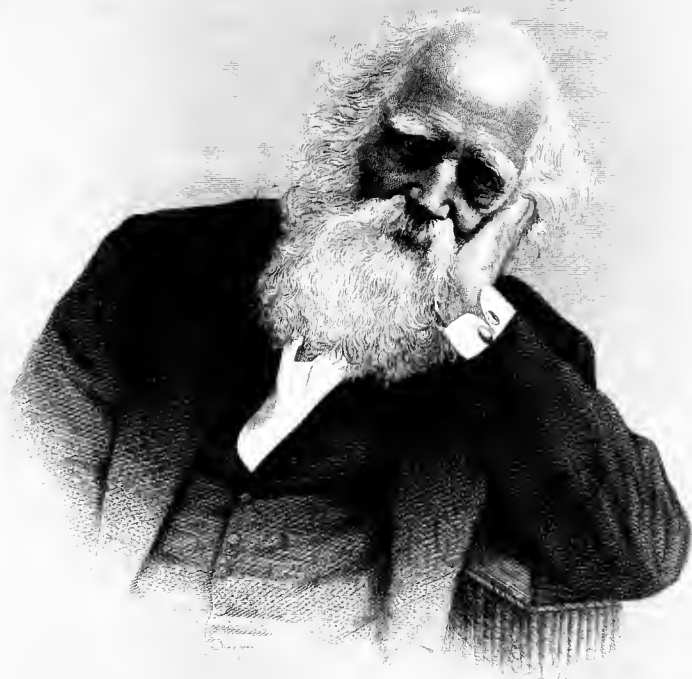
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*William Cullen Bryant*





A LIBRARY  
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POETRY AND SONG

BEING  
*Choice Selections from the Best Poets*

WITH AN INTRODUCTION  
BY  
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT



NEW YORK  
J. B. FORD AND COMPANY  
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## PREFACE.

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THIS book has been prepared with the aim of gathering into a single volume the largest practicable compilation of the best Poems of the English language, making it as nearly as possible the choicest and most complete general collection of Poetry yet published.

The name "Library" which is given it indicates the principle upon which the book has been made: namely, that it might serve as a book of reference; as a comprehensive exhibit of the history, growth, and condition of poetical literature; and, more especially, as a companion, at the will of its possessor, for the varying moods of the mind.

Necessarily limited in extent, it yet contains one fifth more matter than any similar publication, presenting over fifteen hundred selections, from more than four hundred authors. It is believed that of the poetical writers acknowledged by the intelligent and cultivated to be great, none, whether English, Scotch, Irish, or American, will be found unrepresented in the volume; while many verses, of merit though not of fame, found in old books or caught out of the passing current of literature, have been here collated with those more notable. And the chief object of the collection — to present an array of good poetry so widely representative and so varied in its tone as to offer an answering chord to every mood and phase of human feeling — has been carefully kept in view, both in the selection and the arrangement of its contents. So that, in all senses, the realization of the significant title, "Library," has been an objective point.

In pursuance of this plan, the highest standard of literary criticism has not been made the only test of worth for selection, since many poems have been included, which, though less perfect than others in form, have, by some power of touching the heart, gained and maintained a sure place in the popular esteem. This policy has been followed with the more confidence, as every poem of the collection has taken its place in the book only after passing the cultured criticism of Mr. William Cullen Bryant. The book is not Mr. Bryant's compilation, nor is he responsible for the classification and arrangement of the poems, although, as he says in the very interesting "Introduction" which he has contributed, he has "used a free hand, as

requested, both in excluding and adding matter, according to his judgment of what was needed." In so far, therefore, it has the sanction and authority of his widely honored name, and comes before the reading public with an indorsement second to none in the world of letters.

The Publishers desire to return their cordial thanks for the courtesy freely extended to them, by which many copyrighted American poems have been allowed to appear in this collection. In regard to a large number of them, permission has been accorded by the authors themselves; other poems, having been gathered as waifs and strays, have been necessarily used without especial authority, and where due credit is not given, or where the authorship may have been erroneously ascribed, future editions will afford opportunity for the correction which will be gladly made. Particular acknowledgments are offered to Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. for extracts from Mr. James Grant Wilson's handsome edition of the works of Fitz-Greene Halleck, and from the poems of William Cullen Bryant; to Messrs. Harper & Brothers for a few poems of Charles G. Halpine; to Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. for quotations from the writings of T. Buchanan Read; to Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. for an extract from Dr. J. G. Holland's "Bitter-Sweet"; and more especially to the house of Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co.,—whose good taste, liberality, and intelligent enterprise have given them an unequalled list of American poetical writers, comprising many of the most eminent poets of the land,—for their courtesy in the liberal extracts granted from their copyright editions of the writings of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Florence Percy, John Godfrey Saxe, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Bayard Taylor, John Townsend Trowbridge, and John Greenleaf Whittier.

The Publishers take pleasure in believing that many readers will find in this volume inducements to seek complete editions of favorite American poets, in order to become better acquainted with those authors whose writings have made this compilation so complete in the poetical literature of our own land.

With these brief explanations and acknowledgments, the "Library of Poetry and Song" is placed before the public, with the hope that it will be deemed worthy of its title.

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This is Love, who, deaf to prayers,  
Floods with blessings unaware.  
Draw, if thou canst, the mystic line  
Severing rightly his from thine,  
Which is human, which divine.

R. W. Emerson.

## INTRODUCTION.

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So large a collection of poems as this demands of its compiler an extensive familiarity with the poetic literature of our language, both of the early and the later time, and withal so liberal a taste as not to exclude any variety of poetic merit. At the request of the Publishers I undertook to write an Introduction to the present work, and in pursuance of this design I find that I have come into a somewhat closer personal relation with the book. In its progress it has passed entirely under my revision, and, although not absolutely responsible for the compilation or its arrangement, I have, as requested, exercised a free hand both in excluding and in adding matter according to my judgment of what was best adapted to the purposes of the enterprise. Such, however, is the wide range of English verse, and such the abundance of the materials, that a compilation of this kind must be like a bouquet gathered from the fields in June, when hundreds of flowers will be left in unvisited spots, as beautiful as those which have been taken. It may happen, therefore, that many who have learned to delight in some particular poem will turn these pages, as they might those of other collections, without finding their favorite. Nor should it be matter of surprise, considering the multitude of authors from whom the compilation is made, if it be found that some are overlooked, especially the more recent, of equal merit with many whose poems appear in these pages. It may happen, also, that the compiler, in consequence of some particular association, has been sensible of a beauty and a power of awakening emotions and recalling images in certain poems which other readers will fail to perceive. It should be considered, moreover, that in poetry, as in painting, different artists have different modes of presenting their conceptions, each of which may possess its peculiar merit, yet those whose taste is formed by contemplating the productions of one class take little pleasure in any other. Crabb Robinson relates that Wordsworth once admitted to him that he did not much admire contemporary poetry, not because of its want of poetic merit, but because he had been accustomed to poetry of a different sort, and added that but for this he might have read it with pleasure. ( I quote from memory. ) It is to be hoped that every reader of this collection, however he may have been trained, will find in the great variety of its contents something conformable to his taste.

I suppose it is not necessary to give a reason for adding another to the collections of this nature, already in print. They abound in every language, for the simple reason that there is a demand for them. German literature, prolific as it is in verse, has many of them, and some of them compiled by distinguished authors. The par-

lor table and the winter fireside require a book which, when one is in the humor for reading poetry and knows not what author to take up, will supply exactly what he wants.

I have known persons who frankly said that they took no pleasure in reading poetry, and perhaps the number of those who make this admission would be greater were it not for the fear of appearing singular. But to the great mass of mankind poetry is really a delight and a refreshment. To many, perhaps to most, it is not requisite that it should be of the highest degree of merit. Nor, although it be true that the poems which are most famous and most highly prized are works of considerable length, can it be said that the pleasure they give is in any degree proportionate to the extent of their plan. It seems to me that it is only poems of a moderate length, or else portions of the greater works to which I refer, that produce the effect upon the mind and heart which make the charm of this kind of writing. The proper office of poetry, in filling the mind with delightful images and awakening the gentler emotions, is not accomplished on a first and rapid perusal, but requires that the words should be dwelt upon until they become in a certain sense our own, and are adopted as the utterance of our own minds. A collection such as this is intended to be furnishes for this purpose portions of the best English verse suited to any of the varying moods of its readers.

Such a work also, if sufficiently extensive, gives the reader an opportunity of comparing the poetic literature of one period with that of another; of noting the fluctuations of taste, and how the poetic forms which are in fashion during one age are laid aside in the next; of observing the changes which take place in our language, and the sentiments which at different periods challenge the public approbation. Specimens of the poetry of different centuries presented in this way show how the great stream of human thought in its poetic form eddies now to the right and now to the left, wearing away its banks first on one side and then on the other. Some author of more than common faculties and more than common boldness catches the public attention, and immediately he has a crowd of followers who form their taste on his and seek to divide with him the praise. Thus Cowley, with his undeniable genius, was the head of a numerous class who made poetry consist in far-fetched conceits, ideas oddly brought together, and quaint turns of thought. Pope, following close upon Dryden, and learning much from him, was the founder of a school of longer duration, which found its models in Boileau and other poets of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, — a school in which the wit predominated over the poetry, — a school marked by striking oppositions of thought, frequent happinesses of expression, and a carefully balanced modulation, — numbers pleasing at first, but in the end fatiguing. As this school degenerated the wit almost disappeared, but there was no new infusion of poetry in its place. When Scott gave the public the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and other poems, which certainly, considered as mere narratives, are the best we have, carrying the reader forward without weariness and with an interest which the author never allows to subside, a crowd of imitators pressed after him, the greater part of whom are no longer read. Wordsworth had, and still has, his school; the stamp of his example is visible on the writings of all the poets of the present day.

Even Byron showed himself, in the third canto of *Childe Harold*, to be one of his disciples, though he fiercely resented being called so. The same poet did not disdain to learn of Scott in composing his narrative poems, such as the *Bride of Abydos* and the *Giaour*, though he could never tell a story in verse without occasional tediousness. In our day the style of writing adopted by eminent living poets is often seen reflected in the verses of their younger contemporaries, — sometimes with an effect like that of a face beheld in a tarnished mirror. Thus it is that poets are formed by their influence on one another; the greatest of them are more or less indebted for what they are to their predecessors and their contemporaries.

While speaking of these changes in the public taste, I am tempted to caution the reader against the mistake often made of estimating the merit of one poet by the too easy process of comparing him with another. The varieties of poetic excellence are as great as the varieties of beauty in flowers or in the female face. There is no poet, indeed no author in any department of literature, who can be taken as a standard in judging of others; the true standard is an ideal one, and even this is not the same in all men's minds. One delights in grace, another in strength; one in a fiery vehemence and enthusiasm on the surface, another in majestic repose and the expression of feeling too deep to be noisy; one loves simple and obvious images strikingly employed, or familiar thoughts placed in a new light, another is satisfied only with novelties of thought and expression, with uncommon illustrations and images far sought. It is certain that each of these modes of treating a subject may have its peculiar merit, and that it is absurd to require of those whose genius inclines them to one that they should adopt its opposite, or to set one down as inferior to another because he is not of the same class. As well, in looking through an astronomer's telescope at that beautiful phenomenon, a double star, in which the twin flames are one of a roseate and the other of a golden tint, might we quarrel with either of them because it is not colored like its fellow. Some of the comparisons made by critics between one poet and another are scarcely less preposterous than would be a comparison between a river and a mountain.

The compiler of this collection has gone as far back as to the author who may properly be called the father of English poetry, and who wrote while our language was like the lion in Milton's account of the creation, when rising from the earth at the Divine command and

“ . . . pawing to get free  
His hinder parts,” —

for it was still clogged by the unassimilated portions of the French tongue, to which in part it owed its origin. These were to be thrown aside in after years. The versification had also one characteristic of French verse which was soon after Chaucer's time laid aside, — the mute or final *e* had in his lines the value of a syllable by itself, especially when the next word began with a consonant. But though these peculiarities somewhat embarrass the reader, he still finds in the writings of the old poet a fund of the good old English of the Saxon fireside, which makes them worthy to be studied were it only to strengthen our hold on our language. He delighted in describing natural objects which still retained their Saxon names, and this he did with

great beauty and sweetness. In the sentiments also the critics ascribe to him a degree of delicacy which one could scarcely have looked for in the age in which he wrote, though at other times he avails himself of the license then allowed. There is no majesty, no stately march of numbers, in his poetry, still less is there of fire, rapidity, or conciseness; the French and Italian narrative poets from whom he learned his art wrote as if the people of their time had nothing to do but to attend to long stories, and Chaucer, who translated from the French the *Romaunt of the Rose*, though a greater poet than any of those whom he took for his models, made small improvement upon them in this respect. His *Troylus and Cryseyde*, with but little action and incident, is as long as either of the epics of Homer. The *Canterbury Tales*, Chaucer's best things, have less of this defect; but even there the narrative is over-minute, and the personages, as Taine, the French critic, remarks, although they talk well, talk too much. The taste for this prolixity in narratives and conversations had a long duration in English poetry, since we find the same tediousness, to call it by its true name, in Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* and his *Lucrece*, written more than two hundred years later. Yet in the mean time the old popular ballads of England and Scotland had been composed, in which the incidents follow each other in quick succession, and the briefest possible speeches are uttered by the personages. The scholars and court poets doubtless disdained to learn anything of these poets of the people, and the *Davidis* of Cowley, who lived three hundred years after Chaucer, is as remarkable for the sluggish progress of the story and the tediousness of the harangues as for any other characteristics.

Between the time of Chaucer and that of Sidney and Spenser we find little in the poetic literature of our language to detain our attention. That age produced many obscure versifiers, and metrical romances continued to be written after the fashion of the French and Italian poets, whom Chaucer acknowledged as his masters. During this period appeared Shelton, the poet and jester, whose special talent was facility in rhyming, who rhymed as if he could not help it, — as if he had only to put pen to paper, and the words leaped of their own accord into regular measure with an inevitable jingle at the endings. Meantime our language was undergoing a process which gradually separated the nobler parts from the dross, rejecting the French additions for which there was no occasion, or which could not easily be made to take upon themselves the familiar forms of our tongue. The prosody of English became also fixed in that period; the final *e* which so perplexes the modern reader in Chaucer's verse was no longer permitted to figure as a distinct syllable. The poets, however, still allowed themselves the liberty of sometimes making, after the French manner, two syllables of the terminations *tion* and *ion*, so that *nation* became a word of three syllables and *opinion* a word of four. The Sonnets of Sidney, written on the Italian model, have all the grace and ingenuity of those of Petrarch. In the *Faerie Queene* of Spenser it seems to me that we find the English language, so far as the purposes of poetry require, in a degree of perfection beyond which it has not been since carried, and, I suppose, never will be. A vast assemblage of poetic endowments contributed to the composition of the poem, yet I think it would not be easy to name one of the same length, and the work of a genius equally great, in any language,



which more fatigues the reader in a steady perusal from beginning to end. In it we have an invention ever awake, active, and apparently inexhaustible; an affluence of imagery grand, beautiful, or magnificent, as the subject may require; wise observations on human life steeped in a poetic coloring, and not without touches of pathos; a wonderful mastery of versification, and the aptest forms of expression. We read at first with admiration, yet to this ere long succeeds a sense of satiety, and we lay down the book, not unwilling, however, after an interval, to take it up with renewed admiration. I once heard an eminent poet say that he thought the second part of the *Faerie Queene* inferior to the first; yet I am inclined to ascribe the remark rather to a falling off in the attention of the reader than in the merit of the work. A poet, however, would be more likely to persevere to the end than any other reader, since in every stanza he would meet with some lesson in his art.

In that fortunate age of English literature arose a greater than Spenser. Let me only say of Shakespeare, that in his dramas, amid certain faults imputable to the taste of the English public, there is to be found every conceivable kind of poetic excellence. At the same time and immediately after him flourished a group of dramatic poets who drew their inspiration from nature and wrote with manly vigor. One would naturally suppose that their example, along with the more illustrious ones of Spenser and Shakespeare, would influence and form the taste of the succeeding age; but almost before they had ceased to claim the attention of the public, and while the eminent divines, Barrow, Jeremy Taylor, and others, wrote nobly in prose with a genuine eloquence and a fervor scarcely less than poetic, appeared the school of writers in verse whom Johnson, by a phrase the propriety of which has been disputed, calls the metaphysical poets, — a class of wits whose whole aim was to extort admiration by ingenious conceits, thoughts of such unexpectedness and singularity that one wondered how they could ever come into the mind of the author. For what they regarded as poetic effect they depended, not upon the sense of beauty or grandeur, not upon depth or earnestness of feeling, but simply upon surprise at quaint and strange resemblances, contrasts, and combinations of ideas. These were delivered for the most part in rugged diction, and in numbers so harsh as to be almost unmanageable by the reader. Cowley, a man of real genius, and of a more musical versification than his fellows, was the most distinguished example of this school. Milton, born a little before Cowley, and like him an eminent poet in his teens, is almost the only instance of escape from the infection of this vicious style; his genius was of too robust a mould for such petty employments, and he would have made, if he had condescended to them, as ill a figure as his own Samson on the stage of a mountebank. Dryden himself, in some of his earlier poems, appears as a pupil of this school; but he soon outgrew — in great part, at least — the false taste of the time, and set an example of a nobler treatment of poetic subjects.

Yet though the genius of Dryden reacted against this perversion of the art of verse, it had not the power to raise the poetry of our language to the height which it occupied in the Elizabethan age. Within a limited range he was a true poet; his imagination was far from fertile, nor had he much skill in awakening emotion, but he could treat certain subjects magnificently in verse, and often where his imagination

fails him he is sustained by the vigor of his understanding and the largeness of his knowledge. He gave an example of versification in the heroic couplet, which has commanded the admiration of succeeding poets down to our time, — a versification manly, majestic, and of varied modulation, of which Pope took only a certain part as the model of his own, and, contracting its range and reducing it to more regular pauses, made it at first appear more musical to the reader, but in the end fatigued him by its monotony. Dryden drew scarcely a single image from his own observation of external nature, and Pope, though less insensible than he to natural beauty, was still merely the poet of the drawing-room. Yet he is the author of more happy lines, which have passed into the common speech and are quoted as proverbial sayings, than any author we have save Shakespeare; and, whatever may be said in his dispraise, he is likely to be quoted as long as the English is a living language. The footprints of Pope are not those of a giant, but he has left them scattered all over the field of our literature, although the fashion of writing like him has wholly passed away.

Certain faculties of the poetic mind seem to have slumbered from the time of Milton to that of Thomson, who showed the literary world of Great Britain, to its astonishment, what a profusion of materials for poetry Nature offers to him who directly consults her instead of taking his images at second-hand. Thomson's blank verse, however, is often swollen and bladdery to a painful degree. He seems to have imagined, like many other writers of his time, that blank verse could not support itself without the aid of a stilted phraseology; for that fine poem of his, in the Spenserian stanza, the *Castle of Indolence*, shows that when he wrote in rhyme he did not think it necessary to depart from a natural style.

Wordsworth is generally spoken of as one who gave to our literature that impulse which brought the poets back from the capricious forms of expression in vogue before his time to a certain fearless simplicity; for it must be acknowledged that until he arose there was scarce any English poet who did not seem in some degree to labor under the apprehension of becoming too simple and natural, — to imagine that a certain pomp of words is necessary to elevate the style and make that grand and noble which in its direct expression would be homely and trivial. Yet the poetry of Wordsworth was but the consummation of a tendency already existing and active. Cowper had already felt it in writing his *Task*, and in his longer rhymed poems had not only attempted a freer versification than that of Pope, but had clothed his thoughts in the manly English of the better age of our poetry. Percy's *Reliques* had accustomed English readers to perceive the extreme beauty of the old ballads in their absolute simplicity, and shown how much superior these were to such productions as Percy's own *Hermit of Warkworth* and Goldsmith's *Edwin and Angelina*, in their feeble elegance. Burns's inimitable Scottish poems — his English verses are tumid and wordy — had taught the same lesson. We may infer that the genius of Wordsworth was in a great degree influenced by these, just as he in his turn contributed to form the taste of those who wrote after him. It was long, however, before he reached the eminence which he now holds in the estimation of the literary world. His *Lyrical Ballads*, published about the close of the last century, were at first little read, and

of those who liked them there were few who were not afraid to express their admiration. Yet his fame has slowly climbed from stage to stage until now his influence is perceived in all the English poetry of the day. If this were the place to criticise his poetry, I should say, of his more stately poems in blank verse, that they often lack compression, — that the thought suffers by too great expansion. Wordsworth was unnecessarily afraid of being epigrammatic. He abhorred what is called a point as much as Dennis is said to have abhorred a pun. Yet I must own that even his most diffuse amplifications have in them a certain grandeur that fills the mind.

At a somewhat later period arose the poet Keats, who wrote in a manner which carried the reader back to the time when those charming passages of lyrical enthusiasm were produced which we occasionally find in the plays of Shakespeare, in those of Beaumont and Fletcher, and in Milton's *Comus*. The verses of Keats are occasionally disfigured, especially in his *Endymion*, by a flatness almost childish, but in the finer passages they clothe the thought in the richest imagery and in words each of which is a poem. Lowell has justly called Keats "over-languaged," but there is scarce a word that we should be willing to part with in his *Ode to the Nightingale*, and that on a *Grecian Urn*, and the same thing may be said of the greater part of his *Hyperion*. His poems were ridiculed in the Edinburgh Review, but they survived the ridicule, and now, fifty years after their first publication, the poetry of the present day, by certain resemblances of manner, testifies to the admiration with which he is still read.

The genius of Byron was of a more vigorous mould than that of Keats; but notwithstanding his great popularity and the number of his imitators at one time, he made a less permanent impression on the character of English poetry. His misanthropy and gloom, his scoffing vein, and the fierceness of his animosities, after the first glow of admiration was over, had a repellent effect upon readers, and made them turn to more cheerful strains. Moore had in his time many imitators, but all his gayety, his brilliant fancy, his somewhat feminine graces, and the elaborate music of his numbers, have not saved him from the fate of being imitated no more. Coleridge and Southey were of the same school with Wordsworth, and only added to the effect of his example upon our literature. Coleridge is the author of the two most perfect poetical translations which our language in his day could boast, those of Schiller's *Piccolomini* and *Death of Wallenstein*, in which the English verse falls in no respect short of the original German. Southey divides with Scott the honor of writing the first long narrative poems in our language which can be read without occasional weariness.

Of the later poets, educated in part by the generation of authors which produced Wordsworth and Byron and in part by each other, yet possessing their individual peculiarities, I should perhaps speak with more reserve. The number of those who are attempting to win a name in this walk of literature is great, and several of them have already gained, and through many years held, the public favor. To some of them will be assigned an enduring station among the eminent of their class.

There are two tendencies by which the seekers after poetic fame in our day are apt to be misled, through both the example of others and the applause of critics.

One of these is the desire to extort admiration by striking novelties of expression ; and the other, the ambition to distinguish themselves by subtilities of thought, remote from the common apprehension.

With regard to the first of these I have only to say what has been often said before, that, however favorable may be the idea which this luxuriance of poetic imagery and of epithet at first gives us of the author's talent, our admiration soon exhausts itself. We feel that the thought moves heavily under its load of garments, some of which perhaps strike us as tawdry and others as ill-fitting, and we lay down the book to take it up no more.

The other mistake, if I may so call it, deserves more attention, since we find able critics speaking with high praise of passages in the poetry of the day to which the general reader is puzzled to attach a meaning. This is often the case when the words themselves seem simple enough, and keep within the range of the Saxon or household element of our language. The obscurity lies sometimes in the phrase itself, and sometimes in the recondite or remote allusion. I will not say that certain minds are not affected by this, as others are by verses in plainer English. To the few it may be genuine poetry, although it may be a riddle to the mass of readers. I remember reading somewhere of a mathematician who was affected with a sense of sublimity by the happy solution of an algebraical or geometrical problem, and I have been assured by one who devoted himself to the science of mathematics that the phenomenon is no uncommon one. Let us beware, therefore, of assigning too narrow limits to the causes which produce the poetic exaltation of mind. The genius of those who write in this manner may be freely acknowledged, but they do not write for mankind at large.

To me it seems that one of the most important requisites for a great poet is a luminous style. The elements of poetry lie in natural objects, in the vicissitudes of human life, in the emotions of the human heart, and the relations of man to man. He who can present them in combinations and lights which at once affect the mind with a deep sense of their truth and beauty is the poet for his own age and the ages that succeed it. It is no disparagement either to his skill or his power that he finds them near at hand ; the nearer they lie to the common track of the human intelligence, the more certain is he of the sympathy of his own generation, and of those which shall come after him. The metaphysician, the subtle thinker, the dealer in abstruse speculations, whatever his skill in versification, misapplies it when he abandons the more convenient form of prose and perplexes himself with the attempt to express his ideas in poetic numbers.

Let me say for the poets of the present day, that in one important respect they have profited by the example of their immediate predecessors ; they have learned to go directly to nature for their imagery, instead of taking it from what had once been regarded as the common stock of the guild of poets. I have often had occasion to verify this remark with no less delight than surprise on meeting in recent verse new images in their untarnished lustre, like coins fresh from the mint, unworn and unsoiled by passing from pocket to pocket. It is curious, also, to observe how a certain set of hackneyed phrases, which Leigh Hunt, I believe, was the first to ridicule, and which were once used for the convenience of rounding out a line or supplying a

rhyme, have disappeared from our poetry, and how our blank verse in the hands of the most popular writers has dropped its stiff Latinisms and all the awkward distortions resorted to by those who thought that by putting a sentence out of its proper shape they were writing like Milton.

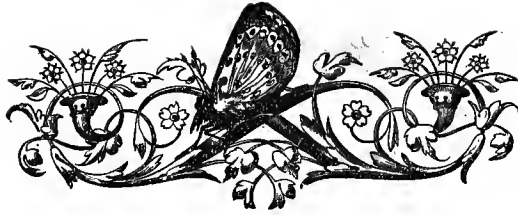
I have now brought this brief survey of the progress of our poetry down to the present time, and refer the reader, for samples of it in the different stages of its existence, to those which are set before him in this volume.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

SEPTEMBER, 1870.

The very tones in which we spoke  
Had something strange I could but mark;  
The leav'rs of memory seem'd to make  
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Henry W. Longfellow



POEMS OF CHILDHOOD.



These struggling tides of life that seem  
In wayward aimless course to tend  
Are eddies of the mighty stream  
That rolls to its appointed end

William Cullen Bryant.



# POEMS OF CHILDHOOD.

## INFANCY.

### PHILIP, MY KING.

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round  
And top of sovereignty."

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,  
Philip, my king !  
For round thee the purple shadow lies  
Of babyhood's royal dignities.  
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand  
With Love's invisible sceptre laden ;  
I am thine Esther, to command  
Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,  
Philip, my king !

O, the day when thou goest a-wooing,  
Philip, my king !  
When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,  
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,  
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there  
Sittest love-glorified ! — Rule kindly,  
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair ;  
For we that love, ah ! we love so blindly,  
Philip, my king !

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,  
Philip, my king !  
The spirit that there lies sleeping now  
May rise like a giant, and make men bow  
As to one Heaven-chosen amongst his peers.  
My Saul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,  
Let me behold thee in future years !  
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,  
Philip, my king ; —

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,  
Philip, my king !  
Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way  
Thorny, and cruel, and cold, and gray ;  
Rebels within thee and foes without  
Will snatch at thy crown. But march on,  
glorious,  
Martyr, yet monarch ! till angels shout,  
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,  
"Philip, the king !"

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

### CRADLE SONG.

WHAT is the little one thinking about ?  
Very wonderful things, no doubt ;  
Unwritten history !  
Unfathomed mystery !  
Yet he chuckles, and crows, and nods, and winks,  
As if his head were as full of kinks  
And curious riddles as any sphinx !  
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,  
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,  
Our little nephew will lose two years ;  
And he'll never know  
Where the summers go ;  
He need not laugh, for he'll find it so.

Who can tell what a baby thinks ?  
Who can follow the gossamer links  
By which the manikin feels his way  
Out from the shore of the great unknown,  
Blind, and wailing, and alone,  
Into the light of day ?  
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,  
Tossing in pitiful agony ;  
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,  
Specked with the barks of little souls, —  
Barks that were launched on the other side,  
And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide !  
What does he think of his mother's eyes ?  
What does he think of his mother's hair ?  
What of the cradle-roof, that flies  
Forward and backward through the air ?  
What does he think of his mother's breast,  
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,  
Seeking it ever with fresh delight,  
Cup of his life, and couch of his rest ?  
What does he think when her quick embrace  
Presses his hand and buries his face  
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell,  
With a tenderness she can never tell,  
Though she murmur the words  
Of all the birds, —  
Words she has learned to murmur well ?  
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep !  
I can see the shadow creep

Over his eyes in soft eclipse,  
 Over his brow and over his lips,  
 Out to his little finger-tips !  
 Softly sinking, down he goes !  
 Down he goes ! down he goes !  
 See ! he 's hushed in sweet repose.

JOSEPH GILBERT HOLLAND.

### CHOOSING A NAME.

I HAVE got a new-born sister ;  
 I was nigh the first that kissed her.  
 When the nursing-woman brought her  
 To papa, his infant daughter,  
 How papa's dear eyes did glisten ! —  
 She will shortly be to christen ;  
 And papa has made the offer,  
 I shall have the naming of her.

Now I wonder what would please her, —  
 Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa ?  
 Ann and Mary, they 're too common ;  
 Joan 's too formal for a woman ;  
 Jane 's a prettier name beside ;  
 But we had a Jane that died.  
 They would say, if 't was Rebecca,  
 That she was a little Quaker.  
 Edith 's pretty, but that looks  
 Better in old English books ;  
 Ellen 's left off long ago ;  
 Blanche is out of fashion now.  
 None that I have named as yet  
 Are so good as Margaret.  
 Emily is neat and fine ;  
 What do you think of Caroline ?  
 How I 'm puzzled and perplexed  
 What to choose or think of next !  
 I am in a little fever  
 Lest the name that I should give her  
 Should disgrace her or defame her ; —  
 I will leave papa to name her.

MARY LAMB.

### BABY MAY.

CHEEKS as soft as July peaches ;  
 Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches  
 Poppies paleness ; round large eyes  
 Ever great with new surprise ;  
 Minutes filled with shadeless gladness ;  
 Minutes just as brimmed with sadness ;  
 Happy smiles and wailing cries ;  
 Crows, and laughs, and tearful eyes ;  
 Lights and shadows, swifter born  
 Than on wind-swept autumn corn ;  
 Ever some new tiny notion,

Making every limb all motion ;  
 Catchings up of legs and arms ;  
 Throwings back and small alarms ;  
 Clutching fingers ; straightening jerks ;  
 Twining feet whose each toe works ;  
 Kickings up and straining risings ;  
 Mother's ever new surprisings ;  
 Hands all wants and looks all wonder  
 At all things the heavens under ;  
 Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings  
 That have more of love than lovings ;  
 Mischiefs done with such a winning  
 Archness that we prize such sinning ;  
 Breakings dire of plates and glasses ;  
 Graspings small at all that passes ;  
 Pullings off of all that 's able  
 To be caught from tray or table ;  
 Silences, — small meditations  
 Deep as thoughts of cares for nations ;  
 Breaking into wisest speeches  
 In a tongue that nothing teaches ;  
 All the thoughts of whose possessing  
 Must be wooed to light by guessing ;  
 Slumbers, — such sweet angel-seemings  
 That we 'd ever have such dreamings ;  
 Till from sleep we see thee breaking,  
 And we 'd always have thee waking ;  
 Wealth for which we know no measure ;  
 Pleasure high above all pleasure ;  
 Gladness brimming over gladness ;  
 Joy in care ; delight in sadness ;  
 Loveliness beyond completeness ;  
 Sweetness distancing all sweetness ;  
 Beauty all that beauty may be ; —  
 That 's May Bennett ; that 's my baby.

WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

### BABY BYE.

BABY Bye,  
 Here 's a fly ;  
 Let us watch him, you and I.  
 How he crawls  
 Up the walls,  
 Yet he never falls !  
 I believe with six such legs  
 You and I could walk on eggs.  
 There he goes  
 On his toes,  
 Tickling Baby's nose.

Spots of red  
 Dot his head ;  
 Rainbows on his back are spread ;  
 That small speck  
 Is his neck ;  
 See him nod and beck.

I can show you, if you choose,  
Where to look to find his shoes, —  
Three small pairs,  
Made of hairs ;  
These he always wears.

Black and brown  
Is his gown ;  
He can wear it upside down ;  
It is laced  
Round his waist ;  
I admire his taste.

Yet though tight his clothes are made,  
He will lose them, I'm afraid,  
If to-night  
He gets sight  
Of the candle-light.

In the sun  
Webs are spun ;  
What if he gets into one ?  
When it rains  
He complains  
On the window-panes.  
Tongue to talk have you and I ;  
God has given the little fly  
No such things,  
So he sings  
With his buzzing wings.

He can eat  
Bread and meat ;  
There's his mouth between his feet.  
On his back  
Is a pack  
Like a pedler's sack.  
Does the baby understand ?  
Then the fly shall kiss her hand ;  
Put a crumb  
On her thumb,  
Maybe he will come.

Catch him ? No,  
Let him go,  
Never hurt an insect so ;  
But no doubt  
He flies out  
Just to gad about.

Now you see his wings of silk  
Drabbled in the baby's milk ;  
Fie, O fie,  
Foolish fly !  
How will he get dry ?

All wet flies  
Twist their thighs ;  
Thus they wipe their heads and eyes ;  
Cats, you know,  
Wash just so,  
Then their whiskers grow.

Flies have hairs too short to comb,  
So they fly bareheaded home ;  
But the gnat  
Wears a hat.  
Do you believe that ?

Flies can see  
More than we,  
So how bright their eyes must be !  
Little fly,  
Ope your eye ;  
Spiders are near by.  
For a secret I can tell, —  
Spiders never use flies well.  
Then away  
Do not stay.  
Little fly, good day.

THEODORE TILTON.

WILLIE WINKIE.

WEE Willie Winkie rins through the town,  
Up stairs and doon stairs, in his nicht-gown,  
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,  
"Are the weans in their bed? — for it's now ten  
o'clock."

Hey, Willie Winkie ! are ye comin' hen ?  
The cat's singin' gay thrums to the sleepin'  
hen,  
The doug's speldered on the floor, and disna gie  
a cheep ;  
But here's a waukrife laddie, that winna fa'  
asleep.

One thing but sleep, ye rogue : — glow'rin' like  
the moon,  
Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,  
Rumblin', tumblin' roun' about, crawin' like a  
cock,  
Skirlin' like a kenna-what — wauknin' sleepin'  
folk !

Hey, Willie Winkie ! the wean's in a creel !  
Waumlin' aff a bodie's knee like a vera eel,  
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravellin' a' her  
thrums :  
Hey, Willie Winkie ! — See, there he comes !

Wearie is the mither that has a storie wear,  
A wee stumple. stoussie, that canna rin his  
lane,  
That has a battle aye wi' sleep, before he'll close  
an ee ;  
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength  
anew to me.

WILLIAM MILLER.

## LITTLE PUSS.

SLEEK coat, eyes of fire,  
Four paws that never tire,  
That's puss.

Ways playful, tail on high,  
Twisting often toward the sky,  
That's puss.

In the larder, stealing meat,  
Patter, patter, little feet,  
That's puss.

After ball, reel, or string,  
Wild as any living thing,  
That's puss.

Round and round, after tail,  
Fast as any postal mail,  
That's puss.

Curled up, like a ball,  
On the door-mat in the hall,  
That's puss.

Purring loud on missis' lap,  
Having toast, then a nap,  
That's puss.

Black as night, with talons long,  
Scratching, which is very wrong,  
That's puss.

From a saucer lapping milk,  
Soft, as soft as washing silk,  
That's puss.

Rolling on the dewy grass,  
Getting wet, all in a mass,  
That's puss.

Climbing tree, and catching bird,  
Little twitter nevermore heard,  
That's puss.

Killing fly, rat, or mouse,  
As it runs about the house,  
That's puss.

Pet of missis, "Itte mite,"  
Never must be out of sight,  
That's puss.

ANONYMOUS.

## NURSE'S WATCH.

[From the "Boy's Horn of Wonders," a German Book of Nursery Rhymes.]

THE moon it shines,  
My darling whines;  
The clock strikes twelve :— God cheer  
The sick, both far and near.

God knoweth all ;  
Mousy nibbles in the wall ;  
The clock strikes one :— like day,  
Dreams o'er thy pillow play.

The matin-bell  
Wakes the nun in convent cell ;  
The clock strikes two :— they go  
To choir in a row.

The wind it blows,  
The cock he crows ;  
The clock strikes three :— the wagoner  
In his straw bed begins to stir.

The steed he paws the floor,  
Creaks the stable-door ;  
The clock strikes four :— 't is plain,  
The coachman sifts his grain.

The swallow's laugh the still air shakes,  
The sun awakes ;  
The clock strikes five :— the traveller must be  
gone,  
He puts his stockings on.

The hen is clacking,  
The ducks are quacking ;  
The clock strikes six :— awake, arise,  
Thou lazy hag ; come, ope thy eyes.

Quick to the baker's run ;  
The rolls are done ;  
The clock strikes seven :—  
'T is time the milk were in the oven.

Put in some butter, do,  
And some fine sugar too ;  
The clock strikes eight :—  
Now bring my baby's porridge straight.

TRANSLATION OF CHARLES T. BROOKS.

## BABY LOUISE.

I'M in love with you, Baby Louise !  
With your silken hair, and your soft blue eyes,  
And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies,  
And the faint, sweet smile you brought from the  
skies, —  
God's sunshine, Baby Louise.

When you fold your hands, Baby Louise,  
Your hands, like a fairy's, so tiny and fair,  
With a pretty, innocent, saint-like air,  
Are you trying to think of some angel-taught  
prayer  
You learned above, Baby Louise ?

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise! —  
 Why! you never raise your beautiful head!  
 Some day, little one, your cheek will grow red  
 With a flush of delight, to hear the words said,  
 "I love you," Baby Louise.

Do you hear me, Baby Louise?  
 I have sung your praises for nearly an hour,  
 And your lashes keep drooping lower and lower,  
 And — you've gone to sleep, like a weary flower,  
 Ungrateful Baby Louise!

M. E.

LULLABY.

FROM "THE PRINCESS."

SWEET and low, sweet and low,  
 Wind of the western sea,  
 Low, low, breathe and blow,  
 Wind of the western sea!  
 Over the rolling waters go,  
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,  
 Blow him again to me;  
 While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
 Father will come to thee soon;  
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,  
 Father will come to thee soon;  
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,  
 Silver sails all out of the west  
 Under the silver moon:  
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

In Ireland they have a pretty fancy, that, when a child smiles in its sleep, it is "talking with angels."

A BABY was sleeping;  
 Its mother was weeping;  
 For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;  
 And the tempest was swelling  
 Round the fisherman's dwelling;  
 And she cried, "Dermot, darling, O come back  
 to me!"

Her beads while she numbered,  
 The baby still slumbered,  
 And smiled in her face as she bended her knee:  
 "O, blest be that warning,  
 My child, thy sleep adorning,  
 For I know that the angels are whispering with  
 thee.

"And while they are keeping  
 Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,

O, pray to them softly, my baby, with me!  
 And say thou wouldst rather  
 They'd watch o'er thy father!  
 For I know that the angels are whispering to  
 thee."

The dawn of the morning  
 Saw Dermot returning,  
 And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;  
 And closely caressing  
 Her child with a blessing,  
 Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering  
 with thee."

SAMUEL LOVER.

TO CHARLOTTE PULTENEY.

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

A. PHILIPS.

TO MY INFANT SON.

THOU happy, happy elf!  
 (But stop, first let me kiss away that tear,)  
 Thou tiny image of myself!  
 (My love, he's poking peas into his ear,)  
 Thou merry, laughing sprite,  
 With spirits, feather light,

Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin ;  
(My dear, the child is swallowing a pin !)

Thou little tricky Puck !  
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,  
Light as the singing bird that rings the air, —  
(The door ! the door ! he'll tumble down the  
stair !)

Thou darling of thy sire !  
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire !)  
Thou imp of mirth and joy !  
In love's dear chain so bright a link,  
Thou idol of thy parents ; — (Drat the boy !  
There goes my ink.)

Thou cherub, but of earth ;  
Fit playfellow for fairies, by moonlight pale,  
In harmless sport and mirth,  
(That dog will bite him, if he pulls his tail !)  
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey  
From every blossom in the world that blows,  
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny, —  
(Another tumble ! That's his precious nose !)  
Thy father's pride and hope !  
(He'll break that mirror with that skipping-  
rope !)  
With pure heart newly stamped from nature's  
mint,  
(Where did he learn that squint ?)

Thou young domestic dove !  
(He'll have that ring off with another shove,)  
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest !  
(Are these torn clothes his best ?)  
Little epitome of man !  
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan,)  
Touched with the beautiful tints of dawning  
life,  
(He's got a knife !)  
Thou enviable being !  
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,  
Play on, play on,  
My elfin John !  
Toss the light ball, bestride the stick, —  
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick !)  
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,  
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,  
With many a lamb-like frisk !  
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown !)  
Thou pretty opening rose !  
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your  
nose !)  
Balmy and breathing music like the south,  
(He really brings my heart into my mouth !)  
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove ;  
(I'll tell you what, my love,  
I cannot write unless he's sent above.)

THOMAS HOOD.

### THE LOST HEIR.

"O where, and O where  
Is my bonnie laddie gone?" — OLD SONG.

ONE day, as I was going by  
That part of Holborn christened High,  
I heard a loud and sudden cry  
That chilled my very blood ;  
And lo ! from out a dirty alley,  
Where pigs and Irish went to rally,  
I saw a crazy woman sally,  
Bedaubed with grease and mud.  
She turned her East, she turned her West,  
Staring like Pythoness possessed,  
With streaming hair and heaving breast,  
As one stark mad with grief.

"O Lord ! O dear, my heart will break, I shall  
go stick stark staring wild !  
Has ever a one seen anything about the streets  
like a crying lost-looking child ?  
Lawk help me, I don't know where to look, of to  
run, if I only knew which way —  
A Child as is lost about London streets, and es-  
pecially Seven Dials, is a needle in a  
bottle of hay.

I am all in a quiver — get out of my sight, do,  
you wretch, you little Kitty M'Nab !  
You promised to have half an eye to him, you  
know you did, you dirty deceitful young  
drab.

The last time as ever I see him, poor thing, was  
with my own blessed Motherly eyes,  
Sitting as good as gold in the gutter, a playing  
at making little dirt-pies.

I wonder he left the court, where he was better  
off than all the other young boys,  
With two bricks, an old shoe, nine oyster-shells,  
and a dead kitten by way of toys.

When his Father comes home, and he always  
comes home as sure as ever the clock  
strikes one,

He'll be rampant, he will, at his child being  
lost ; and the beef and the inguns not  
do !

Ia bless you, good folks, mind your own con-  
cerns, and don't be making a mob in the  
street ;

O Sergeant M'Farlane ! you have not come across  
my poor little boy, have you, in your  
beat ?

Do, good people, move on ! don't stand staring  
at me like a parcel of stupid stuck pigs ;  
Saints forbid ! but he's p'r'aps been inviggled  
away up a court for the sake of his clothes  
by the priggs ;

He'd a very good jacket, for certain, for I bought  
it myself for a shilling one day in Rag  
Fair ;

And his trousers considering not very much  
patched, and red plush, they was once his  
Father's best pair.

His shirt, it's very lucky I'd got washing in the  
tub, or that might have gone with the  
rest ;

But he'd got on a very good pinafore with only  
two slits and a burn on the breast.

He'd a goodish sort of hat, if the crown was  
sewed in, and not quite so much jagged at  
the brim.

With one shoe on, and the other shoe is a boot,  
and not a fit, and you'll know by that  
if it's him.

And then he has got such dear winning ways —  
but O, I never, never shall see him no  
more !

O dear ! to think of losing him just after nussing  
him back from death's door !

Only the very last month when the windfalls,  
hang 'em, was at twenty a penny !

And the threepence he'd got by grottoing was  
spent in plums, and sixty for a child is  
too many.

And the Cholera man came and whitewashed us  
all, and, drat him ! made a seize of our  
hog. —

It's no use to send the Crier to cry him about,  
he's such a blunderin' drunken old dog ;

The last time he was fetched to find a lost child  
he was guzzling with his bell at the  
Crown,

And went and cried a boy instead of a girl, for  
a distracted Mother and Father about  
Town.

Billy — where are you, Billy, I say ? come, Billy,  
come home, to your best of Mothers !

I'm scared when I think of them Cabroleys, they  
drive so, they'd run over their own Sisters  
and Brothers.

Or maybe he's stole by some chimbly-sweeping  
wretch, to stick fast in narrow flues and  
what not,

And be poked up behind with a picked pointed  
pole, when the soot has ketched, and the  
chimbly's red hot.

O, I'd give the whole wide world, if the world  
was mine, to clap my two longin' eyes on  
his face.

For he's my darlin' of darlin's, and if he don't  
soon come back, you'll see me drop stone  
dead on the place.

I only wish I'd got him safe in these two Moth-  
erly arms, and would n't I hug him and  
kiss him !

Lawk ! I never knew what a precious he was —  
but a child don't not feel like a child till  
you miss him.

Why, there he is ! Punch and Judy hunting, the  
young wretch, it's that Billy as sartin  
as sin !

But let me get him home, with a good grip of  
his hair, and I'm blest if he shall have a  
whole bone in his skin !

THOMAS HOOD.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

COME back, come back together,  
All ye fancies of the past,  
Ye days of April weather,  
Ye shadows that are cast  
By the haunted hours before !  
Come back, come back, my Childhood ;  
Thou art summoned by a spell  
From the green leaves of the wildwood,  
From beside the charmed well,  
For Red Riding Hood, the darling,  
The flower of fairy lore !

The fields were covered over  
With colors as she went ;  
Daisy, buttercup, and clover  
Below her footsteps bent ;  
Summer shed its shining store ;  
She was happy as she pressed them  
Beneath her little feet ;  
She plucked them and caressed them ;  
They were so very sweet,  
They had never seemed so sweet before,  
To Red Riding Hood, the darling,  
The flower of fairy lore.

How the heart of childhood dances  
Upon a sunny day !  
It has its own romances,  
And a wide, wide world have they !  
A world where Phantasie is king,  
Made all of eager dreaming ;  
When once grown up and tall —  
Now is the time for scheming —  
Then we shall do them all !  
Do such pleasant fancies spring  
For Red Riding Hood, the darling,  
The flower of fairy lore ?

She seems like an ideal love,  
The poetry of childhood shown,  
And yet loved with a real love,  
As if she were our own, —  
A younger sister for the heart ;  
Like the woodland pheasant,  
Her hair is brown and bright ;  
And her smile is pleasant,  
With its rosy light.  
Never can the memory part

With Red Riding Hood, the darling,  
The flower of fairy lore.

Did the painter, dreaming

In a morning hour,

Catch the fairy seeming

Of this fairy flower ?

Winning it with eager eyes

From the old enchanted stories,

Lingering with a long delight

On the unforgotten glories

Of the infant sight ?

Giving us a sweet surprise

In Red Riding Hood, the darling,

The flower of fairy lore ?

Too long in the meadow staying,

Where the cowslip bends,

With the buttercups delaying

As with early friends,

Did the little maiden stay.

Sorrowful the tale for us ;

We, too, loiter mid life's flowers,

A little while so glorious,

So soon lost in darker hours.

All love lingering on their way,

Like Red Riding Hood, the darling,

The flower of fairy lore.

LÆTITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

#### THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

Now ponder well, you parents dear,

The words which I shall write ;

A doleful story you shall hear,

In time brought forth to light :

A gentleman, of good account,

In Norfolk lived of late,

Whose wealth and riches did surmount

Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,

No help then he could have ;

His wife by him as sick did lie,

And both possessed one grave.

No love between these two was lost,

Each was to other kind ;

In love they lived, in love they died,

And left two babes behind :

The one a fine and pretty boy,

Not passing three years old ;

The other a girl, more young than he,

And made in beauty's mould.

The father left his little son,

As plainly doth appear,

When he to perfect age should come,

Three hundred pounds a year, —

And to his little daughter Jane

Five hundred pounds in gold,

To be paid down on marriage-day,

Which might not be controlled ;

But if the children chanced to die

Ere they to age should come,

Their uncle should possess their wealth,

For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,

"Look to my children dear ;

Be good unto my boy and girl,

No friends else I have here."

With that bespake their mother dear,

"O brother kind," quoth she,

"You are the man must bring our babes

To wealth or misery.

"And if you keep them carefully,

Then God will yon reward ;

If otherwise you seem to deal,

God will your deeds regard."

With lips as cold as any stone

She kissed her children small :

"God bless you both, my children dear,"

With that the tears did fall.

Their parents being dead and gone,

The children home he takes,

And brings them home unto his house,

And much of them he makes.

He had not kept these pretty babes

A twelvemonth and a day,

But, for their wealth, he did devise

To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians strong,

Which were of furious mood,

That they should take these children young,

And slay them in a wood.

He told his wife, and all he had

He did the children send

To be brought up in fair London,

With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,

Rejoicing at that tide,

Rejoicing with a merry mind,

They should on cock-horse ride ;

They prate and prattle pleasantly,

As they rode on the way,

To those that should their butchers be,

And work their lives' decay,

So that the pretty speech they had

Made Murder's heart relent ;

And they that undertook the deed

Full sore they did repent.



Yet one of them, more hard of heart,  
 Did vow to do his charge,  
 Because the wretch that hired him  
 Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,  
 So here they fell at strife ;  
 With one another they did fight,  
 About the children's life ;  
 And he that was of mildest mood  
 Did slay the other there,  
 Within an unfrequented wood ;  
 While babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand  
 When tears stood in their eye,  
 And bade them come and go with him,  
 And look they did not cry ;  
 And two long miles he led them on,  
 While they for food complain :  
 " Stay here," quoth he, " I'll bring you bread  
 When I do come again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,  
 Went wandering up and down,  
 But nevermore they saw the man  
 Approaching from the town.  
 Their pretty lips with blackberries  
 Were all besmeared and dyed,  
 And when they saw the darksome night  
 They sate them down and cried.

Thus wandered these two pretty babes  
 Till death did end their grief ;  
 In one another's arms they died,  
 As babes wanting relief.  
 No burial this pretty pair  
 Of any man receives,  
 Till robin redbreast, painfully,  
 Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God  
 Upon their uncle fell ;  
 Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,  
 His conscience felt an hell.  
 His barns were fired, his goods consumed,  
 His lands were barren made ;  
 His cattle died within the field,  
 And nothing with him stayed.

And, in the voyage of Portugal,  
 Two of his sons did die ;  
 And, to conclude, himself was brought  
 To extreme misery.  
 He pawned and mortgaged all his land  
 Ere seven years came about ;  
 And now, at length, this wicked act  
 Did by this means come out :

The fellow that did take in hand  
 These children for to kill  
 Was for a robber judged to die,  
 As was God's blessed will ;  
 Who did confess the very truth,  
 The which is here expressed ;  
 Their uncle died while he, for debt,  
 In prison long did rest.

You that executors be made,  
 And overseers eke,  
 Of children that be fatherless,  
 And infants mild and meek,  
 Take you example by this thing,  
 And yield to each his right,  
 Lest God with such-like misery  
 Your wicked minds requite.

ANONYMOUS.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A LITTLE in the doorway sitting,  
 The mother plied her busy knitting ;  
 And her cheek so softly smiled,  
 You might be sure, although her gaze  
 Was on the meshes of the lace,  
 Yet her thoughts were with her child.

But when the boy had heard her voice,  
 As o'er her work she did rejoice,  
 His became silent altogether ;  
 And slyly creeping by the wall,  
 He seized a single plume, let fall  
 By some wild bird of longest feather ;  
 And, all a-tremble with his freak,  
 He touched her lightly on the cheek.

O, what a loveliness her eyes  
 Gather in that one moment's space,  
 While peeping round the post she spies  
 Her darling's laughing face !  
 O, mother's love is glorifying,  
 On the cheek like sunset lying ;  
 In the eyes a moistened light,  
 Softer than the moon at night !

THOMAS BURBRIDGE.

THE GAMBOLS OF CHILDREN.

DOWN the dimpled greensward dancing  
 Bursts a flaxen-headed bevy, —  
 Bud-lipt boys and girls advancing,  
 Love's irregular little levy.

Rows of liquid eyes in laughter,  
 How they glimmer, how they quiver !  
 Sparkling one another after,  
 Like bright ripples on a river.

Tipsy band of rubious faces,  
 Flushed with Joy's ethereal spirit,  
 Make your mocks and sly grimaces  
 At Love's self, and do not fear it.  
 GEORGE DARLEY.

—◆—  
 UNDER MY WINDOW.

UNDER my window, under my window,  
 All in the Midsummer weather,  
 Three little girls with fluttering curls  
 Flit to and fro together : —  
 There's Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,  
 And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,  
 And Kate with her scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,  
 Leaning stealthily over,  
 Merry and clear, the voice I hear,  
 Of each glad-hearted rover.  
 Ah ! sly little Kate, she steals my roses ;  
 And Maud and Bell twine wreaths and posies,  
 As merry as bees in clover.

Under my window, under my window,  
 In the blue Midsummer weather,  
 Stealing slow, on a hushed tiptoe,  
 I catch them all together : —  
 Bell with her bonnet of satin sheen,  
 And Maud with her mantle of silver-green,  
 And Kate with the scarlet feather.

Under my window, under my window,  
 And off through the orchard closes ;  
 While Maud she flouts, and Bell she pouts,  
 They scamper and drop their posies ;  
 But dear little Kate takes naught amiss,  
 And leaps in my arms with a loving kiss,  
 And I give her all my roses.

T. WESTWOOD.

—◆—  
 THE MOTHER'S HEART.

WHEN first thou camest, gentle, shy, and fond,  
 My eldest born, first hope, and dearest treasure,  
 My heart received thee with a joy beyond  
 All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure ;  
 Nor thought that any love again might be  
 So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and true, with sense beyond thy years,  
 And natural piety that leaned to heaven ;  
 Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,  
 Yet patient to rebuke when justly given ;  
 Obedient, easy to be reconciled,  
 And meekly cheerful ; such wert thou, my  
 child !

Not willing to be left — still by my side,  
 Haunting my walks, while summer-day was  
 dying ;  
 Nor leaving in thy turn, but pleased to glide  
 Through the dark room where I was sadly  
 lying ;  
 Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek,  
 Watch the dim eye, and kiss the fevered cheek.

O boy ! of such as thou are oftenest made  
 Earth's fragile idols ; like a tender flower,  
 No strength, in all thy freshness, prone to fade,  
 And bending weakly to the thunder-shower ;  
 Still, round the loved, thy heart found force to  
 bind,  
 And clung, like woodbine shaken in the wind !

Then THOU, my merry love, — bold in thy glee,  
 Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,  
 With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free, —  
 Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glanc-  
 ing,  
 Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,  
 Like a young sunbeam to the gladdened earth !

Thine was the shout, the song, the burst of joy,  
 Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip re-  
 soundeth ;  
 Thine was the eager spirit naught could cloy,  
 And the glad heart from which all grief re-  
 boundeth ;  
 And many a mirthful jest and mock reply  
 Lurked in the laughter of thy dark-blue eye.

And thine was many an art to win and bless,  
 The cold and stern to joy and fondness warm-  
 ing ;  
 The coaxing smile, the frequent soft caress,  
 The earnest, tearful prayer all wrath disarm-  
 ing !  
 Again my heart a new affection found,  
 But thought that love with thee had reached its  
 bound.

At length THOU camest, — thou, the last and  
 least,  
 Nicknamed "the Emperor" by thy laughing  
 brothers,  
 Because a haughty spirit swelled thy breast,  
 And thou didst seek to rule and sway the  
 others,  
 Mingling with every playful infant wile  
 A mimic majesty that made us smile.

And O, most like a regal child wert thou !  
 An eye of resolute and successful scheming !  
 Fair shoulders, curling lips, and dauntless brow,  
 Fit for the world's strife, not for poet's dream-  
 ing ;

And proud the lifting of thy stately head,  
And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

Different from both ! yet each succeeding claim  
I, that all other love had been forswearing,  
Forthwith admitted, equal and the same ;  
Nor injured either by this love's comparing,  
Nor stole a fraction for the newer call, —  
But in the mother's heart found room for all !

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

Is there, when the winds are singing  
In the happy summer time, —  
When the raptured air is ringing  
With Earth's music heavenward springing,  
Forest chirp, and village chime, —  
Is there, of the sounds that float  
Unsigningly, 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,  
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,  
Echees of that infant laughter.

'T is 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 MOTHER'S STRATAGEM.

AN INFANT PLAYING NEAR A PRECIPICE.

WHILE on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,  
And the blue vales a thousand joys recall,  
See, to the last, last verge her infant steals !  
O, fly — yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall. —  
Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,  
And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

LEONIDAS of Alexandria (Greek). Translation  
of SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE PET LAMB.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink ;  
I heard a voice ; it said, "Drink, pretty creature,  
drink !"  
And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied  
A snow-white mountain-lamb with a maiden at  
its side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near ; the lamb was  
all alone,  
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone ;  
With one knee on the grass did the little  
maiden kneel,  
While to that mountain-lamb she gave its  
evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his  
supper took,  
Seemed to feast with head and ears ; and his  
tail with pleasure shook.  
"Drink, pretty creature, drink !" she said, in  
such a tone  
That I almost received her heart into my own.

'T was little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of  
beauty rare !  
I watched them with delight : they were a  
lovely pair.

Now with her empty can the maiden turned away ;  
But ere ten yards were gone, her footsteps did  
she stay.

Right towards the lamb she looked ; and from a  
shady place

I unobserved could see the workings of her face.  
If nature to her tongue could measured numbers  
bring,

Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little maid  
might sing : —

“ What ails thee, young one ? — what ? Why  
pull so at thy cord ?

Is it not well with thee ? — well both for bed and  
board ?

Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be ;  
Rest, little young one, rest ; what is 't that  
aileth thee ?

“ Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought  
thee in this can

Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran ;  
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet  
with dew,

I bring thee draughts of milk, — warm milk it  
is, and new.

“ Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stont as  
they are now ;

Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony in  
the plough.

My playmate thou shalt be ; and when the wind  
is cold,

Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be  
thy fold.

“ Here thou need'st not dread the raven in the  
sky ;

Night and day thou art safe, — our cottage is  
hard by.

Why bleat so after me ? Why pull so at thy chain ?  
Sleep, and at break of day I will come to thee  
again ! ”

As homeward through the lane I went with lazy  
feet,

This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat ;  
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by  
line,

That but half of it was hers, and one half of it  
was mine.

Again, and once again, did I repeat the song ;  
“ Nay,” said I, “ more than half to the damsel  
must belong,

For she looked with such a look, and she spake  
with such a tone,

That I almost received her heart into my own.”

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### SEVEN TIMES ONE.

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,  
There's no rain left in heaven.

I've said my “ seven times ” over and over, —  
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, — so old I can write a letter ;  
My birthday lessons are done.

The lambs play always, — they know no better ;  
They are only one times one.

O Moon ! in the night I have seen you sailing  
And shining so round and low.

You were bright — ah, bright — but your light  
is failing ;

You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon ! have you done something wrong in  
heaven,

That God has hidden your face ?

I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,  
And shine again in your place.

O velvet Bee ! you're a dusty fellow, —

You've powdered your legs with gold.

O brave marsh Mary-buds, rich and yellow,  
Give me your money to hold !

O Columbine ! open your folded wrapper,  
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell !

O Cuckoo-pint ! toll me the purple clapper  
That hangs in your clear green bell !

And show me your nest, with the young ones in  
it, —

I will not steal them away :

I am old ! you may trust me, linnet, linnet !

I am seven times one to-day.

JEAN INCELOW.

### WE ARE SEVEN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"How many are you, then," said I,  
"If they two are in heaven?"  
Quick was the little maid's reply:  
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!  
Their spirits are in heaven!" —  
'T was throwing words away; for still  
The little maid would have her will,  
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

#### TO A CHILD, DURING SICKNESS.

SLEEP breathes at last from out thee,  
My little patient boy;  
And balmy rest about thee  
Smooths off the day's annoy.  
I sit me down, and think  
Of all thy winning ways;  
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,  
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness;  
Thy thanks to all that aid;  
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,  
Of fancied faults afraid;  
The little trembling hand  
That wipes thy quiet tears, —  
These, these are things that may demand  
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,  
I will not think of now;  
And calmly, midst my dear ones,  
Have wasted with dry brow;  
But when thy fingers press  
And pat my stooping head,  
I cannot bear the gentleness, —  
The tears are in their bed.

Ah, first-born of thy mother,  
When life and hope were new;  
Kind playmate of thy brother,  
Thy sister, father too;  
My light, where'er I go;  
My bird, when prison-bound;  
My hand-in-hand companion — No,  
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say, "He has departed" —  
"His voice" — "his face" — is gone,  
To feel impatient-hearted,  
Yet feel we must bear on, —  
Ah, I could not endure  
To whisper of such woe,  
Unless I felt this sleep insure  
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he 'a fixed, and sleeping !  
 This silence too the while, —  
 Its very hush and creeping  
 Seem whispering us a smile ;  
 Something divine and dim  
 Seems going by one's ear,  
 Like parting wings of cherubim,  
 Who say, " We 've finished here."

LEIGH HUNT.

—◆—  
 BABY'S SHOES.

O, THOSE little, those little blue shoes !  
 Those shoes that no little feet use.  
 O the price were high  
 That those shoes would buy,  
 Those little blue unused shoes !

For they hold the small shape of feet  
 That no more their mother's eyes meet,  
 That, by God's good will,  
 Years since, grew still,  
 And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And O, since that baby slept,  
 So hushed, how the mother has kept,  
 With a tearful pleasure,  
 That little dear treasure,  
 And o'er them thought and wept !

For they mind her forevermore  
 Of a patter along the floor ;  
 And blue eyes she sees  
 Look up from her knees  
 With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,  
 There babbles from chair to chair  
 A little sweet face  
 That's a gleam in the place,  
 With its little gold curls of hair.

Then O wonder not that her heart  
 From all else would rather part  
 Than those tiny blue shoes  
 That no little feet use,  
 And whose sight makes such fond tears start !

WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

—◆—  
 OUR WEE WHITE ROSE.

ALL in our marriage garden  
 Grew, smiling up to God,  
 A bonnier flower than ever  
 Suckt the green warmth of the sod ;  
 O beautiful unfathomably  
 Its little life unfurled ;  
 And crown of all things was our wee  
 White Rose of all the world.

From out a balmy bosom  
 Our bud of beauty grew ;  
 It fed on smiles for sunshine,  
 On tears for daintier dew :  
 Aye nestling warm and tenderly,  
 Our leaves of love were curled  
 So close and close about our wee  
 White Rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance  
 Our house of life she filled ;  
 Revealed each hour some fairy tower  
 Where wingéd hopes might build !  
 We saw — though none like us might see —  
 Such precious promise pearled  
 Upon the petals of our wee  
 White Rose of all the world.

But, evermore the halo  
 Of angel-light increased,  
 Like the mystery of moonlight  
 That folds some fairy feast.  
 Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-silently  
 Our darling bud up-curved,  
 And dropt i' the grave — God's lap — our wee  
 White Rose of all the world.

Our Rose was but in blossom,  
 Our life was but in spring,  
 When down the solemn midnight  
 We heard the spirits sing,  
 " Another bud of infancy  
 With holy dews impearled !"  
 And in their hands they bore our wee  
 White Rose of all the world.

You scarce could think so small a thing  
 Could leave a loss so large ;  
 Her little light such shadow fling  
 From dawn to sunset's marge.  
 In other springs our life may be  
 In bannered bloom unfurled,  
 But never, never match our wee  
 White Rose of all the world.

GERALD MASSEY.

—◆—  
 PICTURES OF MEMORY.

AMONG the beautiful pictures  
 That hang on Memory's wall  
 Is one of a dim old forest,  
 That seemeth best of all ;  
 Not for its gnarled oaks olden,  
 Dark with the mistletoe ;  
 Not for the violets golden  
 That aprinkle the vale below ;

Not for the milk-white lilies  
 That lean from the fragrant ledge,  
 Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,  
 And stealing their golden edge ;  
 Not for the vines on the upland,  
 Where the bright red berries rest,  
 Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,  
 It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,  
 With eyes that were dark and deep ;  
 In the lap of that old dim forest  
 He lieth in peace asleep :  
 Light as the down of the thistle,  
 Free as the winds that blow,  
 We roved there the beautiful summers,  
 The summers of long ago ;  
 But his feet on the hills grew weary,  
 And, one of the autumn eves,  
 I made for my little brother  
 A bed of the yellow leaves.  
 Sweetly his pale arms folded  
 My neck in a meek embrace,  
 As the light of immortal beauty  
 Silently covered his face ;  
 And when the arrows of sunset  
 Lodged in the tree-tops bright,  
 He fell, in his saint-like beauty,  
 Asleep by the gates of light.  
 Therefore, of all the pictures  
 That hang on Memory's wall,  
 The one of the dim old forest  
 Seemeth the best of all.

ALICE CAREY.

THE PET NAME.

" The name  
 Which from THEIR lips seemed a caress."  
 MISS MITFORD'S *Dramatic Scenes*.

I HAVE a name, a little name,  
 Uncadenced for the ear,  
 Unhonored by ancestral claim,  
 Unsanctified by prayer and psalm  
 The solemn font anear.

It never did, to pages wove  
 For gay romance, belong.  
 It never dedicate did move  
 As "Sacharissa," unto love, —  
 "Orinda," unto song.

Though I write books, it will be read  
 Upon the leaves of none,  
 And afterward, when I am dead,  
 Will ne'er be graved for sight or tread,  
 Across my funeral-stone.

This name, whoever chance to call  
 Perhaps your smile may win.  
 Nay, do not smile ! mine eyelids fall  
 Over mine eyes, and feel withal  
 The sudden tears within.

Is there a leaf that greenly grows  
 Where summer meadows bloom,  
 But gathereth the winter snows,  
 And changeth to the hue of those,  
 If lasting till they come ?

Is there a word, or jest, or game,  
 But time encrusteth round  
 With sad associate thoughts the same ?  
 And so to me my very name  
 Assumes a mournful sound.

My brother gave that name to me  
 When we were children twain, —  
 When names acquired baptismally  
 Were hard to utter, as to see  
 That life had any pain.

No shade was on us then, save one  
 Of chestnuts from the hill, —  
 And through the word our laugh did run  
 As part thereof. The mirth being done,  
 He calls me by it still.

Nay, do not smile ! I hear in it  
 What none of you can hear, —  
 The talk upon the willow seat,  
 The bird and wind that did repeat  
 Around, our human cheer.

I hear the birthday's noisy bliss,  
 My sisters' woodland glee, —  
 My father's praise I did not miss,  
 When, stooping down, he cared to kiss  
 The poet at his knee, —

And voices which, to name me, aye  
 Their tenderest tones were keeping, —  
 To some I nevermore can say  
 An answer, till God wipes away  
 In heaven these drops of weeping.

My name to me a sadness wears ;  
 No murmurs cross my mind.  
 Now God be thanked for these thick tears,  
 Which show, of those departed years,  
 Sweet memories left behind.

Now God be thanked for years enwrought  
 With love which softens yet.  
 Now God be thanked for every thought  
 Which is so tender it has caught  
 Earth's guerdon of regret.

Earth saddens, never shall remove,  
 Affections purely given ;  
 And e'en that mortal grief shall prove  
 The immortality of love,  
 And heighten it with Heaven.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

### MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

OUT OF NORFOLK, THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN, ANN BODHAM.

O THAT those lips had language ! Life has passed  
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.  
 Those lips are thine, — thy own sweet smile I see,  
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;  
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,  
 "Grieve not, my child ; chase all thy fears  
 away !"

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes  
 (Blest be the art that can immortalize, —  
 The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim  
 To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear !  
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here !  
 Who bid'st me honor with an artless song,  
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long,  
 I will obey, — not willingly alone,  
 But gladly, as the precept were her own ;  
 And, while that face renews my filial grief,  
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief, —  
 Shall steep me in Elysian revery,  
 A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learned that thou wast dead,  
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?  
 Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son, —  
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?  
 Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss ;  
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss —  
 Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers — Yes.  
 I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day ;  
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away ;  
 And, turning from my nursery window, drew  
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !  
 But was it such? — It was. — Where thou art gone  
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown ;  
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,  
 The parting word shall pass my lips no more.  
 Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,  
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick return ;  
 What ardently I wished I long believed,  
 And, disappointed still, was still deceived, —  
 By expectation every day beguiled,  
 Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.  
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,  
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,  
 I learned at last submission to my lot ;  
 But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more ;  
 Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;  
 And where the gardener Robin, day by day,  
 Drew me to school along the public way, —  
 Delighted with my bawble coach, and wrapped  
 In scarlet mantle warm and velvet cap, —  
 'T is now become a history little known  
 That once we called the pastoral house our own.  
 Short-lived possession ! but the record fair,  
 That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,  
 Still outlives many a storm that has effaced  
 A thousand other themes, less deeply traced :  
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,  
 That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid ;  
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home, —  
 The bisquit, or confectionery plum ;  
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed  
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and  
 glowed, —

All this, and, more endearing still than all,  
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall, —  
 Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks  
 That humor interposed too often makes ;  
 All this, still legible in memory's page,  
 And still to be so to my latest age,  
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
 Such honors to thee as my numbers may, —  
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere, —  
 Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could time, his flight reversed, restore the  
 hours  
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flow-  
 ers, —

The violet, the pink, the jessamine, —  
 I pricked them into paper with a pin,  
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while —  
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and  
 smile,) —

Could those few pleasant days again appear,  
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them  
 here ?

I would not trust my heart, — the dear delight  
 Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.  
 But no, — what here we call our life is such,  
 So little to be loved, and thou so much,  
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain  
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou — as a gallant bark, from Albion's coast,  
 (The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed,)  
 Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,  
 Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile ;  
 There sits quiescent on the floods, that show  
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,  
 While airs impregnated with incense play  
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay, —  
 So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reached the  
 shore

"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar" ;



And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide  
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.  
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,  
Always from port withheld, always distressed, —  
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,  
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass  
lost ;

And day by day some current's thwarting force  
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.  
Yet O, the thought that thou art safe, and he ! —  
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.  
My boast is not that I deduce my birth  
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth ;  
But higher far my proud pretensions rise, —  
The son of parents passed into the skies.  
And now, farewell ! — Time, unrevoked, has run  
His wonted course ; yet what I wished is done.  
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,  
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again, —  
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,  
Without the sin of violating thine ;  
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,  
And I can view this mimic show of thee,  
Time has but half succeeded in his theft, —  
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

WILLIAM COWPER.

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

O, WHEN I was a tiny boy  
My days and nights were full of joy,  
My mates were blithe and kind ! —  
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,  
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,  
To cast a look behind !

A hoop was an eternal round  
Of pleasure. In those days I found  
A top a joyous thing ; —  
But now those past delights I drop ;  
My head, alas ! is all my top,  
And careful thoughts the string !

My marbles — once my bag was stored —  
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,  
With Theseus for a taw !  
My playful horse has slipt his string !  
Forgotten all his capering,  
And harnessed to the law !

My kite — how fast and far it flew !  
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew  
My pleasure from the sky !  
'T was papered o'er with studious themes,  
The tasks I wrote ; my present dreams  
Will never soar so high !

THOMAS HOOD.

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.

## YOUTH.

## THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.

## I.

LITTLE Ellie sits alone  
Mid the beeches of a meadow,  
By a stream-side on the grass,  
And the trees are showering down  
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,  
On her shining hair and face.

## II.

She has thrown her bonnet by,  
And her feet she has been dipping  
In the shallow water's flow.  
Now she holds them nakedly  
In her hands all sleek and dripping,  
While she rocketh to and fro.

## III.

Little Ellie sits alone,  
And the smile she softly uses  
Fills the silence like a speech,  
While she thinks what shall be done, —  
And the sweetest pleasure chooses  
For her future within reach.

## IV.

Little Ellie in her smile  
Chooses . . . "I will have a lover,  
Riding on a steed of steeds!  
He shall love me without guile,  
And to *him* I will discover  
The swan's nest among the reeds.

## V.

"And the steed shall be red-roan,  
And the lover shall be noble,  
With an eye that takes the breath.  
And the lute he plays upon  
Shall strike ladies into trouble,  
As his sword strikes men to death.

## VI.

"And the steed it shall be shod  
All in silver, housed in azure,  
And the mane shall swim the wind;  
And the hoofs along the sod  
Shall flash onward and keep measure,  
Till the shepherds look behind.

## VII.

"But my lover will not prize  
All the glory that he rides in,

When he gazes in my face.  
He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes  
Build the shrine my soul abides in,  
And I kneel here for thy grace.'

## VIII.

"Then, ay then — he shall kneel low,  
With the red-roan steed anear him,  
Which shall seem to understand —  
Till I answer, 'Rise and go!  
For the world must love and fear him  
Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

## IX.

"Then he will arise so pale,  
I shall feel my own lips tremble  
With a *yes* I must not say;  
Nathless maiden-brave, 'Farewell'  
I will utter, and dissemble; —  
'Light to-morrow with to-day.'

## X.

"Then he'll ride among the hills  
To the wide world past the river,  
There to put away all wrong;  
To make straight distorted wills,  
And to empty the broad quiver  
Which the wicked bear along.

## XI.

"Three times shall a young foot-page  
Swim the stream and climb the mountain  
And kneel down beside my feet; —  
'Lo, my master sends this gage,  
Lady, for thy pity's counting!  
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

## XII.

"And the first time, I will send  
A white rosebud for a guerdon, —  
And the second time, a glove;  
But the third time, I may bend  
From my pride, and answer, 'Pardon,  
If he comes to take my love.'

## XIII.

"Then the young foot-page will run, —  
Then my lover will ride faster,  
Till he kneeleth at my knee:  
'I am a duke's eldest son!  
Thousand serfs do call me master, —  
But, O Love, I love but *thee*!'

XIV.

“He will kiss me on the mouth  
Then, and lead me as a lover  
Through the crowds that praise his deeds ;  
And, when soul-tied by one troth,  
Unto *him* I will discover  
That swan’s nest among the reeds.”

XV.

Little Ellie, with her smile  
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,  
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,  
And went homeward, round a mile,  
Just to see, as she did daily,  
What more eggs were with the two.

XVI.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,  
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,  
Where the osier pathway leads, —  
Past the boughs she stoops — and stops.  
Lo, the wild swan had deserted,  
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

XVII.

Ellie went home sad and slow.  
If she found the lover ever,  
With his red-roan steed of steeds,  
Sooth I know not ! but I know  
She could never show him — never,  
That swan’s nest among the reeds !

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

SWEET STREAM, THAT WINDS —

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

W. COWPER.

THE EDUCATION OF NATURE.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower ;  
Then Nature said, “A lovelier flower  
On earth was never sown :  
This child I to myself will take ;  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
A lady of my own.

“Myself will to my darling be  
Both law and impulse ; and with me  
The girl, in rock and plain,  
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,  
Shall feel an overseeing power  
To kindle or restrain.

“She shall be sportive as the fawn  
That wild with glee across the lawn  
Or up the mountain springs ;  
And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
And hers the silence and the calm,  
Of mute insensate things.

“The floating clouds their state shall lend  
To her ; for her the willow bend ;  
Nor shall she fail to see  
E’en in the motions of the storm  
Grace that shall mould the maiden’s form  
By silent sympathy.

“The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her ; and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.

“And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately height,  
Her virgin bosom swell ;  
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
While she and I together live  
Here in this happy dell.”

Thus Nature spake. The work was done, —  
How soon my Lucy’s race was run !  
She died, and left to me  
This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;  
The memory of what has been,  
And nevermore will be.

W. WORDSWORTH.

NARCISSA.

“YOUNG, gay, and fortunate !” Each yields a  
theme.  
And, first, thy youth : what says it to gray hairs ?  
Narcissa, I’m become thy pupil now ; —  
Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,  
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven.

DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN ! with the meek brown eyes,  
In whose orbs a shadow lies  
Like the dusk in evening skies !

Thou whose locks outshine the sun, —  
Golden tresses wreathed in one,  
As the braided streamlets run !

Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet !

Gazing, with a timid glance,  
On the brooklet's swift advance,  
On the river's broad expanse !

Deep and still, that gliding stream  
Beautiful to thee must seem  
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,  
When bright angels in thy vision  
Beckon thee to fields Elysian ?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,  
As the dove, with startled eye,  
Sees the falcon's shadow fly ?

Hearst thou voices on the shore,  
That our ears perceive no more,  
Deafened by the cataract's roar ?

O thou child of many prayers !  
Life hath quicksands, Life hath snares !  
Care and age come unawares !

Like the swell of some sweet tune,  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough where slumbered  
Birds and blossoms many-numbered ; —  
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,  
When the young heart overflows,  
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand ;  
Gates of brass cannot withstand  
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,  
In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal  
Into wounds that cannot heal,  
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal ;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart  
Into many a sunless heart,  
For a smile of God thou art.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

### THE PRETTY GIRL OF LOCH DAN.

THE shades of eve had crossed the glen  
That frowns o'er infant Avonmore,  
When, nigh Loch Dan, two weary men,  
We stopped before a cottage door.

"God save all here," my comrade cries,  
And rattles on the raised latch-pin ;  
"God save you kindly," quick replies  
A clear sweet voice, and asks us in.

We enter ; from the wheel she starts,  
A rosy girl with soft black eyes ;  
Her fluttering court'sy takes our hearts,  
Her blushing grace and pleased surprise.

Poor Mary, she was quite alone,  
For, all the way to Glenmalure,  
Her mother had that morning gone,  
And left the house in charge with her.

But neither household cares, nor yet  
The shame that startled virgins feel,  
Could make the generous girl forget  
Her wonted hospitable zeal.

She brought us in a beechen bowl  
Sweet milk that smacked of mountain thyme,  
Oat cake, and such a yellow roll  
Of butter, — it gilds all my rhyme !

And, while we ate the grateful food  
(With weary limbs on bench reclined),  
Considerate and discreet, she stood  
Apart, and listened to the wind.

Kind wishes both our souls engaged,  
From breast to breast spontaneous ran  
The mutual thought, — we stood and pledged  
THE MODEST ROSE ABOVE LOCH DAN.

"The milk we drink is not more pure,  
Sweet Mary, — bless those budding charms ! —  
Than your own generous heart, I'm sure,  
Nor whiter than the breast it warms !"

She turned and gazed, unused to hear  
Such language in that homely glen ;  
But, Mary, you have naught to fear,  
Though smiled on by two stranger-men.

Not for a crown would I alarm  
Your virgin pride by word or sign,  
Nor need a painful blush disarm  
My friend of thoughts as pure as mine.

Her simple heart could not but feel  
 The words we spoke were free from guile ;  
 She stooped, she blushed, she fixed her wheel, —  
 'T is all in vain, — she can't but smile !

Just like sweet April's dawn appears  
 Her modest face, — I see it yet, —  
 And though I lived a hundred years  
 Methinks I never could forget

The pleasure that, despite her heart,  
 Fills all her downcast eyes with light,  
 The lips reluctantly apart,  
 The white teeth struggling into sight,

The dimples eddying o'er her cheek, —  
 The rosy cheek that won't be still ; —  
 O, who could blame what flatterers speak,  
 Did smiles like this reward their skill ?

For such another smile, I vow,  
 Though loudly beats the midnight rain,  
 I'd take the mountain-side e'en now,  
 And walk to Luggelaw again !

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

#### THREAD AND SONG.

SWEETER and sweeter,  
 Soft and low,  
 Neat little nymph,  
 Thy numbers flow,  
 Urging thy thimble,  
 Thrift's tidy symbol,  
 Busy and nimble,  
 To and fro ;  
 Prettily plying  
 Thread and song,  
 Keeping them flying  
 Late and long,  
 Through the stitch linger,  
 Kissing thy finger,  
 Quick, — as it skips along.

Many an echo,  
 Soft and low,  
 Follows thy flying  
 Fancy so, —  
 Melodies thrilling,  
 Tenderly filling  
 Thee with their trilling,  
 Come and go ;  
 Memory's finger,  
 Quick as thine,  
 Loving to linger  
 On the line,  
 Writes of another,  
 Dearer than brother :  
 Would that the name were mine !

J. W. PALMER.

#### TO THE HIGHLAND GIRL OF INVERNSAID.

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower  
 Of beauty is thy earthly dower !  
 Twice seven consenting years have shed  
 Their utmost bonny on thy head ;  
 And these gray rocks, this household lawn,  
 These trees, — a veil just half withdrawn, —  
 This fall of water that doth make  
 A murmur near the silent lake,  
 This little bay, a quiet road  
 That holds in shelter thy abode ;  
 In truth together ye do seem  
 Like something fashioned in a dream ;  
 Such forms as from their covert peep  
 When earthly cares are laid asleep !  
 But O fair Creature ! in the light  
 Of common day so heavenly bright,  
 I bless thee, Vision as thou art,  
 I bless thee with a human heart :  
 God shield thee to thy latest years !  
 I neither know thee nor thy peers ;  
 And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray  
 For thee when I am far away ;  
 For never saw I mien or face  
 In which more plainly I could trace  
 Benignity and home-bred sense  
 Ripening in perfect innocence.  
 Here scattered like a random seed,  
 Remote from men, thou dost not heed  
 The embarrassed look of shy distress,  
 And maidenly shamefacedness :  
 Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear  
 The freedom of a mountaineer ;  
 A face with gladness overspread,  
 Soft smiles, by human kindness bred ;  
 And seemliness complete, that sways  
 Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;  
 With no restraint, but such as springs  
 From quick and eager visitings  
 Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach  
 Of thy few words of English speech, —  
 A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife  
 That gives thy gestures grace and life !  
 So have I, not unmoved in mind,  
 Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,  
 Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull  
 For thee who art so beautiful ?  
 O happy pleasure ! here to dwell  
 Beside thee in some heathy dell ;  
 Adopt your homely ways and dress,  
 A shepherd, thou a shepherdess !  
 But I could frame a wish for thee  
 More like a grave reality :

Thou art to me but as a wave  
Of the wild sea ; and I would have  
Some claim upon thee, if I could,  
Though but of common neighborhood.  
What joy to hear thee, and to see !  
Thy elder brother I would be,  
Thy father, — anything to thee.

Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace  
Hath led me to this lonely place ;  
Joy have I had ; and going hence  
I bear away my recompense.  
In spots like these it is we prize  
Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes :  
Then why should I be loath to stir ?  
I feel this place was made for her ;  
To give new pleasure like the past,  
Continued long as life shall last.  
Nor am I loath, though pleased at heart,  
Sweet Highland Girl ! from thee to part ;  
For I, methinks, till I grow old  
As fair before me shall behold  
As I do now, the cabin small,  
The lake, the bay, the waterfall ;  
And thee, the spirit of them all !

W. WORDSWORTH.

#### A PORTRAIT.

"One name is Elizabeth." — BEN JONSON.

I WILL paint her as I see her.  
Ten times have the lilies blown  
Since she looked upon the sun.

And her face is lily-clear,  
Lily-shaped, and dropped in duty  
To the law of its own beauty.

Oval cheeks encolored faintly,  
Which a trail of golden hair  
Keeps from fading off to air ;

And a forehead fair and saintly,  
Which two blue eyes undershine,  
Like meek prayers before a shrine.

Face and figure of a child, —  
Though too calm, you think, and tender,  
For the childhood you would lend her.

Yet child-simple, undefiled,  
Frank, obedient, — waiting still  
On the turnings of your will.

Moving light, as all your things,  
As young birds, or early wheat,  
When the wind blows over it.

Only, free from flutterings  
Of loud mirth that scorneth measure, —  
Taking love for her chief pleasure.

Choosing pleasures, for the rest,  
Which come softly, — just as she,  
When she nestles at your knee.

Quiet talk she liketh best,  
In a bower of gentle looks, —  
Watering flowers, or reading books.

And her voice, it murmurs lowly,  
As a silver stream may run,  
Which yet feels, you feel, the sun.

And her smile, it seems half holy,  
As if drawn from thoughts more far  
Than our common jestings are.

And if any poet knew her,  
He would sing of her with falls  
Used in lovely madrigals.

And if any painter drew her,  
He would paint her unaware  
With a halo round the hair.

And if reader read the poem,  
He would whisper, "You have done a  
Consecrated little Una."

And a dreamer (did you show him  
That same picture) would exclaim,  
"Tis my angel, with a name !"

And a stranger, when he sees her  
In the street even, smileth stilly,  
Just as you would at a lily.

And all voices that address her  
Softened, sleeken every word,  
As if speaking to a bird.

And all fancies yearn to cover  
The hard earth whereon she passes,  
With the thymy-scented grasses.

And all hearts do pray, "God love her !" —  
Ay, and always, in good sooth,  
We may all be sure HE DOTH.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

#### THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,  
When night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me  
The patter of little feet,  
The sound of a door that is opened,  
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,  
Descending the broad hall stair,  
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence ;  
Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning together  
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall,  
By three doors left unguarded,  
They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret,  
O'er the arms and back of my chair ;  
If I try to escape, they surround me :  
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,  
Their arms about me intwine,  
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen  
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,  
Because you have scaled the wall,  
Such an old mustache as I am  
Is not a match for you all ?

I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you into the dungeon  
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,  
Yes, forever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder in dust away.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

#### JENNY KISSED ME.

JENNY kissed me when we met,  
Jumping from the chair she sat in.  
Time, you thief ! who love to get  
Sweets into your list, put that in.  
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad ;  
Say that health and wealth have missed me ;  
Say I'm growing old, but add —  
Jenny kissed me !

LEIGH HUNT.

#### I FEAR THY KISSES, GENTLE MAIDEN.

I FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden ;  
Thou needest not fear mine ;  
My spirit is too deeply laden  
Ever to burden thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion ;  
Thou needest not fear mine ;  
Innocent is the heart's devotion  
With which I worship thine.

P. B. SHELLEY.

#### THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

A DISTRICT school, not far away,  
Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,  
Was humming with its wonted noise  
Of threescore mingled girls and boys ;  
Some few upon their tasks intent,  
But more on furtive mischief bent.  
The while the master's downward look  
Was fastened on a copy-book ;  
When suddenly, behind his back,  
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack !  
As 't were a battery of bliss  
Let off in one tremendous kiss !  
"What's that ?" the startled master cries ;  
"That, thir," a little imp replies,  
"Wath William Willith, if you pleathe, —  
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe !"  
With frown to make a statue thrill,  
The master thundered, "Hither, Will !"  
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,  
With stolen chattels on his back,  
Will hung his head in fear and shame,  
And to the awful presence came, —  
A great, green, bashful simpleton,  
The butt of all good-natured fun.  
With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,  
The threatener faltered, — "I'm amazed  
That you, my biggest pupil, should  
Be guilty of an act so rude !  
Before the whole set school to boot —  
What evil genius put you to 't ?"  
"T was she herself, sir," sobbed the lad,  
"I did not mean to be so bad ;  
But when Susannah shook her curls,  
And whispered, I was 'fraid of girls,  
And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,  
I could n't stand it, sir, at all,  
But up and kissed her on the spot !  
I know — boo-hoo — I ought to not,  
But, somehow, from her looks — boo-hoo —  
I thought she kind o' wished me to !"

J. W. PALMER.

## OLD-SCHOOL PUNISHMENT.

OLD Master Brown brought his ferule down,  
 And his face looked angry and red.  
 "Go, seat you there, now, Anthony Blair,  
 Along with the girls," he said.  
 Then Anthony Blair, with a mortified air,  
 With his head down on his breast,  
 Took his penitent seat by the maiden sweet  
 That he loved, of all, the best.  
 And Anthony Blair seemed whimpering there,  
 But the rogue only made believe ;  
 For he peeped at the girls with the beautiful curls,  
 And ogled them over his sleeve.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,  
 Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !  
 With thy turned-up pantaloons,  
 And thy merry whistled tunes ;  
 With thy red lip, redder still  
 Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;  
 With the sunshine on thy face,  
 Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace ;  
 From my heart I give thee joy, —  
 I was once a barefoot boy !  
 Prince thou art, — the grown-up man  
 Only is republican.  
 Let the million-dollared ride !  
 Barefoot, trudging at his side,  
 Thou hast more than he can buy  
 In the reach of ear and eye, —  
 Outward sunshine, inward joy :  
 Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

O for boyhood's painless play,  
 Sleep that wakes in laughing day,  
 Health that mocks the doctor's rules,  
 Knowledge never learned of schools,  
 Of the wild bee's morning chase,  
 Of the wild-flower's time and place,  
 Flight of fowl and habitude  
 Of the tenants of the wood ;  
 How the tortoise bears his shell,  
 How the woodchuck digs his cell,  
 And the ground-mole sinks his well ;  
 How the robin feeds her young,  
 How the oriole's nest is hung ;  
 Where the whitest lilies blow,  
 Where the freshest berries grow,  
 Where the ground-nut trails its vine,  
 Where the wood-grape's clusters shine ;  
 Of the black wasp's cunning way,  
 Mason of his walls of clay,  
 And the architectural plans  
 Of gray hornet artisans ! —

For, eschewing books and tasks,  
 Nature answers all he asks ;  
 Hand in hand with her he walks,  
 Face to face with her he talks,  
 Part and parcel of her joy, —  
 Blessings on the barefoot boy !

O for boyhood's time of June,  
 Crowding years in one brief moon,  
 When all things I heard or saw,  
 Me, their master, waited for.  
 I was rich in flowers and trees,  
 Humming-birds and honey-bees ;  
 For my sport the squirrel played,  
 Plied the snouted mole his spade ;  
 For my taste the blackberry cone  
 Purpled over hedge and stone ;  
 Laughed the brook for my delight  
 Through the day and through the night,  
 Whispering at the garden wall,  
 Talked with me from fall to fall ;  
 Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,  
 Mine the walnut slopes beyond,  
 Mine, on bending orchard trees,  
 Apples of Hesperides !  
 Still as my horizon grew,  
 Larger grew my riches too ;  
 All the world I saw or knew  
 Seemed a complex Chinese toy,  
 Fashioned for a barefoot boy !

O for festal dainties spread,  
 Like my bowl of milk and bread, —  
 Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,  
 On the door-stone, gray and rude !  
 O'er me, like a regal tent,  
 Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,  
 Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,  
 Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;  
 While for music came the play  
 Of the pied frogs' orchestra ;  
 And, to light the noisy choir,  
 Lit the fly his lamp of fire.  
 I was monarch : pomp and joy  
 Waited on the barefoot boy !  
 Cheerily, then, my little man,  
 Live and laugh, as boyhood can !  
 Though the flinty slopes be hard,  
 Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,  
 Every morn shall lead thee through  
 Fresh baptisms of the dew ;  
 Every evening from thy feet  
 Shall the cool wind kiss the heat :  
 All too soon these feet must hide  
 In the prison cells of pride,  
 Lose the freedom of the sod,  
 Like a colt's for work be shod,  
 Made to tread the mills of toil,



Up and down in ceaseless moil :  
 Happy if their track be found  
 Never on forbidden ground ;  
 Happy if they sink not in  
 Quick and treacherous sands of sin.  
 Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,  
 Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

BOYHOOD.

AH, then how sweetly closed those crowded days !  
 The minutes parting one by one like rays,  
 That fade upon a summer's eve.  
 But O, what charm or magic numbers  
 Can give me back the gentle slumbers  
 Those weary, happy days did leave ?  
 When by my bed I saw my mother kneel,  
 And with her blessing took her nightly kiss ;  
 Whatever Time destroys, he cannot this ; —  
 E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

IT NEVER COMES AGAIN.

THERE are gains for all our losses,  
 There are balms for all our pain,  
 But when youth, the dream, departs,  
 It takes something from our hearts,  
 And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,  
 Under manhood's sterner reign ;  
 Still we feel that something sweet  
 Followed youth, with flying feet,  
 And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,  
 And we sigh for it in vain ;  
 We behold it everywhere,  
 On the earth, and in the air,  
 But it never comes again.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

RAIN UPON THE ROOF.

WHEN the humid shadows hover  
 Over all the starry spheres,  
 And the melancholy darkness  
 Gently weeps in rainy tears,  
 'Tis a joy to press the pillow  
 Of a cottage chamber bed,  
 And to listen to the patter  
 Of the soft rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles  
 Has an echo in the heart ;  
 And a thousand dreamy fancies  
 Into busy being start,  
 And a thousand recollections  
 Weave their bright rays into woof,  
 As I listen to the patter  
 Of the rain upon the roof.

Now in fancy comes my mother  
 As she used to, years ago,  
 To survey her darling dreamers,  
 Ere she left them till the dawn.  
 O, I see her bending o'er me,  
 As I list to this refrain  
 Which is played upon the shingles  
 By the patter of the rain !

Then my little seraph sister,  
 With her wings and waving hair,  
 And her bright-eyed cherub brother,  
 A serene, angelic pair, —  
 Glide around my wakeful pillow  
 With their praise or mild reproof,  
 As I listen to the murmur  
 Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me  
 With her eyes' delicious blue,  
 And forget I, gazing on her,  
 That her heart was all untrue !  
 I remember but to love her  
 With a rapture kin to pain,  
 And my heart's quick pulses vibrate  
 To the patter of the rain.

There is naught in Art's bravuras  
 That can work with such a spell  
 In the spirit's pure, deep fountains,  
 Whence the holy passions well,  
 As that melody of Nature,  
 That subdued, subduing strain  
 Which is played upon the shingles  
 By the patter of the rain.

ANONYMOUS.

'THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-  
 hood,  
 When fond recollection presents them to view !  
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-  
 wood,  
 And every loved spot which my infancy knew ; —  
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood  
 by it,

The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell ;  
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,  
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure ;  
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,  
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.  
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glow-  
ing !

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell ;  
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,  
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well ;  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,  
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips !  
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave  
it,

Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.  
And now, far removed from the loved situation,  
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,  
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well ;  
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,  
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

### THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I LOVE it, I love it ! and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair ?  
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,  
I've bedewed it with tears, I've embalmed it with  
sighs.

'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart ;  
Not a tie will break, not a link will start ;  
Would you know the spell ? — a mother sat there !  
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near  
The hallowed seat with listening ear ;  
And gentle words that mother would give  
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.  
She told me that shame would never betide  
With Truth for my creed, and God for my guide ;  
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,  
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat, and watched her many a day,  
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray ;

And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,  
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.  
Years rolled on, but the last one sped, —  
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled !  
I learnt how much the heart can bear,  
When I saw her die in her old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past ! but I gaze on it now,  
With quivering breath and throbbing brow :  
'T was there she nursed me, 't was there she died,  
And memory flows with lava tide.  
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,  
Whilst scalding drops start down my cheek ;  
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear  
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

ELIZA COOK.

### WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree !  
Touch not a single bough !  
In youth it sheltered me,  
And I'll protect it now.  
'T was my forefather's hand  
That placed it near his cot ;  
There, woodman, let it stand,  
Thy axe shall harm it not !

That old familiar tree,  
Whose glory and renown  
Are spread o'er land and sea,  
And wouldst thou hew it down ?  
Woodman, forbear thy stroke !  
Cut not its earth-bound ties ;  
O, spare that aged oak,  
Now towering to the skies !

When but an idle boy  
I sought its grateful shade ;  
In all their gushing joy  
Here too my sisters played.  
My mother kissed me here ;  
My father pressed my hand —  
Forgive this foolish tear,  
But let that old oak stand !

My heart-strings round thee cling  
Close as thy bark, old friend !  
Here shall the wild-bird sing,  
And still thy branches bend,  
Old tree ! the storm still brave !  
And, woodman, leave the spot ;  
While I've a hand to save,  
Thy axe shall hurt it not.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.



POEMS OF THE AFFECTIONS.



Home, Sweet Home!

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!  
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there  
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere!

Home, home, - sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

John Howard Payne!

# POEMS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

## FRIENDSHIP.

### BENEDICITE.

God's love and peace be with thee, where  
Soe'er this soft autumnal air  
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair !

Whether through city casements comes  
Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,  
Or, out among the woodland blooms,

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,  
Imparting, in its glad embrace,  
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace !

Fair Nature's book together read,  
The old wood-paths that knew our tread,  
The maple shadows overhead, —

The hills we climbed, the river seen  
By gleams along its deep ravine, —  
All keep thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray,  
Thy thought goes with me on my way,  
And hence the prayer I breathe to-day :

O'er lapse of time and change of scene,  
The weary waste which lies between  
Thyself and me, my heart I lean.

Thou lack'st not Friendship's spellword, nor  
The half-unconscious power to draw  
All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law.

With these good gifts of God is east  
Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast  
To hold the blessed angels fast.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee  
The gracious heavens will heed from me,  
What should, dear heart, its burden be ?

The sighing of a shaken reed, —  
What can I more than meekly plead  
The greatness of our common need ?

God's love, — unchanging, pure, and true, —  
The Paraclete white-shining through  
His peace, — the fall of Hermon's dew !

With such a prayer, on this sweet day,  
As thou mayst hear and I may say,  
I greet thee, dearest, far away !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

### THE POET'S FRIEND.

LORD BOLINGBROKE.

COME then, my friend ! my genius ! come along ;  
O master of the poet, and the song !  
And while the muse now stoops, or now ascends,  
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,  
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,  
To fall with dignity, with temper rise ;  
Formed by thy converse happily to steer  
From grave to gay, from lively to severe ;  
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,  
Intent to reason, or polite to please.  
O, while along the stream of time thy name  
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame ;  
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,  
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale ?  
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,  
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,  
Shall then this verse to future age pretend  
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend !  
That, urged by thee, I turned the tuneful art  
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart :  
For wit's false mirror held up Nature's light ;  
Showed erring pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT ;  
That REASON, PASSION, ANSWER one great aim ;  
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the same ;  
That VIRTUE only makes our bliss below ;  
And all our knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

ALEXANDER POPE.

A GENEROUS friendship no cold medium knows,  
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows.

POPE'S ILLIAD.

## PARTED FRIENDS.

FRIEND after friend departs :  
 Who hath not lost a friend ?  
 There is no union here of hearts  
 That finds not here an end ;  
 Were this frail world our only rest,  
 Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,  
 Beyond this vale of death,  
 There surely is some blessed clime  
 Where life is not a breath,  
 Nor life's affections transient fire,  
 Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above,  
 Where parting is unknown ;  
 A whole eternity of love,  
 Formed for the good alone ;  
 And faith beholds the dying here  
 Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,  
 Till all are passed away,  
 As morning high and higher shines,  
 To pure and perfect day ;  
 Nor sink those stars in empty night ;  
 They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

[Died in New York, September, 1820.]

GREEN be the turf above thee,  
 Friend of my better days !  
 None knew thee but to love thee,  
 Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,  
 From eyes unused to weep,  
 And long, where thou art lying,  
 Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,  
 Like thine, are laid in earth,  
 There should a wreath be woven  
 To tell the world their worth ;

And I, who woke each morn'g  
 To clasp thy hand in mine,  
 Who shared thy joy and sorrow,  
 Whose weal and woe were thine, —

It should be mine to braid it  
 Around thy faded brow,

But I've in vain essayed it,  
 And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,  
 Nor thoughts nor words are free,  
 The grief is fixed too deeply  
 That mourns a man like thee.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

## EARLY FRIENDSHIP.

THE half-seen memories of childish days,  
 When pains and pleasures lightly came and went ;  
 The sympathies of boyhood rashly spent  
 In fearful wand'rings through forbidden ways ;  
 The vague, but manly wish to tread the maze  
 Of life to noble ends, — whereon intent,  
 Asking to know for what man here is sent,  
 The bravest heart must often pause, and gaze, —  
 The firm resolve to seek the chosen end  
 Of manhood's judgment, cautious and mature, —  
 Each of these viewless bonds binds friend to friend  
 With strength no selfish purpose can secure :  
 My happy lot is this, that all attend  
 That friendship which first came, and which shall  
 last endure.

AUBREY DE VERE.

## FRIENDSHIP.

HAM. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man  
 As e'er my conversation coped withal.

HOR. O my dear lord —

HAM. Nay, do not think I flatter :  
 For what advancement may I hope from thee  
 That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,  
 To feed and clothe thee ? Why should the poor  
 be flattered ?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,  
 And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,  
 Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou  
 hear ?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,  
 And could of men distinguish, her election  
 Hath sealed thee for herself ; for thou hast been  
 As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing, —  
 A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards  
 Hast ta'en with equal thanks ; and blessed are  
 those

Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,  
 That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger  
 To sound what stop she please : Give me that  
 man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,  
 As I do thee.

SHAKESPEARE.

## OLD MATTHEW

## A CONVERSATION.

We talked with open heart, and tongue  
Affectionate and true,  
A pair of friends, though I was young,  
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,  
Beside a mossy seat ;  
And from the turf a fountain broke  
And gurgled at our feet.

“Now, Matthew !” said I, “let us match  
This water’s pleasant tune  
With some old border-song, or catch  
That suits a summer’s noon.

“Or of the church-clock and the chimes  
Sing here beneath the shade  
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes  
Which you last April made !”

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed  
The spring beneath the tree ;  
And thus the dear old man replied,  
The gray-haired man of glee : —

“No check, no stay, this Streamlet fears,  
How merrily it goes !  
’T will murmur on a thousand years,  
And flow as now it flows.

“And here, on this delightful day,  
I cannot choose but think  
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay  
Beside this fountain’s brink.

“My eyes are dim with childish tears,  
My heart is idly stirred,  
For the same sound is in my ears  
Which in those days I heard.

“Thus fares it still in our decay :  
And yet the wiser mind  
Mourns less for what Age takes away  
Than what it leaves behind.

“The blackbird amid leafy trees,  
The lark above the hill,  
Let loose their carols when they please,  
Are quiet when they will.

“With Nature never do they wage  
A foolish strife ; they see  
A happy youth, and their old age  
Is beautiful and free :

“But we are pressed by heavy laws ;  
And often, glad no more,  
We wear a face of joy because  
We have been glad of yore.

“If there be one who need bemoan  
His kindred laid in earth,  
The household hearts that were his own, —  
It is the man of mirth.

“My days, my friend, are almost gone,  
My life has been approved,  
And many love me ; but by none  
Am I enough beloved.”

“Now both himself and me he wrongs,  
The man who thus complains !  
I live and sing my idle songs  
Upon these happy plains :

“And, Matthew, for thy children dead  
I’ll be a son to thee !”  
At this he grasped my hand and said,  
“Alas ! that cannot be.”

We rose up from the fountain-side ;  
And down the smooth descent  
Of the green sheep-track did we glide ;  
And through the wood we went ;

And ere we came to Leonard’s Rock  
He sang those witty rhymes  
About the crazy old church-clock,  
And the bewildered chimes.

W. WORDSWORTH.

## MARTIAL FRIENDSHIP.

## FROM “CORIOLANUS.”

[Aufidius the Volscian to Caius Marcius Coriolanus.]

AUF. O Marcius, Marcius !  
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my  
heart  
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter  
Should from yond’ cloud speak divine things, and  
say,  
“’T is true,” I’d not believe them more than thee,  
All-noble Marcius. — Let me twine  
Mine arms about that body, where-against  
My grain’d ash an hundred times hath broke,  
And scared the moon with splinters ! Here I clip  
The anvil of my sword ; and do contest  
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,  
As ever in ambitious strength I did  
Contend against thy valor. Know thou first,  
I loved the maid I married ; never man  
Sighed truer breath ; but that I see thee here,

Thou noble thing ! more dances my rapt heart  
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw  
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars ! I tell  
thee,

We have a power on foot ; and I had purpose  
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,  
Or lose mine arm for 't. Thou hast beat me out  
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since  
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me,  
We have been down together in my sleep,  
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,  
And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy  
Marcius,

Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that  
Thou art thence banished, we would muster all  
From twelve to seventy ; and, pouring war  
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,  
Like a hold flood o'erbear. O, come ! go in,  
And take our friendly senators by th' hands ;  
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,  
Who am prepared against your territories,  
Thought not for Rome itself.

A thousand welcomes !

And more a friend than e'er an enemy ;  
Yet, Marcius, that was much.

SHAKESPEARE.

#### WHEN TO THE SESSIONS OF SWEET SILENT THOUGHT.

SONNET.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste.  
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,  
And moan th' expense of many a vanished sight.  
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoanéd moan,  
Which I new pay, as if not paid before ;  
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

SHAKESPEARE.

#### FRIENDS FAR AWAY.

COUNT not the hours while their silent wings  
Thus waft them in fairy flight ;  
For feeling, warm from her dearest springs,  
Shall hallow the scene to-night.  
And while the music of joy is here,  
And the colors of life are gay,  
Let us think on those that have loved us dear,  
The Friends who are far away.

Few are the hearts that have proved the truth  
Of their early affection's vow ;  
And let those few, the beloved of youth,  
Be dear in their absence now.

O, vividly in their faithful breast  
Shall the gleam of remembrance play,  
Like the lingering light of the crimson west,  
When the sunbeam hath passed away !

Soft be the sleep of their pleasant hours,  
And calm be the seas they roam !  
May the way they travel be strewn with flowers,  
Till it bring them in safety home !  
And when we whose hearts are o'erflowing thus  
Ourselves may be doomed to stray,  
May some kind orison rise for us,  
When we shall be far away !

HORACE TWISS.

#### THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

"We take each other by the hand, and we exchange a few words and looks of kindness, and we rejoice together for a few short moments ; and then days, months, years intervene, and we see and know nothing of each other." — WASHINGTON IRVING.

Two barks met on the deep mid-sea,  
When calms had stilled the tide ;  
A few bright days of summer glee  
There found them side by side.

And voices of the fair and brave  
Rose mingling thence in mirth ;  
And sweetly floated o'er the wave  
The melodies of earth.

Moonlight on that lone Indian main  
Cloudless and lovely slept ;  
While dancing step and festive strain  
Each deck in triumph swept.

And hands were linked, and answering eyes  
With kindly meaning shone ;  
O, brief and passing sympathies,  
Like leaves together blown !

A little while such joy was cast  
Over the deep's repose,  
Till the loud singing winds at last  
Like trumpet music rose.

And proudly, freely on their way  
The parting vessels bore ;  
In calm or storm, by rock or bay,  
To meet — O, nevermore !

Never to blend in victory's cheer,  
To aid in hours of woe ;  
And thus bright spirits mingle here,  
Such ties are formed below.

FELICIA HEMANS.



## THE QUARREL OF FRIENDS.

FROM "CHRISTABEL."

ALAS ! they had been friends in youth :  
 But whispering tongues can poison truth ;  
 And constancy lives in realms above ;  
 And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;  
 And to be wroth with one we love  
 Doth work like madness in the brain.  
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,  
 With Roland and Sir Leoline !  
 Each spoke words of high disdain  
 And insult to his heart's best brother ;  
 They parted, — ne'er to meet again !  
 But never either found another  
 To free the hollow heart from paining.  
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;  
 A dreary sea now flows between,  
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder  
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
 The marks of that which once hath been.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND  
CASSIUS.

FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR."

CAS. That you have wronged me doth appear  
 in this :  
 You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,  
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;  
 Wherein my letters, praying on his side,  
 Because I knew the man, were slighted off.  
 BRU. You wronged yourself to write in such a  
 case.  
 CAS. In such a time as this, it is not meet  
 That every nice offence should bear his comment.  
 BRU. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
 Are much condemned to have an itching palm,  
 To sell and mart your offices for gold,  
 To undeservers.  
 CAS. I an itching palm ?  
 You know that you are Brutus that speak this,  
 Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.  
 BRU. The name of Cassius honors this corrup-  
 tion,  
 And chastisement doth therefore hide his head:  
 CAS. Chastisement !  
 BRU. Remember March, the ides of March re-  
 member !  
 Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?  
 What villain touched his body, that did stab,  
 And not for justice ? What ! shall one of us,  
 That struck the foremost man of all this world,  
 But for supporting robbers, — shall we now

Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
 And sell the mighty space of our large honors  
 For so much trash as may be graspéd thus ?  
 I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
 Than such a Roman.

CAS. Brutus, bay not me,  
 I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,  
 To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I,  
 Older in practice, abler than yourself  
 To make conditions.

BRU. Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

CAS. I am.

BRU. I say you are not.

CAS. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself :  
 Have mind upon your health ; tempt me no further.

BRU. Away, slight man !

CAS. Is 't possible ?

BRU. Hear me, for I will speak.  
 Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?  
 Shall I be frighted when a madman stares ?

CAS. O ye gods ! ye gods ! Must I endure all  
 this ?

BRU. All this ? ay, more : Fret, till your proud  
 heart break ;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,  
 And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?  
 Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch  
 Under your testy humor ? By the gods,  
 You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
 Though it do split you ; for from this day forth  
 I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
 When you are waspish.

CAS. Is it come to this ?

BRU. You say you are a better soldier :  
 Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,  
 And it shall please me well : For mine own part,  
 I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

CAS. You wrong me, every way you wrong me,  
 Brutus ;

I said an elder soldier, not a better ;

Did I say, better ?

BRU. If you did, I care not.

CAS. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus  
 have moved me.

BRU. Peace, peace ! you durst not so have  
 tempted him.

CAS. I durst not ?

BRU. No.

CAS. What ! durst not tempt him ?

BRU. For your life you durst not.

CAS. Do not presume too much upon my love ;  
 I may do that I shall be sorry for.

BRU. You have done that you should be sorry  
 for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;  
 For I am armed so strong in honesty,  
 That they pass by me as the idle wind,  
 Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ; —  
 For I can raise no money by vile means ;  
 By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
 And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
 From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,  
 By any indirection. I did send  
 To you for gold to pay my legions,  
 Which you denied me : Was that done like Cassius ?  
 Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?  
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
 Dash him to pieces !

CAS. I denied you not.

BRU. You did.

CAS. I did not : — he was but a fool  
 That brought my answer back. — Brutus hath  
 rived my heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,  
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

BRU. I do not, till you practise them on me.

CAS. You love me not.

BRU. I do not like your faults.

CAS. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRU. A flatterer's would not, though they do  
 appear

As huge as high Olympus.

CAS. Come, Antony, and young Octavius,  
 come,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,

For Cassius is a-weary of the world :

Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;

Checked like a bondman ; all his faults observed,

Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes ! — There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast ; within, a heart  
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.

Strike as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know,  
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst  
 him better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

BRU. Sheath your dagger :

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;

Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.

O Cassius, you are yokéd with a lamb

That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;

Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,

And straight is cold again.

CAS. Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him ?

BRU. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

CAS. Do you confess so much ? Give me your  
 hand.

BRU. And my heart too.

CAS. O Brutus ! —

BRU. What's the matter ?

CAS. Have you not love enough to bear with  
 me,

When that rash humor which my mother gave me  
 Makes me forgetful ?

BRU. Yes, Cassius ; and from henceforth,

When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

BRU. O Cassius ! I am sick of many griefs.

CAS. Of your philosophy you make no use,  
 If you give place to accidental evils.

BRU. No man bears sorrow better : — Portia is  
 dead.

CAS. Ha ! Portia ?

BRU. She is dead.

CAS. How'scaped I killing, when I crossed you  
 so ? —

O insupportable and touching loss ! —

Upon what sickness ?

BRU. Impatient of my absence,  
 And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony

Have made themselves so strong ; — for with her  
 death

That tidings came ; — with this she fell distract,

And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.

CAS. And died so ?

BRU. Even so.

CAS. O ye immortal gods !

*Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.*

BRU. Speak no more of her. — Give me a bowl  
 of wine : —

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. (*Drinks.*)

CAS. My heart is thirsty for that noble  
 pledge. —

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup ;

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. (*Drinks.*)

SHAKESPEARE.

#### THE ROYAL GUEST.

THEY tell me I am shrewd with other men ;

With thee I'm slow, and difficult of speech.

With others I may guide the car of talk :

Thou wing'st it off to realms beyond my reach.

If other guests should come, I'd deck my hair,

And choose my newest garment from the shelf ;

When thou art hidden, I would clothe my heart

With holiest purpose, as for God himself.

For them I while the hours with tale or song,

Or web of fancy, fringed with careless rhyme ;

But how to find a fitting lay for thee,

Who hast the harmonies of every time ?

O friend beloved ! I sit apart and dumb, —  
 Sometimes in sorrow, oft in joy divine ;  
 My lip will falter, but my prisoned heart  
 Springs forth to measure its faint pulse with  
 thine.

Thou art to me most like a royal guest,  
 Whose travels bring him to some lowly roof,  
 Where simple rustics spread their festal fare  
 And, blushing, own it is not good enough.

Bethink thee, then, whene'er thou com'st to me,  
 From high emprise and noble toil to rest,  
 My thoughts are weak and trivial, matched with  
 thine ;

But the poor mansion offers thee its best.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

### THE DEAD FRIEND.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

THE path by which we twain did go,  
 Which led by tracts that pleased us well,  
 Through four sweet years arose and fell,  
 From flower to flower, from snow to snow.

But where the path we walked began  
 To slant the fifth autumnal slope,  
 As we descended following Hope,  
 There sat the Shadow feared of man ;

Who broke our fair companionship,  
 And spread his mantle dark and cold,  
 And wrapped thee formless in the fold,  
 And dulled the murmur on thy lip.

When each by turns was guide to each,  
 And Fancy light from Fancy caught,  
 And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought  
 Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech ;

And all we met was fair and good,  
 And all was good that Time could bring,  
 And all the secret of the Spring  
 Moved in the thambers of the blood ;

I know that this was Life, — the track  
 Whereon with equal feet we fared ;  
 And then, as now, the day prepared  
 The daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move  
 As light as carrier-birds in air ;  
 I loved the weight I had to bear  
 Because it needed help of Love :

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,  
 When mighty Love would cleave in twain

The lading of a single pain,  
 And part it, giving half to him.

But I remained, whose hopes were dim,  
 Whose life, whose thoughts were little worth  
 To wander on a darkened earth,  
 Where all things round me breathed of him.

O friendship, equal-poised control,  
 O heart, with kindest motion warm,  
 O sacred essence, other form,  
 O solemn ghost, O crownéd soul !

Yet none could better know than I,  
 How much of act at human hands  
 The sense of human will demands  
 By which we dare to live or die.

Whatever way my days decline,  
 I felt and feel, though left alone,  
 His being working in mine own,  
 The footsteps of his life in mine.

My pulses therefore beat again  
 For other friends that once I met ;  
 Nor can it suit me to forget  
 The mighty hopes that make us men.

I woo your love : I count it crime  
 To mourn for any overmuch ;  
 I, the divided half of such  
 A friendship as had mastered Time ;

Which masters Time, indeed, and is  
 Eternal, separate from fears :  
 The all-assuming months and years  
 Can take no part away from this.

O days and hours, your work is this,  
 To hold me from my proper place,  
 A little while from his embrace,  
 For fuller gain of after bliss :

That out of distance might ensue  
 Desire of nearness doubly sweet ;  
 And unto meeting when we meet,  
 Delight a hundred-fold accrue.

The hills are shadows, and they flow  
 From form to form, and nothing stands ;  
 They melt like mist, the solid lands,  
 Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,  
 And dream my dream, and hold it true ;  
 For though my lips may breathe adieu,  
 I cannot think the thing farewell.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## COMPLIMENT AND ADMIRATION.

TO MISTRESS MARGARET HUSSEY.

MERRY Margaret,  
 As midsummer flower,  
 Gentle as falcon,  
 Or hawk of the tower ;  
 With solace and gladness,  
 Much mirth and no madness,  
 All good and no badness ;  
 So joyously,  
 So maidenly,  
 So womanly  
 Her demeaning, —  
 In everything  
 Far, far passing  
 That I can indite,  
 Or suffice to write,  
 Of merry Margaret,  
 As midsummer flower,  
 Gentle as falcon  
 Or hawk of the tower ;  
 As patient and as still,  
 And as full of good-will,  
 As fair Isiphil,  
 Coliander,  
 Sweet Pomander,  
 Good Cassander ;  
 Steadfast of thought,  
 Well made, well wrought ;  
 Far may be sought  
 Ere you can find  
 So courteous, so kind,  
 As merry Margaret,  
 This midsummer flower,  
 Gentle as falcon,  
 Or hawk of the tower.

JOHN SKELTON.

WHY SHOULD THIS DESERT SILENT BE ?

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT."

WHY should this desert silent be ?  
 For it is unpeopled ? No ;  
 Tongues I'll hang on every tree,  
 That shall civil sayings show :  
 Some, how brief the life of man  
 Runs his erring pilgrimage ;  
 That the stretching of a span  
 Buckles in his sum of age :  
 Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend :  
 But upon the fairest boughs,  
 Or at every sentence' end,  
 Will I Rosalinda write ;  
 Teaching all that read to know  
 The quintessence of every sprite  
 Heaven would in little show.  
 Therefore Heaven nature charged  
 That one body should be filled  
 With all graces wide enlarged :  
 Nature presently distilled  
 Helen's cheek, but not her heart,  
 Cleopatra's majesty,  
 Atalanta's better part,  
 Sad Lucretia's modesty.  
 Thus Rosalind of many parts  
 By heavenly synod was devised ;  
 Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,  
 To have the touches dearest prized :  
 Heaven would that she these gifts should have,  
 And I to live and die her slave.

SHAKESPEARE.

## PHILLIS THE FAIR.

ON a hill there grows a flower,  
 Fair befall the dainty sweet !  
 By that flower there is a bower  
 Where the heavenly muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair,  
 Fringed all about with gold,  
 Where doth sit the fairest fair  
 That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis, fair and bright,  
 She that is the shepherd's joy,  
 She that Venus did despise,  
 And did blind her little boy.

Who would not that face admire ?  
 Who would not this saint adore ?  
 Who would not this sight desire ?  
 Though he thought to see no more.

Thou that art the shepherd's queen,  
 Look upon thy love-sick swain ;  
 By thy comfort have been seen  
 Dead men brought to life again.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

## A HEALTH.

I FILL this cup to one made up  
 Of loveliness alone,  
 A woman, of her gentle sex  
 The seeming paragon ;  
 To whom the better elements  
 And kindly stars have given  
 A form so fair, that, like the air,  
 'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,  
 Like those of morning birds,  
 And something more than melody  
 Dwells ever in her words ;  
 The coinage of her heart are they,  
 And from her lips each flows  
 As one may see the burdened bee  
 Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,  
 The measures of her hours ;  
 Her feelings have the fragrancy,  
 The freshness of young flowers ;  
 And lovely passions, changing oft,  
 So fill her, she appears  
 The image of themselves by turns, —  
 The idol of past years !

Of her bright face one glance will trace  
 A picture on the brain,  
 And of her voice in echoing hearts  
 A sound must long remain ;  
 But memory, such as mine of her,  
 So very much endears,  
 When death is nigh my latest sigh  
 Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up  
 Of loveliness alone,  
 A woman, of her gentle sex  
 The seeming paragon.  
 Her health ! and would on earth there stood  
 Some more of such a frame,  
 That life might be all poetry,  
 And weariness a name.

EDWARD COATE PINCKNEY.

## THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER FACE.

FROM "AN HOUR'S RECREATION IN MUSICKE." 1606.

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

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

Her eyes like angels watch them still,  
 Her brows like bended bows do stand,  
 Threatening with piercing frowns to kill  
 All that approach with eye or hand  
 These sacred cherries to come nigh,  
 Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

RICHARD ALLISON.

## THE WHITE ROSE.

SENT BY A YORKISH LOVER TO HIS LANCASTRIAN  
 MISTRESS.

If this fair rose offend thy sight,  
 Placed in thy bosom bare,  
 'T will blush to find itself less white,  
 And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lip it spy,  
 As kiss it thou mayest deign,  
 With envy pale 't will lose its dye,  
 And Yorkish turn again.

ANONYMOUS.

## OLIVIA.

FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT."

VIOLA. 'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and  
 white  
 Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on :  
 Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,  
 If you will lead these graces to the grave,  
 And leave the world no copy.

SHAKESPEARE.

## ROSALINE.

LIKE to the clear in highest sphere  
 Where all imperial glory shines :  
 Of selfsame color is her hair  
 Whether unfolded, or in twines :  
 Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline !  
 Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,  
 Resembling heaven by every wink ;  
 The gods do fear whenas they glow,  
 And I do tremble when I think  
 Heigh-ho, would she were mine !

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud  
 That beautifies Aurora's face,

Or like the silver crimson shroud  
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace :

Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline !

Her lips are like two budded roses  
Whom ranks of lilies neighbor nigh,  
Within which bounds she balm encloses  
Apt to entice a deity :

Heigh-ho, would she were mine !

Her neck is like a stately tower  
Where Love himself imprisoned lies,  
To watch for glances every hour  
From her divine and sacred eyes ;

Heigh-ho, for Rosaline !

Her paps are centres of delight,  
Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame,  
Where Nature moulds the dew of light  
To feed perfection with the same :

Heigh-ho, would she were mine !

With orient pearl, with ruby red,  
With marble white, with sapphire blue,  
Her body every way is fed, .  
Yet soft in touch and sweet in view :

Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline !

Nature herself her shape admires ;  
The gods are wounded in her sight ;  
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires  
And at her eyes his brand doth light :

Heigh-ho, would she were mine !

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan  
The absence of fair Rosaline,  
Since for a fair there's fairer none,  
Nor for her virtues so divine :

Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline !

Heigh-ho, my heart! would God that she were  
mine !

T. LODGE.

#### A VIOLET IN HER HAIR.

A VIOLET in her lovely hair,  
A rose upon her bosom fair !

But O, her eyes

A lovelier violet disclose,  
And her ripe lips the sweetest rose  
That's 'neath the skies.

A lute beneath her graceful hand  
Breathes music forth at her command ;

But still her tongue

Far richer music calls to birth  
Than all the minstrel power on earth  
Can give to song.

And thus she moves in tender light,  
The purest ray, where all is bright,  
Serene, and sweet ;  
And sheds a graceful influence round,  
That hallow's e'en the very ground  
Beneath her feet !

CHARLES SWAIN.

#### WELCOME, WELCOME, DO I SING.

*Welcome, welcome, do I sing,  
Far more welcome than the spring ;  
He that parteth from you never  
Shall enjoy a spring forever.*

LOVE that to the voice is near,  
Breaking from your ivory pale,  
Need not walk abroad to hear  
The delightful nightingale.

*Welcome, welcome, then I sing, etc.*

Love, that still looks on your eyes,  
Though the winter have begun  
To benumb our arteries,  
Shall not want the summer's sun.

*Welcome, welcome, then I sing, etc.*

Love, that still may see your cheeks,  
Where all rareness still reposes,  
Is a fool if e'er he seeks  
Other lilies; other roses.

*Welcome, welcome, then I sing, etc.*

Love, to whom your soft lip yields,  
And perceives your breath in kissing,  
All the odors of the fields  
Never, never shall be missing.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

#### PORTIA'S PICTURE.

FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

FAIR Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god  
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?  
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,  
Seem they in motion? Here are severed lips,  
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar  
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her  
hairs

The painter plays the spider; and hath woven  
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,  
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—  
How could he see to do them? having made one,  
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,  
And leave itself unfurnished.

SHAKESPEARE.

## WHENAS IN SILKS MY JULIA GOES.

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

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

R. HERRICK.

## I DO NOT LOVE THEE FOR THAT FAIR.

I do not love thee for that fair  
Rich fan of thy most curious hair,  
Though the wires thereof be drawn  
Finer than the threads of lawn,  
And are softer than the leaves  
On which the subtle spider weaves.

I do not love thee for those flowers  
Growing on thy cheeks, — love's bowers, —  
Though such cunning them hath spread,  
None can paint them white and red.  
Love's golden arrows thence are shot,  
Yet for them I love thee not.

I do not love thee for those soft  
Red coral lips I 've kissed so oft ;  
Nor teeth of pearl, the double guard  
To speech whence music still is heard,  
Though from those lips a kiss being taken  
Might tyrants melt, and death awaken.

I do not love thee, O my fairest,  
For that richest, for that rarest  
Silver pillar, which stands under  
Thy sound head, that globe of wonder ;  
Though that neck be whiter far  
Than towers of polished ivory are.

THOMAS CAREW.

## THE FORWARD VIOLET THUS DID I CHIDE.

SONNET.

THE forward violet thus did I chide : —  
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet  
that smells,

If not from my love's breath ? the purple pride  
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,  
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.  
The lily I condemn'd for thy hand,  
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair :  
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,  
One blushing shame, another white despair ;

A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,  
And to this robbery had annexed thy breath ;  
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth  
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.  
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,  
But sweet or color it had stolen from thee.

SHAKESPEARE.

## GIVE PLACE, YE LOVERS.

Give place, ye lovers, here before  
That spent your boasts and brags in vain ;  
My lady's beauty passeth more  
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,  
Than doth the sun the candle-light,  
Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a troth as just  
As had Penelope the fair ;  
For what she saith, ye may it trust,  
As it by writing sealéd were :  
And virtues hath she many mo'  
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,  
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,  
When she had lost the perfect mould,  
The like to whom she could not paint :  
With wringing hands, how she did cry,  
And what she said, I know it aye.

I know she swòre with raging mind,  
Her kingdom only set apart,  
There was no loss by law of kind  
That could have gone so near her heart ;  
And this was chiefly all her pain ;  
"She could not make the like again."

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,  
To be the chiefest work she wrought,  
In faith, methink, some better ways  
On your behalf might well be sought,  
Than to compare, as ye have done,  
To match the candle with the sun.

LORD SURREY.

## YOU MEANER BEAUTIES.

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

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

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

So when my mistress shall be seen  
 In form and beauty of her mind :  
 By virtue first, then choice, a queen, —  
 Tell me, if she were not designed  
 Th' eclipse and glory of her kind ?

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

#### A VISION OF BEAUTY.

It was a beauty that I saw, —  
 So pure, so perfect, as the frame  
 Of all the universe were lame  
 To that one figure, could I draw,  
 Or give least line of it a law :  
 A skein of silk without a knot !  
 A fair march made without a halt !  
 A curious form without a fault !  
 A printed book without a blot !  
 All beauty ! — and without a spot.

BEN JONSON.

#### WHEN IN THE CHRONICLE OF WASTED TIME.

SONNET.

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time  
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,  
 In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights ;  
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best  
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
 I see their antique pen would have expressed  
 Even such a beauty as you master now.  
 So all their praises are but prophecies  
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring ;  
 And, for they looked but with divining eyes,  
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing ;  
 For we, which now behold these present days,  
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

SHAKESPEARE.

#### CHILD AND MAIDEN.

AH, Chloris ! could I now but sit  
 As unconcerned as when  
 Your infant beauty could beget  
 No happiness or pain !  
 When I the dawn used to admire,  
 And praised the coming day,

I little thought the rising fire  
 Would take my rest away.

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

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

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

#### WAITING FOR THE GRAPES.

THAT I love thee, charming maid, I a thousand  
 times have said,  
 And a thousand times more I have sworn it,  
 But 't is easy to be seen in the coldness of your  
 mien  
 That you doubt my affection — or scorn it.  
 Ah me !

Not a single grain of sense is in the whole of  
 these pretences  
 For rejecting your lover's petitions ;  
 Had I windows in my bosom, O how gladly I 'd  
 expose 'em !  
 To undo your fantastic suspicions.  
 Ah me !

You repeat I 've known you long, and you hint  
 I do you wrong,  
 In beginning so late to pursue ye ;  
 But 't is folly to look glum because people did not  
 come  
 Up the stairs of your nursery to woo ye.  
 Ah me !

In a grapery one walks without looking at the  
 stalks,  
 While the bunches are green that they 're bear-  
 ing :  
 All the pretty little leaves that are dangling at the  
 eaves  
 Scarce attract e'en a moment of staring.  
 Ah me !



But when time has swelled the grapes to a richer  
style of shapes,

And the sun has lent warmth to their blushes,  
Then to cheer us and to gladden, to enchant us  
and to madden,

Is the ripe ruddy glory that rushes.

Ah me !

O, 't is then that mortals pant while they gaze on  
Bacchus' plant, —

O, 't is then, — will my simile serve ye ?  
Should a damsel fair repine, though neglected like  
a vine ?

Both erelong shall turn heads topsy-turvy.

Ah me !

WILLIAM MAGINN.

### SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

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

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

And now I see with eye serene  
The very pulse of the machine ;  
A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A traveller between life and death :  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;  
A perfect woman, nobly planned  
To warn, to comfort, and command ;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel-light.

W. WORDSWORTH.

### BELINDA.

FROM THE "RAPE OF THE LOCK."

ON her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,  
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore,

Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,  
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those :  
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends :  
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.  
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,  
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.  
Yet, graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,  
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to  
hide ;

If to her share some female errors fall,  
Look on her face, and you 'll forget them all.

ALEXANDER POPE.

### IF IT BE TRUE THAT ANY BEAUTEOUS THING.

If it be true that any beauteous thing  
Raises the pure and just desire of man  
From earth to God, the eternal fount of all,  
Such I believe my love ; for as in her  
So fair, in whom I all besides forget,  
I view the gentle work of her Creator,  
I have no care for any other thing,  
Whilst thus I love. Nor is it marvellous,  
Since the effect is not of my own power,  
If the soul doth, by nature tempted forth,  
Enamored through the eyes,  
Repose upon the eyes which it resembleth,  
And through them riseth to the Primal Love,  
As to its end, and honors in admiring ;  
For who adores the Maker needs must love his  
work.

MICHAEL ANGELO (Italian). Translation  
of J. E. TAYLOR.

### THE MIGHT OF ONE FAIR FACE.

THE might of one fair face sublimed my love,  
For it hath weaned my heart from low desires ;  
Nor death I heed, nor purgatorial fires.  
Thy beauty, antepast of joys above,  
Instructs me in the bliss that saints approve ;  
For O, how good, how beautiful, must be  
The God that made so good a thing as thee,  
So fair an image of the heavenly Dove !

Forgive me if I cannot turn away  
From those sweet eyes that are my earthly  
heaven,

For they are guiding stars, benignly given  
To tempt my footsteps to the upward way ;  
And if I dwell too fondly in thy sight,  
I live and love in God's peculiar light.

MICHAEL ANGELO (Italian). Translation  
of J. E. TAYLOR.

## THE MILKING-MAID.

THE year stood at its equinox,  
 And bluff the North was blowing,  
 A bleat of lambs came from the flocks,  
 Green hardy things were growing ;  
 I met a maid with shining locks  
 Where milky kine were lowing.

She wore a kerchief on her neck,  
 Her bare arm showed its dimple,  
 Her apron spread without a speck,  
 Her air was frank and simple.

She milked into a wooden pail,  
 And sang a country ditty, —  
 An innocent fond lovers' tale,  
 That was not wise nor witty,  
 Pathetically rustical,  
 Too pointless for the city.

She kept in time without a beat,  
 As true as church-bell ringers,  
 Unless she tapped time with her feet,  
 Or squeezed it with her fingers ;  
 Her clear, unstudied notes were sweet  
 As many a practised singer's.

I stood a minute out of sight,  
 Stood silent for a minute,  
 To eye the pail, and creamy white  
 The frothing milk within it, —

To eye the comely milking-maid,  
 Herself so fresh and creamy.  
 " Good day to you ! " at last I said ;  
 She turned her head to see me.  
 " Good day ! " she said, with lifted head ;  
 Her eyes looked soft and dreamy.

And all the while she milked and milked  
 The grave cow heavy-laden :  
 I've seen grand ladies, plumed and silked,  
 But not a sweeter maiden ;

But not a sweeter, fresher maid  
 Than this in homely cotton,  
 Whose pleasant face and silky braid  
 I have not yet forgotten.

Seven springs have passed since then, as I  
 Count with a sober sorrow ;  
 Seven springs have come and passed me by,  
 And spring sets in to-morrow.

I've half a mind to shake myself  
 Free, just for once, from London,  
 To set my work upon the shelf,  
 And leave it done or undone ;

To run down by the early train,  
 Whirl down with shriek and whistle,  
 And feel the bluff north blow again,  
 And mark the sprouting thistle  
 Set up on waste patch of the lane  
 Its green and tender bristle ;

And spy the scarce-blown violet banks,  
 Crisp primrose-leaves and others,  
 And watch the lambs leap at their pranks,  
 And butt their patient mothers.

Alas ! one point in all my plan  
 My serious thoughts demur to :  
 Seven years have passed for maid and man,  
 Seven years have passed for her too.

Perhaps my rose is over-blown,  
 Not rosy or too rosy ;  
 Perhaps in farm-house of her own  
 Some husband keeps her cosey,  
 Where I should show a face unknown, —  
 Good by, my wayside posy !

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

## SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

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

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

And on that cheek and o'er that brow  
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
 But tell of days in goodness spent, —  
 A mind at peace with all below,  
 A heart whose love is innocent.

LORD BYRON.

## CASTARA.

LIKE the violet, which alone  
 Prospers in some happy shade,  
 My Castara lives unknown,  
 To no ruder eye betrayed ;  
 For she's to herself nrtue  
 Who delights i' the public view.

Such is her beauty as no arts  
 Have enriched with borrowed grace.  
 Her high birth no pride imparts,  
 For she blushes in her place.  
 Folly boasts a glorious blood, —  
 She is noblest being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet  
 What a wanton courtship meant ;  
 Nor speaks loud to boast her wit,  
 In her silence, eloquent.  
 Of herself survey she takes,  
 But 'tween men no difference makes.

She obeys with speedy will  
 Her grave parents' wise commands ;  
 And so innocent, that ill  
 She nor acts, nor understands.  
 Women's feet run still astray  
 If to ill they know the way.

She sails by that rock, the court,  
 Where oft virtue splits her mast ;  
 And retiredness thinks the port,  
 Where her fame may anchor cast.  
 Virtue safely cannot sit  
 Where vice is enthroned for wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best  
 Where sin waits not on delight ;  
 Without mask, or ball, or feast,  
 Sweetly spends a winter's night.  
 O'er that darkness whence is thrust  
 Prayer and sleep, oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climb,  
 While wild passions captive lie ;  
 And each article of time,  
 Her pure thoughts to heaven fly ;  
 All her vows religious be,  
 And she vows her love to me.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

#### THE THAMES.

O HAPPY Thames, that didst my Stella bear !  
 I saw thee with full many a smiling line  
 Upon thy cheerful face joy's livery wear,  
 While those fair planets on thy streams did shine.  
 The boat for joy could not to dance forbear ;  
 While wanton winds, with beauties so divine  
 Ravished, stayed not, till in her golden hair  
 They did themselves (O sweetest prison) twine :  
 And fain those Eol's youth there would their stay  
 Have made ; but, forced by Nature still to fly,  
 First did with puffing kiss those locks display.  
 She, so dishevelled, blushed. From window I,  
 With sight thereof, cried out, "O fair disgrace !  
 Let Honor's self to thee grant highest place."

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

#### AT THE CHURCH GATE.

ALTHOUGH I enter not,  
 Yet round about the spot  
 Ofttimes I hover ;  
 And near the sacred gate,  
 With longing eyes I wait,  
 . Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out  
 Above the city's rout,  
 And noise and humming ;  
 They've hushed the minster bell ;  
 The organ 'gins to swell ;  
 She's coming, coming !

My lady comes at last,  
 Timid and stepping fast,  
 And hastening hither,  
 With modest eyes downcast ;  
 She comes, — she's here, she's past !  
 May Heaven go with her !

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint !  
 Pour out your praise or plaint  
 Meekly and duly ;  
 I will not enter there,  
 To sully your pure prayer  
 With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace  
 Round the forbidden place,  
 Lingered a minute,  
 Like outcast spirits, who wait,  
 And see, through heaven's gate,  
 Angels within it.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

#### VERSES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

HERE is one leaf reserved for me,  
 From all thy sweet memorials free ;  
 And here my simple song might tell  
 The feelings thou must guess so well.  
 But could I thus, within thy mind,  
 One little vacant corner find,  
 Where no impression yet is seen,  
 Where no memorial yet has been,  
 O, it should be my sweetest care  
 To write my name forever there !

T. MOORE.

#### GO, LOVELY ROSE.

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

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

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

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

STANZA ADDED BY HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Yet, though thou fade,  
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise ;  
And teach the maid,  
That goodness Time's rude hand defies,  
That virtue lives when beauty dies.

#### FAIRER THAN THEE.

FAIRER than thee, beloved,  
Fairer than thee !—  
There is one thing, beloved,  
Fairer than thee.

Not the glad sun, beloved,  
Bright though it beams ;  
Not the green earth, beloved,  
Silver with streams ;

Not the gay birds, beloved,  
Happy and free :  
Yet there 's one thing, beloved,  
Fairer than thee.

Not the clear day, beloved,  
Glowing with light ;  
Not (fairer still, beloved)  
Star-crownéd night.

Truth in her might, beloved,  
Grand in her sway ;  
Truth with her eyes, beloved,  
Clearer than day.

Holy and pure, beloved,  
Spotless and free,  
Is the one thing, beloved,  
Fairer than thee.

Guard well thy soul, beloved ;  
Truth, dwelling there,  
Shall shadow forth, beloved,  
Her image rare.

Then shall I deem, beloved,  
That thou art she ;  
And there 'll be naught, beloved,  
Fairer than thee.

ANONYMOUS.

#### HER LIKENESS.

A GIRL, who has so many wilful ways  
She would have caused Job's patience to for-  
sake him ;

Yet is so rich in all that 's girlhood's praise,  
Did Job himself upon her goodness gaze,  
A little better she would surely make him.

Yet is this girl I sing in naught uncommon,  
And very far from angel yet, I trow.  
Her faults, her sweetnesses, are purely human ;  
Yet she 's more lovable as simple woman  
Than any one diviner that I know.

Therefore I wish that she may safely keep  
This womanhede, and change not, only grow ;  
From maid to matron, youth to age, may creep,  
And in perennial blessedness, still reap  
On every hand of that which she doth sow.  
DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

#### BLACK AND BLUE EYES.

THE brilliant black eye  
May in triumph let fly  
All its darts without caring who feels 'em ;  
But the soft eye of blue,  
Though it scatter wounds too,  
Is much better pleased when it heals 'em !  
Dear Fanny !

The black eye may say,  
"Come and worship my ray ;  
By adoring, perhaps you may move me !"  
But the blue eye, half hid,  
Says, from under its lid,  
"I love, and am yours, if you love me !"  
Dear Fanny !

Then tell me, O why,  
In that lovely blue eye,  
Not a charm of its tint I discover ;  
Or why should you wear  
The only blue pair  
That ever said "No" to a lover ?  
Dear Fanny !

THOMAS MOORE.

## WHY, LOVELY CHARMER?

FROM "THE HIVE."

WHY, lovely charmer, tell me why,  
So very kind, and yet so shy?  
Why does that cold, forbidding air  
Give damps of sorrow and despair?  
Or why that smile my soul subdue,  
And kindle up my flames anew?

In vain you strive with all your art,  
By turns to fire and freeze my heart;  
When I behold a face so fair,  
So sweet a look, so soft an air,  
My ravished soul is charmed all o'er,  
I cannot love thee less or more.

ANONYMOUS.

## I PRITHEE SEND ME BACK MY HEART.

I PRITHEE send me back my heart,  
Since I cannot have thine;  
For if from yours you will not part,  
Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet, now I think on 't, let it lie;  
To find it were in vain;  
For thou 'st a thief in either eye  
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,  
And yet not lodge together?  
O Love! where is thy sympathy  
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,  
I cannot find it out;  
For when I think I'm best resolved  
Then I am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe;  
I will no longer pine;  
For I'll believe I have her heart  
As much as she has mine.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

## IF DOUGHTY DEEDS MY LADY PLEASE.

If doughty deeds my lady please,  
Right soon I'll mount my steed,  
And strong his arm and fast his seat  
That bears frae me the need.  
I'll wear thy colors in my cap,  
Thy picture at my heart,  
And he that bends not to thine eye  
Shall rue it to his smart!

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

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

But if fond love thy heart can gain,  
I never broke a vow;  
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me;  
I never loved but you.  
For you alone I ride the ring,  
For you I wear the blue;  
For you alone I strive to sing,  
O, tell me how to woo!  
Then tell me how to woo thee, Love;  
O, tell me how to woo thee!  
For thy dear sake nae care I'll take,  
Though ne'er another trow me.

GRAHAM OF GARTMORE.

## MY LOVE IN HER ATTIRE.

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

ANONYMOUS.

## A SLEEPING BEAUTY.

SLEEP on! and dream of Heaven awhile!  
Though shut so close thy laughing eyes,  
Thy rosy lips still wear a smile,  
And move, and breathe delicious sighs.

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

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

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

SAMUEL ROGERS.

SHE IS NOT FAIR TO OUTWARD VIEW.

SHE is not fair to outward view,  
As many maidens be ;  
Her loveliness I never knew  
Until she smiled on me :  
O, then I saw her eye was bright, —  
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold ;  
To mine they ne'er reply ;  
And yet I cease not to behold,  
The love-light in her eye :  
Her very frowns are better far  
Than smiles of other maidens are !

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

PHILLIS IS MY ONLY JOY.

PHILLIS is my only joy  
Faithless as the wind or seas ;  
Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,  
Yet she never fails to please.

If with a frown  
I am cast down,  
Phillis, smiling  
And beguiling,  
Makes me happier than before.

Though, alas ! too late I find  
Nothing can her fancy fix ;  
Yet the moment she is kind  
I forgive her all her tricks ;  
Which though I see,  
I can't get free ;  
She deceiving,  
I believing,

What need lovers wish for more ?

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

WHEN Love with unconfined wings  
Hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at the grates ;  
When I lie tangled in her hair  
And fettered to her eye,

The birds that wanton in the air  
Know no such liberty.

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

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

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage ;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage :  
If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free,  
Angels alone, that soar above,  
Enjoy such liberty.

COLONEL RICHARD LOVELACE.

MY LITTLE SAINT.

I CARE not, though it be  
By the preciser sort thought popery ;  
We poets can a license show  
For everything we do.  
Hear, then, my little saint ! I'll pray to thee.

If now thy happy mind,  
Amidst its various joys, can leisure find  
To attend to anything so low  
As what I say or do,  
Regard, and be what thou wast ever, — kind.

Let not the blest above  
Engross thee quite, but sometimes hither rove :  
Fain would I thy sweet image see,  
And sit and talk with thee ;  
Nor is it curiosity, but love.

Ah ! what delight 't would be,  
Wouldest thou sometimes by stealth converse with  
me !

How should I thy sweet commune prize,  
And other joys despise !  
Come, then ! I ne'er was yet denied by thee.

I would not long detain  
 Thy soul from bliss, nor keep thee here in pain ;  
 Nor should thy fellow-saints e'er know  
 Of thy escape below :  
 Beforethou'rt missed, thou shouldst return again.

Sure, heaven must needs thy love,  
 As well as other qualities, improve :  
 Come, then ! and recreate my sight  
 With rays of thy pure light ;  
 'T will cheer my eyes more than the lamps above.

But if Fate's so severe  
 As to confine thee to thy blissful sphere,  
 (And by thy absence I shall know  
 Whether thy state be so,)  
 Live happy, and be mindful of me there.  
 JOHN NORRIS.

### A GOLDEN GIRL.

LUCY is a golden girl ;  
 But a man, a *man*, should woo her !  
 They who seek her shrink aback,  
 When they should, like storms, pursue her.

All her smiles are hid in light ;  
 All her hair is lost in splendor ;  
 But she hath the eyes of Night  
 And a heart that's over-tender.

Yet the foolish suitors fly  
 (Is 't excess of dread or duty ?)  
 From the starlight of her eye,  
 Leaving to neglect her beauty !

Men by fifty seasons taught  
 Leave her to a young beginner,  
 Who, without a second thought,  
 Whispers, woos, and straight must win her.

Lucy is a golden girl !  
 Toast her in a goblet brimming !  
 May the man that wins her wear  
 On his heart the Rose of Women !  
 BARRY CORNWALL.

### MY SWEET SWEETING.

FROM A MS. TEMP. HENRY VIII.

AH, my sweet sweeting ;  
 My little pretty sweeting,  
 My sweeting will I love wherever I go ;  
 She is so proper and pure,  
 Full, steadfast, stable, and demure,  
 There is none such, you may be sure,  
 As my sweet sweeting.

In all this world, as thinketh me,  
 Is none so pleasant to my e'e,  
 That I am glad so oft to see,  
 As my sweet sweeting.  
 When I behold my sweeting sweet,  
 Her face, her hands, her minion feet,  
 They seem to me there is none so mete,  
 As my sweet sweeting.

Above all other praise must I,  
 And love my pretty pygsnye,  
 For none I find so womanly  
 As my sweet sweeting.

ANONYMOUS.

### THE FLOWER'S NAME.

HERE's the garden she walked across,  
 Arm in my arm, such a short while since :  
 Hark ! now I push its wicket, the moss  
 Hinders the hinges, and makes them wince.  
 She must have reached this shrub ere she turned,  
 As back with that murrmur the wicket swung ;  
 For she laid the poor snail my chancefoot spurned,  
 To feed and forget it the leaves among.

Down this side of the gravel walk  
 She went while her robe's edge brushed the box ;  
 And here she paused in her gracious talk  
 To point me a moth on the milk-white phlox.  
 Roses, ranged in valiant row,  
 I will never think that she passed you by !  
 She loves you, noble roses, I know ;  
 But yonder see where the rock-plants lie !

This flower she stopped at, finger on lip, —  
 Stooped over, in doubt, as settling its claim ;  
 Till she gave me, with pride to make no slip,  
 Its soft meandering Spanish name.  
 What a name ! was it love or praise ?  
 Speech half asleep, or song half awake ?  
 I must learn Spanish one of these days,  
 Only for that slow sweet name's sake.

Roses, if I live and do well,  
 I may bring her one of these days,  
 To fix you fast with as fine a spell, —  
 Fit you each with his Spanish phrase.  
 But do not detain me now, for she lingers  
 There, like sunshine over the ground ;  
 And ever I see her soft white fingers  
 Searching after the bud she found.

Flower, you Spaniard ! look that you grow not, —  
 Stay as you are, and be loved forever.  
 Bud, if I kiss you, 't is that you blow not, —  
 Mind ! the shut pink mouth opens never !

For while thus it pouts, her fingers wrestle,  
 Twinkling the audacious leaves between,  
 Till round they turn, and down they nestle :  
 Is not the dear mark still to be seen ?

Where I find her not, beauties vanish ;  
 Whither I follow her, beauties flee.  
 Is there no method to tell her in Spanish  
 June's twice Junesince she breathed it with me ?  
 Come, bud ! show me the least of her traces.  
 Treasure my lady's lightest footfall :  
 Ah ! you may flout and turn up your faces, —  
 Roses, you are not so fair after all !

ROBERT BROWNING.

## ON A GIRDL.

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

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

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

EDMUND WALLER.

## THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

It is the miller's daughter,  
 And she is grown so dear, so dear,  
 That I would be the jewel  
 That trembles at her ear ;  
 For, hid in ringlets day and night,  
 I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle  
 About her dainty, dainty waist,  
 And her heart would beat against me  
 In sorrow and in rest ;  
 And I should know if it beat right,  
 I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,  
 And all day long to fall and rise  
 Upon her balmy bosom  
 With her laughter or her sighs ;  
 And I would lie so light, so light,  
 I scarce should be unclasped at night.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond,  
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,  
 While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloamin',  
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dum-  
 blane.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauldin' blossom,  
 And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green ;  
 Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,  
 Is lovely young Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonnie, —  
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain ;  
 And far be the villain, divested of feeling,  
 Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet Flower o'  
 Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the  
 e'ning ! —  
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen :  
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,  
 Is charming young Jessie, the Flower o' Dum-  
 blane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie !  
 The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain ;  
 I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie  
 Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the Flower o'  
 Dumblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,  
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,  
 And reckon as naething the height o' its splendor,  
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dum-  
 blane.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

## O, SAW YE THE LASS ?

O, SAW ye the lass wi' the bonny blue een ?  
 Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen ;  
 Her cheek like the rose is, but fresher, I ween ;  
 She's the loveliest lassie that trips on the green.  
 The home of my love is below in the valley,  
 Where wild-flowers welcome the wandering bee ;  
 But the sweetest of flowers in that spot that is seen  
 Is the maid that I love wi' the bonny blue een.

When night overshadows her cot in the glen,  
 She'll steal out to meet her loved Donald again ;  
 And when the moon shines on the valley so green,  
 I'll welcome the lass wi' the bonny blue een.  
 As the dove that has wandered away from his nest  
 Returns to the mate his fond heart loves the best,  
 I'll fly from the world's false and vanishing scene,  
 To my dear one, the lass wi' the bonny blue een.

RICHARD RYAN.



## THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

ON Richmond Hill there lives a lass  
More bright than May-day morn,  
Whose charms all other maids surpass, —  
A rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,  
Has won my right good-will ;  
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,  
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay, that fan the air,  
And wanton through the grove,  
O, whisper to my charming fair,  
I die for her I love.

How happy will the shepherd be  
Who calls this nymph his own !  
O, may her choice be fixed on me !  
Mine's fixed on her alone.

UPTON.

## MARY MORISON.

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

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

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

ROBERT BURNS.

## IN THE STILLNESS O' THE NIGHT.

DORSET DIALECT.

Ov all the housen o' the plice  
Ther 's oone wher I da like to call,

By dae ar night, the best ov all,  
To zee my Fanny's smilén face ;  
An' dere the stiaty trees da grow,  
A-rockén as the win' da blow,  
While she da sweetly sleep below,  
In the stillness o' the night.

An' dere at evemen I da goo,  
A-hoppén auver ghiates an' bars,  
By twinklen light o' winter stars,  
When snow da clumper to my shoe ;  
An' zometimes we da slyly catch  
A chat, an hour upon the stratch,  
An' piart wi' whispers at the hatch,  
In the stillness o' the night.

An' zometimes she da goo to zome  
Young náighbours' housen down the plice,  
An' I da get a clue to triace  
Her out, an' goo to zee her huome ;  
An' I da wish a vield a mile,  
As she da sweetly chat an' smile  
Along the drove, or at the stile,  
In the stillness o' the night.

WILLIAM BARNES.

## O MISTRESS MINE.

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

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

SHAKESPEARE.

## THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

WHEN first I saw sweet Peggy,  
'T was on a market day :  
A low-backed car she drove, and sat  
Upon a truss of hay ;  
But when that hay was blooming grass,  
And decked with flowers of spring,  
No flower was there that could compare  
With the blooming girl I sing.  
As she sat in the low-backed car,  
The man at the turnpike bar  
Never asked for the toll,  
But just rubbed his owld poll,  
And looked after the low-backed car.

In battle's wild commotion,  
 The proud and mighty Mars  
 With hostile scythes demands his tithes  
 Of death in warlike cars ;  
 While Peggy, peaceful goddess,  
 Has darts in her bright eye,  
 That knock men down in the market town,  
 As right and left they fly ;  
 While she sits in her low-backed car,  
 Than battle more dangerous far, —  
 For the doctor's art  
 Cannot cure the heart,  
 That is hit from that low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,  
 Has strings of ducks and geese,  
 But the scores of hearts she slaughters  
 By far outnumber these ;  
 While she among her poultry sits,  
 Just like a turtle-dove,  
 Well worth the cage, I do engage,  
 Of the blooming god of Love !  
 While she sits in her low-backed car,  
 The lovers come near and far,  
 And envy the chicken  
 That Peggy is pickin',  
 As she sits in her low-backed car.

O, I 'd rather own that car, sir,  
 With Peggy by my side,  
 Than a coach and four, and gold *galore*,  
 And a lady for my bride ;  
 For the lady would sit forinst me,  
 On a cushion made with taste,  
 While Peggy would sit beside me,  
 With my arm around her waist,  
 While we drove in the low-backed car,  
 To be married by Father Mahar ;  
 O, my heart would beat high  
 At her glance and her sigh, —  
 Though it beat in a low-backed car !

SAMUEL LOVER.

#### SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

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

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,  
 And through the streets does cry 'em ;

Her mother she sells laces long  
 To such as please to buy 'em ;  
 But sure such folks could ne'er beget  
 So sweet a girl as Sally !  
 She is the darling of my heart,  
 And she lives in our alley.

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

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

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

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

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

HENRY CAREY.

#### LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

O LOVELY Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the  
 best !  
 If fifty girls were around you, I 'd hardly see the  
 rest ;

Be what it may the time of day, the place be  
where it will,  
Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before  
me still.

Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing on  
a rock,  
How clear they are! how dark they are! and  
they give me many a shock;  
Red rowans warm in sunshine, and wetted with  
a shower,  
Could ne'er express the charming lip that has  
me in its power.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows  
lifted up,  
Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like  
a china cup;  
Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and  
so fine, —  
It's rolling down upon her neck, and gathered  
in a twine.

The dance o' last Whit-Monday night exceeded  
all before;  
No pretty girl for miles around was missing from  
the floor;  
But Mary kept the belt of love, and O, but she  
was gay;  
She danced a jig, she sung a song, and took my  
heart away!

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were  
so complete,  
The music nearly killed itself, to listen to her  
feet;  
The fiddler mourned his blindness, he heard her  
so much praised,  
But blessed himself he was n't deaf when once  
her voice she raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or liltin' what you  
sung;  
Your smile is always in my heart, your name be-  
side my tongue.  
But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count  
on both your hands,  
And for myself there's not a thumb or little  
finger stands.

O, you're the flower of womankind, in country  
or in town;  
The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm cast down.  
If some great lord should come this way and see  
your beauty bright,  
And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but right.

O, might we live together in lofty palace hall,  
Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet cur-  
tains fall; •

O, might we live together in a cottage mean and  
small,  
With sods of grass the only roof, and mud the  
only wall!

O lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my dis-  
tress;  
It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll never  
wish it less;  
The proudest place would fit your face, and I am  
poor and low,  
But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you  
may go!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

### THE POSIE.

O, LUVE will venture in where it daurna weel be  
seen,  
O, luve will venture in where wisdom ance has been!  
But I will down yon river rove among the woods  
sae green:  
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,  
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,  
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms  
without a peer:  
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phoebus peeps in  
view,  
For it's like a ba' my kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou';  
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging  
blue:  
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,  
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;  
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air:  
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller gray,  
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day;  
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna  
take away:  
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu', when the e'ening star  
is near,  
And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een  
sae clear;  
The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to  
wear:  
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,  
 And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by  
 it above,  
 That to my latest draught o' life the band shall  
 ne'er remove :  
 And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.  
 ROBERT BURNS.

MARY LEE.

I HAVE traced the valleys fair  
 In May morning's dewy air,  
 My bonny Mary Lee !  
 Wilt thou deign the wreath to wear,  
 Gathered all for thee ?  
 They are not flowers of Pride,  
 For they graced the dingle-side ;  
 Yet they grew in Heaven's smile,  
 My gentle Mary Lee !  
 Can they fear thy frowns the while  
 Though offeréd by me ?  
 Here's the lily of the vale,  
 That perfumed the morning gale,  
 My fairy Mary Lee !  
 All so spotless and so pale,  
 Like thine own purity.  
 And might I make it known,  
 'T is an emblem of my own  
 Love, — if I dare so name  
 My esteem for thee.  
 Surely flowers can bear no blame,  
 My bonny Mary Lee.  
 Here's the violet's modest blue,  
 That 'neath hawthorns hides from view,  
 My gentle Mary Lee,  
 Would show whose heart is true,  
 While it thinks of thee.  
 While they choose each lowly spot,  
 The sun disdains them not ;  
 I'm as lowly too, indeed,  
 My charming Mary Lee ;  
 So I've brought the flowers to plead,  
 And win a smile from thee.  
 Here's a wild rose just in bud ;  
 Spring's beauty in its hood,  
 My bonny Mary Lee !  
 'T is the first in all the wood  
 I could find for thee.  
 Though a blush is scarcely seen,  
 Yet it hides its worth within,  
 Like my love ; for I've no power,  
 My angel Mary Lee,  
 To speak unless the flower  
 Can make excuse for me.

Though they deck no princely halls,  
 In bouquets for glittering balls,  
 My gentle Mary Lee !  
 Richer hues than painted walls  
 Will make them dear to thee ;  
 For the blue and laughing sky  
 Spreads a grander canopy  
 Than all wealth's golden skill,  
 My charming Mary Lee !  
 Love would make them dearer still,  
 That offers them to thee.

My wreathéd flowers are few,  
 Yet no fairer drink the dew,  
 My bonny Mary Lee !  
 They may seem as trifles too, —  
 Not, I hope, to thee ;  
 Some may boast a richer prize  
 Under pride and wealth's disguise ;  
 None a fonder offering bore  
 Than this of mine to thee ;  
 And can true love wish for more ?  
 Surely not, Mary Lee !

JOHN CLARE.

ANNIE LAURIE.

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie  
 Where early fa's the dew,  
 And it's there that Annie Laurie  
 Gie'd me her promise true, —  
 Gie'd me her promise true,  
 Which ne'er forgot will be ;  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw drift ;  
 Her throat is like the swan ;  
 Her face it is the fairest  
 That e'er the sun shone on, —  
 That e'er the sun shone on ;  
 And dark blue is her ee ;  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying  
 Is the fa' o' her fairy feet ;  
 And like the winds in summer sighing,  
 Her voice is low and sweet, —  
 Her voice is low and sweet ;  
 And she's a' the world to me ;  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me doune and dee.

ANONYMOUS.

## L O V E .

## LOVE IS A SICKNESS.

LOVE is a sickness full of woes,  
 All remedies refusing ;  
 A plant that most with cutting grows,  
 Most barren with best using.  
 Why so ?  
 More we enjoy it, more it dies ;  
 If not enjoyed, it sighing cries  
 Heigh-ho !

Love is a torment of the mind,  
 A tempest everlasting ;  
 And Jove hath made it of a kind,  
 Not well, nor full, nor fasting.  
 Why so ?  
 More we enjoy it, more it dies ;  
 If not enjoyed, it sighing cries  
 Heigh-ho !

SAMUEL DANIEL.

## AH ! WHAT IS LOVE ?

AH ! what is love ? It is a pretty thing,  
 As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,  
 And sweeter too ;  
 For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,  
 And cares can make the sweetest face to frown :  
 Ah then, ah then,  
 If country loves such sweet desires gain,  
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?  
 His flocks are folded ; he comes home at night  
 As merry as a king in his delight,  
 And merrier too ;  
 For kings bethink them what the state require,  
 Where shepherds, careless, carol by the fire :  
 Ah then, ah then,  
 If country love such sweet desires gain,  
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?  
 He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat  
 His cream and curd as doth the king his meat,  
 And blither too ;  
 For kings have often fears when they sup,  
 Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup :  
 Ah then, ah then,  
 If country loves such sweet desires gain,  
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?  
 Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound  
 As doth the king upon his beds of down,  
 More sounder too ;

For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,  
 Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill :  
 Ah then, ah then,  
 If country loves such sweet desires gain,  
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

Thus with his wife he spends the year as blithe  
 As doth the king at every tide or syth,  
 And blither too ;  
 For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,  
 When shepherds laugh, and love upon the land :  
 Ah then, ah then,  
 If country loves such sweet desires gain,  
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

ROBERT GREENE.

## TELL ME, MY HEART, IF THIS BE LOVE.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,  
 Awed by a thousand tender fears,  
 I would approach, but dare not move ; —  
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravished ear  
 No other voice than hers can hear ;  
 No other wit but hers approve ; —  
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

If she some other swain commend,  
 Though I was once his fondest friend,  
 His instant enemy I prove ; —  
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When she is absent, I no more  
 Delight in all that pleased before,  
 The clearest spring, the shadiest grove ; —  
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When fond of power, of beauty vain,  
 Her nets she spread for every swain,  
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove ; —  
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON.

## ECHOES.

How sweet the answer Echo makes  
 To Music at night  
 When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,  
 And far away o'er lawns and lakes  
 Goes answering light !

Yet Love hath echoes truer far  
 And far more sweet  
 Than e'er, beneath the moonlight's star,  
 Of horn or lute or soft guitar  
 The songs repeat.

'T is when the sigh — in youth sincere  
 And only then,  
 The sigh that 's breathed for one to hear —  
 Is by that one, that only Dear  
 Breathed back again.

THOMAS MOORE.

### AH, HOW SWEET.

AH, how sweet it is to love !  
 Ah, how gay is young desire !  
 And what pleasing pains we prove  
 When we first approach love's fire !  
 Pains of love are sweeter far  
 Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown  
 Do but gently heave the heart :  
 E'en the tears they shed alone  
 Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.  
 Lovers, when they lose their breath,  
 Bleed away in easy death.

Love and Time with reverence use,  
 Treat them like a parting friend ;  
 Nor the golden gifts refuse  
 Which in youth sincere they send :  
 For each year their price is more,  
 And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides full and high,  
 Swells in every youthful vein ;  
 But each tide does less supply,  
 Till they quite shrink in again.  
 If a flow in age appear,  
 'T is but rain, and runs not clear.

JOHN DRYDEN.

### THE FIRE OF LOVE.

FROM THE "EXAMEN MISCELLANEUM," 1708.

THE fire of love in youthful blood,  
 Like what is kindled in brushwood,  
 But for a moment burns ;  
 Yet in that moment makes a mighty noise ;  
 It crackles, and to vapor turns,  
 And soon itself destroys.

But when crept into aged veins  
 It slowly burns, and then long remains,  
 And with a silent heat,

Like fire in logs, it glows and warms 'em long ;  
 And though the flame be not so great,  
 Yet is the heat as strong.

EARL OF DORSET.

### THE AGE OF WISDOM.

Ho ! pretty page, with the dimpled chin,  
 That never has known the barber's shear,  
 All your wish is woman to win ;  
 This is the way that boys begin, —  
 Wait till you come to forty year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains ;  
 Billing and cooing is all your cheer, —  
 Sighing, and singing of midnight strains,  
 Under Bonnybell's window-panes, —  
 Wait till you come to forty year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass ;  
 Grizzling hair the brain doth clear ;  
 Then you know a boy is an ass,  
 Then you know the worth of a lass, —  
 Once you have come to forty year.

Pledge me round ; I bid ye declare,  
 All good fellows whose beards are gray, —  
 Did not the fairest of the fair  
 Common grow and wearisome ere  
 Ever a month was past away ?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,  
 The brightest eyes that ever have shone,  
 May pray and whisper and we not list,  
 Or look away and never be missed, —  
 Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead ! God rest her bier, —  
 How I loved her twenty years syne !  
 Marian's married ; but I sit here,  
 Alone and merry at forty year,  
 Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

### THE DECEIVED LOVER SUETH ONLY FOR LIBERTY.

If chance assigned,  
 Were to my mind,  
 By every kind  
 Of destiny ;  
 Yet would I crave  
 Naught else to have,  
 But dearest life and liberty.

Then were I sure,  
 I might endure  
 The displeasurs  
 Of cruelty ;

Where now I plain  
Alas ! in vain,  
Lacking my life for liberty.

For without th' one,  
Th' other is gone,  
And there can none  
It remedy ;  
If th' one be past,  
Th' other doth waste,  
And all for lack of liberty.

And so I drive,  
As yet alive,  
Although I strive  
With misery ;  
Drawing my breath,  
Looking for death,  
And loss of life for liberty.

But thou that still,  
May'st at thy will,  
Turn all this ill  
Adversity ;  
For the repair,  
Of my welfare,  
Grant me but life and liberty.

And if not so,  
Then let all go  
To wretched woe,  
And let me die ;  
For th' one or th' other,  
There is none other ;  
My death, or life with liberty.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

#### MY TRUE-LOVE HATH MY HEART.

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

His heart in me keeps him and me in one ;  
My heart in him his thoughts and senses  
guides :

He loves my heart, for once it was his own ;  
I cherish his because in me it bides :

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

#### I SAW TWO CLOUDS AT MORNING.

I SAW two clouds at morning,  
Tinged by the rising sun,  
And in the dawn they floated on,  
And mingled into one ;

I thought that morning cloud was blessed,  
It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents  
Flow smoothly to their meeting,  
And join their course, with silent force,  
In peace each other greeting ;  
Calm was their course through banks of green,  
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,  
Till life's last pulse shall beat ;  
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,  
Float on, in joy, to meet  
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease,  
A purer sky, where all is peace.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

#### LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,  
And the rivers with the ocean ;  
The winds of heaven mix forever,  
With a sweet emotion ;  
Nothing in the world is single ;  
All things by a law divine  
In one another's being mingle :—  
Why not I with thine ?

See ! the mountains kiss high heaven,  
And the waves clasp one another ;  
No sister flower would be forgiven  
If it disdained its brother ;  
And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
And the moonbeams kiss the sea :—  
What are all these kissings worth,  
If thou kiss not me ?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

#### THOSE EYES.

AH ! do not wanton with those eyes,  
Lest I be sick with seeing ;  
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,  
Lest shame destroy their being.

Ah ! be not angry with those fires,  
For then their threats will kill me ;  
Nor look too kind on my desires,  
For then my hopes will spill me.

Ah ! do not steep them in thy tears,  
For so will sorrow slay me ;  
Nor spread them as distraught with fears,—  
Mine own enough betray me.

BEN JONSON.

## SWEET, BE NOT PROUD.

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

ROBERT HERRICK.

## GREEN GROW THE RASHES O !

GREEN grow the rashes O,  
Green grow the rashes O ;  
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend  
Are spent among the lasses O.

There 's naught but care on ev'ry han',  
In every hour that passes O ;  
What signifies the life o' man,  
An' 't were na for the lasses O ?

The warly race may riches chase,  
An' riches still may fly them O ; ,  
An' though at last they catch them fast,  
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them O.

Gie me a canny hour at e'en,  
My arms about my dearie O,  
An' warly cares an' warly men  
May all gae tapsalteerie O.

For you sac douce, ye sneer at this,  
Ye 're naught but senseless asses O !  
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw  
He dearly lo'ed the lasses O.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears  
Her noblest work she classes O :  
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
An' then she made the lasses O.

ROBERT BURNS.

## THE CHRONICLE.

MARGARITA first possessed,  
If I remember well, my breast,  
Margarita first of all ;  
But when awhile the wanton maid  
With my restless heart had played,  
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign  
To the beauteous Catharine.

Beauteous Catharine gave place  
(Though loath and angry she to part  
With the possession of my heart)  
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,  
Had she not evil counsels ta'en ;  
Fundamental laws she broke,  
And still new favorites she chose,  
Till up in arms my passions rose,  
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,  
Both to reign at once began ;  
Alternately they swayed ;  
And sometimes Mary was the fair,  
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,  
And sometimes both I obeyed.

Another Mary then arose,  
And did rigorous laws impose ;  
A mighty tyrant she !  
Long, alas ! should I have been  
Under that iron-sceptred queen,  
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,  
'T was then a golden time with me :  
But soon those pleasures fled ;  
For the gracious princess died  
In her youth and beauty's pride,  
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,  
Judith held the sovereign power :  
Wondrous beautiful her face !  
But so weak and small her wit,  
That she to govern was unfit,  
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,  
Armed with a resistless flame,  
And the artillery of her eye,  
Whilst she proudly marched about,  
Greater conquests to find out,  
She beat out Susan, by the by.

But in her place I then obeyed  
Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy-maid,  
To whom ensued a vacancy :  
Thousand worse passions then possessed  
The interregnum of my breast ;  
Bless me from such an anarchy !

Gentle Henrietta then,  
And a third Mary next began ;  
Then Joan, and Jane, and Andria ;  
And then a pretty Thomasine,  
And then another Catharine,  
And then a long *et cetera*.



But I will briefer with them be,  
Since few of them were long with me.

An higher and a nobler strain  
My present emperess does claim,  
Heleonora, first of the name ;  
Whom God grant long to reign !

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

—◆—  
A DOUBT.

FROM THE THIRD BOOK OF LAWES'S AYRES.

FAIN would I love, but that I fear  
I quickly should the willow wear ;  
Fain would I marry, but men say  
When love is tied he will away ;  
Then tell me, love, what shall I do,  
To cure these fears, whene'er I woo ?

The fair one she 's a mark to all,  
The brown each one doth lovely call,  
The black 's a pearl in fair men's eyes,  
The rest will stoop at any prize ;  
Then tell me, love, what shall I do,  
To cure these fears whene'er I woo ?

DR. R. HUGHES.

—◆—  
WISHES FOR THE SUPPOSED MISTRESS.

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

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

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

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

— Meet you her, my Wishes,  
Bespeak her to my blisses,  
And be ye called, my absent kisses.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'T is She, and here  
Lo ! I unclithe and clear  
My wishes' cloudy character.

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

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

R. CRASHAW.

—◆—  
RIVALRY IN LOVE.

OF all the torments, all the cares,  
With which our lives are curst ;  
Of all the plagues a lover bears,  
Sure rivals are the worst !  
By partners in each other kind,  
Afflictions easier grow ;  
In love alone we hate to find  
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see  
 Are lab'ring in my breast ;  
 I beg not you would favor me,  
 Would you but slight the rest !  
 How great soe'er your rigors are,  
 With them alone I'll cope ;  
 I can endure my own despair,  
 But not another's hope.

WILLIAM WALSH.

#### THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

GENTEEL in personage,  
 Conduct, and equipage ;  
 Noble by heritage ;  
 Generous and free ;

Brave, not romantic ;  
 Learned, not pedantic ;  
 Frolic, not frantic, —  
 This must he be.

Honor maintaining,  
 Meanness disdaining,  
 Still entertaining,  
 Engaging and new ;

Neat, but not finical ;  
 Sage, but not cynical ;  
 Never tyrannical,  
 But ever true.

HENRY FIELDING.

#### THE LOVELINESS OF LOVE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANONYMOUS.

#### MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE.

My dear and only love, I pray,  
 This noble world of thee  
 Be governed by no other sway  
 But purest monarchy.  
 For if confusion have a part,  
 Which virtuous souls abhor,  
 And hold a synod in thy heart,  
 I'll never love thee more.

Like Alexander I will reign,  
 And I will reign alone,  
 My thoughts shall evermore disdain  
 A rival on my throne.  
 He either fears his fate too much,  
 Or his deserts are small,  
 That puts it not unto the touch,  
 To win or lose it all.

JAMES GRAHAM, *Earl of Montrose.*

#### MY CHOICE.

SHALL I tell you whom I love ?  
 Hearken then awhile to me ;  
 And if such a woman move  
 As I now shall versify,  
 Be assured 't is she or none,  
 That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right  
 As she scorns the help of art.  
 In as many virtues dight  
 As e'er yet embraced a heart.  
 So much good so truly tried,  
 Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desier  
 To make known how much she hath ;  
 And her anger flames no higher  
 Than may fitly sweeten wrath.  
 Full of pity as may be,  
 Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,  
 And her virtues grace her birth ;  
 Lovely as all excellence,  
 Modest in her most of mirth.  
 Likelihood enough to prove  
 Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is ; and if you know  
 Such a one as I have sung ;  
 Be she brown, or fair, or so  
 That she be but somewhat young ;  
 Be assured 't is she, or none,  
 That I love, and love alone.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

## LOVE NOT ME FOR COMELY GRACE.

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

ANONYMOUS.

## HE THAT LOVES A ROSY CHEEK.

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

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

T. CAREW.

## LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

ORIGINALLY PRINTED IN 1569.

LOVE me little, love me long !  
 Is the burden of my song :  
 Love that is too hot and strong  
 Burneth soon to waste.  
 Still I would not have thee cold, —  
 Not too backward, nor too bold ;  
 Love that lasteth till 't is old  
 Fadeth not in haste.  
 Love me little, love me long !  
 Is the burden of my song.

If thou lovest me too much,  
 'T will not prove as true a touch ;  
 Love me little more than such, —  
 For I fear the end.  
 I 'm with little well content,  
 And a little from thee sent  
 Is enough, with true intent  
 To be steadfast, friend.

Say thou lovest me, while thou live  
 I to thee my love will give,  
 Never dreaming to deceive  
 While that life endures ;  
 Nay, and after death, in sooth,  
 I to thee will keep my truth,  
 As now when in my May of youth :  
 This my love assures.

Constant love is moderate ever,  
 And it will through life persevere ;  
 Give me that with true endeavor, —  
 I will it restore.  
 A suit of durance let it be,  
 For all weathers, — that for me, —  
 For the land or for the sea :  
 Lasting evermore.

Winter's cold or summer's heat,  
 Autumn's tempests on it beat ;  
 It can never know defeat,

Never can rebel :  
 Such the love that I would gain,  
 Such the love, I tell thee plain,  
 Thou must give, or woo in vain :  
 So to thee — farewell !

ANONYMOUS.

## SONG.

SHALL I love thee like the wind, love,  
 That is so fierce and strong,  
 That sweeps all barriers from its path  
 And recks not right or wrong ?  
 The passion of the wind, love,  
 Can never last for long.

Shall I love thee like the fire, love,  
 With furious heat and noise,  
 To waken in you all love's fears  
 And little of love's joys?  
 The passion of the fire, love,  
 Whate'er it finds, destroys.

I will love thee like the stars, love,  
 Set in the heavenly blue,  
 That only shine the brighter after  
 Weeping tears of dew;  
 Above the wind and fire, love,  
 They love the ages through!

And when this life is o'er, love,  
 With all its joys and jars,  
 We'll leave behind the wind and fire  
 To wage their boisterous wars, —  
 Then we shall only be, love,  
 The nearer to the stars!

R. W. RAYMOND.

A "MERCENARY" MARRIAGE.

SHE moves as light across the grass  
 As moves my shadow large and tall;  
 And like my shadow, close yet free,  
 The thought of her aye follows me,  
 My little maid of Moreton Hall.

No matter how or where we loved,  
 Or when we'll wed, or what befall;  
 I only feel she's mine at last,  
 I only know I'll hold her fast,  
 Though to dust crumbles Moreton Hall.

Her pedigree — good sooth, 't is long!  
 Her grim sires stare from every wall;  
 And centuries of ancestral grace  
 Revive in her sweet girlish face,  
 As meek she glides through Moreton Hall.

Whilst I have — nothing; save, perhaps,  
 Some worthless heaps of idle gold  
 And a true heart, — the which her eye  
 Through glittering dross spied, womanly;  
 Therefore they say *her* heart was sold!

I laugh; she laughs; the hills and vales  
 Laugh as we ride 'neath chestnuts tall,  
 Or start the deer that silent graze,  
 And look up, large-eyed, with soft gaze,  
 At the fair maid of Moreton Hall;

We let the neighbors talk their fill,  
 For life is sweet, and love is strong,  
 And two, close knit in marriage ties,  
 The whole world's shams may well despise, —  
 Its folly, madness, shame, and wrong.

We are not proud, with a fool's pride,  
 Nor cowards, — to be held in thrall  
 By pelf or lineage, rank or lands: —  
 One honest heart, two honest hands,  
 Are worth far more than Moreton Hall.

Therefore we laugh to scorn — we two —  
 The bars that weaker souls appall:  
 I take her hand, and hold it fast,  
 Knowing she'll love me to the last,  
 My dearest maid of Moreton Hall.

DINAH MARIA MULLOCK.

AMY'S CRUELTY.

I.

FAIR Amy of the terraced house,  
 Assist me to discover  
 Why you who would not hurt a mouse  
 Can torture so your lover.

II.

You give your coffee to the cat,  
 You stroke the dog for coming,  
 And all your face grows kinder at  
 The little brown bee's humming.

III.

But when *he* haunts your door . . . the town  
 Marks coming and marks going . . .  
 You seem to have stitched your eyelids down  
 To that long piece of sewing!

IV.

You never give a look, not you,  
 Nor drop him a "Good morning,"  
 To keep his long day warm and blue,  
 So fretted by your scorning.

V.

She shook her head: "The mouse and bee  
 For crumb or flower will linger;  
 The dog is happy at my knee,  
 The cat purrs at my finger."

VI.

"But *he* . . . to *him*, the least thing given  
 Means great things at a distance;  
 He wants my world, my sun, my heaven,  
 Soul, body, whole existence."

VII.

"They say love gives as well as takes;  
 But I'm a simple maiden, —  
 My mother's first smile when she wakes  
 I still have smiled and prayed in."

VIII.

"I only know my mother's love  
 Which gives all and asks nothing,

And this new loving sets the groove  
Too much the way of loathing.

## IX.

"Unless he gives me all in change,  
I forfeit all things by him :  
The risk is terrible and strange —  
I tremble, doubt, . . . deny him.

## X.

"He 's sweetest friend, or hardest foe,  
Best angel, or worst devil ;  
I either hate or . . . love him,so,  
I can't be merely civil !

## XI.

"You trust a woman who puts forth  
Her blossoms thick as summer's ?  
You think she dreams what love is worth,  
Who casts it to new-comers ?

## XII.

"Such love 's a cowslip-ball to fling,  
A moment's pretty pastime ;  
I give . . . all me, if anything,  
The first time and the last time.

## XIII.

"Dear neighbor of the trellised house,  
A man should murmur never,  
Though treated worse than dog and mouse,  
Till doted on forever !"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

## A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BEFORE I trust my fate to thee,  
Or place my hand in thine,  
Before I let thy future give  
Color and form to mine,  
Before I peril all for thee,  
Question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel  
A shadow of regret :  
Is there one link within the past  
That holds thy spirit yet ?  
Or is thy faith as clear and free  
As that which I can pledge to thee ?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams  
A possible future shine,  
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,  
Untouched, unshared by mine ?  
If so, at any pain or cost,  
O, tell me before all is lost !

Look deeper still : if thou canst feel,  
Within thy inmost soul,

That thou hast kept a portion back,  
While I have staked the whole,  
Let no false pity spare the blow,  
But in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need  
That mine cannot fulfil ?  
One chord that any other hand  
Could better wake or spill ?  
Speak now, lest at some future day  
My whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid  
The demon-spirit, change,  
Shedding a passing glory still  
On all things new and strange ?  
It may not be thy fault alone, —  
But shield my heart against thine own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day  
And answer to my claim,  
That fate, and that to-day's mistake, —  
Not thou, — had been to blame ?  
Some soothe their conscience thus ; but thou  
Wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer *not*, — I dare not hear,  
The words would come too late ;  
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,  
So comfort thee, my fate :  
Whatever on my heart may fall,  
Remember, I *would* risk it all !

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

## THE LADY'S "YES."

"Yes," I answered you last night ;  
"No," this morning, sir, I say.  
Colors seen by candle-light  
Will not look the same by day.

When the viols played their best,  
Lamps above, and laughs below,  
*Love me* sounded like a jest,  
. Fit for *yes* or fit for *no*.

Call me false or call me free,  
Vow, whatever light may shine,  
No man on your face shall see  
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both ;  
Time to dance is not to woo ;  
Wooing light makes fickle troth,  
Scorn of *me* recoils on *you*.

Learn to win a lady's faith  
Nobly, as the thing is high,  
Bravely, as for life and death,  
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,  
Point her to the starry skies,  
Guard her, by your truthful words,  
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true,  
Ever true, as wids of yore ;  
And her *yes*, once said to you,  
SHALL be Yes forevermore.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

### LOVE'S SILENCE.

BECAUSE I breathe not love to everie one,  
Nor do not use set colors for to weare,  
Nor nourish special locks of vowéd haire,  
Nor give each speech a full point of a groane, —  
The courtlie nymphs, acquainted with the moane  
Of them who on their lips Love's standard beare,  
“ What ! he ? ” say they of me. “ Now I dare  
swear

He cannot love : No, no ! let him alone.”  
And think so still, — if Stella know my minde.

Profess, indeed, I do not Cupid's art ;  
But you, faire maids, at length this true shall  
finde, —  
That his right badge is but worne in the hearte.  
Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers  
prove :  
They love indeed who quake to say they love.  
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

### THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE.

NEVER wedding, ever wooing,  
Still a love-lorn heart pursuing,  
Read you not the wrong you're doing  
In my cheek's pale hue ?  
All my life with sorrow strewing,  
Wed, or cease to woo.

Rivals banished, bosoms plighted,  
Still our days are disunited ;  
Now the lamp of hope is lighted,  
Now half quenched appears,  
Damped and wavering and benighted  
Midst my sighs and tears.

Charms you call your dearest blessing,  
Lips that thrill at your caressing,  
Eyes a mutual soul confessing,  
Soon you'll make them grow  
Dim, and worthless your possessing,  
Not with age, but woe !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

### GIVE ME MORE LOVE OR MORE DISDAIN.

GIVE me more love or more disdain ;  
The torrid or the frozen zone  
Brings equal ease unto my pain ;  
The temperate affords me none ;  
Either extreme, of love or hate,  
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm ; if it be love,  
Like Danaë in a golden shower,  
I swim in pleasure ; if it prove  
Disdain, that torrent will devour  
My vulture hopes ; and he's possessed  
Of heaven that's but from hell released ;  
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain ;  
Give me more love or more disdain.

THOMAS CAREW.

### LOVE DISSEMBLED.

FROM “ AS YOU LIKE IT.”

THINK not I love him, though I ask for him ;  
'T is but a peevish boy : — yet he talks well ; —  
But what care I for words ? — yet words do well,  
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.  
But, sure, he's proud ; and yet his pride becomes  
him :

He'll make a proper man : The best thing in him  
Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue  
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.  
He is not very tall ; yet for his years he's tall ;  
His leg is but so so ; and yet 't is well :  
There was a pretty redness in his lip,  
A little riper and more lusty red  
Than that mixed in his cheek ; 't was just the  
difference

Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.  
There be some women, Silvius, had they marked  
him

In parcels, as I did, would have gone near  
To fall in love with him : but, for my part,  
I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet  
I have more cause to hate him than to love him :  
For what had he to do to chide at me ?  
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black ;  
And, now I am remembered, scorned at me :  
I marvel, why I answered not again :  
But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance.

SHAKESPEARE.

### THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,  
Die because a woman's fair ?  
Or make pale my cheeks with care  
'Cause another's rosy are ?

Be she fairer than the day,  
Or the flowery meads in May,  
If she be not so to me,  
What care I how fair she be ?

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

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

'Cause her fortune seems too high,  
Shall I play the fool and die ?  
Those that hear a noble mind  
Where they want of riches find,  
Think what with them they would do  
That without them dare to woo ;  
And unless that mind I see,  
What care I how great she be ?

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

GEORGE WITHER.

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

LET not woman e'er complain  
Of inconstancy in love ;  
Let not woman e'er complain  
Fickle man is apt to rove ;  
Look abroad through Nature's range,  
Nature's mighty law is change ;  
Ladies, would it not be strange  
Man should then a monster prove ?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies ;  
Ocean's ebb and ocean's flow ;  
Sun and moon but set to rise,  
Round and round the seasons go.

Why then ask of silly man,  
To oppose great Nature's plan ?  
We 'll be constant while we can, —  
You can be no more, you know.

ROBERT BURNS.

ROSALIND'S COMPLAINT.

LOVE in my bosom like a bee,  
Doth suck his sweet ;  
Now with his wings he plays with me,  
Now with his feet ;  
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,  
His bed amidst my tender breast,  
My kisses are his daily feast,  
And yet he robs me of my rest :  
Ah ! wanton, will you ?

And if I sleep, then pierceth he  
With pretty slight,  
And makes his pillow of my knee,  
The livelong night ;  
Strike I the lute, he tunes the string,  
He music plays, if I but sing :  
He lends me every lovely thing,  
Yet cruel, he my heart doth sting :  
Ah ! wanton, will you ?

Else I with roses every day  
Will whip you hence,  
And bind you when you long to play,  
For your offence ;  
I 'll shut my eyes to keep you in,  
I 'll make you fast it for your sin,  
I 'll count your power not worth a pin,  
Alas ! what hereby shall I win  
If he gainsay me !

What if I beat the wanton boy  
With many a rod,  
He will repay me with annoy  
Because a god ;  
Then sit thou softly on my knee,  
And let thy bower my bosom be ;  
Lurk in my eyes, I like of thee,  
O Cupid ! so thou pity me ;  
Spare not, but play thee.

THOMAS LOOGE.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

CUPID and my Campaspe played  
At cards for kisses, — Cupid paid ;  
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,  
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows, —  
Loses them too ; then down he throws  
The coral of his lip, the rose

Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how) ;  
 With these the crystal of his brow,  
 And then the dimple of his chin, —  
 All these did my Campaspe win.  
 At last he set her both his eyes ;  
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.  
 O Love ! has she done this to thee ?  
 What shall, alas ! become of me ?

JOHN LVLVY.

## CUPID SWALLOWED.

T' OTHER day, as I was twining  
 Roses for a crown to dine in,  
 What, of all things, midst the heap,  
 Should I light on, fast asleep,  
 But the little desperate elf,  
 The tiny traitor, — Love himself !  
 By the wings I pinched him up  
 Like a bee, and in a cup  
 Of my wine I plunged and sank him ;  
 And what d' ye think I did ? — I drank him !  
 Faith, I thought him dead. Not he !  
 There he lives with tenfold glee ;  
 And now this moment, with his wings  
 I feel him tickling my heart-strings.

LEIGH HUNT.

## LOVE AND TIME.

Two pilgrims from the distant plain  
 Come quickly o'er the mossy ground.  
 One is a boy, with locks of gold  
 Thick curling round his face so fair ;  
 The other pilgrim, stern and old,  
 Has snowy beard and silver hair.  
 The youth with many a merry trick  
 Goes singing on his careless way ;  
 His old companion walks as quick,  
 But speaks no word by night or day.  
 Where'er the old man treads, the grass  
 Fast fadeth with a certain doom ;  
 But where the beauteous boy doth pass  
 Unnumbered flowers are seen to bloom.  
 And thus before the sage, the boy  
 Trips lightly o'er the blooming lands,  
 And proudly bears a pretty toy, —  
 A crystal glass with diamond sands.  
 A smile o'er any brow would pass  
 To see him frolic in the sun, —  
 To see him shake the crystal glass,  
 And make the sands more quickly run.  
 And now they leap the streamlet o'er,  
 A silver thread so white and thin,  
 And now they reach the open door,  
 And now they lightly enter in :

“ God save all here, ” — that kind wish flies  
 Still sweeter from his lips so sweet ;  
 “ God save you kindly, ” Norah cries,  
 “ Sit down, my child, and rest and eat. ”

“ Thanks, gentle Norah, fair and good,  
 We 'll rest awhile our weary feet ;  
 But though this old man needeth food,  
 There 's nothing here that he can eat.  
 His taste is strange, he eats alone,  
 Beneath some ruined cloister's cope,  
 Or on some tottering turret's stone,  
 While I can only live on — Hope !

“ A week ago, ere you were wed, —  
 It was the very night before, —  
 Upon so many sweets I fed  
 While passing by your mother's door, —  
 It was that dear, delicious hour  
 When Owen here the nosegay brought,  
 And found you in the woodbine bower, —  
 Since then, indeed, I 've needed naught. ”

A blush steals over Norah's face,  
 A smile comes over Owen's brow,  
 A tranquil joy illumines the place,  
 As if the moon were shining now ;  
 The boy beholds the pleasing pain,  
 The sweet confusion he has done,  
 And shakes the crystal glass again,  
 And makes the sands more quickly run.

“ Dear Norah, we are pilgrims, bound  
 Upon an endless path sublime ;  
 We pace the green earth round and round,  
 And mortals call us LOVE and TIME ;  
 He seeks the many, I the few ;  
 I dwell with peasants, he with kings.  
 We seldom meet ; but when we do,  
 I take his glass, and he my wings.

“ And thus together on we go,  
 Where'er I chance or wish to lead ;  
 And Time, whose lonely steps are slow,  
 Now sweeps along with lightning speed.  
 Now on our bright predestined way  
 We must to other regions pass ;  
 But take this gift, and night and day  
 Look well upon its truthful glass.

“ How quick or slow the bright sands fall  
 Is hid from lovers' eyes alone,  
 If you can see them move at all,  
 Be sure your heart has colder grown.  
 'T is coldness makes the glass grow dry,  
 The icy hand, the freezing brow ;  
 But warm the heart and breathe the sigh,  
 And then they 'll pass you know not how. ”



She took the glass where Love's warm hands  
 A bright impervious vapor cast,  
 She looks, but cannot see the sands,  
 Although she feels they 're falling fast.  
 But cold hours came, and then, alas !  
 She saw them falling frozen through,  
 Till Love's warm light suffused the glass,  
 And hid the loos'n'g sands from view !

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

#### DEATH AND CUPID.

AN ! who but oft hath marvelled why  
 The gods, who rule above,  
 Should e'er permit the young to die,  
 The old to fall in love ?

Ah ! why should hapless human kind  
 Be punished out of season ? —  
 Pray listen, and perhaps you 'll find  
 My rhyme may give the reason.

Death, strolling out one summer's day,  
 Met Cupid, with his sparrows ;  
 And, bantering in a merry way,  
 Proposed a change of arrows.

"Agreed !" quoth Cupid. "I foresee  
 The queerest game of errors ;  
 For you the King of Hearts will be,  
 And I 'll be King of Terrors !"

And so 't was done ; — alas, the day  
 That multiplied their arts ! —  
 Each from the other bore away  
 A portion of his darts.

And that explains the reason why,  
 Despite the gods above,  
 The young are often doomed to die,  
 The old to fall in love !

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

#### LOVE-LETTERS MADE OF FLOWERS.

AN exquisite invention this,  
 Worthy of Love's most honeyed kiss, —  
 This art of writing *billet-doux*  
 In buds, and odors, and bright hues !  
 In saying all one feels and thinks  
 In clever daffodils and pinks ;  
 In puns of tulips ; and in phrases,  
 Charming for their truth, of daisies ;  
 Uttering, as well as silence may,  
 The sweetest words the sweetest way.  
 How fit too for the lady's bosom !  
 The place where *billet-doux* repose 'em.

What delight in some sweet spot  
 Combining *love* with *garden* plot,  
 At once to cultivate one's flowers  
 And one's epistolary powers !  
 Growing one's own choice words and fancies  
 In orange tubs, and beds of pansies ;  
 One's sighs, and passionate declarations,  
 In odorous rhetoric of carnations ;  
 Seeing how far one's stocks will reach,  
 Taking due care one's flowers of speech  
 To guard from blight as well as bathos,  
 And watering every day one's pathos !  
 A letter comes, just gathered. We  
 Dote on its tender brilliancy,  
 Inhale its delicate expressions  
 Of balm and pea, and its confessions  
 Made with as sweet a *maiden's blush*  
 As ever morn bedewed on bush :  
 ('T is in reply to one of ours,  
 Made of the most convincing flowers.)

Then, after we have kissed its wit,  
 And heart, in water putting it  
 (To keep its remarks fresh), go round  
 Our little eloquent plot of ground,  
 And with enchanted hands compose  
 Our answer, — all of lily and rose,  
 Of tuberoso and of violet,  
 And *little darling* (mignonette) ;  
 Of *look at me* and *call me to you*  
 (Words, that while they greet, go through you) ;  
 Of *thoughts*, of *flames*, *forget-me-not*,  
*Bridewort*, — in short, the whole blest lot  
 Of vouchers for a lifelong kiss, —  
 And literally, breathing bliss !

LEIGH HUNT.

#### THE BIRTH OF PORTRAITURE.

As once a Grecian maiden wove  
 Her garland mid the summer bowers,  
 There stood a youth, with eyes of love,  
 To watch her while she wreathed the flowers.  
 The youth was skilled in painting's art,  
 But ne'er had studied woman's brow,  
 Nor knew what magic hues the heart  
 Can shed o'er Nature's charm, till now.

#### CHORUS.

Blest be Love, to whom we owe  
 All that 's fair and bright below.

His hand had pictured many a rose,  
 And sketched the rays that lit the brook ;  
 But what were these, or what were those,  
 To woman's blush, to woman's look ?  
 "Oh ! if such magic power there be,  
 This, this," he cried, "is all my prayer,

To paint that living light I see,  
And fix the soul that sparkles there."

His prayer as soon as breathed was heard ;  
His pallet touched by Love grew warm,  
And painting saw her thus transferred  
From lifeless flowers to woman's form.

Still, as from tint to tint he stole,  
The fair design shone out the more,  
And there was now a life, a soul,  
Where only colors glowed before.

Then first carnation learned to speak,  
And lilies into life were brought ;  
While mantling on the maiden's cheek,  
Young roses kindled into thought :  
Then hyacinths their darkest dyes  
Upon the locks of beauty threw ;  
And violets transformed to eyes,  
Inshrined a soul within their blue.

CHORUS.

Blest be Love, to whom we owe  
All that's bright and fair below ;  
Song was eold and painting dim,  
Till song and painting learned from him.

THOMAS MOORE.

UP ! QUIT THY BOWER.

Up ! quit thy bower ! late wears the hour,  
Long have the rooks cawed round the tower ;  
O'er flower and tree loud hums the bee,  
And the wild kid sports merrily.  
The sun is bright, the sky is clear ;  
Wake, lady, wake ! and hasten here.

Up, maiden fair ! and bind thy hair,  
And rouse thee in the breezy air !  
The lulling stream that soothed thy dream  
Is dancing in the sunny beam.  
Waste not these hours, so fresh, so gay :  
Leave thy soft couch, and haste away !

Up ! Time will tell the morning bell  
Its service-sound has chiméd well ;  
The aged crone keeps house alone,  
The reapers to the fields are gone.  
Lose not these hours, so eool, so gay :  
Lo ! while thou sleep'st they haste away !

JOANNA BAILLIE.

FOR LOVE'S SWEET SAKE.

AWAKE ! — the starry midnight hour  
Hangs charmed, and pauseth in its flight ;  
In its own sweetness sleeps the flower,  
And the doves lie hushed in deep delight.  
Awake ! awake !  
Look forth, my love, for Love's sweet sake !

Awake ! — soft dews will soon arise  
From daisied mead and thorny brake :  
Then, sweet, unclond those eastern eyes,  
And like the tender morning break !  
Awake ! awake !  
Dawn forth, my love, for Love's sweet sake !

Awake ! — within the musk-rose bower  
I watch, pale flower of love, for thee.  
Ah, come ! and show the starry hour  
What wealth of love thou hid'st from me !  
Awake ! awake !  
Show all thy love, for Love's sweet sake !

Awake ! — ne'er heed though listening night  
Steal music from thy silver voice ;  
Unclond thy beauty, rare and bright,  
And bid the world and me rejoice !  
Awake ! awake ! —  
She comes at last, for Love's sweet sake.

BARRY CORNWALL.

INVOCATION TO THE ANGEL.

FROM "HEAVEN AND EARTH."

Samiasa !

I call thee, I await thee, and I love thee ;  
Many may worship thee, that will I not ;  
If that thy spirit down to mine may move thee,  
Descend and share my lot !  
Though I be formed of clay,  
And thou of beams  
More bright than those of day  
On Eden's streams,

Thine immortality cannot repay  
With love more warm than mine  
My love. There is a ray  
In me, which, though forbidden yet to shine,  
I feel was lighted at thy God's and thine.  
It may be hidden long : death and decay  
Our mother Eve bequeathed us, but my heart  
Defies it ; though this life must pass away,  
Is *that* a cause for thee and me to part ?  
Thou art immortal ; so am I : I feel —  
I feel my immortality o'ersweep  
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears, and peal,  
Like the eternal thunders of the deep,  
Into my ears this truth, — "Thou liv'st forever !"

BYRON.

FLY TO THE DESERT, FLY WITH ME.

SONG OF NOURMAHAL IN "THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM."

"FLY to the desert, fly with me,  
Our Arab tents are rude for thee ;  
But oh ! the choicé what heart can doubt  
Of tents with love or thrones without ?

" Our rocks are rough, but smiling there  
Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,  
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less  
For flowering in a wilderness.

" Our sands are bare, but down their slope  
The silvery-footed antelope  
As gracefully and gayly springs  
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

" Then come, — thy Arab maid will be  
The loved and lone acacia-tree,  
The antelope, whose feet shall bless  
With their light sound thy loneliness.

" Oh ! there are looks and tones that dart  
An instant sunshine through the heart,  
As if the soul that minute caught  
Some treasure it through life had sought ;

" As if the very lips and eyes  
Predestined to have all our sighs,  
And never be forgot again,  
Sparkled and spoke before as then !

" So came thy every glance and tone,  
When first on me they breathed and shone ;  
New, as if brought from other spheres,  
Yet welcome as if loved for years !

" Then fly with me, if thou hast known  
No other flame, nor falsely thrown  
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn  
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

" Come, if the love thou hast for me  
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee, —  
Fresh as the fountain underground,  
When first 't is by the lapwing found.

" But if for me thou dost forsake  
Some other maid, and rudely break  
Her worshipped image from its base,  
To give to me the ruined place ;

" Then, fare thee well ! — I 'd rather make  
My bower upon some icy lake  
When thawing suns begin to shine,  
Than trust to love so false as thine ! "

There was a pathos in this lay,  
That even without enchantment's art  
Would instantly have found its way  
Deep into Selim's burning heart ;  
But breathing, as it did, a tone  
To earthly lutes and lips unknown ;  
With every chord fresh from the touch  
Of music's spirit, 't was too much !  
Starting, he dashed away the cup, —  
Which, all the time of this sweet air,  
His hand had held, untasted, up,

As if 't were fixed by magic there, —  
And naming her, so long unnamed,  
So long unseen, wildly exclaimed,  
" O Nourmahal ! O Nourmahal !

Hadst thou but sung this witching strain,  
I could forget — forgive thee all,  
And never leave those eyes again."

The mask is off, — the charm is wrought, —  
And Selim to his heart has caught,  
In blushes, more than ever bright,  
His Nourmahal, his Harem's Light !  
And well do vanished frowns enhance  
The charm of every brightened glance ;  
And dearer seems each dawning smile  
For having lost its light awhile ;  
And, happier now for all her sighs,  
As on his arm her head reposes,  
She whispers him, with laughing eyes,  
" Remember, love, the Feast of Roses ! "

THOMAS MOORE.

#### COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

COME into the garden, Maud,  
For the black bat, night, has flown !  
Come into the garden, Maud,  
I am here at the gate alone ;  
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,  
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,  
And the planet of Love is on high,  
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,  
On a bed of daffodil sky, —  
To faint in the light of the sun that she loves,  
To faint in its light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard  
The flute, violin, bassoon ;  
All night has the casement jessamine stirred  
To the dancers dancing in tune, —  
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,  
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, " There is but one  
With whom she has heart to be gay.  
When will the dancers leave her alone ?  
She is weary of dance and play."  
Now half to the setting moon are gone,  
And half to the rising day ;  
Low on the sand and loud on the stone  
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, " The brief night goes  
In babble and revel and wine.  
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those  
For one that will never be thine ?  
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,  
" For ever and ever mine ! "

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,  
 As the music clashed in the hall ;  
 And long by the garden lake I stood,  
 For I heard your rivulet fall  
 From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,  
 Our wood, that is dearer than all ;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet  
 That whenever a March-wind sighs,  
 He sets the jewel-print of your feet  
 In violets blue as your eyes,  
 To the woody hollows in which we meet,  
 And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake  
 One long milk-bloom on the tree ;  
 The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,  
 As the pimpernel dozed on the lea ;  
 But the rose was awake all night for your sake,  
 Knowing your promise to me ;  
 The lilies and roses were all awake,  
 They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,  
 Come hither ! the dances are done ;  
 In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,  
 Queen lily and rose in one ;  
 Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,  
 To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear  
 From the passion-flower at the gate.  
 She is coming, my dove, my dear ;  
 She is coming, my life, my fate !  
 The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near" ;  
 And the white rose weeps, "She is late" ;  
 The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear" ;  
 And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet !  
 Were it ever so airy a tread,  
 My heart would hear her and beat,  
 Were it earth in an earthly bed ;  
 My dust would hear her and beat,  
 Had I lain for a century dead ;  
 Would start and tremble under her feet,  
 And blossom in purple and red.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

THE young May moon is beaming, love,  
 The glowworm's lamp is gleaming, love,  
 How sweet to rove  
 Through Morna's grove,  
 While the drowsy world is dreaming, love !  
 Then awake !—the heavens look bright, my dear !  
 'T is never too late for delight, my dear !

And the best of all ways  
 To lengthen our days  
 Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear !

Now all the world is sleeping, love,  
 But the sage, his star-watch keeping, love,  
 And I, whose star,  
 More glorious far,  
 Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.  
 Then awake !—till rise of sun, my dear,  
 The sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,  
 Or, in watching the flight  
 Of bodies of light,

He might happen to take thee for one, my dear !

THOMAS MOORE.

### AH, SWEET KITTY NEIL !

"AH, sweet Kitty Neil ! rise up from your wheel,  
 Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning ;  
 Come, trip down with me to the sycamore-tree ;  
 Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.  
 The sun is gone down ; but the full harvest moon  
 Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley ;  
 While all the air rings with the soft, loving things  
 Each little bird sings in the green shaded alley."

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,  
 Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair,  
 glancing ;  
 'T is hard to refuse when a young lover sues,  
 So she could n't but choose to—go off to the dancing.

And now on the green the glad groups are seen, —  
 Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing ;  
 And Pat, without fail, leads on sweet Kitty Neil, —  
 Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought  
 of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,  
 And, with flourish so free, sets each couple in motion ;  
 With a cheer and a bound, the lads patter the ground,  
 The maids move around just like swans on the ocean.  
 Cheeks bright as the rose, — feet light as the doe's,  
 Now cozily retiring, now boldly advancing ;  
 Search the world all around from the sky to the ground,  
 No such sight can be found as an Irish lass  
 dancing !

Sweet Kate ! who could view your bright eyes  
of deep blue,  
Beaming humbly through their dark lashes  
so mildly,  
Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded  
form,  
Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb  
wildly ?  
Poor Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,  
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet  
love ;  
The sight leaves his eye as he cries with a  
sigh,  
“Dance light, for my heart it lies under your  
feet, love !”

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

O NANCY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME ?

O NANCY, wilt thou go with me,  
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town ?  
Can silent glens have charms for thee,  
The lonely cot and russet gown ?  
No longer drest in silken sheen,  
No longer decked with jewels rare,  
Say, 'canst thou quit each courtly scene  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nancy ! when thou 'rt far away,  
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind ?  
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,  
Nor shrink before the wintry wind ?  
O, can that soft and gentle mien  
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,  
Nor sad regret each courtly scene  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nancy ! canst thou love so true,  
Through perils keen with me to go,  
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,  
To share with him the pang of woe ?  
Say, should disease or pain befall,  
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,  
Nor wistful those gay scenes recall  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

And when at last thy love shall die,  
Wilt thou receive his parting breath ?  
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
And cheer with smiles the bed of death ?  
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay,  
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,  
Nor then regret those scenes so gay ?  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

THOMAS PERCY, D.D.

BEDOUIN LOVE-SONG.

FROM the Desert I come to thee,  
On a stallion shod with fire ;  
And the winds are left behind  
In the speed of my desire.  
Under thy window I stand,  
And the midnight hears my cry :  
I love thee, I love but thee !  
With a love that shall not die  
*Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment  
Book unfold !*

Look from thy window, and see  
My passion and my pain !  
I lie on the sands below,  
And I faint in thy disdain.  
Let the night-winds touch thy brow  
With the heat of my burning sigh,  
And melt thee to hear the vow  
Of a love that shall not die  
*Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment  
Book unfold !*

My steps are nightly driven,  
By the fever in my breast,  
To hear from thy lattice breathed  
The word that shall give me rest.  
Open the door of thy heart,  
And open thy chamber door,  
And my kisses shall teach thy lips  
The love that shall fade no more  
*Till the sun grows cold,  
And the stars are old,  
And the leaves of the Judgment  
Book unfold !*

BAYARD TAYLOR.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

FROM “IRISH MELODIES.”

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,  
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home  
is still here ;  
Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast,  
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh ! what was love made for, if 't is not the same  
Through joy and through torment, through glory  
and shame ?

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,  
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou  
art.

Thou hast called me thy Angel in moments of  
bliss,  
And thy Angel I'll be, mid the horrors of  
this,  
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to  
pursue,  
And shield thee, and save thee, — or perish there  
too!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE WELCOME.

I.

COME in the evening, or come in the morning ;  
Come when you're looked for, or come without  
warning ;

Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,  
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore  
you !

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted ;  
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted ;  
The green of the trees looks far greener than  
ever,

And the linnets are singing, " True lovers don't  
sever ! "

II.

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose  
them !

Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my  
bosom ;

I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire  
you ;

I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire  
you.

Oh ! your step's like the rain to the summer-  
vexed farmer,

Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor ;  
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above  
me,

Then, wandering, I'll wish you in silence to  
love me.

III.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the  
eyrie ;

We'll tread round the rath on the track of the  
fairy ;

We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the  
river,

Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give  
her.

Oh ! she'll whisper you, — " Love, as un-  
changeably beaming,

And trust, when in secret, most tunelessly  
streaming ;

Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,  
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

IV.

So come in the evening, or come in the morning ;  
Come when you're looked for, or come without  
warning ;

Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,  
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore  
you !

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted ;  
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted ;  
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,  
And the linnets are singing, " True lovers don't  
sever ! "

THOMAS DAVIS.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

CHORUS.

*Ca' the yowes to the knowes,  
Ca' them where the heather grows,  
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,  
My bonnie dearie.*

Hark the mavis' evening sang  
Sounding Cluden's woods amang ;  
Then a-faulding let us gang,  
My bonnie dearie.

*Ca' the, &c.*

We'll gae down by Clauden side,  
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,  
O'er the waves that sweetly glide  
To the moon sae clearly.

*Ca' the, &c.*

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,  
Where at moonshine midnight hours,  
O'er the dewy bending flowers,  
Fairies dance sae cheerie.

*Ca' the, &c.*

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear :  
Thou'rt to Love and Heaven sae dear,  
Nocht of ill may come thee near,  
My bonnie dearie.

*Ca' the, &c.*

Fair and lovely as thou art,  
Thou hast stown my very heart ;  
I can die — but canna part,  
My bonnie dearie.

*Ca' the, &c.*

While waters wimple to the sea ;  
While day blinks in the lift sae hie ;  
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my e'e,  
Ye shall be my dearie.

*Ca' the, &c.*

ROBERT BURNS.

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU,  
MY LAD.

O WHISTLE and I'll come to you, my lad,  
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad ;  
Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,  
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,  
And come na unless the back-yett be a-je;e ;  
Syn'e up the back stile, and let naebod'y see,  
And come as ye were na' comin' to me.  
And come, &c.

O whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,  
Gang by me as tho' that ye cared nas a flie ;  
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,  
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.  
Yet look, &c.

O whistle, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,  
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee ;  
But court nae anither, tho' jokin' ye be,  
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.  
For fear, &c.

O whistle, &c.

ROBERT BURNS.

## THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME, live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,  
Woods or steepy mountains, yields.

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

There will I make thee beds of roses  
With a thousand fragrant posies ;  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,  
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle ;

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

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

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

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

## THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If that the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,  
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold ;  
And Philomel becometh dumb,  
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reckoning yields ;  
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,—  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,  
Thy coral clasps and amber studs, —  
All these in me no means can move  
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,  
Had joys no date, nor age no need,  
Then those delights my mind might move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

## GO, HAPPY ROSE.

Go, happy Rose ! and, interwove  
With other flowers, bind my love !  
Tell her, too, she must not be  
Longer flowing, longer free,  
That so oft hath fettered me.

Say, if she's fretful, I have bands  
Of pearl and gold to bind her hands ;  
Tell her, if she struggle still,  
I have myrtle rods at will,  
For to tame, though not to kill.

Take then my blessing thus, and go,  
And tell her this, — but do not so !  
Lest a handsome anger fly,  
Like a lightning from her eye,  
And burn thee up, as well as I.

ROBERT HERRICK.

## THE GROOMSMAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

I.

EVERY wedding, says the proverb,  
Makes another, soon or late ;  
Never yet was any marriage

Entered in the book of fate,  
But the names were also written  
Of the patient pair that wait.

## II.

Blessings then upon the morning  
When my friend, with fondest look,  
By the solemn rites' permission,  
To himself his mistress took,  
And the destinies recorded  
Other two within their book.

## III.

While the priest fulfilled his office,  
Still the ground the lovers eyed,  
And the parents and the kinsmen  
Aimed their glances at the bride ;  
But the groomsmen eyed the virgins  
Who were waiting at her side.

## IV.

Three there were that stood beside her ;  
One was dark, and one was fair ;  
But nor fair nor dark the other,  
Save her Arab eyes and hair ;  
Neither dark nor fair I call her,  
Yet she was the fairest there.

## V.

While her groomsmen — shall I own it ?  
Yes to thee, and only thee —  
Gazed upon this dark-eyed maiden  
Who was fairest of the three,  
Thus he thought : " How blest the bridal  
Where the bride were such as she ! "

## VI.

Then I mused upon the adage,  
Till my wisdom was perplexed,  
And I wondered, as the churchman  
Dwelt upon his holy text,  
Which of all who heard his lesson  
Should require the service next.

## VII.

Whose will be the next occasion  
For the flowers, the feast, the wine ?  
Thine, perchance, my dearest lady ;  
Or, who knows ? — it may be mine,  
What if 't were — forgive the fancy —  
What if 't were — both mine and thine ?

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.

MY EYES! HOW I LOVE YOU.

My eyes! how I love you,  
You sweet little dove you!  
There's no one above you,  
Most beautiful Kitty.

So glossy your hair is,  
Like a sylph's or a fairy's ;  
And your neck, I declare, is  
Exquisitely pretty !

Quite Grecian your nose is,  
And your cheeks are like roses,  
So delicious — O Moses !  
Surpassingly sweet !

Not the beauty of tulips,  
Nor the taste of mint-juleps,  
Can compare with your two lips,  
Most beautiful Kate !

Not the black eyes of Juno,  
Nor Minerva's of blue, no,  
Nor Venus's, you know,  
Can equal your own !

O, how my heart prances,  
And frolics and dances,  
When its radiant glances  
Upon me are thrown !

And now, dearest Kitty,  
It's not very pretty,  
Indeed it's a pity,  
To keep me in sorrow !

So, if you 'll but chime in,  
We 'll have done with our rhymin',  
Swap Cupid for Hymen,  
And be married to-morrow.

ANONYMOUS.

RUTH.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,  
Clasped 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 ripened ; — 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 veiled 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.

### WIDOW MACHREE.

#### I.

WIDOW machree, it's no wonder you frown, —  
Och hone ! widow machree ;  
Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black  
gown, —  
Och hone ! widow machree.  
How altered your air,  
With that close cap you wear, —  
'T is destroying your hair,  
Which should be flowing free :  
Be no longer a churl  
Of its black silken curl, —  
Och hone ! widow machree !

#### II.

Widow machree, now the summer is come, —  
Och hone ! widow machree,  
When everything smiles, should a beauty look  
glum ?  
Och hone ! widow machree !  
See the birds go in pairs,  
And the rabbits and hares ;  
Why, even the bears  
Now in couples agree ;  
And the mute little fish,  
Though they can't spake, they wish, —  
Och hone ! widow machree.

#### III.

Widow machree, and when winter comes in, —  
Och hone ! widow machree, —  
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,  
Och hone ! widow machree.  
Sure the shovel and tongs  
To each other belongs,  
And the kettle sings songs  
Full of family glee ;  
While alone with your cup  
Like a hermit you sup,  
Och hone ! widow machree.

#### IV.

And how do you know, with the comforts I've  
towld, —  
Och hone ! widow machree, —  
But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the  
cowl,  
Och hone ! widow machree !  
With such sins on your head,  
Sure your peace would be fled ;

Could you sleep in your bed  
Without thinking to see  
Some ghost or some sprite,  
That would wake you each night,  
Crying " Och hone ! widow machree ! "

#### V.

Then take my advice, darling widow machree, —  
Och hone ! widow machree, —  
And with my advice, faith, I wish you'd take me,  
Och hone ! widow machree !  
You'd have me to desire  
Then to stir up the fire ;  
And sure hope is no liar  
In whispering to me,  
That the ghosts would depart  
When you'd me near your heart, —  
Och hone ! widow machree !

SAMUEL LOVER.

### MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,  
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth  
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee  
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,  
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest  
And a nameless longing filled her breast, —

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,  
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,  
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade  
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed  
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,  
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down  
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

" Thanks ! " said the Judge, " a sweeter draught  
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,  
Of the singing birds and the humming bees ;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether  
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,  
And her graceful ankles, hare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise  
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay  
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!  
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,  
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat,  
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,  
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,  
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,  
And saw Maud Muller standing still:

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,  
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air  
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,  
Like her, a harvester of hay.

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,  
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle, and song of birds,  
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sister, proud and cold,  
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,  
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,  
When he hummed in court an old love tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,  
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,  
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,  
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes  
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,  
He longed for the wayside well instead,

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,  
To dream of meadows and clover blooms;

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,  
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day  
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,  
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,  
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot  
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall  
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again  
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with a timid grace,  
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls  
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,  
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,  
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,  
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,  
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for judge,  
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,  
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## QUAKERDOM.

## THE FORMAL CALL.

THROUGH her forced, abnormal quiet  
 Flashed the soul of frolic riot;  
 And a most malicious laughter lighted up her  
 downcast eyes ;  
 All in vain I tried each topic,  
 Ranged from polar climes to tropic, —  
 Every commonplace I started met with yes-or-  
 no replies.

For her mother — stiff and stately,  
 As if starched and ironed lately —  
 Sat erect, with rigid elbows bedded thus in curv-  
 ing palms ;  
 There she sat on guard before us,  
 And in words precise, decorous,  
 And most calm, reviewed the weather, and recited  
 several psalms.

How without abruptly ending  
 This my visit, and offending  
 Wealthy neighbors, was the problem which em-  
 ployed my mental care ;  
 When the butler, bowing lowly,  
 Uttered clearly, stiffly, slowly,  
 "Madam, please, the gardener wants you," —  
 Heaven, I thought, has heard my prayer.

"Pardon me !" she grandly uttered ;  
 Bowing low, I gladly muttered,  
 "Surely, madam !" and, relieved, I turned to  
 scan the daughter's face :  
 Ha ! what pent-up mirth outflashes  
 From beneath those pencilled lashes !  
 How the drill of Quaker custom yields to Na-  
 ture's brilliant grace.

Brightly springs the prisoned fountain  
 From the side of Delphi's mountain  
 When the stone that weighed upon its buoyant  
 life is thrust aside ;  
 So the long-enforced stagnation  
 Of the maiden's conversation  
 Now imparted five-fold brilliance to its ever-  
 varying tide.

Widely ranging, quickly changing,  
 Witty, winning, from beginning  
 Unto end I listened, merely flinging in a casual  
 word ;  
 Eloquent, and yet how simple !  
 Hand and eye, and eddying dimple,  
 Tongue and lip together made a music seen as  
 well as heard.

When the noonday woods are ringing,  
 All the birds of summer singing,  
 Suddenly there falls a silence, and we know a  
 serpent nigh :  
 So upon the door a rattle  
 Stopped our animated tattle,  
 And the stately mother found us prim enough to  
 suit her eye.

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

## THE CHESS-BOARD.

My little love, do you remember,  
 Ere we were grown so sadly wise,  
 Those evenings in the bleak December,  
 Curtained warm from the snowy weather,  
 When you and I played chess together,  
 Checkmated by each other's eyes ?

Ah ! still I see your soft white hand  
 Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight ;  
 Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand ;  
 The double Castles guard the wings ;  
 The Bishop, bent on distant things,  
 Moves, sidling, through the fight.

Our fingers touch ; our glances meet,  
 And falter ; falls your golden hair  
 Against my cheek ; your bosom sweet  
 Is heaving. Down the field, your Queen  
 Rides slow, her soldiery all between,  
 And checks me unaware.

Ah me ! the little battle 's done :  
 Dispersed is all its chivalry.  
 Full many a move since then have we  
 Mid life's perplexing checkers made,  
 And many a game with fortune played ;  
 What is it we have won ?  
 This, this at least, — if this alone :

That never, never, nevermore,  
 As in those old still nights of yore,  
 (Ere we were grown so sadly wise,)  
 Can you and I shut out the skies,  
 Shut out the world and wintry weather,  
 And eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,  
 Play chess, as then we played together.  
 ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

## WHEN YOUR BEAUTY APPEARS.

"WHEN your beauty appears,  
 In its graces and airs,  
 All bright as an angel new dropt from the skies,  
 At distance I gaze, and am awed by my fears,  
 So strangely you dazzle my eyes !

But when without art  
Your kind thoughts you impart,  
When your love runs in blushes through every  
vein,  
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants  
at your heart,  
'Then I know that you 're woman again."

"There 's a passion and pride  
In our sex," she replied ;  
"And thus (might I gratify both) I would do, —  
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,  
But still be a woman for you."

THOMAS FARNELL.

## THE FIRST KISS.

How delicious is the winning  
Of a kiss at love's beginning,  
When two mutual hearts are sighing  
For the knot there 's no untying.

Yet remember, midst your wooing,  
Love has bliss, but love has ruing ;  
Other smiles may make you fickle,  
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,  
Just as fate or fancy carries, —  
Longest stays when sorest chidden,  
Laughs and flies when pressed and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,  
Bind its odor to the lily,  
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver, —  
Then bind Love to last forever !

Love 's a fire that needs renewal  
Of fresh beauty for its fuel ;  
Love's wing moults when caged and captured, —  
Only free he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging,  
Or the ring-dove's neck from changing ?  
No ! nor fettered Love from dying  
In the knot there 's no untying.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## KISS ME SOFTLY.

*Da me basia.* — CATULLUS.

## I.

Kiss me softly and speak to me low, —  
Malice has ever a vigilant ear :  
What if Malice were lurking near ?  
Kiss me, dear !  
Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

## II.

Kiss me softly and speak to me low, —  
Envy too has a watchful ear :  
What if Envy should chance to hear ?  
Kiss me, dear !  
Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

## III.

Kiss me softly and speak to me low :  
Trust me, darling, the time is near  
When lovers may love with never a fear, —  
Kiss me, dear !  
Kiss me softly and speak to me low.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

## SLY THOUGHTS.

"I saw him kiss your cheek !" —  
" 'T is true."  
"O Modesty !" — "'T was strictly kept :  
He thought me asleep ; at least, I knew  
He thought I thought he thought I slept."

COVENTRY PATMORE.

## THE KISS.

1. AMONG thy fancies tell me this :  
What is the thing we call a kiss ?—
2. I shall resolve ye what it is :

It is a creature born and bred  
Between the lips all cherry red,  
By love and warm desires fed ;  
*Chor.* And makes more soft the bridal bed.

It is an active flame, that flies  
First to the babies of the eyes,  
And charms them there with lullabies ;  
*Chor.* And stills the bride too when she cries.

Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,  
It frisks and flies, — now here, now there ;  
'T is now far off, and then 't is near ;  
*Chor.* And here, and there, and everywhere.

1. Has it a speaking virtue ?— 2. Yes.
1. How speaks it, say ?— 2. Do you but this :  
Part your joined lips, — then speaks your  
kiss ;  
*Chor.* And this love's sweetest language is.

1. Has it a body ?— 2. Ay, and wings,  
With thousand rare encolorings ;  
And as it flies it gently sings ;  
*Chor.* Love honey yields, but never stings.

ROBERT HERRICK

KISSING 'S NO SIN.

SOME say that kissing 's a sin ;  
But I think it 's nane ava,  
For kissing has wonn'd in this warld  
Since ever that there was twa.

O, if it wasna lawfu',  
Lawyers wadna allow it ;  
If it wasna holy,  
Ministers wadna do it.

If it wasna modest,  
Maidens wadna tak' it ;  
If it wasna plenty,  
Puir folk wadna get it.

ANONYMOUS.

DINNA ASK ME.

O, DINNA ask me gin I lo'e ye :  
Troth, I daurna tell !  
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye, —  
Ask it o' yoursel'.

O, dinna look sae sair at me,  
For weel ye ken me true ;  
O, gin ye look sae sair at me,  
I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw braw town,  
And bonnier lassies see,  
O, dinna, Jamie, look at them,  
Lest ye should mind na me.

For I could never bide the lass  
That ye 'd lo'e mair than me ;  
And O, I 'm sure my heart wad brak,  
Gin ye 'd prove fause to me !

DUNLOP.

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

GIN a body meet a body  
Comin' through the rye,  
Gin a body kiss a body,  
Need a body cry ?  
Every lassie has her laddie, —  
Ne'er a ane hae I ;  
Yet a' the lads they smile at me  
When comin' through the rye.  
*Among the train there is a swain  
I dearly lo'e mysel' ;  
But whaur his hame, or what his name,  
I dinna care to tell.*

GIN a body meet a body  
Comin' frae the town,  
Gin a body greet a body,  
Need a body frown ?  
Every lassie has her laddie, —  
Ne'er a ane hae I ;  
Yet a' the lads they smile at me  
When comin' through the rye.  
*Among the train there is a swain  
I dearly lo'e mysel' ;  
But whaur his hame, or what his name,  
I dinna care to tell.*

Adapted by BURNS.

KITTY OF COLERAINE.

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping  
With a pitcher of milk, from the fair of Coleraine,  
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it  
tumbled,  
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.

"O, what shall I do now ? — 't was looking at you  
now !

Sure, sure, such a pitcher I 'll ne'er meet again !  
'T was the pride of my dairy : O Barney M' Cleary !  
You 'resent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine."

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her,  
That such a misfortune should give hersuch pain.  
A kiss then I gave her ; and ere I did leave her,  
She vowed for such pleasureshe'd break it again.

'T was hay-making season — I can't tell the rea-  
son —

Misfortunes will never come single, 't is plain ;  
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster  
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

ANONYMOUS.

THE DULE 'S I' THIS BONNET O' MINE

YORKSHIRE DIALECT.

THE dule 's i' this bonnet o' mine :  
My ribbins 'll never be reet ;  
Here, Mally, aw 'm like to be fine,  
For Jamie 'll be comin' to-neet ;  
He met me i' th' lone t' other day  
(Aw wur gooin' for wayter to th' well),  
An' he begged that aw'd wed him i' May,  
Bi th' mass, if he 'll let me, aw will !

When he took my two honds into his,  
Good Lord, heaw they trembled between !  
An' aw durst n't look up in his face,  
Becose on him seein' my e'en.

My cheek went as red as a rose ;  
 There's never a mortal con tell  
 Heaw happy aw felt, — for, thae knows,  
 One could n't ha' axed him theirsel'.

But th' tale wur at th' end o' my tung :  
 To let it eawt would n't be reet,  
 For aw thought to-seem forrud wur wrung ;  
 So aw tow'd him aw'd tell him to-neet.  
 But, Mally, thae knows very weel,  
 Though it is n't a thing one should own,  
 Iv aw'd th' pikein' o' th' world to mysel',  
 Aw'd oather ha' Jamie or noan.

Neaw, Mally, aw've tow'd thae my mind ;  
 What would to do iv it wur thee ?  
 "Aw'd tak him just while he'se inclined,  
 An' a farrantly bargain he'll be ;  
 For Jamie's as greedly a lad  
 As ever stept eawt into th' sun.  
 Go, jump at thy chance, an' get wed ;  
 An' mak th' best o' th' job when it's done !"

Eh, dear ! but it's time to be gwon :  
 Aw should n't like Jamie to wait ;  
 Aw connut for shame be too soon,  
 An' aw would n't for th' wuld be too late.  
 Aw'm o' ov a tremble to th' heel :  
 Dost think 'at my bonnet 'll do ?  
 "Be off, lass, — thae looks very weel ;  
 He wants noan o' th' bonnet, thae foo !"

EDWIN WAUGH.

## IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS.

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT."

It was a lover and his lass,  
 With a hey and a ho, and a hey-nonino !  
 That o'er the green cornfield did pass  
 In the spring-time, the only pretty ring-time  
 When birds do sing hey ding a ding ding ;  
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye  
 These pretty country folks would lie :

This carol they began that hour,  
 How that life was but a flower :

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

SHAKESPEARE.

## SUMMER DAYS.

In summer, when the days were long,  
 We walked together in the wood :  
 Our heart was light, our step was strong ;  
 Sweet flutterings were there in our blood,  
 In summer, when the days were long.

We strayed from morn till evening came ;  
 We gathered flowers, and wove us crowns ;  
 We walked mid poppies red as flame,  
 Or sat upon the yellow downs ;  
 And always wished our life the same.

In summer, when the days were long,  
 We leaped the hedgerow, crossed the brook ;  
 And still her voice flowed forth in song,  
 Or else she read some graceful book,  
 In summer, when the days were long.

And then we sat beneath the trees,  
 With shadows lessening in the noon ;  
 And in the sunlight and the breeze,  
 We feasted, many a gorgeous June,  
 While larks were singing o'er the leas.

In summer, when the days were long,  
 On dainty chicken, snow-white bread.  
 We feasted, with no grace but song ;  
 We plucked wild strawb'rries, ripe and red,  
 In summer, when the days were long.

We loved, and yet we knew it not, —  
 For loving seemed like breathing then ;  
 We found a heaven in every spot ;  
 Saw angels, too, in all good men ;  
 And dreamed of God in grove and grot.

In summer, when the days are long,  
 Alone I wander, mune alone.  
 I see her not ; but that old song  
 Under the fragrant wind is blown,  
 In summer, when the days are long.

Alone I wander in the wood :  
 But one fair spirit hears my sighs ;  
 And half I see, so glad and good,  
 The honest daylight of her eyes,  
 That charmed me under earlier skies.

In summer, when the days are long,  
 I love her as we loved of old.  
 My heart is light, my step is strong ;  
 For love brings back those hours of gold,  
 In summer, when the days are long.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE WHISTLE.

"You have heard," said a youth to his sweet-heart, who stood,

While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight's decline, —

"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood ?

I wish that that Danish boy's whistle were mine."

"And what would you do with it? — tell me," she said,

While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.

"I would blow it," he answered; "and then my fair maid

Would fly to my side, and would here take her place."

"Is that all you wish it for? — That may be yours Without any magic," the fair maiden cried:

"A favor so slight one's good nature secures"; And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth, "and the charm

Would work so, that not even Modesty's check Would be able to keep from my neck your fine arm": She smiled, — and she laid her fine arm round his neck.

"Yet once more would I blow, and the music divine

Would bring me the third time an exquisite bliss:

You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine,

And your lips, stealing past it, would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee, —

"What a fool of yourself with your whistle you'd make!

For only consider, how silly 't would be,

To sit there and whistle for — what you might take."

ROBERT STORY.

## GENEVIEVE.

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

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

6

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

She leaned against the arméd man,  
The statue of the arméd knight;  
She stood and listened to my lay,  
Amid the lingering light.

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

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

She listened with a fitting blush,<sup>d</sup>  
With downcast eyes and modest grace;  
For well she knew, I could not choose  
But gaze upon her face.

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

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

She listened with a fitting blush,  
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;  
And she forgave me, that I gazed  
Too fondly on her face.

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

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

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

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

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

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

— His dying words — hut when I reached  
 That tenderest strain of all the ditty,  
 My faltering voice and pausing harp  
 Disturbed her soul with pity !

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

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,  
 An undistinguishable throng,  
 And gentle wishes long subdued,  
 Subdued and cherished long.

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

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

She half enclosed me with her arms,  
 She pressed me with a meek embrace ;  
 And bending back her head, looked up,  
 And gazed upon my face.

'T was partly love, and partly fear,  
 And partly 't was a bashful art  
 That I might rather feel than see  
 The swelling of her heart.

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

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

#### WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

COME, all ye jolly shepherds,  
 That whistle through the glen !  
 I'll tell ye o' a secret  
 That courtiers dinna ken :  
 What is the greatest bliss  
 That the tongue o' man can name ?

'T is to woo a bonnie lassie  
 When the kye come hame.  
*When the kye come hame,  
 When the kye come hame, —  
 'Tween the gloamin' an' the mirk,  
 When the kye come hame.*

'T is not beneath the burget,  
 Nor yet beneath the crown ;  
 'T is not on couch o' velvet,  
 Nor yet in bed o' down :  
 'T is beneath the spreading birch,  
 In the glen without the name,  
 Wi' a bonnie bonnie lassie,  
 When the kye come hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest,  
 For the mate he lo'es to see,  
 And on the tapmost bough  
 O, a happy bird is he !  
 There he pours his melting ditty,  
 And love is a' the theme ;  
 And he'll woo his bonnie lassie,  
 When the kye come hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,  
 And the daisy turns a pea,  
 And the bonnie lucken gowan  
 Has fauldit up his ee,  
 Then the lavrock, frae the blue lift,  
 Draps down and thinks nae shame  
 To woo his bonnie lassie,  
 When the kye come hame.

See yonder pawky shepherd,  
 That lingers on the hill :  
 His yowes are in the fauld,  
 And his lambs are lying still ;  
 Yet he downa gang to bed,  
 For his heart is in a flame,  
 To meet his bonnie lassie  
 When the kye come hame.

When the little wee bit heart  
 Rises high in the breast,  
 And the little wee bit starn  
 Rises red in the east,  
 O, there's a joy sae dear  
 That the heart can hardly frame !  
 Wi' a bonnie bonnie lassie,  
 When the kye come hame.

Then since all Nature joins  
 In this love without alloy,  
 O, wha wad prove a traitor  
 To Nature's dearest joy ?  
 Or wha wad choose a crown,  
 Wi' its perils an' its fame,  
 And miss his bonnie lassie,  
 When the kye come hame ?

ANONYMOUS



## ATALANTA VICTORIOUS.

FROM "ATALANTA'S RACE," IN "THE EARTHLY PARADISE."

AND there two runners did the sign abide  
Foot set to foot, — a young man slim and fair,  
Crisp-haired, well knit, with firm limbs often tried  
In places where no man his strength may spare ;  
Dainty his thin coat was, and on his hair  
A golden circlet of renown he wore,  
And in his hand an olive garland bore.

But on this day with whom shall he contend ?  
A maid stood by him like Diana clad  
When in the woods she lists her bow to bend,  
Too fair for one to look on and be glad,  
Who scarcely yet has thirty summers had,  
If he must still behold her from afar ;  
Too fair to let the world live free from war.

She seemed all earthly matters to forget ;  
Of all tormenting lines her face was clear,  
Her wide gray eyes upon the goal were set  
Calm and unmoved as though no soul were near ;  
But her foe trembled as a man in fear,  
Nor from her loveliness one moment turned  
His anxious face with fierce desire that burned.

Now through the hush there broke the trumpet's clang  
Just as the setting sun made eventide.  
Then from light feet a spurt of dust there sprang,  
And swiftly were they running side by side ;  
But silent did the thronging folk abide  
Until the turning-post was reached at last,  
And round about it still abreast they passed.

But when the people saw how close they ran,  
When half-way to the starting-point they were,  
A cry of joy broke forth, whereat the man  
Headed the white-foot runner, and drew near  
Unto the very end of all his fear ;  
And scarce his straining feet the ground could feel,  
And bliss unhop'd for o'er his heart 'gan steal.

But midst the loud victorious shouts he heard  
Her footsteps drawing nearer, and the sound  
Of fluttering raiment, and thereat afeard  
His flushed and eager face he turned around,  
And even then he felt her past him bound  
Fleet as the wind, but scarcely saw her there  
Till on the goal she laid her fingers fair.

There stood she breathing like a little child  
Amid some warlike clamor laid asleep,  
For no victorious joy her red lips smiled,  
Her cheek its wonted freshness did but keep ;  
No glance lit up her clear gray eyes and deep,  
Though some divine thought softened all her face  
As once mere rang the trumpet through the place.

But her late foe stopped short amidst his course,  
One moment gazed upon her piteously,  
Then with a groan his lingering feet did force  
To leave the spot whence he her eyes could see ;  
And, changed like one who knows his time must be  
But short and bitter, without any word  
He knelt before the bearer of the sword ;

Then high rose up the gleaming deadly blade,  
Bared of its flowers, and through the crowded place  
Was silence now, and midst of it the maid  
Went by the poor wretch at a gentle pace,  
And he to hers upturned his sad white face ;  
Nor did his eyes behold another sight  
Ere on his soul there fell eternal night.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

## ATALANTA CONQUERED.

FROM "ATALANTA'S RACE," IN "THE EARTHLY PARADISE."

Now has the lingering month at last gone by,  
Again are all folk round the running place,  
Nor other seems the dismal pageantry  
Than heretofore, but that another face  
Looks o'er the smooth course ready for the race,  
For now, beheld of all, Milanion  
Stands on the spot he twice has looked upon.

But yet — what change is this that holds the  
maid ?  
Does she indeed see in his glittering eye  
More than disdain of the sharp shearing blade,  
Some happy hope of help and victory ?  
The others seemed to say, " We come to die,  
Look down upon us for a little while,  
That dead, we may bethink us of thy smile."

But he — what look of mastery was this  
He cast on her ? why were his lips so red ?  
Why was his face so flushed with happiness ?  
So looks not one who deems himself but dead,  
E'en if to death he bows a willing head ;  
So rather looks a god well pleased to find  
Some earthly damsel fashioned to his mind.

Why must she drop her lids before his gaze,  
And even as she casts adown her eyes  
Redden to note his eager glance of praise,  
And wish that she were clad in other guise ?  
Why must the memory to her heart arise  
Of things unnoticed when they first were heard,  
Some lover's song, some answering maiden's word ?

What makes these longings, vague, without a  
name,  
And this vain pity never felt before,  
This sudden languor, this contempt of fame,

This tender sorrow for the time past o'er,  
These doubts that grow each minute more and  
more ?

Why does she tremble as the time grows near,  
And weak defeat and woful victory fear ?

But while she seemed to hear her beating  
heart,  
Above their heads the trumpet blast rang out,  
And forth they sprang ; and she must play her  
part ;

Then flew her white feet, knowing not a doubt,  
Though slackening once, she turned her head  
about,

But then she cried aloud and faster fled  
Than e'er before, and all men deemed him  
dead.

But with no sound he raised aloft his hand,  
And thence what seemed a ray of light there  
flew

And past the maid rolled on along the sand ;  
Then trembling she her feet together drew,  
And in her heart a strong desire there grew  
To have the toy ; some god she thought had  
given  
That gift to her, to make of earth a heaven.

Then from the course with eager steps she ran,  
And in her odorous bosom laid the gold.  
But when she turned again, the great-limbed man  
Now well ahead she failed not to behold,  
And mindful of her glory waxing cold,  
Sprang up and followed him in hot pursuit,  
Though with one hand she touched the golden  
fruit.

Note, too, the how that she was wont to bear  
She laid aside to grasp the glittering prize,  
And o'er her shoulder from his dazzled eyes did flit,  
Three arrows fell and lay before her eyes  
Unnoticed, as amidst the people's cries  
She sprang to head the strong Milanion,  
Who now the turning-post had wellnigh won.

But as he set his mighty hand on it,  
White fingers underneath his own were laid,  
And white limbs from his dazzled eyes did flit,  
Then he the second fruit cast by the maid,  
But she ran on awhile, then as afraid  
Wavered and stopped, and turned and made no stay  
Until the globe with its bright fellow lay.

Then, as a troubled glance she cast around,  
Now far ahead the Argive could she see,  
And in her garment's hem one hand she wound  
To keep the double prize, and strenuously  
Sped o'er the course, and little doubt had she

To win the day, though now but scanty space  
Was left betwixt him and the winning place.

Short was the way unto such wingéd feet,  
Quickly she gained upon him till at last  
He turned about her eager eyes to meet,  
And from his hand the third fair apple cast.  
She wavered not, but turned and ran so fast  
After the prize that should her bliss fulfil,  
That in her hand it lay ere it was still.

Nor did she rest, but turned about to win  
Once more, an unblest woful victory —  
And yet — and yet — why does her breath begin  
To fail her, and her feet drag heavily ?  
Why fails she now to see if far or nigh  
The goal is ? why do her gray eyes grow dim ?  
Why do these tremors run through every limb ?

She spreads her arms abroad some stay to find  
Else must she fall, indeed, and findeth this,  
A strong man's arms about her body twined.  
Nor may she shudder now to feel his kiss,  
So wrapped she is in new, unbroken bliss :  
Made happy that the foe the prize hath won,  
She weeps glad tears for all her glory done.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

### THE SIESTA.

FROM THE SPANISH.

" Vientecico murmurador,  
Que lo gozas y andas todo," &c.

Airs, that wander and murmur round,  
Bearing delight where'er ye blow !  
Make in the elms a lulling sound,  
While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

Lighten and lengthen her noonday rest,  
Till the heat of the noonday sun is o'er.  
Sweet be her slumbers ! though in my breast  
The pain she has waked may slumber no more.  
Breathing soft from the blue profound,  
Bearing delight where'er ye blow,  
Make in the elms a lulling sound,  
While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

Airs ! that over the bending boughs,  
And under the shade of pendent leaves,  
Murmur soft, like my timid vows  
Or the secret sighs my bosom heaves, —  
Gently sweeping the grassy ground,  
Bearing delight where'er ye blow,  
Make in the elms a lulling sound,  
While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## ACBAR AND NOURMAHAL.

FROM "THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM."

OH ! best of delights, as it everywhere is,  
To be near the loved *one*, — what a rapture is his  
Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may  
glide

O'er the Lake of Cashmere with that *one* by his side !  
If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,  
Think, think what a heaven she must make of  
Cashmere !

So felt the magnificent Son of Acbar,  
When from power and pomp and the trophies of war  
He flew to that valley, forgetting them all  
With the Light of the Harem, his young Nour-  
mahal.

When free and uncrowned as the conqueror roved  
By the banks of that lake, with his only beloved,  
He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully snatch  
From the hedges, a glory his crown could not  
match,

And preferred in his heart the least ringlet that  
curled

Down her exquisite neck to the throne of the world !

There 's a beauty, forever unchangingly bright,  
Like the long sunny lapse of a summer's day's light,  
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,  
Till love falls asleep in its sameness of splendor.  
This *was* not the beauty, — O, nothing like this,  
That to young Nourmahal gave such magic of bliss,  
But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays  
Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,  
Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies  
From the lips to the cheek, from the cheek to the  
eyes,

Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,  
Like the glimpses a saint has of heaven in his  
dreams !

When pensive, it seemed as if that very grace,  
That charm of all others, was born with her face ;  
And when angry, — for even in the tranquildest  
climes

Light breezes will ruffle the flowers sometimes, —  
The short, passing anger but seemed to awaken  
New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest when  
shaken.

If tenderness touched her, the dark of her eye  
At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,  
From the depth of whose shadow, like holy re-  
vealings

From innermost shrines, came the light of her  
feelings !

Then her mirth — O, 't was sportive as ever  
took wing

From the heart with a burst like the wild-bird  
in spring, —

Illumed by a wit that would fascinate sages,  
Yet playful as Peris just loosed from their cages.  
While her laugh, full of life, without any control  
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her  
soul ;

And where it most sparkled no glance could dis-  
cover,

In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brightened all over, —  
Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,  
When it breaks into dimples, and laughs in the sun.  
Such, such were the peerless enchantments that  
gave

Nourmahal the proud Lord of the East for her  
slave ;

And though bright was his Harem, — a living  
parterre

Of the flowers of this planet, — though treasures  
were there,

For which Solomon's self might have given all  
the store

That the navy from Ophir e'er winged to his shore,  
Yet dim before *her* were the smiles of them all,  
And the Light of his Harem was young Nourmahal !

THOMAS MOORE.

## MEETING.

THE gray sea, and the long black land ;  
And the yellow half-moon large and low ;  
And the startled little waves, that leap  
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,  
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,  
And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm, sea-scented beach ;  
Three fields to cross, till a farm appears :  
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch  
And blue spurt of a lighted match,  
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,  
Than the two hearts, beating each to each.

ROBERT BROWNING.

## THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

CELIA and I, the other day,  
Walked o'er the sand-hills to the sea :  
The setting sun adorned the coast,  
His beams entire his fierceness lost :  
And on the surface of the deep  
The winds lay only not asleep :  
The nymphs did, like the scene, appear  
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair ;  
Soft felt her words as flew the air.  
With secret joy I heard her say  
That she would never miss one day  
A walk so fine, a sight so gay,

But, O the change ! The winds grow high,  
 Impending tempests charge the sky,  
 The lightning flies, the thunder roars,  
 The big waves lash the frightened shores.  
 Struck with the horror of the sight,  
 She turns her head and wings her flight ;  
 And, trembling, vows she'll ne'er again  
 Approach the shore or view the main.

"Once more at least look back," said I,  
 "Thyself in that large glass descry :  
 When thou art in good humor drest,  
 When gentle reason rules thy breast,  
 The sun upon the calmest sea  
 Appears not half so bright as thee :  
 'T is then that with delight I rove  
 Upon the boundless depth of love :  
 I bless my chain, I hand my oar,  
 Nor think on all I left on shore.

"But when vain doubt and groundless fear  
 Do that dear foolish bosom tear ;  
 When the big lip and watery eye  
 Tell me the rising storm is nigh ;  
 'T is then thou art you angry main  
 Deformed by winds and dashed by rain ;  
 And the poor sailor that must try  
 Its fury labors less than I.  
 Shipwrecked, in vain to land I make,  
 While love and fate still drive me back :  
 Forced to dote on thee thy own way,  
 I chide thee first, and then obey :  
 Wretched when from thee, vexed when nigh,  
 I with thee, or without thee, die."

—MATTHEW PRIOR.

### THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

YEARS, years ago, ere yet my dreams  
 Had been of being wise or witty,  
 Ere I had done with writing themes,  
 Or yawned o'er this infernal Chitty, —  
 Years, years ago, while all my joys  
 Were in my fowling-piece and filly ;  
 In short, while I was yet a boy,  
 I fell in love with Laura Lilly.

I saw her at the county ball ;  
 There, when the sounds of flute and fiddle  
 Gave signal sweet in that old hall  
 Of hands across and down the middle,  
 Hers was the subtlest spell by far  
 Of all that sets young hearts romancing :  
 She was our queen, our rose, our star ;  
 And then she danced, — O Heaven ! her dancing.

Dark was her hair ; her hand was white ;  
 Her voice was exquisitely tender ;  
 Her eyes were full of liquid light ;  
 I never saw a waist so slender ;  
 Her every look, her every smile,  
 Shot right and left a score of arrows :  
 I thought 't was Venus from her isle,  
 And wondered where she'd left her sparrows.

She talked of politics or prayers,  
 Of Southey's prose or Wordsworth's sonnets,  
 Of dangles or of dancing bears,  
 Of battles or the last new bonnets ;  
 By candle-light, at twelve o'clock, —  
 To me it mattered not a tittle, —  
 If those bright lips had quoted Locke,  
 I might have thought they murmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,  
 I loved her with a love eternal ;  
 I spoke her praises to the moon,  
 I wrote them to the Sunday Journal.  
 My mother laughed ; I soon found out  
 That ancient ladies have no feeling :  
 My father frowned ; but how should gout  
 See any happiness in kneeling ?

She was the daughter of a dean, —  
 Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic ;  
 She had one brother just thirteen,  
 Whose color was extremely hectic ;  
 Her grandmother for many a year,  
 Had fed the parish with her bounty ;  
 Her second cousin was a peer,  
 And lord-lieutenant of the county.

But titles and the three-per-cents,  
 And mortgages, and great relations,  
 And India bonds, and tithes and rents,  
 O, what are they to love's sensations ?  
 Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks, —  
 Such wealth, such honors Cupid chooses ;  
 He cares as little for the stocks  
 As Baron Rothschild for the muses.

She sketched ; the vale, the wood, the beach,  
 Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading :  
 She botanized ; I envied each  
 Young blossom in her boudoir fading :  
 She warbled Handel ; it was grand, —  
 She made the Catilina jealous :  
 She touched the organ ; I could stand  
 For hours and hours to blow the bellows.

She kept an album too, at home,  
 Well filled with all an album's glories, —  
 Paintings of butterflies and Rome,  
 Patterns for trimmings, Persian stories,

Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,  
 Fierce odes to famine and to slaughter,  
 And autographs of Prince Leeboo,  
 And recipes for elder water.

And she was flattered, worshipped, bored ;  
 Her steps were watched, her dress was noted ;  
 Her poodle-dog was quite adored ;  
 Her sayings were extremely quoted.  
 She laughed, — and every heart was glad,  
 As if the taxes were abolished ;  
 She frowned, — and every look was sad,  
 As if the opera were demolished.

She smiled on many just for fun, —  
 I knew that there was nothing in it ;  
 I was the first, the only one,  
 Her heart had thought of for a minute.  
 I knew it, for she told me so,  
 In phrase which was divinely moulded ;  
 She wrote a charming hand, — and O,  
 How sweetly all her notes were folded !

Our love was most like other loves, —  
 A little glow, a little shiver,  
 A rosebud and a pair of gloves,  
 And "Fly Not Yet," upon the river ;  
 Some jealousy of some one's heir,  
 Some hopes of dying broken-hearted ;  
 A miniature, a lock of hair,  
 The usual vows, — and then we parted.

We parted : months and years rolled by ;  
 We met again four summers after.  
 Our parting was all sob and sigh,  
 Our meeting was all mirth and laughter !  
 For in my heart's most secret cell  
 There had been many other lodgers ;  
 And she was not the ball-room's belle,  
 But only Mrs. — Something — Rogers !  
WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

#### THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

It was a friar of orders gray  
 Walked forth to tell his beads ;  
 And he met with a lady fair  
 Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

"Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar ;  
 I pray thee tell to me,  
 If ever at yon holy shrine  
 My true-love thou didst see."

"And how should I know your true-love  
 From many another one ?"

"O, by his cockle hat, and staff,  
 And by his sandal shoon.

"But chiefly by his face and mien,  
 That were so fair to view ;  
 His flaxen locks that sweetly curled,  
 And eyes of lovely blue."

"O lady, he's dead and gone !  
 Lady, he's dead and gone !  
 And at his head a green grass turf,  
 And at his heels a stone.

"Within these holy cloisters long  
 He languished, and he died,  
 Lamenting of a lady's love,  
 And 'plaining of her pride.

"Here bore him barefaced on his bier  
 Six proper youths and tall,  
 And many a tear bedewed his grave  
 Within yon kirk-yard wall."

"And art thou dead, thou gentle youth ?  
 And art thou dead and gone ?  
 And didst thou die for love of me ?  
 Break, cruel heart of stone !"

"O weep not, lady, weep not so ;  
 Some ghostly comfort seek ;  
 Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,  
 Nor tears bedew thy cheek."

"O do not, do not, holy friar,  
 My sorrow now reprove ;  
 For I have lost the sweetest youth  
 That e'er won lady's love.

"And now, alas ! for thy sad loss  
 I'll evermore weep and sigh :  
 For thee I only wished to live,  
 For thee I wish to die."

"Weep no more, lady, weep no more,  
 Thy sorrow is in vain ;  
 For violets plucked, the sweetest showers  
 Will ne'er make grow again.

"Our joys as wingéd dreams do fly ;  
 Why then should sorrow last ?  
 Since grief but aggravates thy loss,  
 Grieve not for what is past."

"O say not so, thou holy friar ;  
 I pray thee, say not so ;  
 For since my true-love died for me,  
 'Tis meet my tears should flow.

"And will he never come again ?  
 Will he ne'er come again ?  
 Ah ! no he is dead and laid in his grave,  
 Forever to remain.

"His cheek was redder than the rose ;  
The comeliest youth was he !  
But he is dead and laid in his grave :  
Alas, and woe is me !"

"Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever :  
One foot on sea and one on land,  
To one thing constant never.

"Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,  
And left thee sad and heavy ;  
For young men ever were fickle found,  
Since summer trees were leafy."

"Now say not so, thou holy friar,  
I pray thee say not so ;  
My love he had the truest heart, —  
O, he was ever true !

"And art thou dead, thou much-loved youth,  
And didst thou die for me ?  
Then farewell home ; for evermore  
A pilgrim I will be.

"But first upon my true-love's grave  
My weary limbs I'll lay,  
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf  
That wraps his breathless clay."

"Yet stay, fair lady: rest awhile  
Beneath this cloister wall ;  
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,  
And drizzly rain doth fall."

"O stay me not, thou holy friar,  
O stay me not, I pray ;  
No drizzly rain that falls on me  
Can wash my fault away."

"Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,  
And dry those pearly tears ;  
For see, beneath this gown of gray  
Thy own true-love appears.

"Here forced by grief and hopeless love,  
These holy weeds I sought ;  
And here, amid these lonely walls,  
To end my days I thought.

"But haply, for my year of grace  
Is not yet passed away,  
Might I still hope to win thy love,  
No longer would I stay."

"Now farewell grief, and welcome joy  
Once more unto my heart ;  
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,  
We nevermore will part."

*Adapted by THOMAS PERCY.*

## PYGMALION AND THE IMAGE.

FROM "THE EARTHLY PARADISE."

### ARGUMENT.

A Man of Cyprus, a Sculptor named Pygmalion, made an Image of a Woman, fairer than any that had yet been seen, and in the end came to love his own handiwork as though it had been alive : wherefore, praying to Venus for help, he obtained his end, for she made the Image alive indeed, and a Woman, and Pygmalion wedded her.

At Amathus, that from the southern side  
Of Cyprus looks across the Syrian sea,  
There did in ancient time a man abide  
Known to the island-dwellers, for that he  
Had wrought most godlike works in imagery,  
And day by day still greater honor won,  
Which man our old books call Pygmalion.

The lessening marble that he worked upon,  
A woman's form now imaged doubtfully,  
And in such guise the work had he begun,  
Because when he the untouched block did see  
In wandering veins that form there seemed to be,  
Whereon he cried out in a careless mood,  
"O lady Venus, make this presage good !

"And then this block of stone shall be thy maid,  
And, not without rich golden ornament,  
Shall bide within thy quivering myrtle-shade."  
So spoke he, but the goddess, well content,  
Unto his hand such godlike mastery sent,  
That like the first artificer he wrought,  
Who made the gift that woe to all men brought.

And yet, but such as he was wont to do,  
At first indeed that work divine he deemed,  
And as the white chips from the chisel flew  
Of other matters languidly he dreamed,  
For easy to his hand that labor seemed.  
And he was stirred with many a troubling thought,  
And many a doubt perplexed him as he wrought.

And yet, again, at last there came a day  
When smoother and more shapely grew the stone,  
And he, grown eager, put all thought away  
But that which touched his craftsmanship alone,  
And he would gaze at what his hands had done,  
Until his heart with boundless joy would swell  
That all was wrought so wonderfully well.

Yet long it was ere he was satisfied,  
And with his pride that by his mastery  
This thing was done, whose equal far and wide  
In no town of the world a man could see,  
Came burning longing that the work should be  
E'en better still, and to his heart there came  
A strange and strong desire he could not name.

The night seemed long, and long the twilight  
 seemed,  
 A vain thing seemed his flowery garden fair ;  
 Though through the night still of his work he  
 dreamed,  
 And though his smooth-stemmed trees so nigh it  
 were,  
 That thence he could behold the marble hair ;  
 Naught was enough, until with steel in hand  
 He came before the wondrous stone to stand.

Blinded with tears, his chisel up he caught,  
 And, drawing near, and sighing, tenderly  
 Upon the marvel of the face he wrought,  
 E'en as he used to pass the long days by ;  
 But his sighs changed to sobbing presently,  
 And on the floor the useless steel he flung,  
 And, weeping loud, about the image clung.

"Alas !" he cried, "why have I made thee then,  
 That thus thou mockest me ? I know indeed  
 That many such as thou are loved of men,  
 Whose passionate eyes poor wretches still will lead  
 Into their net, and smile to see them bleed ;  
 But these the Gods made, and this hand made thee  
 Who wilt not speak one little word to me."

Then from the image did he draw aback  
 To gaze on it through tears : and you had said,  
 Regarding it, that little did it lack  
 To be a living and most lovely maid ;  
 Naked it was, its unbound locks were laid  
 Over the lovely shoulders ; with one hand  
 Reached out, as to a lover, did it stand,

The other held a fair rose over-blown ;  
 No smile was on the parted lips, the eyes  
 Seemed as if even now great love had shown  
 Unto them something of its sweet surprise,  
 Yet saddened them with half-seen mysteries,  
 And still midst passion maiden-like she seemed,  
 As though of love unchanged for aye she dreamed.

Reproachfully beholding all her grace,  
 Pygmalion stood, until he grew dry-eyed,  
 And then at last he turned away his face  
 As if from her cold eyes his grief to hide ;  
 And thus a weary while did he abide,  
 With nothing in his heart but vain desire,  
 The ever-burning, unconsuming fire.

No word indeed the moveless image said,  
 But with the sweet grave eyes his hands had  
 wrought  
 Still gazed down on his bowed imploring head,  
 Yet his own words some solace to him brought,  
 Gilding the net wherein his soul was caught

With something like to hope, and all that day  
 Some tender words he ever found to say ;

And still he felt as something heard him speak ;  
 Sometimes he praised her beauty, and sometimes  
 Reproached her in a feeble voice and weak,  
 And at the last drew forth a book of rhymes,  
 Wherein were writ the tales of many crimes,  
 And read aloud the sweetness hid therein  
 Of lovers' sorrows and their tangled sin.

And when the sun went down, the frankincense  
 Again upon the altar-flame he cast  
 That through the open window floating thence  
 O'er the fresh odors of the garden passed ;  
 And so another day was gone at last,  
 And he no more his lovelorn watch could keep,  
 But now for utter weariness must sleep.

But the next morn, e'en while the incense-smoke  
 At sunrise curled round about her head,  
 Sweet sound of songs the wonted quiet broke  
 Down in the street, and he by something led,  
 He knew not what, must leave his prayer unsaid,  
 And through the freshness of the morn must see  
 The folk who went with that sweet minstrelsy ;

Damsels and youths in wonderful attire,  
 And in their midst upon a car of gold  
 An image of the Mother of Desire,  
 Wrought by his hands in days that seemed grown  
 old,  
 Though those sweet limbs a garment did enfold.  
 Colored like flame, enwrought with precious  
 things,  
 Most fit to be the prize of striving kings.

Then he remembered that the manner was  
 That fair-clad priests the lovely Queen should take  
 Thrice in the year, and through the city pass,  
 And with sweet songs the dreaming folk awake ;  
 And through the clouds a light there seemed to  
 break  
 When he remembered all the tales well told  
 About her glorious kindly deeds of old.

So his unfinished prayer he finished not,  
 But, kneeling, once more kissed the marble feet,  
 And, while his heart with many thoughts waxed  
 hot,  
 He clad himself with fresh attire and meet  
 For that bright service, and with blossoms sweet  
 Entwined with tender leaves he crowned his head,  
 And followed after as the goddess led.

So there he stood, that help from her to gain,  
 Bewildered by that twilight midst of day ;  
 Downcast with listening to the joyous strain  
 He had no part in, hopeless with delay

Of all the fair things he had meant to say :  
 Yet, as the incense on the flame he cast,  
 From stammering lips and pale these words there  
 passed, —

“O thou forgotten help, dost thou yet know  
 What thing it is I need, when even I,  
 Bent down before thee in this shame and woe,  
 Can frame no set of words to tell thee why  
 I needs must pray, O help me or I die !  
 Or slay me, and in slaying take from me  
 Even a dead man's feeble memory.

Yet soon, indeed, before his door he stood,  
 And, as a man awaking from a dream,  
 Seemed waked from his old folly ; naught seemed  
 good

In all the things that he before had deemed  
 At least worth life, and on his heart there streamed  
 Cold light of day, — he found himself alone,  
 Reft of desire, all love and madness gone.

Thus to his chamber at the last he came,  
 And, pushing through the still half-opened door,  
 He stood within ; but there, for very shame  
 Of all the things that he had done before,  
 Still kept his eyes bent down upon the floor,  
 Thinking of all that he had done and said  
 Since he had wrought that luckless marble maid.

Yet soft his thoughts were, and the very place  
 Seemed perfumed with some nameless heavenly air.  
 So gaining courage, did he raise his face  
 Unto the work his hands had made so fair,  
 And cried aloud to see the niche all bare  
 Of that sweet form, while through his heart again  
 There shot a pang of his old yearning pain.

Yet while he stood, and knew not what to do  
 With yearning, a strange thrill of hope there came,  
 A shaft of new desire now pierced him through,  
 And therewithal a soft voice called his name,  
 And when he turned, with eager eyes aflame,  
 He saw betwixt him and the setting sun  
 The lively image of his loved one.

He trembled at the sight, for though her eyes,  
 Her very lips, were such as he had made,  
 And though her tresses fell but in such guise  
 As he had wrought them, now was she arrayed  
 In that fair garment that the priests had laid  
 Upon the goddess on that very morn,  
 Dyed like the setting sun upon the corn.

Speechless he stood, but she now drew anear,  
 Simple and sweet as she was wont to be,  
 And once again her silver voice rang clear,  
 Filling his soul with great felicity,  
 And thus she spoke, “Wilt thou not come to me,

O dear companion of my new-found life,  
 For I am called thy lover and thy wife ?

She reached her hand to him, and with kind eyes  
 Gazed into his ; but he the fingers caught  
 And drew her to him, and midst ecstasies  
 Passing all words, yea, wellnigh passing thought,  
 Felt that sweet breath that he so long had sought,  
 Felt the warm life within her heaving breast  
 As in his arms his living love he pressed.

But as his cheek touched hers he heard her say,  
 “Wilt thou not speak, O love ? why dost thou weep ?  
 Art thou then sorry for this long-wished day,  
 Or dost thou think perchance thou wilt not keep  
 This that thou holdest, but in dreamy sleep ?  
 Nay, let us do the bidding of the Queen,  
 And hand in hand walk through thy garden green ;

“Then shalt thou tell me, still beholding me,  
 Full many things whereof I wish to know,  
 And as we walk from whispering tree to tree  
 Still more familiar to thee shall I grow,  
 And such things shalt thou say unto me now  
 As when thou deemedst thou wast quite alone,  
 A madman kneeling to a thing of stone.”

But at that word a smile lit up his eyes  
 And therewithal he spake some loving word,  
 And she at first looked up in grave surprise  
 When his deep voice and musical she heard,  
 And clung to him as somewhat grown afeard ;  
 Then cried aloud and said, “O mighty one !  
 What joy with thee to look upon the sun !”

Then into that fair garden did they pass,  
 And all the story of his love he told,  
 And as the twain went o'er the dewy grass,  
 Beneath the risen moon could he behold  
 The bright tears trickling down, then, waxen bold,  
 He stopped and said, “Ah, love, what meaneth  
 this ?  
 Seest thou how tears still follow earthly bliss ?”

Then both her white arms round his neck she  
 threw,  
 And sobbing said, “O love, what hurteth me ?  
 When first the sweetness of my life I knew,  
 Not this I felt, but when I first saw thee  
 A little pain and great felicity  
 Rose up within me, and thy talk e'en now  
 Made pain and pleasure ever greater grow.”

“O sweet,” he said, “this thing is even love,  
 Whereof I told thee ; that all wise men fear,  
 But yet escape not ; nay, to gods above,  
 Unless the old tales lie, it draweth near.  
 But let my happy ears, I pray thee, hear  
 Thy story too, and how thy blessed birth  
 Has made a heaven of this once lonely earth.”



"My sweet," she said, "as yet I am not wise,  
Or stored with words, aright the tale to tell,  
But listen : when I opened first mine eyes  
I stood within the niche thou knowest well,  
And from mine hand a heavy thing there fell  
Carved like these flowers, nor could I see things  
clear,  
And but a strange confused noise could hear.

"At last mine eyes could see a woman fair,  
But awful as this round white moon o'erhead,  
So that I trembled when I saw her there,  
For with my life was born some touch of dread,  
And therewithal I heard her voice that said,  
'Come down, and learn to love and be alive,  
For thee, a well-prized gift, to-day I give.'

"Then on the floor I stepped, rejoicing much,  
Not knowing why, not knowing aught at all,  
Till she reached out her hand my breast to touch,  
And when her fingers thereupon did fall,  
Thought came unto my life, and therewithal  
I knew her for a goddess, and began  
To murmur in some tongue unknown to man.

"And then indeed not in this guise was I,  
No sandals had I, and no saffron gown,  
But naked as thou knowest utterly,  
E'en as my limbs beneath thine hand had grown,  
And this fair perfumed robe then fell adown  
Over the goddess' feet and swept the ground,  
And round her loins a glittering belt was bound.

"But when the stammering of my tongue she heard  
Upon my trembling lips her hand she laid,  
And spoke again, 'Nay, say not any word,  
All that thine heart would say I know unsaid,  
Who even now thine heart and voice have made ;  
But listen rather, for thou knowest now  
What these words mean, and still wilt wiser grow.

"Thy body, lifeless till I gave it life,  
A certain man, my servant, well hath wrought,  
I give thee to him as his love and wife,  
With all thy dowry of desire and thought,  
Since this his yearning heart hath ever sought ;  
Now from my temple is he on the way,  
Deeming to find thee e'en as yesterday ;

"Bide thou his coming by the bed-head there,  
And when thou seest him set his eyes upon  
Thine empty niche, and hear'st him cry for care,  
Then call him by his name, Pygmalion,  
And certainly thy lover hast thou won ;  
But when he stands before thee silently,  
Say all these words that I shall teach to thee.'

"With that she said what first I told thee, love,  
And then went on, 'Moreover thou shalt say  
That I, the daughter of almighty Jove,

Have wrought for him this long-desired day ;  
In sign whereof, these things that pass away,  
Wherein mine image men have well arrayed,  
I give thee for thy wedding gear, O maid.'

"Therewith her raiment she put off from her,  
And laid bare all her perfect loveliness,  
And, smiling on me, came yet more anear,  
And on my mortal lips her lips did press,  
And said, 'Now herewith shalt thou love no less  
Than Psyche loved my son in days of old ;  
Farewell, of thee shall many a tale be told.'

"And even with that last word was she gone,  
How, I know not, and I my limbs arrayed  
In her fair gifts, and waited thee alone —  
Ah, love, indeed the word is true she said,  
For now I love thee so, I grow afraid  
Of what the gods upon our heads may send —  
I love thee so, I think upon the end."

What words he said ? How can I tell again  
What words they said beneath the glimmering  
light,  
Some tongue they used unknown to loveless men  
As each to each they told their great delight,  
Until for stillness of the growing night  
Their soft sweet murmuring words seemed grow-  
ing loud,  
And dim the moon grew, hid by fleecy cloud.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

#### JAMES FITZ-JAMES AND ELLEN.

FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE."

A FOOTSTEP struck her ear,  
And Snowdoun's graceful Knight was near.  
She turned the hastier, lest again  
The prisoner should renew his strain.  
"O welcome, brave Fitz-James !" she said ;  
"How may an almost orphan maid  
Pay the deep debt" — "O, say not so !  
To me no gratitude you owe.  
Not mine, alas ! the boon to give,  
And bid thy noble father live ;  
I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,  
With Scotland's King thy suit to aid.  
No tyrant he, though ire and pride  
May lead his better mood aside.  
Come, Ellen, come ; 't is more than time,  
He holds his court at morning prime."  
With beating heart and bosom wrung,  
As to a brother's arm she clung.  
Gently he dried the falling tear,  
And gently whispered hope and cheer ;  
Her faltering steps half led, half stayed,  
Through gallery fair and high arcade,  
Till, at his touch, its wings of pride  
A portal arch unfolded wide.

Within 't was brilliant all and light,  
 A thronging scene of figures bright ;  
 It glowed on Ellen's dazzled sight,  
 As when the setting sun has given  
 Ten thousand hues to summer even,  
 And from their tissue fancy frames  
 Aerial knights and fairy dames.  
 Still by Fitz-James her footing stayed ;  
 A few faint steps she forward made,  
 Then slow her drooping head she raised,  
 And fearful round the presence gazed :  
 For him she sought who owned this state,  
 The dreaded prince whose will was fate !  
 She gazed on many a princely port  
 Might well have ruled a royal court ;  
 On many a splendid garb she gazed, —  
 Then turned bewildered and amazed,  
 For all stood hare ; and in the room  
 Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.  
 To him each lady's look was lent,  
 On him each courtier's eye was bent,  
 Midst furs and silks and jewels green  
 He stood, in simple Lincoln green,  
 The centre of the glittering ring, —  
 And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King !

As wreath of snow, on mountain breast,  
 Slides from the rock that gave it rest,  
 Poor Ellen glided from her stay,  
 And at the Monarch's feet she lay ;  
 No word her choking voice commands :  
 She showed the ring, she clasped her hands.  
 O, not a moment could he brook,  
 The generous prince, that suppliant look !  
 Gently he raised her, and the while  
 Checked with a glance the circle's smile ;  
 Graceful, but grave, her brow he kissed,  
 And bade her terrors be dismissed : —  
 " Yes, fair ; the wandering poor Fitz-James  
 The fealty of Scotland claims.  
 To him thy woes, thy wishes bring ;  
 He will redeem thy signet-ring.  
 Ask naught for Douglas ; yester even  
 His prince and he have much forgiven :  
 Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue,  
 I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong.  
 We would not to the vulgar crowd  
 Yield what they craved with clamor loud ;  
 Calmly we heard and judged his cause,  
 Our council aided and our laws.  
 I stanch'd thy father's death-feud stern,  
 With stout De Vaux and gray Glencairn ;  
 And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own  
 The friend and bulwark of our Throne.  
 But, lovely infidel, how now ?  
 What clouds thy misbelieving brow ?  
 Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid ;  
 Thou must confirm this doubting maid."

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,  
 And on his neck his daughter hung.  
 The Monarch drank, that happy hour,  
 The sweetest, holiest draught of Power, —  
 When it can say, with godlike voice,  
 Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice !  
 Yet would not James the general eye  
 On nature's raptures long should pry :  
 He stepped between — " Nay, Douglas, nay,  
 Steal not my proselyte away !  
 The riddle 't is my right to read,  
 That brought this happy chance to speed.  
 Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray  
 In life's more low but happier way.  
 'T is under name which veils my power,  
 Nor falsely veils, — for Stirling's tower  
 Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims,  
 And Normans call me James Fitz-James,  
 Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,  
 Thus learn to right the injured cause."  
 Then, in a tone apart and low,  
 " Ah, little trait'ress ! none must know  
 What idle dream, what lighter thought,  
 What vanity full dearly bought,  
 Joined to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew  
 My spell-bound steps to Benvenue,  
 In dangerous hour, and all but gave  
 Thy Monarch's life to mountain glaive !"  
 Aloud he spoke, — " Thou still dost hold  
 That little talisman of gold,  
 Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring ;  
 What seeks fair Ellen of the King ?"  
 Full well the conscious maiden guessed,  
 He probed the weakness of her breast ;  
 But with that consciousness there came  
 A lightening of her fears for Græme,  
 And more she deemed the monarch's ire  
 Kindled 'gainst him, who, for her sire,  
 Rebellious broadsword boldly drew ;  
 And, to her generous feeling true,  
 She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu.  
 " Forbear thy suit ; the King of kings  
 Alone can stay life's parting wings.  
 I know his heart, I know his hand,  
 Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand ;  
 My fairest earldom would I give  
 To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live ! —  
 Hast thou no other boon to crave ?  
 No other captive friend to save ?"  
 Blushing, she turned her from the King,  
 And to the Douglas gave the ring,  
 As if she wished her sire to speak  
 The suit that stained her glowing cheek.  
 " Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,  
 And stubborn justice holds her course.

" Malcolm, come forth !" — And, at the word  
 Down knelt the Græme to Scotland's Lord.

“ For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,  
 From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,  
 Who, nurtured underneath our smile,  
 Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,  
 And sought, amid thy faithful clan,  
 A refuge for an outlawed man,  
 Dishonoring thus thy loyal name, —  
 Fetters and warder for the Græme ! ”  
 His chain of gold the King unstrung,  
 The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,  
 Then gently drew the glittering band,  
 And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### FETCHING WATER FROM THE WELL.

EARLY on a sunny morning, while the lark was  
 singing sweet,  
 Came, beyond the ancient farm-house, sounds of  
 lightly tripping feet.  
 'T was a lowly cottage maiden going, — why, let  
 young hearts tell, —  
 With her homely pitcher laden, fetching water  
 from the well.  
 Shadows lay athwart the pathway, all along the  
 quiet lane,  
 And the breezes of the morning moved them to  
 and fro again.  
 O'er the sunshine, o'er the shadow, passed the  
 maiden of the farm,  
 With a charmed heart within her, thinking of  
 no ill nor harm.  
 Pleasant, surely, were her musings, for the nod-  
 ding leaves in vain  
 Sought to press their bright'ning image on her  
 ever-busy brain.  
 Leaves and joyous birds went by her, like a dim,  
 half-waking dream ;  
 And her soul was only conscious of life's gladdest  
 summer gleam.  
 At the old lane's shady turning lay a well of water  
 bright,  
 Singing, soft, its hallelujah to the gracious morn-  
 ing light.  
 Fern-leaves, broad and green, bent o'er it where  
 its silv'ry droplets fell,  
 And the fairies dwelt beside it, in the spotted  
 foxglove bell.  
 Back she bent the shading fern-leaves, dipt the  
 pitcher in the tide, —  
 Drew it, with the dripping waters flowing o'er its  
 glazed side.  
 But before her arm could place it on her shiny,  
 wavy hair,  
 By her side a youth was standing ! — Love re-  
 joiced to see the pair !

Tones of tremulous emotion trailed upon the morn-  
 ing breeze,  
 Gentle words of heart-devotion whispered 'neath  
 the ancient trees.  
 But the holy, blessed secrets it becomes me not  
 to tell :  
 Life had met another meaning, fetching water  
 from the well !  
 Down the rural lane they sauntered. He the bur-  
 den-pitcher bore ;  
 She, with dewy eyes downlooking, grew more beau-  
 teous than before !  
 When they neared the silent homestead, up he  
 raised the pitcher light ;  
 Like a fitting crown he placed it on her hair of  
 wavelets bright :  
 Emblems of the coming burdens that for love of  
 him she 'd bear,  
 Calling every burden blessed, if his love but light-  
 ed there.  
 Then, still waving benedictions, further, further  
 off he drew,  
 While his shadow seemed a glory that across the  
 pathway grew.  
 Now about her household duties silently the maid-  
 en went,  
 And an ever-radiant halo o'er her daily life was  
 blent.  
 Little knew the aged matron as her feet like music  
 fell,  
 What abundant treasure found she fetching water  
 from the well !

ANONYMOUS.

### A MAIDEN WITH A MILKING-PAIL.

I.

WHAT change has made the pastures sweet,  
 And reached the daisies at my feet,  
 And cloud that wears a golden hem ?  
 This lovely world, the hills, the sward, —  
 They all look fresh, as if our Lord  
 But yesterday had finished them.

And here 's the field with light aglow :  
 How fresh its boundary lime-trees show !  
 And how its wet leaves trembling shine !  
 Between their trunks come through to me  
 The morning sparkles of the sea,  
 Below the level browsing line.

I see the pool, more clear by half  
 Than pools where other waters laugh  
 Up at the breasts of coot and rail.  
 There, as she passed it on her way,  
 I saw reflected yesterday  
 A maiden with a milking-pail.

There, neither slowly nor in haste, —  
 One hand upon her slender waist,  
 The other lifted to her pail, —  
 She, rosy in the morning light,  
 Among the water-daisies white,  
 Like some fair sloop appeared to sail.

Against her ankles as she trod  
 The lucky buttereups did nod :  
 I leaned upon the gate to see.  
 The sweet thing looked, but did not speak ;  
 A dimple came in either cheek,  
 And all my heart was gone from me.

Then, as I lingered on the gate,  
 And she came up like coming fate,  
 I saw my picture in her eyes, —  
 Clear dancing eyes, more black than sloes !  
 Cheeks like the mountain pink, that grows  
 Among white-headed majesties !

I said, " A tale was made of old  
 That I would fain to thee unfold.  
 Ah ! let me, — let me tell the tale."  
 But high she held her comely head :  
 " I cannot heed it now," she said,  
 " For carrying of the milking-pail."

She laughed. What good to make ado ?  
 I held the gate, and she came through,  
 And took her homeward path anon.  
 From the clear pool her face had fled ;  
 It rested on my heart instead,  
 Reflected when the maid was gone.

With happy youth, and work content,  
 So sweet and stately, on she went,  
 Right careless of the untold tale.  
 Each step she took I loved her more,  
 And followed to her dairy door  
 The maiden with the milking-pail.

## II.

For hearts where wakened love doth lurk,  
 How fine, how blest a thing is work !  
 For work does good when reasons fail, —  
 Good ; yet the axe at every stroke  
 The echo of a name awoke, —  
 Her name is Mary Martindale.

I'm glad that echo was not heard  
 Aright by other men. A bird  
 Knows doubtless what his own notes tell ;  
 And I know not, — but I can say  
 I felt as shamefaced all that day  
 As if folks heard her name right well.

And when the west began to glow  
 I went — I could not choose but go —  
 To that same dairy on the hill ;

And while sweet Mary moved about  
 Within, I came to her without,  
 And leaned upon the window-sill.

The garden border where I stood  
 Was sweet with pinks and southernwood.  
 I spoke, — her answer seemed to fail.  
 I smelt the pinks, — I could not see.  
 The dusk came down and sheltered me.  
 And in the dusk she heard my tale.

And what is left that I should tell ?  
 I begged a kiss, — I pleaded well :  
 The rosebud lips did long decline ;  
 But yet, I think — I think 't is true —  
 That, leaned at last into the dew,  
 One little instant they were mine !

O life ! how dear thou hast become !  
 She laughed at dawn, and I was dumb !  
 But evening counsels best prevail.  
 Fair shine the blue that o'er her spreads,  
 Green be the pastures where she treads,  
 The maiden with the milking-pail !

JEAN INGELOW.

## THE MILKMAID'S SONG.

TURN, turn, for my cheeks they burn,  
 Turn by the dale, my Harry !  
 Fill pail, fill pail,  
 He has turned by the dale,  
 And there by the stile waits Harry.  
 Fill, fill,  
 Fill pail, fill,  
 For there by the stile waits Harry !  
 The world may go round, the world may stand still,  
 But I can milk and marry,  
 Fill pail,  
 I can milk and marry.

Wheugh, wheugh !  
 O, if we two  
 Stood down there now by the water,  
 I know who'd carry me over the ford  
 As brave as a soldier, as proud as a lord,  
 Though I don't live over the water.  
 Wheugh, wheugh ! he's whistling through,  
 He's whistling " The Farmer's Daughter."  
 Give down, give down,  
 My crumpled brown !  
 He shall not take the road to the town,  
 For I'll meet him beyond the water.  
 Give down, give down,  
 My crumpled brown !  
 And send me to my Harry.  
 The folk o' towns  
 May have silken gowns,

But I can milk and marry,  
Fill pail,  
I can milk and marry.

Wheugh, wheugh! he has whistled through  
He has whistled through the water.  
Fill, fill, with a will, a will,  
For he's whistled through the water,  
And he's whistling down  
The way to the town,  
And it's not "The Farmer's Daughter!"  
Churr, churr! goes the cockchafer,  
The sun sets over the water,  
Churr, churr! goes the cockchafer,  
I'm too late for my Harry!  
And, O, if he goes a-soldiering,  
The cows they may low, the bells they may  
ring,  
But I'll neither milk nor marry,  
Fill pail,  
Neither milk nor marry.

My brow beats on thy flank, Fill pail,  
Give down, good wench, give down!  
I know the primrose bank, Fill pail,  
Between him and the town.  
Give down, good wench, give down, Fill pail,  
And he shall not reach the town!  
Strain, strain! he's whistling again,  
He's nearer by half a mile.  
More, more! O, never before  
Were you such a weary while!  
Fill, fill! he's crossed the hill,  
I can see him down by the stile,  
He's passed the hay, he's coming this way,  
He's coming to me, my Harry!  
Give silken gowns to the folk o' towns,  
He's coming to me, my Harry!  
There's not so grand a dame in the land,  
That she walks to-night with Harry!  
Come late, come soon, come sun, come moon,  
O, I can milk and marry,  
Fill pail,  
I can milk and marry.

Wheugh, wheugh! he has whistled through,  
My Harry! my lad! my lover!  
Set the sun and fall the dew,  
Heigh-ho, merry world, what's to do  
That you're smiling over and over?  
Up on the hill and down in the dale,  
And along the tree-tops over the vale  
Shining over and over,  
Low in the grass and high on the bough,  
Shining over and over,  
O world, have you ever a lover?  
You were so dull and cold just now,  
O world, have you ever a lover?

I could not see a leaf on the tree,  
And now I could count them, one, two, three,  
Count them over and over,  
Leaf from leaf like lips apart,  
Like lips apart for a lover.  
And the hillside beats with my beating heart,  
And the apple-tree blushes all over,  
And the May bough touched me and made me  
start,  
And the wind breathes warm like a lover.

Pull, pull! and the pail is full,  
And milking's done and over.  
Who would not sit here under the tree?  
What a fair fair thing's a green field to see!  
Brim, brim, to the rim, ah me!  
I have set my pail on the daisies!  
It seems so light, — can the sun be set?  
The dews must be heavy, my cheeks are wet,  
I could cry to have hurt the daisies!  
Harry is near, Harry is near,  
My heart's as sick as if he were here,  
My lips are burning, my cheeks are wet,  
He has n't uttered a word as yet,  
But the air's astir with his praises.  
My Harry!  
The air's astir with your praises.

He has scaled the rock by the pixy's stone,  
He's among the kingcups, — he picks me one,  
I love the grass that I tread upon  
When I go to my Harry!  
He has jumped the brook, he has climbed the  
knowe,  
There's never a faster foot I know,  
But still he seems to tarry.  
O Harry! O Harry! my love, my pride,  
My heart is leaping, my arms are wide!  
Roll up, roll up, you dull hillside,  
Roll up, and bring my Harry!  
They may talk of glory over the sea,  
But Harry's alive, and Harry's for me,  
My love, my lad, my Harry!  
Come spring, come winter, come sun, come  
snow,

What cares Dolly, whether or no,  
While I can milk and marry?  
Right or wrong, and wrong or right,  
Quarrel who quarrel, and fight who fight,  
But I'll bring my pail home every night  
To love, and home, and Harry!  
We'll drink our can, we'll eat our cake,  
There's beer in the barrel, there's bread in the  
bake,  
The world may sleep, the world may wake,  
But I shall milk and marry,  
And marry,  
I shall milk and marry.

## AUF WIEDERSEHEN ! \*

SUMMER.

THE little gate was reached at last,  
Half hid in lilacs down the lane ;  
She pushed it wide, and, as she past,  
A wistful look she backward cast,  
And said, "*Auf wiedersehen !*"

With hand on latch, a vision white  
Lingered reluctant, and again  
Half doubting if she did aright,  
Soft as the dews that fell that night,  
She said, "*Auf wiedersehen !*"

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair ;  
I linger in delicious pain ;  
Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air  
To breathe in thought I scarcely dare,  
Thinks she, "*Auf wiedersehen !*"

'T is thirteen years : once more I press  
The turf that silences the lane ;  
I hear the rustle of her dress,  
I smell the lilacs, and — ah yes,  
I hear, "*Auf wiedersehen !*"

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art !  
The English words had seemed too fain,  
But these — they drew us heart to heart,  
Yet held us tenderly apart ;  
She said, "*Auf wiedersehen !*"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## SWEET MEETING OF DESIRES.

I GREW assured, before I asked,  
That she'd be mine without reserve,  
And in her unclaimed graces basked  
At leisure, till the time should serve, —  
With just enough of dread to thrill  
The hope, and make it trebly dear :  
Thus loath to speak the word, to kill  
Either the hope or happy fear.

Till once, through lanes returning late,  
Her laughing sisters lagged behind ;  
And ere we reached her father's gate,  
We paused with one presentiment mind ;  
And, in the dim and perfumed mist  
Their coming stayed, who, blithe and free,  
And very women, loved to assist  
A lover's opportunity.

Twice rose, twice died, my trembling word ;  
To faint and frail cathedral chimes  
Spake time in music, and we heard  
The chafers rustling in the limes.  
Her dress, that touched me where I stood ;  
The warmth of her confided arm ;

\* Till we meet again !

Her bosom's gentle neighborhood ;  
Her pleasure in her power to charm ;

Her look, her love, her form, her touch !  
The least seemed most by blissful turn, —  
Blissful but that it pleased too much,  
And taught the wayward soul to yearn.  
It was as if a harp with wires  
Was traversed by the breath I drew ;  
And O, sweet meeting of desires !  
She, answering, owned that she loved too.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

## ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

FROM THE SPANISH.

"MY ear-rings ! my ear-rings ! they've dropt into  
the well,  
And what to say to Muça, I cannot, cannot tell."  
'T was thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albu-  
harez' daughter, —  
"The well is deep, far down they lie, beneath the  
cold blue water.  
To me did Muça give them, when he spake his sad  
farewell,  
And what to say when he comes back, alas ! I can-  
not tell.

"My ear-rings ! my ear-rings ! they were pearls  
in silver set,  
That when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should  
him forget,  
That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile  
on other's tale,  
But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those  
ear-rings pale.  
When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped  
them in the well,  
O, what will Muça think of me, I cannot, cannot tell.

"My ear-rings ! my ear-rings ! he'll say they  
should have been,  
Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glitter-  
ing sheen,  
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,  
Changing to the changing light, with radiance  
insincere ;  
That changeful mind unchanging gems are not  
befitting well, —  
Thus will he think, — and what to say, alas ! I can-  
not tell.

"He'll think when I to market went I loitered by  
the way ;  
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads  
might say ;  
He'll think some other lover's hand, among my  
tresses noosed,  
From the ears where he had placed them my rings  
of pearl unloosed ;

He'll think when I was sporting so beside this  
marble well,  
My pearls fell in, — and what to say, alas ! I can-  
not tell.

“He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same ;  
He'll say I loved when he was here to whisper of  
his flame —

But when he went to Tunis my virgin troth had  
broken,  
And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for  
his token.

My ear-rings ! my ear-rings ! O, luckless, luckless  
well !

For what to say to Muça, alas ! I cannot tell.

“I'll tell the truth to Muça, and I hope he will  
believe,

That I have thought of him at morning, and  
thought of him at eve ;

That musing on my lover, when down the sun was  
gone,

His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain  
all alone ;

And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my  
hand they fell,

And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie  
in the well.”

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

### FATIMA AND RADUAN.

FROM THE SPANISH.

“Diamante falso y fingido,  
Engastado en pedernal,” &c.

“FALSE diamond set in flint ! hard heart in  
haughty breast !

By a softer, warmer bosom the tiger's couch is prest.  
Thou art fickle as the sea, thou art wandering as  
the wind,

And the restless ever-mounting flame is not more  
hard to bind.

If the tears I shed were tongues, yet all too few  
would he

To tell of all the treachery that thou hast shown  
to me.

Oh ! I could chide thee sharply, — but every maiden  
knows

That she who chides her lover forgives him ere he  
goes.

“Thou hast called me off the flower of all Grenada's  
maids,

Thou hast said that by the side of me the first and  
fairest fades ;

And they thought thy heart was mine, and it  
seemed to every one

That what thou didst to win my love, for love of  
me was done.

Alas ! if they but knew thee, as mine it is to know,  
They well might see another mark to which thine  
arrows go ;

But thou giv'st little heed, — for I speak to one  
who knows

That she who chides her lover, forgives him ere  
he goes.

“It wearies me, mine enemy, that I must weep  
and bear

What fills thy heart with triumph, and fills my  
own with care.

Thou art leagued with those that hate me, and ah !  
thou know'st I feel

That cruel words as surely kill as sharpest blades  
of steel.

'Twas the doubt that thou wert false that wrung  
my heart with pain ;

But, now I know thy perfidy, I shall be well again.  
I would proclaim thee as thou art — but every  
maiden knows

That she who chides her lover, forgives him ere he  
goes.”

Thus Fatima complained to the valiant Radnan,  
Where underneath the myrtles Alhambra's foun-  
tains ran :

The Moor was inly moved, and blameless as he was,  
He took her white hand in his own, and pleaded  
thus his cause :

“O lady, dry those star-like eyes, — their dimness  
does me wrong ;

If my heart be made of flint, at least 't will keep  
thy image long ;

Thou hast uttered cruel words, — but I grieve the  
less for those,

Since she who chides her lover forgives him ere  
he goes.”

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### SOMEBODY.

SOMEBODY'S courting somebody,  
Somewhere or other to-night ;  
Somebody's whispering to somebody,  
Somebody's listening to somebody,  
Under this clear moonlight.

Near the bright river's flow,  
Running so still and slow,  
Talking so soft and low,  
She sits with somebody.

Pacing the ocean's shore,  
Edged by the foaming roar,  
Words never used before  
Sound sweet to somebody.

Under the maple-tree  
Deep though the shadow be,

Plain enough they can see,  
Bright eyes has somebody.

No one sits up to wait,  
Though she is out so late,  
All know she's at the gate,  
Talking with somebody.

Tiptoe to parlor door,  
Two shadows on the floor,  
Moonlight, reveal no more,  
Susy and somebody.

Two, sitting side by side,  
Float with the ebbing tide,  
"Thus, dearest, may we glide  
Through life," says somebody.

Somewhere, somebody,  
Makes love to somebody,  
To-night.

ANONYMOUS.

### THE SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

MELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning ;  
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning ;  
Bent o'er the fire, her blind grandmother, sitting,  
Is croaning, and moaning, and drowsily knit-  
ting, —

"Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."

"'T is the ivy, dear mother, against the glass  
flapping."

"Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."

"'T is the sound, mother dear, of the summer  
wind dying."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,  
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's  
stirring ;

Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,  
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden  
singing.

"What's that noise that I hear at the window,  
I wonder?"

"'T is the little birds chirping the holly-bush  
under."

"What makes you be shoving and moving your  
stool on,  
And singing all wrong that old song of 'The  
Coolun'?"

There's a form at the casement, — the form of  
her true-love, —

And he whispers, with face bent, "I'm waiting  
for you, love ;

Get up on the stool, through the lattice step  
lightly,

We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shin-  
ing brightly."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,  
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's  
stirring ;  
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,  
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden,  
singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her  
fingers,  
Steals up from her seat, — longs to go, and yet  
lingers ;

A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grand-  
mother,  
Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with  
the other.

Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round ;  
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound ;  
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her  
The maid steps, — then leaps to the arms of her  
lover.

Slower — and slower — and slower the wheel  
swings ;

Lower — and lower — and lower the reel rings ;  
Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and  
moving,

Through the grove the young lovers by moon-  
light are roving.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

### A SPINSTER'S STINT.

SIX skeins and three, six skeins and three !  
Good mother, so you stinted me,  
And here they be, — ay, six and three !

Stop, busy wheel ! stop, noisy wheel !  
Long shadows down my chamber steal,  
And warn me to make haste and reel.

'T is done, — the spinning work complete,  
O heart of mine, what makes you beat  
So fast and sweet, so fast and sweet.

I must have wheat and pinks, to stick  
My hat from brim to ribbon, thick, —  
Slow hands of mine, be quick, be quick !

One, two, three stars along the skies  
Begin to wink their golden eyes, —  
I'll leave my thread all knots and ties.

O moon, so red ! O moon, so red !  
Sweetheart of night, go straight to bed ;  
Love's light will answer in your stead.

A-tiptoe, beckoning me, he stands, —  
Stop trembling, little foolish hands,  
And stop the bands, and stop the bands !

ALICE CARY.



## OTHELLO'S DEFENCE.

OTHELLO. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,

My very noble and approved good masters, —  
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
It is most true; true, I have married her:  
The very head and front of my offending  
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my  
speech,

And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace;  
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used  
Their dearest action in the tented field;  
And little of this great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;  
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,  
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious  
patience,

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver  
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what  
charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic, —  
For such proceeding I am charged withal, —  
I won his daughter.

BRABANTIO. A maiden never bold;  
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
Blushed at herself; and she — in spite of nature,  
Of years, of country, credit, everything, —  
To fall in love with what she feared to look on!  
It is a judgment maimed, and most imperfect,  
That will confess perfection so could err  
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven  
To find out practices of cunning hell,  
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,  
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,  
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,  
He wrought upon her.

OTH. I'll present  
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,  
And she in mine.  
Her father loved me; oft invited me;  
Still questioned me the story of my life,  
From year to year; — the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
That I have passed.  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
To th' very moment that he bade me tell it:  
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field;  
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly  
breach;  
Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,  
And portance in my travel's history:  
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads  
touch heaven,

It was my hint to speak, — such was the process;  
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear,  
Would Desdemona seriously incline:  
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;  
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,  
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,  
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
But not intently: I did consent;  
And often did beguile her of her tears,  
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,  
That my youth suffered. My story being done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:  
She swore, — in faith 't was strange, 't was pass-  
ing strange;

'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful:  
She wished she had not heard it, yet she wished  
That Heaven had made her such a man: she  
thanked me;

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,  
I should teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:  
She loved me for the dangers I had passed;  
And I loved her that she did pity them.  
This only is the witchcraft I have used:  
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

*Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.*

DUKE. I think this tale would win my daughter too. —

Good Brabantio,  
Take up this mangled matter at the best:  
Men do their broken weapons rather use,  
Than their bare hands.

BRA. I pray you hear her speak:  
If she confess that she was half the wooer,  
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame  
Light on the man! — Come hither, gentle mistress:  
Do you perceive in all this noble company,  
Where most you owe obedience?

DES. My noble father,  
I do perceive here a divided duty:  
To you I am bound for life and education;  
My life and education both do learn me  
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,  
I am hitherto your daughter: but here's my  
husband;  
And so much duty as my mother showed  
To you, preferring you before her father,  
So much I challenge that I may profess  
Due to the Moor my lord.

BRA. God be with you! — I have done.

SHAKESPEARE.

## THE GARDEN SCENE.

FROM "ROMEO AND JULIET."

ROMEO. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

(JULIET appears above, at a window.)

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—

It is my lady; O, it is my love!

O that she knew she were!—

She speaks, yet she says nothing: What of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—

I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright,

That birds would sing, and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET.

Ah me!

ROM.

She speaks:—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art

As is glorious to this night, being o'er my head,

As is a winged messenger of heaven

Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes

Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,

When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,

And sails upon the bosom of the air.

JUL. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name;

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,

And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROM. [*Aside.*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JUL. 'T is but thy name, that is my enemy;—  
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.

What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part

Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!

What's in a name? that which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet;

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes,  
Without that title.—Romeo, doff thy name;  
And for that name, which is no part of thee,  
Take all myself.

ROM. I take thee at thy word:

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;

Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JUL. What man art thou, that, thus bescreened  
in night,

So stumblest on my counsel?

ROM. By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am:

My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,

Because it is an enemy to thee:

Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JUL. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred  
words

Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:  
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

ROM. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

JUL. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and  
wherefore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;

And the place death, considering who thou art,

If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROM. With love's light wings did I o'erperch  
these walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out:

And what love can do, that dares love attempt;  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

JUL. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROM. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,  
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but  
sweet,

And I am proof against their enmity.

JUL. I would not for the world they saw thee  
here.

ROM. I have night's cloak to hide me from  
their sight;

And, but thou love me, let them find me here:

My life were better ended by their hate,

Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

JUL. By whose direction found'st thou out  
this place?

ROM. By love, who first did prompt me to  
inquire:

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far

As that vast shore washed with the farthest sea,  
I would adventure for such merchandise.

JUL. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my  
face;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,

For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny

What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!

Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say, Ay;

And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,

Thou mayst prove false : at lover's perjuries,  
 They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,  
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :  
 Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
 I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,  
 So thou wilt woo ; but, else, not for the world.  
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;  
 And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior light :  
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.  
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
 But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,  
 My true love's passion : therefore, pardon me ;  
 And not impute this yielding to light love,  
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

ROM. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,  
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops —

JUL. O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant  
 moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROM. What shall I swear by ?

JUL. Do not swear at all ;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
 Which is the god of my idolatry,  
 And I'll believe thee.

ROM. If my heart's dear love —

JUL. Well, do not swear : although I joy in thee,  
 I have no joy of this contract to-night :  
 It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden ;  
 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,  
 Ere one can say, It lightens. Sweet, good night !  
 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,  
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.  
 Good night, good night ! as sweet repose and rest  
 Come to thy heart as that within my breast !

ROM. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?

JUL. What satisfaction canst thou have to-  
 night ?

ROM. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow  
 for mine.

JUL. I gave thee mine before thou didst re-  
 quest it :

And yet I would it were to give again.

ROM. Wouldst thou withdraw it ? for what  
 purpose, love ?

JUL. But to be frank, and give it thee again.  
 And yet I wish but for the thing I have :  
 My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
 My love is deep ; the more I give to thee,  
 The more I have, for both are infinite.

[NURSE calls within.]

I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu ! —  
 Anon, good nurse ! — Sweet Montague, be true.  
 Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit above.]

ROM. O blesséd, blesséd night ! I am afeard,  
 Being in night, all this is but a dream,  
 Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

(Re-enter JULIET, above.)

JUL. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night,  
 indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honorable,  
 Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow  
 By one that I'll procure to come to thee,  
 Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite ;  
 And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,  
 And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

NURSE. [Within.] Madam !

JUL. I come anon : — But if thou mean'st not  
 well,

I do beseech thee, —

NURSE. [Within.] Madam !

JUL. By and by ; I come : —

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief :  
 To-morrow will I send.

ROM. So thrive my soul, —

JUL. A thousand times good night ! [Exit above.]

ROM. A thousand times the worse, to want  
 thy light : —

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their  
 books ;

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.  
 [Retiring.]

(Re-enter JULIET, above.)

JUL. Hist ! Romeo, hist ! — O, for a falconer's  
 voice,

To lure this tereel-gentle back again !  
 Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;  
 Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,  
 And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine  
 With repetition of my Romeo's name.

ROM. It is my soul, that calls upon my name :  
 How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
 Like softest music to attending ears !

JUL. Romeo !

ROM. My dear !

JUL. At what o'clock to-morrow  
 Shall I send to thee ?

ROM. At the hour of nine.

JUL. I will not fail : 't is twenty years till then.  
 I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROM. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JUL. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,  
 Remembering how I love thy company.

ROM. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,  
 Forgetting any other home but this.

JUL. 'T is almost morning ; I would have thee  
 gone :

And yet no farther than a wanton's bird ;

Who lets it hop a little from her hand,  
 Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,  
 And with a silk thread plucks it back again,  
 So loving-jealous of his liberty.

ROM. I would I were thy bird.

JUL. Sweet, so would I :

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

Good night, good night! parting is such sweet  
sorrow,

That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.

[*Exit above.*]

ROM. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in  
thy breast!—

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!  
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,  
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

SHAKESPEARE.

### THE COURTIN'.

GOD makes sech nights, all white an' still  
Fur 'z you can look or listen.  
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,  
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown  
An' peeked in thru' the winder,  
An' there sot Huldy all alone,  
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side  
With half a cord o' wood in—  
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)  
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out  
Towards the pootiest, bless her,  
An' leetle flames danced all about  
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,  
An' in amongst 'em rusted  
The ole queen's arm thet gran'ther Young  
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,  
Seemed warm from floor to ceiling,  
An' she looked full ez rosy agin  
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look  
On sech a blessed cretur,  
A dogrose blushin' to a brook  
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A I,  
Clean grit an' human natur';  
None could n't quicker pitch a ton  
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,  
Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,  
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—  
All is, he could n't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run  
All crinkly like curled maple,

The side she breshed felt full o' sun  
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing  
Ez him in the choir;  
My! when he made Ole Hundred ring,  
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,  
When her new meetin'-bunnet  
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair  
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*  
She seemed to 've gut a new soul,  
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,  
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' *knowed* it tu,  
A-raspin' on the scraper,—  
All ways to once her feelin's flew  
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'iterated on the mat,  
Some doubtfle o' the sekle,  
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,  
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk  
Ez though she wished him furrer,  
An' on her apples kep' to work,  
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"  
"Wal . . . no . . . I come dasignin'"—  
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es  
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,  
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';  
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*  
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,  
Then stood a spell on t' other,  
An' on which one he felt the wust  
He could n't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin";  
Says she, "Think likely, Mister";  
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,  
An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,  
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,  
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips  
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind  
Whose naturs never vary,  
Like streams that keep a summer miind'  
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued  
 Too tight for all expressin',  
 Tell mother see how metters stood,  
 And gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide  
 Down to the Bay o' Fundy,  
 An' all I know is they was cried  
 In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

### THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

THE laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,  
 His mind is ta'en up with the things o' the state;  
 He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,  
 But favor wi' wootin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,  
 At his table-head he thought she'd look well;  
 M'Lish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,  
 A penniless lass wi' a lang pedegree.

His wig was weel pouthered, and as gude as new;  
 His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;  
 He put on a ring, a sword, and cocked hat,  
 And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the gray mare, and rade cannily —  
 And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee:  
 "Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,  
 She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine:  
 "And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"  
 She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,  
 Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low,  
 And what was his errand he soon let her know;  
 Amazed was the Laird when the lady said "Na";  
 And wi' a laigh curtesy she turned awa'.

Dumbfoundered he was — nae sigh did he gie;  
 He mounted his mare — he rade cannily;  
 And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,  
 She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

And now that the Laird his exit had made,  
 Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;  
 "Oh! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten,  
 I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Next time that the Laird and the lady were seen,  
 They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green.

Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen —  
 But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.

LADY NAIRN.

### THE LITTLE MILLINER.

MY girl hath violet eyes and yellow hair,  
 A soft hand, like a lady's, small and fair,  
 A sweet face pouting in a white straw bonnet,  
 A tiny foot, and little boot upon it;  
 And all her finery to charm beholders  
 Is the gray shawl drawn tight around her shoulders,  
 The plain stuff-gown and collar white as snow,  
 And sweet red petticoat that peeps below.  
 But gladly in the busy town goes she,  
 Summer and winter, fearing nobodie;  
 She pats the pavement with her fairy feet,  
 With fearless eyes she charms the crowded street;  
 And in her pocket lie, in lieu of gold,  
 A lucky sixpence and a thimble old.

We lodged in the same house a year ago:  
 She on the topmost floor, I just below, —  
 She, a poor milliner, content and wise,  
 I, a poor city clerk, with hopes to rise;  
 And, long ere we were friends, I learnt to love  
 The little angel on the floor above.  
 For, every morn, ere from my bed I stirred,  
 Her chamber door would open, and I heard, —  
 And listened, blushing, to her coming down,  
 And palpitated with her rustling-gown,  
 And tingled while her foot went downward slow,  
 Creaked like a cricket, passed, and died below;  
 Then peeping from the window, pleased and sly,  
 I saw the pretty shining face go by,  
 Healthy and rosy, fresh from slumber sweet, —  
 A sunbeam in the quiet morning street.

And every night, when in from work she tript,  
 Red to the ears I from my chamber slipt,  
 That I might hear upon the narrow stair  
 Her low "Good evening," as she passed me there.  
 And when her door was closed, below sat I,  
 And hearkened stilly as she stirred on high, —  
 Watched the red firelight shadows in the room,  
 Fashioned her face before me in the gloom,  
 And heard her close the window, lock the door,  
 Moving about more lightly than before,  
 And thought, "She is undressing now!" and O,  
 My cheeks were hot, my heart was in a glow!  
 And I made pictures of her, — standing bright  
 Before the looking-glass in bed-gown white,  
 Unbinding in a knot her yellow hair,  
 Then kneeling timidly to say a prayer;  
 Till, last, the floor creaked softly overhead,  
 'Neath bare feet tripping to the little bed, —  
 And all was hushed. Yet still I hearkened on,  
 Till the faint sounds about the streets were gone;  
 And saw her slumbering with lips apart,  
 One little hand upon her little heart,  
 The other pillowing a face that smiled  
 In slumber like the slumber of a child,  
 The bright hair shining round the small white ear,

The soft breath stealing visible and clear,  
And mixing with the moon's, whose frosty gleam  
Made round her rest a vaporous light of dream.

How free she wandered in the wicked place,  
Protected only by her gentle face!  
She saw bad things—how could she choose but  
see?—

She heard of wantonness and misery;  
The city closed around her night and day,  
But lightly, happily, she went her way.  
Nothing of evil that she saw or heard  
Could touch a heart so innocently stirred,—  
By simple hopes that cheered it through the storm,  
And little flutterings that kept it warm.  
No power had she to reason out her needs,  
To give the whence and wherefore of her deeds;  
But she was good and pure amid the strife,  
By virtue of the joy that was her life.  
Here, where a thousand spirits daily fall,  
Where heart and soul and senses turn to gall,  
She floated, pure as innocent could be,  
Like a small sea-bird on a stormy sea,  
Which breasts the billows, wafted to and fro,  
Fearless, uninjured, while the strong winds blow,  
While the clouds gather, and the waters roar,  
And mighty ships are broken on the shore.

'T was when the spring was coming, when the  
snow

Had melted, and fresh winds began to blow,  
And girls were selling violets in the town,  
That suddenly a fever struck me down.  
The world was changed, the sense of life was pained,  
And nothing but a shadow-land remained;  
Death came in a dark mist and looked at me,  
I felt his breathing, though I could not see,  
But heavily I lay and did not stir,  
And had strange images and dreams of her.  
Then came a vacancy: with feeble breath,  
I shivered under the cold touch of Death,  
And swooned among strange visions of the dead,  
When a voice called from heaven, and he fled;  
And suddenly I wakened, as it seemed,  
From a deep sleep wherein I had not dreamed.

And it was night, and I could see and hear,  
And I was in the room I held so dear,  
And unaware, stretched out upon my bed,  
I hearkened for a footstep overhead.

But all was hushed. I looked around the room,  
And slowly made out shapes amid the gloom.  
The wall was reddened by a rosy light,  
A faint fire flickered, and I knew 't was night,  
Because below there was a sound of feet  
Dying away along the quiet street,—  
When, turning my pale face and sighing low,  
I saw a vision in the quiet glow:

A little figure, in a cotton gown,  
Looking upon the fire and stooping down,  
Her side to me, her face illumed, she eyed  
Two chestnuts burning slowly, side by side,—  
Her lips apart, her clear eyes strained to see,  
Her little hands clasped tight around her knee,  
The firelight gleaming on her golden head,  
And tinting her white neck to rosy red,  
Her features bright, and beautiful, and pure,  
With childish fear and yearning half demure.

O sweet, sweet dream! I thought, and strained  
mine eyes,

Fearing to break the spell with words and sighs.

Softly she stooped, her dear face sweetly fair,  
And sweeter since a light like love was there,  
Brightening, watching, more and more elate,  
As the nuts glowed together in the grate,  
Crackling with little jets of fiery light,  
Till side by side they turned to ashes white,—  
Then up she leapt, her face cast off its fear  
For rapture that itself was radiance clear,  
And would have clapped her little hands in glee,  
But, pausing, bit her lips and peeped at me,  
And met the face that yearned on her so whitely,  
And gave a cry and trembled, blushing brightly,  
While, raised on elbow, as she turned to flee,  
"Polly!" I cried, — and grew as red as she!

It was no dream! for soon my thoughts were  
clear,

And she could tell me all, and I could hear:  
How in my sickness friendless I had lain,  
How the hard people pitied not my pain;  
How, in despite of what bad people said,  
She left her labors, stopped beside my bed,  
And nursed me, thinking sadly I would die;  
How, in the end, the danger passed me by;  
How she had sought to steal away before  
The sickness passed, and I was strong once more.  
By fits she told the story in mine ear,  
And troubled all the telling with a fear  
Lest by my cold man's heart she should be chid,  
Lest I should think her bold in what she did;  
But, lying on my bed, I dared to say,  
How I had watched and loved her many a day,  
How dear she was to me, and dearer still  
For that strange kindness done while I was ill,  
And how I could but think that Heaven above  
Had done it all to bind our lives in love.  
And Polly cried, turning her face away,  
And seemed afraid, and answered "yea" nor  
"nay";

Then stealing close, with little pants and sighs,  
Looked on my pale thin face and earnest eyes,  
And seemed in act to fling her arms about  
My neck, then, blushing, paused, in fluttering  
doubt,

Last, sprang upon my heart, sighing and sobbing, —

That I might feel how gladly hers was throbbing !

Ah ! ne'er shall I forget until I die  
How happily the dreamy days went by,  
While I grew well, and lay with soft heart-beats,  
Heark'ning the pleasant murmur from the streets,  
And Polly by me like a sunny beam,  
And life all changed, and love a drowsy dream !  
'T was happiness enough to lie and see  
The little golden head bent droopingly  
Over its sewing, while the still time flew,  
And my fond eyes were dim with happy dew !  
And then, when I was nearly well and strong,  
And she went back to labor all day long,  
How sweet to lie alone with half-shut eyes,  
And hear the distant murmurs and the cries,  
And think how pure she was from pain and  
sin, —

And how the summer days were coming in !  
Then, as the sunset faded from the room,  
To listen for her footstep in the gloom,  
To pant as it came stealing up the stair,  
To feel my whole life brighten unaware  
When the soft tap came to the door, and when  
The door was opened for her smile again !  
Best, the long evenings !—when, till late at night,  
She sat beside me in the quiet light,  
And happy things were said and kisses won,  
And serious gladness found its vent in fun.  
Sometimes I would draw close her shining head,  
And pour her bright hair out upon the bed,  
And she would laugh, and blush, and try to scold,  
While "Here," I cried, "I count my wealth in  
gold !"

Once, like a little sinner for transgression,  
She blushed upon my breast, and made confession :  
How, when that night I woke and looked around,  
I found her busy with a charm profound, —  
One chestnut was herself, my girl confessed,  
The other was the person she loved best.  
And if they burned together side by side,  
He loved her, and she would become his bride ;  
And burn indeed they did, to her delight, —  
And had the pretty charm not proven right ?  
Thus much, and more, with timorous joy, she  
said,

While her confessor, too, grew rosy red, —  
And close together pressed two blissful faces,  
As I absolved the sinner, with embraces.

And here is winter come again, winds blow,  
The houses and the streets are white with snow ;  
And in the long and pleasant eventide,  
Why, what is Polly making at my side ?  
What but a silk gown, beautiful and grand,  
We bought together lately in the Strand !

What but a dress to go to church in soon,  
And wear right queenly 'neath a honey-moon !  
And who shall match her with her new straw  
bonnet,

Her tiny foot and little boot upon it,  
Embroidered petticoat and silk gown new,  
And shawl she wears as few fine ladies do ?  
And she will keep, to charm away all ill,  
The lucky sixpence in her pocket still ;  
And we will turn, come fair or cloudy weather,  
To ashes, like the chestnuts, close together !

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

### WIDOW MALONE.

DID you hear of the Widow Malone,  
Ohone !  
Who lived in the town of Athlone,  
Alone !

O, she melted the hearts  
Of the swains in them parts :  
So lovely the Widow Malone,  
Ohone !  
So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score,  
Or more,  
And fortunes they all had galore,  
In store ;  
From the minister down  
To the clerk of the Crown  
All were courting the Widow Malone,  
Ohone !  
All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone,  
'T was known  
That no one could see her alone,  
Ohone !

Let them ogle and sigh,  
They could ne'er catch her eye,  
So bashful the Widow Malone,  
Ohone !  
So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Misther O'Brien, from Clare,  
(How quare !  
It's little for blushing they care  
Down there.)

Put his arm round her waist, —  
Gave ten kisses at laste, —  
"O," says he, "you're my Molly Malone,  
My own !

O," says he, "you're my Molly Malone !"  
And the widow they all thought so shy,  
My eye !  
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh, —  
For why ?

But, "Lucius," says she,  
 "Since you've now made so free,  
 You may marry your Mary Malone,  
 Ohone!  
 You may marry your Mary Malone."

There's a moral contained in my song,  
 Not wrong;  
 And one comfort, it's not very long,  
 But strong,—

If for widows you die,  
 Learn to kiss, not to sigh;  
 For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,  
 Ohone!

O, they're all like sweet Mistress Malone!  
 CHARLES LEVHR.

### JWOHNNY, GIT OOT!

CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

"GIT oot wid the', Jwohunny, — thou's no' but  
 a fash;  
 Thou'll come till thou raises a desperate clash.  
 Thou's here every day, just to put yan aboot;  
 An' thou moiders yan terribly, — Jwohunny, git  
 oot!

"What says t'é? I's bonnie? Whey! that's  
 nowte 'at's new.  
 Thou's wantin' a sweetheart? Thou's had a gay  
 few!  
 An' thou's cheatit them, yan efter t'udder, nëa  
 doobt;  
 But I's nüt to be cheatit sàa, — Jwohunny, git  
 oot!

"There's planty o' lads, i' beàth Lamplugh an'  
 Dean,  
 As yabble as thee, an' as weel to be seen;  
 An' I med tak my pick amang o' there aboot:  
 Does t'é think I'd have thee, than? Hut!  
 Jwohunny, git oot!

"What? Nüt yan amang them 'at likes mé sae  
 weel?  
 Whey, min, — there's Dick Walker an' Jona-  
 than Peel  
 'At ola's foorsett mé i' t' lonnings aboot;  
 An' beàth want to sweetheart mé, — Jwohunny,  
 git oot!

"What? Thou *will* hev a kiss? — Ah! but  
 tak 't if thou dār!  
 I tell the' I'll squeel, if thou tries to cū' nār.  
 Tak care o' my collar! — thou byspel, I'll shoot!  
 Nay, thou *sha' n't* hev anudder! — Noo, Jwoh-  
 nny, git oot!

"Git oot wid the', Jwohunny! — thou's tewt me  
 reet sair;  
 Thou's brocken my comb, an' thou's toozelt my  
 hair.

I will n't be kisst, thou unmannerly loot!  
 Was t'ere iver sec impidence? Jwohunny, git oot!

"Git oot wid the', Jwohunny! — I tell the' be  
 dehn:  
 Does t'é think I'll tak' up wid Ann Dixon's  
 oald sheun?

Thou ma' gā' till Ann Dixon, an' pu' her aboot;  
 But thou s'all n't pu' me, sàa, — Jwohunny, git  
 oot!"

Well! that's sent him off, — an' I'm sorry it  
 hes;  
 He med ken 'at yan niver means hoof 'at yan  
 says.

He's a reet canny fellow, however I float,  
 An' it's growin' o' wark to say "Jwohunny, git  
 oot!"

ANONYMOUS.

### DUNCAN GRAY CAM' HERE TO WOO.

DUNCAN Gray cam' here to woo —

Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

On blythe Yule night when we were fu' —

Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

Maggie coost her head fu' high,

Looked asklent and unco skeigh,

Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh —

Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

Duncan fleechd and Duncan prayed —

Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

Meg was deaf as Ailsa craig —

Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

Duncan sighed haith out and in,

Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',

Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn —

Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

Time and chance are but a tide —

Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

Slighted love is sair to bide —

Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,

For a hanghty hizzie dee?

She may gae to — France for me!

Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

How it comes let doctors tell —

Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

Meg grew sick as he grew heal —

Ha, ha! the wooing o't!

Something in her bosom wrings, —

For relief a sigh she brings;

And O, her een they speak sic things!

Ha, ha! the wooing o't!



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

ROBERT BURNS.

## RORY O'MORE ;

OR, GOOD OMENS.

## I.

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn ;  
 He was bold as the hawk, and she soft as the dawn ;  
 He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,  
 And he thought the best way to do that was to  
 tease.

"Now, Rory, be aisly," sweet Kathleen would cry,  
 Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye ;  
 "With your tricks, I don't know, in throth, what  
 I'm about ;  
 Faith you've teased till I've put on my cloak  
 inside out."

"Och ! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way  
 You've thrated my heart for this many a day ;  
 And 't is plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure ?  
 For 't is all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

## II.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of  
 the like,  
 For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike ;  
 The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be  
 bound" —

"Faith !" says Rory, "I'd rather love you than  
 the ground."

"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go :  
 Sure I dream ev'ry night that I'm hating you  
 so !"

"Och !" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to  
 hear,  
 For dhrames always go by contraries, my dear.  
 Och ! jewel, keep dhraming that same till you  
 die,  
 And bright morning will give dirty night the black  
 lie !

And 't is plazed that I am, and why not, to be  
 sure ?  
 Since 't is all for good luck," says bold Rory  
 O'More.

## III.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me  
 enough ;  
 Sure, I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes  
 and Jim Duff ;

And I've made myself, drinking your health,  
 quite a baste,  
 So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest."  
 Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her  
 neck,  
 So soft and so white, without freckle or speck ;  
 And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming  
 with light,  
 And he kissed her sweet lips — Don't you think  
 he was right ?  
 "Now Rory, leave off, sir — you'll hug me no  
 more, —  
 That's eight times to-day you have kissed me  
 before."  
 "Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,  
 For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory  
 O'More.

SAMUEL LOVER.

## KISSING HER HAIR.

KISSING her hair, I sat against her feet :  
 Wove and unwove it, — wound, and found it sweet ;  
 Made fast therewith her hands, drew down her eyes,  
 Deep as deep flowers, and dreamy like dim skies ;  
 With her own tresses bound, and found her fair, —  
 Kissing her hair.

Sleep were no sweeter than her face to me, —  
 Sleep of cold sea-bloom under the cold sea :  
 What pain could get between my face and hers ?  
 What new sweet thing would Love not relish worse ?  
 Unless, perhaps, white Death had kissed me  
 there, —

Kissing her hair.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

## WHEN THE SULTAN GOES TO ISPAHAN.

WHEN the Sultan Shah-Zaman  
 Goes to the city Ispahan,  
 Even before he gets so far  
 As the place where the clustered palm-trees are,  
 At the last of the thirty palace-gates,  
 The Pet of the Harem, *Rose in Bloom*,  
 Orders a feast in his favorite room, —  
 Glittering squares of colored ice,  
 Sweetened with syrups, tinctured with spice ;  
 Creams, and cordials, and sugared dates ;  
 Syrian apples, Othmanee quinces,  
 Limes, and citrons, and apricots ;  
 And wines that are known to Eastern princes.  
 And Nubian slaves, with smoking pots  
 Of spiced meats, and costliest fish,  
 And all that the curious palate could wish,  
 Pass in and out of the cedarn doors.

Scattered over mosaic floors  
 Are anemones, myrtles, and violets ;  
 And a musical fountain throws its jets  
 Of a hundred colors into the air.  
 The dark sultana loosens her hair,  
 And stains with the henna plant the tips  
 Of her pearly nails, and bites her lips  
 Till they bloom again ; but alas, that rose  
 Not for the Sultan buds and blows !  
*Not for the Sultan Shah-Zaman  
 When he goes to the city Ispahan.*

Then at a wave of her sunny hand,  
 The dancing girls of Samarcand  
 Float in like mists from Fairy-land !  
 And to the low voluptuous swoons  
 Of music, rise and fall the moons  
 Of their full brown bosoms. Orient blood  
 Runs in their veins, shines in their eyes ;  
 And there in this Eastern paradise,  
 Filled with the fumes of sandal-wood,  
 And Khoten musk, and aloes, and myrrh,  
 Sits *Rose in Bloom* on a silk divan,  
 Sipping the wines of Astrackhan ;  
 And her Arab lover sits with her.  
*That's when the Sultan Shah-Zaman  
 Goes to the city Ispahan.*

Now, when I see an extra light  
 Flaming, flickering on the night,  
 From my neighbor's casement opposite,  
 I know as well as I know to pray,  
 I know as well as a tongue can say,  
*That the innocent Sultan Shah-Zaman  
 Has gone to the city Ispahan.*

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

### BONNIE WEE THING.

BONNIE wee thing ! cannie wee thing !  
 Lovely wee thing ! weft thou mine,  
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,  
 Lest my jewel I should tine.  
 Wishfully I look, and languish,  
 In that bonnie face o' thine ;  
 And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,  
 Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit and grace, and love and beauty,  
 In æ constellation shine ;  
 To adore thee is my duty,  
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine !  
 Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,  
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,  
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,  
 Lest my jewel I should tine.

ROBERT BURNS.

### THE LUTE-PLAYER.

FROM "HASSAN BEN KHALED."

" 'MUSIC !' they shouted, echoing my demand,  
 And answered with a beckon of his hand  
 The gracious host, whereat a maiden, fair  
 As the last star that leaves the morning air,  
 Came down the leafy paths. Her veil revealed  
 The beauty of her face, which, half concealed  
 Behind its thin blue folds, showed like the moon  
 Behind a cloud that will forsake it soon.  
 Her hair was braided darkness, but the glance  
 Of lightning eyes shot from her countenance,  
 And showed her neck, that like an ivory tower  
 Rose o'er the twin domes of her marble breast.  
 Were all the beauty of this age compressed  
 Into one form, she would transcend its power.  
 Her step was lighter than the young gazelle's,  
 And as she walked, her anklet's golden bells  
 Tinkled with pleasure, but were quickly mute  
 With jealousy, as from a case she drew  
 With snowy hands the pieces of her lute,  
 And took her seat before me. As it grew  
 To perfect shape, her lovely arms she bent  
 Around the neck of the sweet instrument,  
 Till from her soft caresses it awoke  
 To consciousness, and thus its rapture spoke :  
 ' I was a tree within an Indian vale,  
 When first I heard the love-sick nightingale  
 Declare his passion ; every leaf was stirred  
 With the melodious sorrow of the bird,  
 And when he ceased, the song remained with me.  
 Men came anon, and felled the harmless tree,  
 But from the memory of the songs I heard,  
 The spoiler saved me from the destiny  
 Whereby my brethren perished. O'er the sea  
 I came, and from its loud, tumultuous moan  
 I caught a soft and solemn undertone ;  
 And when I grew beneath the maker's hand  
 To what thou seest, he sang (the while he planned)  
 The mirthful measures of a careless heart,  
 And of my soul his songs became a part.  
 Now they have laid my head upon a breast  
 Whiter than marble, I am wholly blest.  
 The fair hands smite me, and my strings com-  
 plain  
 With such melodious cries, they smite again,  
 Until, with passion and with sorrow swayed,  
 My torment moves the bosom of the maid,  
 Who hears it speak her own. I am the voice  
 Whereby the lovers languish or rejoice ;  
 And they caress me, knowing that my strain  
 Alone can speak the language of their pain.'

" Here ceased the fingers of the maid to stray  
 Over the strings ; the sweet song died away  
 In mellow, drowsy murmurs, and the lute  
 Leaned on her fairest bosom, and was mute.

Better than wine that music was to me ;  
Not the lute only felt her hands, but she  
Played on my heart-strings, till the sounds be-  
came

Incarnate in the pulses of my frame.  
Speech left my tongue, and in my tears alone  
Found utterance. With stretched arms I im-  
plored

Continuance, whereat her fingers poured  
A tenderer music, answering the tone  
Her parted lips released, the while her throat  
Throbb'd, as a heavenly bird were fluttering  
there,

And gave her voice the wonder of his note.  
'His brow,' she sang, 'is white beneath his  
hair ;

The fertile beard is soft upon his chin,  
Shading the mouth that nestles warm within,  
As a rose nestles in its leaves ; I see  
His eyes, but cannot tell what hue they be,  
For the sharp eyelash, like a sabre, speaks  
The martial law of Passion ; in his cheeks  
The quick blood mounts, and then as quickly  
goes,

Leaving a tint like marble when a rose  
Is held beside it ; — bid him veil his eyes,  
Lest all my soul should unto mine arise,  
And he behold it !' As she sang, her glance  
Dwelt on my face ; her beauty, like a lance,  
Transfixed my heart. I melted into sighs,  
Slain by the arrows of her beautiful eyes.

'Why is her bosom made' (I cried) 'a snare ?  
Why does a single ringlet of her hair  
Hold my heart captive ?' 'Would you know ?'  
she said ;

'It is that you are mad with love, and chains  
Were made for madmen.' Then she raised her  
head

With answering love, that led to other strains,  
Until the lute, which shared with her the  
smart,

Rocked as in storm upon her beating heart.  
Thus to its wires she made impassioned cries :  
'I swear it by the brightness of his eyes ;  
I swear it by the darkness of his hair ;  
By the warm bloom his limbs and bosom wear ;  
By the fresh pearls his rosy lips enclose ;  
By the calm majesty of his repose ;  
By smiles I coveted, and frowns I feared,  
And by the shooting myrtles of his beard, —  
I swear it, that from him the morning drew  
Its freshness, and the moon her silvery hue,  
The sun his brightness, and the stars their  
fire,

And musk and camphor all their odorous breath :  
And if he answer not my love's desire,  
Day will be night to me, and Life be Death !'

BAYARD TAYLOR.

## I ARISE FROM DREAMS OF THEE.

SERENADE.

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

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

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

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

## HER SHADOW.

BENDING between me and the taper,  
While o'er the harp her white hands strayed,  
The shadows of her waving tresses  
Above my hand were gently swayed.

With every graceful movement waving,  
I marked their undulating swell ;  
I watched them while they met and parted,  
Curled close or widened, rose or fell.

I laughed in triumph and in pleasure —  
So strange the sport, so undesigned !  
Her mother turned and asked me, gravely,  
"What thought was passing through my mind ?"

'Tis Love that blinds the eyes of mothers ;  
'Tis Love that makes the young maids fair !  
She touched my hand ; my rings she counted ;  
Yet never felt the shadows there.

Keep, gamesome Love, beloved Infant,  
Keep ever thus all mothers blind ;  
And make thy dedicated virgins,  
In substance as in shadow, kind !

AUDREY DE VÈRE.

## SMILE AND NEVER HEED ME.

THOUGH, when other maids stand by,  
I may deign thee no reply,  
Turn not then away, and sigh, —  
Smile, and never heed me !  
If our love, indeed, be such  
As must thrill at every touch,  
Why should others learn as much ? —  
Smile, and never heed me !

Even if, with maiden pride,  
I should bid thee quit my side,  
Take this lesson for thy guide, —  
Smile, and never heed me !  
But when stars and twilight meet,  
And the dew is falling sweet,  
And thou hear'st my coming feet, —  
Then — thou then — mayst heed me !

CHARLES SWAIN.

## SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand  
Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore  
Alone upon the threshold of my door  
Of individual life, I shall command  
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand  
Serenely in the sunshine as before,  
Without the sense of that which I forbore, . . .  
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land  
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine  
With pulses that beat double. What I do  
And what I dream include thee, as the wine  
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue  
God for myself, He hears that name of thine,  
And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

THE face of all the world is changed, I think,  
Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul  
Move still, O still, beside me, as they stole  
Betwixt me and the dreadful outer brink  
Of obvious death, where I, who thought to sink,  
Was caught up into love, and taught the whole  
Of life in a new rhythm. The cup of dole  
God gave for baptism, I am fain to drink,  
And praise its sweetness, Sweet, with thee anear.  
The names of country, heaven, are changed away  
For where thou art or shall be, there or here ;  
And this . . . this lute and song . . . loved yesterday,  
(The singing angels know) are only dear,  
Because thy name moves right in what they say.

INDEED this very love which is my boast,  
And which, when rising up from breast to brow,  
Doth crown me with a ruby large enow  
To draw men's eyes and prove the inner cost, . . .

This love even, all my worth, to the uttermost,  
I should not love withal, unless that thou  
Hadst set me an example, shown me how,  
When first thine earnest eyes with mine were  
crossed,  
And love called love. And thus, I cannot speak  
Of love even, as a good thing of my own.  
Thy soul hath snatched up mine all faint and weak,  
And placed it by thee on a golden throne, —  
And that I love (O soul, we must be meek !)  
Is by thee only, whom I love alone.

If thou must love me, let it be for naught  
Except for love's sake only. Do not say  
"I love her for her smile . . . her look . . . her way  
Of speaking gently, — for a trick of thought  
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought  
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day."  
For these things in themselves, beloved, may  
Be changed, or change for thee, — and love so  
wrought,

May be unwrought so. Neither love me for.  
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry, —  
A creature might forget to weep, who bore  
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby.  
But love me for love's sake, that evermore  
Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

I NEVER gave a lock of hair away  
To a man, Dearest, except this to thee,  
Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully  
I ring out to the full brown length and say  
"Take it." My day of youth went yesterday ;  
My hair no longer bounds to my foot's glee.  
Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle tree,  
As girls do, any more. It only may  
Now shade on two pale cheeks, the mark of tears,  
Taught drooping from the head that hangs aside  
Through sorrow's trick. I thought the funeral-  
shears

Would take this first, but Love is justified, —  
Take it thou, . . . finding pure, from all those years,  
The kiss my mother left here when she died.

THE soul's Rialto hath its merchandise ;  
I barter curl for curl upon that mart,  
And from my poet's forehead to my heart,  
Receive this lock which outweighs argosies, —  
As purely black, as erst, to Pindar's eyes,  
The dim purpleal tresses gloomed athwart  
The nine white Muse-brows. For this counterpart,  
Thy bay-crown's shade, Beloved, I surmise,  
Still lingers on thy curl, it is so black !  
Thus, with a fillet of smooth-kissing breath,  
I tie the shadow safe from gliding back,  
And lay the gift where nothing hindereth,  
Here on my heart, as on thy brow, to lack  
No natural heat till mine grows cold in death.

SAY over again, and yet once over again,  
That thou dost love me. Though the word re-  
peated  
Should seem "a cuckoo-song," as thou dost treat  
it,

Remember, never to the hill or plain,  
Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-strain,  
Comes the fresh spring in all her green completed.  
Beloved, I, amid the darkness greeted  
By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that doubt's pain  
Cry: "Speak once more — thou lovest!" Who  
can fear

Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll, —  
Too many flowers, though each shall crown the  
year?

Say thou dost love me, love me, love me, — toll  
The silver iterance! — only minding, dear,  
To love me also in silence, with thy soul.

Is it indeed so? If I lay here dead,  
Wouldst thou miss any life in losing mine?  
And would the sun for thee more coldly shine,  
Because of grave-damps falling round my head?  
I marvelled, my Belovéd, when I read  
Thy thought so in the letter. I am thine —  
But . . . so much to thee? Can I pour thy wine  
While my hands tremble? Then my soul, instead  
Of dreams of death, resumes life's lower range.  
Then, love me, Love! look on me . . . breathe on  
me!

As brighter ladies do not count it strange,  
For love, to give up acres and degree,  
I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange  
My nearsweet view of Heaven, for earth with thee!

My letters! all dead paper, . . . mute and white! —  
And yet they seem alive and quivering  
Against my tremulous hands which loose the string  
And let them drop down on my knee to-night.  
This said, . . . he wished to have me in his sight  
Once, as a friend: this fixed a day in spring  
To come and touch my hand . . . a simple thing,  
Yet I wept for it! this, . . . the paper's light . . .  
Said, *Dear, I love thee*; and I sank and quailed  
As if God's future thundered on my past.  
This said, *I am thine*, — and so its ink has parted  
With lying at my heart that beat too fast.  
And this . . . O Love, thy words have ill availed,  
If what this said, I dared repeat at last!

I THINK of thee! my thoughts do twine and bud  
About thee, as wild vines, about a tree,  
Put out broad leaves, and soon there's naught to see  
Except the straggling green which hides the wood.  
Yet, O my palm-tree, be it understood  
I will not have my thoughts instead of thee

Who art dearer, better! rather instantly  
Renew thy presence. As a strong tree should,  
Rustle thy boughs and set thy trunk all bare,  
And let these bands of greenery which insphere thee  
Drop heavily down, . . . burst, shattered, every-  
where!

Because, in this deep joy to see and hear thee  
And breathe within thy shadow a new air,  
I do not think of thee, — I am too near thee.

THE first time that the sun rose on thine oath  
To love me, I looked forward to the moon  
To slacken all those bonds which seemed too soon  
And quickly tied to make a lasting troth.  
Quick-loving hearts, I thought, may quickly  
loathe;

And, looking on myself, I seemed not one  
For such man's love! — more like an out of tune  
Worn viol, a good singer would be wroth  
To spoil his song with, and which, snatched in haste  
Is laid down at the first ill-sounding note.  
I did not wrong myself so, but I placed  
A wrong on *thee*. For perfect strains may float  
Neath master-hands, from instruments defaced, —  
And great souls, at one stroke, may do and doat.

FIRST time he kissed me, he but only kissed  
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;  
And, ever since, it grew more-clean and white,  
Slow to world-greetings, quick with its "O list!"  
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst  
I could not wear here, plainer to my sight  
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height  
The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,  
Half falling on the hair. O, beyond meed!  
That was the chrism of love, which love's own  
crown,

With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.  
The third upon my lips was folded down  
In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,  
I have been proud, and said, "My love, my own!"

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.  
I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints, — I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life! — and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

## BURD HELEN.

[“ This beautiful tale of woman’s love,” wrote Dr. Robert Chambers in 1829, — “ beautiful in the pathos of its simple and touching narrative, and equally beautiful in the pathos of its simple and touching language, was first published by Percy, as an English ballad, under the title of “ Child Waters.”]

LORD JOHN stood in his stable door,  
Said he was boun’ to ride ;  
Burd Helen stood in her bouir door,  
Said she ’d run by his side.

“ The corn is turning ripe, Lord John ;  
The nuts are growing fu’ :  
An’ ye are boun’ for your ain countrie ;  
Fain wad I go with you.”

“ Wi’ me, Helen ! wi’ me, Helen !  
What wad ye do wi’ me ?  
I’ve mair need o’ a little foot-page,  
Than of the like o’ thee.”

“ O, I will be your little foot-boy,  
To wait upon your steed ;  
And I will be your little foot-page,  
Your leish of hounds to lead.”

“ But my hounds will eat the breid o’ wheat,  
And ye the dust and bran ;  
Then will ye sit and sigh, Helen,  
That e’er ye lo’ed a man.”

“ O, your dogs may eat the gude wheat-breid,  
And I the dust and bran ;  
Yet will I sing and say, weel’s me,  
That e’er I lo’ed a man !”

“ O, better ye’d stay at hame, Helen,  
And sew your silver seam ;  
For my house is in the far Hielands,  
And ye’ll ha’e puir welcome hame.”

“ I winna stay, Lord John,” she said,  
“ To sew my silver seam ;  
Though your house is in the far Hielands,  
And I’ll ha’e puir welcome hame.”

“ Then if you’ll be my foot-page, Helen,  
As you tell unto me,  
Then you must cut your gown of green  
An inch abune your knees.”

“ So you must cut your yellow locks  
An inch abune your e’e ;  
You must tell no man what is my name :  
My foot-page then you’ll be.”

Then he has luppen\* on his white steed,  
And straight awa’ did ride ;  
Burd Helen, dressed in men’s array,  
She ran fast by his side.

\* Leapt.

And he was ne’er sae lack\* a knight,  
As ance wad bid her ride ;  
And she was ne’er sae mean a May,  
As ance wad bid him bide.

Lord John he rade, Burd Helen ran,  
A livelong summer-day ;  
Until they cam to Clyde-water,  
Was filled frae bank to brae.

“ Seest thou yon water, Helen,” said he,  
“ That flows from bank to brim ?”  
“ I trust to God, Lord John,” she said,  
“ You ne’er will see me swim !”

But he was ne’er sae lack a knight,  
As ance wad bid her ride ;  
Nor did he sae much as reach his hand,  
To help her ower the tide.

The firsten step that she wade in,  
She wadit to the knee ;  
“ Ochone, alas,” quo’ that ladye fair,  
“ This water’s no for me !”

The second step that she wade in,  
She steppit to the middle ;  
Then, sighing, said that fair ladye,  
“ I’ve wet my gowden girdle.”

The thirdeen step that she wade in,  
She steppit to the neck ;  
When that the bairn that she was wi’  
For cauld began to quake.

“ Lie still, my babe ; lie still, my babe ;  
Lie still as lang’s ye may ;  
Your father, that rides on horseback high,  
Cares little for us twae.”

And when she cam to the other side,  
She sat down on a stane ;  
Says, “ Them that made me, help me now ;  
For I am far frae hame !”

“ O, tell me this, now, good Lord John ;  
In pity tell to me ;  
How far is it to your lodging,  
Where we this nicht maan be ?”

“ O, dinna ye see yon castle, Helen,  
Stands on yon sunny lea ?  
There ye’se get ane o’ my mother’s men :  
Ye’se get nae mair o’ me.”

“ O, weel see I your bonnie castell  
Stands on yon sunny lea ;  
But I’ve hae name o’ your mother’s men,  
Though I never get mair o’ thee.”

\* Little.

"But there is in yon castle, Helen,  
That stands on yonder lea,  
There is a lady in yon castle,  
Will sinder\* you and me."

"I wish nae ill to that ladye,  
She comes na in my thoct :  
But I wish the maid maist o' your love,  
That dearest has you bocht."

When he cam to the porter's yett,†  
He tirl'd at the pin ;‡  
And wha sae ready as the bauld porter,  
To open and let him in ?

Many a lord and lady bright  
Met Lord John in the closs ;  
But the bonniest lady among them a'  
Was hauding Lord John's horse.

Four and twenty gay ladies  
Led him through bouir and ha' ;  
But the fairest lady that was there  
Led his horse to the sta'.

Then up bespak Lord John's sister ;  
These were the words spak she :  
"You have the prettiest foot-page, brother,  
My eyes did ever see —

"But that his middle is sae thick,  
His girdle sae wond'rous hie :  
Let him, I pray thee, good Lord John,  
To chamber go with me."

"It is not fit for a little foot-page,  
That has run through moss and mire,  
To go into chamber with any ladye  
That wears so rich attire.

"It were more meet for a little foot-page,  
That has run through moss and mire,  
To take his supper upon his knee,  
And sit down by the kitchen fire."

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
And a' men boun' to meat,  
Burd Helen was, at the bye-table, §  
Among the pages set.

"O, eat and drink, my bonnie boy,  
The white breid and the beer."  
"The never a bit can I eat or drink ;  
My heart 's sae fu' o' fear."

"O, eat and drink, my bonnie boy,  
The white breid and the wine."  
"O the never a bit can I eat or drink ;  
My heart 's sae fu' o' pyne." ||

\* Part. † Gate.  
‡ Opened the gate by turning the latch.  
§ Side-table. || Sorrow.

But out and spak Lord John his mother,  
And a skeely\* woman was she :  
"Where met ye, my son, wi' that bonnie boy,  
That looks sae sad on thee ?

"Sometimes his cheek is rosy red,  
And sometimes deidly wau :  
He 's liker a woman grit wi' child,  
Than a young lord's serving man."

"O, it maks me laugh, my mother dear,  
Sic words to hear frae thee ;  
He is a squire's ae dearest son,  
That for love has followed me.

"Rise up, rise up, my bonnie boy ;  
Gi'e my horse corn and hay."  
"O that I will, my master deir,  
As quickly as I may."

She took the hay aneath her arm,  
The corn intill her hand ;  
But atween the stable door and the sta'  
\*Burd Helen made a stand.

"O room ye round, my bonnie broun steids ;  
O room ye near the wa' ;  
For the pain that strikes through my twa sides,  
I fear, will gar me fa'."

She leaned her back again' the wa' ;  
Strong travail came her on ;  
And, e'en among the great horse' feet,  
She has brought forth her son.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
And a' men boun' for bed,  
Lord John's mother and sister gay  
In ae bouir they were laid.

Lord John hadna weel got aff his claes,  
Nor was he weel laid down,  
Till his mother heard a bairn greet,  
And a woman's heavy moan.

"Win up, win up, Lord John," she said ;  
"Seek neither stockings nor shoen :  
For I ha'e heard a bairn loud greet,  
And a woman's heavy moan !"

"Richt hastilie he rase him up,  
Socht neither hose nor shoen ;  
And he 's doen him to the stable door,  
By the lee licht o' the mune.

"O, open the door, Burd Helen," he said,  
"O, open and let me in ;  
I want to see if my steed bs fed,  
Or my greyhounds fit to rin."

\* Skilful.

"O lullaby, my own deir child!  
Lullaby, deir child, deir!  
I wold thy father were a king,  
Thy mother laid on a bier!"

"O, open the door, Burd Helen," he says,  
"O, open the door to me;  
Or, as my sword hangs by my gair,\*  
I'll gar it gang in three!"

"That never was my mother's custome,  
And I hope it's ne'er be mine;  
A knight into her companie,  
When she dries a' her pyne."

He hit the door then wi' his foot,  
Sae did he wi' his knee;  
Till door o' deal, and locks o' steel,  
In splinters he gart \* flee.

"An askin', an askin', Lord John," she says,  
"An askin' ye'll grant me;  
The meanest maid about your house,  
To bring a drink to me.

"An askin', an askin', my dear Lord John,  
An askin' ye'll grant me;  
The warsten bouir in a' your touirs,  
For thy young son and me!"

"I grant, I grant your askins, Helen,  
An' that and mair frae me;  
The very best bouir in a' my touirs,  
For my young son and thee.

"O, have thou comfort, fair Helen,  
Be of good cheer, I pray;  
And your bridal and your kirkng baith  
Shall stand upon ae day."

And he has ta'en her Burd Helen,  
And rowed her in the silk;  
And he has ta'en his ain young son,  
And washed him in the milk.

And there was ne'er a gayer bridegroom,  
Nor yet a blyther bride,  
As they, Lord John and Lady Helen,  
Neist day to kirk did ride.

ANONYMOUS.

### THE MISTRESS.

If he's capricious, she'll be so;  
But, if his duties constant are,  
She lets her loving favor glow  
As steady as a tropic star.  
Appears there naught for which to weep,

\* Side.

† Made or forced to.

She'll weep for naught for his dear sake;  
She clasps her sister in her sleep;  
Her love in dreams is most awake.  
Her soul, that once with pleasure shook  
Did any eyes her beauty own,  
Now wonders how they dare to look  
On what belongs to him alone.  
The indignity of taking gifts  
Exhilarates her loving breast;  
A rapture of submission lifts  
Her life into celestial rest.  
There's nothing left of what she was, —  
Back to the babe the woman dies;  
And all the wisdom that she has  
Is to love him for being wise.  
She's confident because she fears;  
And, though discreet when he's away,  
If none but her dear despot hears,  
She'll prattle like a child at play.  
Perchance, when all her praise is said,  
He tells the news, — a battle won —  
On either side ten thousand dead —  
Describing how the whole was done:  
She thinks, "He's looking on my face!  
I am his joy; whate'er I do,  
He sees such time-contenting grace  
In that, he'd have me always so!"  
And, evermore, for either's sake,  
To the sweet folly of the dove  
She joins the cunning of the snake,  
To rivet and exalt his love.  
Her mode of candor is deceit;  
And what she thinks from what she'll say,  
(Although I'll never call her cheat,)  
Lies far as Scotland from Cathay.  
Without his knowledge he was won, —  
Against his nature kept devout;  
She'll never tell him how 't was done,  
And he will never find it out.  
If, sudden, he suspects her wiles,  
And hears her forging chain and trap,  
And looks, — she sits in simple smiles,  
Her two hands lying in her lap!  
Her secret (privilege of the Bard,  
Whose fancy is of either sex)  
Is mine; but let the darkness guard  
Mysteries that light would more perplex.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

### BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,  
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,  
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,  
Like fairy-gifts fading away!



Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,  
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will,  
 And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart  
 Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,  
 And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,  
 That the fervor and faith of a soul may be known,  
 To which time will but make thee more dear !  
 O the heart that has truly loved never forgets,  
 But as truly loves on to the close,  
 As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets  
 The same look which she turned when he rose !  
 THOMAS MOORE ("Irish Melodies").

WERE I AS BASE AS IS THE LOWLY  
 PLAIN.

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

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

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

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

LOCHINVAR.

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the  
 best ;  
 And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had  
 none,  
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.  
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
 There never was knight like the young Lochin-  
 var.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for  
 stone,  
 He swam the Eske River where ford there was  
 none ;  
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,

The bride had consented, the gallant came late ;  
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,  
 Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers,  
 and all.

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his  
 sword  
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a  
 word),

"O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochin-  
 var !"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you de-  
 nied ; —  
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its  
 tide, —

And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,  
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine,  
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
 That would gladly be bride to the young Loch-  
 invar."

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it  
 up,  
 He quaffed off the wine, and threw down the cup.  
 She looked down to blush, and she looked up to  
 sigh,

With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.  
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could  
 bar, —

"Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, so lovely her face,  
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;  
 While her mother did fret, and her father did  
 fume,

And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet  
 and plume ;

And the bridemaids whispered, "T were bet-  
 ter by far

To have matched our fair cousin with young  
 Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
 When they reached the hall-door, and the charger  
 stood near ;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung ;  
 "She is won ! we are gone ! over bank, bush,  
 and scar ;

They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth  
 young Lochinvar.

There was mounting mong Grames of the Neth-  
 erby clan ;

Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode  
 and they ran ;

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.  
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochin-  
var ?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

FROM "THE DAY DREAM."

YEAR after year unto her feet,  
She lying on her couch alone,  
Across the purple coverlet,  
The maiden's jet-black hair has grown ;  
On either side her tracéd form  
Forth streaming from a braid of pearl ;  
The slumb'rous light is rich and warm,  
And moves not on the rounded curl.

The silk star-broidered coverlid  
Unto her limbs itself doth mould,  
Languidly ever ; and amid  
Her full black ringlets, downward rolled,  
Glow forth each softly shadowed arm,  
With bracelets of the diamond bright.  
Her constant beauty doth inform  
Stillness with love, and day with light.

She sleeps ; her breathings are not heard  
In palace chambers far apart.  
The fragrant tresses are not stirred  
That lie upon her charmed heart.  
She sleeps ; on either hand upswells  
The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest ;  
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells  
A perfect form in perfect rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### THE REVIVAL OF THE "SLEEPING BEAUTY."

FROM "THE DAY DREAM."

A TOUCH, a kiss ! the charm was snapt.  
There rose a noise of striking clocks ;  
And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,  
And barking dogs, and crowing cocks ;  
A fuller light illumined all ;  
A breeze through all the garden swept ;  
A sudden hubbub shook the hall ;  
And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,  
The butler drank, the steward scrawled,  
The fire shot up, the martin flew,  
The parrot screamed, the peacock squalled ;

The maid and page renewed their strife ;  
The palace banged, and buzzed and clackt ;  
And all the long-pent stream of life  
Dashed downward in a cataract.

And last of all the king awoke,  
And in his chair himself upreared,  
And yawned, and rubbed his face, and spoke :  
" By holy rood, a royal beard !  
How say you ? we have slept, my lords ;  
My beard has grown into my lap."  
The barons swore, with many words,  
"T was but an after-dinner's nap.

" Pardy ! " returned the king, " but still  
My joints are something stiff or so.  
My lord, and shall we pass the bill  
I mentioned half an hour ago ? "  
The chancellor, sedate and vain,  
In courteous words returned reply ;  
But dallied with his golden chain,  
And, smiling, put the question by.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### THE "SLEEPING BEAUTY" DEPARTS WITH HER LOVER.

FROM "THE DAY DREAM."

AND on her lover's arm she leant,  
And round her waist she felt it fold ;  
And far across the hills they went  
In that new world which is the old.  
Across the hills, and far away  
Beyond their utmost purple rim,  
And deep into the dying day,  
The happy princess followed him.

" I'd sleep another hundred years,  
O love, for such another kiss ! "  
" O wake forever, love," she hears,  
" O love, 't was such as this and this."  
And o'er them many a sliding star,  
And many a merry wind was borne,  
And, streamed through many a golden bar,  
The twilight melted into morn.

" O eyes long laid in happy sleep ! "  
" O happy sleep, that lightly fled ! "  
" O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep ! "  
" O love, thy kiss would wake the dead ! "  
And o'er them many a flowing range  
Of vapor buoyed the crescent bark ;  
And, rapt through many a rosy change,  
The twilight died into the dark.

" A hundred summers ! can it be ?  
And whither goest thou, tell me where ! "  
" O, seek my father's court with me,  
For there are greater wonders there.

And o'er the hills, and far away  
 Beyond their utmost purple rim,  
 Beyond the night, across the day,  
 Through all the world she followed him.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

I.

ST. AGNES' EVE, — ah, bitter chill it was  
 The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold ;  
 The hare limped trembling through the frozen  
 grass,  
 And silent was the flock in woolly fold :  
 Numb were the beadman's fingers while he told  
 His rosary, and while his frosted breath,  
 Like pious incense from a censer old,  
 Seemed taking flight for heaven without a death,  
 Past the sweet virgin's picture, while his prayer  
 he saith.

II.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man ;  
 Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,  
 And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,  
 Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees ;  
 The sculptured dead, on each side seem to freeze,  
 Emprisoned in black, purgatorial rails ;  
 Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,  
 He passed by ; and his weak spirit fails  
 To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

III.

Northward he turneth through a little door,  
 And scarce three steps, ere music's golden tongue  
 Flattered to tears this aged man and poor ;  
 But no, — already had his death-bell rung ;  
 The joys of all his life were said and sung ;  
 His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve ;  
 Another way he went, and soon among  
 Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,  
 And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to  
 grieve.

IV.

That ancient beadsman heard the prelude soft :  
 And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,  
 From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,  
 The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide ;  
 The level chambers, ready with their pride,  
 Were glowing to receive a thousand guests ;  
 The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,  
 Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,  
 With hair blown back, and wings put crosswise  
 on their breasts.

V.

At length burst in the argent revelry,  
 With plume, tiara, and all rich array,  
 Numerous as shadows haunting faintly

The brain, new-stuffed, in youth, with triumphs  
 gay  
 Of old romance. These let us wish away ;  
 And turn, sole-thoughted, to one lady there,  
 Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,  
 On love, and winged St. Agnes' saintly care,  
 As she had heard old dames full many times de-  
 clare.

VI.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,  
 Young virgins might have visions of delight,  
 And soft adorings from their loves receive  
 Upon the honeyed middle of the night,  
 If ceremonies due they did aright ;  
 As, supperless to bed they must retire,  
 And couch supine their beauties, lily white ;  
 Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require  
 Of heaven with upward eyes for all that they  
 desire.

VII.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline ;  
 The music, yearning like a god in pain,  
 She scarcely heard ; her maiden eyes divine,  
 Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping train  
 Pass by, — she heeded not at all ; in vain  
 Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,  
 And back retired ; not cooled by high disdain,  
 But she saw not ; her heart was elsewhere ;  
 She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the  
 year.

VIII.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,  
 Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short ;  
 The hallowed hour was near at hand ; she sighs  
 Amid the timbrels, and the thronged resort  
 Of whisperers in anger, or in sport ;  
 Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,  
 Hoodwinked with fairy fancy ; all amorn  
 Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,  
 And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

IX.

So, purposing each moment to retire,  
 She lingered still. Meantime, across the moors,  
 Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire  
 For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,  
 Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and im-  
 plores  
 All saints to give him sight of Madeline ;  
 But for one moment in the tedious hours,  
 That he might gaze and worship all unseen ;  
 Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss, — in sooth  
 such things have been.

X.

He ventures in ; let no buzzed whisper tell ;  
 All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords  
 Will storm his heart, love's feverous citadel ;

For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,  
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,  
Whose very dogs would execrations howl  
Against his lineage; not one breast affords  
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,  
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

## XI.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,  
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,  
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,  
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond  
The sound of merriment and chorus bland.  
He startled her; but soon she knew his face,  
And grasped his fingers in her palsied hand,  
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this  
place;  
They are all here to-night, the whole bloodthirsty  
race!

## XII.

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hilde-  
brand;  
He had a fever late, and in the fit  
He cursed thee and thine, both house and land;  
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit  
More tame for his gray hairs — Alas me! flit!  
Flit like a ghost away!" — "Ah, gossip dear,  
We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,  
And tell me how" — "Good saints, not here, not  
here;  
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy  
bier."

## XIII.

He followed through a lowly arched way,  
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;  
And as she muttered "Well-a — well-a-day!"  
He found him in a little moonlight room,  
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.  
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,  
"O, tell me, Angela, by the holy loom  
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,  
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

## XIV.

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve, —  
Yet men will murder upon holy days;  
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,  
And be liege-lord of all the elves and fays,  
To venture so. It fills me with amaze  
To see thee, Porphyro! — St. Agnes' Eve!  
God's help! my lady fair the conjurer plays  
This very night; good angels her deceive!  
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to  
grieve."

## XV.

Fecbly she laugheth in the languid moon,  
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,  
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone

Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book,  
As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.  
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told  
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook  
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,  
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

## XVI.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,  
Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart  
Made purple riot; then doth he propose  
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:  
"A cruel man and impious thou art!  
Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep and dream  
Alone with her good angels, far apart  
From wicked men like thee. Go, go! I deem  
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst  
seem."

## XVII.

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear!"  
Quoth Porphyro; "O, may I ne'er find grace  
When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,  
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,  
Or look with ruffian passion in her face;  
Good Angela, believe me by these tears;  
Or I will, even in a moment's space,  
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,  
And beard them, though they be more fanged  
than wolves and bears."

## XVIII.

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?  
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, church-yard thing,  
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;  
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,  
Were never missed." Thus plaining, doth she  
bring  
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;  
So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,  
That Angela gives promise she will do  
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

## XIX.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,  
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide  
Him in a closet, of such privacy  
That he might see her beauty unespied,  
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride;  
While legioned fairies paced the coverlet,  
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.  
Never on such a night have lovers met,  
Since Merlin paid his demon all the monstrous  
debt.

## XX.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the dame;  
"All cates and dainties shall be stored there  
Quickly on this feast-night; by the tambour  
frame

Her own lute thou wilt see ; no time to spare,  
 For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare  
 On such a catering trust my dizzy head.  
 Wait here, my child, with patience kneel in  
 prayer  
 The while. Ah ! thou must needs the lady wed,  
 Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

## XXI.

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.  
 The lover's endless minutes slowly passed :  
 The dame returned, and whispered in his ear  
 To follow her ; with aged eyes aghast  
 From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,  
 Through many a dusky gallery, they gain  
 The maiden's chamber, silken, hushed and  
 chaste ;  
 Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.  
 His poor guide hurried back with agues in her  
 brain.

## XXII.

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade,  
 Old Angela was feeling for the stair,  
 When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,  
 Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware ;  
 With silver taper's light, and pious care,  
 She turned, and down the aged gossip led  
 To a safe level matting. Now prepare,  
 Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed !  
 She comes, she comes again, like a ring-dove  
 frayed and fled.

## XXIII.

Out went the taper as she hurried in ;  
 Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died ;  
 She closed the door, she panted, all akin  
 To spirits of the air, and visions wide ;  
 No uttered syllable, or, woe betide !  
 But to her heart, her heart was voluble,  
 Paining with eloquence her balmy side ;  
 As though a tongueless nightingale should swell  
 Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled in her  
 dell.

## XXIV.

A casement high and triple-arched there was,  
 All garlanded with carven imageries  
 Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,  
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device,  
 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,  
 As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings ;  
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,  
 And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,  
 A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of  
 queens and kings.

## XXV.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,  
 And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,  
 As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon ;

Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,  
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,  
 And on her hair a glory, like a saint ;  
 She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,  
 Save wings, for heaven. Porphyro grew faint :  
 She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal  
 taint.

## XXVI.

Anon his heart revives ; her vespers done,  
 Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees ;  
 Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one ;  
 Loosens her fragrant bodice ; by degrees  
 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees ;  
 Half hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,  
 Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,  
 In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,  
 But dares not look behind, or all the charm is  
 fled.

## XXVII.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,  
 In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,  
 Until the popped warmth of sleep oppressed  
 Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away ;  
 Flown like a thought, until the morrow-day ;  
 Blissfully havened both from joy and pain ;  
 Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray ;  
 Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,  
 As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

## XXVIII.

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,  
 Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,  
 And listened to her breathing, if it chanced  
 To wake into a slumberous tenderness ;  
 Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,  
 And breathed himself ; then from the closet crept,  
 Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,  
 And over the hushed carpet, silent, stept,  
 And 'tween the curtains peeped, where, lo ! — how  
 fast she slept.

## XXIX.

Then by the bedside, where the faded moon  
 Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set  
 A table, and, half anguished, threw thereon  
 A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet : —  
 O for some drowsy Morphean amulet !  
 The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,  
 The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,  
 Affray his ears, though but in dying tone : —  
 The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

## XXX.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,  
 In blanched linen, smooth, and lavendered ;  
 While he from forth the closet brought a heap  
 Of caudied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd ;  
 With jellies soother than the creamy curd,

And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon ;  
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred  
From Fez ; and spiced dainties, every one,  
From silken Samarcand to cedred Lebanon.

## XXXI.

These delicates he heaped with glowing hand  
On golden dishes and in baskets bright  
Of wreathed silver. Sumptuous they stand  
In the retired quiet of the night,  
Filling the chilly room with perfume light. —  
“ And now, my love, my seraph fair awake !  
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite ;  
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,  
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache.”

## XXXII.

Thus whispering, his warm, unnervéd arm  
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream  
By the dusk curtains ; — 't was a midnight charm  
Impossible to melt as iced stream :  
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam ;  
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies ;  
It seemed he never, never could redeem  
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes ;  
So mused awhile, entailed in woofed phantasies.

## XXXIII.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute, —  
Tumultuous, — and, in chords that tenderest be,  
He played an ancient ditty, long since mute,  
In Provence called “ La belle dame sans mercy ” ;  
Close 'to her ear touching the melody ; —  
Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a soft moan ;  
He ceased — she panted quick — and suddenly  
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone ;  
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured  
stone.

## XXXIV.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,  
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep.  
There was a painful change, that night expelled  
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep ;  
At which fair Madeline began to weep,  
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh ;  
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep.  
Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,  
Fearing to move or speak, she looked so dreamingly.

## XXXV.

“ Ah, Porphyro ! ” said she, “ but even now  
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,  
Made tunable with every sweetest vow ;  
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear ;  
How changed thou art ! how pallid, chill, and  
drear !  
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,  
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear !

O, leave me not in this eternal woe,  
For if thou diest, my love, I know not where to go.”

## XXXVI.

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far  
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,  
Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star  
Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose ;  
Into her dream he melted, as the rose  
Blendeth its odor with the violet, —  
Solution sweet ; meantime the frost-wind blows  
Like love's alarm pattering the sharp sleet  
Against the window-panes ; St. Agnes' moon hath  
set.

## XXXVII.

'T is dark ; quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet ;  
“ This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline ! ”  
'T is dark ; the iced gusts still rave and beat :  
“ No dream, alas ! alas ! and woe is mine !  
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine. —  
Cruel ! what traitor could thee hither bring ?  
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,  
Though thou forsakest a deceived thing ; —  
A dove forlorn and lost, with sick, unpruned wing.”

## XXXVIII.

“ My Madeline ! sweet dreamer ! lovely bride !  
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest ?  
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermilion  
dyed ?  
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest .  
After so many hours of toil and quest,  
A famished pilgrim, — saved by miracle.  
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest,  
Saving of thy sweet self ; if thou think'st well  
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

## XLI.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall !  
Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,  
Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl,  
With a huge empty flagon by his side ;  
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,  
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns ;  
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide ;  
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones ;  
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

## XLII.

And they are gone ! ay, ages long ago  
These lovers fled away into the storm.  
That night the baron dreamt of many a woe,  
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form  
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,  
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old  
Died palsy-twitched, with meagre face deform ;  
The beadsman, after thousand aves told,  
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

JOHN KEATS.

## MARRIAGE.

THOU HAST SWORN BY THY GOD, MY  
JEANIE.

THOU hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,  
By that pretty white hand o' thine,  
And by a' the lowing stars in heaven,  
That thou wad aye be mine !  
And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie,  
And by that kind heart o' thine,  
By a' the stars sown thick owre heaven,  
That thou shalt aye be mine ?

Then foul fa' the hands that wad loose sic bands,  
And the heart that wad part sic luve !  
But there 's nae hand can loose my band,  
But the finger o' Him abuve.  
Though the wee, wee cot maun be my bield,  
And my claithing ne'er sae mean,  
I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o' luve, —  
Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow for me,  
Fu' safter than the down ;  
And Luve wad winnow owre us his kind, kind  
wings,  
And sweetly I'd sleep, and soun'.  
Come here to me, thou lass o' my luve !  
Come here and kneel wi' me !  
The morn is fu' o' the presence o' God,  
And I canna pray without thee.

The morn wind is sweet 'mang the beds o' new  
flowers,  
The wee birds sing kindlie and hie ;  
Our gudeman leans owre his kale-yard dike,  
And a blythe auld bodie is he.  
The Beuk maun be ta'en whan the carle comes  
hame,  
Wi' the holy psalmodie ;  
And thou maun speak o' me to thy God,  
And I will speak o' thee.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

## THE BRIDE.

Lo ! where she comes along with portly pace,  
Like Phoebe from her chamber of the east,  
Arising forth to run her mighty race,  
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.  
So well it her beseems, that ye would ween  
Some angel she had been.  
Her long, loose yellow locks, like golden wire,

Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,  
Do like a golden mantle her attire ;  
And being crownéd with a garland green,  
Seem like some maiden queen.  
Her modest eyes, abashéd to behold  
So many gazers as on her do stare,  
Upon the lowly ground affixéd are ;  
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,  
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,  
So far from being proud.  
Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,  
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see  
So fair a creature in your town before ?  
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,  
Adorned with Beauty's grace and Virtue's store ?  
Her goodly eyes like sapphires, shining bright,  
Her forehead ivory white,  
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,  
Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,  
Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncruded,  
Her paps like lilies budded,  
Her snowy neck like to a marble tower ;  
And all her body like a palace fair,  
Ascending up with many a stately stair  
To Honor's seat and Chastity's sweet bower.  
Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,  
Upon her so to gaze,  
Whilst ye forget your former lay to sing,  
To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring.

EDMUND SPENSER.

## LOVE.

THERE are who say the lover's heart  
Is in the loved one's merged ;  
O, never by love's own warm art  
So cold a plea was urged !  
No ! — hearts that love hath crowned or crossed,  
Love fondly knits together ;  
But not a thought or hue is lost  
That made a part of either.

It is an ill-told tale that tells  
Of " hearts by love made one " ;  
He grows who near another's dwells  
More conscious of his own ;  
In each spring up new thoughts and powers  
That, mid love's warm, clear weather,  
Together tend like climbing flowers,  
And, turning, grow together.

Such fictions blink love's better part,  
Yield up its half of bliss ;  
The wells are in the neighbor heart  
When there is thirst in this :  
There findeth love the passion-flowers  
On which it learns to thrive,  
Makes honey in another's bowers,  
But brings it home to hive.

Love's life is in its own replies, —  
To each low beat it beats,  
Smiles back the smiles, sighs back the sighs,  
And every throb repeats.  
Then, since one loving heart still throws  
Two shadows in love's sun,  
How should two loving hearts compose  
And mingle into one ?

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY.

#### ADAM DESCRIBING EVE.

MINE eyes he closed, but open left the cell  
Of fancy, my internal sight, by which  
Abstract, as in a trance, methought I saw,  
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape  
Still glorious before whom awake I stood ;  
Who, stooping, opened my left side, and took  
From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,  
And life-blood streaming fresh ; wide was the  
wound,

But suddenly with flesh filled up and healed ;  
The rib he formed and fashioned with his hands ;  
Under his forming hands a creature grew,  
Manlike, but different sex, so lovely fair,  
That what seemed fair in all the world seemed  
now

Mean, or in her summed up, in her contained  
And in her looks, which from that time infused  
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,  
And into all things from her air inspired  
The spirit of love and amorous delight.  
She disappeared, and left me dark ; I waked  
To find her, or forever to deplore  
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure :  
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,  
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorned  
With what all earth or Heaven could bestow  
To make her amiable. On she came,  
Led by her heavenly Maker, though unseen,  
And guided by his voice, nor uninformed  
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites :  
Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love.

I, overjoyed, could not forbear aloud :

"This turn hath made amends ; thou hast  
fulfilled

Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,

Giver of all things fair, but fairest this  
Of all thy gifts, nor envious. I now see  
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself  
Before me ; Woman is her name, of man  
Extracted : for this cause he shall forego  
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere ;  
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.  
She heard me thus, and though divinely  
brought,

Yet innocence and virgin modesty,  
Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,  
That would be wooed, and not unsought be  
won,

Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired,  
The more desirable ; or, to say all,  
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,  
Wrought in her so, that, seeing me, she turned :  
I followed her ; she what was honor knew,  
And with obsequious majesty approved  
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower  
I led her blushing like the morn : all Heaven,  
And happy constellations on that hour  
Shed their selectest influence ; the earth  
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill ;  
Joyous the birds ; fresh gales and gentle airs  
Whispered it to the woods, and from their  
wings

Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub,  
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night  
Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star  
On his hill-top, to light the bridal lamp.

When I approach  
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,  
And in herself complete, so well to know  
Her own, that what she wills to do or say  
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best ;  
All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her  
Loses discountenance, and like folly shows ;  
Authority and reason on her wait,  
As one intended first, not after made  
Occasionally ; and, to consummate all,  
Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat  
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
About her, as a guard angelic placed."

Neither her outside formed so fair, nor aught  
In procreation common to all kinds,

So much delights me, as those graceful acts,  
Those thousand decencies that daily flow  
From all her words and actions, mixed with love  
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeigned  
Union of mind, or in us both one soul ;  
Harmony to behold in wedded pair  
More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.

MILTON.



## ALICE.

FROM "ALICE AND UNA."

## I.

ALICE was a chieftain's daughter,  
 And though many suitors sought her,  
 She so loved Glengariff's water  
 That she let her lovers pine.  
 Her eye was beauty's palace,  
 And her cheek an ivory chalice,  
 Through which the blood of Alice  
 Gleamed soft as rosiest wine,  
 And her lips like lusmore blossoms which the  
 fairies intertwine, —  
 And her heart a golden mine.

## II.

She was gentler and shyer  
 Than the light fawn which stood by her,  
 And her eyes emit a fire  
 Soft and tender as her soul ;  
 Love's dewy light doth drown her,  
 And the braided locks that crown her  
 Than autumn's trees are browner,  
 When the golden shadows roll  
 Through the forests in the evening, when cathed-  
 ral turrets toll,  
 And the purple sun advanceth to its goal.

## III.

Her cottage was a dwelling  
 All regal homes excelling,  
 But, ah ! beyond the telling  
 Was the beauty round it spread, —  
 The wave and sunshine playing,  
 Like sisters each arraying,  
 Far down the sea-plants swaying  
 Upon their coral bed,  
 And languid as the tresses on a sleeping maiden's  
 head,  
 When the summer breeze is dead.

## IV.

Need we say that Maurice loved her,  
 And that no blush reproved her,  
 When her throbbing bosom moved her  
 To give the heart she gave ?  
 That by dawn-light and by twilight,  
 And, O blessed moon, by thy light, —  
 When the twinkling stars on high light  
 The wanderer o'er the wave, —  
 His steps unconscious led him where Glengariff's  
 waters lave  
 Each mossy bank and cave.

## V.

The sun his gold is flinging,  
 The happy birds are singing,  
 And bells are gayly ringing

Along Glengariff's sea ;  
 And crowds in many a galley  
 To the happy marriage rally  
 Of the maiden of the valley  
 And the youth of Céim-an-eich ;  
 Old eyes with joy are weeping, as all ask on  
 bended knee,  
 A blessing, gentle Alice, upon thee.

DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

## TO A LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE.

O, FORMED by Nature, and refined by Art,  
 With charms to win, and sense to fix the heart !  
 By thousands sought, Clotilda, canst thou free  
 Thy crowd of captives and descend to me ?  
 Content in shades obscure to waste thy life,  
 A hidden beauty and a country wife ?  
 O, listen while thy summers are my theme !  
 Ah ! soothe thy partner in his waking dream !  
 In some small hamlet on the lonely plain,  
 Where Thames through meadows rolls his mazy  
 train,  
 Or where high Windsor, thick with greens arrayed,  
 Waves his old oaks, and spreads his ample shade,  
 Fancy has figured out our calm retreat ;  
 Already round the visionary seat  
 Our limes begin to shoot, our flowers to spring,  
 The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.  
 Where dost thou lie, thou thinly peopled green,  
 Thou nameless lawn, and village yet unseen,  
 Where sons, contented with their native ground,  
 Ne'er travelled further than ten furlongs round,  
 And the tanned peasant and his ruddy bride  
 Were born together, and together died,  
 Where early larks best tell the morning light,  
 And only Philomel disturbs the night ?  
 Midst gardens here my humble pile shall rise,  
 With sweets surrounded of ten thousand dyes ;  
 All savage where th' embroidered gardens end,  
 The haunt of echoes, shall my woods ascend ;  
 And oh ! if Heaven th' ambitious thought approve,  
 A rill shall warble 'cross the gloomy grove, —  
 A little rill, o'er pebbly beds conveyed,  
 Gush down the steep, and glitter through the glade.  
 What cheeringscents these bordering banks exhalet  
 How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale !  
 That thrush how shrill ! his note so clear, so high,  
 He drowns each feathered minstrel of the sky.  
 Here let me trace beneath the purpled morn  
 The deep-mouthed beagle and the sprightly horn,  
 Or lure the trout with well-dissembled flies,  
 Or fetch the fluttering partridge from the skies.  
 Nor shall thy hand disdain to crop the vine,  
 The downy peach, or flavored nectarine ;  
 Or rob the beehive of its golden hoard,  
 And bear th' unbought luxuriance to thy board.

Sometimes my hooks by day shall kill the hours,  
While from thy needle rise the silken flowers,  
And thou, by turns, to ease my feeble sight,  
Reassume the volume, and deceive the night.

O, when I mark thy twinkling eyes oppress,  
Soft whispering, let me warn my love to rest ;  
Then watch thee, charmed, while sleep locks every  
sense,

And to sweet Heaven commend thy innocence.  
Thus reigned our fathers o'er the rural fold,  
Wise, hale, and honest, in the days of old ;  
Till courts arose, where substance pays for show,  
And sceptic joys are bought with real woe.

See Flavia's pendants large, well spread and right ;  
The ear that wears them hears a fool each night.

Mark how th' embroidered colnel sneaks away,  
To shun the withering dame that made him gay ;  
That knave, to gain a title, lost his fame ;

That raised his credit by a daughter's shame ;  
This coxcomb's ribbon cost him half his land,  
And oaks unnumbered bought that fool a wand.

Fond man, as all his sorrows were too few,  
Acquires strange wants that nature never knew ;  
By midnight lamps he emulates the day,

And sleeps, perverse, the cheerful suns away ;  
From goblets high-embost his wine must glide,  
Round his closed sight the gorgeous curtain slide ;  
Fruits ere their time to grace his pomp must rise,  
And three untasted courses glut his eyes.

For this are nature's gentle calls withstood,  
The voice of conscience, and the bonds of blood ;  
This wisdom thy reward for every pain,  
And this gay glory all thy mighty gain.

Fair phantoms wooed and scorned from age to age,  
Since bards began to laugh, and priests to rage.

And yet, just curse on man's aspiring kind !  
Prone to ambition, to example blind,  
Our children's children shall our steps pursue,  
And the same errors be forever new.

Meanwhile in hope a guiltless country swain,  
Myreed with warblings cheers the imagined plain.

Hail, humbleshades, where truth and silence dwell !  
The noisy town and faithless court, farewell !  
Farewell ambition, once my darling flame !

The thirst of lucre, and the charm of fame !  
In life's by-road, that winds through paths un-  
known,

My days, though numbered, shall be all my own.  
Here shall they end, (O might thy twice begin !)  
And all be white the Fates intend to spin.

THOMAS TICKELL.

### THE BRIDE.

FROM A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING.

THE maid, and thereby hangs a tale,  
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale  
Could ever yet produce :

No grape that's kindly ripe could be  
So round, so plump, so soft as she,  
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring  
Would not stay on which they did bring, —  
It was too wide a peck ;

And, to say truth, — for out it must, —  
It looked like the great collar — just —  
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,  
Like little mice, stole in and out,  
As if they feared the light ;

But O, she dances such a way !  
No sun upon an Easter-day  
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,  
No daisy makes comparison ;

Who sees them is undone ;  
For streaks of red were mingled there,  
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,  
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red ; and one was thin,  
Compared to that was next her chin.

Some bee had stung it newly ;  
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,  
I durst no more upon them gaze,  
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,  
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,

That they might passage get ;  
But she so handled still the matter,  
They came as good as ours, or better,  
And are not spent a whit.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

### HEBREW WEDDING.

To the sound of timbrels sweet  
Moving slow our solemn feet,  
We have borne thee on the road  
To the virgin's blest abode ;  
With thy yellow torches gleaming,  
And thy scarlet mantle streaming,  
And the canopy above  
Swaying as we slowly move.

Thou hast left the joyous feast,  
And the mirth and wine have ceased ;  
And now we set thee down before  
The jealously unclosing door,  
That the favored youth admits  
Where the veiled virgin sits  
In the bliss of maiden fear,  
Waiting our soft tread to hear,

And the music's brisker din  
At the bridegroom's entering in,  
Entering in, a welcome guest,  
To the chamber of his rest.

## CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Now the jocund song is thine,  
Bride of David's kingly line ;  
How thy dove-like bosom trembleth,  
And thy shrouded eye resembleth  
Violets, when the dews of eve  
A moist and tremulous glitter leave

On the bashful sealéd lid !  
Close within the bride-veil hid,  
Motionless thou sitt'st and mute ;  
Save that at the soft salute  
Of each entering maiden friend,  
Thou dost rise and softly bend.

Hark ! a brisker, merrier glee !  
The door unfolds, — 't is he ! 't is he !  
Thus we lift our lamps to meet him,  
Thus we touch our lutes to greet him.  
Thou shalt give a fonder meeting,  
Thou shalt give a tenderer greeting.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

## WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.

WHEN the black-lettered list to the gods was presented  
(The list of what fate for each mortal intends),  
At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,  
And slipped in three blessings, — wife, children,  
and friends.

In vain surely Pluto maintained he was cheated,  
For justice divine could not compass its ends.  
The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,  
For earth becomes heaven with — wife, children,  
and friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,  
The fund ill secured, off in bankruptcy ends ;  
But the heart issues bills which are never protested,  
When drawn on the firm of — wife, children,  
and friends.

The day-spring of youth still unclouded by sorrow,  
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends ;  
But drear is the twilight of age if it borrow  
No warmth from the smile of — wife, children,  
and friends.

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

## MARRIAGE.

FROM "HUMAN LIFE."

THEN before All they stand, — the holy vow  
And ring of gold, no fond illusions now,  
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,  
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,  
His house she enters, — there to be a light,  
Shining within, when all without is night ;  
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,  
Doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing,  
Winning him back when mingling in the throng,  
Back from a world we love, alas ! too long,  
To fireside happiness, to hours of ease,  
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.  
How oft her eyes read his ; her gentle mind  
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined ;  
Still subject, — ever on the watch to borrow  
Mirth of his mirth and sorrow of his sorrow !  
The soul of music slumbers in the shell,  
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell,  
And feeling hearts — touch them but rightly —  
pour

A thousand melodies unheard before !

SAMUEL ROGERS.

## CONNUBIAL LIFE.

FROM "THE SEASONS."

BUT happy they ! the happiest of their kind !  
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate  
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.  
'T is not the coarser tie of human laws,  
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,  
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,  
Attuning all their passions into love ;  
Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,  
Perfect esteem enlivened by desire  
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;  
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing  
will,  
With boundless confidence : for naught but love  
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.  
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,  
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,  
The human blossom blows ; and every day,  
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,  
The father's lustre and the mother's bloom.  
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls  
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.  
Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix  
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.  
O, speak the joy ! ye whom the sudden tear

Surprises often, while you look around,  
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,  
 All various Nature pressing on the heart ;  
 An elegant sufficiency, content,  
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, hooks,  
 Ease and alternate labor, useful life,  
 Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.  
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;  
 And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,  
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,  
 Still find them happy ; and consenting Spring  
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads :  
 Till evening comes at last, serene and mild ;  
 When after the long vernal day of life,  
 Enamored more, as more remembrance swells  
 With many a proof of recollected love,  
 Together down they sink in social sleep ;  
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly  
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

JAMES THOMSON.

### THE BANKS OF THE LEE.

*Air, "A TRIP TO THE COTTAGE,"*

O THE banks of the Lee, the banks of the Lee,  
 And love in a cottage for Mary and me !  
 There 's not in the land a lovelier tide,  
 And I 'm sure that there 's no one so fair as my bride.  
 She 's modest and meek,  
 There 's a down on her cheek,  
 And her skin is as sleek  
 As a butterfly 's wing ;  
 Then her step would scarce show  
 On the fresh-fallen snow,  
 And her whisper is low,  
 But as clear as the spring.  
 O the banks of the Lee, the banks of the Lee,  
 And love in a cottage for Mary and me !  
 I know not how love is happy elsewhere,  
 I know not how any but lovers are there.

O, so green is the grass, so clear is the stream,  
 So mild is the mist and so rich is the beam,  
 That beauty should never to other lands roam,  
 But make on the banks of our river its home !

When, dripping with dew,  
 The roses peep through,  
 'T is to look in at you  
 They are growing so fast ;

While the scent of the flowers  
 Must be hoarded for hours,  
 'T is poured in such showers

When my Mary goes past.

O the banks of the Lee, the banks of the Lee,  
 And love in a cottage for Mary and me !  
 O, Mary for me, Mary for me,  
 And 't is little I 'd sigh for the banks of the Lee !

THOMAS DAVIS.

### MY WIFE 'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

SHE is a winsome wee thing,  
 She is a handsome wee thing,  
 She is a bonnie wee thing,  
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,  
 I never lo'ed a dearer,  
 And neist my heart I 'll wear her,  
 For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,  
 She is a handsome wee thing,  
 She is a bonnie wee thing,  
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The world's wrack we share o't,  
 The warstle and the care o't :  
 Wi' her I 'll hlythely bear it,  
 And think my lot divine.

ROBERT BURNS.

### SONNETS.

My Love, I have no fear that thou shouldst die ;  
 Albeit I ask no fairer life than this,  
 Whose numbering-clock is still thy gentle kiss,  
 While Time and Peace with hands unlock'd fly, —  
 Yet care I not where in Eternity  
 We live and love, well knowing that there is  
 No backward step for those who feel the bliss  
 Of Faith as their most lofty yearnings high :  
 Love hath so purified my being's core,  
 Meseems I scarcely should be startled, even,  
 To find, some morn, that thou hadst gone before ;  
 Since, with thy love, this knowledge too was  
 given,  
 Which each calm day doth strengthen more and  
 more,  
 That they who love are but one step from Heaven.

I CANNOT think that thou shouldst pass away,  
 Whose life to mine is an eternal law,  
 A piece of nature that can have no flaw,  
 A new and certain sunrise every day ;  
 But, if thou art to be another ray  
 About the Sun of Life, and art to live  
 Free from all of thee that was fugitive,  
 The debt of Love I will more fully pay,  
 Not downcast with the thought of thee so high,  
 But rather raised to be a nobler man,  
 And more divine in my humanity,  
 As knowing that the waiting eyes which scan  
 My life are lighted by a purer being,  
 And ask meek, calm-browed deeds, with it agree-  
 ing.

THERE never yet was flower fair in vain,  
 Let classic poets rhyme it as they will ;  
 The seasons toil that it may blow again,  
 And summer's heart doth feel its every ill ;  
 Nor is a true soul ever born for naught :  
 Wherever any such hath lived and died,  
 There hath been something for true freedom  
 wrought,  
 Some bulwark levelled on the evil side :  
 Toil on, then, Greatness ! thou art in the right,  
 However narrow souls may call thee wrong :  
 Be as thou wouldst be in thine own clear sight,  
 And so thou wilt in all the world's erelong :  
 For worldlings cannot, struggle as they may,  
 From man's greatsoul one great thought hide away.

I THOUGHT our love at full, but I did err ;  
 Joy's wreath drooped o'er mine eyes ; I could not  
 see

That sorrow in our happy world must be  
 Love's deepest spokesman and interpreter ?  
 But, as a mother feels her child first stir  
 Under her heart, so felt I instantly  
 Deep in my soul another bond to thee  
 Thrill with that life we saw depart from her ;  
 O mother of our angel child ! twice dear !  
 Death knits as well as parts, and still, I wis,  
 Her tender radince shall infold us here,  
 Even as the light, borne up by inward bliss,  
 Threads the void glooms of space without a fear,  
 To print on farthest stars her pitying kiss.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## POSSESSION.

### I.

"It was our wedding-day  
 A month ago," dear heart, I hear you say.  
 If months, or years, or ages since have passed,  
 I know not : I have ceased to question Time.  
 I only know that once there pealed a chime  
 Of joyous bells, and then I held you fast,  
 And all stood back, and none my right denied,  
 And forth we walked : the world was free and wide  
 Before us. Since that day  
 I count my life : the Past is washed away.

### II.

It was no dream, that vow :  
 It was the voice that woke me from a dream, —  
 A happy dream, I think ; but I am waking now,  
 And drink the splendor of a sun supreme  
 That turns the mist of former tears to gold.  
 Within these arms I hold  
 The fleeting promise, chased so long in vain :

Ah, weary bird ! thou wilt not fly again :  
 Thy wings are clipped, thou canst no more de-  
 part, —  
 Thy nest is buildd in my heart !

### III.

I was the crescent ; thou  
 The silver phantom of the perfect sphere,  
 Held in its bosom : in one glory now  
 Our lives united shine, and many a year —  
 Not the sweet moon of bridal only — we  
 One lustre, ever at the full, shall be :  
 One pure and rounded light, one planet whole,  
 One life developed, one completed soul !  
 For I in thee, and thou in me,  
 Unite our cloven halves of destiny.

### IV.

God knew his chosen time.  
 He bade me slowly ripen to my prime,  
 And from my boughs withheld the promised fruit,  
 Till storm and sun gave vigor to the root.  
 Secure, O Love ! secure  
 Thy blessing is : I have the day and night :  
 Thou art become my blood, my life, my light :  
 God's mercy then and therefore shalt endure.

BYARD TAYLOR.

## THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

THE day returns, my bosom burns,  
 The blissful day we twa did meet ;  
 Though winter wild in tempest toiled,  
 Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.  
 Than a' the pride that loads the tide,  
 And crosses o'er the sultry line, —  
 Than kingly robes, and crowns and globes,  
 Heaven gave me more ; it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,  
 Or nature aught of pleasure give, —  
 While joys above my mind can move,  
 For thee and thee alone I live ;  
 When that grim foe of life below  
 Comes in between to make us part,  
 The iron hand that breaks our band,  
 It breaks my bliss, — it breaks my heart.

ROBERT BURNS.

## THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

O, MY love's like the steadfast sun,  
 Or streams that deepen as they run ;  
 Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,  
 Nor moments between sighs and tears,  
 Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,  
 Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain,

Nor mirth, nor sweetest song that flows  
To sober joys and soften woes,  
Can make my heart or fancy flee,  
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit  
In maiden bloom and matron wit ;  
Fair, gentle as when first I sued,  
Ye seem, but of sedater mood ;  
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee  
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,  
We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon  
Set on the sea an hour too soon ;  
Or lingered mid the falling dew,  
When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet  
Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet,  
And time, and care, and birthtime woes  
Have dimmed thine eye and touched thy rose,  
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong  
Whate'er charms me in tale or song.  
When words descend like dews, unsought,  
With gleams of deep, enthusiast thought,  
And fancy in her heaven flies free,  
They come, my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave, of old,  
To silver, than some give to gold,  
'T was sweet to sit and ponder o'er  
How we should deck our humble bower ;  
'T was sweet to pull, in hope, with thee,  
The golden fruit of fortune's tree ;  
And sweeter still to choose and twine  
A garland for that brow of thine, —  
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,  
While rivers flow, and woods grow green.

At times there come, as come there ought,  
Grave moments of sedater thought,  
When fortune frowns, nor lends our night  
One gleam of her inconstant light ;  
And hope, that decks the peasant's bower,  
Shines like a rainbow through the shower ;  
O then I see, while seated nigh,  
A mother's heart shine in thine eye,  
And proud resolve and purpose meek,  
Speak of thee more than words can speak.  
I think this wedded wife of mine,  
The best of all that 's not divine.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

#### THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

How many summers, love,  
Have I been thine ?  
How many days, thou dove,  
Hast thou been mine ?

Time, like the wingéd wind  
When 't bends the flowers,  
Hath left no mark behind,  
To count the hours !

Some weight of thought, though loath,  
On thee he leaves ;  
Some lines of care round both  
Perhaps he weaves ;  
Some fears, — a soft regret  
For joys scarce known ;  
Sweet looks we half forget ; —  
All else is flown !

Ah ! — With what thankless heart  
I mourn and sing !  
Look, where our children start,  
Like sudden spring !  
With tongues all sweet and low  
Like a pleasant rhyme,  
They tell how much I owe  
To thee and time !

BARRY CORNWALL.

#### IF THOU WERT BY MY SIDE, MY LOVE.

If thou wert by my side, my love,  
How fast would evening fail  
In green Bengala's palmy grove,  
Listening the nightingale !

If thou, my love, wert by my side,  
My babies at my knee,  
How gayly would our pinnace glide  
O'er Gunga's mimic sea !

I miss thee at the dawning gray,  
When, on our deck reclined,  
In careless ease my limbs I lay  
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream  
My twilight steps I guide,  
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam  
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,  
The lingering noon to cheer,  
But miss thy kind, approving eye,  
Thy meek, attentive ear.

But when at morn and eve the star  
Beholds me on my knee,  
I feel, though thou art distant far,  
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on ! then on ! where duty leads,  
My course be onward still,  
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,  
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course nor Delhi's kingly gates,  
Nor mild Malwah detain ;  
For sweet the bliss us both awaits  
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,  
Across the dark blue sea ;  
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay  
As then shall meet in thee !

REGINALD HEBER.

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

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

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

ROBERT BURNS.

## THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

IN her ear he whispers gayly,  
"If my heart by signs can tell,  
Maiden, I have watched thee daily,  
And I think thou lov'st me well."  
She replies, in accents fainter,  
"There is none I love like thee."  
He is but a landscape-painter,  
And a village maiden she.  
He to lips, that fondly falter,  
Presses his without reproof ;  
Leads her to the village altar,  
And they leave her father's roof.  
"I can make no marriage present ;  
Little can I give my wife.  
Love will make our cottage pleasant,  
And I love thee more than life."  
They by parks and lodges going  
See the lordly castles stand ;  
Summer woods, about them blowing,  
Made a murmur in the land.  
From deep thought himself he rouses,  
Says to her that loves him well,  
"Let us see these handsome houses  
Where the wealthy nobles dwell."

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So she goes by him attended,  
Hears him lovingly converse,  
Sees whatever fair and splendid  
Lay betwixt his home and hers :  
Parks with oak and chestnut shady,  
Parks and ordered gardens great,  
Ancient homes of lord and lady,  
Built for pleasure and for state.  
All he shows her makes him dearer ;  
Evermore she seems to gaze  
On that cottage growing nearer,  
Where they twain will spend their days.  
O, but she will love him truly !  
He shall have a cheerful home ;  
She will order all things duly,  
When beneath his roof they come.  
Thus her heart rejoices greatly,  
Till a gateway she discerns  
With armorial bearings stately,  
And beneath the gate she turns ;  
Sees a mansion more majestic  
Than all those she saw before ;  
Many a gallant gay domestic  
Bows before him at the door.  
And they speak in gentle murmur,  
When they answer to his call,  
While he treads with footstep firmer,  
Leading on from hall to hall.  
And, while now she wonders blindly,  
Nor the meaning can divine,  
Proudly turns he round and kindly,  
"All of this is mine and thine."  
Here he lives in state and bounty,  
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,  
Not a lord in all the county  
Is so great a lord as he.  
All at once the color flushes  
Her sweet face from brow to chin :  
As it were with shame she blushes,  
And her spirit changed within.  
Then her countenance all over  
Pale again as death did prove ;  
But he clasped her like a lover,  
And he cheered her soul with love.  
So she strove against her weakness,  
Though at times her spirits sank ;  
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness  
To all duties of her rank :  
And a gentle consort made he,  
And her gentle mind was such  
That she grew a noble lady,  
And the people loved her much.  
But a trouble weighed upon her,  
And perplexed her, night and morn,  
With the burden of an honor  
Unto which she was not born.  
Faint she grew, and ever fainter,  
As she murmured, "O that he

Were once more that landscape-painter,  
Which did win my heart from me!"  
So she drooped and drooped before him,  
Fading slowly from his side:  
Three fair children first she bore him  
Then before her time she died.  
Weeping, weeping late and early,  
Walking up and pacing down,  
Deeply mourned the Lord of Burleigh,  
Burleigh-house by Stamford-town.  
And he came to look upon her,  
And he looked at her and said,  
"Bring the dress and put it on her,  
That she wore when she was wed."  
Then her people, softly treading,  
Bore to earth her body, drest  
In the dress that she was wed in,  
That her spirit might have rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## MAIRE BHAN ASTOR.

"FAIR MARY, MY TREASURE."

In a valley far away  
With my Maire bhan astór,  
Short would be the summer-day,  
Ever loving more and more;  
Winter days would all grow long,  
With the light her heart would pour,  
With her kisses and her song,  
And her loving mait go leór.  
Fond is Maire bhan astór,  
Fair is Maire bhan astór,  
Sweet as ripple on the shore,  
Sings my Maire bhan astór.

O, her sire is very proud,  
And her mother cold as stone;  
But her brother bravely vowed  
She should be my bride alone;  
For he knew I loved her well,  
And he knew she loved me too,  
So he sought their pride to quell,  
But 't was all in vain to sue.  
True is Maire bhan astór,  
Tried is Maire bhan astór,  
Had I wings I'd never soar  
From my Maire bhan astór.

There are lands where manly toil  
Surely reaps the crop it sows,  
Glorious woods and teeming soil,  
Where the broad Missouri flows;  
Through the trees the smoke shall rise,  
From our hearth with mait go leór,  
There shall shine the happy eyes  
Of my Maire bhan astór.

Mild is Maire bhan astór,  
Mine is Maire bhan astór,  
Saints will watch about the door  
Of my Maire bhan astór.

THOMAS DAVIS.

## ADAM TO EVE.

O FAIREST of creation, last and best  
Of all God's works, creature in whom excelled  
Whatever can to sight or thought be formed,  
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!  
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,  
Defaced, deflowered, and now to death devote!  
Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress  
The strict forbiddance, how to violate  
The sacred fruit forbidden! Some curséd fraud  
Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,  
And me with thee hath ruined, for with thee  
Certain my resolution is to die.  
How can I live without thee, how forego  
Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly joined,  
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?  
Should God create another Eve, and I  
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee  
Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel  
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,  
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state  
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

However, I with thee have fixed my lot,  
Certain to undergo like doom; if death  
Consort with thee, death is to me as life;  
So forcible within my heart I feel  
The bond of nature draw me to my own,  
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;  
Our state cannot be severed, we are one,  
One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself.

MILTON.

## PORTIA AND BRUTUS.

FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR."

PORTIA. Brutus, my lord!  
BRUTUS. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore  
rise you now?  
It is not for your health thus to commit  
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.  
POR. Nor for yours neither. You have un-  
gently, Brutus,  
Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at supper,  
You suddenly arose, and walked about,  
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across;  
And when I asked you what the matter was,  
You stared upon me with ungentle looks:  
I urged you further; then you scratched your head,



And too impatiently stamped with your foot :  
 Yet I insisted, yet you answered not ;  
 But, with an angry wafture of your hand,  
 Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ;  
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience,  
 Which seemed too much enkindled ; and withal  
 Hoping it was but an effect of humor,  
 Which sometime hath his hour with every  
 man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,  
 And, could it work so much upon your shape,  
 As it hath much prevailed on your condition,  
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,  
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

BRU. I am not well in health, and that is  
 all.

POR. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,  
 He would embrace the means to come by it.

BRU. Why, so I do : — good Portia, go to bed.

POR. Is Brutus sick, — and is it physical  
 To walk unbraced, and suck up the humors  
 Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick, —  
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
 To dare the vile contagion of the night,  
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
 To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;  
 You have some sick offence within your mind,  
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
 I ought to know of : And upon my knees  
 I charm you, by my once commended beauty,  
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow  
 Which did incorporate and make us one,  
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
 Why you are heavy ; and what men to-night  
 Have had resort to you, — for here have been  
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
 Even from darkness.

BRU. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

POR. I should not need, if you were gentle  
 Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
 Is it expected, I should know no secrets  
 That appertain to you ? Am I yourself  
 But, as it were, in sort or limitation, —  
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
 And talk to you sometimes ? Dwell I but in the  
 suburbs

Of your good pleasure ? If it be no more,  
 Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

BRU. You are my true and honorable wife ;  
 As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops  
 That visit my sad heart.

POR. If this were true, then should I know  
 this secret.

I grant I am a woman ; but, withal,  
 A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife :  
 I grant I am a woman ; but, withal,  
 A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.

Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,  
 Being so fathered, and so husbanded ?  
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them.  
 SHAKESPEARE.

LORD WALTER'S WIFE.

I.

"But why do you go ?" said the lady, while both  
 sate under the yew,  
 And her eyes were alive in their depth, as the  
 kraken beneath the sea-blue.

II.

"Because I fear you," he answered ; — "because  
 you are far too fair,  
 And able to strangle my soul in a mesh of your  
 gold-colored hair."

III.

"O that," she said, "is no reason ! Such knots  
 are quickly undone,  
 And too much beauty, I reckon, is nothing but  
 too much sun."

IV.

"Yet farewell so," he answered ; — "the sun-  
 stroke's fatal at times.  
 I value your husband, Lord Walter, whose gallop  
 rings still from the limes."

V.

"O that," she said, "is no reason. You smell  
 a rose through a fence :  
 If two should smell it, what matter ? who grum-  
 bles, and where's the pretence ?"

VI.

"But I," he replied, "have promised another,  
 when love was free,  
 To love her alone, alone, who alone and afar loves  
 me."

VII.

"Why, that," she said, "is no reason. Love's  
 always free, I am told.  
 Will you vow to be safe from the headache on  
 Tuesday, and think it will hold ?"

VIII.

"But you," he replied, "have a daughter, a  
 young little child, who was laid  
 In your lap to be pure ; so I leave you : the an-  
 gels would make me afraid."

IX.

"O that," she said, "is no reason. The angels  
 keep out of the way ;  
 And Dora, the child, observes nothing, although  
 you should please me and stay."

## X.

At which he rose up in his anger, — “Why, now,  
you no longer are fair !  
Why, now, you no longer are fatal, but ugly and  
hateful, I swear.”

## XI.

At which she laughed out in her scorn, — “These  
men ! O, these men overnice,  
Who are shocked if a color not virtuous is frankly  
put on by a vice.”

## XII.

Her eyes blazed upon him — “And *you!* You  
bring us your vices so near  
That we smell them ! You think in our presence  
a thought 't would defame us to hear !

## XIII.

“What reason had you, and what right, — I ap-  
peal to your soul from my life, —  
To find me too fair as a woman ? Why, sir, I am  
pure, and a wife.

## XIV.

“Is the day-star too fair up above you ? It burns  
you not. Dare you imply  
I brushed you more close than the star does, when  
Walter had set me as high ?

## XV.

“If a man finds a woman too fair, he means sim-  
ply adapted too much  
To uses unlawful and fatal. The praise ! — shall  
I thank you for such ?

## XVI.

“Too fair ? — not unless you misuse us ! and surely  
if, once in a while,  
Yon attain to it, straightway you call us no longer  
too fair, but too vile.

## XVII.

“A moment, — I pray your attention ! — I have  
a poor word in my head  
I must utter, though womanly custom would set  
it down better unsaid.

## XVIII.

“You grew, sir, pale to impertinence, once when  
I showed you a ring.  
You kissed my fan when I dropped it. No mat-  
ter ! I've broken the thing.

## XIX.

“You did me the honor, perhaps, to be moved at  
my side now and then  
In the senses, — a vice, I have heard, which is  
common to beasts and some men.

## XX.

“Love's a virtue for heroes ! — as white as the  
snow on high hills,  
And immortal as every great soul is that strug-  
gles, endures, and fulfils.

## XXI.

“I love my Walter profoundly, — you, Maude,  
though you faltered a week,  
For the sake of . . . what was it ? an eyebrow ? or,  
less still, a mole on a cheek ?

## XXII.

“And since, when all's said, you're too noble to  
stoop to the frivolous cant  
About crimes irresistible, virtues that swindle,  
betray, and supplant,

## XXIII.

“I determined to prove to yourself that, whate'er  
you might dream or avow  
By illusion, you wanted precisely no more of me  
than you have now.

## XXIV.

“There ! Look me full in the face ! — in the face.  
Understand, if you can,  
That the eyes of such women as I am are clean  
as the palm of a man.

## XXV.

“Drop his hand, you insult him. Avoid us for  
fear we should cost you a scar, —  
You take us for harlots, I tell you, and not for  
the women we are.

## XXVI.

“You wronged me : but then I considered . . .  
there's Walter ! And so at the end,  
I vowed that he should not be mulcted, by me,  
in the hand of a friend.

## XXVII.

“Have I hurt you indeed ? We are quits then.  
Nay, friend of my Walter, be mine !  
Come, Dora, my darling, my angel, and help me  
to ask him to dine.”

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

◆ — ◆

### THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

[“In the Parish of St. Neots, Cornwall, is a well, arched over with the robes of four kinds of trees, — withy, oak, elm, and ash, — and dedicated to St. Keyne. The reported virtue of the water is this, that, whether husband or wife first drink thereof, they get the mastery thereby.” — FULLER.]

A WELL there is in the West country,  
And a clearer one never was seen ;  
There is not a wife in the West country  
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,  
And behind does an ash-tree grow,  
And a willow from the bank above  
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne ;  
Pleasant it was to his eye,  
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,  
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,  
For thirsty and hot was he,  
And he sat down upon the bank,  
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the neighboring town  
At the well to fill his pail,  
On the well-side he rested it,  
And bade the stranger hail.

"Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he,  
"For an if thou hast a wife,  
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day  
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has your good woman, if one you have,  
In Cornwall ever been ?  
For an if she have, I'll venture my life  
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"  
The stranger he made reply ;  
"But that my draught should be better for that,  
I pray you answer me why."

"St. Keyne," quoth the countryman, "many a time  
Drank of this crystal well,  
And before the angel summoned her  
She laid on the water a spell.

"If the husband of this gifted well  
Shall drink before his wife,  
A happy man thenceforth is he,  
For he shall be master for life.

"But if the wife should drink of it first,  
Heaven help the husband then !"  
The stranger stooped to the well of St. Keyne,  
And drank of the waters again.

"You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes ?"  
He to the countryman said.  
But the countryman smiled as the stranger spake,  
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hastened, as soon as the wedding was done,  
And left my wife in the porch.  
But ' faith, she had been wiser than me,  
For she took a bottle to church."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

## H O M E .

### HOME, SWEET HOME.

FROM THE OPERA OF "CLARI, THE MAID OF MILAN."

MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble there 's no place like home !  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us here,  
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with  
elsewhere.

Home ! home, sweet home !  
There 's no place like home !

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain !  
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again !  
The birds singing gayly that came at my call ; —  
O, give me sweet peace of mind, dearer than all !  
Home ! home, &c.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

### GILLE MACHREE.

ENGLISH, — "BRIGHTENER OF MY HEART."

*Gille machree,*  
Sit down by me,  
We now are joined and ne'er shall sever ;

This hearth 's our own,  
Our hearts are one,  
And peace is ours forever !

When I was poor,  
Your father's door  
Was closed against your constant lover,  
With care and pain,  
I tried in vain  
My fortunes to recover.

I said, "To other lands I'll roam,  
Where Fate may smile on me, love" ;  
I said, "Farewell, my own old home !" —  
And I said, "Farewell to thee, love !" —  
Sing *Gille machree*, &c.

I might have said,  
My mountain maid,  
Come live with me, your own true lover ;  
I know a spot,  
A silent cot,  
Your friends can ne'er discover,  
Where gently flows the waveless tide  
By one small garden only ;

Where the heron waves his wings so wide,  
And the linnet sings so lonely !  
Sing *Gille machree*, &c.

I might have said,  
My mountain maid,  
A father's right was never given  
True hearts to curse  
With tyrant force

That have been blest in heaven.

But then, I said, "In after years,  
When thoughts of home shall find her !  
My love may mourn with secret tears  
Her friends thus left behind her."  
Sing *Gille machree*, &c.

O no, I said,  
My own dear maid,  
For me, though all forlorn, forever,  
That heart of thine  
Shall ne'er repine  
O'er slighted duty, — never.  
From home and thee though wandering far,  
A dreary fate be mine, love ;  
I'd rather live in endless war,  
Than buy my peace with thine, love.  
Sing *Gille machree*, &c.

Far, far away,  
By night and day,  
I toiled to win a golden treasure ;  
And golden gains  
Repaid my pains  
In fair and shining measure.  
I sought again my native land,  
Thy father welcomed me, love ;  
I poured my gold into his hand,  
And my guerdon found in thee, love ;  
Sing *Gille machree*  
Sit down by me,  
We now are joined, and ne'er shall sever ;  
This hearth 's our own,  
Our hearts are one,  
And peace is ours forever.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

#### A WISH.

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

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

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

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

SAMUEL ROGERS.

#### THE QUIET LIFE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care  
A few paternal acres bound,  
Content to breathe his native air  
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,  
Whose flocks supply him with attire ;  
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,  
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find  
Hours, days, and years slide soft away  
In health of body, peace of mind,  
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease  
Together mixed ; sweet recreation,  
And innocence, which most does please  
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;  
Thus unlamented let me die ;  
Steal from the world, and not a stone  
Tell where I lie.

ALEXANDER POPE.

#### A SONG FOR THE "HEARTH AND HOME."

DARK is the night, and fitful and drearily  
Rushes the wind like the waves of the sea :  
Little care I, as here I sit cheerily,  
Wife at my side and my baby on knee.  
King, king, crown me the king :  
Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king !

Flashes the firelight upon the dear faces,  
Dearer and dearer and onward we go,  
Forces the shadow behind us, and places  
Brightness around us with warmth in the glow.  
King, king, crown me the king :  
Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king !

Flashes the lovelight, increasing the glory,  
Beaming from bright eyes with warmth of the  
soul,

Telling of trust and content the sweet story,  
Lifting the shadows that over us roll.  
King, king, crown me the king :  
Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king !

Richer than miser with perishing treasure,  
Served with a service no conquest could bring ;  
Happy with fortune that words cannot measure,  
Light-hearted I on the hearthstone can sing.  
King, king, crown me the king :  
Home is the kingdom, and Love is the king.  
REV. WILLIAM RANKIN DURVEA.

### A SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

FROM "THIRD PART OF HENRY VI."

KING HENRY. O God! methinks, it were a  
happy life,  
To be no better than a homely swain ;  
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,  
Thereby to see the minutes how they run ;  
How many make the hour full complete ;  
How many hours bring about the day ;  
How many days will finish up the year ;  
How many years a mortal man may live.  
When this is known, then to divide the times, —  
So many hours must I tend my flock ;  
So many hours must I take my rest ;  
So many hours must I contemplate ;  
So many hours must I sport myself ;  
So many days my ewes have been with young ;  
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeau ;  
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece :  
Somminutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,  
Passed over to the end they were created,  
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.  
Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely !  
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade  
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,  
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy  
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery ?  
SHAKESPEARE.

### THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.

MARTIAL, the things that do attain  
The happy life be these, I find, —  
The riches left, not got with pain ;  
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind,  
The equal friend ; no grudge, no strife ;  
No charge of rule, nor governance ;

Without disease, the healthful life ;  
The household of continuance ;

The mean diet, no delicate fare ;  
True wisdom joined with simplicity ;  
The night discharged of all care,  
Where wine the wit may not oppress ;

The faithful wife, without debate ;  
Such sleeps as may beguile the night ;  
Contented with thine own estate,  
Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.

LORD SURREY.

### THE FIRESIDE.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,  
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,  
In folly's maze advance ;  
Though singularity and pride  
Be called our choice, we'll step aside,  
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll off retire  
To our own family and fire,  
Where love our hours employs ;  
No noisy neighbor enters here,  
No intermeddling stranger near,  
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,  
Within our breast this jewel lies,  
And they are fools who roam ;  
The world hath nothing to bestow, —  
From our own selves our bliss must flow,  
And that dear hut, our home.

Our portion is not large, indeed ;  
But then how little do we need,  
For nature's calls are few ;  
In this the art of living lies,  
To want no more than may suffice,  
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content  
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,  
Nor aim beyond our power ;  
For, if our stock be very small,  
'T is prudence to enjoy it all,  
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,  
Patient when favors are denied,  
And pleased with favors given, —  
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,  
This is that incense of the heart,  
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

NATHANIEL COTTON.

A WINTER'S EVENING HYMN TO MY  
FIRE.

O THOU of home the guardian Lar,  
And when our earth hath wandered far  
Into the cold, and deep snow covers  
The walks of our New England lovers,  
Their sweet secluded evening-star !  
'T was with thy rays the English Muse  
Ripened her mild domestic hues :  
'T was by thy flicker that she conned  
The fireside wisdom that enrings  
With light from heaven familiar things ;  
By thee she found the homely faith  
In whose mild eyes thy comfort stay'th,  
When Death, extinguishing his torch,  
Gropes for the latch-string in the porch ;  
The love that wanders not beyond  
His earliest nest, but sits and sings  
While children smooth his patient wings :  
Therefore with thee I love to read  
Our brave old poets : at thy touch how stirs  
Life in the withered words ! how swift recede  
Time's shadows ! and how glows again  
Through its dead mass the incandescent verse,  
As when upon the anvils of the brain  
It glittering lay, cyclopically wrought  
By the fast-throbbing hammers of the poet's  
thought !  
Thou murmurest, too, divinely stirred,  
The aspirations unattained,  
The rhythms so rathe and delicate,  
They bent and strained  
And broke, beneath the sombre weight  
Of any airiest mortal word.

As who would say, "'Tis those, I ween,  
Whom lifelong armor-chafe makes lean  
That win the laurel" ;  
While the gray snow-storm, held aloof,  
To softest outline rounds the roof,  
Or the rude North with baffled strain  
Shoulders the frost-starred window-pane !  
Now the kind nymph to Bacchus borne  
By Morpheus' daughter, she that seems  
Gifted upon her natal morn  
By him with fire, by her with dreams,  
Nicotia, dearer to the Muse  
Than all the grapes' bewildering juice,  
We worship, unforbid of thee ;  
And, as her incense floats and curls  
In airy spires and wayward whirls,  
Or poises on its tremulous stalk  
A flower of frailest revelry,  
So winds and loiters, idly free,  
The current of unguided talk,  
Now laughter-rippled, and now caught  
In smooth dark pools of deeper thought.

Meanwhile thou mellowest every word,  
A sweetly unobtrusive third :  
For thou hast magic beyond wine,  
To unlock natures each to each ;  
The unspoken thought thou canst divine ;  
Thou fillest the pauses of the speech  
With whispers that to dream-land reach,  
And frozen fancy-springs unchain  
In Arctic outskirts of the brain ;  
Sun of all inmost confidences !  
To thy rays doth the heart unclose  
Its formal calyx of pretences,  
That close against rude day's offences,  
And open its shy midnight rose.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

HOMESICK FOR THE COUNTRY.

I 'd kind o' like to have a cot  
Fixed on some sunny slope ; a spot  
Five acres more or less,  
With maples, cedars, cherry-trees,  
And poplars whitening in the breeze.

'T would suit my taste, I guess,  
To have the porch with vines o'erhung,  
With bells of pendant woodbine swung,  
In every bell a bee ;  
And round my latticed window spread  
A clump of roses, white and red.

To solace mine and me,  
I kind o' think I should desire  
To hear around the lawn a choir  
Of wood-birds singing sweet ;  
And in a dell I 'd have a brook,  
Where I might sit and read my book.

Such should be my retreat,  
Far from the city's crowd and noise :  
There would I rear the girls and boys,  
(I have some two or three.)  
And if kind Heaven should bless my store  
With five or six or seven more,  
How happy I would be !

ANONYMOUS.

I KNEW BY THE SMOKE THAT SO  
GRACEFULLY CURLED.

I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully curled  
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,  
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the  
world,  
A heart that is humble might hope for it here !"

It was noon, and on flowers that languished around  
 In silence reposed the voluptuous bee ;  
 Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound  
 But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-  
 tree.

And "Here in this lone little wood," I exclaimed,  
 "With a maid who was lovely to soul and to  
 eye,  
 Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if  
 I blamed,  
 How blest could I live, and how calm could I  
 die !

"By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry  
 dips  
 In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to  
 recline,  
 And to know that I sighed upon innocent lips,  
 Which had never been sighed on by any but  
 mine !"

THOMAS MOORE.

### HOME.

FROM "THE TRAVELLER."

BUT where to find that happiest spot below,  
 Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?  
 The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone  
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own ;  
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,  
 And his long nights of revelry and ease :  
 The naked negro, panting at the line,  
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,  
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,  
 And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.  
 Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,  
 His first, best country, ever is at home.  
 And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,  
 And estimate the blessings which they share,  
 Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find  
 An equal portion dealt to all mankind ;  
 As different good, by art or nature given,  
 To different nations makes their blessing even.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

### THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

The stately Homes of England,  
 How beautiful they stand !  
 Amidst their tall ancestral trees,  
 O'er all the pleasant land ;  
 The deer across their greensward bound  
 Through shade and sunny gleam,  
 And the swan glides past them with the sound  
 Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England !  
 Around their hearths by night,  
 What gladsome looks of household love  
 Meet in the ruddy light.  
 There woman's voice flows forth in song,  
 Or childish tale is told ;  
 Or lips move tunefully along  
 Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England !  
 How softly on their bowers  
 Is laid the holy quietness  
 That breathes from Sabbath hours !  
 Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime  
 Floats through their woods at morn ;  
 All other sounds, in that still time,  
 Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage Homes of England !  
 By thousands on her plains,  
 They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,  
 And round the hamlet-fanes.  
 Through glowing orchards forth they peep,  
 Each from its nook of leaves ;  
 And fearless there the lowly sleep,  
 As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England !  
 Long, long in hut and hall,  
 May hearts of native proof be reared  
 To guard each hallowed wall !  
 And green forever be the groves,  
 And bright the flowery sod,  
 Where first the child's glad spirit loves  
 Its country and its God.

MRS. HEMANS.

## FILIAL AND FRATERNAL LOVE.

## FILIAL LOVE.

FROM "CHILDE HAROLD."

THERE is a dungeon in whose dim drear light  
 What do I gaze on? Nothing: look again!  
 Two forms are slowly shadowed on my sight, —  
 Two insulated phantoms of the brain:  
 It is not so; I see them full and plain, —  
 An old man and a female young and fair,  
 Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein  
 The blood is nectar: but what doth she there,  
 With her unmantled neck, and bosom white and  
 bare?

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life,  
 Where *on* the heart and *from* the heart we took  
 Our first and sweetest nurture, when the wife,  
 Blest into mother, in the innocent look,  
 Or even the piping cry of lips that brook  
 No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives  
 Man knows not, when from out its cradled nook  
 She sees her little bud put forth its leaves —  
 What may the fruit be yet? I know not — Cain  
 was Eve's.

But here youth offers to old age the food,  
 The milk of his own gift: it is her sire  
 To whom she renders back the debt of blood  
 Born with her birth. No! he shall not expire  
 While in those warm and lovely veins the fire  
 Of health and holy feeling can provide  
 Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises  
 higher  
 Than Egypt's river; — from that gentle side  
 Drink, drink and live, old man! Heaven's realm  
 holds no such tide.

The starry fable of the milky-way  
 Has not thy story's purity; it is  
 A constellation of a sweeter ray,  
 And sacred Nature triumphs more in this  
 Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss  
 Where sparkle distant worlds: — O, holiest  
 nurse!  
 No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss  
 To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source  
 With life, as our freed souls rejoice the universe.  
 BYRON.

## TO AUGUSTA.

HIS SISTER, AUGUSTA LEIGH.

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name  
 Dearer and purer were, it should be thine,

Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim

No tears, but tenderness: to answer mine:  
 Go where I will, to me thou art the same, —  
 A loved regret which I would not resign.  
 There yet are two things in my destiny, —  
 A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

The first were nothing, — had I still the last,  
 It were the haven of my happiness;  
 But other claims and other ties thou hast,  
 And mine is not the wish to make them less.  
 A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past  
 Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;  
 Reversed for him our grandsire's fate of yore, —  
 He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

If my inheritance of storms hath been  
 In other elements, and on the rocks  
 Of perils, overlooked or unforeseen,  
 I have sustained my share of worldly shocks,  
 The fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen  
 My errors with defensive paradox;  
 I have been cunning in mine overthrow,  
 The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward,  
 My whole life was a contest, since the day  
 That gave me being gave me that which marred  
 The gift, — a fate, or will, that walked astray:  
 And I at times have found the struggle hard,  
 And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay:  
 But now I fain would for a time survive,  
 If but to see what next can well arrive.

Kingdoms and empires in my little day  
 I have outlived, and yet I am not old;  
 And when I look on this, the petty spray  
 Of my own years of trouble, which have rolled  
 Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away:  
 Something — I know not what — does still  
 uphold

A spirit of slight patience; — not in vain,  
 Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir  
 Within me, — or perhaps of cold despair,  
 Brought on when ills habitually recur, —  
 Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,  
 (For even to this may change of soul refer,  
 And with light armor we may learn to bear,  
 Have taught me a strange quiet, which was not  
 The chief companion of a calmer lot.



I feel almost at times as I have felt  
In happy childhood ; trees, and flowers, and  
brooks,

Which do remember me of where I dwelt,  
Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,  
Come as of yore upon me, and can melt  
My heart with recognition of their looks ;  
And even at moments I could think I see  
Some living thing to love, — but none like thee.

Here are the Alpine landscapes which create  
A fund for contemplation ; — to admire  
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date ;  
But something worthier do such scenes inspire.  
Here to be lonely is not desolate,  
For much I view which I could most desire,  
And, above all, a lake I can behold  
Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

O that thou wert but with me ! — but I grow  
The fool of my own wishes, and forget  
The solitude which I have vaunted so  
Has lost its praise in this but one regret ;  
There may be others which I less may show ;  
I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet  
I feel an ebb in my philosophy,  
And the tide rising in my altered eye.

I did remind thee of our own dear Lake,  
By the old Hall which may be mine no more.  
Leman's is fair ? but think not I forsake  
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore ;  
Sad havoc Time must with my memory make,  
Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before ;  
Though, like all things which I have loved, they are  
Resigned forever, or divided far.

The world is all before me ; I but ask  
Of Nature that with which she will comply, —  
It is but in her summer's sun to bask,  
To mingle with the quiet of her sky,  
To see her gentle face without a mask,  
And never gaze on it with apathy.  
She was my early friend, and now shall be  
My sister, — till I look again on thee.

I can reduce all feelings but this one ;  
And that I would not ; for at length I see  
Such scenes as those wherein my life begun.  
The earliest, — even the only paths for me, —  
Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to shun,  
I had been better than I now can be ;  
The passions which have torn me would have slept :  
I had not suffered, and *thou* hadst not wept.

With false Ambition what had I to do ?  
Little with Love, and least of all with Fame !  
And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,  
And made me all which they can make, — a name.

Yet this was not the end I did pursue ;  
Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.  
But all is over ; I am one the more  
To baffled millions which have gone before.

And for the future, this world's future may  
From me demand but little of my care ;  
I have outlived myself by many a day :  
Having survived so many things that were ;  
My years have been no slumber, but the prey  
Of ceaseless vigils ; for I had the share  
Of life which might have filled a century,  
Before its fourth in time had passed me by.

And for the remnant which may be to come,  
I am content ; and for the past I feel  
Not thankless, — for within the crowded sum  
Of struggles, happiness at times would steal,  
And for the present, I would not benumb  
My feelings farther. — Nor shall I conceal  
That with all this I still can look around,  
And worship Nature with a thought profound.

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy heart  
I know myself secure, as thou in mine :  
We were and are — I am, even as thou art —  
Beings who ne'er each other can resign ;  
It is the same, together or apart,  
From life's commencement to its slow decline  
We are entwined, — let death come slow or fast,  
The tie which bound the first endures the last !  
BYRON.

#### BERTHA IN THE LANE.

Put the broidery-frame away,  
For my sewing is all done !  
The last thread is used to-day,  
And I need not join it on.  
Though the clock stands at the noon,  
I am weary ! I have sewn,  
Sweet, for thee, a wedding-gown.

Sister, help me to the bed,  
And stand near me, dearest-sweet !  
Do not shrink nor be afraid,  
Blushing with a sudden heat !  
No one standeth in the street ! —  
By God's love I go to meet,  
Love I thee with love complete.

Lean thy face down ! drop it in  
These two hands, that I may hold  
'Twixt their palms thy cheek and chin,  
Stroking back the curls of gold.  
'T is a fair, fair face, in sooth, —  
Larger eyes and redder mouth  
Than mine were in my first youth !

Thou art younger by seven years —  
 Ah ! so bashful at my gaze  
 That the lashes, hung with tears,  
 Grow too heavy to upraise ?  
 I would wound thee by no touch  
 \* Which thy shyness feels as such, —  
 Dost thou mind me, dear, so much ?

Have I not been nigh a mother  
 To thy sweetness, — tell me, dear ?  
 Have we not loved one another  
 Tenderly, from year to year ?  
 Since our dying mother mild  
 Said, with accents undefiled,  
 "Child, be mother to this child !"

Mother, mother, up in heaven,  
 Stand up on the jasper sea,  
 And be witness I have given  
 All the gifts required of me ; —  
 Hope that blessed me, bliss that crowned,  
 Love that left me with a wound,  
 Life itself, that turned around !

Mother, mother, thou art kind,  
 Thou art standing in the room,  
 In a molten glory shrined,  
 That rays off into the gloom !  
 But thy smile is bright and bleak,  
 Like cold waves, — I cannot speak ;  
 I sob in it, and grow weak.

Ghostly mother, keep aloof  
 One hour longer from my soul,  
 For I still am thinking of  
 Earth's warm-beating joy and dole !  
 On my finger is a ring  
 Which I still see glittering,  
 When the night hides everything.

Little sister, thou art pale !  
 Ah, I have a wandering brain ;  
 But I lose that fever-bale,  
 And my thoughts grow calm again.  
 Lean down closer, closer still !  
 I have words thine ear to fill,  
 And would kiss thee at my will.

Dear, I heard thee in the spring,  
 Thee and Robert, through the trees,  
 When we all went gathering  
 Boughs of May-bloom for the bees.  
 Do not start so ! think instead  
 How the sunshine overhead  
 Seemed to trickle through the shade.

What a day it was, that day !  
 Hills and vales did openly  
 Seem to heave and throb away,

At the sight of the great sky ;  
 And the silence, as it stood  
 In the glory's golden flood,  
 Audibly did bud, — and bud !

Through the winding hedge-rows green,  
 How we wandered, I and you, —  
 With the bowery tops shut in,  
 And the gates that showed the view ;  
 How we talked there ! thrushes soft  
 Sang our pauses out, or oft  
 Bleatings took them from the croft.

Till the pleasure, grown too strong,  
 Left me muter evermore ;  
 And, the winding road being long,  
 I walked out of sight, before ;  
 And so, wrapt in musings fond,  
 Issued (past the wayside pond)  
 On the meadow-lands beyond.

I sat down beneath the beech  
 Which leans over to the lane,  
 And the far sound of your speech  
 Did not promise any pain ;  
 And I blessed you, full and free,  
 With a smile stooped tenderly  
 O'er the May-flowers on my knee.

But the sound grew into word  
 As the speakers drew more near —  
 Sweet, forgive me that I heard  
 What you wished me not to hear.  
 Do not weep so, do not shake —  
 O, I heard thee, Bertha, make  
 Good true answers for my sake.

Yes, and he too ! let him stand  
 In thy thoughts, untouched by blame.  
 \* Could he help it, if my hand  
 He had claimed with hasty claim !  
 That was wrong perhaps, but then  
 Such things be — and will, again !  
 Women cannot judge for men.

Had he seen thee, when he swore  
 He would love but me alone ?  
 Thou wert absent, — sent before  
 To our kin in Sidmouth town.  
 When he saw thee, who art best  
 Past compare, and loveliest,  
 He but judged thee as the rest.

Could we blame him with grave words,  
 Thou and I, dear, if we might ?  
 Thy brown eyes have looks like birds  
 Flying straightway to the light ;  
 Mine are older. — Hush ! — look out —  
 Up the street ! Is none without ?  
 How the poplar swings about !

And that hour — beneath the beach —  
 When I listened in a dream,  
 And he said, in his deep speech,  
 That he owed me all esteem —  
 Each word swam in on my brain  
 With a dim, dilating pain,  
 Till it burst with that last strain.

I fell flooded with a dark,  
 In the silence of a swoon ;  
 When I rose, still, cold, and stark,  
 There was night, — I saw the moon ;  
 And the stars, each in its place,  
 And the May-blooms on the grass,  
 Seemed to wonder what I was.

And I walked as if apart  
 From myself when I could stand,  
 And I pitied my own heart,  
 As if I held it in my hand  
 Somewhat coldly, with a sense  
 Of fulfilled benevolence,  
 And a " Poor thing " negligence.

And I answered coldly too,  
 When you met me at the door ;  
 And I only heard the dew  
 Dripping from me to the floor ;  
 And the flowers I bade you see  
 Were too withered for the bee, —  
 As my life, henceforth, for me.

Do not weep so — dear — heart-warm !  
 It was best as it befell !  
 If I say he did me harm,  
 I speak wild, — I am not well.  
 All his words were kind and good, —  
 He esteemed me ! Only blood  
 Runs so faint in womanhood.

Then I always was too grave,  
 Liked the saddest ballads sung,  
 With that look, besides, we have  
 In our faces who die young.  
 I had died, dear, all the same, —  
 Life's long, joyous, jostling game  
 Is too loud for my meek shame.

We are so unlike each other,  
 Thou and I, that none could guess  
 We were children of one mother,  
 But for mutual tenderness.  
 Thou art rose-lined from the cold,  
 And meant, verily, to hold  
 Life's pure pleasures manifold.

I am pale as crocus grows  
 Close beside a rose-tree's root !  
 Whosoe'er would reach the rose,  
 Treads the crocus underfoot ;

I like May-bloom on thorn-tree,  
 Thou like merry summer-bee !  
 Fit, that I be plucked for thee.

Yet who plucks me ? — no one mourns ;  
 I have lived my season out,  
 And now die of my own thorns,  
 Which I could not live without.  
 Sweet, be merry ! How the light  
 Comes and goes ! If it be night,  
 Keep the candles in my sight.

Are there footsteps at the door ?  
 Look out quickly. Yea, or nay ?  
 Some one might be waiting for  
 Some last word that I might say.  
 Nay ? So best ! — So angels would  
 Stand off clear from deathly road,  
 Not to cross the sight of God.

Colder grow my hands and feet, —  
 When I wear the shroud I made,  
 Let the folds lie straight and neat,  
 And the rosemary be spread,  
 That if any friend should come,  
 (To see thee, sweet !) all the room  
 May be lifted out of gloom.

And, dear Bertha, let me keep  
 On my hand this little ring,  
 Which at nights, when others sleep,  
 I can still see glittering.  
 Let me wear it out of sight,  
 In the grave, — where it will light  
 All the dark up, day and night.

On that grave drop not a tear !  
 Else, though fathom-deep the place,  
 Through the woollen shroud I wear  
 I shall feel it on my face.  
 Rather smile there, blessed one,  
 Thinking of me in the sun, —  
 Or forget me, smiling on !

Art thou near me ? nearer ? so !  
 Kiss me close upon the eyes,  
 That the earthly light may go  
 Sweetly as it used to rise,  
 When I watched the morning gray  
 Strike, betwixt the hills, the way  
 He was sure to come that day.

So — no more vain words be said !  
 The hosannas nearer roll —  
 Mother, smile now on thy dead, —  
 I am death-strong in my soul !  
 Mystic Dove alit on cross,  
 Guide the poor bird of the snows  
 Through the snow-wind above loss !

Jesus, vietim, comprehending  
 Love's divine self-abnegation,  
 Cleanse my love in its self-spending,  
 And absorb the poor libation !  
 Wind my thread of life up higher,  
 Up through angels' hands of fire !—  
 I aspire while I expire !—

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

### HOMESICK.

COME to me, O my Mother ! come to me,  
 Thine own son slowly dying far away !  
 Through the moist ways of the wide ocean, blown  
 By great invisible winds, come stately ships  
 To this calm bay for quiet anchorage ;  
 They come, they rest awhile, they go away,  
 But, O my Mother, never comest thou !  
 The snow is round thy dwelling, the white snow,  
 That cold soft revelation pure as light,  
 And the pine-spire is mystically fringed,  
 Laced with inerusted silver. Here—ah me !—  
 The winter is decrepit, underhorn,  
 A leper with no power but his disease.  
 Why am I from thee, Mother, far from thee ?  
 Far from the frost enchantment, and the woods  
 Jewelled from bough to bough ? O home, my  
 home !

O river in the valley of my home,  
 With mazy-winding motion intricate,  
 Twisting thy deathless music underneath  
 The polished ice-work, — must I nevermore  
 Behold thee with familiar eyes, and watch  
 Thy beauty changing with the changeful day,  
 Thy beauty constant to the constant change ?

DAVID GRAY.

### THE ABSENT SOLDIER SON.

FROM "THE ROMAN."

LORD, I am weeping. As Thou wilt, O Lord,  
 Do with him as Thou wilt ; but O my God,  
 Let him come back to die ! Let not the fowls  
 O' the air defile the body of my child,  
 My own fair child, that when he was a babe,  
 I lift up in my arms and gave to Thee !  
 Let not his garment, Lord, be vilely parted,  
 Nor the fine linen which these hands have spun  
 Fall to the stranger's lot ! Shall the wild bird,  
 That would have pilfered of the ox, this year  
 Disdain the pens and stalls ? Shall her blind  
 young,  
 That on the flock and moult of brutish beasts  
 Had been too happy, sleep in cloth of gold  
 Whereof each thread is to this beating heart

As a peculiar darling ? Lo, the flies  
 Hum o'er him ! Lo, a feather from the crow  
 Falls in his parted lips ! Lo, his dead eyes  
 See not the raven ! Lo, the worm, the worm  
 Creeps from his festering corse ! My God ! my  
 God !

O Lord, Thou doest well. I am content.  
 If Thou have need of him he shall not stay.  
 But as one calleth to a servant, saying  
 "At such a time be with me," so, O Lord,  
 Call him to Thee ! O, bid him not in haste  
 Straight whence he standeth. Let him lay aside  
 The soiled tools of labor. Let him wash  
 His hands of blood. Let him array himself  
 Meet for his Lord, pure from the sweat and fume  
 Of corporal travail ! Lord, if he must die,  
 Let him die here. O, take him where Thou gavest !

And even as once I held him in my womb  
 Till all things were fulfilled, and he came forth,  
 So, O Lord, let me hold him in my grave  
 Till the time come, and Thou, who settest when  
 The hinds shall calve, ordain a better birth ;  
 And as I looked and saw my son, and wept  
 For joy, I look again and see my son,  
 And weep again for joy of him and Thee !

SIDNEY DOBELL.

### THE FAREWELL

OF A VIRGINIA SLAVE MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTERS SOLD  
 INTO SOUTHERN BONDAGE.

GONE, gone, — sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
 Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,  
 Where the noisome insect stings,  
 Where the fever demon strews  
 Poison with the falling dews,  
 Where the sickly sunbeams glare  
 Through the hot and misty air, —  
 Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
 From Virginia's hill and waters, —  
 Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
 There no mother's eye is near them,  
 There no mother's ear can hear them ;  
 Never, when the torturing lash  
 Seams their back with many a gash,  
 Shall a mother's kindness bless them,  
 Or a mother's arms caress them.

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
 From Virginia's hills and waters, —  
 Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
 O, when weary, sad, and slow,  
 From the fields at night they go,  
 Faint with toil, and racked with pain,  
 To their cheerless homes again,  
 There no brother's voice shall greet them,—  
 There no father's welcome meet them.

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
 From Virginia's hills and waters, —  
 Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
 From the tree whose shadow lay  
 On their childhood's place of play, —  
 From the cool spring where they drank, —  
 Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank, —  
 From the solemn house of prayer,  
 And the holy counsels there; —

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
 From Virginia's hills and waters, —  
 Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone, — sold and gone, ...  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone, —  
 Toiling through the weary day,  
 And at night the spoiler's prey.  
 O that they had earlier died,  
 Sleeping calmly, side by side,  
 Where the tyrant's power is o'er,  
 And the fetter galls no more !

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
 From Virginia's hills and waters, —  
 Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone.  
 By the holy love He beareth, —  
 By the bruised reed He spareth, —  
 O, may He, to whom alone  
 All their cruel wrongs are known,  
 Still their hope and refuge prove,  
 With a more than mother's love.

Gone, gone, — sold and gone,  
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,  
 From Virginia's hills and waters, —  
 Woe is me, my stolen daughters !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## PARTING.

### AS SHIPS BECALMED.

As ships becalmed at eve, that lay  
 With canvas drooping, side by side,  
 Two towers of sail, at dawn of day  
 Are scarce long leagues apart descried.

When fell the night, up sprang the breeze,  
 And all the darkling hours they plied ;  
 Nor dreamt but each the selfsame seas  
 By each was cleaving, side by side :

E'en so — but why the tale reveal  
 Of those whom, year by year unchanged,  
 Brief absence joined anew, to feel,  
 Astounded, soul from soul estranged ?

At dead of night their sails were filled,  
 And onward each rejoicing steered ;  
 Ah ! neither blame, for neither willed  
 Or wist what first with dawn appeared.

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,  
 Brave barks ! — in light, in darkness too !  
 Through winds and tides one compass guides :  
 To that and your own selves be true.

But O blithe breeze ! and O great seas !  
 Though ne'er that earliest parting past,  
 On your wide plain they join again,  
 Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought, —  
 One purpose hold where'er they fare ;  
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,  
 At last, at last, unite them there.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

### AE FOND KISS BEFORE WE PART.

Ae fond kiss and then we sever !  
 Ae fareweel, alas ! forever !  
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee ;  
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.  
 Who shall say that fortune grieves him,  
 While the star of hope she leaves him ?  
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me ;  
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy —  
 Naething could resist my Nancy :  
 But to see her was to love her,  
 Love but her, and love forever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,  
Had we never loved sae blindly,  
Never met — or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !  
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !  
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !  
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever !  
Ae fareweel, alas ! forever !  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I 'll pledge thee ;  
Warring sighs and groans I 'll wage thee.

ROBERT BURNS.

## O MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

O my Luvè 's like a red, red rose  
That 's newly sprung in June :  
O my Luvè 's like the melodie  
That 's sweetly played in tune.  
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in luvè am I :  
And I will luvè thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry :

Till a' the seas gang dry, my Dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;  
I will luvè thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.  
And fare thee weel, my only Luvè !  
And fare thee weel awhile !  
And I will come again, my Luvè,  
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

ROBERT BURNS.

## THE KISS, DEAR MAID.

THE kiss, dear maid ! thy lip has left  
Shall never part from mine,  
Till happier hours restore the gift  
Untainted back to thine.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,  
An equal love may see :  
The tear that from thine eyelid streams  
Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest  
In gazing when alone ;  
Nor one memorial for a breast  
Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write — to tell the tale  
My pen were doubly weak :  
O, what can idle words avail,  
Unless the heart could speak ?

By day or night, in weal or woe,  
That heart, no longer free,  
Must bear the love it cannot show,  
And silent, ache for thee.

BYRON.

## MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART.

*Ζών μου σάς αγαπῶ.\**

MAID of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, O give me back my heart !  
Or, since that has left my breast,  
Keep it now, and take the rest !  
Hear my vow before I go,

*Ζών μου σάς αγαπῶ.*

By those tresses unconfined,  
Wooded by each Ægean wind ;  
By those lids whose jetty fringe  
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge ;  
By those wild eyes like the roe,  
*Ζών μου σάς αγαπῶ.*

By that lip I long to taste ;  
By that zone-encircled waist ;  
By all the token-flowers that tell  
What words can never speak so well ;  
By love's alternate joy and woe,  
*Ζών μου σάς αγαπῶ.*

Maid of Athens ! I am gone.  
Think of me, sweet ! when alone.  
Though I fly to Istambol,  
Athens holds my heart and soul :  
Can I cease to love thee ? No !  
*Ζών μου σάς αγαπῶ.*

BYRON.

THE HEATH THIS NIGHT MUST BE  
MY BED.SONG OF THE YOUNG HIGHLANDER SUMMONED FROM  
THE SIDE OF HIS BRIDE BY THE "FIERY  
CROSS" OF RODERICK DHU.

THE heath this night must be my bed,  
The bracken curtain for my head,  
My lullaby the warder's tread,  
Far, far from love and thee, Mary ;  
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid  
My couch may be my bloody plaid,  
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid !  
It will not waken me, Mary !

I may not, dare not, fancy now  
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,

\* My life, I love thee.

I dare not think upon thy vow,  
And all it promised me, Mary.  
No fond regret must Norman know ;  
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,  
His heart must be like bended bow,  
His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught !  
For, if I fall in battle fought,  
Thy hapless lover's dying thought  
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.  
And if returned from conquered foes,  
How blithely will the evening close,  
How sweet the linnet sing repose,  
To my young bride and me, Mary !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## TO LUCASTA,

ON GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkinde,  
That from the nunnerie  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde,  
To warre and armes I flee.

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

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you, too, should adore ;  
I could not love thee, deare, so much,  
Loved I not honor more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

## ADIEU, ADIEU ! OUR DREAM OF LOVE—

ADIEU, adieu ! our dream of love  
Was far too sweet to linger long ;  
Such hopes may bloom in bowers above,  
But here they mock the fond and young.

We met in hope, we part in tears !  
Yet O, 't is sadly sweet to know  
That life, in all its future years,  
Can reach us with no heavier blow !

The hour is come, the spell is past ;  
Far, far from thee, my only love,  
Youth's earliest hope, and manhood's last,  
My darkened spirit turns to rove.

Adieu, adieu ! O, dull and dread  
Sinks on the ear that parting knell !  
Hope and the dreams of love lie dead, —  
To them and thee, farewell, farewell !

THOMAS K. HERVEY.

## BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOHN GAY.

## PARTING LOVERS.

SIENNA.

I.

I LOVE thee, love thee, Giulio !  
Some call me cold, and some demure,  
And if thou hast ever guessed that so  
I love thee . . . well ; — the proof was poor,  
And no one could be sure.

II.

Before thy song (with shifted rhymes  
To suit my name) did I undo  
The persian ? If it moved sometimes,  
Thou hast not seen a hand push through  
A flower or two.

III.

My mother listening to my sleep  
Heard nothing but a sigh at night, —  
The short sigh rippling on the deep, —  
When hearts run out of breath and sight  
Of men, to God's clear light.

IV.

When others named thee, . . . thought thy brows  
Were straight, thy smile was tender, . . . "Here  
He comes between the vineyard-rows !" —  
I said not "Ay," — nor waited, Dear,  
To feel thee step too near.

V.

I left such things to bolder girls,  
Olivia or Clotilda. Nay,  
When that Clotilda through her curls  
Held both thine eyes in hers one day,  
I marvelled, let me say.

VI.

I could not try the woman's trick :  
Between us straightway fell the blush  
Which kept me separate, blind, and sick.  
A wind came with thee in a flush,  
As blown through Horeb's bush.

VII.

But now that Italy invokes  
Her young men to go forth and chase  
The foe or perish, — nothing chokes  
My voice, or drives me from the place :  
I look thee in the face.

VIII.

I love thee ! it is understood,  
Confest : I do not shrink or start :  
No blushes : all my body's blood  
Has gone to greaten this poor heart,  
That, loving, we may part.

IX.

Our Italy invokes the youth  
To die if need be. Still there's room,  
Though earth is strained with dead, in truth.  
Since twice the lilies were in bloom  
They have not grudged a tomb.

X.

And many a plighted maid and wife  
And mother, who can say since then  
"My country," cannot say through life  
"My son," "my spouse," "my flower of men,"  
And not weep dumb again.

XI.

Heroic males the country bears,  
But daughters give up more than sons.  
Flags wave, drums beat, and unawares  
You flash your souls out 'with the guns,  
And take your heaven at once !

XII.

But *we*, — we empty heart and home  
Of life's life, love ! we bear to think  
You're gone, . . . to feel you may not come, . . .  
To hear the door-latch stir and clink  
Yet no more you, . . . nor sink,

XIII.

Dear God ! when Italy is one  
And perfected from bound to bound, . . .  
Suppose (for my share) earth's undone  
By one grave in 't ! as one small wound  
May kill a man, 't is found !

XIV.

What then ? If love's delight must end,  
At least we'll clear its truth from flaws.  
I love thee, love thee, sweetest friend !  
Now take my sweetest without pause,  
To help the nation's cause.

XV.

And thus of noble Italy  
We'll both be worthy. Let her show  
The future how we made her free,  
Not sparing life, nor Giulio,  
Nor this . . . this heart-break. Go !

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

## HERO TO LEANDER.

O, go not yet, my love,  
The night is dark and vast ;  
The white moon is hid in her heaven above,  
And the waves climb high and fast.  
O, kiss me, kiss me, once again,  
Lest thy kiss should be the last.



O kiss me ere we part ;  
 Grow closer to my heart.  
 My heart is warmer surely than the bosom of the  
 main.

O joy ! O bliss of blisses !  
 My heart of hearts art thou.  
 Come, bathe me with thy kisses,  
 My eyelids and my brow.  
 Hark how the wild rain hisses,  
 And the loud sea roars below.

Thy heart beats through thy rosy limbs,  
 So gladly doth it stir ;  
 Thine eye in drops of gladness swims.  
 I have bathed thee with the pleasant myrrh ;  
 Thy locks are dripping balm ;  
 Thou shalt not wander hence to-night,  
 I 'll stay thee with my kisses.  
 To-night the roaring brine  
 Will rend thy golden tresses ;  
 The ocean with the morrow light  
 Will be both blue and calm ;  
 And the billow will embrace thee with a kiss as  
 soft as mine.

No Western odors wander  
 On the black and moaning sea,  
 And when thou art dead, Leander,  
 My soul must follow thee !  
 O, go not yet, my love,  
 Thy voice is sweet and low ;  
 The deep salt wave breaks in above  
 Those marble steps below.  
 The turret-stairs are wet  
 That lead into the sea.  
 Leander ! go not yet.  
 The pleasant stars have set :  
 O, go not, go not yet,  
 Or I will follow thee.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## THE PARTING LOVERS.

She says, "The cock crows, — hark !"  
 He says, "No ! still 't is dark."

She says, "The dawn grows bright,"  
 He says "O no, my Light."

She says, "Stand up and say,  
 Gets not the heaven gray ?"

He says, "The morning star  
 Climbs the horizon's bar."

She says, "Then quick depart :  
 Alas ! you now must start ;

But give the cock a blow  
 Who did begin our woe !"

ANONYMOUS (Chinese). Translation  
 of WILLIAM R. ALGER.

## THE PARTING OF ROMEO AND JULIET.

JULIET. Wilt thou be gone ? it is not yet near  
 day :

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
 That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear ;  
 Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree :  
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROMEO. It was the lark, the herald of the  
 morn,  
 No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks  
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :  
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JULIET. Yon light is not daylight, I know  
 it, I :

It is some meteor, that the sun exhales,  
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,  
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua :  
 Therefore stay yet, — thou need'st not be gone.

ROMEO. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to  
 death ;

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.  
 I 'll say, yon gray is not the morning's eye,  
 'T is but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ;  
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat  
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads :  
 I have more care to stay than will to go ; —  
 Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so. —  
 How is 't, my soul ? let 's talk, it is not day.

JULIET. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away !  
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
 Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.  
 Some say, the lark makes sweet division ;  
 This doth not so, for she divideth us :  
 Some say, the lark and loathed toad change  
 eyes :

O, now I would they had changed voices too !  
 Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,  
 Hunting thee hence, with hunts-up to the day.  
 O, now be gone ; more light and light it grows.

ROMEO. More light and light, — more dark  
 and dark our woes.

JULIET. Then, window, let day in, and let  
 life out.

ROMEO. Farewell, farewell ! one kiss, and I 'll  
 descend. (*Descends.*)

JULIET. Art thou gone so ? my love ! my  
 lord ! my friend !

I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,  
 For in a minute there are many days :

Oh ! by this count I shall be much in years,  
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

ROMEO. Farewell ! I will omit no opportunity  
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

JULIET. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet  
again ?

ROMEO. I doubt it not ; and all these woes  
shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

SHAKESPEARE.

### AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her foamy track  
Against the wind was cleaving,  
Her trembling pennant still looked back  
To that dear isle 't was leaving.  
So loath we part from all we love,  
From all the links that bind us ;  
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,  
To those we 've left behind us !

When, round the bowl, of vanished years  
We talk with joyous seeming, —  
With smiles that might as well be tears,  
So faint, so sad their beaming ;  
While memory brings us back again  
Each early tie that twined us,  
O, sweet 's the cup that circles then  
To those we 've left behind us !

And when, in other climes, we meet  
Some isle or vale enchanting,  
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,  
And nought but love is wanting ;  
We think how great had been our bliss  
If Heaven had but assigned us  
To live and die in scenes like this,  
With some we 've left behind us !

As travellers oft look back at eve  
When eastward darkly going,  
To gaze upon that light they leave  
Still faint behind them glowing, —  
So, when the close of pleasure's day  
To gloom hath near consigned us,  
We turn to catch one fading ray  
Of joy that 's left behind us.

THOMAS MOORE.

### ADIEU, ADIEU ! MY NATIVE SHORE.

ADIEU, adieu ! my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue ;  
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.

Yon sun that sets upon the sea  
We follow in his flight ;  
Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
My native Land — Good Night !

A few short hours, and he will rise  
To give the morrow birth ;  
And I shall hail the main and skies,  
But not my mother earth.  
Deserted is my own good hall,  
Its hearth is desolate ;  
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall ;  
My dog howls at the gate.

BYRON.

### LOCHABER NO MORE.

FAREWELL to Lochaber ! and farewell, my Jean,  
Where heartsome with thee I hae mony day been !  
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,  
We 'll maybe return to Lochaber no more !  
These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,  
And no for the dangers attending on war,  
Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,  
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,  
They 'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind ;  
Though loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,  
That 's naething like leaving my love on the shore.  
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained ;  
By ease that 's inglorious no fame can be gained ;  
And beauty and love 's the reward of the brave,  
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse ;  
Since honor commands me, how can I refuse ?  
Without it I ne'er can hae merit for thee,  
And without thy favor I 'd better not be.  
I gae then, my lass, to win honor and fame,  
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,  
I 'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,  
And then I 'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

### MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

NEGRO SONG.

The sun shines bright in our old Kentucky home ;  
'T is summer, the darkies are gay ;  
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,  
While the birds make music all the day ;  
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,  
All merry, all happy, all bright ;  
By'm by hard times comes a knockin' at the door, —  
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night !

## CHORUS.

Weep no more, my lady ; O, weep no more  
to-day !

We'll sing one song for my old Kentucky  
home,

For our old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,  
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore ;

They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,  
On the bench by the old cabin door ;

The day goes by, like a shadow o'er the heart,  
With sorrow where all was delight ;

The time has come, when the darkeys have to part,  
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night !

Weep no more, my lady, &c.

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,  
Wherever the darkey may go ;

A few more days, and the troubles all will end,  
In the field where the sugar-cane grow ;

A few more days to tote the weary load,  
No matter it will never be light ;

A few more days till we totter on the road,  
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night !

Weep no more, my lady, &c.

ANONYMOUS.

FAREWELL ! IF EVER FONDEST  
PRAYER.

FAREWELL ! if ever fondest prayer

For other's weal availed on high,

Mine will not all be lost in air,

But waft thy name beyond the sky.

'T were vain to speak, to weep, to sigh :

Oh ! more than tears of blood can tell,

When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,

Are in that word — Farewell ! — Farewell !

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry :

But in my breast and in my brain

Awake the pangs that pass not by,

The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.

My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,

Though grief and passion there rebel :

I only know we loved in vain —

I only feel — Farewell ! — Farewell !

BYRON.

FARE THEE WELL ! AND IF FOREVER.

FARE thee well ! and if forever,

Still forever, fare *thee well* ;

Even though unforgiving, never

'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee

Where thy head so oft hath lain,

While that placid sleep came o'er thee

Which thou ne'er canst know again :

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,

Every inmost thought could show !

Then thou wouldst at last discover

'T was not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee, —

Though it smile upon the blow,

Even its praises must offend thee,

Founded on another's woe :

Though my many faults defaced me,

Could no other arm be found,

Than the one which once embraced me,

To inflict a cureless wound ?

Yet, O yet, thyself deceive not :

Love may sink by slow decay,

But by sudden wrench, believe not

Hearts can thus be torn away ;

Still thine own its life retaineth, —

Still must mine, though bleeding, beat ;

And the undying thought which paineth

Is — that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow

Than the wail above the dead ;

Both shall live, but every morrow

Wake us from a widowed bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,

When our child's first accents flow,

Wilt thou teach her to say " Father ! "

Though his care she must forego ?

When her little hands shall press thee,

When her lip to thine is pressed,

Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,

Think of him thy love had blessed !

Should her lineaments resemble

Those thou nevermore mayst see,

Then thy heart will softly tremble

With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,

All my madness none can know ;

All my hopes, where'er thou goest,

Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken ;

Pride which not a world could bow,

Bows to thee, — by thee forsaken,

Even my soul forsakes me now ;

But 't is done ; all words are idle, —

Words from me are vainer still ;

But the thoughts we cannot bridle

Force their way without the will.

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

BYRON.

## WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

WHEN we two parted  
In silence and tears,  
Half broken-hearted,  
To sever for years,  
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,  
Colder thy kiss :  
Truly that hour foretold  
Sorrow to this !

The dew of the morning  
Sunk chill on my brow ;  
It felt like the warning  
Of what I feel now.  
Thy vows are all broken,  
And light is thy fame :  
I hear thy name spoken  
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,  
A knell to mine ear ;  
A shudder comes o'er me —  
Why wert thou so dear ?  
They know not I knew thee  
Who knew thee too well :  
Long, long shall I rue thee  
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met :  
In silence I grieve  
That thy heart could forget,  
Thy spirit deceive.  
If I should meet thee  
After long years,  
How should I greet thee ? —  
With silence and tears.

BYRON.

## COME, LET US KISSE AND PARTE.

SINCE there's no helpe, — come, let us kisse and parte,

Nay, I have done, — you get no more of me ;  
And I am glad, — yea, glad with all my hearte,  
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.

Shake hands forever ! — cancel all our vows ;  
And when we meet at any time againe,  
Be it not scene in either of our brows,  
That we one jot of former love retaine.

Now — at the last gaspe of Love's latest breath —  
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies ;

When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,  
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,  
Now ! if thou wouldst — when all have given  
him over —  
From death to life thou might'st him yet re-  
cover.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

## FAREWELL, THOU ART TOO DEAR.

FAREWELL ! thou art too dear for my possessing,  
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate :  
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing ;  
My bonds in thee are all determinate.  
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting ?  
And for that riches where is my deserving ?  
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
And so my patent back again is swerving.  
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not  
knowing,

Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking ;  
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,  
Comes home again, on better judgment making.  
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter ;  
In sleep a king, but, waking, no such matter.

SHAKESPEARE.

## AN EARNEST SUIT

TO HIS UNKIND MISTRESS NOT TO FORSAKE HIM.

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

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

Say nay ! say nay !

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

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

Say nay ! say nay !

SIR THOMAS WYAT.

## WE PARTED IN SILENCE.

WE parted in silence, we parted by night,  
 On the banks of that lonely river ;  
 Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite,  
 We met — and we parted forever !  
 The night-bird sung, and the stars above  
 Told many a touching story,  
 Of friends long passed to the kingdom of love,  
 Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence, — our cheeks were wet  
 With the tears that were past controlling ;  
 We vowed we would never, no, never forget,  
 And those vows at the time were consoling ;  
 But those lips that echoed the sounds of mine  
 Are as cold as that lonely river ;  
 And that eye, that beautiful spirit's shrine,  
 Has shrouded its fires forever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,  
 And my heart grows full of weeping ;  
 Each star is to me a sealéd book,  
 Some tale of that loved one keeping.  
 We parted in silence, — we parted in tears,  
 On the banks of that lonely river :  
 But the odor and bloom of those bygone years  
 Shall hang o'er its waters forever.

MRS. CRAWFORD.

## PEACE! WHAT CAN TEARS AVAIL ?

PEACE ! what can tears avail ?  
 She lies all dumb and pale,  
 And from her eye  
 The spirit of lovely life is fading, —  
 And she must die !  
 Why looks the lover wroth, — the friend upbraid-  
 ing ?  
 Reply, reply !

Hath she not dwelt too long  
 Midst pain, and grief, and wrong ?  
 Then why not die ?  
 Why suffer again her doom of sorrow,  
 And hopeless lie ?  
 Why nurse the trembling dream until to-morrow ?  
 Reply, reply !

Death ! Take her to thine arms,  
 In all her stainless charms !  
 And with her fly  
 To heavenly haunts, where, clad in brightness,  
 The angels lie !  
 Wilt bear her there, O death ! in all her whiteness ?  
 Reply, reply !

BARRY CORNWALL.

HANG UP HIS HARP ; HE 'LL WAKE  
NO MORE !

HIS young bride stood beside his bed,  
 Her weeping watch to keep ;  
 Hush ! hush ! he stirred not, — was he dead,  
 Or did he only sleep ?

His brow was calm, no change was there,  
 No sigh had filled his breath ;  
 O, did he wear that smile so fair  
 In slumber or in death ?

"Reach down his harp," she wildly cried,  
 "And if one spark remain,  
 Let him but hear 'Loch Erroch's Side' ;  
 He 'll kindle at the strain.

"That tune e'er held his soul in thrall ;  
 It never breathed in vain ;  
 He 'll waken as its echoes fall,  
 Or never wake again."

The strings were swept. 'T was sad to hear  
 Sweet music floating there ;  
 For every note called forth a tear  
 Of anguish and despair.

"See ! see !" she cried, "the tune is o'er  
 No opening eye, no breath ;  
 Hang up his harp ; he 'll wake no more ;  
 He sleeps the sleep of death."

ELIZA COOK.

THE DYING GERTRUDE TO WALDE-  
GRAVE.

FROM "GERTRUDE OF WYOMING."

CLASP me a little longer on the brink  
 Of fate ! while I can feel thy dear caress ;  
 And when this heart hath ceased to beat, — O,  
 think,  
 And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,  
 That thou hast been to me all tenderness,  
 And friend to more than human friendship just.  
 Oh ! by that retrospect of happiness,  
 And by the hopes of an immortal trust,  
 God shall assuage thy pangs, when I am laid in  
 dust !

Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,  
 The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,  
 Where my dear father took thee to his heart,  
 And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove  
 With thee, as with an angel, through the grove  
 Of peace, imagining her lot was cast  
 In heaven ; for ours was not like earthly love.

And must this parting be our very last ?  
No ! I shall love thee still, when death itself is  
past.

Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this  
earth, —

And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,  
If I had lived to smile but on the birth  
Of one dear pledge ; — but shall there then be  
none,

In future time, — no gentle little one,  
To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me ?  
Yet seems it, even while life's last pulses run,  
A sweetness in the cup of death to be,  
Lord of my hosom's love ! to die beholding thee !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

### THE MOURNER.

YES ! there are real mourners, — I have seen  
A fair sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene ;  
Attention (through the day) her duties claimed,  
And to be useful as resigned she aimed ;  
Neatly she drest, nor vainly seemed t' expect  
Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect ;  
But when her wearied parents sunk to sleep,  
She sought her place to meditate and weep ;  
Then to her mind was all the past displayed,  
That faithful memory brings to sorrow's aid :  
For then she thought on one regretted youth,  
Her tender trust, and his unquestioned truth ;  
In every place she wandered, where they 'd been,  
And sadly-sacred held the parting scene,  
Where last for sea he took his leave ; that place  
With double interest would she nightly trace !

Happy he sailed, and great the care she took,  
That he should softly sleep and smartly look ;  
White was his better linen, and his check  
Was made more trim than any on the deck ;  
And every comfort men at sea can know,  
Was hers to huy, to make, and to bestow :  
For he to Greenland sailed, and much she told,  
How he should guard against the climate's cold ;  
Yet saw not danger ; dangers he 'd withstood,  
Nor could she trace the fever in his blood.

His messmates smiled at flushings on his cheek,  
And he too smiled, but seldom would he speak ;  
For now he found the danger, felt the pain,  
With grievous symptoms he could not explain.  
He called his friend, and prefaced with a sigh  
A lover's message, — "Thomas, I must die ;  
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest  
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,  
And gazing go ! — if not, this trifle take,  
And say, till death I wore it for her sake :

Yes ! I must die — blow on, sweet breeze, blow  
on,

Give me one look before my life be gone,  
Oh ! give me that, and let me not despair,  
One last fond look ! — and now repeat the  
prayer."

He had his wish, had more : I will not paint  
The lovers' meeting ; she beheld him faint, —  
With tender fears, she took a nearer view,  
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew ;  
He tried to smile ; and, half succeeding, said,  
"Yes ! I must die" — and hope forever fled.  
Still long she nursed him ; tender thoughts  
meantime

Were interchanged, and hopes and views sublime.  
To her he came to die, and every day  
She took some portion of the dread away ;  
With him she prayed, to him his Bible read,  
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching  
head :

She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer,  
Apart she sighed ; alone, she shed the tear ;  
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave  
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.

One day he lighter seemed, and they forgot  
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot ;  
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seemed to  
think,

Yet said not so — "Perhaps he will not sink."  
A sudden brightness in his look appeared,  
A sudden vigor in his voice was heard ; —  
She had been reading in the Book of Prayer,  
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair ;  
Lively he seemed, and spake of all he knew,  
The friendly many, and the favorite few ;  
Nor one that day did he to mind recall,  
But she has treasured, and she loves them all ;  
When in her way she meets them, they appear  
Peculiar people, — death has made them dear.  
He named his friend, but then his hand she prest,  
And fondly whispered, "Thou must go to rest."  
"I go," he said ; but as he spoke, she found  
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the  
sound ;

Then gazed affrighted ; but she caught a last,  
A dying look of love, and all was past !

She placed a decent stone his grave above,  
Neatly engraved, — an offering of her love :  
For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,  
Awake alike to duty and the dead ;  
She would have grieved, had friends presumed to  
spare

The least assistance, — 't was her proper care.  
Here will she come, and on the grave will sit,  
Folding her arms, in long abstracted fit :  
But if observer pass, will take her round,  
And careless seem, for she would not be found ;  
Then go again, and thus her hours employ,  
While visions please her, and while woes destroy.

GEORGE CRABBE.





MARINE VIEW.

*"Blown out and in by summer gales,  
The stately ships, with crowded sails."*







## A B S E N C E .

## TO HER ABSENT SAILOR.

FROM "THE TENT ON THE BEACH."

HER window opens to the bay,  
On glistening light or misty gray,  
And there at dawn and set of day

In prayer she kneels :  
"Dear Lord !" she saith, "to many a home  
From wind and wave the wanderers come ;  
I only see the tossing foam  
Of stranger keels.

"Blown out and in by summer gales,  
The stately ships, with crowded sails,  
And sailors leaning o'er their rails,  
Before me glide ;  
They come, they go, but nevermore,  
Spice-laden from the Indian shore,  
I see his swift-winged Isidore  
The waves divide.

"O thou ! with whom the night is day  
And one the near and far away,  
Look out on yon gray waste, and say  
Where lingers he.  
Alive, perchance, on some lone beach  
Or thirsty isle beyond the reach  
Of man, he hears the mocking speech  
Of wind and sea.

"O dread and cruel deep, reveal  
The secret which thy waves conceal,  
And, ye wild sea-birds, hither wheel  
And tell your tale.  
Let winds that tossed his raven hair  
A message from my lost one bear, —  
Some thought of me, a last fond prayer  
Or dying wail !

"Come, with your dreariest truth shut out  
The fears that haunt me round about ;  
O God ! I cannot bear this doubt  
That stifles breath.  
The worst is better than the dread ;  
Give me but leave to mourn my dead  
Asleep in trust and hope, instead  
Of life in death !"

It might have been the evening breeze  
That whispered in the garden trees,  
It might have been the sound of seas  
That rose and fell ;

But, with her heart, if not her ear,  
The old loved voice she seemed to hear :  
"I wait to meet thee : be of cheer  
For all is well !"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## TO LUCASTA.

If to be absent were to be  
Away from thee ;  
Or that, when I am gone,  
You or I were alone ;  
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave  
Pity from blustering wind or swallowing wave.  
But I'll not sigh one blast or gale  
To swell my sail,  
Or pay a tear to 'suaque  
The foaming blue-god's rage ;  
For, whether he will let me pass  
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and lands be 'twixt us both,  
Our faith and troth,  
Like separated souls,  
All time and space controls :  
Above the highest sphere we meet,  
Unseen, unknown ; and greet as angels greet.

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

COLONEL RICHARD LOVELACE.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN  
BLAW.

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

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
I see her sweet and fair ;

I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
 I hear her charm the air ;  
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs  
 By fountain, shaw, or green, —  
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,  
 But minds me of my Jean.

ROBERT BURNS.

◆

### LOVE'S MEMORY.

FROM "ALL 'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

I AM undone : there is no living, none,  
 If Bertram be away. It were all one,  
 That I should love a bright particular star,  
 And think to wed it, he is so above me :  
 In his bright radiance and collateral light  
 Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.  
 The ambition in my love thus plagues itself :  
 The hind that would be mated by the lion  
 Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,  
 To see him ev'ry hour ; to sit and draw  
 His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,  
 In our heart's table, — heart too capable  
 Of every line and trick of his sweet favor :  
 But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy  
 Must sanctify his relics.

SHAKESPEARE.

◆

### THE SUN UPON THE LAKE IS LOW.

THE sun upon the lake is low,  
 The wild birds hush their song,  
 The hills have evening's deepest glow,  
 Yet Leonard tarries long.  
 Now all whom varied toil and care  
 From home and love divide,  
 In the calm sunset may repair  
 Each to the loved one's side.

The noble dame on turret high,  
 Who waits her gallant knight,  
 Looks to the western beam to spy  
 The flash of armor bright.  
 The village maid, with hand on brow  
 The level ray to shade,  
 Upon the footpath watches now  
 For Colin's darkening plaid.

Now to their mates the wild swans row,  
 By day they swam apart,  
 And to the thicket wanders slow  
 The hind beside the hart.  
 The woodlark at his partner's side  
 Twitters his closing song, —  
 All meet whom day and care divide,  
 But Leonard tarries long !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### O, SAW YE BONNIE LESLEY ?

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

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

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

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

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

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

ROBERT BURNS.

◆

### JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,  
 Through mony a weary way ;  
 But never, never can forget  
 The luvie o' life's young day !  
 The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en  
 May weel be black gin Yule ;  
 But blacker fa' awaits the heart  
 Where first fond luvie grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
 The thochts o' bygone years  
 Still fing their shadows ower my path,  
 And blind my een wi' tears :  
 They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,  
 And sair and sick I pine,  
 As memory idly summons up  
 The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'T was then we luvit ilk ither weel,  
 'T was then we twa did part ;  
 Sweet time — sad time ! twa bairns at scule,  
 Twa bairns, and but ae heart !

'T was then we sat on ae laigh bink,  
To leir ilk ith'er lear ;  
And tones and looks and smiles were shed,  
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,  
When sitting on that bink,  
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof looked in loof,  
What our wee heads could think.  
When baith bent down ower ae braid page,  
Wi' ae buik on our knee,  
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but  
My lesson was in thee.

O, mind ye how we hung our heads,  
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,  
Whene'er the scule-weans, laughin', said  
We cleeked thegither hame ?  
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,  
(The scule then skail't at noon,)  
When we ran off to speel the braes, —  
The broomy braes o' June ?

My head rins round and round about, —  
My heart flows like a sea,  
As aye by aye the thochts rush back  
O' scule-time, and o' thee.  
O mornin' life ! O mornin' luve !  
O lichtsome days and lang,  
When hinnied hopes around our hearts  
Like simmer blossoms sprang !

O, mind ye, luve, how aft we left  
The deavin' dinsome toun,  
To wander by the green burnside,  
And hear its waters croon ?  
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,  
The flowers burst round our feet,  
And in the gloamin' o' the wood  
The throssil whusslit sweet ;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,  
The burn sang to the trees, —  
And we, with nature's heart in tune,  
Concerted harmonies ;  
And on the knowe abune the burn  
For hours thegither sat  
In the silentness o' joy, till baith  
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
Tears trickled down your cheek  
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane  
Had ony power to speak !  
That was a time, a blessed time,  
When hearts were fresh and young,  
When freely gushed all feelings forth,  
Unsyllabled — unsung !

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,  
Gin I hae been to thee  
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts  
As ye hae been to me ?  
O, tell me gin their music fills  
Thine ear as it does mine !  
O, say gin e'er your heart grows grit  
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne ?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west.  
I've borne a weary lot ;  
But in my wanderings, far or near,  
Ye never were forgot.  
The fount that first burst frae this heart  
Still travels on its way ;  
And channels deeper, as it rins,  
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
Since we were sindered young  
I've never seen your face nor heard  
The music o' your tongue ;  
But I could hug all wretchedness,  
And happy could I die,  
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed  
O' bygone days and me !

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

LOVE.

FROM "THE TRIUMPH OF TIME."

THERE lived a singer in France of old  
By the tideless, dolorous, midland sea.  
In a land of sand and ruin and gold  
There shone one woman, and none but she.  
And finding life for her love's sake fail,  
Being fain to see her, he bade set sail,  
Touched land, and saw her as life grew cold,  
And praised God, seeing ; and so died he.

Died, praising God for his gift and grace :  
For she bowed down to him weeping, and said,  
" Live " ; and her tears were shed on his face  
Or ever the life in his face was shed.  
The sharp tears fell through her hair, and stung  
Once, and her close lips touched him and clung  
Once, and grew one with his lips for a space ;  
And so drew back, and the man was dead.

O brother, the gods were good to you.  
Sleep, and be glad while the world endures.  
Be well content as the years wear through ;  
Give thanks for life, and the loves and lures ;  
Give thanks for life, O brother, and death,  
For the sweet last sound of her feet, her breath,  
For gifts she gave you, gracious and few,  
Tears and kisses, that lady of yours.

Rest, and be glad of the gods ; but I,  
 How shall I praise them, or how take rest ?  
 There is not room under all the sky  
 For me that know not of worst or best,  
 Dream or desire of the days before,  
 Sweet things or bitterness, any more.  
 Love will not come to me now though I die,  
 As love came close to you, breast to breast.

I shall never be friends again with roses ;  
 I shall loathe sweet tunes, where a note grown  
 strong  
 Relents and recoils, and climbs and closes,  
 As a wave of the sea turned back by song.  
 There are sounds where the soul's delight takes fire,  
 Face to face with its own desire ;  
 A delight that rebels, a desire that reposes ;  
 I shall hate sweet music my whole life long.

The pulse of war and passion of wonder,  
 The heavens that murmur, the sounds that  
 shine,  
 The stars that sing and the loves that thunder,  
 The music burning at heart like wine,  
 An armed archangel whose hands raise up  
 All senses mixed in the spirit's cup,  
 Till flesh and spirit are molten in sunder, —  
 These things are over, and no more mine.

These were a part of the playing I heard  
 Once, ere my love and my heart were at strife ;  
 Love that sings and hath wings as a bird,  
 Balm of the wound and heft of the knife.  
 Fairer than earth is the sea, and sleep  
 Than overwatching of eyes that weep,  
 Now time has done with his one sweet word,  
 The wine and leaven of lovely life.

I shall go my ways, tread out my measure,  
 Fill the days of my daily breath  
 With fugitive things not good to treasure,  
 Do as the world doth, say as it saith ;  
 But if we had loved each other — O sweet,  
 Had you felt, lying under the palms of your feet,  
 The heart of my heart, beating harder with pleasure  
 To feel you tread it to dust and death —

Ah, had I not taken my life up and given  
 All that life gives and the years let go,  
 The wine and money, the balm and leaven,  
 The dreams reared high and the hopes brought  
 low,  
 Come life, come death, not a word be said ;  
 Should I lose you living, and vex you dead ?  
 I shall never tell you on earth ; and in heaven,  
 If I cry to you then, will you hear or know ?  
 ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

#### DAY, IN MELTING PURPLE DYING.

DAY, in melting purple dying ;  
 Blossoms, all around me sighing ;  
 Fragrance, from the lilies straying ;  
 Zephyr, with my ringlets playing ;  
 Ye but waken my distress ;  
 I am sick of loneliness !

Thou, to whom I love to hearken,  
 Come, ere night around me darken ;  
 Though thy softness but deceive me,  
 Say thou 'rt true, and I'll believe thee ;  
 Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent,  
 Let me think it innocent !

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure ;  
 All I ask is friendship's pleasure ;  
 Let the shining ore lie darkling, —  
 Bring no gem in lustre sparkling ;  
 Gifts and gold are naught to me,  
 I would only look on thee !

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,  
 Ecstasy but in revealing ;  
 Paint to thee the deep sensation,  
 Rapture in participation ;  
 Yet but torture, if compest  
 In a lone, unfriended breast.

Absent still ! Ah ! come and bless me !  
 Let these eyes again caress thee.  
 Once in caution, I could fly thee ;  
 Now, I nothing could deny thee.  
 In a look if death there be,  
 Come, and I will gaze on thee !

MARIA BROOKS.

#### BY THE ALMA RIVER.

WILLIE, fold your little hands ;  
 Let it drop, — that "soldier" toy ;  
 Look where father's picture stands, —  
 Father, that here kissed his boy  
 Not a month since, — father kind,  
 Who this night may (never mind  
 Mother's sob, my Willie dear)  
 Cry out loud that He may hear  
 Who is God of battles, — cry,  
 "God keep father safe this day  
 By the Alma River !"

Ask no more, child. Never heed  
 Either Russ, or Frank, or Turk ;  
 Right of nations, trampled creed,  
 Chance-poised victory's bloody work ;  
 Any flag i' the wind may roll  
 On thy heights, Sevastopol !

Willie, all to you and me  
Is that spot, whate'er it be,  
Where he stands — no other word —  
*Stands* — God sure the child's prayers heard —  
Near the Alma River.

Willie, listen to the bells  
Ringing in the town to-day ;  
That's for victory. No knell swells  
For the many swept away, —  
Hundreds, thousands. Let us weep,  
We, who need not, — just to keep  
Reason clear in thought and brain  
Till the morning comes again ;  
Till the third dread morning tell  
Who they were that fought and — *fell*  
By the Alma River.

Come, — we'll lay us down, my child ;  
Poor the bed is, — poor and hard ;  
But thy father, far exiled,  
Sleeps upon the open sward,  
Dreaming of us two at home ;  
Or, beneath the starry dome,  
Digs out trenches in the dark,  
Where he buries — Willie, mark ! —  
Where *he buries* those who died  
Fighting — fighting at his side —  
By the Alma River.

Willie, Willie, go to sleep ;  
God will help us, O my boy !  
He will make the dull hours creep  
Faster, and send news of joy ;  
When I need not shrink to meet  
Those great placards in the street,  
That for weeks will ghastly stare  
In some eyes — child, say that prayer  
Once again, — a different one, —  
Say, "O God ! Thy will be done  
By the Alma River."

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

LINGER not long. Home is no home without thee :  
Its dearest tokens do but make me mourn.  
O, let its memory, like a chain about thee,  
Gently compel and hasten thy return !

Linger not long. Though crowds should woo thy  
staying,  
Bethink thee, can the mirth of thy friends,  
though dear,  
Compensate for the grief thy long delaying  
Costs the fond heart that sighs to have thee here ?

Linger not long. How shall I watch thy coming,  
As evening shadows stretch o'er moor and dell ;  
When the wild bee hath ceased her busy humming,  
And silence hangs on all things like a spell !

How shall I watch for thee, when fears grow  
stronger,  
As night grows dark and darker on the hill !  
How shall I weep, when I can watch no longer !  
Ah ! art thou absent, art thou absent still ?

Yet I should grieve not, though the eye that seeth  
me  
Gazeth through tears that make its splendor dull ;  
For oh ! I sometimes fear when thou art with me,  
My cup of happiness is all too full.

Haste, haste thee home to thy mountain dwelling,  
Haste, as a bird unto its peaceful nest !  
Haste, as a skiff, through tempests wide and  
swelling,  
Flies to its haven of securest rest !

ANONYMOUS.

ABSENCE.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours  
That must be counted ere I see thy face ?  
How shall I charm the interval that lowers  
Between this time and that sweet time of grace ?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense, —  
Weary with longing ? Shall I flee away  
Into past days, and with some fond pretence  
Cheat myself to forget the present day ?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin  
Of casting from me God's great gift of time ?  
Shall I, these mists of memory locked within,  
Leave and forget life's purposes sublime ?

O, how or by what means may I contrive  
To bring the hour that brings thee back more  
near ?

How may I teach my drooping hope to live  
Until that blessed time, and thou art here ?

I'll tell thee ; for thy sake I will lay hold  
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,  
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told  
While thou, beloved one ! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try  
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains ;  
For thy dear sake I will walk patiently  
Through these long hours, nor call their min-  
utes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make  
A noble task-time ; and will therein strive  
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake  
More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this doomed time build up in me  
A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine ;  
So may my love and longing hallowed be,  
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLA.

## DISAPPOINTMENT AND ESTRANGEMENT.

## THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

FROM "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

FOR aught that ever I could read,  
 Could ever hear by tale or history,  
 The course of true love never did run smooth :  
 But, either it was different in blood,  
 Or else misgraff'd in respect of years ;  
 Or else it stood upon the choice of friends ;  
 Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
 War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,  
 Making it momentary as a sound,  
 Swift as a shadow, short as any dream ;  
 Brief as the lightning in the collied night,  
 That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,  
 And ere a man hath power to say, — Behold !  
 The jaws of darkness do devour it up :  
 So quick bright things come to confusion.

SHAKESPEARE.

## THE BANKS O' DOON.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair ?  
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
 And I sae weary, fu' o' care ?  
 Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,  
 That wantons through the flowering thorn ;  
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,  
 Departed — never to return.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,  
 To see the rose and woodbine twine ;  
 And ilka bird sang o' its love, •  
 And, fondly, sae did I o' mine.  
 Wi' lightsome heart I pou'd a rose,  
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree ;  
 And my fause luvver stole my rose,  
 But ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

ROBERT BURNS.

## AULD ROBIN GRAY.

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

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and socht me for his  
 bride ;  
 But, saving a croun, he had naething else beside.  
 To mak that croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to  
 sea ;

And the croun and the pund were baith for me !

He hadna been awa a week but only twa,  
 When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was  
 stown awa ;

My father brak his arm, and young Jamie at the  
 sea, —

And auld Robin Gray cam' a-courtin' me.

My father cou'dna work, and my mother cou'dna  
 spin ;

I toiled day and nicht, but their bread I cou'dna  
 win ;

Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears  
 in his ee,

Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me !"

My heart it said nay, for I looked for Jamie  
 back ;

But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a  
 wrack ;

The ship it was a wrack ! Why didna Jamie  
 dee ?

Or why do I live to say, Wae's me ?

My father argued sair, — my mother didna speak,  
 But she lookit in my face till my heart was like  
 to break ;

Sae they gied him my hand, though my heart  
 was in the sea ;

And auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife, a week but only four,  
 When, sitting sae mournfully at the door,  
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'dna think it he,  
 Till he said, "I'm come back for to marry thee !"

O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say ;  
 We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away :  
 I wish I were dead, but I'm no like to dee ;  
 And why do I live to say, Wae's me ?

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

LADY ANNE BARNARD.



## AULD ROB MORRIS.

THERE's auld Rob Morris that wons in you glen,  
He's the king o' guid fellows and wale of auld  
men :

He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,  
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May ;  
She's sweet as the ev'ning among the new hay ;  
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,  
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But O, she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,  
And my daddie has naught but a cot-house and  
yard ;

A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,  
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my  
dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me  
nane :

The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane ;  
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,  
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O, had she but been of a lower degree,  
I then might hae hoped she wad smiled upon  
me !

O, how past describing had then been my bliss,  
As now my distraction no words can express !

ROBERT BURNS.

CLAUDE MELNOTTE'S APOLOGY AND  
DEFENCE.

PAULINE, by pride

Angels have fallen ere thy time ; by pride, —  
That sole alloy of thy most lovely mould —  
The evil spirit of a bitter love  
And a revengeful heart, had power upon thee.  
From my first years my soul was filled with thee ;  
I saw thee midst the flowers the lowly boy  
Tended, unmarked by thee, — a spirit of bloom,  
And joy and freshness, as spring itself  
Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape !  
I saw thee, and the passionate heart of man  
Entered the breast of the wild-dreaming boy ;  
And from that hour I grew — what to the last  
I shall be — thine adorer ! Well, this love,  
Vain, frantic, — guilty, if thou wilt, became  
A fountain of ambition and bright hope ;  
I thought of tales that by the winter hearth  
Old gossips tell, — how maidens sprung from  
kings  
Have stooped from their high sphere ; how Love,  
like Death,  
Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook

Beside the sceptre. Thus I made my home  
In the soft palace of a fairy Future !  
My father died ; and I, the peasant-born,  
Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise  
Out of the prison of my mean estate ;  
And, with such jewels as the exploring mind  
Brings from the caves of Knowledge, buy my  
ransom

From those twin jailers of the daring heart, —  
Low birth and iron fortune. Thy bright image,  
Glassed in my soul, took all the hues of glory,  
And lured me on to those inspiring toils  
By which man masters men ! For thee, I grew  
A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages !  
For thee, I sought to borrow from each Grace  
And every Muse such attributes as lend  
Ideal charms to Love. I thought of thee,  
And passion taught me poesy, — of thee,  
And on the painter's canvas grew the life  
Of beauty ! — Art became the shadow  
Of the dear starlight of thy haunting eyes !  
Men called me vain, — some, mad, — I heeded  
not ;  
But still toiled on, hoped on, — for it was sweet,  
If not to win, to feel more worthy, thee !

At last, in one mad hour, I dared to pour  
The thoughts that burst their channels into song,  
And sent them to thee, — such a tribute, lady,  
As beauty rarely scorns, even from the meanest.  
The name — appended by the burning heart  
That longed to show its idol what bright things  
It had created — yea, the enthusiast's name,  
That should have been thy triumph, was thy  
scorn !

That very hour — when passion, turned to wrath,  
Resembled hatred most ; when thy disdain  
Made my whole soul a chaos — in that hour  
The tempters found me a revengeful tool  
For their revenge ! Thou hadst trampled on the  
worm, —

It turned, and stung thee !

LORD EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

## LEFT BEHIND.

It was the autumn of the year ;  
The strawberry-leaves were red and sear ;  
October's airs were fresh and chill,  
When, pausing on the windy hill,  
The hill that overlooks the sea,  
You talked confidingly to me, —  
Me whom your keen, artistic sight  
Has not yet learned to read aright,  
Since I have veiled my heart from you,  
And loved you better than you knew.

You told me of your toilsome past ;  
 The tardy honors won at last,  
 The trials borne, the conquests gained,  
 The longed-for boon of Fame attained ;  
 I knew that every victory  
 But lifted you away from me,  
 That every step of high emprise  
 But left me lowlier in your eyes ;  
 I watched the distance as it grew,  
 And loved you better than you knew.

You did not see the bitter trace  
 Of anguish sweep across my face ;  
 You did not hear my proud heart beat,  
 Heavy and slow, beneath your feet ;  
 You thought of triumphs still unwon,  
 Of glorious deeds as yet undone ;  
 And I, the while you talked to me,  
 I watched the gulls float lonesomely,  
 Till lost amid the hungry blue,  
 And loved you better than you knew.

You walk the sunny side of fate ;  
 The wise world smiles, and calls you great ;  
 The golden fruitage of success  
 Drops at your feet in plenteousness ;  
 And you have blessings manifold :  
 Renown and power and friends and gold,  
 They build a wall between us twain,  
 Which may not be thrown down again,  
 Alas ! for I, the long years through,  
 Have loved you better than you knew.

Your life's proud aim, your art's high truth,  
 Have kept the promise of your youth ;  
 And while you won the crown, which now  
 Breaks into bloom upon your brow,  
 My soul cried strongly out to you  
 Across the ocean's yearning blue,  
 While, unremembered and afar,  
 I watched you, as I watch a star  
 Through darkness struggling into view,  
 And loved you better than you knew.

I used to dream in all these years  
 Of patient faith and silent tears,  
 That Love's strong hand would put aside  
 The barriers of place and pride,  
 Would reach the pathless darkness through,  
 And draw me softly up to you ;  
 But that is past. If you should stray  
 Beside my grave, some future day,  
 Perchance the violets o'er my dust  
 Will half betray their buried trust,  
 And say, their blue eyes full of dew,  
 "She loved you better than you knew."

FLORENCE PERCY.

## LINDA TO HAFED.

FROM "THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS."

"How sweetly," said the trembling maid,  
 Of her own gentle voice afraid,  
 So long had they in silence stood,  
 Looking upon that moonlight flood, —  
 "How sweetly does the moonbeam amile  
 To-night upon yon leafy isle !  
 Oft in my fancy's wanderings,  
 I've wished that little isle had wings,  
 And we, within its fairy bowers,  
 Were wafted off to seas unknown,  
 Where not a pulse should beat but ours,  
 And we might live, love, die alone !  
 Far from the cruel and the cold, —  
 Where the bright eyes of angels only  
 Should come around us, to behold  
 A paradise so pure and lonely !  
 Would this be world enough for thee ?" —  
 Playful she turned, that he might see  
 The passing smile her cheek put on ;  
 But when she marked how mournfully  
 His eyes met hers, that amile was gone ;  
 And, bursting into heartfelt tears,  
 "Yes, yes," she cried, "my hourly fears,  
 My dreams, have boded all too right, —  
 We part — forever part — to-night !  
 I knew, I knew it *could* not last, —  
 'T was bright, 't was heavenly, but 'tis past !  
 O, ever thus, from childhood's hour,  
 I've seen my fondest hopes decay ;  
 I never loved a tree or flower  
 But 't was the first to fade away.  
 I never nursed a dear gazelle,  
 To glad me with its soft black eye,  
 But when it came to know me well,  
 And love me, it was sure to die !  
 Now, too, the joy most like divine  
 Of all I ever dreamt or knew,  
 To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine, —  
 O misery ! must I lose *that* too ?

THOMAS MOORE.

## UNREQUITED LOVE.

FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT."

VIOLA. Ay, but I know, —

DUKE. What dost thou know ?

VIOLA. Too well what love women to men may  
 owe :

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.  
 My father had a daughter loved a man,  
 As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
 I should your lordship.

DUKE. And what 'a her history ?

VIOLA. A blank, my lord. She never told  
her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought;  
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?  
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,  
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

SHAKESPEARE.

◆

### LOCKSLEY HALL.

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet  
't is early morn, —  
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound  
upon the bugle horn.

'T is the place, and all around it, as of old, the  
curlews call,  
Dreary gleams about the moorland, flying over  
Locksley Hall:

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the  
sandy tracts,  
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into  
cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I  
went to rest,  
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the  
west.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through  
the mellow shade,  
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver  
braid.

Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a  
youth sublime  
With the fairy tales of science, and the long  
result of time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful  
land reposed;  
When I clung to all the present for the promise  
that it closed;

When I dipt into the future far as human eye  
could see, —  
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder  
that would be.

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the  
robin's breast;  
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself  
another crest;

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the  
burnished dove;  
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns  
to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should  
be for one so young,  
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute  
observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak  
the truth to me;  
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being  
sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color  
and a light,  
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the  
northern night.

And she turned, — her bosom shaken with a  
sudden storm of sighs;  
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of  
hazel eyes, —

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they  
should do me wrong";  
Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping,  
"I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of time, and turned it in  
his glowing hands;  
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in  
golden sands.

Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all  
the chords with might;  
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, passed  
in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the  
copses ring,  
And her whisper thronged my pulses with the  
fulness of the spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the  
stately ships,  
And our spirits rushed together at the touching  
of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy,  
mine no more!  
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren,  
barren shore!

Falsar than all fancy fathoms, falsar than all songs  
have sung, —  
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a  
shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy ? — having known  
me ; to decline

On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart  
than mine !

Yet it shall be : thou shalt lower to his level day  
by day,

What is fine within thee growing coarse to sym-  
pathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is ; thou art mated  
with a clown,

And the grossness of his nature will have weight  
to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have  
spent its novel force,

Something better than his dog, a little dearer than  
his horse.

What is this ? his eyes are heavy, — think not  
they are glazed with wine.

Go to him ; it is thy duty, — kiss him ; take his  
hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is  
overwrought, —

Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with  
thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to un-  
derstand, —

Better thou wert dead before me, though I slew  
thee with my hands.

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the  
heart's disgrace,

Rolled in one another's arms, and silent in a last  
embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the  
strength of youth !

Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the  
living truth !

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest  
nature's rule !

Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened fore-  
head of the fool !

Well — 't is well that I should bluster ! — Hadst  
thou less unworthy proved,

Would to God — for I had loved thee more than  
ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears  
but bitter fruit ?

I will pluck it from my bosom, though my heart  
be at the root.

Never ! though my mortal summers to such length  
of years should come

As the many-wintered crow that leads the clang-  
ing rookery home.

Where is comfort ? in division of the records of  
the mind ?

Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I  
knew her, kind ?

I remember one that perished ; sweetly did she  
speak and move ;

Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was  
to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the  
love she bore ?

No, — she never loved me truly ; love is love for-  
evermore.

Comfort ? comfort scorned of devils ! this is truth  
the poet sings,

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering  
happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy  
heart be put to proof,

In the dead, unhappy night, and when the rain  
is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams ; and thou art  
staring at the wall,

Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the  
shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to  
his drunken sleep,

To thy widowed marriage-pillows, to the tears  
that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whispered  
by the phantom years,

And a song from out the distance in the ringing  
of thine ears ;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kind-  
ness on thy pain.

Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow ; get thee to  
thy rest again.

Nay, but nature brings thee solace ; for a tender  
voice will cry ;

'T is a purer life than thine, a lip to drain thy  
trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down ; my latest rival  
brings thee rest, —

Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the  
mother's breast.

- O, the child too clothes the father with a dear-  
ness not his due.  
Half is thine and half is his : it will be worthy  
of the two.
- O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty  
part,  
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a  
daughter's heart.
- "They were dangerous guidea the feelings—she  
herself was not exempt—  
Truly, she herself had suffered"—Perish in thy  
self-contempt!
- Overlive it—lower yet—be happy! wherefore  
should I care?  
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by  
despair.
- What is that which I should turn to, lighting  
upon days like these?  
Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to  
golden keys.
- Every gate is thronged with suitors, all the  
markets overflow.  
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I  
should do?
- I had been content to perish, falling on the foe-  
man's ground,  
When the ranks are rolled in vapor, and the  
winds are laid with sound.
- But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt  
that honor feels,  
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each  
other's heels.
- Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that  
earlier page,  
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou won-  
drous mother-age!
- Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt be-  
fore the strife,  
When I heard my days before me, and the tu-  
mult of my life;
- Yearning for the large excitement that the com-  
ing years would yield,  
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his  
father's field,
- And at night along the dusky highway near and  
nearer drawn,  
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a  
dreary dawn;
- And his spirit leaps within him to be gone be-  
fore him then,  
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the  
thronga of men;
- Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reap-  
ing something new:  
That which they have done but earnest of the  
things that they shall do:
- For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could  
see,  
Saw the vasion of the world, and all the wonder  
that would be;
- Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of  
magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with  
costly bales;
- Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there  
rained a ghastly dew  
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the  
central blue;
- Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-  
wind rushing warm,  
With the standards of the peoples plunging through  
the thunder-storm;
- Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the  
battle-flags were furled  
In the parliament of man, the federation of the  
world.
- There the common sense of most shall hold a  
fretful realm in awe,  
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in uni-  
versal law.
- So I triumphed ere my passion sweeping through  
me left me dry,  
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with  
the jaundiced eye;
- Eye, to which all order fosters, all things here are  
out of joint.  
Science moves, but slowly slowly, creeping on  
from point to point:
- Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creep-  
ing nigher,  
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly  
dying fire.
- Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing  
purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened with the  
processa of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his  
youthful joys,  
Though the deep heart of existence beat forever  
like a boy's ?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers ; and I  
linger on the shore,  
And the individual withers, and the world is more  
and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he  
bears a laden breast,  
Full of sad experience moving toward the still-  
ness of his rest.

Hark ! my merry comrades call me, sounding on  
the bugle horn, —  
They to whom my foolish passion were a target  
for their scorn ;

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a  
mouldered string ?  
I am shamed through all my nature to have loved  
so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness ! woman's  
pleasure, woman's pain —  
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a  
shallower brain ;

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions,  
matched with mine,  
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water  
unto wine —

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah  
for some retreat  
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life  
began to beat !

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father,  
evil-starred ;  
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's  
ward.

Or to burst all links of habit, — there to wander  
far away,  
On from island unto island at the gateways of the  
day, —

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and  
happy skies,  
Breathths of tropic shade and palms in cluster,  
knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European  
flag, —  
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the  
trailer from the crag, —

Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the  
heavy-fruited tree, —  
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres  
of sea.

There, methinks, would be enjoyment more than  
in this march of mind —  
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts  
that shake mankind.

There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have  
scope and breathing-space ;  
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my  
dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive, and  
they shall run,  
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their  
lances in the sun,

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rain-  
bows of the brooks,  
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable  
books —

Fool, again the dream, the fancy ! but I know my  
words are wild,  
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the  
Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our  
glorious gains,  
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast  
with lower pains !

Mated with a squalid savage, — what to me were  
sun or clime ?  
I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of  
time, —

I, that rather held it better men should perish  
one by one,  
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's  
moon in Ajalon !

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward,  
forward let us range ;  
Let the great world spin forever down the ring-  
ing grooves of change.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into  
the younger day :  
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of  
Cathay.

Mother-age, (for mine I knew not,) help me as  
when life begun, —  
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the light-  
nings, weigh the sun, —

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath  
not set ;  
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my  
fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to  
Locksley Hall !

Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the  
roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over  
heath andholt,  
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a  
thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or  
fire or snow ;  
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and  
I go.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### ONLY A WOMAN.

"She loves with love that cannot tire :  
And if, ah, woe ! she loves alone,  
Through passionate duty love flames higher,  
As grass grows taller round a stone."

COVENTRY PATMORE.

So, the truth 's out. I 'll grasp it like a snake, —  
It will not slay me. My heart shall not break  
Awhile, if only for the children's sake.

For his, too, somewhat. Let him stand unblamed ;  
None say, he gave me less than honor claimed,  
Except — one trifle scarcely worth being named —

The heart. That 's gone. The corrupt dead might  
be  
As easily raised up, breathing, — fair to see,  
As he could bring his whole heart back to me.

I never sought him in coquettish sport,  
Or courted him as silly maidens court,  
And wonder when the longed-for prize falls short.

I only loved him, — any woman would :  
But shut my love up till he came and sued,  
Then poured it o'er his dry life like a flood.

I was so happy I could make him blest ! —  
So happy that I was his first and best,  
As he mine, — when he took me to his breast.

Ah me ! if only then he had been true !  
If for one little year, a month or two,  
He had given me love for love, as was my due !

Or had he told me, ere the deed was done,  
He only raised me to his heart's dear throne —  
Poor substitute — because the queen was gone !

O, had he whispered, when his sweetest kiss  
Was warm upon my mouth in fancied bliss,  
He had kissed another woman even as this, —

It were less bitter ! Sometimes I could weep  
To be thus cheated, like a child asleep ; —  
Were not my anguish far too dry and deep.

So I built my house upon another's ground ;  
Mocked with a heart just caught at the rebound, —  
A cankered thing that looked so firm and sound.

And when that heart grew colder, — colder still,  
I, ignorant, tried all duties to fulfil,  
Blaming my foolish pain, exacting will,

All, — anything but him. It was to be  
The full draught others drink up carelessly  
Was made this bitter Tantalus-cup for me.

I say again, — he gives me all I claimed,  
I and my children never shall be shamed :  
He is a just man, — he will live unblamed.

Only — O God, O God, to cry for bread,  
And get a stone ! Daily to lay my head  
Upon a bosom where the old love 's dead !

Dead ? — Fool ! It never lived. It only stirred  
Galvanic, like an hour-cold corpse. None heard :  
So let me bury it without a word.

He 'll keep that other woman from my sight.  
I know not if her face be foul or bright ;  
I only know that it was his delight —

As his was mine ; I only know he stands  
Pale, at the touch of their long-severed hands,  
Then to a flickering smile his lips commands,

Lest I should grieve, or jealous anger show.  
He need not. When the ship's gone down, I trow,  
We little reck whatever wind may blow.

And so my silent moan begins and ends,  
No world's laugh or world's taunt, no pity of  
friends  
Or sneer of foes, with this my torment blends.

None knows, — none heeds. I have a little pride ;  
Enough to stand up, wifelike, by his side,  
With the same smile as when I was his bride.

And I shall take his children to my arms ;  
They will not miss these fading, worthless charms ;  
Their kiss — ah ! unlike his — all pain disarms.

And haply as the solemn years go by,  
He will think sometimes, with regretful sigh,  
The other woman was less true than I.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

## IN A YEAR.

NEVER any more  
 While I live,  
 Need I hope to see his face  
 As before.  
 Once his love grown chill,  
 Mine may strive, —  
 Bitterly we re-embrace,  
 Single still.

Was it something said,  
 Something done,  
 Vexed him? was it touch of hand,  
 Turn of head?  
 Strange! that very way  
 Love begun.  
 I as little understand,  
 Love's decay.

When I sewed or drew,  
 I recall  
 How he looked as if I sang  
 — Sweetly too.  
 If I spoke a word,  
 First of all  
 Up his cheek the color sprang,  
 Then he heard.

Sitting by my side,  
 At my feet,  
 So he breathed the air I breathed,  
 Satisfied!  
 I, too, at love's brim  
 Touched the sweet.  
 I would die if death bequeathed  
 Sweet to him.

“Speak, — I love thee best!”  
 He exclaimed, —  
 “Let thy love my own foretell.”  
 I confessed:  
 “Clasp my heart on thine  
 Now unblamed,  
 ‘Since upon thy soul as well  
 Hangeth mine!”

Was it wrong to own,  
 Being truth?  
 Why should all the giving prove  
 His alone?  
 I had wealth and ease,  
 Beauty, youth, —  
 Since my lover gave me love,  
 I gave these.

That was all I meant,  
 — To be just,  
 And the passion I had raised  
 To content.

Since he chose to change  
 Gold for dust,  
 If I gave him what he praised,  
 Was it strange?  
 Would he loved me yet,  
 On and on,  
 While I found some way undreamed,  
 — Paid my debt!  
 Gave more life and more,  
 Till, all gone,  
 He should smile, “She never seemed  
 Mine before.

“What — she felt the while,  
 Must I think?  
 Love's so different with us men,”  
 He should smile.  
 “Dying for my sake —  
 White and pink!  
 Can't we touch these bubbles then  
 But they break?”

Dear, the pang is brief.  
 Do thy part,  
 Have thy pleasure. How perplex  
 Grows belief!  
 Well, this cold, clay clod  
 Was man's heart.  
 Crumble it, — and what comes next?  
 Is it God?

ROBERT BROWNING.

## ENOCH ARDEN AT THE WINDOW.

BUT Enoch yearned to see her face again;  
 “If I might look on her sweet face again  
 And know that she is happy.” So the thought  
 Haunted and harassed him, and drove him forth  
 At evening when the dull November day  
 Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.  
 There he sat down gazing on all below:  
 There did a thousand memories roll upon him,  
 Unspeakable for sadness. By and by  
 The ruddy square of comfortable light,  
 Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,  
 Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures  
 The bird of passage, till he madly strikes  
 Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,  
 The latest house to landward; but behind,  
 With one small gate that opened on the waste,  
 Flourished a little garden square and walled:  
 And in it throve an ancient evergreen,  
 A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk  
 Of shingle, and a walk divided it:  
 But Enoch shunned the middle walk and stole



Up by the wall, behind the yew ; and thence  
That which he better might have shunned, if  
griefs

Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnished board  
Sparkled and shone ; so genial was the hearth ;  
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw  
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,  
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees ;  
And o'er her second father stooped a girl,  
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,  
Fair-haired and tall, and from her lifted hand  
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring  
To tempt the babe, who reared his creasy arms,  
Caught at and ever missed it, and they laughed :  
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw  
The mother glancing often toward her babe,  
But turning now and then to speak with him,  
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,  
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld  
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe  
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,  
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,  
And his own children tall and beautiful,  
And him, that other, reigning in his place,  
Lord of his rights and of his children's love, —  
Then he, though Miriam Lane had told him all,  
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,  
Staggered and shook, holding the branch, and  
feared

To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,  
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,  
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,  
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,  
And feeling all along the garden-wall,  
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,  
Crept to the gate, and opened it, and closed,  
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,  
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his  
knees  
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug  
His fingers into the wet earth, and prayed.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

#### LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

O THE days are gone when beauty bright  
My heart's chain wove !  
When my dream of life, from morn till night,  
Was love, still love !

New hope may bloom,  
And days may come,  
Of milder, calmer beam,  
But there 's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream !  
O, there 's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream !

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,  
When wild youth 's past ;  
Though he win the wise, who frowned before,  
To smile at last ;  
He 'll never meet  
A joy so sweet  
In all his noon of fame  
As when first he sung to woman's ear  
His soul-felt flame,  
And at every close she blushed to hear  
The one loved name !

O, that hallowed form is ne'er forgot,  
Which first love traced ;  
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot  
On memory's waste !  
'T was odor fled  
As soon as shed ;  
'T was morning's winged dream ;  
'T was a light that ne'er can shine again  
On life's dull stream !  
O, 't was a light that ne'er can shine again  
On life's dull stream !

THOMAS MOORE ("Irish Melodies").

#### WHEN THE LAMP IS SHATTERED.

WHEN the lamp is shattered  
The light in the dust lies dead ;  
When the cloud is scattered,  
The rainbow's glory is shed.  
When the lute is broken,  
Sweet tones are remembered not ;  
When the lips have spoken,  
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendor  
Survive not the lamp and the lute,  
The heart's echoes render  
No song when the spirit is mute, —  
No song but sad dirges,  
Like the wind through a ruined cell,  
Or the mournful surges  
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,  
Love first leaves the well-built nest ;  
The weak one is singled  
To endure what it once possessed.

O Love ! who bewailest  
The frailty of all things here,  
Why choose you the frailest  
For your cradle, your home, and your bier ?

Its passions will rock thee  
As the storms rock the ravens on high ;  
Bright reason will mock thee  
Like the sun from a wintry sky.  
From thy nest every rafter  
Will rot, and thine eagle home  
Leave thee naked to laughter,  
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

MARY, I BELIEVED THEE TRUE.

MARY, I believed thee true,  
And I was blest in thus believing ;  
But now I mourn that e'er I knew  
A girl so fair and so deceiving.  
Few have ever loved like me ;  
O, I have loved thee too sincerely !  
And few have e'er deceived like thee,  
Alas ! deceived me too severely.  
Fare thee well !

Fare thee well ! yet think awhile  
On one whose bosom seems to doubt thee ;  
Who now would rather trust that smile,  
And die with thee than live without thee.  
Fare thee well ! I'll think on thee,  
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token ;  
For see, distracting woman, see  
My peace is gone, my heart is broken.  
Fare thee well !

THOMAS MOORE.

HAD I A CAVE.

HAD I a cave on some wild, distant shore,  
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar,  
There would I weep my woes,  
There seek my lost repose,  
Till grief my eyes should close,  
Ne'er to wake more !

Falsest of womankind ! canst thou declare  
All thy fond-plighted vows, — fleeting as air ?  
To thy new lover hie,  
Laugh o'er thy perjury,  
Then in thy bosom try  
What peace is there !

ROBERT BURNS.

TAKE, O, TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

FROM "MEASURE FOR MEASURE."

TAKE, O, take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn ;  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn ;  
But my kisses bring again,  
Seals of love, but sealed in vain.

Hide, O, hide those hills of snow  
Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
On whose tops the pinks that grow  
Are of those that April wears !  
But first set my poor heart free,  
Bound in those icy chains by thee.  
SHAKESPEARE and JOHN FLETCHER.

I LOVED A LASS, A FAIR ONE.

I LOVED a lass, a fair one,  
As fair as e'er was seen ;  
She was indeed a rare one,  
Another Sheba Queen ;  
But fool as then I was,  
I thought she loved me too,  
But now, alas ! sh' 'as left me,  
Falero, lero, loo.

Her hair like gold did glisten,  
Each eye was like a star,  
She did surpass her sister  
Which past all others far ;  
She would me honey call,  
She'd, O — she'd kiss me too,  
But now, alas ! sh' 'as left me,  
Falero, lero, loo.

In summer time to Medley,  
My love and I would go, —  
The boatmen there stood ready  
My love and I to row ;  
For cream there would we call,  
For cakes, and for prunes too,  
But now, alas ! sh' 'as left me,  
Falero, lero, loo.

Many a merry meeting  
My love and I have had ;  
She was my only sweeting,  
She made my heart full glad :  
The tears stood in her eyes,  
Like to the morning dew,  
But now, alas ! sh' 'as left me,  
Falero, lero, loo.

And as abroad we walked,  
 As lovers' fashion is,  
 Oft as we sweetly talked,  
 The sun would steal a kiss ;  
 The wind upon her lips  
 Likewise most sweetly blew,  
 But now, alas ! sh' 'as left me,  
 Falero, lero, loo.

Her cheeks were like the cherry,  
 Her skin as white as snow,  
 When she was blithe and merry,  
 She angel-like did show ;  
 Her waist exceeding small,  
 The fives did fit her shoe,  
 But now, alas ! sh' 'as left me,  
 Falero, lero, loo.

In summer time or winter,  
 She had her heart's desire ;  
 I still did scorn to stint her,  
 From sugar, sack, or fire ;  
 The world went round about,  
 No cares we ever knew,  
 But now, alas ! sh' 'as left me,  
 Falero, lero, loo.

As we walked home together  
 At midnight through the town,  
 To keep away the weather, —  
 O'er her l'd cast my gown ;  
 No cold my love should feel,  
 Whate'er the heavens could do,  
 But now, alas ! sh' 'as left me,  
 Falero, lero, loo.

Like doves we would be billing,  
 And clip and kiss so fast,  
 Yet she would be unwilling  
 That I should kiss the last ;  
 They 're Judas kisses now,  
 Since that they proved untrue ;  
 For now, alas ! sh' 'as left me,  
 Falero, lero, loo.

To maiden's vows and swearing,  
 Henceforth no credit give,  
 You may give them the hearing, —  
 But never them believe ;  
 They are as false as fair,  
 Unconstant, frail, untrue ;  
 For mine, alas ! hath left me,  
 Falero, lero, loo.

'T was I that paid for all things,  
 'T was other drank the wine ;  
 I cannot now recall things,  
 Live but a fool to pine :

'T was I that beat the bush,  
 The birds to others flew,  
 For she, alas ! hath left me,  
 Falero, lero, loo.

If ever that Dame Nature,  
 For this false lover's sake,  
 Another pleasing creature  
 Like unto her would make ;  
 Let her remember this,  
 To make the other true,  
 For this, alas ! hath left me,  
 Falero, lero, loo.

No riches now can raise me,  
 No want makes me despair,  
 No misery amaze me,  
 Nor yet for want I care ;  
 I have lost a world itself,  
 My earthly heaven, adieu !  
 Since she, alas ! hath left me,  
 Falero, lero, loo.

GEORGE WITHER.

WHY SO PALE AND WAN —

Why so pale and wan, fond lover ?  
 Pr'y thee, why so pale ? —  
 Will, when looking well can't move her,  
 Looking ill prevail ?  
 Pr'y thee, why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?  
 Pr'y thee, why so mute ?  
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,  
 Saying nothing do 't ?  
 Pr'y thee, why so mute ?

Quit, quit, for shame ! this will not move,  
 This cannot take her :  
 If of herself she will not love,  
 Nothing can make her :  
 The devil take her !

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

ALAS ! HOW LIGHT A CAUSE MAY  
 MOVE —

FROM "THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM."

ALAS ! how light a cause may move  
 Dissension between hearts that love ! —  
 Hearts that the world in vain has tried,  
 And sorrow but more closely tied ;  
 That stood the storm when waves were rough,  
 Yet in a sunny hour fall off,  
 Like ships that have gone down at sea,  
 When heaven was all tranquillity !

A something light as air, — a look,  
 A word unkind or wrongly taken, —  
 O, love that tempests never shook,  
 A breath, a touch like this has shaken !  
 And ruder words will soon rush in  
 To spread the breach that words begin ;  
 And eyes forget the gentle ray  
 They wore in courtship's smiling day ;  
 And voices lose the tone that shed  
 A tenderness round all they said ;  
 Till fast declining, one by one,  
 The sweetnesses of love are gone,  
 And hearts, so lately mingled, seem  
 Like broken clouds, — or like the stream,  
 That smiling left the mountain's brow,  
 As though its waters ne'er could sever,  
 Yet, ere it reach the plain below,  
 Breaks into floods that part forever.

O you, that have the charge of Love,  
 Keep him in rosy bondage bound,  
 As in the Fields of Bliss above  
 He sits, with flowerets fettered round ; —  
 Loose not a tie that round him clings,  
 Nor ever let him use his wings ;  
 For even an hour, a minute's flight  
 Will rob the plumes of half their light.  
 Like that celestial bird, — whose nest  
 Is found beneath far Eastern skies, —  
 Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,  
 Lose all their glory when he flies !

THOMAS MOORE.

#### AUX ITALIENS.

At Paris it was, at the opera there ;  
 And she looked like a queen in a book that  
 night,  
 With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,  
 And the brooch on her breast so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,  
 The best, to my taste, is the *Trovatore* ;  
 And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note,  
 The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow ;  
 And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,  
 As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,  
 “ *Non ti scordar di me !* ”

The emperor there, in his box of state,  
 Looked grave ; as if he had just then seen  
 The red flag wave from the city gate,  
 Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The empress, too, had a tear in her eye :  
 You'd have said that her fancy had gone back  
 again,

For one moment, under the old blue sky,  
 To the old glad life in Spain.

Well ! there in our front-row box we sat  
 Together, my bride betrothed and I ;  
 My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,  
 And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad ; —  
 Like a queen she leaned on her full white arm,  
 With that regal, indolent air she had ;  
 So confident of her charm !

I have not a doubt she was thinking then  
 Of her former lord, good soul that he was,  
 Who died the richest and roundest of men,  
 The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,  
 Through a needle's eye he had not to pass ;  
 I wish him well for the jointure given  
 To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love  
 As I had not been thinking of aught for years ;  
 Till over my eyes there began to move  
 Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,  
 When we stood 'neath the cypress-trees together,  
 In that lost land, in that soft clime,  
 In the crimson evening weather ;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot) ;  
 And her warm white neck in its golden chain ;  
 And her full soft hair, just tied in a knot,  
 And falling loose again ;

And the jasmine flower in her fair young breast ;  
 (O the faint, sweetsmell of that jasmine flower !)  
 And the one bird singing alone to his nest ;  
 And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,  
 And the letter that brought me back my ring ;  
 And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,  
 Such a very little thing !

For I thought of her grave below the hill,  
 Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over :  
 And I thought, “ Were she only living still,  
 How I could forgive her and love her ! ”

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,  
 And of how, after all, old things are best,  
 That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower  
 Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,  
 It made me creep, and it made me cold !  
 Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet  
 Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned and looked : she was sitting there,  
In a dim box over the stage ; and drest  
In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair,  
And that jasmine in her breast !

I was here, and she was there ;  
And the glittering horse-shoe curved between :—  
From my bride betrothed, with her raven hair  
And her sumptuous scornful mien,

To my early love with her eyes downcast,  
And over her primrose face the shade,  
(In short, from the future back to the past,)  
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride  
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door,  
I traversed the passage ; and down at her side  
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,  
Or something which never will be expressd,  
Had brought her back from the grave again,  
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed !  
But she loves me now, and she loved me then !  
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,  
My heart grew youthful again.

The marchioness there, of Carabas,  
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still ;  
And but for her . . . well, we'll let that pass ;  
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,  
With her primrose face, for old things are best ;  
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above  
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,  
And love must cling where it can, I say :  
For beauty is easy enough to win ;  
But one is n't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,  
There's a moment when all would go smooth  
and even,  
If only the dead could find out when  
To come back and be forgiven.

But O the smell of that jasmine flower !  
And O that music ! and O the way  
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,  
*Non ti scordar di me,*  
*Non ti scordar di me !*

ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

## TRANSIENT BEAUTY.

THE GIAOUR.

As, rising on its purple wing,  
The insect-queen of Eastern spring,  
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer,  
Invites the young pursuer near,  
And leads him on from flower to flower,  
A weary chase and wasted hour,  
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,  
With panting heart and tearful eye ;  
So Beauty lures the full-grown child,  
With hue as bright, and wind as wild ;  
A chase of idle hopes and fears,  
Begun in folly, closed in tears.  
If won, to equal ills betrayed,  
Woe waits the insect and the maid :  
A life of pain, the loss of peace,  
From infant's play and man's caprice ;  
The lovely toy, so fiercely sought,  
Hath lost its charm by being caught ;  
For every touch that wooed its stay  
Hath brushed its brightest hues away,  
Till, charm and hue and beauty gone,  
'T is left to fly or fall alone.  
With wounded wing or bleeding breast,  
Ah ! where shall either victim rest ?  
Can this with faded pinion soar  
From rose to tulip as before ?  
Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,  
Find joy within her broken bower ?  
No ; gayer insects fluttering by  
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,  
And lovelier things have mercy shown  
To every failing but their own,  
And every woe a tear can claim,  
Except an erring sister's shame.

BYRON.

## WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

I LOVED thee once, I'll love no more,  
Thine be the grief as is the blame ;  
Thou art not what thou wast before,  
What reason I should be the same ?  
He that can love unloved again,  
Hath better store of love than brain :  
God send me love my debts to pay,  
While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,  
If thou hadst still continued mine ;  
Yea, if thou hadst remained thy own,  
I might perchance have yet been thine.  
But thou thy freedom did recall,  
That if thou might elsewhere intrall ;  
And then how could I but disdain  
A captive's captive to remain ?

When new desires had conquered thee,  
 And changed the object of thy will,  
 It had been lethargy in me,  
 Not constancy, to love thee still.  
 Yea, it had been a sin to go  
 And prostitute affection so,  
 Since we are taught no prayers to say  
 To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,  
 Thy choice of his good fortune boast ;  
 I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,  
 To see him gain what I have lost ;  
 The height of my disdain shall be,  
 To laugh at him, to blush for thee ;  
 To love thee still, but go no more  
 A begging to a beggar's door.

SIR ROBERT AYTON.

#### THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

'T is believed that this harp which I wake now  
 for thee  
 Was a siren of old who sung under the sea ;  
 And who often at eve through the bright billow  
 roved  
 To meet on the green shore a youth whom she loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,  
 And in tears all the night her gold ringlets to steep,  
 Till Heaven looked with pity on true loves so warm,  
 And changed to this soft harp the sea-maiden's  
 form !

Still her bosom rose fair — still her cheek smiled  
 the same —  
 While her sea-beauties gracefully curled round  
 the frame ;  
 And her hair, shedding tear-drops from all its  
 bright rings,  
 Fell over her white arm, to make the gold strings !

Hence it came that this soft harp so long hath  
 been known  
 To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone ;  
 Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay  
 To be love when I'm near thee and grief when away !

THOMAS MOORE ("Irish Melodies").

#### WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST ?

WHERE shall the lover rest  
 Whom the fates sever  
 From his true maiden's breast  
 Parted forever ?

Where, through groves deep and high  
 Sounds the far billow,  
 Where early violets die  
 Under the willow.  
 Eleu lora  
 Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day  
 Cool streams are laving :  
 There, while the tempests sway,  
 Scarce are boughs waving ;  
 There thy rest shalt thou take,  
 Parted forever,  
 Never again to wake  
 Never, O never !  
 Eleu lora  
 Never, O never !

Where shall the traitor rest,  
 He, the deceiver,  
 Who could win maiden's breast,  
 Ruin, and leave her ?  
 In the lost battle,  
 Borne down by the flying,  
 Where mingles war's rattle  
 With groans of the dying ;  
 Eleu lora  
 There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap  
 O'er the false-hearted ;  
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap  
 Ere life be parted :  
 Shame and dishonor sit  
 By his grave ever ;  
 Blessing shall hallow it  
 Never, O never !  
 Eleu lora  
 Never, O never !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

#### THE MOTHER'S LAST SONG.

SLEEP ! — The ghostly winds are blowing !  
 No moon abroad, no star is glowing ;  
 The river is deep, and the tide is flowing  
 To the land where you and I are going !  
 We are going afar,  
 Beyond moon or star,  
 To the land where the sinless angels are !

I lost my heart to your heartless sire  
 ('T was melted away by his looks of fire),  
 Forgot my God, and my father's ire,  
 All for the sake of a man's desire ;  
 But now we'll go  
 Where the waters flow,  
 And make us a bed where none shall know.

The world is cruel, the world is untrue ;  
 Our foes are many, our friends are few ;  
 No work, no bread, however we sue !  
 What is there left for me to do,  
     But fly, — fly  
     From the cruel sky,  
 And hide in the deepest deeps, — and die ?  
BARRY CORNWALL.

## WALY, WALY, BUT LOVE BE BONNY.

O, WALY, waly up the bank,  
 And waly, waly down the brae,  
 And waly, waly yon burn side,  
     Where I and my love went to gae.

I leaned my back unto an aik,  
 I thought it was a trusty tree ;  
 But first it bowed, and syne it brak —  
     Sae my true love did lightly me !

O, waly, waly, but love be bonny,  
 A little time while it is new ;  
 But when 't is auld it waxeth cauld,  
     And fades away like the morning dew.

O, wherefore should I busk my head ?  
 Or wherefore should I kame my hair ?  
 For my true love has me forsook,  
     And says he 'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seaf shall be my bed ;  
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyled by me ;  
 Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,  
     Since my true love has forsaken me.

Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
 And shake the green leaves off the tree ?  
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come ?  
     For of my life I'm weary.

'T is not the frost that freezes fell,  
 Nor blowing snaw's inclemency ;  
 'T is not sic cauld that makes me cry,  
     But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

When we came in by Glasgow town,  
 We were a comely sight to see ;  
 My love was clad in the black velvet,  
     And I my sell in cranasiae.

But had I wist, before I kissed,  
 That love had been sae ill to win,  
 I'd locked my heart in a case of gold,  
     And pinned it with a silver pin.

O, O, if my young babe were born,  
 And set upon the nurse's knee,  
 And I my sell were dead and gane,  
     And the green grass growin' over me !  
ANONYMOUS.

## LADY ANN BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

BALOW, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !  
 It grieves me sair to see thee weipe ;  
 If thou 'st be silent, I 'se be glad,  
 Thy mairning maks my heart ful sad.  
 Balow, my boy, thy mither's joy !  
 Thy father breides me great annoy.  
*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !  
 It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

When he began to court my luve,  
 And with his sugred words to muve,  
 His faynings fals, and flattering cheire,  
 To me that time did not appeire :  
 But now I see, most cruell hee,  
 Cares neither for my babe nor mee.  
*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !  
 It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

Ly stil, my darlinge, sleipe awhile,  
 And when thou wakest sweetly smile :  
 But smile not, as thy father did,  
 To cozen maids ; nay, God forbid !  
 But yette I feire, thou wilt gae neire,  
 Thy fateris hart and face to beire.  
*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !  
 It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

I cannae chnse, but ever will  
 Be luvyng to thy father stil :  
 Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,  
 My luve with him maun stil abyde :  
 In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,  
 Mine hart can neir depart him frae.  
*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !  
 It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,  
 To faynings fals thine hart incline ;  
 Be loyal to thy luver trew,  
 And nevir change hir for a new ;  
 If gude or faire, of hir have care,  
 For women's banning's wonderous sair.  
*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !  
 It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,  
 Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine ;  
 My babe and I 'll together live,  
 He 'll comfort me when cares doe grieve ;  
 My babe and I right saft will ly,  
 And quite forget man's cruelty.  
*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !  
 It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth  
 That ever kist a woman's mouth !

I wish all maids be warned by mee,  
 Nevir to trust man's curtesy ;  
 For if we doe but chance to bow,  
 They 'll use us than they care not how.  
*Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe !  
 It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.*

ANONYMOUS.

## MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

My heid is like to rend, Willie,  
 My heart is like to break ;  
 I 'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,  
 I 'm dyin' for your sake !  
 O, lay your cheek to mine, Willie,  
 Your hand on my briest-bane, —  
 O, say ye 'll think on me, Willie,  
 When I am deid and gane !

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,  
 Sair grief maun ha'e its will ;  
 But let me rest upon your briest  
 To sab and greet my fill.  
 Let me sit on your knee, Willie,  
 Let me shed by your hair,  
 And look into the face, Willie,  
 I never sall see mair !

I 'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,  
 For the last time in my life, —  
 A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,  
 A mither, yet nae-wife.  
 Ay, press your hand upon my heart,  
 And press it mair and mair,  
 Or it will burst the silken twine,  
 Sae strang is its despair.

O, wae 's me for the hour, Willie,  
 When we thegither met, —  
 O, wae 's me for the time, Willie,  
 That our first tryst was set !  
 O, wae 's me for the loanin' green  
 Where we were wont to gae, —  
 And wae 's me for the destinie  
 That gart me luve thee sae !

O, dinna mind my words, Willie,  
 I downa seek to blame ;  
 But O, it 's hard to live, Willie,  
 And dree a waird's shame !  
 Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,  
 And hailin' ower your chin :  
 Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,  
 For sorrow, and for sin ?

I 'm weary o' this waird, Willie,  
 And sick wi' a' I see,  
 I canna live as I ha'e lived,  
 Or be as I should be.  
 But fauld unto your heart, Willie,  
 The heart that still is thine,  
 And kiss anec mair the white, white cheek  
 Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie,  
 A sair stoun' through my heart ;  
 O, haud me up and let me kiss  
 Thy brow ere we twa part.  
 Anither, and anither yet ! —  
 How fast my life-strings break ! —  
 Fareweel ! fareweel ! through yon kirk-yard  
 Step lightly for my sake !

The lay'rock in the lift, Willie,  
 That liltis far ower our heid,  
 Will sing the morn as merrilie  
 Abune the clay-cauld deid ;  
 And this green turf we're sittin' on,  
 Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,  
 Will hap the heart that luvit thee  
 As waird has seldom seen.

But O, remember me, Willie,  
 On land where'er ye be ;  
 And O, think on the leal, leal heart,  
 That ne'er luvit ane but thee !  
 And O, think on the cauld, cauld mools  
 That file my yellow hair,  
 That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin  
 Ye never sall kiss mair !

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.



## BEREAVEMENT AND DEATH.

## RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,  
 But one dead lamb is there !  
 There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
 But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
 And mournings for the dead ;  
 The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,  
 Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions  
 Not from the ground arise,  
 But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
 Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors ;  
 Amid these earthly damps  
 What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers  
 May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition :  
 This life of mortal breath  
 Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
 Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead, — the child of our affection, —  
 But gone unto that school  
 Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
 And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
 By guardian angels led,  
 Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
 She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing  
 In those bright realms of air ;  
 Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,  
 Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken  
 The bond which nature gives,  
 Thinking that our remembrance, though un-  
 spoken,  
 May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;  
 For when with raptures wild  
 In our embraces we again enfold her,  
 She will not be a child :

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
 Clothed with celestial grace ;  
 And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
 Shall we behold her face.

And though, at times, impetuous with emotion  
 And anguish long suppressed,  
 The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,  
 That cannot be at rest, —

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
 We may not wholly stay ;  
 By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
 The grief that must have way.  
 HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## BURIED TO-DAY.

February 23, 1858.

BURIED to-day.

When the soft green buds are bursting out,  
 And up on the south-wind comes a shout  
 Of village boys and girls at play  
 In the mild spring evening gray.

Taken away

Sturdy of heart and stout of limb,  
 From eyes that drew half their light from him,  
 And put low, low underneath the clay,  
 In his spring, — on this spring day.

Passes away,

All the pride of boy-life begun,  
 All the hope of life yet to run ;  
 Who dares to question when One saith "Nay."  
 Murmur not, — only pray.

Enters to-day

Another body in churchyard sod,  
 Another soul on the life in God.  
 His Christ was buried — and lives away :  
 Trust Him, and go your way.

DINAH MARIA MULLOCK.

## UNVEIL THY BOSOM, FAITHFUL TOMB.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb ;  
 Take this new treasure to thy trust,  
 And give these sacred relics room  
 To slumber in the silent dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,  
 Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes  
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,  
 While angels watch the soft repose.

So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son  
 Passed through the grave, and blest the bed :  
 Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne  
 The morning break, and pierce the shade.

Break from his throne, illustrious morn ;  
 Attend, O earth, his sovereign word ;  
 Restore thy trust ; a glorious form  
 Shall then arise to meet the Lord.  
 DR. ISAAC WATTS.

#### GRIEF FOR THE DEAD.

O HEARTS that never cease to yearn !  
 O brimming tears that ne'er are dried !  
 The dead, though they depart, return  
 As though they had not died !

The living are the only dead ;  
 The dead live, — nevermore to die ;  
 And often, when we mourn them fled,  
 They never were so nigh !

And though they lie beneath the waves,  
 Or sleep within the churchyard dim,  
 (Ah ! through how many different graves  
 God's children go to him !)

Yet every grave gives up its dead  
 Ere it is overgrown with grass ;  
 Then why should hopeless tears be shed,  
 Or need we cry, " Alas " ?

Or why should Memory, veiled with gloom,  
 And like a sorrowing mourner crape,  
 Sit weeping o'er an empty tomb,  
 Whose captives have escaped ?

'T is but a mound, — and will be mossed  
 Whene'er the summer grass appears ;  
 The loved, though wept, are never lost ;  
 We only lose — our tears !

Nay, Hope may whisper with the dead  
 By bending forward where they are ;  
 But Memory, with a backward tread,  
 Communes with them afar.

The joys we lose are but forecast,  
 And we shall find them all once more ;  
 We look behind us for the Past,  
 But lo ! 't is all before !

ANONYMOUS.

#### LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF "ANNIE," WHO DIED AT MILAN,  
 JUNE 6, 1860.

" Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou ? whom seek-  
 est thou ? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him,  
 Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid  
 him." — JOHN XX. 15.

In the fair gardens of celestial peace  
 Walketh a gardener in meekness clad ;  
 Fair are the flowers that wreath his dewy locks,  
 And his mysterious eyes are sweet and sad.

Fair are the silent foldings of his robes,  
 Falling with saintly calmness to his feet ;  
 And when he walks, each floweret to his will  
 With living pulse of sweet accord doth beat.

Every green leaf thrills to its tender heart,  
 In the mild summer radiance of his eye ;  
 No fear of storm, or cold, or bitter frost,  
 Shadows the flowerets when their sun is nigh.

And all our pleasant haunts of earthly love  
 Are nurseries to those gardens of the air ;  
 And his far-darting eye, with starry beam,  
 Watching the growing of his treasures there.

We call them ours, o'erwept with selfish tears,  
 O'erwatched with restless longings night and  
 day ;  
 Forgetful of the high, mysterious right  
 He holds to bear our cherished plants away.

But when some sunny spot in those bright fields  
 Needs the fair presence of an added flower,  
 Down sweeps a starry angel in the night :  
 At morn the rose has vanished from our bower.

Where stood our tree, our flower, there is a grave !  
 Blank, silent, vacant ; but in worlds above,  
 Like a new star outblossomed in the skies,  
 The angels hail an added flower of love.

Dear friend, no more upon that lonely mound,  
 Strewed with the red and yellow autumn leaf,  
 Drop thou the tear, but raise the fainting eye  
 Beyond the autumn mists of earthly grief.

Thy garden rosebud bore within its breast  
 Those mysteries of color, warm and bright,  
 That the bleak climate of this lower sphere  
 Could never waken into form and light.

Yes, the sweet Gardener hath borne her hence,  
 Nor must thou ask to take her thence away ;  
 Thou shalt behold her, in some coming hour,  
 Full blossomed in his fields of cloudless day.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

## CALM ON THE BOSOM OF THY GOD.

CALM on the bosom of thy God,  
Young spirit! rest thee now.  
Even while with us thy footstep trod,  
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!  
Soul, to its place on high! —  
They that have seen thy look in death  
No more may fear to die.

Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,  
Whence thy meek smile is gone;  
But O, a brighter home than ours  
In heaven is now thine own!

FELICIA HEMANS.

## LIFE! I KNOW NOT WHAT THOU ART.

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

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

A. L. BARBAULD.

## NOW AND AFTERWARDS.

"Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past."  
RUSSIAN PROVERB.

"Two hands upon the breast,  
And labor's done;  
Two pale feet crossed in rest, —  
The race is won;  
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,  
And all tears cease;  
Two lips where grief is mute,  
Anger at peace":  
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot;  
God in his kindness answereth not.

"Two hands to work address  
Aye for his praise;  
Two feet that never rest  
Walking his ways;  
Two eyes that look above  
Through all their tears;

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Two lips still breathing love,  
Not wrath, nor fears":  
So pray we afterwards, low on our knees;  
Pardon those erring prayers! Father, hear these!  
DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

## FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,  
And the voices of the night  
Wake the better soul that slumbered  
To a holy, calm delight, —

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful firelight  
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door, —  
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more:

He, the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the roadside fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore,  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the being beauteous  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine;

And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

THIS book is all that 's left me now, —  
Tears will unbidden start, —  
With faltering lip and throbbing brow  
I press it to my heart.  
For many generations past  
Here is our family tree ;  
My mother's hands this Bible clasped,  
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah ! well do I remember those  
Whose names these records bear ;  
Who round the hearthstone used to close,  
After the evening prayer,  
And speak of what these pages said  
In tones my heart would thrill !  
Though they are with the silent dead,  
Here are they living still ! .

My father read this holy book  
To brothers, sisters, dear ;  
How calm was my poor mother's look,  
Who loved God's word to hear !  
Her angel face, — I see it yet !  
What thronging memories come !  
Again that little group is met  
Within the halls of home !

Thou truest friend man ever knew,  
Thy constancy I've tried ;  
When all were false, I found thee true,  
My counsellor and guide.  
The mines of earth no treasures give  
That could this volume buy ;  
In teaching me the way to live,  
It taught me how to die !

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

## GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase which calls  
The burial-ground God's-Acre ! It is just ;  
It consecrates each grave within its walls,  
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre ! Yes, that blessed name imparts  
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown  
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,  
Their bread of life, alas ! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,  
In the sure faith that we shall rise again  
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast  
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,  
In the fair gardens of that second birth ;  
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume  
With that of flowers which never bloomed on  
earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the  
sod,  
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow ;  
This is the field and Acre of our God,  
This is the place where human harvests grow !  
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE.

THE night is late, the house is still ;  
The angels of the hour fulfil  
Their tender ministries, and move  
From couch to couch in cares of love.  
They drop into thy dreams, sweet wife,  
The happiest smile of Charlie's life,  
And lay on baby's lips a kiss,  
Fresh from his angel-brother's bliss ;  
And, as they pass, they seem to make  
A strange, dim hymn, " For Charlie's sake."

My listening heart takes up the strain,  
And gives it to the night again,  
Fitted with words of lowly praise,  
And patience learned of mournful days,  
And memories of the dead child's ways.\*

His will be done, His will be done !  
Who gave and took away my son,  
In " the far land " to shine and sing  
Before the Beautiful, the King,  
Who every day doth Christmas make,  
All starred and belled for Charlie's sake.

For Charlie's sake I will arise ;  
I will anoint me where he lies,  
And change my raiment, and go in  
To the Lord's house, and leave my sin  
Without, and seat me at his board,  
Eat, and be glad, and praise the Lord.  
For wherefore should I fast and weep,  
And sullen moods of mourning keep ?  
I cannot bring him back, nor he,  
For any calling, come to me.  
The bond the angel Death did sign,  
God sealed — for Charlie's sake, and mine.

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.

## UNDER THE CROSS.

I CANNOT, cannot say,  
Out of my bruised and breaking heart,  
Storm-driven along a thorn-set way,  
While blood-drops start  
From every pore, as I drag on,  
" Thy will, O God, be done ! "

I thought, but yesterday,  
My will was one with God's dear will ;  
And that it would be sweet to say,  
Whatever ill  
My happy state should smite upon,  
"Thy will, my God, be done !"

But I was weak and wrong,  
Both weak of soul and wrong of heart ;  
And Pride alone in me was strong,  
With cunning art  
To cheat me in the golden sun,  
To say, "God's will be done !"

O shadow drear and cold,  
That frights me out of foolish pride ;  
O flood, that through my bosom rolled  
Its billowy tide ;  
I said, till ye your power made known,  
"God's will, not mine, be done !"

Now, faint and sore afraid,  
Under my cross, heavy and rude,  
My idols in the ashes laid,  
Like ashes strewed,  
The holy words my pale lips shun,  
"O God, thy will be done !"

Pity my woes, O God,  
And touch my will with thy warm breath ;  
Put in my trembling hand thy rod,  
That quickens death ;  
That my dead faith may feel thy sun,  
And say, "Thy will be done !"

W. C. R.

## SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.

SOFTLY woo away her breath,  
Gentle death !  
Let her leave thee with no strife,  
Tender, mournful, murmuring life !  
She hath seen her happy day, —  
She hath had her bud and blossom ;  
Now she pales and shrinks away,  
Earth, into thy gentle bosom !

She hath done her bidding here,  
Angels dear !  
Bear her perfect soul above,  
Seraph of the skies, — sweet love !  
Good she was, and fair in youth ;  
And her mind was seen to soar,  
And her heart was wed to truth :  
Take her, then, forevermore, —  
Forever — evermore !

BARRY CORNWALL.

## THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

A FREE PARAPHRASE OF THE GERMAN.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,  
God's meekest Angel gently comes :  
No power has, he to banish pain,  
Or give us back our lost again ;  
And yet in tenderest love our dear  
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There 's quiet in that Angel's glance,  
There 's rest in his still countenance !  
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,  
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear ;  
But ills and woes he may not cure  
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience ! sent to calm  
Our feverish brows with cooling palm ;  
To lay the storms of hope and fear,  
And reconcile life's smile and tear ;  
The throbs of wounded pride to still,  
And make our own our Father's will !

O thou who mournest on thy way,  
With longings for the close of day ;  
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,  
And gently whispers, "Be resigned :  
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell  
The dear Lord ordereth all things well !"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## OVER THE RIVER.

OVER the river they beckon to me,  
Loved ones who 've crossed to the farther side,  
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,  
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.  
There 's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue ;  
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,  
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.  
We saw not the angels who met him there,  
The gates of the city we could not see :  
Over the river, over the river,  
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale  
Carried another, the household pet ;  
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,  
Darling Minnie ! I see her yet.  
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,  
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark ;  
We felt it glide from the silver sands,  
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark ;  
We know she is safe on the farther side,  
Where all the ransomed and angels be :

Over the river, the mystic river,  
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,  
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale ;  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail ;  
And lo ! they have passed from our yearning hearts,  
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.

We may not sunder the veil apart  
That hides from our vision the gates of day ;  
We only know that their barks no more  
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea ;  
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,  
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold  
Is flushing river and hill and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the water cold,  
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar ;  
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,  
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,  
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,  
To the better shore of the spirit land.  
I shall know the loved who have gone before,  
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
When over the river, the peaceful river,  
The angel of death shall carry me.

NANCY AMELIA WOODBURY PRIEST.

#### THOU ART GONE TO THE GRAVE.

THOU art gone to the grave, — we no longer de-  
plore thee,  
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the  
tomb ;  
The Saviour has passed through its portals before  
thee,  
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through  
the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave, — we no longer behold  
thee,  
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy  
side ;  
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold  
thee,  
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has  
died.

Thou art gone to the grave, — and, its mansion  
forsaking,  
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered  
long,  
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on  
thy waking,  
And the song which thou heard'st was the  
seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave, — but 't were wrong  
to deplore thee,

When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy  
guide ;  
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will re-  
store thee,  
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour  
hath died.

REGINALD HEBBER.

#### THE PLEASURES OF HEAVEN.

THERE all the happy souls that ever were,  
Shall meet with gladness in one theatre ;  
And each shall know there one another's face,  
By beatific virtue of the place.  
There shall the brother with the sister walk,  
And sons and daughters with their parents talk ;  
But all of God : they still shall have to say,  
But make him all in all their theme that day :  
That happy day that never shall see night !  
Where he will be all beauty to the sight ;  
Wine or delicious fruits unto the taste ;  
A music in the ears will ever last ;  
Unto the scent, a spicery or balm ;  
And to the touch, a flower, like soft as palm.  
He will all glory, all perfection, be,  
God in the Union and the Trinity !  
That holy, great, and glorious mystery  
Will there revealed be in majesty,  
By light and comfort of spiritual grace ;  
The vision of our Saviour face to face,  
In his humanity ! to hear him preach  
The price of our redemption, and to teach,  
Through his inherent righteousness in death,  
The safety of our souls and forfeit breath !  
What fulness of beatitude is here !  
What love with mercy mixed doth appear !  
To style us friends, who were by nature foes !  
Adopt us heirs by grace, who were of those  
Had lost ourselves ; and prodigally spent  
Our native portions and possessed rent !  
Yet have all debts forgiven us ; an advance  
By imputed right to an inheritance  
In his eternal kingdom, where we sit  
Equal with angels, and co-heirs of it.

BEN JONSON.

#### I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS.

I WOULD not live always ; I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ;  
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here  
Are enough for life's joys, full enough for its cheer.

I would not live always ; no, — welcome the tomb !  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom ;  
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,  
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God, —  
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
 Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,  
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

There saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;  
 While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

R. MUHLENBERG.

### BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping  
 I shall be soon ;  
 Beyond the waking and the sleeping,  
 Beyond the sowing and the reaping,  
 I shall be soon.

*Love, rest, and home !*

*Sweet hope !*

*Lord, tarry not, but come.*

Beyond the blooming and the fading  
 I shall be soon ;  
 Beyond the shining and the shading,  
 Beyond the hoping and the dreading,  
 I shall be soon.

*Love, rest, and home !*

Beyond the rising and the setting  
 I shall be soon ;  
 Beyond the calming and the fretting,  
 Beyond remembering and forgetting,  
 I shall be soon.

*Love, rest, and home !*

Beyond the gathering and the strowing  
 I shall be soon ;  
 Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,  
 Beyond the coming and the going,  
 I shall be soon.

*Love, rest, and home !*

Beyond the parting and the meeting  
 I shall be soon ;  
 Beyond the farewell and the greeting,  
 Beyond this pulse's fever beating,  
 I shall be soon.

*Love, rest, and home !*

Beyond the frost chain and the fever  
 I shall be soon ;  
 Beyond the rock waste and the river,  
 Beyond the ever and the never,  
 I shall be soon.

*Love, rest, and home !*

*Sweet hope !*

*Lord, tarry not, but come.*

HORATIUS BONAR.

### THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

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

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

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

LADY NAIRN.

### UNDER THE VIOLETS.

HER hands are cold ; her face is white ;  
 No more her pulses come and go ;  
 Her eyes are shut to life and light ; —  
 Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,  
 And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,  
 To plead for tears with alien eyes ;  
 A slender cross of wood alone  
 Shall say, that here a maiden lies  
 In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb  
 Shall wheel their circling shadows round,  
 To make the scorching sunlight dim  
 That drinks the greenness from the ground,  
 And drop their dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,  
 And through their leaves the robins call,  
 And, ripening in the autumn sun,  
 The acorns and the chestnuts fall,  
 Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing  
 Its matins from the branches high,  
 And every minstrel-voice of spring,

That trills beneath the April sky,  
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When, turning round their dial-track,  
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,  
Her little mourners, clad in black,  
The crickets, sliding through the grass,  
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees  
Shall find the prison where she lies,  
And bear the buried dust they seize  
In leaves and blossoms to the skies.  
So may the soul that warmed it rise !

If any, horn of kindlier blood,  
Should ask, What maiden lies below ?  
Say only this : A tender bud,  
That tried to blossom in the snow,  
Lies withered where the violets blow.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

SELECTIONS FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

GRIEF UNSPEAKABLE.

I SOMETIMES hold it half a sin  
To put in words the grief I feel :  
For words, like Nature, half reveal  
And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,  
A use in measured language lies ;  
The sad mechanic exercise,  
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,  
Like coarsest clothes against the cold ;  
But that large grief which these enfold  
Is given in outline and no more.

DEAD, IN A FOREIGN LAND.

FAIR ship, that from the Italian shore  
Sailedst the placid ocean-plains  
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,  
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn  
In vain ; a favorable speed  
Ruffle thy mirrored mast, and lead  
Through prosperous floods his holy urn.

All night no ruder air perplex  
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright  
As our pure love, through early light  
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above ;  
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow ;  
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,  
My friend, the brother of my love ;

My Arthur, whom I shall not see  
Till all my widowed race be run ;  
Dear as the mother to the son,  
More than my brothers are to me.

THE PEACE OF SORROW.

CALM is the morn without a sound,  
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,  
And only through the faded leaf  
The chestnut pattering to the ground :

Calm and deep peace on this high old  
And on these dews that drench the furze,  
And all the silvery gossamers  
That twinkle into green and gold :

Calm and still light on yon great plain  
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,  
And crowded farms and lessening towers,  
To mingle with the bounding main :

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,  
These leaves that redden to the fall ;  
And in my heart, if calm at all,  
If any calm, a calm despair :

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,  
And waves that sway themselves in rest,  
And dead calm in that noble breast  
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

If Sleep and Death be truly one,  
And every spirit's folded bloom  
Through all its intervital gloom  
In some long trance should slumber on ;

Unconscious of the sliding hour,  
Bare of the body, might it last,  
And silent traces of the past  
Be all the color of the flower :

So then were nothing lost to man ;  
So that still garden of the souls  
In many a figured leaf enrolls  
The total world since life began ;

And love will last as pure and whole  
As when he loved me here in Time,  
And at the spiritual prime  
Rewaken with the dawning soul.

PERSONAL RESURRECTION.

THAT each, who seems a separate whole,  
Should move his rounds, and fusing all  
The skirts of self again, should fall  
Remerging in the general Soul,



Is faith as vague as all unsweet :  
 Eternal form shall still divide  
 The eternal soul from all beside ;  
 And I shall know him when we meet :

And we shall sit at endless feast,  
 Enjoying each the other's good :  
 What vaster dream can hit the mood  
 Of Love on earth ? He seeks at least

Upon the last and sharpest height,  
 Before the spirits fade away,  
 Some landing-place to clasp and say,  
 "Farewell ! We lose ourselves in light."

## SPIRITUAL COMPANIONSHIP.

Do we indeed desire the dead  
 Should still be near us at our side ?  
 Is there no baseness we would hide ?  
 No inner vileness that we dread ?

Shall he for whose applause I strove,  
 I had such reverence for his blame,  
 See with clear eye some hidden shame,  
 And I be lessened in his love ?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue :  
 Shall love be blamed for want of faith ?  
 There must be wisdom with great Death :  
 The dead shall look me through and through.

Be near us when we climb or fall :  
 Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours  
 With larger other eyes than ours,  
 To make allowance for us all.

## MOONLIGHT MUSINGS.

WHEN on my bed the moonlight falls,  
 I know that in thy place of rest,  
 By that broad water of the west,  
 There comes a glory on the walls ;

Thy marble bright in dark appears,  
 As slowly steals a silver flame  
 Along the letters of thy name,  
 And o'er the number of thy years.

The mystic glory swims away ;  
 From off my bed the moonlight dies :  
 And, closing eaves of wearied eyes,  
 I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray :

And then I know the mist is drawn  
 A lucid veil from coast to coast,  
 And in the dark church, like a ghost,  
 Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

## DEATH IN LIFE'S PRIME.

So many worlds, so much to do,  
 So little done, such things to be,  
 How know I what had need of thee,  
 For thou wert strong as thou wert true ?

The fame is quenched that I foresaw,  
 The head hath missed an earthly wreath :  
 I curse not nature, no, nor death ;  
 For nothing is that errs from law.

We pass ; the path that each man trod  
 Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds :  
 (What fame is left for human deeds  
 In endless age ? It rests with God.

O hollow wraith of dying fame,  
 Fade wholly, while the soul exults,  
 And self-enfolds the large results  
 Of force that would have forged a name.

## THE POET'S TRIBUTE.

WHAT hope is here for modern rhyme  
 To him who turns a musing eye  
 On songs, and deeds, and lives, that lie  
 Foreshortened in the tract of time ?

These mortal lullabies of pain  
 May bind a book, may line a box,  
 May serve to curl a maiden's locks :  
 Or when a thousand moons shall wane

A man upon a stall may find,  
 And, passing, turn the page that tells  
 A grief, then changed to something else,  
 Sung by a long-forgotten mind.

But what of that ? My darkened ways  
 Shall ring with music all the same ;  
 To breathe my loss is more than fame,  
 To utter love more sweet than praise.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## THEY ARE ALL GONE.

THEY are all gone into the world of light,  
 And I alone sit lingering here !  
 Their very memory is fair and bright,  
 And my sad thoughts doth clear ;

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,  
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove, —  
 Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest  
 After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,  
 Whose light doth trample on my days, —  
 My days which are at best but dull and hoary,  
 Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope ! and high humility, —  
 High as the heavens above !  
 These are your walks, and you have showed them  
 me  
 To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death, — the jewel of the just, —  
 Shining nowhere but in the dark !  
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,  
 Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may  
 know,  
 At first sight, if the bird be flown ;  
 But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,  
 That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams  
 Call to the soul when man doth sleep,  
 So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted  
 themes,  
 And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,  
 Her captive flames must needs burn there,  
 But when the hand that loeked her up gives room,  
 She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all  
 Created glories under thee !  
 Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall  
 Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill  
 My perspective still as they pass ;  
 Or else remove me hence unto that hill  
 Where I shall need no glass.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

#### THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,  
 And busily all the night  
 Had been heaping field and highway  
 With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock  
 Wore ermine too dear for an earl,  
 And the poorest twig on the elm-tree  
 Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara  
 Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,  
 The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,  
 And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window  
 The noiseless work of the sky,  
 And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,  
 Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn  
 Where a little headstone stood ;  
 How the flakes were folding it gently,  
 As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,  
 Saying, " Father, who makes it snow ?"  
 And I told of the good All-father  
 Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,  
 And thought of the leaden sky  
 That arched o'er our first great sorrow,  
 When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience  
 That fell from that cloud like snow,  
 Flake by flake, healing and hiding  
 The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,  
 " The snow that husheth all,  
 Darling, the merciful Father  
 Alone can make it fall !"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her ;  
 And she, kissing back, could not know  
 That *my* kiss was given to her sister,  
 Folded close under deepening snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

#### THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper whose name is Death,  
 And, with his sickle keen,  
 He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
 And the flowers that grow between.

" Shall I have naught that is fair ?" saith he ;  
 " Have naught but the bearded grain ?  
 Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
 I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
 He kissed their drooping leaves ;  
 It was for the Lord of Paradise  
 He hound them in his sheaves.

" My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,  
 The Reaper said, and smiled ;  
 " Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
 Where he was once a child.

" They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
 Transplanted by my care,  
 And saints, upon their garments white,  
 These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
 The flowers she most did love ;  
 She knew she should find them all again  
 In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day ;  
'T was an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Lord of the living and the dead,  
Our Saviour dear !  
We lay in silence at thy feet  
This sad, sad year.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

“ ONLY A YEAR.”

ONE year ago, — a ringing voice,  
A clear blue eye,  
And clustering curls of sunny hair,  
Too fair to die.

Only a year, — no voice, no smile,  
No glance of eye,  
No clustering curls of golden hair,  
Fair but to die !

One year ago, — what loves, what schemes  
Far into life !  
What joyous hopes, what high resolves,  
What generous strife !

The silent picture on the wall,  
The burial-stone,  
Of all that beauty, life, and joy  
Remain alone !

One year, — one year, — one little year,  
And so much gone !  
And yet the even flow of life  
Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair,  
Above that head ;  
No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray  
Says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds,  
That sing above,  
Tells us how coldly sleeps below  
The form we love.

Where hast thou been this year, beloved ?  
What hast thou seen, —  
What visions fair, what glorious life ?  
Where thou hast been ?

The veil ! the veil ! so thin, so strong !  
'Twixt us and thee ;  
The mystic veil ! when shall it fall,  
That we may see ?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone,  
But present still,  
And waiting for the coming hour  
Of God's sweet will.

MY CHILD.

I CANNOT make him dead !  
His fair sunshiny head  
Is ever bounding round my study chair ;  
Yet when my eyes, now dim  
With tears, I turn to him,  
The vision vanishes, — he is not there !

I walk my parlor floor,  
And, through the open door,  
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair ;  
I 'm stepping toward the hall  
To give the boy a call ;  
And then bethink me that — he is not there !

I thread the crowded street ;  
A satchelled lad I meet,  
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair ;  
And, as he 's running by,  
Follow him with my eye,  
Scarcely believing that — he is not there !

I know his face is hid  
Under the coffin lid ;  
Closed are his eyes ; cold is his forehead fair ;  
My hand that marble felt ;  
O'er it in prayer I knelt ;  
Yet my heart whispers that — he is not there !

I cannot make him dead !  
When passing by the bed,  
So long watched over with parental care,  
My spirit and my eye  
Seek him inquiringly,  
Before the thought comes that — he is not there !

When, at the cool gray break  
Of day, from sleep I wake,  
With my first breathing of the morning air  
My soul goes up, with joy,  
To Him who gave my boy ;  
Then comes the sad thought that — he is not there !

When at the day's calm close,  
Before we seek repose,  
I 'm with his mother, offering up our prayer ;  
Whate'er I may be saying,  
I am in spirit praying  
For our boy's spirit, though — he is not there !

Not there! — Where, then, is he?  
 The form I used to see  
 Was but the raiment that he used to wear.  
 The grave, that now doth press  
 Upon that cast-off dress,  
 Is but his wardrobe locked; — he is not there!

He lives! — In all the past  
 He lives; nor, to the last,  
 Of seeing him again will I despair;  
 In dreams I see him now;  
 And, on his angel brow,  
 I see it written, "Thou shalt see me *there*!

Yes, we all live to God!  
 Father, thy chastening rod  
 So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,  
 That, in the spirit land,  
 Meeting at thy right hand,  
 'T will be our heaven to find that — he is there!  
 JOHN PIERPONT.

### SWEET DAY.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
 The bridall of the earth and skie:  
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;  
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave  
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,  
 Thy root is ever in its grave,  
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,  
 A box where sweets compacted lie,  
 My musick shows ye have your closes,  
 And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,  
 Like seasoned timber, never gives;  
 But though the whole world turn to coal,  
 Then chiefly lives.  
 GEORGE HERBERT.

### MAN'S MORTALITY.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,  
 Or like the blossom on the tree,  
 Or like the dainty flower in May,  
 Or like the morning of the day,  
 Or like the sun, or like the shade,  
 Or like the gourd which Jonas had, —  
 E'en such is man; — whose thread is spun,  
 Drawn out, and cut, and so is done. —  
 The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,  
 The flower fades, the morning hasteth,

The sun sets, the shadow flies,  
 The gourd consumes, — and man he dies!

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,  
 Or like a tale that's new begun,  
 Or like the bird that's here to-day,  
 Or like the pearléd dew of May,  
 Or like an hour, or like a span,  
 Or like the singing of a swan, —  
 E'en such is man; — who lives by breath,  
 Is here, now there, in life and death. —  
 The grass withers, the tale is ended,  
 The bird is flown, the dew's ascended.  
 The hour is short, the span is long,  
 The swan's near death, — man's life is done!  
 SIMON WASTELL.

### IF THOU WILT EASE THINE HEART.

DIRGE.

If thou wilt ease thine heart  
 Of love, and all its smart, —  
 Then sleep, dear, sleep!  
 And not a sorrow  
 Hang any tear on your eyelashes;  
 Lie still and deep,  
 Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes  
 The rim o' the sun to-morrow,  
 In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart  
 Of love, and all its smart, —  
 Then die, dear, die!  
 'T is deeper, sweeter,  
 Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming  
 With folded eye;  
 And then alone, amid the beaming  
 Of love's stars, thou 'lt meet her  
 In eastern sky.  
 THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

### DEATH.

THE GIAOUR.

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead  
 Ere the first day of death is fled,  
 The first dark day of nothingness,  
 The last of danger and distress,  
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers  
 Have swcpt the lines where beauty lingers),  
 And marked the mild angelic air,  
 The rapture of repose, that's there,  
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak  
 The languor of the placid cheek,  
 And — but for that sad shrouded eye,

That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,  
 And but for that chill, changeless brow,  
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy  
 Appalls the gazing mourner's heart,  
 As if to him it could impart  
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;  
 Yes, but for these and these alone,  
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,  
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power ;  
 So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,  
 The first, last look by death revealed !  
 Such is the aspect of this shore ;  
 'T is Greece, but living Greece no more !  
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
 We start, for soul is wanting there.  
 Hers is the loveliness in death,  
 That parts not quite with parting breath ;  
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb,  
 Expression's last receding ray,  
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
 The farewell beam of Feeling past away ;  
 Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,  
 Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished  
 earth !

BYRON.

## DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

[These verses are said to have "chilled the heart" of Oliver Cromwell.]

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

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

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

JAMES SHIRLEY.

## LIFE.

LIKE to the falling of a star,  
 Or as the flights of eagles are,  
 Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,  
 Or silver drops of morning dew,  
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood,  
 Or bubbles which on water stood, —  
 E'en such is man, whose borrowed light  
 Is straight called in, and paid to-night.  
 The wind blows out, the bubble dies,  
 The spring entombed in autumn lies,  
 The dew dries up, the star is shot,  
 The flight is past, — and man forgot !

HENRY KING.

## THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,  
 A rest for weary pilgrims found,  
 They softly lie and sweetly sleep  
 Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky  
 No more disturbs their deep repose,  
 Than summer-evening's latest sigh  
 That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head  
 And aching heart beneath the soil,  
 To slumber in that dreamless bed  
 From all my toil.

For Misery stole me at my birth,  
 And cast me helpless on the wild :  
 I perish ; — O my Mother Earth,  
 Take home thy Child !

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined,  
 Shall gently moulder into thee ;  
 Nor leave one wretched trace behind  
 Resembling me.

Hark ! a strange sound affrights mine ear,  
 My pulse, — my brain runs wild, — I rave ;  
 — Ah ! who art thou whose voice I hear ?  
 — "I am the Grave !

"The Grave, that never spake before,  
 Hath found at length a tongue to chide :  
 O listen !" "I will speak no more : —  
 Be silent, Pride !"

"Art thou a Wretch of hope forlorn,  
 The victim of consuming care ?  
 Is thy distracted conscience torn  
 By fell despair ?

"A bruised reed he will not break ;  
Afflictions all his children feel ;  
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,  
He wounds to heal.

"There is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary Pilgrims found ;  
And while the mouldering ashes sleep  
Low in the ground,

"The Soul, of origin divine,  
God's glorious image, freed from clay,  
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,  
A star of day.

"The Sun is but a spark of fire,  
A transient meteor in the sky ;  
The Soul, immortal as its Sire,  
Shall never die."  
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

#### WE WATCHED HER BREATHING.

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

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

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

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

THOMAS HOOD.

#### A DEATH-BED.

HER suffering ended with the day ;  
Yet lived she at its close,  
And breathed the long, long night away  
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,  
Illumed the eastern skies,  
She passed through glory's morning-gate,  
And walked in Paradise !

JAMES ALDRICH.

#### O, SNATCHED AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM !

O, SNATCHED away in beauty's bloom !  
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb ;  
But on thy turf shall roses rear  
Their leaves, the earliest of the year,  
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom :  
And oft by yon blue gushing stream  
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,  
And feed deep thought with many a dream,  
And lingering pause and lightly tread ;  
Fond wretch ! as if her step disturbed the dead !

Away ! we know that tears are vain,  
That Death nor heeds nor hears distress :  
Will this unteach us to complain ?  
Or make one mourner weep the less ?  
And thou, who tell'st me to forget,  
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

BYRON.

#### TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

[Composed by Burns, in September, 1789, on the anniversary of the day on which he heard of the death of his early love, Mary Campbell.]

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

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

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,  
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green ;  
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,  
Twined amorous round the raptured scene ;  
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
The birds sang love on every spray, —  
Till soon, too soon, the glowing west  
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care !  
Time but the impression stronger makes,  
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary! dear departed shade!  
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?  
 ROBERT BURNS.

—◆—  
 FOR ANNIE.

THANK Heaven! the crisis, —  
 The danger is past,  
 And the lingering illness  
 Is over at last, —  
 And the fever called "Living"  
 Is conquered at last.

Sadly, I know,  
 I am shorn of my strength,  
 And no muscle I move  
 As I lie at full length —  
 But no matter! — I feel  
 I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly  
 Now, in my bed,  
 That any beholder  
 Might fancy me dead, —  
 Might start at beholding me,  
 Thinking me dead.

The moaning and groaning,  
 The sighing and sobbing,  
 Are quieted now,  
 With that horrible throbbing  
 At heart, — ah, that horrible,  
 Horrible throbbing!

The sickness, the nausea,  
 The pitiless pain,  
 Have ceased, with the fever  
 That maddened my brain, —  
 With the fever called "Living"  
 That burned in my brain.

And O, of all tortures  
*That* torture the worst  
 Has abated, — the terrible  
 Torture of thirst  
 For the naphthaline river  
 Of Passion accurst!  
 I have drunk of a water  
 That quenches all thirst, —

Of a water that flows  
 With a lullaby sound,  
 From a spring but a very few  
 Feet under ground, —  
 From a cavern not very far  
 Down under ground.

And ah! let it never  
 Be foolishly said  
 That my room it is gloomy  
 And narrow my bed;  
 For man never slept  
 In a different bed, —  
 And, to *sleep*, you must slumber  
 In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit  
 Here blandly reposes,  
 Forgetting, or never  
 Regretting, its roses, —  
 Its old agitations  
 Of myrtles and roses:

For now, while so quietly  
 Lying, it fancies  
 A holier odor  
 About it, of pansies, —  
 A rosemary odor,  
 Commingled with pansies,  
 With rue and the beautiful  
 Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,  
 Bathing in many  
 A dream of the truth  
 And the beauty of Annie, —  
 Drowned in a bath  
 Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kissed me,  
 She fondly caressed,  
 And then I fell gently  
 To sleep on her breast, —  
 Deeply to sleep  
 From the heaven of her breast.

When the light was extinguished,  
 She covered me warm,  
 And she prayed to the angels  
 To keep me from harm, —  
 To the queen of the angels  
 To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly  
 Now in my bed,  
 (Knowing her love,  
 That you fancy me dead;  
 And I rest so contentedly  
 Now in my bed,  
 (With her love at my breast,  
 That you fancy me dead, —  
 That you shudder to look at me,  
 Thinking me dead:

But my heart it is brighter  
 Than all of the many  
 Stars in the sky;  
 For it sparkles with Annie, —

It glows with the light  
Of the love of my Annie,  
With the thought of the light  
Of the eyes of my Annie.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

### THE FAIREST THING IN MORTAL EYES.

[Addressed to his deceased wife, who died in childhood at the age of twenty-two.]

To make my lady's obsequies  
My love a minster wrought,  
And, in the chantry, service there  
Was sung by doleful thought ;  
The tapers were of burning sighs,  
That light and odor gave ;  
And sorrows, painted o'er with tears,  
Enluminéd her grave ;  
And round about, in quaintest guise,  
Was carved : " Within this tomb there lies  
The fairest thing in mortal eyes."

Above her lieth spread a tomb  
Of gold and sapphires blue :  
The gold doth show her blessedness,  
The sapphires mark her true ;  
For blessedness and truth in her  
Were lively portrayed,  
When gracious God with both his hands  
Her goodly substance made.  
He framed her in such wondrous wise,  
She was, to speak without disguise,  
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

No more, no more ! my heart doth faint  
When I the life recall  
Of her who lived so free from taint,  
So virtuous deemed by all, —  
That in herself was so complete  
I think that she was ta'en  
By God to deck his paradise,  
And with his saints to reign ;  
Whom while on earth each one did prize,  
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

But naught our tears avail, or cries ;  
All soon or late in death shall sleep ;  
Nor living wight long time may keep  
The fairest thing in mortal eyes.

CHARLES, DUKE OF ORLEANS (French). Trans-  
lation of HENRY FRANCIS CARY.

### DIRGE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

UNDERNEATH the sod low-lying,  
Dark and drear,  
Sleepeth one who left, in dying,  
Sorrow here.

Yes, they 're ever bending o'er her  
Eyes that weep ;  
Forms, that to the cold grave bore her,  
Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining  
Soft and fair,  
Friends she loved in tears are twining  
Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,  
Throned above, —  
Souls like thine with God inherit  
Life and love !

JAMES T. FIELDS.

### FEAR NO MORE THE HEAT O' THE SUN.

FROM "CYMBELINE."

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

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

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

SHAKESPEARE.

### IMOGEN'S OBSEQUIES.

FROM "CYMBELINE."

GUIDERIUS. O sweetest, fairest lily !  
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,  
As when thou grewst thyself.

BELARIUS. O melancholy !  
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom ? find  
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare  
Might easliest harbor in ? — Thou blessed thing !  
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made ;  
but I,

Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy ! —  
How found you him ?

ARVIRAGUS. Stark, as you see :  
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,



Not as death's dart, being laughed at : his right  
cheek

Reposing on a cushion.

GUI. Where ?

ARV. O' the floor ;  
His arms thus leagued ; I thought he slept ; and put  
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rude-  
ness

Answered my steps too loud.

GUI. Why, he but sleeps :  
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed ;  
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,  
And worms will not come to thee.

ARV. With fairest flowers,  
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave : thou shalt not lack  
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose ; nor  
The azure harebell, like thy veins ; no, nor  
The leaf of eglantine, whom, not to slander,  
Out-sweetened not thy breath : the ruddock would,  
With charitable bill (O bill, sore shaming  
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie  
Without a monument !) bring thee all this ;  
Yea, and furred moss besides, when flowers are  
none,

To winter-ground thy corse.

GUI. Pr'ythee, have done ;  
And do not play in wench-like words with that  
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,  
And not protract with admiration what  
Is now due debt. — To the grave.

GUI. We have done our obsequies : come, lay  
him down.

BEL. Here's a few flowers : but 'bout mid-  
night, more :

The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night  
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. — Upon their  
faces. —

You were as flowers, now withered : even so  
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow. —  
Come on, away : apart upon our knees.

The ground that gave them first has them again :  
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

SHAKESPEARE.

### CASA WAPPY.

THE CHILD'S PET NAME, CHOSEN BY HIMSELF.

AND hast thou sought thy heavenly home,  
Our fond, dear boy, —  
The realms where sorrow dare not come,  
Where life is joy ?

Pure at thy death as at thy birth,  
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth ;  
Even by its bliss we mete our dearth,  
Casa Wappy !

Despair was in our last farewell,  
As closed thine eye ;  
Tears of our anguish may not tell  
When thou didst die ;  
Words may not paint our grief for thee ;  
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea  
Of our unfathomed agony ;  
Casa Wappy !

Thou wert a vision of delight,  
To bless us given ;  
Beauty embodied to our sight,  
A type of heaven !  
So dear to us thou wert, thou art  
Even less thine own self, than a part  
Of mine, and of thy mother's heart,  
Casa Wappy !

Thy bright, brief day knew no decline,  
'T was cloudless joy ;  
Sunrise and night alone were thine,  
Beloved boy !  
This moon beheld thee blithe and gay ;  
That found thee prostrate in decay ;  
And ere a third shone, clay was clay,  
Casa Wappy !

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,  
Earth's undefiled,  
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,  
Our dear, sweet child !  
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree ;  
Yet had we hoped that Time should see  
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,  
Casa Wappy !

We mourn for thee when blind, blank night  
The chamber fills ;  
We pine for thee when morn's first light  
Reddens the hills :  
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,  
All — to the wallflower and wild pea —  
Are changed ; we saw the world through thee,  
Casa Wappy !

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam  
Of casual mirth,  
It doth not own, whate'er may seem,  
An inward birth ;  
We miss thy small step on the stair ;  
We miss thee at thine evening prayer ;  
All day we miss thee, — everywhere, —  
Casa Wappy !

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,  
In life's spring-bloom,  
Down to the appointed house below, —  
The silent tomb.

But now the green leaves of the tree,  
The cuckoo, and "the busy bee,"  
Return, — but with them bring not thee,  
Casa Wappy !

'T is so ; but can it be — while flowers  
Revive again —  
Man's doom, in death that we and ours  
For aye remain ?  
O, can it be, that o'er the grave  
The grass renewed should yearly wave,  
Yet God forget our child to save ? —  
Casa Wappy !

It cannot be ; for were it so  
Thus man could die,  
Life were a mockery, thought were woe,  
And truth a lie ;  
Heaven were a coinage of the brain ;  
Religion frenzy, virtue vain,  
And all our hopes to meet again,  
Casa Wappy !

Then be to us, O dear, lost child !  
With beam of love,  
A star, death's uncongenial wild  
Smiling above !  
Soon, soon thy little feet have trod  
The skyward path, the seraph's road,  
That led thee back from man to God,  
Casa Wappy !

Yet 't is sweet balm to our despair,  
Fond, fairest boy,  
That heaven is God's, and thou art there,  
With him in joy ;  
There past are death and all its woes ;  
There beauty's stream forever flows ;  
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,  
Casa Wappy !

Farewell, then, — for a while, farewell, —  
Pride of my heart !  
It cannot be that long we dwell,  
Thus torn apart.  
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee ;  
And dark how'er life's night may be,  
Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,  
Casa Wappy !

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

### MOTHER AND POET.

TURIN, — AFTER NEWS FROM GAETA. 1861.

[This was Laura Savio of Turin, a poetess and patriot, whose sons were killed at Ancona and Gaeta.]

#### I.

DEAD ! one of them shot by the sea in the east,  
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.

Dead ! both my boys ! When you sit at the feast  
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,  
Let none look at me !

#### II.

Yet I was a poetess only last year,  
And good at my art, for a woman, men said.  
But this woman, this, who is agonized here,  
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head  
Forever instead.

#### III.

What art can a woman be good at ? O, vain !  
What art is she good at, but hurting her breast  
With the milk teeth of babes, and a smile at the  
pain ?  
Ah, boys, how you hurt ! you were strong as  
you pressed,  
And I proud by that test.

#### IV.

What art's for a woman ! To hold on her knees  
Both darlings ! to feel all their arms round her  
throat  
Cling, struggle a little ! to sew by degrees  
And 'broider the long-clothes and neat little coat !  
To dream and to dote.

#### V.

To teach them. . . . It stings there. I made them  
indeed  
Speak plain the word "country," I taught  
them, no doubt,  
That a country's a thing men should die for at need.  
I prated of liberty, rights, and about  
The tyrant turned out.

#### VI.

And when their eyes flashed . . . O my beautiful  
eyes ! . . .  
I exulted ! nay, let them go forth at the wheels  
Of the guns, and denied not. — But then the sur-  
prise,  
When one sits quite alone ! — Then one weeps,  
then one kneels !  
— God ! how the house feels !

#### VII.

At first happy news came, in gay letters moiled  
With my kisses, of camp-life, and glory, and how  
They both loved me, and soon, coming home to  
be spoiled,  
In return would fan off every fly from my brow  
With their green laurel-bough.

#### VIII.

Then was triumph at Turin. "Ancona was free !"  
And some one came out of the cheers in the street  
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.  
— My Guido was dead ! — I fell down at his feet,  
While they cheered in the street.

## IX.

I bore it ; — friends soothed me : my grief looked  
sublime

As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained  
To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time  
When the first grew immortal, while both of us  
strained

To the height he had gained.

## X.

And letters still came, — shorter, sadder, more  
strong,

Writ now but in one hand. "I was not to faint.  
One loved me for two . . . would be with me ere long :

And 'Viva Italia' he died for, our saint,  
Who forbids our complaint."

## XI.

My Nanni would add "he was safe, and aware  
Of a presence that turned off the balls . . . was  
imprest

It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,  
And how 't was impossible, quite dispossessed,  
To live on for the rest."

## XII.

On which without pause up the telegraph line  
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta : —  
"Shot.

Tell his mother." Ah, ah, "his," "their" mother ;  
not "mine."

No voice says "my mother" again to me. What !  
You think Guido forgot ?

## XIII.

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with heaven,  
They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe ?  
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven  
Through that love and sorrow which reconciled so  
The above and below.

## XIV.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst  
through the dark

To the face of thy mother ! consider, I pray,  
How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,  
Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes  
turned away,  
And no last word to say !

## XV.

Both boys dead ! but that's out of nature. We all  
Have been patriots, yet each house must always  
keep one.

'T were imbecile hewing out roads to a wall.  
And when Italy's made, for what end is it done  
If we have not a son ?

## XVI.

Ah, ah, ah ! when Gaeta's taken, what then ?  
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her  
sport

Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men ?  
When your guns at Cavalli with final retort  
Have cut the game short, —

## XVII.

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,  
When your flag takes all heaven for its white,  
green, and red,

When you have your country from mountain to sea,  
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,  
(And I have my dead,)

## XVIII.

What then ? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your  
bells low,

And burn your lights faintly ! — My country  
is there,

Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow,  
My Italy's there, — with my brave civic pair,  
To disfranchise despair.

## XIX.

Forgive me. Some women bear children in  
strength,

And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn.  
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at  
length

Into such wail as this ! — and we sit on forlorn  
When the man-child is born.

## XX.

Dead ! one of them shot by the sea in the west,  
And one of them shot in the east by the sea !  
Both ! both my boys ! — If in keeping the feast  
You want a great song for your Italy free,  
Let none look at me !

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

## THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS.

WE walked along, while bright and red  
Uprose the morning sun ;  
And Matthew stopped, he looked, and said,  
"The will of God be done !"

A village schoolmaster was he,  
With hair of glittering gray ;  
As blithe a man as you could see  
On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass  
And by the steaming rills  
We travelled merrily, to pass  
A day among the hills.

"Our work," said I, "was well begun ;  
Then from thy breast what thought,  
Beneath so beautiful a sun,  
So sad a sigh has brought ?"

A second time did Matthew stop ;  
And, fixing still his eye  
Upon the eastern mountain-top,  
To me he made reply :

“Yon clond with that long purple cleft  
Brings fresh into my mind  
A day like this, which I have left  
Full thirty years behind.

“And just above yon slope of corn  
Such colors, and no other,  
Were in the sky that April morn,  
Of this the very brother.

“With rod and line I sneed the sport  
Which that sweet season gave,  
And, coming to the church, stopped short  
Beside my daughter's grave.

“Nine summers had she scarcely seen,  
The pride of all the vale ;  
And then she sang ; — she would have been  
A very nightingale.

“Six feet in earth my Emma lay ;  
And yet I loved her more —  
For so it seemed — than till that day  
I e'er had loved before.

“And, turning from her grave, I met  
Beside the churchyard yew  
A blooming girl, whose hair was wet  
'With points of morning dew.

“A basket on her head she bare ;  
Her brow was smooth and white :  
To see a child so very fair,  
It was a pure delight !

“No fountain from its rocky cave  
E'er tripped with foot so free ;  
She seemed as happy as a wave  
That dances on the sea.

“There came from me a sigh of pain  
Which I could ill confine ;  
I looked at her, and looked again :  
And did not wish her mine !”

— Matthew is in his grave, yet now  
Methinks I see him stand  
As at that moment, with a bough  
Of wilding in his hand.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

#### HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,  
Their place ye may not well supply,  
Though ye among a thousand try,  
With vain endeavor.

A month or more hath she been dead,  
Yet cannot I by force be led  
To think upon the wormy bed  
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,  
A rising step, did indicate  
Of pride and joy no common rate,  
That flushed her spirit ;

I know not by what name beside  
I shall it call ; — if 't was not pride,  
It was a joy to that allied,  
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule ;  
Which doth the human feeling cool ;  
But she was trained in nature's school,  
Nature had blessed her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,  
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind ;  
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind, —  
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before  
To that unknown and silent shore !  
Shall we not meet as heretofore  
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray  
Hath struck a bliss upon the day, —  
A bliss that would not go away, —  
A sweet forewarning ?

CHARLES LAMB.

#### THE LOST LOVE.

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

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

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

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

#### THE LOST SISTER.

THEY waked me from my sleep, I knew not why,  
And bade me hasten where a midnight lamp  
Gleamed from an inner chamber. There she lay,

With brow so pale, who yester-morn breathed  
forth

Through joyous smiles her superflux of bliss  
Into the hearts of others. By her side  
Her hoary sire, with speechless sorrow, gazed  
Upon the stricken idol, — all dismayed  
Beneath his God's rebuke. And she who nursed  
That fair young creature at her gentle breast,  
And oft those sunny locks had decked with  
buds

Of rose and jasmine, shuddering wiped the dews  
Which death distils.

The sufferer just had given  
Her long farewell, and for the last, *last* time  
Touched with cold lips his cheek who led so  
late

Her footsteps to the altar, and received  
In the deep transport of an ardent heart  
Her vow of love. And she had striven to press  
That golden circlet with her bloodless hand  
Back on his finger, which he kneeling gave  
At the bright bridal morn. So there she lay  
In calm endurance, like the smitten lamb  
Wounded in flowery pastures, from whose breast  
The dreaded bitterness of death had passed.  
— But a faint wail disturbed the silent scene,  
And in its nurse's arms a new-born babe  
Was borne in utter helplessness along,  
Before that dying eye.

Its gathered film  
Kindled one moment with a sudden glow  
Of tearless agony, — and fearful pang,  
Racking the rigid features, told how strong  
A mother's love doth root itself. One cry  
Of bitter anguish, blent with fervent prayer,  
Went up to Heaven, — and, as its cadence sank,  
Her spirit entered there.

Morn after morn  
Rose and retired; yet still as in a dream  
I seemed to move. The certainty of loss  
Fell not *at once* upon me. Then I wept  
As weep the sisterless. — For thou wert fled,  
My only, my beloved, my sainted one, —  
Twin of my spirit! and my numbered days  
Must wear the sable of that midnight hour  
Which rent thee from me.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

### “HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.”

WHAT would we give to our beloved?  
The hero's heart to be unmoved —  
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep —  
The senate's shout to patriot vows —  
The monarch's crown to light the brows?  
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

“Sleep soft, beloved!” we sometimes say,  
But have no power to charm away  
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;  
But never doleful dream again  
Shall break their happy slumber, when  
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

O earth, so full of dreary noise!  
O men, with wailing in your voices!  
O delved gold, the wailer's heap!  
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!  
God makes a silence through you all,  
And giveth His beloved sleep!

Ye! men may wonder while they scan —  
A living, thinking, feeling man  
In such a rest his heart to keep!  
But angels say, — and through the word,  
I ween, their blessed smile is heard, —  
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

### HISTORY OF A LIFE.

DAY dawned; within a curtained room,  
Filled to faintness with perfume,  
A lady lay at point of doom.  
Day closed; a child had seen the light:  
But, for the lady fair and bright,  
She rested in undreaming night.  
Spring rose; the lady's grave was green;  
And near it, oftentimes, was seen  
A gentle boy with thoughtful mien.  
Years fled; he wore a manly face,  
And struggled in the world's rough race,  
And won at last a lofty place.  
And then he died! behold before ye  
Humanity's poor sum and story;  
Life — Death — and all that is of Glory.

BARRY CORNWALL.

### O, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

[The following poem was a particular favorite with Mr. Lincoln. Mr. F. B. Carpenter, the artist, writes that while engaged in painting his picture at the White House, he was alone one evening with the President in his room, when he said: “There is a poem which has been a great favorite with me for years, which was first shown to me when a young man by a friend, and which I afterwards saw and cut from a newspaper and learned by heart. I would,” he continued, “give a great deal to know who wrote it, but have never been able to ascertain.”]

O, WHY should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,  
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,  
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,  
Be scattered around and together be laid ;  
And the young and the old, and the low and the  
high,  
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,  
The mother that infant's affection who proved ;  
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,  
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in  
whose eye,  
Shone beauty and pleasure, — her triumphs are by ;  
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,  
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne ;  
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn ;  
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,  
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap ;  
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the  
steep ;  
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,  
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,  
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,  
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,  
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flowers or the weed  
That withers away to let others succeed ;  
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,  
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been ;  
We see the same sights our fathers have seen, —  
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,  
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would  
think ;  
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would  
shrink,  
To the life we are clinging they also would cling ;  
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold ;  
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold ;  
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers  
will come ;  
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is  
dumb.

They died, ay ! they died : and we things that  
are now,  
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,

Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,  
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage  
road.

Yea ! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,  
We mingle together in sunshine and rain ;  
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the  
dirge,  
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'T is the wink of an eye, 't is the draught of a breath,  
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,  
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud, —  
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?  
ANONYMOUS.

### ELEONORA.

ELEGY ON THE COUNTESS OF ABINGDON.

No single virtue we could most commend,  
Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend ;  
For she was all, in that supreme degree,  
That as no one prevailed, so all was she.  
The several parts lay hidden in the piece ;  
The occasion but exerted that, or this.

A wife as tender, and as true withal,  
As the first woman was before her fall ;  
Made for the man, of whom she was a part ;  
Made to attract his eyes, and keep his heart.  
A second Eve, but by no crime accused ;  
Asauteous, not as brittle, as the first.  
Had she been first, still Paradise had been,  
And death had found no entrance by her sin.  
So she not only had preserved from ill  
Her sex and ours, but lived their pattern still.

Love and obedience to her lord she bore ;  
She much obeyed him, but she loved him more ;  
Not awed to duty by superior sway,  
But taught by his indulgence to obey.  
Thus we love God, as author of our good.

Yet unemployed no minute slipped away ;  
Moments were precious in so short a stay.  
The haste of Heaven to have her was so great  
That some were single acts, though each complete ;  
But every act stood ready to repeat.

Her fellow-saints with busy care will look  
For her blest name in fate's eternal book ;  
And, pleased to be outdone, with joy will see  
Numberless virtues, endless charity :  
But more will wonder at so short an age,  
To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page :  
And with a pious fear begin to doubt  
The piece imperfect, and the rest torn out.  
But 't was her Saviour's time ; and could there be  
A copy near the original, 't was she.

As precious gums are not for lasting fire,  
 They but perfume the temple, and expire ;  
 So was she soon exhaled, and vanished hence, —  
 A short sweet odor, of a vast expense.  
 She vanished, we can scarcely say she died ;  
 For but a now did heaven and earth divide :  
 She passed serenely with a single breath ;  
 This moment perfect health, the next was death :  
 One sigh did her eternal bliss assure ;  
 So little penance needs, when souls are almost pure.  
 As gentle dreams our waking thoughts pursue ;  
 Or, one dream passed, we slide into a new ;  
 So close they follow, such wild order keep,  
 We think ourselves awake, and are asleep :  
 So softly death succeeded life in her :  
 She did but dream of heaven, and she was there.

No pains she suffered, nor expired with noise ;  
 Her soul was whispered out with God's still voice ;  
 As an old friend is beckoned to a feast,  
 And treated like a long-familiar guest.  
 He took her as he found, but found her so,  
 As one in hourly readiness to go :  
 E'en on that day, in all her trim prepared ;  
 As early notice she from heaven had heard,  
 And some descending courier from above  
 Had given her timely warning to remove ;  
 Or counselled her to dress the nuptial room,  
 For on that night the bridegroom was to come.  
 He kept his hour, and found her where she lay  
 Clothed all in white, the livery of the day.

JOHN DRYDEN.

### FAREWELL TO THEE, ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

FROM "THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS."

FAREWELL, — farewell to thee, Araby's daughter !  
 (Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea ;)  
 No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water  
 More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

O, fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,  
 How light was thy heart till love's witchery  
 came,  
 Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute  
 blowing,  
 And hushed all its music and withered its frame !

But long, upon Araby's green sunny highlands,  
 Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom  
 Of her who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,  
 With naught but the sea-star to light up her  
 tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,  
 And calls to the palm-groves the young and the  
 old,  
 The happiest there, from their pastime returning  
 At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village maid, when with flowers she  
 dresses

Her dark-flowing hair for some festival day,  
 Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,  
 She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero ! forget thee, —  
 Though tyrants watch over her tears as they  
 start,

Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set thee,  
 Embalmed in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell ! — be it ours to embellish thy pillow  
 With everything beauteous that grows in the  
 deep ;

Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow  
 Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber  
 That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept ;  
 With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreathed  
 chamber,

We, Peris of ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,  
 And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head ;  
 We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are  
 sparkling,  
 And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell ! — farewell ! — until pity's sweet foun-  
 tain

Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,  
 They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that  
 mountain,

They'll weep for the Maiden who sleeps in the  
 wave.

THOMAS MOORE.

### FAIR HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL.

[“ A lady of the name of Helen Irving or Bell (for this is disputed by the two clans), daughter of the laird of Kirkconnell, in Dumfriesshire, and celebrated for her beauty, was beloved by two gentlemen in the neighborhood. The name of the favored suitor was Adam Fleming of Kirkpatrick ; that of the other has escaped tradition, although it has been alleged that he was a Bell of Blacket House. The addresses of the latter were, however, favored by the friends of the lady, and the lovers were therefore obliged to meet in secret, and by night, in the churchyard of Kirkconnell, a romantic spot surrounded by the river-Kirtle. During one of these private interviews, the jealous and despised lover suddenly appeared on the opposite bank of the stream, and levelled his carbine at the breast of his rival. Helen threw herself before her lover, received in her bosom the bullet, and died in his arms. A desperate and mortal combat ensued between Fleming and the murderer, in which the latter was cut to pieces. Other accounts say that Fleming pursued his enemy to Spain, and slew him in the streets of Madrid.” — SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

I WISH I were where Helen lies !  
 Night and day on me she cries ;  
 O that I were where Helen lies,  
 On fair Kirkconnell lee !

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

O, think ye na my heart was sair,  
When my love dropt down and spake nae mair !  
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,  
On fair Kirkconnell lee.

As I went down the water-side,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
None but my foe to be my guide,  
On fair Kirkconnell lee, —

I lighted down, my sword did draw,  
I hacked him in pieces sma,  
I hacked him in pieces sma,  
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare !  
I'll make a garland of thy hair,  
Shall bind my heart forevermair  
Until the day I dee !

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

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

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

I wish I were where Helen lies !  
Night and day on me she cries,  
And I am weary of the skies,  
For her sake that died for me !

ANONYMOUS.

### A ROUGH RHYME ON A ROUGH MATTER.

THE ENGLISH GAME LAWS.

THE merry brown hares came leaping  
Over the crest of the hill,  
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping,  
Under the moonlight still.

Leaping late and early,  
Till under their bite and their tread,  
The swedes, and the wheat, and the barley  
Lay cankered, and trampled, and dead.

A poacher's widow sat sighing  
On the side of the white chalk bank,  
Where, under the gloomy fir-woods,  
One spot in the lea throve rank.

She watched a long tuft of clover,  
Where rabbit or hare never ran,  
For its black sour haulm covered over  
The blood of a murdered man.

She thought of the dark plantation,  
And the hares, and her husband's blood,  
And the voice of her indignation  
Rose up to the throne of God.

"I am long past wailing and whining, —  
I have wept too much in my life :  
I've had twenty years of pining  
As an English laborer's wife.

"A laborer in Christian England,  
Where they cant of a Saviour's name,  
And yet waste men's lives, like the vermin's,  
For a few more brace of game.

"There's blood on your new foreign shrubs, squire,  
There's blood on your pointer's feet ;  
There's blood on the game you sell, squire,  
And there's blood on the game you eat.

"You have sold the laboring man, squire,  
Both body and soul to shame,  
To pay for your seat in the House, squire,  
And to pay for the feed of your game.

"You made him a poacher yourself, squire,  
When you'd give neither work nor meat,  
And your barley-fed hares robbed the garden  
At our starving children's feet:

"When, packed in one reeking chamber,  
Man, maid, mother, and little ones lay ;  
While the rain pattered in on the rotten bride-bed,  
And the walls let in the day.

"When we lay in the burning fever,  
On the mud of the cold clay floor,  
Till you parted us all for three months, squire,  
At the cursed workhouse door.

"We quarrelled like brutes, and who wonders ?  
What self-respect could we keep,  
Worse housed than your hacks and your pointers,  
Worse fed than your hogs and your sheep ?

"Our daughters, with base-horn babies,  
Have wandered away in their shame ;  
If your misses had slept, squire, where they did,  
Your misses might do the same.



"Can your lady patch hearts that are breaking,  
With handfuls of coals and rice,  
Or by dealing out flannel and sheeting  
A little below cost price ?

"You may tire of the jail and the workhouse,  
And take to allotments and schools,  
But you've run up a debt that will never  
Be repaid us by penny-club rules.

"In the season of shame and sadness,  
In the dark and dreary day,  
When scrofula, gout, and madness  
Are eating your race away ;

"When to kennels and liveried varlets  
You have cast your daughters' bread,  
And, worn out with liquor and harlots,  
Your heir at your feet lies dead ;

"When your youngest, the mealy-mouthed  
rector,  
Lets your soul rot asleep to the grave,  
You will find in your God the protector  
Of the freeman you fancied your slave."

She looked at the tuft of clover,  
And wept till her heart grew light ;  
And at last, when her passion was over,  
Went wandering into the night.

But the merry brown hares came leaping  
Over the uplands still,  
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping  
On the side of the white chalk hill.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

—◆—  
"THEY 'RE DEAR FISH TO ME."

THE farmer's wife sat at the door,  
A pleasant sight to see ;  
And blithesome were the wee, wee bairns  
That played around her knee.

When, bending 'neath her heavy creel,  
A poor fish-wife came by,  
And, turning from the toilsome road,  
Unto the door drew nigh.

She laid her burden on the green,  
And spread its scaly store,  
With trembling hands and pleading words  
She told them o'er and o'er.

But lightly laughed the young guidwife,  
"We're no sae scarce o' cheer ;  
Tak' up your creel, and gang your ways, —  
I'll buy nae fish sae dear."

Bending beneath her load again,  
A weary sight to see ;  
Right sorely sighed the poor fish-wife,  
"They're dear fish to me !

"Our boat was oot ae fearfu' night,  
And when the storm blew o'er,  
My husband, and my three brave sons,  
Lay corpses on the shore.

"I've been a wife for thirty years,  
A childless widow three ;  
I maun buy them now to sell again, —  
They're dear fish to me !"

The farmer's wife turned to the door, —  
What was 't upon her cheek ?  
What was there rising in her breast,  
That then she scarce could speak ?

She thought upon her ain guidman,  
Her lightsome laddies three ;  
The woman's words had pierced her heart, —  
"They're dear fish to me !"

"Come back," she cried, with quivering voice,  
And pity's gathering tear ;  
"Come in, come in, my poor woman,  
Ye're kindly welcome here.

"I kentna o' your aching heart,  
Your weary lot to dreel ;  
I'll ne'er forget your sad, sad words :  
'They're dear fish to me !"

Ay, let the happy-hearted learn  
To pause ere they deny  
The meed of honest toil, and think  
How much their gold may buy, —

How much of manhood's wasted strength,  
What woman's misery, —  
What breaking hearts might swell the cry :  
"They're dear fish to me !"

ANONYMOUS.

—◆—  
HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR  
DEAD.

FROM "THE PRINCESS."

HOME they brought her warrior dead :  
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry ;  
All her maidens, watching, said,  
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,  
Called him worthy to be loved,  
Truest friend and noblest foe ;  
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,  
Lightly to the warrior stept,  
Took the face-cloth from the face,  
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,  
Set his child upon her knee, —  
Like summer tempest came her tears, —  
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### THE FLOWER OF FINAE.

A BRIGADE BALLAD.

[Early in the eighteenth century the flower of the Catholic youth of Ireland were drawn away to recruit the ranks of the Irish Brigade in the service of the King of France. These recruits were popularly known as "Wild Geese." Few returned.]

BRIGHT red is the sun on the waves of Lough  
Sheelin,

A cool gentle breeze from the mountain is stealing,  
While fair round its islets the small ripples play,  
But fairer than all is the Flower of Finae.

Her hair is like night, and her eyes like gray  
morning,

She trips on the heather as if its touch scorning,  
Yet her heart and her lips are as mild as May day,  
Sweet Eily MacMahon, the Flower of Finae.

But who down the hillside than red deer runs  
fleeter ?

And who on the lake side is hastening to greet her ?  
Who but Fergus O'Farrell, the fiery and gay,  
The darling and pride of the Flower of Finae.

One kiss and one clasp, and one wild look of glad-  
ness ;

Ah ! why do they change on a sudden to sadness, —  
He has told his hard fortune, nor more he can stay,  
He must leave his poor Eily to pine at Finae.

For Fergus O'Farrell was true to his sire-land,  
And the dark hand of tyranny drove him from  
Ireland ;

He joins the Brigade, in the wars far away,  
But he vows he'll come back to the Flower of Finae.

He fought at Cremona, — she hears of his story ;  
He fought at Cassano, — she's proud of his glory,  
Yet sadly she sings "Shule Aroon" all the day,  
"O, come, come, my darling, come home to Finae."

Eight long years have passed, till she's nigh  
broken-hearted,

Her reel, and her rock, and her flax she has  
parted ;

She sailed with the "Wild Geese" to Flanders away,  
And leaves her sad parents alone in Finae.

Lord Clare on the field of Ramillies is charging,  
Before him the Sasanach squadrons enlarging, —  
Behind him the Cravats their sections display, —  
Beside him rides Fergus and shouts for Finae.

On the slopes of La Judoigne the Frenchmen are  
flying,

Lord Clare and his squadrons the foe still defying,  
Outnumbered, and wounded, retreat in array ;  
And bleeding rides Fergus and thinks of Finae.

In the cloisters of Ypres a banner is swaying,  
And by it a pale weeping maiden is praying ;  
That flag's the sole trophy of Ramillies' fray,  
This nun is poor Eily, the Flower of Finae.

THOMAS DAVIS.

### SHULE AROON.

[The following old Irish ballad has reference to the same event.]

I WOULD I were on yonder hill,  
'T is there I'd sit and cry my fill,  
And every tear would turn a mill,  
*Is go de tu mo murnín slàn.*

*Shule, shule, shule aroon,  
Shule go succir, agus shule go cuin,  
Shule go den durrus agus eligh glum,  
Is go de tu mo murnín slàn.*

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,  
I'll sell my only spinning-wheel,  
To buy for my love a sword of steel,  
*Is go de tu mo murnín slàn.*

I'll dye my petticoats, — dye them red,  
And round the world I'll beg my bread,  
Until my parents shall wish me dead,  
*Is go de tu mo murnín slàn.*

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,  
I wish I had my heart again,  
And vainly think I'd not complain,  
*Is go de tu mo murnín slàn.*

But now my love has gone to France,  
To try his fortune to advance,  
If he e'er come back 't is but a chance,  
*Is go de tu mo murnín slàn.*

ANONYMOUS.

### THE MAID'S LAMENT.

I LOVED him not ; and yet, now he is gone,  
I feel I am alone.  
I checked him while he spoke ; yet could he speak.  
Alas ! I would not check.

For reasons not to love him once I sought,  
 And wearied all my thought  
 To vex myself and him : I now would give  
 My love, could he but live  
 Who lately lived for me, and when he found  
 'T was vain, in holy ground  
 He hid his face amid the shades of death !  
 I waste for him my breath  
 Who wasted his for me ; but mine returns,  
 And this lone bosom burns  
 With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,  
 And waking me to weep  
 Tears that had melted his soft heart : for years  
 Wept he as bitter tears !  
 "Merciful God !" such was his latest prayer,  
 "These may she never share !"  
 Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold  
 Than daisies in the mould,  
 Where children spell athwart the churchyard gate  
 His name and life's brief date.  
 Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er ye be,  
 And O, pray, too, for me !

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

#### THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

THREE students were travelling over the Rhine ;  
 They stopped when they came to the landlady's  
 sign ;

"Good landlady, have you good beer and wine ?  
 And where is that dear little daughter of thine ?"

"My beer and wine are fresh and clear ;  
 My daughter she lies on the cold death-bier !"  
 And when to the chamber they made their way,  
 There, dead, in a coal-black shrine, she lay.

The first he drew near, and the veil gently raised,  
 And on her pale face he mournfully gazed :  
 "Ah ! wert thou but living yet," he said,  
 "I'd love thee from this time forth, fair maid !"

The second he slowly put back the shroud,  
 And turned him away and wept aloud :  
 "Ah ! that thou liest in the cold death-bier !  
 Alas ! I have loved thee for many a year !"

The third he once more uplifted the veil,  
 And kissed her upon her mouth so pale :  
 "Thee loved I always ; I love still but thee ;  
 And thee will I love through eternity !"

UHLAND. Translation of J. S. DWIGHT.

#### HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks and braes and streams around  
 The castle o' Montgomery,

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

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

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

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,  
 I aft hae kissed sae fondly !  
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance  
 That dwelt on me sae kindly ;  
 And mouldering now in silent dust  
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly !  
 But still within my bosom's core  
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

ROBERT BURNS.

#### THY BRAES WERE BONNY.

Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream !  
 When first on them I met my lover ;  
 Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream !  
 When now thy waves his body cover.

Forever now, O Yarrow stream !  
 Thou art to me a stream of sorrow ;  
 For never on thy banks shall I  
 Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

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

Sweet were his words when last we met ;  
 My passion I as freely told him !  
 Clasped in his arms, I little thought  
 That I should nevermore behold him !

Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost ;  
It vanished with a shriek of sorrow ;  
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,  
And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

His mother from the window looked  
With all the longing of a mother ;  
His little sister weeping walked  
The greenwood path to meet her brother.  
They sought him east, they sought him west,  
They sought him all the forest thorough ;  
They only saw the cloud of night,  
They only heard the roar of Yarrow !

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

The tear shall never leave my cheek,  
No other youth shall be my marrow ;  
I'll seek thy body in the stream,  
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.  
JOHN LOGAN.

#### WILLY DROWNED IN YARROW.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"O, came ye by yon water-side ?  
Pou'd you the rose or lily ?  
Or came you by yon meadow green,  
Or saw you my sweet Willie ?"

She sought him up, she sought him down,  
She sought him braid and narrow ;  
Syne, in the cleaving of a craig,  
She found him drowned in Yarrow !  
ANONYMOUS.

#### MARY'S DREAM.

THE moon had climbed the highest hill  
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,  
And from the eastern summit shed  
Her silver light on tower and tree,  
When Mary laid her down to sleep,  
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,  
When, soft and slow, a voice was heard,  
Saying, "Mary, weep no more for me !"

She from her pillow gently raised  
Her head, to ask who there might be,  
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,  
With visage pale, and hollow e'e.  
"O Mary dear, cold is my clay ;  
It lies beneath a stormy sea.  
Far, far from thee I sleep in death ;  
So, Mary, weep no more for me !

"Three stormy nights and stormy days  
We tossed upon the raging main ;  
And long we strove our bark to save,  
But all our striving was in vain.  
Even then, when horror chilled my blood,  
My heart was filled with love for thee :  
The storm is past, and I at rest ;  
So, Mary, weep no more for me !

"O maiden dear, thyself prepare ;  
We soon shall meet upon that shore,  
Where love is free from doubt and care,  
And thou and I shall part no more !"  
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,  
No more of Sandy could she see ;  
But soft the passing spirit said,  
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me !"

JOHN LOWE.

## EVELYN HOPE.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead !  
 Sit and watch by her side an hour.  
 That is her book-shelf, this her bed ;  
 She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,  
 Beginning to die, too, in the glass.  
 Little has yet been changed, I think ;  
 The shutters are shut, — no light may pass  
 Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died !  
 Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name, —  
 It was not her time to love ; beside,  
 Her life had many a hope and aim,  
 Duties enough and little cares ;  
 And now was quiet, now astir, —  
 Till God's hand beckoned unawares,  
 And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope ?  
 What ! your soul was pure and true ;  
 The good stars met in your horoscope,  
 Made you of spirit, fire, and dew ;  
 And just because I was thrice as old,  
 And our paths in the world diverged so wide,  
 Each was naught to each, must I be told ?  
 We were fellow-mortals, — naught beside ?

No, indeed ! for God above  
 Is great to grant as mighty to make,  
 And creates the love to reward the love ;  
 I claim you still, for my own love's sake !  
 Delayed, it may be, for more lives yet,  
 Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few ;  
 Much is to learn and much to forget  
 Ere the time he come for taking you.

But the time will come — at last it will —  
 When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,  
 In the lower earth, — in the years long still, —  
 That body and soul so gay ?  
 Why your hair was amber I shall divine,  
 And your mouth of your own geranium's red, —  
 And what you would do with me, in fine,  
 In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,  
 Given up myself so many times,  
 Gained me the gains of various men,  
 Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes ;  
 Yet one thing — one — in my soul's full scope,  
 Either I missed or itself missed me, —  
 And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope !  
 What is the issue ? let us see !

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while ;  
 My heart seemed full as it could hold, —

There was place and to spare for the frank young  
 smile,  
 And the red young mouth, and the hair's young  
 gold.  
 So, hush ! I will give you this leaf to keep ;  
 See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand.  
 There, that is our secret ! go to sleep ;  
 You will wake, and remember, and understand.  
 ROBERT BROWNING.

## LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I 'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,  
 Where we sat side by side  
 On a bright May mornin' long ago,  
 When first you were my bride ;  
 The corn was springin' fresh and green,  
 And the lark sang loud and high ;  
 And the red was on your lip, Mary,  
 And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary ;  
 The day is bright as then ;  
 The lark's loud song is in my ear,  
 And the corn is green again ;  
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,  
 And your breath, warm on my cheek ;  
 And I still keep list'nin' for the words  
 You nevermore will speak.

'T is but a step down yonder lane,  
 And the little church stands near, —  
 The church where we were wed, Mary ;  
 I see the spire from here.  
 But the graveyard lies between, Mary,  
 And my step might break your rest, —  
 For I 've laid you, darling, down to sleep,  
 With your baby on your breast.

I 'm very lonely now, Mary,  
 For the poor make no new friends ;  
 But, O, they love the better still  
 The few our Father sends !  
 And you were all I had, Mary, —  
 My blessin' and my pride ;  
 There's nothing left to care for now,  
 Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,  
 That still kept hoping on,  
 When the trust in God had left my soul,  
 And my arm's young strength was gone ;  
 There was comfort ever on your lip,  
 And the kind look on your brow, —  
 I bless you, Mary, for that same,  
 Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile  
 When your heart was fit to break, —

When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,  
 And you hid it for my sake ;  
 I bless you for the pleasant word,  
 When your heart was sad and sore, —  
 O, I 'm thankful you are gone, Mary,  
 Where grief can't reach you more !

I 'm biddin' you a long farewell,  
 My Mary — kind and true !  
 But I 'll not forget you, darling,  
 In the land I 'm goin' to ;  
 They say there 's bread and work for all,  
 And the sun shines always there, —  
 But I 'll not forget old Ireland,  
 Were it fifty times as fair !

And often in those grand old woods  
 I 'll sit, and shut my eyes,  
 And my heart will travel back again  
 To the place where Mary lies ;  
 And I 'll think I see the little stile  
 Where we sat side by side,  
 And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,  
 When first you were my bride.

LADY DUFFERIN.

## GINEVRA.

IF ever you should come to Modena,  
 Where among other trophies may be seen  
 Tassoni's bucket (in its chain it hangs (72)  
 Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandina),  
 Stop at a Palace near the Reggio-gate,  
 Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.  
 Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,  
 And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,  
 Will long detain you ; but, before you go,  
 Enter the house — forget it not, I pray —  
 And look awhile upon a picture there.

'T is of a Lady in her earliest youth,  
 The last of that illustrious family ;  
 Done by Zampieri (73) — but by whom I care not.  
 He who observes it, ere he passes on,  
 Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,  
 That he may call it up when far away.

She sits inclining forward as to speak,  
 Her lips half open, and her finger up,  
 As though she said "Beware !" her vest of gold  
 Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to  
 foot,  
 An emerald stone in every golden clasp ;  
 And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,  
 A coronet of pearls.

But then her face,  
 So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,  
 The overflowings of an innocent heart, —

It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,  
 Like some wild melody !

Alone it hangs  
 Over a mouldering heirloom, its companion,  
 An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm,  
 But richly carved by Antony of Trent  
 With Scripture stories from the Life of Christ, —  
 A chest that came from Venice, and had held  
 The ducal robes of some old Ancestor,  
 That by the way — it may be true or false —  
 But don't forget the picture ; and you will not  
 When you have heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child, — her name Ginevra,  
 The joy, the pride, of an indulgent Father ;  
 And in her fifteenth year became a bride,  
 Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,  
 Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,  
 She was all gentleness, all gayety,  
 Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.  
 But now the day was come, the day, the hour ;  
 Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,  
 The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum ;  
 And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave  
 Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy ; but at the Nuptial Feast,  
 When all sate down, the Bride herself was wanting,  
 Nor was she to be found ! Her father cried,  
 "'T is but to make a trial of our love !"  
 And filled his glass to all ; but his hand shook,  
 And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.  
 'T was but that instant she had left Francesco,  
 Laughing and looking back, and flying still,  
 Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.  
 But now, alas, she was not to be found ;  
 Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,  
 But that she was not !

Weary of his life,  
 Francesco flew to Venice, and, embarking,  
 Flung it away in battle with the Turk.  
 Orsini lived, — and long might you have seen  
 An old man wandering as in quest of something,  
 Something he could not find, he knew not what.  
 When he was gone, the house remained awhile  
 Silent and tenantless, — then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,  
 When on an idle day, a day of search  
 Mid the old lumber in the Gallery,  
 That mouldering chest was noticed ; and 't was said  
 By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,  
 "Why not remove it from its lurking-place ?"  
 'T was done as soon as said ; but on the way  
 It burst, it fell ; and lo, a skeleton,  
 With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,  
 A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.

All else had perished, — save a wedding-ring,  
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,  
Engraven with a name, the name of both,  
"Ginevra."

There then had she found a grave !  
Within that chest had she concealed herself,  
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy ;  
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,  
Fastened her down forever !

SAMUEL ROGERS.

### THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

THE mistletoe hung in the castle hall,  
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall ;  
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,  
And keeping their Christmas holiday.  
The baron beheld with a father's pride  
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride ;  
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be  
The star of the goodly company.

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried ;  
"Here tarry a moment, — I'll hide, I'll hide !  
And, Lovell, be sure thou'rt first to trace  
The clew to my secret lurking-place."  
Away she ran, — and her friends began  
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan ;  
And young Lovell cried, "O, where dost thou hide ?  
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."

They sought her that night ! and they sought her  
next day !  
And they sought her in vain when a week passed  
away !

In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,  
Young Lovell sought wildly, — but found her not.  
And years flew by, and their grief at last  
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past ;  
And when Lovell appeared, the children cried,  
"See ! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."

At length an oak chest, that had long lain hid,  
Was found in the castle, — they raised the lid,  
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there  
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair !  
O, sad was her fate ! — in sportive jest  
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest.  
It closed with a spring ! — and, dreadful doom,  
The bride lay clasped in her living tomb !

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

### THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

I WILL go back to the great sweet mother,  
Mother and lover of men, the sea.

I will go down to her, I and none other,  
Close with her, kiss her, and mix her with me ;  
Cling to her, strive with her, hold her fast.  
O fair white mother, in days long past  
Born without sister, born without brother,  
Set free my soul as thy soul is free.

O fair green-girdled mother of mine,  
Sea, that art clothed with the sun and the rain,  
Thy sweet hard kisses are strong like wine,  
Thy large embraces are keen like pain !  
Save me and hide me with all thy waves,  
Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,  
Those pure cold populous graves of thine,  
Wrought without hand in a world without stain.

I shall sleep, and move with the moving ships,  
Change as the winds change, veer in the tide ;  
My lips will feast on the foam of thy lips,  
I shall rise with thy rising, with thee subside.  
Sleep, and not know if she be, if she were,  
Filled full with life to the eyes and hair,  
As a rose is fulfilled to the rose-leaf tips  
With splendid summer and perfume and pride.

This woven raiment of nights and days,  
Were it once cast off and unwound from me,  
Naked and glad would I walk in thy ways,  
Alive and aware of thy waves and thee ;  
Clear of the whole world, hidden at home,  
Clothed with the green, and crowned with the foam,  
A pulse of the life of thy straits and bays,  
A vein in the heart of the streams of the sea.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

### ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden lived, whom you may know  
By the name of Annabel Lee ;  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea ;  
But we loved with a love that was more than love,  
I and my Annabel Lee, —  
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee ;

So that her high-born kinsmen came,  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre,  
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,  
Went envying her and me.  
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know)  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we,  
Of many far wiser than we;  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me  
dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,  
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.  
And so, all the night-tide I lie down by the side  
Of my darling, my darling, my life, and my bride,  
In her sepulchre there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

### MINSTREL'S SONG.

O, SING unto my roundelay!  
O, drop the briny tear with me!  
Dance no more at holiday;  
Like a running river be.  
*My love is dead,  
Gone to his death-bed,  
All under the willow-tree.*

Black his hair as the winter night,  
White his neck as the summer snow,  
Ruddy his face as the morning light;  
Cold he lies in the grave below.  
*My love is dead, &c.*

Sweet his tongue as the throistle's note;  
Quick in dance as thought can be;  
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;  
O, he lies by the willow-tree!  
*My love is dead, &c.*

Hark! the raven flaps his wing  
In the briered dell below;  
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing  
To the nightmares as they go.  
*My love is dead, &c.*

See! the white moon shines on high;  
Whiter is my true-love's shroud,  
Whiter than the morning sky,  
Whiter than the evening cloud.  
*My love is dead, &c.*

Here, upon my true-love's grave  
Shall the barren flowers be laid,  
Nor one holy saint to save  
All the coldness of a maid.  
*My love is dead, &c.*

With my hands I'll bind the briers  
Round his holy corse to gre;  
Ouphant fairy, light your fires;  
Here my body still shall be.  
*My love is dead, &c.*

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,  
Drain my heart's blood away;  
Life and all its good I scorn,  
Dance by night, or feast by day.  
*My love is dead, &c.*

Water-witches, crowned with reytes,  
Bear me to your lethal tide.  
I die! I come! my true-love waits.  
Thus the damsel spake, and died.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

### THE DIRTY OLD MAN.

A LAY OF LEADENHALL.

[A singular man, named Nathaniel Bentley, for many years kept a large hardware shop in Leadenhall Street, London. He was best known as Dirty Dick (Dick, for alliteration's sake, probably), and his place of business as the Dirty Warehouse. He died about the year 1809. These verses accord with the accounts respecting himself and his house.]

IN a dirty old house lived a Dirty Old Man;  
Soap, towels, or brushes were not in his plan.  
For forty long years, as the neighbors declared,  
His house never once had been cleaned or repaired.

'T was a scandal and shame to the business-like  
street,  
One terrible blot in a ledger so neat;  
The shop full of hardware, but black as a hearse,  
And the rest of the mansion a thousand times worse.

Outside, the old plaster, all spatter and stain,  
Looked spotty in sunshine and streaky in rain;  
The window-sills sprouted with mildewy grass,  
And the panes from being broken were known to  
be glass.

On the rickety signboard no learning could spell  
The merchant who sold, or the goods he'd to  
sell;



But for house and for man a new title took growth,  
Like a fungus, — the Dirt gave its name to them  
both.

Within, there were carpets and cushions of dust,  
The wood was half rot, and the metal half rust,  
Old curtains, half cobwebs, hung grimly aloof ;  
'T was a Spiders' Elysium from cellar to roof.

There, king of the spiders, the Dirty Old Man  
Lives bnsy and dirty as ever he can ;  
With dirt on his fingers and dirt on his face,  
For the Dirty Old Man thinks the dirt no disgrace.

From his wig to his shoes, from his coat to his shirt,  
His clothes are a proverb, a marvel of dirt ;  
The dirt is pervading, unfading, exceeding, —  
Yet the Dirty Old Man has both learning and  
breeding.

Fine dames from their carriages, noble and fair,  
Have entered his shop, less to buy than to stare ;  
And have afterwards said, though the dirt was  
so frightful,

The Dirty Man's manners were truly delightful.

Upstairs might they venture, in dirt and in gloom,  
To peep at the door of the wonderful room  
Such stories are told about, none of them true ! —  
The keyhole itself has no mortal seen through.

That room, — forty years since, folk settled and  
decked it.

The luncheon 's prepared, and the guests are ex-  
pected.

The handsome young host he is gallant and gay,  
For his love and her friends will be with him to-day.

With solid and dainty the table is drest,  
The wine beams its brightest, the flowers bloom  
their best ;

Yet the host need not smile, and no guests will  
appear,

For his sweetheart is dead, as he shortly shall hear.

Full forty years since turned the key in that door.  
'T is a room deaf and dumb mid the city's uproar.  
The guests, for whose joyance that table was spread,  
May now enter as ghosts, for they're every one dead.

Through a chink in the shutter dim lights come  
and go ;

The seats are in order, the dishes a-row ;  
But the luncheon was wealth to the rat and the  
mouse

Whose descendants have long left the Dirty Old  
House.

Cup and platter are masked in thick layers of dust ;  
The flowers fallen to powder, the wine swathed in  
crust ;

A nosegay was laid before one special chair,  
And the faded blue ribbon that bound it lies there.

The old man has played out his parts in the scene.  
Wherever he now is, I hope he's more clean.  
Yet give we a thought free of scoffing or ban  
To that Dirty Old House and that Dirty Old Man.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

#### LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.

[This ballad relates to the execution of Cockburne of Henderland, a border freebooter, hanged over the gate of his own tower by James V. in his famous expedition, in 1539, against the marauders of the border. In a deserted burial-place near the ruins of the castle, the monument of Cockburne and his lady is still shown. The following inscription is still legible, though defaced :—  
"HERE LYES PERYS OF COCKBURNE AND HIS WYFE  
MARJORY."]

SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

My love he built me a bonnie bower,  
And clad it a' wi' lily flower ;  
A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,  
Than my true-love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day,  
He spied his sport, and went away ;  
And brought the king that very night,  
Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear ;  
He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear :  
My servants all for life did flee,  
And left me in extremitie.

I sewed his sheet, making my mane ;  
I watched the corpse mysell alane ;  
I watched his body night and day ;  
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,  
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat ;  
I digged a grave, and laid him in,  
And happed him with the sod sae green.

But think na ye my heart was sair,  
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair ?  
O, think na ye my heart was wae,  
When I turned about, away to gae ?

Nae living man I'll love again,  
Since that my lively knight is slain ;  
Wi' ae lock o' his yellow hair  
I'll chain my heart forevermain.

ANONYMOUS.

#### THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

WORD was brought to the Danish king  
(Hurry !)  
That the love of his heart lay suffering,  
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring ;  
(O, ride as though you were flying !)

Better he loves each golden curl  
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl  
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl :  
And his rose of the isles is dying !

Thirty nobles saddled with speed ;  
(Hurry !)  
Each one mounting a gallant steed  
Which he kept for battle and days of need ;  
(O, ride as though you were flying !)  
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank ;  
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank ;  
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst ;  
But ride as they would, the king rode first,  
For his rose of the isles lay dying !

His nobles are beaten, one by one ;  
(Hurry !)  
They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward  
gone ;  
His little fair page now follows alone,  
For strength and for courage trying !  
The king looked back at that faithful child ;  
Wan was the face that answering smiled ;  
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,  
Then he dropped ; and only the king rode in  
Where his rose of the isles lay dying !

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn ;  
(Silence !)

No answer came ; but faint and forlorn  
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,  
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.  
The castle portal stood grimly wide ;  
None welcomed the king from that weary ride ;  
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,  
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,  
Who had yearned for his voice while dying !

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,  
Stood weary.  
The king returned from her chamber of rest,  
The thick sobs choking in his breast ;  
And, that dumb companion eying,  
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check ;  
He bowed his head on his charger's neck :  
"O steed, that every nerve didst strain,  
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain  
To the halls where my love lay dying !"

CAROLINE NORTON.

#### HIGH-TIDE ON THE COAST OF LIN- COLNSHIRE.

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,  
The ringers ran by two, by three ;  
"Pull ! if ye never pulled before ;  
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth hee.

"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells !  
Ply all your changes, all your swells !  
Play uppe *The Brides of Enderby* !"

Men say it was a "stolen tyde," —  
The Lord that sent it, he knows all,  
But in myne ears doth still abide  
The message that the bells let fall ;  
And there was naught of strange, beside  
The flights of mews and peewits pied,  
By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the doore ;  
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes :  
The level sun, like ruddy ore,  
Lay sinking in the barren skies ;  
And dark against day's golden death  
She moved where Lindis wandereth ! —  
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !" calling,  
Ere the early dews were falling,  
Farre away I heard her song.  
"Cusha ! Cusha !" all along ;  
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,  
Floweth, floweth,  
From the meads where melick groweth,  
Faintly came her milking-song.

"Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !" calling,  
"For the dews will soone be falling ;  
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,  
Mellow, mellow !  
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow !  
Come uppe, Whitefoot ! come uppe, Lightfoot !  
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,  
Hollow, hollow !  
Come uppe, Jetty ! rise and follow ;  
From the clovers lift your head !  
Come uppe, Whitefoot ! come uppe, Lightfoot !  
Come uppe, Jetty ! rise and follow,  
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

If it be long — ay, long ago —  
When I beginne to think howe long,  
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,  
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong ;  
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,  
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),  
That ring the tune of *Enderby*.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,  
And not a shadowe mote be seene,  
Save where, full fyve good miles away,  
The steeple towered from out the greene.  
And lo ! the great bell farre and wide  
Was heard in all the country side  
That Saturday at eventide.

The swannerds, where their sedges are,  
 Moved on in sunset's golden breath ;  
 The shepherd lads I heard afarre,  
 And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth ;  
 Till, floating o'er the grassy sea,  
 Came downe that kyndly message free,  
*The Brides of Mavis Enderby.*

Then some looked uppe into the sky,  
 And all along where Lindis flows  
 To where the goodly vessels lie,  
 And where the lordly steeple shows.  
 They sayde, " And why should this thing be,  
 What danger lowers by land or sea ?  
 They ring the tune of *Enderby.*

" For evil news from Mablethorpe,  
 Of pyrate galleys, warping down, —  
 For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,  
 They have not spared to wake the townes ;  
 But while the west bin red to see,  
 And storms be none, and pyrates flee,  
 Why ring *The Brides of Enderby* ?

I looked without, and lo ! my sonne  
 Came riding downe with might and main ;  
 He raised a shout as he drew on,  
 Till all the welkin rang again :  
 " Elizabeth ! Elizabeth !"  
 (A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

" The olde sea-wall " (he cryed) " is downe !  
 The rising tide comes on apace ;  
 And boats adrift in yonder towne  
 Go sailing uppe the market-place !"  
 He shook as one that looks on death :  
 " God save you, mother ! " straight he sayth ;  
 " Where is my wife, Elizabeth ? "

" Good sonne, where Lindis winds away  
 With her two bairns I marked her long ;  
 And ere yon bells beganne to play,  
 Afar I heard her milking-song."  
 He looked across the grassy sea,  
 To right, to left, *Ho, Enderby* !  
 They rang *The Brides of Enderby.*

With that he cried and beat his breast ;  
 For lo ! along the river's bed  
 A mighty eygre reared his crest,  
 And uppe the Lindis raging sped.  
 It swept with thunderous noises loud, —  
 Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,  
 Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis, backward pressed,  
 Shook all her trembling bankes amaine ;  
 Then madly at the eygre's breast  
 Flung uppe her weltering walls again.

Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout, —  
 Then beaten foam flew round about, —  
 Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast, the eygre drave,  
 The heart had hardly time to beat  
 Before a shallow seething wave  
 Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet :  
 The feet had hardly time to flee  
 Before it brake against the knee, —  
 And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night ;  
 The noise of bells went sweeping by ;  
 I marked the lofty beacon light  
 Stream from the church tower, red and high, —  
 A lurid mark, and dread to see ;  
 And awsome bells they were to mee,  
 That in the dark rang *Enderby.*

They rang the sailor lads to guide,  
 From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed ;  
 And I, — my sonne was at my side,  
 And yet the ruddy beacon glowed ;  
 And yet he moaned beneath his breath,  
 " O, come in life, or come in death !  
 O lost ! my love, Elizabeth ! "

And didst thou visit him no more ?  
 Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare,  
 The waters laid thee at his doore  
 Ere yet the early dawn was clear :  
 Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,  
 The lifted sun shone on thy face,  
 Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That *flow* strewed wrecks about the grass,  
 That *ebbe* swept out the flocks to sea, —  
 A fatal *ebbe* and *flow*, alas !  
 To manye more than myne and mee ;  
 But each will mourne his own (she sayth)  
 And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more  
 By the reedy Lindis shore,  
 " Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha ! " calling,  
 Ere the early dewes be falling ;  
 I shall never hear her song,  
 " Cusha ! Cusha ! " all along,  
 Where the sunny Lindis floweth,  
 Goeth, floweth,  
 From the meads where melick groweth,  
 Where the water, winding down,  
 Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more,  
 Where the reeds and rushes quiver,  
 Shiver, quiver,  
 Stand beside the sobbing river, —

Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,  
 To the sandy, lonesome shore ;  
 I shall never hear her calling,  
 "Leave your meadow grasses mellow,  
     Mellow, mellow !  
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow !  
 Come uppe, Whitefoot ! come uppe, Lightfoot !  
 Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,  
     Hollow, hollow !  
 Come uppe, Lightfoot ! rise and follow ;  
     Lightfoot ! Whitefoot !  
 From your clovers lift the head ;  
 Come uppe, Jetty ! follow, follow,  
 Jetty, to the milking-shed !"

JEAN INGELOW.

#### THE MERRY LARK.

THE merry, merry lark was up and singing,  
 And the hare was out and feeding on the lea,  
 And the merry, merry bells below were ringing,  
 When my child's laugh rang through me.  
 Now the hare is snared and dead beside the  
 snowyard,  
 And the lark beside the dreary winter sea,  
 And my baby in his cradle in the churchyard  
 Waiteth there until the bells bring me.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

#### THE MORNING-GLORY.

We wreathed about our darling's head  
 The morning-glory bright ;  
 Her little face looked out beneath  
 So full of life and light,  
 So lit as with a sunrise,  
 That we could only say,  
 "She is the morning-glory true,  
 And her poor types are they."

So always from that happy time  
 We called her by their name,  
 And very fitting did it seem, —  
 For sure as morning came,  
 Behind her cradle bars she smiled  
 To catch the first faint ray,  
 As from the trellis smiles the flower  
 And opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear  
 Their airy cups of blue,  
 As turned her sweet eyes to the light,  
 Brimmed with sleep's tender dew ;  
 And not so close their tendrils fine  
 Round their supports are thrown,  
 As those dear arms whose outstretched plea  
 Clapsed all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come,  
 Even as comes the flower,  
 The last and perfect added gift  
 To crown Love's morning hour ;  
 And how in her was imaged forth  
 The love we could not say,  
 As on the little dewdrops round  
 Shines back the heart of day.  
 The morning-glory's blossoming  
 Will soon be coming round, —  
 We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves  
 Upspringing from the ground ;  
 The tender things the winter killed  
 Renew again their birth,  
 But the glory of our morning  
 Has passed away from earth.

Earth ! in vain our aching eyes  
 Stretch over thy green plain !  
 Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air,  
 Her spirit to sustain ;  
 But up in groves of Paradise  
 Full surely we shall see  
 Our morning-glory beautiful  
 Twine round our dear Lord's knee.

MARIA WHITE LOWELL.

#### THE TOMB OF CYRUS.

A VOICE from stately Babylon, a mourner's rising  
 cry,  
 And Lydia's marble palaces give back their deep  
 reply ;  
 And like the sounds of distant winds o'er ocean's  
 billows sent,  
 Ecbatana, thy storied walls send forth the wild  
 lament.

For he, the dreaded arbiter, a dawning empire's  
 trust,  
 The eagle child of victory, the great, the wise, the  
 just,  
 Assyria's famed and conquering sword, and Media's  
 regal strength,  
 Hath bowed his head to earth beneath a mightier  
 hand at length.

And darkly through a sorrowing land Euphrates  
 winds along,  
 And Cydnus with its silver wave hath heard the  
 funeral song ;  
 And through the wide and sultry East, and through  
 the frozen North,  
 The tabret and the harp are hushed, — the wail of  
 grief goes forth.

There is a solitary tomb, with rankling weeds o'er-  
grown,  
A single palm bends mournfully beside the mould-  
ering stone  
Amidst whose leaves the passing breeze with fit-  
ful gust and slow  
Seems sighing forth a feeble dirge for him who  
sleeps below.

Beside, its sparkling drops of foam a desert foun-  
tain showers ;  
And, floating calm, the lotus wreathes its red and  
scented flowers,  
Here lurks the mountain fox unseen beside the  
vulture's nest ;  
And steals the wild hyena forth, in lone and silent  
quest.

Is this deserted resting-place the couch of fallen  
might ?  
And ends the path of glory thus, and fame's in-  
spiring light ?  
Chief of a progeny of kings renowned and feared  
afar,  
How is thy boasted name forgot, and dimmed thine  
honor's star !

Approach, — what saith the graven verse ? "Alas  
for human pride !  
Dominion's envied gifts were mine, nor earth  
her praise denied.  
Thou traveller, if a suppliant's voice find echo in  
thy breast,  
O, envy not the little dust that hides my mortal  
rest !"

ANONYMOUS.

## HELVELLYN.

A BARKING sound the shepherd hears,  
A cry as of a dog or fox ;  
He halts, and searches with his eyes  
Among the scattered rocks ;  
And now at distance can discern  
A stirring in a brake of fern ;  
And instantly a dog is seen,  
Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed ;  
Its motions, too, are wild and shy, —  
With something, as the shepherd thinks,  
Unusual in its cry ;  
Nor is there any one in sight  
All round, in hollow or on height ;  
Nor shout nor whistle strikes his ear.  
What is the creature doing here ?

It was a cove, a huge recess,  
That keeps, till June, December's snow ;  
A lofty precipice in front,  
A silent tarn below !  
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,

Remote from public road or dwelling,  
Pathway, or cultivated land, —  
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish  
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;  
The crags repeat the raven's croak  
In symphony austere ;  
Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud,  
And mists that spread the flying shroud ;  
And sunbeams ; and the sounding blast,  
That, if it could, would hurry past,  
But that enormous barrier holds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, awhile  
The shepherd stood ; then makes his way  
O'er rocks and stones, following the dog  
As quickly as he may ;  
Nor far had gone before he found  
A human skeleton on the ground.  
The appalled discoverer with a sigh  
Looks round to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks  
The man had fallen, that place of fear !  
At length upon the shepherd's mind  
It breaks, and all is clear.  
He instantly recalled the name,  
And who he was, and whence he came ;  
Remembered, too, the very day  
On which the traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake  
This lamentable tale I tell !  
A lasting monument of words  
This wonder merits well.  
The dog, which still was hovering nigh,  
Repeating the same timid cry,  
This dog had been through three months' space  
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain, that, since the day  
When this ill-fated traveller died,  
The dog had watched about the spot,  
Or by his master's side.  
How nourished here through such long time  
He knows who gave that love sublime,  
And gave that strength of feeling, great  
Above all human estimate !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## HELVELLYN.

[In the spring of 1805 a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Helvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.]

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,  
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed  
misty and wide :

All was still, save, by fits, when the eagle was  
yelling,  
And starting around me the echoes replied.  
On the right, Striden Edge round the Red Tarn  
was bending,  
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,  
One hugenameless rock in the front was ascending,  
When I marked the sad spot where the wan-  
derer had died.

Dark green was that spot, mid the brown mountain  
heather,  
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in  
decay,  
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,  
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless  
clay.  
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,  
For, faithful in death, his mute favorite attended,  
The much-loved remains of her master defended,  
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was  
slumber ?  
When the wind waved his garment, how oft  
didst thou start ?  
How many long days and long nights didst thou  
number  
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart ?  
And, O, was it meet that—no requiem read  
o'er him,  
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore  
him,  
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before  
him—  
Unhonored the Pilgrim from life should depart ?

When a prince to the fate of the Peasant has  
yielded,  
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted  
hall,  
With 'scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,  
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall :  
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the  
torches are gleaming ;  
In the proudly arched chapel the banners are  
beaming ;  
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is stream-  
ing,  
Lamenting a Chief of the People should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,  
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain  
lamb,  
When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge  
in stature,  
And draws his last sob by the side of his  
dam.

And more stately thy couch by this desert lake  
lying,  
Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,  
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,  
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam,  
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

#### CŒUR DE LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER.

[The body of Henry the Second lay in state in the abbey-church of Fontevraud, where it was visited by Richard Cœur de Lion, who, on beholding it, was struck with horror and remorse, and bitterly reproached himself for that rebellious conduct which had been the means of bringing his father to an untimely grave.]

TORCHES were blazing clear,  
Hymns pealing deep and slow,  
Where a king lay stately on his bier  
In the church of Fontevraud.  
Banners of battle o'er him hung,  
And warriors slept beneath,  
And light, as noon's broad light was flung  
On the settled face of death.

On the settled face of death  
A strong and ruddy glare,  
Though dimmed at times by the censor's breath,  
Yet it fell still brightest there ;  
As if each deeply furrowed trace  
Of earthly years to show, —  
Alas ! that sceptred mortal's race  
Had surely closed in woe !

The marble floor was swept  
By many a long dark stole,  
As the kneeling priests, round him that slept,  
Sang mass for the parted soul ;  
And solemn were the strains they poured  
Through the stillness of the night,  
With the cross above, and the crown and sword,  
And the silent king in sight.

There was heard a heavy clang,  
As of steel-girt men the tread,  
And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang  
With a sounding thrill of dread ;  
And the Holy chant was hushed awhile,  
As, by the torch's flame,  
A gleam of arms up the sweeping aisle  
With a mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look,  
An eagle glance and clear ;  
But his proud heart through its breastplate shook  
When he stood beside the bier !  
He stood there still with a drooping brow,  
And clasped hands o'er it raised ;—  
For his father lay before him low,  
It was Cœur de Lion gazed !

And silently he strove  
 With the workings of his breast ;  
 But there's more in late repentant love  
 Than steel may keep suppressed !  
 And his tears brake forth, at last, like rain, —  
 Men held their breath in awe,  
 For his face was seen by his warrior-train,  
 And he recked not that they saw.

He looked upon the dead,  
 And sorrow seemed to lie,  
 A weight of sorrow, even like lead,  
 Pale on the fast-shut eye.  
 He stooped, — and kissed the frozen cheek,  
 And the heavy hand of clay,  
 Till bursting words — yet all too weak —  
 Gave his soul's passion way.

“O father ! is it vain,  
 This late remorse and deep ?  
 Speak to me, father ! once again,  
 I weep, — behold, I weep !  
 Alas ! my guilty pride and ire !  
 Were but this work undone,  
 I would give England's crown, my sire !  
 To hear thee bless thy son.

“Speak to me ! mighty grief  
 Ere now the dust hath stirred !  
 Hear me, but hear me ! — father, chief,  
 My king ! I *must* be heard !  
 Hushed, hushed, — how is it that I call,  
 And that thou answerest not ?  
 When was it thus, woe, woe for all  
 The love my soul forgot !

“Thy silver hairs I see,  
 So still, so sadly bright !  
 And father, father ! but for me,  
 They had not been so white !  
 I bore thee down, high heart ! at last,  
 No longer couldst thou strive ; —  
 O, for one moment of the past  
 To kneel and say, — ‘Forgive !’

“Thou wert the noblest king  
 On royal throne ere seen ;  
 And thou didst wear in knightly ring,  
 Of all, the stateliest mien ;  
 And thou didst prove, where spears are proved,  
 In war, the bravest heart, —  
 O, ever the renowned and loved  
 Thou wert, — and *there* thou art !

“Thou that my boyhood's guide  
 Didst take fond joy to be ! —  
 The times I've sported at thy side,  
 And climbed thy parent knee !

And there before the blessed shrine,  
 My sire ! I see thee lie, —  
 How will that sad still face of thine  
 Look on me till I die !”

FELICIA HEMANS.

### BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

[Bernardo del Carpio, a Spanish warrior and grandee, having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count Saldana, declared war against King Alfonso of Asturias. Being successful, the king agreed to terms by which he rendered up his prisoner to Bernardo, in exchange for the castle of Carpio and the captives confined therein. When the warrior pressed forward to greet his father, whom he had not seen for many years, he found a corpse on horseback.]

I.  
 THE warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed  
 his heart of fire,  
 And sued the haughty king to free his long-im-  
 prisoned sire :

“I bring thee here my fortress-keys, I bring my  
 captive train,  
 I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord ! O, break  
 my father's chain !”

II.  
 “*Rise ! rise !* even now thy father comes, a ran-  
 somed man this day !  
 Mount thy good horse ; and thou and I will meet  
 him on his way.  
 Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on  
 his steed,  
 And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's  
 foamy speed.

III.  
 And, lo, from far, as on they pressed, there came  
 a glittering band,  
 With one that midst them stately rode, as a leader  
 in the land :  
 “Now haste, Bernardo, haste ! for there, in very  
 truth, is he,  
 The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned  
 so long to see.

IV.  
 His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved,  
 his cheek's hue came and went ;  
 He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and  
 there, dismounting, bent ;  
 A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand  
 he took, —  
 What was therein its touch that all his fiery spirit  
 shook ?

V.  
 That hand was cold, — a frozen thing, — it  
 dropped from his like lead !  
 He looked up to the face above, — the face was  
 of the dead !

A plume waved o'er the noble brow, — the brow  
was fixed and white ;  
He met, at last, his father's eyes, — hut in them  
was no sight !

## VI.

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed ; but  
who could paint that gaze ?  
They hushed their very hearts that saw its hor-  
ror and amaze :  
They might have chained him, as before that stony  
form he stood ;  
For the power was stricken from his arm, and  
from his lip the blood.

## VII.

"Father !" at length, he murmured low, and  
wept like childhood then :  
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of  
warlike men !  
He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his  
young renown ;  
He flung his falchion from his side, and in the  
dust sat down.

## VIII.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his  
darkly mournful brow, —  
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift  
the sword for now ;  
My king is false, — my hope betrayed ! My fa-  
ther, — O the worth,  
The glory, and the loveliness are passed away  
from earth !

## IX.

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my  
sire, beside thee, yet ;  
I would that there our kindred blood on Spain's  
free soil had met !  
Thou wouldst have known my spirit, then ; for  
thee my fields were won ;  
And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though  
thou hadst no son !"

## X.

Then, starting from the ground once more, he  
seized the monarch's rein,  
Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the  
courtier train ;  
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rear-  
ing war-horse led,  
And sternly set them face to face, — the king be-  
fore the dead :

## XI.

"Came I not forth, upon thy pledge, my father's  
hand to kiss ?  
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king ! and tell  
me what is this ?

The voice, the glance, the heart I sought, — give  
answer, where are they ?  
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life  
through this cold clay ;

## XII.

"Into these glassy eyes put light ;— be still !  
keep down thine ire !  
Bid these white lips a blessingspeak, — this earth  
is not my sire :  
Give me back him for whom I strove, — for whom  
my blood was shed.  
Thou canst not ?—and a king !— his dust be  
mountains on thy head !"

## XIII.

He loosed the steed, — his slack hand fell ; upon  
the silent face  
He cast one long, deep, troubled look, then turned  
from that sad place.  
His hope was crushed, his after fate untold in  
martial strain :  
His banner led the spears no more amidst the  
hills of Spain.

FELICIA HEMANS.

## THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO.

THERE was music on the midnight :  
From a royal fane it rolled,  
And a mighty bell, each pause between,  
Sternly and slowly tolled.  
Strange was their mingling in the sky,  
It hushed the listener's breath ;  
For the music spoke of triumph high,  
The lonely bell, of death.

There was hurrying through the midnight,  
A sound of many feet ;  
But they fell with a muffled fearfulness  
Along the shadowy street :  
And softer, fainter, grew their tread  
As it neared the minster gate,  
Whence a broad and solemn light was shed  
From a scene of royal state.

Full glowed the strong red radiance  
In the centre of the nave,  
Where the folds of a purple canopy  
Swept down in many a wave ;  
Loading the marble pavement old  
With a weight of gorgeous gloom,  
For something lay midst their fretted gold  
Like a shadow of the tomb.

And within that rich pavilion,  
High on a glittering throne,



A woman's form sat silently,  
 Midst the glare of light alone.  
 Her jewelled robes fell strangely still, —  
 The drapery on her breast  
 Seemed with no pulse beneath to thrill,  
 So stonelike was its rest !

But a peal of lordly music  
 Shook e'en the dust below,  
 When the burning gold of the diadem  
 Was set on her pallid brow !  
 Then died away that haughty sound,  
 And from the encircling band  
 Stepped prince and chief, midst the hush profound,  
 With homage to her hand.

Why passed a faint, cold shuddering  
 Over each martial frame,  
 As one by one, to touch that hand,  
 Noble and leader came ?  
 Was not the settled aspect fair ?  
 Did not a queenly grace,  
 Under the parted ebon hair,  
 Sit on the pale still face ?

Death ! death ! canst *thou* be lovely  
 Unto the eye of life ?  
 Is not each pulse of the quick high breast  
 With thy cold mien at strife ?  
 — It was a strange and fearful sight,  
 The crown upon that head,  
 The glorious robes, and the blaze of light,  
 All gathered round the Dead !

And beside her stood in silence  
 One with a brow as pale,  
 And white lips rigidly compressed,  
 Lest the strong heart should fail :  
 King Pedro, with a jealous eye,  
 Watching the homage done,  
 By the land's flower and chivalry,  
 To her, his martyred one.

But on the face he looked not,  
 Which once his star had been ;  
 To every form his glance was turned,  
 Save of the breathless queen ;  
 Though something, won from the grave's embrace,  
 Of her beauty still was there,  
 Its hues were all of that shadowy place,  
 It was not for *him* to bear.

Alas ! the crown, the sceptre,  
 The treasures of the earth,  
 And the priceless love that poured those gifts,  
 Alike of wasted worth !  
 The rites are closed ; — bear back the dead  
 Unto the chamber deep !

Lay down again the royal head,  
 Dust with the dust to sleep !

There is music on the midnight, —  
 A requiem sad and slow,  
 As the mourners through the sounding aisle  
 In dark procession go ;  
 And the ring of state, and the starry crown,  
 And all the rich array,  
 Are borne to the house of silence down,  
 With her, that queen of clay.

And tearlessly and firmly  
 King Pedro led the train ;  
 But his face was wrapt in his folding robe,  
 When they lowered the dust again.  
 'T is hushed at last the tomb above,  
 Hymns die, and steps depart :  
 Who called thee strong as Death, O Love ?  
 Mightier thou wast and art.

FELICIA HEMANS.

#### INDIAN DEATH-SONG.

THE sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day ;  
 But glory remains when their lights fade away.  
 Begin, yon tormentors ! your threats are in vain,  
 For the sons of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow ;  
 Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low !  
 Why so slow ? do you wait till I shrink from the  
 pain ?  
 No ! the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,  
 And the scalps which we bore from your nation  
 away.  
 Now the flame rises fast, you exult in my pain ;  
 But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone ;  
 His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.  
 Death comes, like a friend, to relieve me from  
 pain ;  
 And thy son, O Alknomook ! has scorned to com-  
 plain.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

#### THE FEMALE CONVICT.

SHE shrank from all, and her silent mood  
 Made her wish only for solitude :  
 Her eye sought the ground, as it could not brook,  
 For innermost shame, on another's to look ;  
 And the cheerings of comfort fell on her ear  
 Like deadliest words, that were curses to hear ! —

She still was young, and she had been fair ;  
But weather-stains, hunger, toil, and care,  
That frost and fever that wear the heart,  
Had made the colors of youth depart  
From the sallow cheek, save over it came  
The burning flush of the spirit's shame.

They were sailing o'er the salt sea-foam,  
Far from her country, far from her home ;  
And all she had left for her friends to keep  
Was a name to hide and a memory to weep !  
And her future held forth but the felon's lot, —  
To live forsaken, to die forgot !  
She could not weep, and she could not pray,  
But she wasted and withered from day to day,  
Till you might have counted each sunken vein,  
When her wrist was prest by the iron chain ;  
And sometimes I thought her large dark eye  
Had the glister of red insanity.

She called me once to her sleeping-place,  
A strange, wild look was upon her face,  
Her eye flashed over her cheek so white,  
Like a gravestone seen in the pale moonlight,  
And she spoke in a low, unearthly tone, —  
The sound from mine ear hath never gone ! —  
"I had last night the loveliest dream :  
My own land shone in the summer beam,  
I saw the fields of the golden grain,  
I heard the reaper's harvest strain ;  
There stood on the hills the green pine-tree,  
And the thrush and the lark sang merrily.  
A long and a weary way I had come ;  
But I stopped, methought, by mine own sweet home.  
I stood by the hearth, and my father sat there,  
With pale, thin face, and snow-white hair !  
The Bible lay open upon his knee,  
But he closed the book to welcome me.  
He led me next where my mother lay,  
And together we knelt by her grave to pray,  
And heard a hymn it was heaven to hear,  
For it echoed one to my young days dear.  
This dream has waked feelings long, long since fled,  
And hopes which I deemed in my heart were dead !  
— We have not spoken, but still I have hung  
On the Northern accents that dwell on thy tongue.  
To me they are music, to me they recall  
The things long hidden by Memory's pall !  
Take this long curl of yellow hair,  
And give it my father, and tell him my prayer,  
My dying prayer, was for him." . . . .

Next day

Upon the deck a coffin lay ;  
They raised it up, and like a dirge  
The heavy gale swept o'er the surge ;  
The corpse was cast to the wind and wave, —  
The convict has found in the green sea a grave.

LÆTITIA E. LONDON.

## GRIEF.

FROM "HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK."

QUEEN. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color  
off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.  
Do not, forever, with thy veiled lids  
Seek for thy noble father in the dust :  
Thou know'st 't is common, — all that live must  
die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

HAMLET. Ay, madam, it is common.

QUEEN.

Why seems it so particular with thee ?

HAM. Seems, madam ! nay, it is ; I know not  
seems.

"T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,  
Nor customary suits of solemn black,  
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,  
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,  
Nor the dejected havior of the visage,  
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,  
That can denote me truly : these, indeed, seem,  
For they are actions that a man might play ;  
But I have that within, which passeth show ;  
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

SHAKESPEARE.

## SOLILQUY ON DEATH.

FROM "HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK."

HAMLET. To be, or not to be, — that is the  
question : —

Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And, by opposing, end them ? — To die, — to  
sleep ; —

No more ; and, by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to, — 't is a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To -die, — to sleep ; —  
To sleep ! perchance to dream : — ay, there 's the  
rub ;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause : there 's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life ;  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurs  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death, —

That undiscovered country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns, — puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of ?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;  
And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.

SHAKESPEARE.

## THE HUSBAND AND WIFE'S GRAVE.

HUSBAND and wife ! no converse now ye hold,  
As once ye did in your young days of love,  
On its alarms, its anxious hours, delays,  
Its silent meditations and glad hopes,  
Its fears, impatience, quiet sympathies ;  
Nor do ye speak of joy assured, and bliss  
Full, certain, and possessed. Domestic cares  
Call you not now together. Earnest talk  
On what your children may be moves you not.  
Ye lie in silence, and an awful silence ;  
Not like to that in which ye rested once  
Most happy, — silence eloquent, when heart  
With heart held speech, and your mysterious  
frames,  
Harmonious, sensitive, at every beat  
Touched the soft notes of love.

A stillness deep,

Insensible, unheeding, folds you round,  
And darkness, as a stone, has sealed you in ;  
Away from all the living, here ye rest,  
In all the nearness of the narrow tomb,  
Yet feel ye not each other's presence now ; —  
Dread fellowship ! — together, yet alone.

Is this thy prison-house, thy grave, then, Love ?  
And doth death cancel the great bond that holds  
Commingling spirits ? Are thoughts that know no  
bounds,

But, self-inspired, rise upward, searching out  
The Eternal Mind, the Father of all thought, —  
Are they become mere tenants of a tomb ? —  
Dwellers in darkness, who the illuminate realms  
Of uncreated light have visited and lived ? —  
Lived in the dreadful splendor of that throne  
Which One, with gentle hand the veil of flesh  
Lifting that hung 'twixt man and it, revealed  
In glory ? — throne before which even now  
Our souls, moved by prophetic power, bow down  
Rejoicing, yet at their own natures awed ? —  
Souls that thee know by a mysterious sense,  
Thou awful unseen Presence, — are they quenched ?  
Or burn they on, hid from our mortal eyes  
By that bright day which ends not, as the sun  
His robe of light flings round the glittering stars ?

And do our loves all perish with our frames ?  
Do those that took their root and put forth buds,  
And then soft leaves unfolded in the warmth  
Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,  
Then fade and fall, like fair, unconscious flowers ?  
Are thoughts and passions that to the tongue give  
speech,

And make it set forth winning harmonies,  
That to the cheek do give its living glow,  
And vision in the eye the soul intense  
With that for which there is no utterance, —  
Are these the body's accidents, no more ?  
To live in it, and when that dies go out  
Like the burnt taper's flame ?

O listen, man !

A voice within us speaks the startling word,  
" Man, thou shalt never die ! " celestial voices  
Hymn it around our souls ; according harps,  
By angel fingers touched when the mild stars  
Of morning sang together, sound forth still  
The song of our great immortality ;  
Thick-clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,  
The tall, dark mountains and the deep-toned seas,  
Join in this solemn, universal song.

O listen, ye, our spirits ! drink it in  
From all the air ! 'T is in the gentle moonlight ;  
Is floating in day's setting glories ; Night,  
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step  
Comes to our bed and breathes it in our ears ; —  
Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful eve,  
As one great mystic instrument, are touched  
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords  
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.  
The dying hear it ; and, as sounds of earth  
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls  
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

Why is it that I linger round this tomb ?  
What holds it ? Dust that cumbered those I  
mourn.

They shook it off, and laid aside earth's robes,  
And put on those of light. They're gone to dwell  
In love, — their God's and angels' ? Mutual love,  
That bound them here, no longer needs a speech  
For full communion ; nor sensations strong,  
Within the breast, their prison, strive in vain  
To be set free, and meet their kind in joy.  
Changed to celestials, thoughts that rise in each  
By natures new impart themselves, though silent.  
Each quickening sense, each throb of holy love,  
Affections sanctified, and the full glow  
Of being, which expand and gladden one,  
By union all mysterious, thrill and live  
In both immortal frames ; — sensation all,  
And thought, pervading, mingling sense and  
thought !

Ye paired, yet one ! wrapt in a consciousness  
Twofold, yet single, — this is love, this life !

Why call we, then, the square-built monument,  
The upright column, and the low-laid slab  
Tokens of death, memorials of decay ?  
Stand in this solemn, still assembly, man,  
And learn thy proper nature ; for thou seest  
In these shaped stones and lettered tables figures  
Of life. Then be they to thy soul as those  
Which he who talked on Sinai's mount with God  
Brought to the old Judeans ; — types are these  
Of thine eternity.

I thank thee, Father,  
That at this simple grave on which the dawn  
Is breaking, emblem of that day which hath  
No close, thou kindly unto my dark mind  
Hast sent a sacred light, and that away  
From this green hillock, whither I had come  
In sorrow, thou art leading me in joy.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

DE PROFUNDIS.

I.

THE face which, duly as the sun,  
Rose up for me with life begun,  
To mark all bright hours of the day  
With hourly love, is dimmed away, —  
And yet my days go on, go on.

II.

The tongue which, like a stream, could run  
Smooth music from the roughest stone,  
And every morning with " Good day "  
Make each day good, is hushed away, —  
And yet my days go on, go on.

III.

The heart which, like a staff, was one  
For mine to lean and rest upon,  
The strongest on the longest day  
With steadfast love, is caught away, —  
And yet my days go on, go on.

IV.

And cold before my summer's done,  
And deaf in Nature's general tune,  
And fallen too low for special fear,  
And here, with hope no longer here, —  
While the tears drop, my days go on.

V.

The world goes whispering to its own,  
" This anguish pierces to the bone " ;  
And tender friends go sighing round,  
" What love can ever cure this wound ? "  
My days go on, my days go on.

VI.

The past rolls forward on the sun  
And makes all night. O dreams begun,

Not to be ended ! Ended bliss,  
And life that will not end in this !  
My days go on, my days go on.

VII.

Breath freezes on my lips to moan :  
As one alone, once not alone,  
I sit and knock at Nature's door,  
Heart-bare, heart-hungry, very poor,  
Whose desolated days go on.

VIII.

I knock and ery, — Undone, undone !  
Is there no help, no comfort, — none ?  
No gleaning in the wide wheat-plains  
Where others drive their loaded wains ?  
My vacant days go on, go on.

IX.

This Nature, though the snows be down,  
Thinks kindly of the bird of June :  
The little red hip on the tree  
Is ripe for such. What is for me,  
Whose days so wintery go on ?

X.

No bird am I, to sing in June,  
And dare not ask an equal boon.  
Good nests and berries red are Nature's  
To give away to better creatures, —  
And yet my days go on, go on.

XI.

I ask less kindness to be done, —  
Only to loose these pilgrim-shoon,  
(Too early worn and grimed) with sweet  
Cool deathly touch to these tired feet,  
Till days go out which now go on.

XIV.

From gracious Nature have I won  
Such liberal bounty ? may I run  
So, lizard-like, within her side,  
And there be safe, who now am tried  
By days that painfully go on ?

XV.

— A Voice reproves me thereupon,  
More sweet than Nature's when the drone  
Of bees is sweetest, and more deep  
Than when the rivers overleap  
The shuddering pines, and thunder on.

XVI.

God's Voice, not Nature's. Night and noon  
He sits upon the great white throne  
And listens for the creatures' praise.  
What babble we of days and days ?  
The Day-spring he, whose days go on.

## XVII.

He reigns above, he reigns alone ;  
Systems burn out and leave his throne :  
Fair mists of seraphs melt and fall  
Around him, changeless amid all, —  
Ancient of Days, whose days go on.

## XVIII.

He reigns below, he reigns alone,  
And, having life in love foregone  
Beneath the crown of sovran thorns,  
He reigns the jealous God. Who mourns  
Or rules with him, while days go on ?

## XIX.

By anguish which made pale the sun,  
I hear him charge his saints that none  
Among his creatures anywhere  
Blaspheam against him with despair,  
However darkly days go on.

## XX.

Take from my head the thorn-wreath brown !  
No mortal grief deserves that crown.  
O supreme Love, chief Misery,  
The sharp regalia are for Thee  
Whose days eternally go on !

## XXI.

For us, — whatever 's undergone,  
Thou knowest, willest what is done.  
Grief may be joy misunderstood ;  
Only the Good discerns the good,  
I trust thee while my days go on.

## XXII.

Whatever 's lost, it first was won :  
We will not struggle nor impugn.  
Perhaps the cup was broken here,  
That Heaven's new wine might show more clear.  
I praise thee while my days go on.

## XXIII.

I praise thee while my days go on ;  
I love thee while my days go on ;  
Through dark and death, through fire and frost,  
With emptied arms and treasure lost,  
I thank thee while my days go on.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY  
CHURCHYARD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Their lot forbade ; nor circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes con-  
fined ;

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

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

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;  
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture  
decked,

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered  
muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply ;  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

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

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

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;  
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

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

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

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

“ One morn I missed him on the custom'd hill,  
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree ;  
Another came, — nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

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

#### THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth  
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown ;  
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,  
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;  
Heaven did a recompense as largely send ;  
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,  
He gained from heaven ('t was all he wished) a  
friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode, —  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)  
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.



POEMS OF SORROW AND ADVERSITY.



black fingers heavy & brown  
black eyelids heavy & red  
A woman sat in unwomanly rags  
Plying her needle & thread -

Stitch, stitch, stitch  
In poverty, hunger, & dirt,  
Can still with a voice of dolorous pitch,  
Sound that its tone could rend the Rich!

She sang this song of the Shirk!

Wm. Lloyd Garrison



# POEMS OF SORROW AND ADVERSITY.

## RETROSPECTION.

FROM "THE PRINCESS."

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean.  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy autumn fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,  
That brings our friends up from the under world ;  
Sad as the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the verge, —  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns  
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;  
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned  
On lips that are for others ; deep as love,  
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret, —  
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## TWO WOMEN.

THE shadows lay along Broadway,  
'T was near the twilight-tide,  
And slowly there a lady fair  
Was walking in her pride.  
Alone walked she ; but, viewlessly,  
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,  
And Honor charmed the air ;  
And all astir looked kind on her,  
And called her good as fair, —  
For all God ever gave to her  
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare  
From lovers warm and true,  
For her heart was cold to all but gold,  
And the rich came not to woo, —  
But honored well are charms to sell  
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair, —  
A slight girl, lily-pale ;  
And she had unseen company  
To make the spirit quail, —  
'Twas Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,  
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow  
For this world's peace to pray ;  
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,  
Her woman's heart gave way ! —  
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven,  
By man is cursed away !

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

## THE DREAMER.

FROM "POEMS BY A SEAMSTRESS."

NOT in the laughing bowers,  
Where by green swinging elms a pleasant shade  
At summer's noon is made,  
And where swift-footed hours  
Steal the rich breath of enamored flowers,  
Dream I. Nor where the golden glories be,  
At sunset, laving o'er the flowing sea ;  
And to pure eyes the faculty is given  
To trace a smooth ascent from Earth to Heaven !

Not on a couch of ease,  
With all the appliances of joy at hand, —  
Soft light, sweet fragrance, beauty at command ;  
Viands that might a godlike palate please,  
And music's soul-creative ecstasies,  
Dream I. Nor gloating o'er a wide estate,  
Till the full, self-complacent heart elate,  
Well satisfied with bliss of mortal birth,  
Sighs for an immortality on Earth !

But where the incessant din  
Of iron hands, and roars of brazen throats,  
Join their unmingled notes,

While the long summer day is pouring in,  
Till day is gone, and darkness doth begin,  
Dream I, — as in the corner where I lie,  
On wintry nights, just covered from the sky ! —  
Such is my fate, — and, barren though it seem,  
Yet, thou blind, soulless scorner, yet I dream !

And yet I dream, —  
Dream what, were men more just, I might have been,  
How strong, how fair, how kindly and serene,  
Glowing of heart, and glorious of mien ;  
The conscious crown to Nature's blissful scene,  
In just and equal brotherhood to glean,  
With all mankind, exhaustless pleasure keen, —  
Such is my dream !

And yet I dream, —  
I, the despised of fortune, lift mine eyes,  
Bright with the lustre of integrity,  
In unappealing wretchedness, on high,  
And the last rage of Destiny defy ;  
Resolved alone to live, — alone to die,  
Nor swell the tide of human misery !

And yet I dream, —  
Dream of a sleep where dreams no more shall come,  
My last, my first, my only welcome home !  
Rest, unbeheld since Life's beginning stage,  
Sole remnant of my glorious heritage,  
Unalienable, I shall find thee yet,  
And in thy soft embrace the past forget.  
Thus do I dream !

ANONYMOUS.

### MOAN, MOAN, YE DYING GALES.

MOAN, moan, ye dying gales !  
The saddest of your tales  
Is not so sad as life ;  
Nor have you e'er began  
A theme so wild as man,  
Or with such sorrow rife.

Fall, fall, thou withered leaf !  
Autumn sears not like grief,  
Nor kills such lovely flowers ;  
More terrible the storm,  
More mournful the deform,  
When dark misfortune lowers.

Hush ! hush ! thou trembling lyre,  
Silence, ye vocal choir,  
And thou, mellifluous lute,  
For man soon breathes his last,  
And all his hope is past,  
And all his music mute.

Then, when the gale is sighing,  
And when the leaves are dying,  
And when the song is o'er,  
O, let us think of those  
Whose lives are lost in woes,  
Whose cup of grief runs o'er.

HENRY NEELE.

### HENCE, ALL YOU VAIN DELIGHTS.

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

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,  
A sigh that piercing mortifies,  
A look that's fastened to the ground,  
A tongue chained up without a sound !

Fountain-heads and pathless groves,  
Places which pale passion loves !  
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls  
Are warmly housed save bats and owls !  
A midnight bell, a parting groan !  
These are the sounds we feed upon.  
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley ;  
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

ANONYMOUS.

### BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT."

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

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

SHAKESPEARE.

## A LAMENT.

O WORLD ! O Life ! O Time !  
 On whose last steps I climb,  
 Trembling at that where I had stood before ;  
 When will return the glory of your prime ?  
 No more, — O nevermore !

Out of the day and night  
 A joy has taken flight :  
 Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar  
 Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight  
 No more, — O nevermore !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

## SPRING IT IS CHEERY.

SPRING it is cheery,  
 Winter is dreary,  
 Green leaves hang, but the brown must fly ;  
 When he 's forsaken,  
 Withered and shaken,  
 What can an old man do but die ?

Love will not clip him,  
 Maids will not lip him,  
 Mand and Marian pass him by ;  
 Youth it is sunny,  
 Age has no honey, —  
 What can an old man do but die ?

June it was jolly,  
 O for its folly !  
 A dancing leg and a laughing eye !  
 Youth may be silly,  
 Wisdom is chilly, —  
 What can an old man do but die ?

Friends they are scanty,  
 Beggars are plenty,  
 If he has followers, I know why ;  
 Gold 's in his clutches,  
 (Buying him crutches ! ) —  
 What can an old man do but die ?

THOMAS HOOD.

## WHEN SHALL WE ALL MEET AGAIN ?

WHEN shall we all meet again ?  
 When shall we all meet again ?  
 Oft shall glowing hope expire,  
 Oft shall wearied love retire,  
 Oft shall death and sorrow reign,  
 Ere we all shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,  
 Parched beneath a hostile sky ;

Though the deep between us rolls,  
 Friendship shall unite our souls.  
 Still in Fancy's rich domain  
 Oft shall we all meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,  
 When its wasted lamps are dead ;  
 When in cold oblivion's shade,  
 Beauty, power, and fame are laid ;  
 Where immortal spirits reign,  
 There shall we all meet again.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE LAST LEAF.

I SAW him once before,  
 As he passed by the door ;  
 And again  
 The pavement-stones resound  
 As he totters o'er the ground  
 With his cane.

They say that in his prime,  
 Ere the pruning-knife of time  
 Cut him down,  
 Not a better man was found  
 By the crier on his round  
 Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,  
 And he looks at all he meets  
 So forlorn ;  
 And he shakes his feeble head,  
 That it seems as if he said,  
 " They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest  
 On the lips that he has pressed  
 In their bloom ;  
 And the names he loved to hear  
 Have been carved for many a year  
 On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said —  
 Poor old lady ! she is dead \*  
 Long ago —

That he had a Roman nose,  
 And his cheek was like a rose  
 In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,  
 And it rests upon his chin  
 Like a staff ;  
 And a crook is in his back,  
 And a melancholy crack  
 In his laugh.

I know it is a sin  
 For me to sit and grin  
 At him here,

But the old three-cornered hat,  
And the breeches, — and all that,  
Are so queer !

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
In the spring,  
Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough  
Where I cling.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

### THE APPROACH OF AGE.

FROM "TALES OF THE HALL."

SIX years had passed, and forty ere the six,  
When Time began to play his usual tricks :  
The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,  
Locks of pure brown, displayed the encroaching  
white ;

The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,  
And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man.  
I rode or walked as I was wont before,  
But now the bounding spirit was no more ;  
A moderate pace would now my body heat,  
A walk of moderate length distress my feet.  
I showed my stranger guest those hills sublime,  
But said, "The view is poor, we need not climb."  
At a friend's mansion I began to dread  
The cold neat parlor and the gay glazed bed ;  
At home I felt a more decided taste,  
And must have all things in my order placed.  
I ceased to hunt ; my horses pleased me less, —  
My dinner more ; I learned to play at chess.  
I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute  
Was disappointed that I did not shoot.  
My morning walks I now could bear to lose,  
And blessed the shower that gave me not to  
choose.

In fact, I felt a languor stealing on ;  
The active arm, the agile hand, were gone ;  
Small daily actions into habits grew,  
And new dislike to forms and fashions new.  
I loved my trees in order to dispose ;  
I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose ;  
Told the same story oft, — in short, began to prose.

GEORGE CRABBE.

### TOMMY'S DEAD.

You may give over plough, boys,  
You may take the gear to the stead,  
All the sweat o' your brow, boys,  
Will never get beer and bread.  
The seed's waste, I know, boys,

There's not a blade will grow, boys,  
'T is cropped out, I trow, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

Send the colt to fair, boys,  
He's going blind, as I said,  
My old eyes can't bear, boys,  
To see him in the shed ;  
The cow's dry and spare, boys,  
She's neither here nor there, boys,  
I doubt she's badly bred ;  
Stop the mill to-morn, boys,  
There'll be no more corn, boys,  
Neither white nor red ;  
There's no sign of grass, boys,  
You may sell the goat and the ass, boys,  
The land's not what it was, boys,  
And the beasts must be fed :  
You may turn Peg away, boys,  
You may pay off old Ned,  
We've had a dull day, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys,  
Let me turn my head :  
She's standing there in the door, boys,  
Your sister Winifred !  
Take her away from me, boys,  
Your sister Winifred !  
Move me round in my place, boys,  
Let me turn my head,  
Take her away from me, boys,  
As she lay on her death-bed,  
The bones of her thin face, boys,  
As she lay on her death-bed !  
I don't know how it be, boys,  
When all's done and said,  
But I see her looking at me, boys,  
Wherever I turn my head ;  
Out of the big oak tree, boys,  
Out of the garden-bed,  
And the lily as pale as she, boys,  
And the rose that used to be red.

There's something not right, boys,  
But I think it's not in my head,  
I've kept my precious sight, boys, —  
The Lord be hallowéd !  
Outside and in  
The ground is cold to my tread,  
The hills are wizen and thin,  
The sky is shrivelled and shred,  
The hedges down by the loan  
I can count them bone by bone,  
The leaves are open and spread,  
But I see the teeth of the land,  
And hands like a dead man's hand,  
And the eyes of a dead man's head.

There's nothing but cinders and sand,  
The rat and the mouse have fed,  
And the summer's empty and cold ;  
Over valley and wold  
Wherever I turn my head  
There's a mildew and a mould,  
The sun's going out overhead,  
And I'm very old,  
And Tommy's dead.

What am I staying for, boys,  
You're all born and bred,  
'T is fifty years and more, boys,  
Since wife and I were wed,  
And she's gone before, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

She was always sweet, boys,  
Upon his curly head,  
She knew she'd never see't, boys,  
And she stole off to bed ;  
I've been sitting up alone, boys,  
For he'd come home, he said,  
But it's time I was gone, boys,  
For Tommy's dead.

Put the shutters up, boys,  
Bring out the beer and bread,  
Make haste and sup, boys,  
For my eyes are heavy as lead ;  
There's something wrong i' the cup, boys,  
There's something ill wi' the bread,  
I don't care to sup, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not right, I doubt, boys,  
I've such a sleepy head,  
I shall nevermore be stout, boys,  
You may carry me to bed.  
What are you about, boys ?  
The prayers are all said,  
The fire's raked out, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

The stairs are too steep, boys,  
You may carry me to the head,  
The night's dark and deep, boys,  
Your mother's long in bed,  
'T is time to go to sleep, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not used to kiss, boys,  
You may shake my hand instead.  
All things go amiss, boys,  
You may lay me where she is, boys,  
And I'll rest my old head :  
'T is a poor world, this, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

SIDNEY DOBELL.

## OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

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

When I remember all  
The friends so linked together  
I've seen around me fall  
Like leaves in wintry weather,  
I feel like one  
Who treads alone  
Some banquet-hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed !  
Thus in the stilly night  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

THOMAS MOORE.

## ROSALIE.

O, FOUR upon my soul again  
That sad, unearthly strain  
That seems from other worlds to plain !  
Thus falling, falling from afar,  
As if some melancholy star  
Had mingled with her light her sighs,  
And dropped them from the skies.

No, never came from aught below  
This melody of woe,  
That makes my heart to overflow,  
As from a thousand gushing springs  
Unknown before ; that with it brings  
This nameless light — if light it be —  
That veils the world I see.

For all I see around me wears  
The hue of other spheres ;  
And something blent of smiles and tears  
Comes from the very air I breathe.  
O, nothing, sure, the stars beneath,  
Can mould a sadness like to this, —  
So like angelic bliss !

So, at that dreamy hour of day,  
 When the last lingering ray  
 Stops on the highest cloud to play, —  
 So thought the gentle Rosalic  
 As on her maiden revery  
 First fell the strain of him who stole  
 In music to her soul.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

### THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
 It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
 The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,  
 But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
 And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
 It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
 My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,  
 But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,  
 And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;  
 Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;  
 Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
 Into each life some rain must fall,  
 Some days must be dark and dreary.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### BLIGHTED LOVE.

FLOWERS are fresh, and bushes green,  
 Cheerily the linnets sing ;  
 Winds are soft, and skies serene ;  
 Time, however, soon shall throw  
 Winter's snow  
 O'er the buxom breast of Spring !

Hope, that buds in lover's heart,  
 Lives not through the scorn of years ;  
 Time makes love itself depart ;  
 Time and scorn congeal the mind, —  
 Looks unkind  
 Freeze affection's warmest tears.

Time shall make the bushes green ;  
 Time dissolve the winter snow ;  
 Winds be soft, and skies serene ;  
 Linnets sing their wonted strain.  
 But again  
 Blighted love shall never blow !

LUIS DE CAMOENS (Portuguese). Translation  
 of LORD STRANGFORD.

### 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 passed 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.

### THE SUN IS WARM, THE SKY IS CLEAR.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR NAPLES.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,  
 The waves are dancing fast and bright,  
 Blue isles and snowy mountains wear  
 The purple noon's transparent light :  
 The breath of the moist air is light  
 Around its unexpanded buds ;  
 Like many a voice of one delight, —  
 The winds', the birds', the ocean-floods', —  
 The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor  
 With green and purple sea-weeds strown ;  
 I see the waves upon the shore  
 Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown :  
 I sit upon the sands alone ;  
 The lightning of the noontide ocean  
 Is flashing round me, and a tone  
 Arises from its measured motion, —  
 How sweet, did any heart now share in my emotion !

Alas ! I have nor hope nor health,  
 Nor peace within nor calm around,  
 Nor that Content surpassing wealth  
 The sage in meditation found,  
 And walked with inward glory crowned, —  
 Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure ;  
 Others I see whom these surround ;  
 Smiling they live, and call life pleasure ;  
 To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild  
 Even as the winds and waters are ;  
 I could lie down like a tired child,  
 And weep away the life of care  
 Which I have borne, and yet must bear,

Till death like sleep might steal on me,  
And I might feel in the warm air  
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea  
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.  
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

## BYRON'S LATEST VERSES.

[Missolonghi, January 23, 1824. On this day I completed my thirty-sixth year.]

'T is time this heart should be unmoved,  
Since others it has ceased to move ;  
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,  
Still let me love.

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

The fire that in my bosom preys  
Is like to some volcanic isle,  
No torch is kindled at its blaze,  
A funeral pile.

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

But 't is not here, — it is not here,  
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor now  
Where glory seals the hero's bier,  
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,  
Glory and Greece about us see ;  
The Spartan borne upon his shield  
Was not more free.

Awake ! not Greece, — she is awake !  
Awake, my spirit ! think through whom  
My life-blood tastes its parent lake,  
And then strike home !

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

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

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

BYRON.

## OLD.

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,  
Sat a hoary pilgrim, sadly musing ;  
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,  
All the landscape, like a page, perusing ;  
Poor, unknown,  
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-brimmed hat ;  
Coat as ancient as the form 't was folding ;  
Silver buttons, queue, and crimped cravat ;  
Oaken staff his feeble hand upholding ;  
There he sat !  
Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-brimmed hat.

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,  
No one sympathizing, no one heeding,  
None to love him for his thin gray hair,  
And the furrows all so mutely pleading  
Age and care :  
Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

It was summer, and we went to school,  
Dapper country lads and little maidens ;  
Taught the motto of the "Dunce's Stool," —  
Its grave import still my fancy ladens, —  
"Here's a fool !"  
It was summer, and we went to school.

When the stranger seemed to mark our play,  
Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted,  
I remember well, too well, that day !  
Oftentimes the tears unbidden started  
Would not stay  
When the stranger seemed to mark our play.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell,  
O, to me her name was always Heaven !  
She besought him all his grief to tell,  
(I was then thirteen, and she eleven,)  
Isabel !

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

"Angel," said, he sadly, "I am old ;  
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow ;  
Yet, why I sit here thou shalt be told."  
Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sorrow,  
Down it rolled !

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old.

"I have tottered here to look once more  
On the pleasant scene where I delighted  
In the careless, happy days of yore,  
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted  
To the core :

I have tottered here to look once more.

"All the picture now to me how dear !  
E'en this gray old rock where I am seated,

Is a jewel worth my journey here ;  
 Ah that such a scene must be completed  
 With a tear !  
 All the picture now to me how dear !

“ Old stone school-house ! — it is still the same ;  
 There 's the very step I so oft mounted ;  
 There 's the window creaking in its frame,  
 And the notches that I cut and counted  
 For the game.  
 Old stone school-house, it is still the same.

“ In the cottage yonder I was born ;  
 Long my happy home, that humble dwelling ;  
 There the fields of clover, wheat, and corn ;  
 There the spring with limpid nectar swelling ;  
 Ah, forlorn !  
 In the cottage yonder I was born.

“ Those two gateway sycamores you see  
 Then were planted just so far asunder  
 That long well-pole from the path to free,  
 And the wagon to pass safely under ;  
 Ninety-three !  
 Those two gateway sycamores you see.

“ There 's the orchard where we used to climb  
 When my mates and I were boys together,  
 Thinking nothing of the flight of time,  
 Fearing naught but work and rainy weather ;  
 Past its prime !  
 There 's the orchard where we used to climb.

“ There the rude, three-cornered chestnut-rails,  
 Round the pasture where the flocks were grazing,  
 Where, so sly, I used to watch for quails  
 In the crops of buckwheat we were raising ;  
 Traps and trails !  
 There the rude, three-cornered chestnut-rails.

“ There 's the mill that ground our yellow grain ;  
 Pond and river still serenely flowing ;  
 Cot there nestling in the shaded lane,  
 Where the lily of my heart was blowing.  
 Mary Jane !  
 There 's the mill that ground our yellow grain.

“ There 's the gate on which I used to swing,  
 Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old red stable ;  
 But alas ! no more the morn shall bring  
 That dear group around my father's table ;  
 Taken wing !  
 There 's the gate on which I used to swing.

“ I am fleeing, — all I loved have fled.  
 Yon green meadow was our place for playing ;  
 That old tree can tell of sweet things said  
 When around it Jane and I were straying ;  
 She is dead !  
 I am fleeing, — all I loved have fled.

“ Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky,  
 Tracing silently life's changeful story,  
 So familiar to my dim old eye,  
 Points me to seven that are now in glory  
 There on high !

Yon white spire, a pencil on the sky.

“ Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,  
 Guided thither by an angel mother ;  
 Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod ;  
 Sire and sisters, and my little brother,  
 Gone to God !

Oft the aisle of that old church we trod.

“ There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways ;  
 Bless the holy lesson ! — but, ah, never  
 Shall I hear again those songs of praise,  
 Those sweet voices silent now forever !  
 Peaceful days !

There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways.

“ There my Mary blest me with her hand  
 When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing,  
 Ere she hastened to the spirit-land,  
 Yonder turf her gentle bosom pressing ;  
 Broken band !

There my Mary blest me with her hand.

“ I have come to see that grave once more,  
 And the sacred place where we delighted,  
 Where we worshipped, in the days of yore,  
 Ere the garden of my heart was blighted  
 To the core !

I have come to see that grave once more.

“ Angel,” said he sadly, “ I am old ;  
 Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow,  
 Now, why I sit here thou hast been told.”  
 In his eye another pearl of sorrow,  
 Down it rolled !

“ Angel,” said he sadly, “ I am old.”

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,  
 Sat the hoary pilgrim, sadly musing ;  
 Still I marked him sitting there alone,  
 All the landscape, like a page, perusing ;  
 Poor, unknown !

By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

RALPH HOYT.

#### THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,  
 In my days of childhood, in my joyfult school-days ;  
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
 Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies ;  
 All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.



I loved a Love once, fairest among women :  
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her, —  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man :  
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;  
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my child-  
hood,  
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,  
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,  
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwell-  
ing ?  
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have  
left me,  
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.  
CHARLES LAMB.

#### THE BURIED FLOWER.

In the silence of my chamber,  
When the night is still and deep,  
And the drowsy heave of ocean  
Mutters in its charmed sleep,

Oft I hear the angel voices  
That have thrilled me long ago, —  
Voices of my lost companions,  
Lying deep beneath the snow.

Where are now the flowers we tended ?  
Withered, broken, branch and stem ;  
Where are now the hopes we cherished ?  
Scattered to the winds with them.

For ye, too, were flowers, ye dear ones !  
Nursed in hope and reared in love,  
Looking fondly ever upward  
To the clear blue heaven above ;

Smiling on the sun that cheered us,  
Rising lightly from the rain,  
Never folding up your freshness  
Save to give it forth again.

O, 't is sad to lie and reckon  
All the days of faded youth,  
All the vows that we believed in,  
All the words we spoke in truth.

Severed, — were it severed only  
By an idle thought of strife,  
Such as time may knit together ;  
Not the broken chord of life !

O, I fling my spirit backward,  
And I pass o'er years of pain ;  
All I loved is rising round me,  
All the lost returns again.

Brighter, fairer far than living,  
With no trace of woe or pain,  
Robed in everlasting beauty,  
Shall I see thee once again,

By the light that never fadeth,  
Underneath eternal skies,  
When the dawn of resurrection  
Breaks o'er deathless Paradise.

WILLIAM EDMONSTOWNE AYTOUNE.

#### AFAR IN THE DESERT.

AFAR in the desert I love to ride,  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,  
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,  
And, sick of the present, I cling to the past ;  
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,  
From the fond recollections of former years ;  
And shadows of things that have long since fled  
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead, —  
Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon ;  
Day-dreams, that departed ere manhood's noon ;  
Attachments by fate or falsehood reft ;  
Companions of early days lost or left,  
And my native land, whose magical name  
Thrills to the heart like electric flame ;  
The home of my childhood ; the haunts of my  
prime ;  
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time  
When the feelings were young, and the world  
was new,  
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view ;  
All, all now forsaken, forgotten, foregone !  
And I, a lone exile remembered of none,  
My high aims abandoned, my good acts un-  
done,  
Aweary of all that is under the sun,  
With that sadness of heart which no stranger  
may scan, —  
I fly to the desert afar from man.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.,  
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,  
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and  
strife,

The proud man's frown, and the base man's  
 fear,  
 The scornor's laugh, and the sufferer's tear,  
 And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and  
 folly,  
 Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy ;  
 When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are  
 high,  
 And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh, —  
 O, then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,  
 Afar in the desert alone to ride !  
 There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,  
 And to bound away with the eagle's speed,  
 With the death-fraight firelock in my hand, —  
 The only law of the Desert Land !

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
 With the silent Bush-hoy alone by my side,  
 Away, away from the dwellings of men,  
 By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen ;  
 By valleys remote where the oribi plays,  
 Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartëbeest  
 graze,

And the kudu and eland unhunted recline  
 By the skirts of gray forest o'erhung with wild  
 vine ;  
 Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,  
 And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,  
 And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will  
 In the fen where the wild ass is drinking his  
 fill.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,  
 O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry  
 Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively ;  
 And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh  
 Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray ;  
 Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,  
 With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain ;  
 And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste  
 Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,  
 Hieing away to the home of her rest,  
 Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,  
 Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view  
 In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,  
 Away, away, in the wilderness vast  
 Where the white man's foot hath never passed,  
 And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan  
 Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan, —  
 A region of emptiness, howling and drear,  
 Which man hath abandoned from famine and  
 fear ;  
 Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,  
 With the twilight bat from the yawning stone ;

Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,  
 Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot ;  
 And the bitter-melon, for food and drink,  
 Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink ;  
 A region of drought, where no river glides,  
 Nor rippling brook with osiered sides ;  
 Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,  
 Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,  
 Appears, to refresh the aching eye ;  
 But the barren earth and the burning sky,  
 And the blank horizon, round and round,  
 Spread, — void of living sight or sound.  
 And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,  
 And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,  
 As I sit apart by the desert stone,  
 Like Elijah at Horeb's cave, alone,  
 "A still small voice" comes through the wild  
 (Like a father consoling his fretful child),  
 Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,  
 Saying, — Man is distant, but God is near !

THOMAS PRINGLE.

#### SELECTIONS FROM "PARADISE LOST."

##### EVE'S LAMENT.

O UNEXPECTED stroke, worse than of death !  
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ? thus leave  
 Thee, native soil ! these happy walks and shades,  
 Fit haunt of gods ? where I had hope to spend,  
 Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day  
 That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,  
 That never will in other climate grow,  
 My early visitation, and my last  
 At even, which I bred up with tender hand  
 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names !  
 Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank  
 Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount ?  
 Thee, lastly, nuptial bower ! by me adorned  
 With what to sight or smell was sweet, from  
 thee

How shall I part, and whither wander down  
 Into a lower world, to this obscure  
 And wild ? how shall we breathe in other air  
 Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits ?

##### THE DEPARTURE FROM PARADISE.

###### ADAM TO MICHAEL.

. . . GENTLY hast thou told  
 Thy message, which might else in telling wound,  
 And in performing end us. What besides  
 Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair  
 Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring ;  
 Departure from this happy place, our sweet  
 Recess, and only consolation left,  
 Familiar to our eyes, all places else

Inhospitable appear and desolate,  
 Nor knowing us nor known ; and if by prayer  
 Incessant I could hope to change the will  
 Of Him who all things can, I would not cease  
 To weary him with my assiduous cries.  
 But prayer against his absolute decree  
 No more avails than breath against the wind,  
 Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth ;  
 Therefore to his great bidding I submit.  
 This most afflicts me, that, departing hence,  
 As from his face I shall be hid, deprived  
 His blessed countenance, here I could frequent  
 With worship place by place where he vouch-  
 safed

Presence divine, and to my sons relate,  
 On this mount he appeared ; under this tree  
 Stood visible ; among these pines his voice  
 I heard ; here with him at this fountain talked :  
 So many grateful altars I would rear  
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone  
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory  
 Or monument to ages, and thereon  
 Offersweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers.  
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek  
 His bright appearances, or footstep trace ?  
 For though I fled him angry, yet, recalled  
 To life prolonged and promised race, I now  
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
 Of glory, and far off his steps adore.

Henceforth I learn that to obey is best,  
 And love with fear the only God, to walk  
 As in his presence, ever to observe  
 His providence, and on him sole depend,  
 Merciful over all his works, with good  
 Still overcoming evil, and by small  
 Accomplishing great things, by things deemed  
 weak

Subverting worldly strong and worldly wise  
 By simply meek ; that suffering for truth's sake  
 Is fortitude to highest victory,  
 And to the faithful death the gate of life :  
 Taught this by his example, whom I now  
 Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.

## EVE TO ADAM.

. . . . WITH sorrow and heart's distress  
 Wearied, I fell asleep. But now lead on ;  
 In me is no delay ; with thee to go,  
 Is to stay here ; without thee here to stay,  
 Is to go hence unwilling ; thou to me  
 Art all things under heaven, all places thou,  
 Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.  
 This further consolation, yet secure,  
 I carry hence ; though all by me is lost,  
 Such favor I unworthy am vouchsafed,  
 By me the promised Seed shall all restore.

## THE DEPARTURE.

IN either hand the hastening angel caught  
 Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate  
 Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast  
 To the subjected plain ; then disappeared.  
 They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld  
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,  
 Waved over by that flaming brand ; the gate  
 With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.  
 Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them  
 soon ;

The world was all before them, where to choose  
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.  
 They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and  
 slow,

Through Eden took their solitary way.

MILTON.

## PATIENCE AND SORROW.

FROM "KING LEAR."

KENT. Did your letters pierce the queen to any  
 demonstration of grief ?

GENTLEMAN. Ay, sir ; she took them, read  
 them in my presence ;

And now and then an ample tear trilled down  
 Her delicate cheek, it seemed she was a queen  
 Over her passion ; who, most rebel-like,  
 Sought to be king o'er her.

KENT. O, then it moved her.

GENT. Not to a rage : patience and sorrow strove  
 Who should express her goodliest. You have seen  
 Sunshine and rain at once ; her smiles and tears  
 Were like a better way : those happy smiles,  
 That played on her ripe lip, seemed not to know  
 What guests were in her eyes ; which parted thence,  
 As pearls from diamonds dropped. — In brief

SORROW

Would be a rarity most beloved, if all  
 Could so become it.

SHAKESPEARE.

## FLORENCE VANE.

I LOVED thee long and dearly,  
 Florence Vane ;  
 My life's bright dream and early  
 Hath come again ;  
 I renew in my fond vision  
 My heart's dear pain,  
 My hopes and thy derision,  
 Florence Vane !

The ruin, lone and hoary,  
 The ruin old,  
 Where thou didst harp my story,  
 At even told,

That spot, the hues elysian  
Of sky and plain  
I treasure in my vision,  
Florence Vane!

Thou wast lovelier than the roses  
In their prime ;  
Thy voice excelled the closes  
Of sweetest rhyme ;  
Thy heart was as a river  
Without a main,  
Would I had loved thee never,  
Florence Vane.

But fairest, coldest wonder !  
Thy glorious clay  
Lieth the green sod under ;  
Alas the day !  
And it boots not to remember  
Thy disdain,  
To quicken love's pale ember,  
Florence Vane !

The lilies of the valley  
By young graves weep,  
The daisies love to dally  
Where maidens sleep,  
May their bloom, in beauty vying,  
Never wane  
Where thine earthly part is lying,  
Florence Vane.

PHILIP P. COOKE.

### MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

#### I.

WHEN chill November's surly blast  
Made fields and forests bare,  
One evening, as I wandered forth  
Along the banks of Ayr,  
I spied a man whose aged step  
Seemed weary, worn with care ;  
His face was furrowed o'er with years,  
And hoary was his hair.

#### II.

"Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?"  
Began the reverend sage ;  
"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,  
Or youthful pleasures rage ?  
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,  
Too soon thou hast began  
To wander forth, with me, to mourn  
The miseries of man !

#### III.

The sun that overhangs yon moors,  
Outspreading far and wide,  
Where hundreds labor to support  
A haughty lordling's pride, —  
I've seen yon weary winter sun  
Twice forty times return ;  
And every time has added proofs  
That man was made to mourn.

#### IV.

O man, while in thy early years,  
How prodigal of time !  
Mispending all thy precious hours,  
Thy glorious youthful prime !  
Alternate follies take the sway :  
Licentious passions burn ;  
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,  
That man was made to mourn.

#### V.

Look not alone on youthful prime,  
Or manhood's active might ;  
Man then is useful to his kind,  
Supported in his right ;  
But see him on the edge of life,  
With cares and sorrows worn,  
Then age and want, O ill-matched pair !  
Show man was made to mourn.

#### VI.

A few seem favorites of fate,  
In pleasure's lap carest ;  
Yet think not all the rich and great  
Are likewise truly blest.  
But, O, what crowds in every land  
Are wretched and forlorn !  
Through weary life this lesson learn, —  
That man was made to mourn.

#### VII.

Many and sharp the numerous ills,  
Inwoven with our frame,  
More pointed still we make ourselves,  
Regret, remorse, and shame !  
And man, whose heaven-erected face  
The smiles of love adorn,  
Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn !

#### VIII.

See yonder poor, o'erlabored wight,  
So abject, mean, and vile,  
Who begs a brother of the earth  
To give him leave to toil ;  
And see his lordly fellow-worm  
The poor petition spurn.  
Unmindful though a weeping wife  
And helpless offspring mourn.

## IX.

If I 'm designed yon lordling's slave, —  
 By Nature's law designed, —  
 Why was an independent wish  
 E'er planted in my mind ?  
 If not, why am I subject to  
 His cruelty or scorn ?  
 Or why has man the will and power  
 To make his fellow mourn ?

## X.

Yet let not this too much, my son,  
 Disturb thy youthful breast :  
 This partial view of human-kind  
 Is surely not the last !  
 The poor, oppresséd, honest man  
 Had never, sure, been born,  
 Had there not been some recompense  
 To comfort those that mourn !

## XI.

O Death ! the poor man's dearest friend,  
 The kindest and the best !  
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs  
 Are laid with thee at rest.  
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,  
 From pomp and pleasure torn ;  
 But O, a blest relief to those  
 That weary-laden mourn !

ROBERT BURNS.

## LOVE NOT.

Love not, love not ! ye hapless sons of clay !  
 Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flow-  
 ers, —

Things that are made to fade and fall away  
 Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.  
 Love not !

Love not ! the thing ye love may change ;  
 The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,  
 The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange,  
 The heart still warmly heat, yet not be true.  
 Love not !

Love not ! the thing you love may die, —  
 May perish from the gay and gladsome earth ;  
 The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,  
 Beam o'er its grave, as once upon its birth.  
 Love not !

Love not ! O warning vainly said  
 In present hours as in years gone by !  
 Love flings a halo round the dear ones' head,  
 Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.  
 Love not !

CAROLINE NORTON.

## SAMSON AGONISTES.

SAMSON.

A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand  
 To these dark steps, a little farther on ;  
 For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade :  
 There I am wont to sit, when any chance  
 Relieves me from my task of servile toil,  
 Daily in the common prison else enjoined me,  
 Where I a prisoner, chained, scarce freely draw  
 The air imprisoned also, close and damp,  
 Unwholesome draught ; but here I feel amends,  
 The breath of heaven fresh blowing, pure and  
 sweet,—

With day-spring born : here leave me to respire.  
 This day a solemn feast the people hold  
 To Dagon, their sea-idol, and forbid  
 Laborious works : unwillingly this rest  
 Their superstition yields me ; hence with leave  
 Retiring from the popular noise, I seek  
 This unfrequented place to find some ease, —  
 Ease to the body some, none to the mind  
 From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm  
 Of hornets armed, no sooner found alone,  
 But rush upon me thronging, and present  
 Times past, what once I was, and what am now.  
 O, wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold  
 Twice by an angel, who at last in sight  
 Of both my parents all in flames ascended  
 From off the altar, where an offering burned,  
 As in a fiery column, charioting  
 His godlike presence, and from some great act  
 Or benefit revealed to Abraham's race ?  
 Why was my breeding ordered and prescribed  
 As of a person separate to God,  
 Designed for great exploits, if I must die  
 Betrayed, captived, and both my eyes put out,  
 Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze ;  
 To grind in brazen fetters under task  
 With this Heaven-gifted strength ? O glorious  
 strength,  
 Put to the labor of a beast, debased  
 Lower than bondsslave ! Promise was that I  
 Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver ;  
 Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him  
 Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,  
 Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke !

O loss of sight, of thee I most complain !  
 Blind among enemies, O, worse than chains,  
 Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age !  
 Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,  
 And all her various objects of delight  
 Annulled, which might in part my grief have eased.  
 Inferior to the vilest now become  
 Of man or worm ; the vilest here excel me :  
 They creep, yet see ; I dark in light exposed  
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,

Within doors or without, still as a fool,  
 In power of others, never in my own ;  
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.  
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,  
 Without all hope of day !

MILTON.

## THE MANIAC.

STAY, jailer, stay, and hear my woe !  
 She is not mad who kneels to thee ;  
 For what I'm now too well I know,  
 And what I was, and what should be.  
 I'll rave no more in proud despair ;  
 My language shall be mild, though sad ;  
 But yet I firmly, truly swear,  
*I am not mad, I am not mad !*

My tyrant husband forged the tale  
 Which chains me in this dismal cell ;  
 My fate unknown my friends bewail, —  
 O jailer, haste that fate to tell !  
 O, haste my father's heart to cheer !  
 His heart at once 't will grieve and glad  
 To know, though kept a captive here,  
*I am not mad, I am not mad !*

He smiles in scorn, and turns the key ;  
 He quits the grate ; I knelt in vain ;  
 His glimmering lamp still, still I see, —  
 'T is gone ! and all is gloom again.  
 Cold, bitter cold ! — No warmth ! no light !  
 Life, all thy comforts once I had ;  
 Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,  
 Although *not mad ; no, no, — not mad !*

'T is sure some dream, some vision vain ;  
 What ! I, the child of rank and wealth, —  
 Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,  
 Bereft of freedom, friends, and health ?  
 Ah ! while I dwell on blessings fled,  
 Which nevermore my heart must glad,  
 How aches my heart, how burns my head ;  
 But 't is not *mad ; no, 't is not mad !*

Hast thou, my child, forgot, ere this,  
 A mother's face, a mother's tongue ?  
 She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,  
 Nor round her neck how fast you clung ;  
 Nor how with her you sued to stay ;  
 Nor how that suit your sire forbade ;  
 Nor how — I'll drive such thoughts away ;  
 They'll *make me mad, they'll make me mad !*

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled !  
 His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone !  
 None ever bore a lovelier child,  
 And art thou now forever gone !

And must I never see thee more,  
 My pretty, pretty, pretty lad ?  
 I will be free ! unbar the door !  
*I am not mad ; I am not mad !*

O, hark ! what mean those yells and cries ?  
 His chain some furious madman breaks ;  
 He comes, — I see his glaring eyes ;  
 Now, now, my dungeon-grate he shakes.  
*Help ! Help !* — He's gone ! — O, fearful woe,  
 Such screams to hear, such sights to see !  
 My brain, my brain, — I know, I know  
 I am *not mad, but soon shall be.*

Yes, soon ; — for, lo you ! — while I speak, —  
 Mark how yon demon's eyeballs glare !  
 He sees me ; now, with dreadful shriek,  
 He whirls a serpent high in air.  
 Horror ! — the reptile strikes his tooth  
 Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad ;  
 Ay, laugh, ye fiends ; — I feel the truth ;  
 Your task is done, — I'M MAD ! I'M MAD !  
 GEORGE MONK LEWIS.

## ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

[Written in the spring of 1819, when suffering from physical depression, the precursor of his death, which happened soon after.]

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

O for a draught of vintage  
 Cooled a long age in the deep-delvéd earth,  
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburned  
 mirth !

O for a beaker full of the warm South,  
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,  
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
 And purple-stained mouth, —  
 That I might drink, and leave the world un-  
 seen,  
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
 What thou among the leaves hast never  
 known,  
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret ;  
 Here, where men sit and hear each other  
 groan,

Where palsy shakes a few sad, last gray hairs,  
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and  
 dies,  
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
 And leaden-eyed despairs,  
 Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
 Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee !  
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,  
 But on the viewless wings of poesy,  
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards ;  
 Already with thee tender is the night,  
 And haply the queen-moon is on her throne,  
 Clustered around by all her stary fays ;  
 But here there is no light,  
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes  
 blown  
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy  
 ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs ;  
 But, in embalméd darkness guess each sweet  
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild, —  
 White hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine ;  
 Fast-fading violets, covered up in leaves ;  
 And mid-May's oldest child,  
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
 The murmurous haunt of bees on summer eyes.

Darkling I listen ; and for many a time  
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,  
 Called him soft names in many a muséd rhyme,  
 To take into the air my quiet breath ;  
 Now, more than ever, seems it rich to die,  
 To cease upon the midnight, with no pain,  
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad,  
 In such an ecstasy !

Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in  
 vain, —  
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

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

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

Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades  
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,  
 Up the hillside ; and now 't is buried deep  
 In the next valley-glades :  
 Was it a vision or a waking dream ?  
 Fled is that music, — do I wake or sleep ?

JOHN KEATS.

### THE PALMER.

FROM "MARMION."

WHENAS the Palmer came in hall,  
 No lord, nor knight, was there more tall,  
 Or had a statelier step withal,  
 Or looked more high and keen ;  
 For no saluting did he wait,  
 But strode across the hall of state,  
 And fronted Marmion where he sate,  
 As he his peer had been.  
 But his gaunt frame was worn with toil ;  
 His cheek was sunk, alas the while !  
 And when he struggled at a smile,  
 His eye looked haggard wild :  
 Poor wretch ! the mother that him bare,  
 If she had been in presence there,  
 In his wan face and sunburned hair  
 She had not known her child.  
 Danger, long travel, want, or woe,  
 Soon change the form that best we know, —  
 For deadly fear can time outgo,  
 And blanch at once the hair ;  
 Hard toil can roughen form and face,  
 And want can quench the eye's bright grace,  
 Nor does old age a wrinkle trace,  
 More deeply than despair.  
 Happy whom none of these befall,  
 But this poor Palmer knew them all.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### WOOLSEY'S FALL.

FROM "HENRY VIII."

FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness !  
 This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth  
 The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms,  
 And bears his blushing honors thick upon him :  
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;  
 And — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
 His greatness is a ripening — nips his root,  
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
 This many summers in a sea of glory ;  
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride  
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,  
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
 Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye :  
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors !  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have :  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer ;  
Never to hope again.

SHAKESPEARE.

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S SPEECH TO  
CROMWELL.

FROM "HENRY VIII."

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,  
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Crom-  
well ;

And — when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of — say, I taught thee,  
Say, Wolsey — that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor —  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.  
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :  
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?  
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate  
thee :

Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O  
Cromwell !

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.  
Serve the king ; and — pr'ythee, lead me in :  
There take an inventory of all I have,  
To the last penny ; 't is the king's : my robe,  
And my integrity to heaven, is all  
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !  
Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies !

SHAKESPEARE.

DEATH OF THE WHITE FAWN.

THE wanton troopers, riding by,  
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.  
Ungentle men ! they cannot thrive  
Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst, alive,  
Them any harm ; alas ! nor could  
Thy death yet do them any good.  
I'm sure I never wished them ill, —

Nor do I for all this, nor will ;  
But if my simple prayers may yet  
Prevail with Heaven to forget  
Thy murder, I will join my tears,  
Rather than fail. But, O my fears !  
It cannot die so. Heaven's king  
Keeps register of everything ;  
And nothing may we use in vain ;  
Even beasts must be with justice slain, —  
Else men are made their deodands.  
Though they should wash their guilty hands  
In this warm life-blood, which doth part  
From thine and wound me to the heart,  
Yet could they not be clean, — their stain  
Is dyed in such a purple grain ;  
There is not such another in  
The world to offer for their sin.

Inconstant Sylvio ! when yet  
I had not found him counterfeit,  
One morning (I remember well),  
Tied in this silver chain and bell,  
Gave it to me ; nay, and I know  
What he said then, — I'm sure I do :  
Said he, " Look how your huntsman here  
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his dear !"  
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled, —  
This waxed tame, while he grew wild ;  
And, quite regardless of my smart,  
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play  
My solitary time away  
With this ; and, very well content,  
Could so mine idle life have spent.  
For it was full of sport, and light  
Of foot and heart, and did invite  
Me to its game. It seemed to bless  
Itself in me ; how could I less  
Than love it ? O, I cannot be  
Unkind t' a beast that loveth me !

Had it lived long, I do not know  
Whether it, too, might have done so  
As Sylvio did, — his gifts might be  
Perhaps as false, or more, than he.  
For I am sure, for aught that I  
Could in so short a time espy,  
Thy love was far more better than  
The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk, and sugar, first  
I it at mine own fingers nursed ;  
And as it grew, so every day  
It waxed more white and sweet than they.  
It had so sweet a breath ! and oft  
I blushed to see its foot more soft  
And white — shall I say than my hand ?  
Nay, any lady's of the land.

It is a wondrous thing how fleet  
'T was on those little silver feet !  
With what a pretty, skipping grace



It oft would challenge me the race !  
 And when 't had left me far away,  
 'T would stay, and run again, and stay ;  
 For it was nimbler much than hinds,  
 And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own, —  
 But so with roses overgrown,  
 And lilies, that you would it guess  
 To be a little wilderness ;  
 And all the springtime of the year  
 It only lovéd to be there.  
 Among the beds of lilies I  
 Have sought it oft, where it should lie ;  
 Yet could not, till itself would rise,  
 Find it, although before mine eyes ;  
 For in the flaxen lilies' shade  
 It like a bank of lilies laid.  
 Upon the roses it would feed,  
 Until its lips even seemed to bleed ;  
 And then to me 't would boldly trip,  
 And print those roses on my lip.  
 But all its chief delight was still  
 On roses thus itself to fill ;  
 And its pure virgin limbs to fold  
 In whitest sheets of lilies cold.  
 Had it lived long, it would have been  
 Lilies without, roses within.

O, help ! O, help ! I see it faint,  
 And die as calmly as a saint !  
 See how it weeps ! the tears do come,  
 Sad, slowly, dropping like a gum.  
 So weeps the wounded balsam ; so  
 The holy frankincense doth flow ;  
 The brotherless Heliades  
 Melt in such amber tears as these,

I in a golden phial will  
 Keep these two crystal tears, and fill  
 It, till it do o'erflow with mine ;  
 Then place it in Diana's shrine.

Now my sweet fawn is vanished to  
 Whither the swans and turtles go,  
 In fair Elysium to endure,  
 With milk-white lambs, and ermines pure.  
 O, do not run too fast ! for I  
 Will but bespeak thy grave — and die.

First, my unhappy statue shall  
 Be cut in marble ; and withal,  
 Let it be weeping too. But there  
 The engraver sure his art may spare ;  
 For I so truly thee bemoan  
 That I shall weep, though I be stone,  
 Until my tears, still dropping, wear  
 My breast, themselves engraving there.  
 There at my feet shalt thou be laid,  
 Of purest alabaster made ;  
 For I would have thine image be  
 White as I can, though not as thee.

ANDREW MARVELL.

## FAREWELL, LIFE.

WRITTEN DURING SICKNESS, APRIL, 1845.

FAREWELL, life ! my senses swim,  
 And the world is growing dim ;  
 Thronging shadows cloud the light,  
 Like the advent of the night, —  
 Colder, colder, colder still,  
 Upward steals a vapor chill ;  
 Strong the earthy odor grows, —  
 I smell the mould above the rose !

Welcome, life ! the spirit strives !  
 Strength returns and hope revives ;  
 Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn  
 Fly like shadows at the morn, —  
 O'er the earth there comes a bloom ;  
 Sunny light for sullen gloom,  
 Warm perfume for vapor cold, —  
 I smell the rose above the mould !

THOMAS HOOD.

## THE MAY QUEEN.

I.

You must wake and call me early, call me early,  
 mother dear ;  
 To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad  
 new-year, —  
 Of all the glad new-year, mother, the maddest,  
 merriest day ;  
 For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to  
 be Queen o' the May.

II.

There 's many a black, black eye, they say, but  
 none so bright as mine ;  
 There 's Margaret and Mary, there 's Kate and  
 Caroline ;  
 But none so fair as little Alice in all the land,  
 they say :  
 So I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to  
 be Queen o' the May.

III.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall  
 never wake,  
 If you do not call me loud when the day begins  
 to break ;  
 But I must gather knots of flowers and buds, and  
 garlands gay ;  
 For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to  
 be Queen o' the May.

IV.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should  
 I see  
 But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the  
 hazel-tree ?

He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave  
him yesterday, —  
But I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to  
be Queen o' the May.

## V.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all  
in white ;  
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash  
of light.  
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what  
they say,  
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to  
be Queen o' the May.

## VI.

They say he's dying all for love, — but that can  
never be ;  
They say his heart is breaking, mother, — what  
is that to me ?  
There's many a bolder lad 'll woo me any sum-  
mer day ;  
And I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to  
be Queen o' the May.

## VII.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the  
green,  
And you 'll be there, too, mother, to see me made  
the Queen ;  
For the shepherd lads on every side 'll come from  
far away ;  
And I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to  
be Queen o' the May.

## VIII.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its  
wavy bowers,  
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet  
cuckoo-flowers ;  
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in  
swamps and hollows gray ;  
And I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to  
be Queen o' the May.

## IX.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the  
meadow-grass,  
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten  
as they pass ;  
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the  
livelong day ;  
And I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to  
be Queen o' the May.

## X.

All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh and green and  
still,  
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the  
hill,

And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'll merrily  
glance and play,  
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm to  
be Queen o' the May.

## XI.

So you must wake and call me early, call me  
early, mother dear ;  
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad  
new-year ;  
To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest,  
merriest day,  
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I 'm  
to be Queen o' the May.

## NEW YEAR'S EVE.

## I.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early,  
mother dear,  
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad new-  
year.  
It is the last new-year that I shall ever see, —  
Then you may lay me low i' the mould, and think  
no more of me.

## II.

To-night I saw the sun set, — he set and left be-  
hind  
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my  
peace of mind ;  
And the new-year's coming up, mother ; but I  
shall never see  
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the  
tree.

## III.

Last May we made a crown of flowers ; we had  
a merry day, —  
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made  
me Queen of May ;  
And we danced about the May-pole and in the  
hazel copse,  
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white  
chimney-tops.

## IV.

There's not a flower on all the hills, — the frost  
is on the pane ;  
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again.  
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come  
out on high, —  
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

## V.

The building rook 'll caw from the windy tall  
elm-tree,  
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,  
And the swallow 'll come back again with sum-  
mer o'er the wave,  
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mould-  
ering grave.

VI.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave  
of mine,  
In the early, early morning the summer sun 'll  
shine,  
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon  
the hill, —  
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the  
world is still.

VII.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath  
the waning light  
You 'll never see me more in the long gray fields  
at night ;  
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs  
blow cool  
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the  
bulrush in the pool.

VIII.

You 'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the  
hawthorn shade,  
And you 'll come sometimes and see me where I  
am lowly laid.  
I shall not forget you, mother ; I shall hear you  
when you pass,  
With your feet above my head in the long and  
pleasant grass.

IX.

I have been wild and wayward, but you 'll forgive  
me now ;  
You 'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek  
and brow ;  
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief  
be wild ;  
You should not fret for me, mother, — you have  
another child.

X.

If I can, I 'll come again, mother, from out my  
resting-place ;  
Though you 'll not see me, mother, I shall look  
upon your face ;  
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken  
what you say,  
And be often, often with you when you think I 'm  
far away.

XI.

Good night ! good night ! when I have said good  
night forevermore,  
And you see me carried out from the threshold  
of the door,  
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be  
growing green, —  
She 'll be a better child to you than ever I have  
been.

XII.

She 'll find my garden tools upon the granary  
floor.  
Let her take 'em, — they are hers ; I shall never  
garden more.  
But tell her, when I 'm gone, to train the rose-  
bush that I set  
About the parlor window and the box of mignon-  
ette.

XIII.

Good night, sweet mother ! Call me before the  
day is born.  
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn ;  
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad new-  
year, —  
So, if you 're waking, call me, call me early, mother  
dear

CONCLUSION.

I.

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and yet alive I  
am ;  
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of  
the lamb.  
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the  
year !  
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the  
violet 's here.

II.

O, sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the  
skies ;  
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that  
cannot rise ;  
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers  
that blow ;  
And sweeter far is death than life, to me that long  
to go.

III.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the  
blessed sun,  
And now it seems as hard to stay ; and yet, His  
will be done !  
But still I think it can't be long before I find re-  
lease ;  
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me  
words of peace.

IV.

O, blessings on his kindly voice, and on his silver  
hair !  
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet  
me there !  
O, blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver  
head !  
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside  
my bed.

## V.

He taught me all the mercy, for he showed me  
all the sin ;  
Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there 's  
One will let me in.  
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that  
could be ;  
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for  
me.

## VI.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the  
death-watch beat, —  
There came a sweeter token when the night and  
morning meet ;  
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your  
hand in mine,  
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the  
sign.

## VII.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the  
angels call, —  
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark  
was over all ;  
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began  
to roll,  
And in the wild March-morning I heard them  
call my soul.

## VIII.

For, lying broad awake, I thought of you and  
Effie dear ;  
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer  
here ;  
With all my strength I prayed for both, — and so  
I felt resigned,  
And up the valley came a swell of music on the  
wind.

## IX.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my  
bed ;  
And then did something speak to me, — I know  
not what was said ;  
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all  
my mind,  
And up the valley came again the music on the  
wind.

## X.

But you were sleeping ; and I said, "It's not  
for them, — it's mine" ;  
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it  
for a sign.  
And once again it came, and close beside the  
window-bars ;  
Then seemed to go right up to heaven and die  
among the stars.

## XI.

So now I think my time is near ; I trust it is.  
I know  
The blessed music went that way my soul will  
have to go.  
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day ;  
But Effie, you must comfort her when I am past  
away.

## XII.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not  
to fret ;  
There 's many worthier than I, would make him  
happy yet.  
If I had lived — I cannot tell — I might have  
been his wife ;  
But all these things have ceased to be, with my  
desire of life.

## XIII.

O, look ! the sun begins to rise ! the heavens are  
in a glow ;  
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them  
I know.  
And there I move no longer now, and there his  
light may shine, —  
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than  
mine.

## XIV.

O, sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this  
day is done  
The voice that now is speaking may be beyond  
the sun, —  
Forever and forever with those just souls and  
true, —  
And what is life, that we should moan ? why  
make we such ado ?

## XV.

Forever and forever, all in a blessed home,  
And there to wait a little while till you and  
Effie come, —  
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your  
breast, —  
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the  
weary are at rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## HOME, WOUNDED.

WHEEL me into the sunshine,  
Wheel me into the shadow,  
There must be leaves on the woodbine,  
Is the king-cup crowned in the meadow ?

Wheel me down to the meadow,  
Down to the little river,  
In sun or in shadow

I shall not dazzle or shiver,  
I shall be happy anywhere,  
Every breath of the morning air  
Makes me throb and quiver.

Stay wherever you will,  
By the mount or under the hill,  
Or down by the little river :  
Stay as long as you please,  
Give me only a bud from the trees,  
Or a blade of grass in morning dew,  
Or a cloudy violet clearing to blue,  
I could look on it forever.

Wheel, wheel through the sunshine,  
Wheel, wheel through the shadow ;  
There must be odors round the pine,  
There must be balm of breathing kine,  
Somewhere down in the meadow.  
Must I choose ? Then anchor me there  
Beyond the beckoning poplars, where  
The larch is snooding her flowery hair  
With wreaths of morning shadow.

Among the thickest hazels of the brake  
Perchance some nightingale doth shake  
His feathers, and the air is full of song ;  
In those old days when I was young and strong,  
He used to sing on yonder garden tree,  
Beside the nursery.  
Ah, I remember how I loved to wake,  
And find him singing on the self-same bough  
(I know it even now)  
Where, since the flit of bat,  
In ceaseless voice he sat,  
Trying the spring night over, like a tune,  
Beneath the vernal moon ;  
And while I listed long,  
Day rose, and still he sang,  
And all his stanchless song,  
As something falling unaware,  
Fell out of the tall trees he sang among,  
Fell ringing down the ringing morn, and rang, —  
Rang like a golden jewel down a golden stair.

My soul lies out like a basking hound, —  
A hound that dreams and dozes ;  
Along my life my length I lay,  
I fill to-morrow and yesterday,  
I am warm with the suns that have long since set,  
I am warm with the summers that are not yet,  
And like one who dreams and dozes  
Softly afloat on a sunny sea,  
Two worlds are whispering over me,  
And there blows a wind of roses  
From the backward shore to the shore before,  
From the shore before to the backward shore,  
And like two clouds that meet and pour  
Each through each, till core in core

A single self reposes,  
The nevermore with the evermore  
Above me mingles and closes ;  
As my soul lies out like the basking hound,  
And wherever it lies seems happy ground,  
And when, awakened by some sweet sound,  
A dreamy eye uncloses,  
I see a blooming world around,  
And I lie amid primroses, —  
Years of sweet primroses,  
Springs of fresh primroses,  
Springs to be, and springs for me  
Of distant dim primroses.

O to lie a-dream, a-dream,  
To feel I may dream and to know you deem  
My work is done forever,  
And the palpitating fever,  
That gains and loses, loses and gains,  
And beats the hurrying blood on the brunt of a  
thousand pains,  
Cooled at once by that blood-let  
Upon the parapet ;  
And all the tedious taskéd toil of the difficult long  
endeavor

Solved and quit by no more fine  
Than these limbs of mine,  
Spanned and measured once for all  
By that right hand I lost,  
Bought up at so light a cost  
As one bloody fall  
On the soldier's bed,  
And three days on the ruined wall  
Among the thirstless dead.

O to think my name is crost  
From duty's muster-roll ;  
That I may slumber though the clarion call,  
And live the joy of an embodied soul  
Free as a liberated ghost.  
O to feel a life of deed  
Was emptied out to feed  
That fire of pain that burned so brief awhile, —  
That fire from which I come, as the dead come  
Forth from the irreparable tomb,  
Or as a martyr on his funeral pile  
Heaps up the burdens other men do bear  
Through years of segregated care,  
And takes the total load  
Upon his shoulders broad,  
And steps from earth to God.

O to think, through good or ill,  
Whatever I am you 'll love me still ;  
O to think, though dull I be,  
You that are so grand and free,  
You that are so bright and gay,  
Will pause to hear me when I will,  
As though my head were gray ;

And though there 's little I can say,  
Each will look kind with honor while he  
hears.

And to your loving ears  
My thoughts will halt with honorable scars,  
And when my dark voice stumbles with the  
weight

Of what it doth relate  
(Like that blind comrade, — blinded in the  
wars, —

Who bore the one-eyed brother that was lame),  
You 'll remember 't is the same  
That cried " Follow me,"  
Upon a summer's day ;  
And I shall understand with unshed tears  
This great reverence that I see,  
And bless the day, — and thee,  
Lord God of victory !

And she,  
Perhaps, O even she  
May look as she looked when I knew her  
In those old days of childish sooth,  
Ere my boyhood dared to woo her.  
I will not seek nor sue her,  
For I 'm neither fonder nor truer  
Than when she slighted my lovelorn youth,  
My giftless, graceless, guinealess truth,  
And I only lived to rue her.  
But I 'll never love another,  
And, in spite of her lovers and lands,  
She shall love me yet, my brother !

As a child that holds by his mother,  
While his mother speaks his praises,  
Holds with eager hands,  
And ruddy and silent stands  
In the ruddy and silent daisies,  
And hears her bless her boy,  
And lifts a wondering joy,  
So I 'll not seek nor sue her,  
But I 'll leave my glory to woo her,  
And I 'll stand like a child beside,  
And from behind the purple pride  
I 'll lift my eyes unto her,  
And I shall not be denied.  
And you will love her, brother dear,  
And perhaps next year you 'll bring me here  
All through the balmy April tide,  
And she will trip like spring by my side,  
And be all the birds to my ear.  
And here all three we 'll sit in the sun,  
And see the Aprils one by one,  
Primrosed Aprils on and on,  
Till the floating prospect closes  
In golden glimmers that rise and rise,  
And perhaps are gleams of Paradise,  
And perhaps too far for mortal eyes,

New springs of fresh primroses,  
Springs of earth's primroses,  
Springs to be and springs for me  
Of distant dim primroses.

SIDNEY DOBELL.

### THE BLIND BOY.

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

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

My day or night myself I make  
Whene'er I sleep or play ;  
And could I ever keep awake  
With me 't were always day.

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

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

COLLEY CIBBER.

### DIVERSITY OF FORTUNE.

FROM "MISS KILMANSEGG."

WHAT different dooms our birthdays bring !  
For instance, one little manikin thing  
Survives to wear many a wrinkle ;  
While death forbids another to wake,  
And a son that it took nine moons to make  
Expires without even a twinkle :

Into this world we come like ships,  
Launched from the docks, and stocks, and slips,  
For fortune fair or fatal ;  
And one little craft is cast away  
In its very first trip in Babbicome Bay,  
While another rides safe at Port Natal.

What different lots our stars accord !  
This babe to be hailed and wooed as a lord !  
And that to be shunned like a leper !  
One, to the world's wine, honey, and corn,  
Another, like Colchester native, born  
To its vinegar only, and pepper.

One is littered under a roof  
 Neither wind nor water proof, —  
 That's the prose of Love in a cottage, —  
 A puny, naked, shivering wretch,  
 The whole of whose birthright would not fetch,  
 Though Robins himself drew up the sketch,  
 The bid of "a mess of pottage."

Born of Fortunatus's kin,  
 Another comes tenderly ushered in  
 To a prospect all bright and burnished :  
 No tenant he for life's back slums, —  
 He comes to the world as a gentleman comes  
 To a lodging ready furnished.

And the other sex — the tender — the fair —  
 What wide reverses of fate are there !  
 Whilst Margaret, charmed by the Bulbul rare,  
 In a garden of Gul reposes,  
 Poor Peggy hawks nose-gays from street to street  
 Till — think of that, who find life so sweet ! —  
 She hates the smell of roses !

THOMAS HOOD.

## SIMON LEE, THE OLD HUNTSMAN.

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,  
 Not far from pleasant Ivor Hall,  
 An old man dwells, — a little man,  
 I've heard he once was tall.  
 Full five-and-thirty years he lived  
 A running huntsman merry ;  
 And still the centre of his cheek  
 Is red as a ripe cherry.

No man like him the horn could sound,  
 And hill and valley rang with glee,  
 When Echo bandied round and round  
 The halloo of Simon Lee.

In those proud days he little cared  
 For husbandry or tillage ;  
 To blither tasks did Simon rouse  
 The sleepers of the village.

He all the country could outrun,  
 Could leave both man and horse behind ;  
 And often, ere the chase was done,  
 He reeled and was stone blind.  
 And still there's something in the world  
 At which his heart rejoices ;  
 For when the chiming hounds are out,  
 He dearly loves their voices.

But O the heavy change ! — bereft  
 Of health, strength, friends and kindred, see  
 Old Simon to the world is left  
 In liveried poverty :

His master's dead, and no one now  
 Dwells in the Hall of Ivor ;  
 Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead ;  
 He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean and he is sick,  
 His body dwindled and awry  
 Rests upon ankles swollen and thick ;  
 His legs are thin and dry.  
 He has no son, he has no child ;  
 His wife, an aged woman,  
 Lives with him, near the waterfall,  
 Upon the village common.

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,  
 Not twenty paces from the door,  
 A scrap of land they have, but they  
 Are poorest of the poor.  
 This scrap of land he from the heath  
 Enclosed when he was stronger ;  
 But what avails the land to them  
 Which he can till no longer ?

Oft, working by her husband's side,  
 Ruth does what Simon cannot do ;  
 For she, with scanty cause for pride,  
 Is stouter of the two.  
 And, though you with your utmost skill  
 From labor could not wean them,  
 'T is little, very little, all  
 That they can do between them.

Few months of life has he in store  
 As he to you will tell,  
 For still, the more he works, the more  
 Do his weak ankles swell.  
 My gentle reader, I perceive  
 How patiently you've waited,  
 And now I fear that you expect  
 Some tale will be related.

O reader ! had you in your mind  
 Such stores as silent thought can bring,  
 O gentle reader ! you would find  
 A tale in everything.  
 What more I have to say is short,  
 And you must kindly take it :  
 It is no tale ; but should you think,  
 Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

One summer day I chanced to see  
 This old man doing all he could  
 To unearth the root of an old tree,  
 A stump of rotten wood.  
 The mattock tottered in his hand ;  
 So vain was his endeavor  
 That at the root of the old tree  
 He might have worked forever.

"You 're overtasked, good Simon Lee,  
Give me your tool," to him I said ;  
And at the word right gladly he  
Received my proffered aid.  
I struck, and with a single blow  
The tangled root I severed,  
At which the poor old man so long  
And vainly had endeavored.

The tears into his eyes were brought,  
And thanks and praises seemed to run  
So fast out of his heart, I thought  
They never would have done.  
— I 've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds  
With coldness still returning ;  
Alas ! the gratitude of men  
Has oftener left me mourning.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

#### LONDON CHURCHES.

I stood, one Sunday morning,  
Before a large church door,  
The congregation gathered  
And carriages a score, —  
From one out stepped a lady  
I oft had seen before.

Her hand was on a prayer-book,  
And held a vinaigrette ;  
The sign of man's redemption  
Clear on the book was set, —  
But above the Cross there glistened  
A golden Coronet.

For her the obsequious beadle  
The inner door flung wide,  
Lightly, as np a ball-room,  
Her footsteps seemed to glide, —  
There might be good thoughts in her  
For all her evil pride.

But after her a woman  
Peeped wistfully within,  
On whose wan face was graven  
Life's hardest discipline, —  
The trace of the sad trinity  
Of weakness, pain, and sin.

The few free-seats were crowded  
Where she could rest and pray ;  
With her worn garb contrasted  
Each side in fair array, —  
" God's house holds no poor sinners,"  
She sighed, and crept away.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

#### THE ORPHANS.

My chaise the village inn did gain,  
Just as the setting sun's last ray  
Tipped with refulgent gold the vane  
Of the old church across the way.

Across the way I silent sped,  
The time till supper to beguile,  
In moralizing o'er the dead  
That mouldered round the ancient pile.

There many a humble green grave showed  
Where want and pain and toil did rest ;  
And many a flattering stone I viewed  
O'er those who once had wealth possess.

A faded beech its shadow brown  
Threw o'er a grave where sorrow slept,  
On which, though scarce with grass o'ergrown,  
Two ragged children sat and wept.

A piece of bread between them lay,  
Which neither seemed inclined to take,  
And yet they looked so much a prey  
To want, it made my heart to ache.

" My little children, let me know  
Why you in such distress appear,  
And why you wasteful from you throw  
That bread which many a one might cheer ?"

The little boy, in accents sweet,  
Replied, while tears each other chased, —  
" Lady ! we've not enough to eat,  
Ah ! if we had, we should not waste.

" But Sister Mary's naughty grown,  
And will not eat, whate'er I say,  
Though sure I am the bread's her own,  
For she has tasted none to-day."

" Indeed," the wan, starved Mary said,  
" Till Henry eats, I'll eat no more,  
For yesterday I got some bread,  
He's had none since the day before."

My heart did swell, my bosom heave,  
I felt as though deprived of speech ;  
Silent I sat upon the grave,  
And clasped the clay-cold hand of each.

With looks of woe too sadly true,  
With looks that spoke a grateful heart,  
The shivering boy then nearer drew,  
And did his simple tale impart :

" Before my father went away,  
Enticed by bad men o'er the sea,  
Sister and I did naught but play, —  
We lived beside you great ash-tree.



"But then poor mother did do cry,  
And looked so changed, I cannot tell;  
She told us that she soon should die,  
And bade us love each other well.

"She said that when the war was o'er,  
Perhaps we might our father see;  
But if we never saw him more,  
That God our father then would be!

"She kissed us both, and then she died,  
And we no more a mother have;  
Here many a day we've sat and cried  
Together at poor mother's grave.

"But when my father came not here,  
I thought if we could find the sea,  
We should be sure to meet him there,  
And once again might happy be.

"We hand in hand went many a mile,  
And asked our way of all we met;  
And some did sigh, and some did smile,  
And we of some did victuals get.

"But when we reached the sea and found  
'T was one great water round us spread,  
We thought that father must be drowned,  
And cried, and wished we both were dead.

"So we returned to mother's grave,  
And only longed with her to be;  
For Goody, when this bread she gave,  
Said father died beyond the sea.

"Then since no parent we have here,  
We'll go and search for God around;  
Lady, pray, can you tell us where  
That God, our Father, may be found?"

"He lives in heaven, our mother said,  
And Goody says that mother's there;  
So, if she knows we want his aid,  
I think perhaps she'll send him here."

I clasped the prattlers to my breast,  
And cried, "Come, both, and live with me;  
I'll clothe you, feed you, give you rest,  
And will a second mother be.

"And God shall be your Father still,  
'T was he in mercy sent me here,  
To teach you to obey his will,  
Your steps to guide, your hearts to cheer."

ANONYMOUS.

### THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

STAY, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,  
And hear a helpless orphan's tale;

Ah, sure my looks must pity wake, —  
'T is want that makes my cheek so pale;  
Yet I was once a mother's pride,  
And my brave father's hope and joy;  
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,  
And I am now an orphan boy!

Poor, foolish child! how pleased was I,  
When news of Nelson's victory came,  
Along the crowded streets to fly,  
To see the lighted windows flame!  
To force me home my mother sought, —  
She could not bear to hear my joy;  
For with my father's life 't was bought, —  
And made me a poor orphan boy!

The people's shouts were long and loud;  
My mother, shuddering, closed her ears;  
"Rejoice! REJOICE!" still cried the crowd, —  
My mother answered with her tears!  
"O, why do tears steal down your cheek,"  
Cried I, "while others shout for joy?"  
She kissed me; and in accents weak,  
She called me her poor orphan boy!

"What is an orphan boy?" I said;  
When suddenly she gasped for breath,  
And her eyes closed! I shrieked for aid,  
But ah! her eyes were closed in death.  
My hardships since I will not tell;  
But now, no more a parent's joy,  
Ah! lady, I have learned *too* well  
What 't is to be an orphan boy!

O, were I by your bounty fed!  
Nay, gentle lady, do not chide;  
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread, —  
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.  
Lady, you weep; what is 't you say?  
You'll give me clothing, food, employ?  
Look down, dear parents! look and see  
Your happy, happy orphan boy!

MRS. OPIE.

### LITTLE NED.

ALL that is like a dream. It don't seem *true*!  
Father was gone, and mother left, you see,  
To work for little brother Ned and me;  
And up among the gloomy roofs we grew, —  
Locked in full oft, lest we should wander out,  
With nothing but a crust o' bread to eat,  
While mother chared for poor folk round about,  
Or sold cheap odds and ends from street to street.  
Yet, Parson, there were pleasures fresh and fair,  
To make the time pass happily up there, —  
A steamboat going past upon the tide,  
A pigeon lighting on the roof close by,

The sparrows teaching little ones to fly,  
The small white moving clouds, that we espied,  
And thought were living, in the bit of sky, —  
With sights like these right glad were Ned and  
I ;

And then we loved to hear the soft rain calling,  
Pattering, pattering, upon the tiles,  
And it was fine to see the still snow falling,  
Making the house-tops white for miles on miles,  
And catch it in our little hands in play,  
And laugh to feel it melt and slip away !  
But I was six, and Ned was only three, .  
And thinner, weaker, wearier than me ;

And one cold day, in winter-time, when mother  
Had gone away into the snow, and we  
Sat close for warmth and cuddled one another,  
He put his little head upon my knee,  
And went to sleep, and would not stir a limb,  
But looked quite strange and old ;  
And when I shook him, kissed him, spoke to him,  
He smiled, and grew so cold.

Then I was frightened, and cried out, and none  
Could hear me ; while I sat and nursed his head,  
Watching the whitened window, while the sun  
Peeped in upon his face, and made it red.  
And I began to sob, — till mother came,  
Knelt down, and screamed, and named the good  
God's name,

And told me he was dead.  
And when she put his nightgown on, and, weep-  
ing,

Placed him among the rags upon his bed,  
I thought that Brother Ned was only sleeping,  
And took his little hand, and felt no fear.  
But when the place grew gray and cold and  
dear,

And the round moon over the roofs came creeping,  
And put a silver-shade  
All round the chilly bed where he was laid,  
I cried, and was afraid.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

### THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

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

"Work ! work ! work !  
While the cock is crowing aloof !  
And work — work — work  
Till the stars shine through the roof !

It's, O, to be a slave  
Along with the barbarous Turk,  
Where woman has never a soul to save,  
If this is Christian work !

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

"O men with sisters dear !  
O men with mothers and wives !  
It is not linen you're wearing out,  
But human creatures' lives !  
Stitch — stitch — stitch,  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt, —  
Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
A shroud as well as a shirt !

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

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

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

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

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

“O but for one short hour, —  
A respite, however brief !  
No blessed leisure for love or hope,  
But only time for grief !  
A little weeping would ease my heart ;  
But in their briny bed  
My tears must stop, for every drop  
Hinders needle and thread !”

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

THOMAS HOOD.

#### NEW YEAR'S EVE.

LITTLE Gretchen, little Gretchen wanders up and  
down the street ;  
The snow is on her yellow hair, the frost is on  
her feet.  
The rows of long, dark houses without look cold  
and damp,  
By the struggling of the moonbeam, by the flicker  
of the lamp.  
The clouds ride fast as horses, the wind is from  
the north,  
But no one cares for Gretchen, and no one looketh  
forth.  
Within those dark, damp houses are merry faces  
bright,  
And happy hearts are watching out the old year's  
latest night.  
With the little box of matches she could not sell  
all day,  
And the thin, tattered mantle the wind blows  
every way,  
She clingeth to the railing, she shivers in the  
gloom, —  
There are parents sitting snugly by the firelight  
in the room ;  
And children with grave faces are whispering one  
another

Of presents for the new year, for father or for  
mother.  
But no one talks to Gretchen, and no one hears  
her speak,  
No breath of little whisperers comes warmly to  
her cheek.

Her home is cold and desolate ; no smile, no food,  
no fire,  
But children clamorous for bread, and an  
impatient sire.  
So she sits down in an angle where two great  
houses meet,  
And she curlleth up beneath her for warmth her  
little feet ;  
And she looketh on the cold wall, and on the  
colder sky,  
And wonders if the little stars are bright fires up  
on high.  
She hears the clock strike slowly, up in a church-  
tower,  
With such a sad and solemn tone, telling the  
midnight hour.

And she remembered her of tales her mother used  
to tell,  
And of the cradle-songs she sang, when summer's  
twilight fell ;  
Of good men and of angels, and of the Holy  
Child,  
Who was cradled in a manger when winter was  
most wild ;  
Who was poor, and cold, and hungry, and deso-  
late and lone ;  
And she thought the song had told he was ever  
with his own ;  
And all the poor and hungry and forsaken ones  
are his, —  
“How good of him to look on me in such a place  
as this !”

Colder it grows and colder, but she does not feel  
it now,  
For the pressure on her heart, and the weight  
upon her brow ;  
But she struck one little match on the wall so  
cold and bare,  
That she might look around her, and see if he  
were there.

There were blood-drops on his forehead, a spear-  
wound in his side,  
And cruel nail-prints in his feet, and in his hands  
spread wide.  
And he looked upon her gently, and she felt that  
he had known  
Pain, hunger, cold, and sorrow, — ay, equal to  
her own.

And he pointed to the laden board and to the  
 Christmas tree,  
 Then up to the cold sky, and said, "Will Gretchen  
 come with me?"  
 The poor child felt her pulses fail, she felt her  
 eyeballs swim,  
 And a ringing sound was in her ears, like her  
 dead mother's hymn:  
 And she folded both her thin white hands and  
 turned from that bright board,  
 And from the golden gifts, and said, "With thee,  
 with thee, O Lord!"  
 The chilly winter morning breaks up in the dull  
 skies  
 On the city wrapt in vapor, on the spot where  
 Gretchen lies.

In her scant and tattered garments, with her back  
 against the wall,  
 She sitteth cold and rigid, she answers to no call.  
 They have lifted her up fearfully, they shuddered  
 as they said,  
 "It was a bitter, bitter night! the child is frozen  
 dead."  
 The angels sang their greeting for one more  
 redeemed from sin;  
 Men said, "It was a bitter night; would no one  
 let her in?"  
 And they shivered as they spoke of her, and  
 sighed. They could not see  
 How much of happiness there was after that  
 misery.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"Drowned! drowned!"—HAMLET.

ONE more unfortunate,  
 Weary of breath,  
 Rashly importunate,  
 Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,  
 Lift her with care!  
 Fashioned so slenderly,  
 Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments  
 Clinging like cerements,  
 Whilst the wave constantly  
 Drips from her clothing;  
 Take her up instantly,  
 Loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully!  
 Think of her mournfully,  
 Gently and humanly,—  
 Not of the stains of her;  
 All that remains of her  
 Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
 Into her mutiny,  
 Rash and undutiful;  
 Past all dishonor,  
 Death has left on her  
 Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,—  
 One of Eve's family,—  
 Wipe those poor lips of hers,  
 Oozing so clammyly.

Loop up her tresses  
 Escaped from the comb,—  
 Her fair auburn tresses,—  
 Whilst wonderment guesses  
 Where was her home?

Who was her father?  
 Who was her mother?  
 Had she a sister?  
 Had she a brother?  
 Or was there a dearer one  
 Still, and a nearer one  
 Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity  
 Of Christian charity  
 Under the sun!  
 O, it was pitiful!  
 Near a whole city full,  
 Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,  
 Fatherly, motherly  
 Feelings had changed,—  
 Love, by harsh evidence,  
 Thrown from its eminence;  
 Even God's providence  
 Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver  
 So far in the river,  
 With many a light  
 From window and casement,  
 From garret to basement,  
 She stood, with amazement,  
 Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
 Made her tremble and shiver;  
 But not the dark arch,  
 Or the black flowing river;  
 Mad from life's history,  
 Glad to death's mystery,  
 Swift to be hurled—  
 Anywhere, anywhere  
 Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,—  
 No matter how coldly

The rough river ran —  
 Over the brink of it !  
 Picture it, — think of it !  
 Dissolute man !  
 Lave in it, drink of it,  
 Then, if you can !

Take her up tenderly,  
 Lift her with care !  
 Fashioned so slenderly,  
 Young, and so fair !

Ere her limbs, frigidly,  
 Stiffen too rigidly,  
 Decently, kindly,  
 Smooth and compose them ;  
 And her eyes, close them,  
 Staring so blindly !  
 Dreadfully staring  
 Through muddy impurity,  
 As when with the daring  
 Last look of despairing  
 Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,  
 Spurred by contumely,  
 Cold inhumanity,  
 Burning insanity,  
 Into her rest !  
 Cross her hands humbly,  
 As if praying dumbly,  
 Over her breast !

Owning her weakness,  
 Her evil behavior,  
 And leaving, with meekness,  
 Her sins to her Saviour !

THOMAS HOOD.

### BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

O THE snow, the beautiful snow,  
 Filling the sky and the earth below !  
 Over the house-tops, over the street,  
 Over the heads of the people you meet,  
 Dancing,

Flirting,

Skimming along.

Beautiful snow ! it can do nothing wrong.  
 Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek ;  
 Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak.  
 Beautiful snow, from the heavens above,  
 Pure as an angel and fickle as love !

O the snow, the beautiful snow !  
 How the flakes gather and laugh as they go !  
 Whirling about in its maddening fun,  
 It plays in its glee with every one.

Chasing,

Laughing,

Hurrying by,

It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye ;  
 And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,  
 Snap at the crystals that eddy around.  
 The town is alive, and its heart in a glow  
 To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,  
 Hailing each other with humor and song !  
 How the gay sledges like meteors flash by, —  
 Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye.

Ringing,

Swinging,

Dashing they go

Over the crest of the beautiful snow :  
 Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,  
 To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by ;  
 To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet  
 Till it blends with the horrible filth in the street.

Once I was pure as the snow, — but I fell :  
 Fell, like the snow-flakes, from heaven — to hell :  
 Fell, to be tramped as the filth of the street :  
 Fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on, and beat.

Pleading,

Cursing,

Dreading to die,

Selling my soul to whoever would buy,  
 Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,  
 Hating the living and fearing the dead.  
 Merciful God ! have I fallen so low ?  
 And yet I was once like this beautiful snow !

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,  
 With an eye like its crystals, a heart like its glow ;  
 Once I was loved for my innocent grace, —  
 Flattered and sought for the charm of my face.

Father,

Mother,

Sisters all,

God, and myself I have lost by my fall.  
 The veriest wretch that goes shivering by  
 Will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too nigh ;  
 For of all that is on or about me, I know  
 There is nothing that's pure but the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow  
 Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go !  
 How strange it would be, when the night comes  
 again,

If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain !

Fainting,

Freezing,

Dying alone,

Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan  
 To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,  
 Gone mad in its joy at the snow's coming down ;  
 To lie and to die in my terrible woe,  
 With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow !

JAMES W. WATSON.

## THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

TREAD softly, — bow the head, —  
 In reverent silence bow, —  
 No passing bell doth toll,  
 Yet an immortal soul.  
 Is passing now.

Stranger ! however great,  
 With lowly reverence bow ;  
 There 's one in that poor shed —  
 One by that paltry bed —  
 Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,  
 Lo ! Death doth keep his state.  
 Enter, no crowds attend ;  
 Enter, no guards defend  
*This palace gate.*

That pavement, damp and cold,  
 No smiling courtiers tread ;  
 One silent woman stands,  
 Lifting with meagre hands  
 A dying head.

No mingling voices sound, —  
 An infant wail alone ;  
 A sob suppressed, — again  
 That short deep gasp, and then —  
 The parting groan.

O change ! O wondrous change !  
 Burst are the prison bars, —  
 This moment *there* so low,  
 So agonized, and now  
 Beyond the stars.

O change ! stupendous change !  
 There lies the soulless clod ;  
 The sun eternal breaks,  
 The new immortal wakes, —  
 Wakes with his God.

CAROLINE BOWLES.

## THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

THERE 's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round  
 trot, —

To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot ;  
 The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs ;  
 And hark to the dirge which the mad driver sings :  
*Rattle his bones over the stones !*  
*He 's only a pauper whom nobody owns !*

O, where are the mourners ? Alas ! there are none ;  
 He has left not a gap in the world, now he 's gone, —

Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man ;  
 To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can :  
*Rattle his bones over the stones !*  
*He 's only a pauper whom nobody owns !*

What a jolting, and creaking, and splashing, and  
 din !

The whip, how it cracks ! and the wheels, how they  
 spin !  
 How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is  
 hurled ! —

The pauper at length makes a noise in the world !  
*Rattle his bones over the stones !*  
*He 's only a pauper whom nobody owns !*

Poor pauper defunct ! he has made some approach  
 To gentility, now that he 's stretched in a coach !  
 He 's taking a drive in his carriage at last ;  
 But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast :  
*Rattle his bones over the stones !*  
*He 's only a pauper whom nobody owns !*

You bumpkins ! who stare at your brother con-  
 veyed,

Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid !  
 And be joyful to think, when by death you 're  
 laid low,

You 've a chance to the grave like a gemman to go !  
*Rattle his bones over the stones !*  
*He 's only a pauper whom nobody owns !*

But a truce to this strain ; for my soul it is sad,  
 To think that a heart in humanity clad  
 Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,  
 And depart from the light without leaving a friend !

*Bear soft his bones over the stones !*  
*Though a pauper, he 's one whom his Maker yet*  
*owns !*

THOMAS NOEL.

## FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

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

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

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

A prince can mak a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, and a' that ;  
 But an honest man 's aboon his might, —  
 Guid faith, he maunna fa' that !  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their dignities, and a' that ;  
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

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

ROBERT BURNS.

## SONNET.

A GOOD that never satisfies the mind,  
 A beauty fading like the April flowers,  
 A sweet with floods of gall that runs combined,  
 A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,  
 An honor that more fickle is than wind,  
 A glory at opinion's frown that lowers,  
 A treasury which bankrupt time devours,  
 A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,  
 A vain delight our equals to command,  
 A style of greatness, in effect a dream,  
 A swelling thought of holding sea and land,  
 A servile lot, decked with a pompous name, —  
 Are the strange ends we toil for here below,  
 Till wisest death make us our errors know.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

## THE DIRGE.

WHAT is the existence of man's life  
 But open war, or slumbered strife ?  
 Where sickness to his sense presents  
 The combat of the elements ;  
 And never feels a perfect peace,  
 Till death's cold hand signs his release.

It is a storm whers the hot blood  
 Outvies in rage the boiling flood ;

And each loud passion of the mind  
 Is like a furious gust of wind,  
 Which bears his bark with many a wave,  
 Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower which buds and grows  
 And withers as the leaves disclose ;  
 Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,  
 Like fits of waking before sleep ;  
 Then shrinks into that fatal mould  
 Where its first being was enrolled.

It is a dream whose seeming truth  
 Is moralized in age and youth ;  
 Where all the comforts he can share  
 As wandering as his fancies are ;  
 Till in the mist of dark decay  
 The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial which points out  
 The sunset as it moves about ;  
 And shadows out in lines of night  
 The subtle stages of time's flight,  
 Till all-obscuring earth hath laid  
 The body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude,  
 Which doth short joys, long woes include ;  
 The world the stage, the prologue tears,  
 The acts vain hopes and varied fears ;  
 The scene shuts up with loss of breath,  
 And leaves no epilogue but death.

HENRY KING.

## THE END OF THE PLAY.

THE play is done, — the curtain drops,  
 Slow falling to the prompter's bell ;  
 A moment yet the actor stops,  
 And looks around, to say farewell.  
 It is an irksome word and task ;  
 And, when he's laughed and said his say,  
 He shows, as he removes the mask,  
 A face that 's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends, —  
 Let's close it with a parting rhyme ;  
 And pledge a hand to all young friends,  
 As fits the merry Christmas time ;  
 On life's wide scene you, too, have parts  
 That fate erelong shall bid you play ;  
 Good night ! — with honest, gentle hearts  
 A kindly greeting go away !

Good night ! — I'd say the griefs, the joys,  
 Just hinted in this mimic page,  
 The triumphs and defeats of boys,  
 Are but repeated in our age ;

I'd say your woes were not less keen,  
 Your hopes more vain, than those of men, —  
 Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen  
 At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say we suffer and we strive  
 Not less nor more as men than boys, —  
 With grizzled beards at forty-five,  
 As erst at twelve in corduroys ;  
 And if, in time of sacred youth,  
 We learned at home to love and pray,  
 Pray Heaven that early love and truth  
 May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,  
 I'd say how fate may change and shift, —  
 The prize he sometimes with the fool,  
 The race not always to the swift :  
 The strong may yield, the good may fall,  
 The great man be a vulgar clown,  
 The knave be lifted over all,  
 The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design ?  
 Blessed be He who took and gave !  
 Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,  
 Be weeping at her darling's grave ;  
 We bow to Heaven that willed it so,  
 That darkly rules the fate of all,  
 That sends the respite or the blow,  
 That 's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit, —  
 Who brought him to that mirth and state ?  
 His betters, see, below him sit,  
 Or hunger hopeless at the gate.  
 Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel  
 To spurn the rags of Lazarus ?

Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,  
 Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,  
 Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed ;  
 Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance  
 And longing passion unfulfilled.  
 Amen ! — whatever fate be sent,  
 Pray God the heart may kindly glow,  
 Although the head with cares be bent,  
 And whitened with the winter snow.

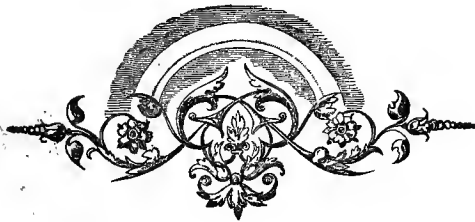
Come wealth or want, come good or ill,  
 Let young and old accept their part,  
 And bow before the awful will,  
 And bear it with an honest heart.  
 Who misses, or who wins the prize, —  
 Go, lose or conquer as you can ;  
 But if you fail, or if you rise,  
 Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young !  
 (Bear kindly with my humble lays ; )  
 The sacred chorus first was sung  
 Upon the first of Christmas days ;  
 The shepherds heard it overhead, —  
 The joyful angels raised it then :  
 Glory to Heaven on high, it said,  
 And peace on earth to gentle men !

My song, save this, is little worth ;  
 I lay the weary pen aside,  
 And wish you health and love and mirth,  
 As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.  
 As fits the holy Christmas birth,  
 Be this, good friends, our carol still, —  
 Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,  
 To men of gentle will.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.





POEMS OF RELIGION.



The angel wrote, and venish'd. - The next night  
It came again, with a great wakening light,  
And shew'd the names whom love of God had blest,  
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

L Leigh Hunt

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Here on this blessed Thanksgiving night,  
I be raise to Thee our grateful voice;  
For what Thou dost, Lord, is right  
And thus believing, we rejoice.

L. L. Hall and

# POEMS OF RELIGION.

## MY GOD, I LOVE THEE.

MY God, I love thee ! not because  
I hope for heaven thereby ;  
Nor because those who love thee not  
Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, thou didst me  
Upon the cross embrace !  
For me didst bear the nails and spear,  
And manifold disgrace.

And griefs and torments numberless,  
And sweat of agony,  
Yea, death itself, — and all for one  
That was thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,  
Should I not love thee well ?  
Not for the hope of winning heaven,  
Nor of escaping hell !

Not with the hope of gaining aught,  
Not seeking a reward ;  
But as thyself hast lovéd me,  
O everlasting Lord !

E'en so I love thee, and will love,  
And in thy praise will sing, —  
Solely because thou art my God,  
And my eternal King.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER (Latin). Translation  
of EDWARD CASWELL.

## EMPLOYMENT.

If as a flowre doth spread and die,  
Thou wouldst extend me to some good,  
Before I were by frost's extremitie  
Nipt in the bud,

The sweetnesse and the praise were thine ;  
But the extension and the room  
Which in thy garland I should fill were mine  
At thy great doom.

17

For as thou dost impart thy grace,  
The greater shall our glorie be.  
The measure of our joyes is in this place,  
The stuffe with thee.

Let me not languish, then, and spend  
A life as barren to thy praise  
As is the dust, to which that life doth tend,  
But with delaiies.

All things are busie ; only I  
Neither bring hony with the bees,  
Nor flowres to make that, nor the husbandrie  
To water these.

I am no link of thy great chain,  
But all my companie is a weed.  
Lord, place me in thy consort ; give one strain  
To my poore reed.

GEORGE HERBERT.

## THE NEW JERUSALEM.

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem,  
When shall I come to thee ?  
When shall my sorrows have an end, —  
Thy joys when shall I see ?

O happy harbor of God's saints !  
O sweet and pleasant soil !  
In thee no sorrow can be found,  
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

No dimly cloud o'ershadows thee,  
Nor gloom, nor darksome night ;  
But every soul shines as the sun,  
For God himself gives light.

Thy walls are made of precious stone,  
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,  
Thy gates are all of orient pearl, —  
O God ! if I were there !

O my sweet home, Jerusalem !  
Thy joys when shall I see ? —  
The King sitting upon thy throne,  
And thy felicity ?

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks  
Continually are green,  
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers  
As nowhere else are seen.

Quite through the streets with pleasing sound  
The flood of life doth flow ;  
And on the banks, on every side,  
The trees of life do grow.

These trees each month yield ripened fruit ;  
Forevermore they spring,  
And all the nations of the earth  
To thee their honors bring.

Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place  
Full sore I long to see ;  
O that my sorrows had an end,  
That I might dwell in thee !

I long to see Jerusalem,  
The comfort of us all ;  
For thou art fair and beautiful, —  
None ill can thee befall.

No candle needs, no moon to shine,  
No glittering star to light ;  
For Christ the King of Righteousness  
Forever shineth bright.

O, passing happy were my state,  
Might I be worthy found  
To wait upon my God and King,  
His praises there to sound !

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !  
Thy joys fain would I see ;  
Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,  
And take me home to thee !

DAVID DICKSON.

### DROP, DROP, SLOW TEARS.

Drop, drop, slow tears,  
And bathe those beauteous feet  
Which brought from heaven  
The news and prince of peace !  
Cease not, wet eyes,  
His mercies to entreat ;  
To cry for vengeance  
Sin doth never cease ;  
In your deep floods  
Drown all my faults and fears ;  
Nor let his eye  
See sin but through my tears.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

### DARKNESS IS THINNING.

DARKNESS is thinning ; shadows are retreating ;  
Morning and light are coming in their beauty.  
Suppliant seek we, with an earnest outcry,  
God the Almighty !

So that our Master, having mercy on us,  
May repel languor, may bestow salvation,  
Granting us, Father, of thy loving kindness  
Glory hereafter !

This of his mercy, ever-blesséd Godhead,  
Father, and Son, and Holy Spirit, give us, —  
Whom through the wide world celebrate forever  
Blessing and glory !

ST. GREGORY THE GREAT (Latin). Translation  
of J. M. NEALE.

### I LOVE, AND HAVE SOME CAUSE —

I LOVE, and have some cause to love, the earth, —  
She is my Maker's creature, therefore good ;  
She is my mother, for she gave me birth ;  
She is my tender nurse, she gives me food :  
But what's a creature, Lord, compared with  
thee ?  
Or what's my mother or my nurse to me ?

I love the air, — her dainty sweets refresh  
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me ;  
Her shrill-mouthed choir sustain me with their  
flesh,  
And with their polyphonic notes delight me :  
But what's the air, or all the sweets that she  
Can bless my soul withal, compared to thee ?

I love the sea, — she is my fellow-creature,  
My careful purveyor ; she provides me store ;  
She walls me round ; she makes my diet greater ;  
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore :  
But, Lord of oceans, when compared with thee,  
What is the ocean or her wealth to me ?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,  
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye, —  
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,  
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky !  
But what is heaven, great God, compared to  
thee ?  
Without thy presence, heaven's no heaven to  
me.

Without thy presence, earth gives no refection ;  
Without thy presence, sea affords no treasure ;  
Without thy presence, air's a rank infection ;  
Without thy presence, heaven's itself no  
pleasure :

If not possessed, if not enjoyed in thee,  
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me ?

The highest honors that the world can boast  
Are subjects far too low for my desire ;  
The brightest beams of glory are, at most,  
But dying sparkles of thy living fire ;  
The loudest flames that earth can kindle be  
But nightly glow-worms if compared to thee.

Without thy presence, wealth is bags of cares ;  
Wisdom but folly ; joy, disquiet, sadness ;  
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares ;  
Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing  
madness, —

Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,  
Nor have their being, when compared with thee.

In having all things, and not thee, what have I ?  
Not having thee, what have my labors got ?  
Let me enjoy but thee, what further crave I ?  
And having thee alone, what have I not ?  
I wish nor sea, nor land, nor would I be  
Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of  
thee !

FRANCIS QUARLES.

#### TWO WENT UP TO THE TEMPLE TO PRAY.

Two went to pray ? O, rather say,  
One went to brag, the other to pray ;

One stands up close and treads on high,  
Where the other dares not lend his eye ;

One nearer to God's altar trod,  
The other to the altar's God.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

#### THE VALEDICTION.

The silly lambs to-day  
Pleasantly skip and play,  
Whom butchers mean to slay,  
Perhaps to-morrow ;

In a more brutish sort  
Do careless sinners sport,  
Or in dead sleep still snort,  
As near to sorrow ;

Till life, not well begun,  
Be sadly ended,  
And the web they have spun  
Can ne'er be mended.

What is the time that's gone,  
And what is that to come ?  
Is it not now as none ?  
The present stays not.

Time posteth, O, how fast !  
Unwelcome death makes haste ;  
None can call back what's past, —  
Judgment delays not ;  
Though God bring in the light,  
Sinners awake not, —  
Because hell's out of sight,  
They sin forsake not.

Man walks in a vain show ;  
They know, yet will not know ;  
Sit still when they should go, —  
But run for shadows,  
While they might taste and know  
The living streams that flow,  
And crop the flowers that grow,  
In Christ's sweet meadows.  
Life's better slept away  
Than as they use it ;  
In sin and drunken play  
Vain men abuse it.

RICHARD BAXTER.

#### THE BIRD LET LOOSE.

The bird let loose in eastern skies,  
When hastening fondly home,  
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies  
Where idle warblers roam ;  
But high she shoots through air and light,  
Above all low delay,  
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,  
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care  
And stain of passion free,  
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,  
To hold my course to thee !  
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay  
My soul, as home she springs ; —  
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,  
Thy freedom in her wings !

THOMAS MOORE.

#### THE PILGRIMAGE.

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,  
My staff of faith to walk upon ;  
My scrip of joy, immortal diet ;  
My bottle of salvation ;  
My gown of glory, hope's true gauge,  
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage !  
Blood must be my body's 'balmer,  
No other balm will there be given ;  
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,  
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven ;

Over the silver mountains  
 Where spring the nectar fountains.  
 There will I kiss the bowl of bliss,  
 And drink mine everlasting fill  
 Upon every milken hill.  
 My soul will be a-dry before,  
 But after, it will thirst no more.  
 Then by that happy, blissful day,  
 More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,  
 That have cast off their rags of clay,  
 And walk apparelled fresh like me.  
 I'll take them first to quench their thirst,  
 And taste of nectar's suckets  
 At those clear wells where sweetness dwells  
 Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.  
 And when our bottles and all we  
 Are filled with immortality,  
 Then the blest paths we'll travel,  
 Strewed with rubies thick as gravel, —  
 Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,  
 High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.  
 From thence to Heaven's bribeless hall,  
 Where no corrupted voices brawl ;  
 No conscience molten into gold,  
 No forged accuser, bought or sold,  
 No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,  
 For there Christ is the King's Attorney ;  
 Who pleads for all without degrees,  
 And he hath angels, but no fees ;  
 And when the grand twelve-million jury  
 Of our sins, with direful fury,  
 'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,  
 Christ pleads his death, and then we live.  
 Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,  
 Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder !  
 Thou giv'st salvation even for alms, —  
 Not with a bribéd lawyer's palms.  
 And this is mine eternal plea  
 To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea,  
 That since my flesh must die so soon,  
 And want a head to dine next noon,  
 Just at the stroke when my veins start and  
 spread,  
 Set on my soul an everlasting head :  
 Then am I, like a palmer, fit  
 To tread those blest paths which before I writ.  
 Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,  
 Who oft doth think, must needs die well.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

## A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast, — to keep  
 The larder lean,  
 And clean  
 From fat of veals and sheep ?

Is it to quit the dish  
 Of flesh, yet still  
 To fill  
 The platter high with fish ?

Is it to fast an hour,  
 Or ragged to go,  
 Or show  
 A downcast look, and sour ?

No ! 't is a fast to dole  
 Thy sheaf of wheat,  
 And meat,  
 Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,  
 From old debate  
 And hate, —  
 To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent ;  
 To starve thy sin,  
 Not bin, —  
 And that 's to keep thy lent.

ROBERT HERRICK.

I WOULD I WERE AN EXCELLENT  
DIVINE —

I WOULD I were an excellent divine  
 That had the Bible at my fingers' ends ;  
 That men might hear out of this mouth of mine  
 How God doth make his enemies his friends ;  
 Rather than with a thundering and long prayer  
 Be led into presumption, or despair.

This would I be, and would none other be,  
 But a religious servant of my God ;  
 And know there is none other God but he,  
 And willingly to suffer mercy's rod, —  
 Joy in his grace, and live but in his love,  
 And seek my bliss but in the world above.

And I would frame a kind of faithful prayer,  
 For all estates within the state of grace,  
 That careful love might never know despair,  
 Nor servile fear might faithful love deface ;  
 And this would I both day and night devise  
 To make my humble spirit's exercise.

And I would read the rules of sacred life ;  
 Persnade the troubled soul to patience ;  
 The husband care, and comfort to the wife,  
 To child and servant due obedience ;  
 Faith to the friend, and to the neighbor peace,  
 That love might live, and quarrels all might cease.

Prayer for the health of all that are diseased,  
 Confession unto all that are convicted,  
 And patience unto all that are displeas'd,  
 And comfort unto all that are afflicted,  
 And mercy unto all that have offended,  
 And grace to all, that all may be amended.

NICHOLAS BRETON.

### ADAM'S MORNING HYMN IN PARADISE.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
 Almighty, thine this universal frame,  
 Thus wondrous fair ; thyself how wondrous then !  
 Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens  
 To us invisible, or dimly seen

In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare  
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.  
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
 Angels ; for ye behold him, and with songs  
 And choral symphonies, day without night,  
 Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in Heaven,  
 On earth join, all ye creatures, to extol  
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling  
 morn

With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,  
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
 Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
 Acknowledge him thy greater ; sound his praise  
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
 And when high noon hast gained, and when thou  
 fall'st.

Moon, that now meets the orient sun, now fliest,  
 With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies,  
 And ye five other wandering fires that move  
 In mystic dance not without song, resound  
 His praise, who out of darkness called up light.  
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth  
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix  
 And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change  
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.

Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise  
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,  
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
 In honor to the world's great Author rise,  
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
 Rising or falling, still advance his praise.  
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
 Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye  
 pines,

With every plant, in sign of worship wave.  
 Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,

Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
 Join voices, all ye living souls ; ye birds,  
 That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.  
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,  
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
 To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.  
 Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still  
 To give us only good ; and if the night  
 Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

MILTON.

### PRAISE.

To write a verse or two is all the praise  
 That I can raise ;  
 Mend my estate in any ways,  
 Thou shalt have more.

I go to church ; help me to wings, and I  
 Will thither flie ;  
 Or, if I mount unto the skie,  
 I will do more.

Man is all weaknesse : there is no such thing  
 As Prince or King :  
 His arm is short ; yet with a sling  
 He may do more.

A herb distilled, and drunk, may dwell next doore,  
 On the same floore,  
 To a brave soul : Exalt the poore,  
 They can do more.

O, raise me then ! poore bees, that work all day,  
 Sting my delay,  
 Who have a work, as well as they,  
 And much, much more.

GEORGE HERBERT.

### UP HILL.

Does the road wind up hill all the way ?  
*Yes, to the very end.*  
 Will the day's journey take the whole long day ?  
*From morn to night, my friend.*

But is there for the night a resting-place ?  
 A roof for when the slow dark hours begin ?  
 May not the darkness hide it from my face ?  
*You cannot miss that inn.*

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?  
*Those who have gone before.*

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight ?  
*They will not keep you standing at that door.*

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak ?  
*Of labor you shall find the sum.*  
 Will there be beds for me and all who seek ?  
*Yea, beds for all who come.*

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

TO HEAVEN APPROACHED A SUFI  
 SAINT.

To heaven approached a Sufi Saint,  
 From groping in the darkness late,  
 And, tapping timidly and faint,  
 Besought admission at God's gate.

Said God, "Who seeks to enter here ?"  
 "T is I, dear Friend," the Saint replied,  
 And trembling much with hope and fear.  
 "If it be *thou*, without abide."

Sadly to earth the poor Saint turned,  
 To bear the scourging of life's rods ;  
 But aye his heart within him yearned  
 To mix and lose its love in God's.

He roamed alone through weary years,  
 By cruel men still scorned and mocked,  
 Until from faith's pure fires and tears  
 Again he rose, and modest knocked.

Asked God, "Who now is at the door ?"  
 "It is thyself, beloved Lord,"  
 Answered the Saint, in doubt no more,  
 But clasped and rapt in his reward.

DSCHELLALEDDIN RUMI (Persian). Translation  
 of WILLIAM R. ALGER.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame !  
 Quit, O, quit this mortal frame !  
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
 O the pain, the bliss of dying !  
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
 And let me languish into life !

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,  
 Sister spirit, come away !  
 What is this absorbs me quite ?  
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?  
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes ; it disappears !  
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears

With sounds seraphic ring :  
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !  
 O Grave ! where is thy victory ?  
 O Death ! where is thy sting ?

ALEXANDER POPE.

PRAYER BY MARY, QUEEN OF  
 HUNGARY.

[Translation.]

O GOD ! though sorrow be my fate,  
 And the world's hate

For my heart's faith pursue me,  
 My peace they cannot take away ;  
 From day to day

Thou dost anew imbue me ;  
 Thou art not far ; a little while  
 Thou hid'st thy face with brighter smile  
 Thy father-love to show me.

Lord, not my will, but thine, be done ;  
 If I sink down

When men to terrors leave me,  
 Thy father-love still warms my breast,  
 All's for the best ;

Shall man have power to grieve me  
 When bliss eternal is my goal,  
 And thou the keeper of my soul,  
 Who never will deceive me ?

Thou art my shield, as saith the Word.  
 Christ Jesus, Lord,

Thou standest pitying by me,  
 And lookest on each grief of mine  
 As if 't were thine :

What then though foes may try me,  
 Though thorns be in my path concealed ?  
 World, do thy worst ! God is my shield !  
 And will be ever nigh me.

DIES IRÆ.

DAY of wrath, that day of burning,  
 All shall melt, to ashes turning,  
 All foretold by seers discerning.

O, what fear it shall engender  
 When the Judge shall come in splendor,  
 Strict to mark and just to render !

Trumpet-scattered sound of wonder,  
 Rending sepulchres asunder,  
 Shall resistless summons thunder.

All aghast then Death shall shiver,  
 And great Nature's frame shall quiver,  
 When the graves their dead deliver.



Think, O Jesus, for what reason  
Thou enduredst earth's spite and treason,  
Nor me lose in that dread season.

Seeking me thy worn feet hasted,  
On the cross thy soul death tasted,  
Let such labor not be wasted.

Righteous Judge of retribution,  
Grant me perfect absolution,  
Ere that day of execution.

Culprit-like, I — heart all broken,  
On my cheek shame's crimson token —  
Plead the pardoning word be spoken.

Mid the sheep a place decide me,  
And from goats on left divide me,  
Standing on the right beside thee.

When the accursed away are driven,  
To eternal burnings given,  
Call me with the blest to heaven.

I beseech thee, prostrate lying,  
Heart as ashes, contrite, sighing,  
Care for me when I am dying.

On that awful day of wailing,  
When man, rising, stands before thee,  
Spare the culprit, God of glory!

Translated by ABR. COLES, M. D.

#### LITANY.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to thee  
Low we bow the adoring knee;  
When, repentant, to the skies  
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes, —  
O, by all thy pains and woe  
Suffered once for man below,  
Bending from thy throne on high,  
Hear our solemn litany!

By thy helpless infant years;  
By thy life of want and tears;  
By thy days of sore distress  
In the savage wilderness;  
By the dread mysterious hour  
Of the insulting tempter's power, —  
Turn, O, turn a favoring eye,  
Hear our solemn litany!

By the sacred griefs that wept  
O'er the grave, where Lazarus slept;  
By the hoding tears that flowed  
Over Salem's loved abode;

By the anguished sigh that told  
Treachery lurked within the fold, —  
From thy seat above the sky  
Hear our solemn litany!

By thine hour of dire despair;  
By thine agony of prayer;  
By the cross, the wail, the thorn,  
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;  
By the gloom that veiled the skies  
O'er the dreadful sacrifice, —  
Listen to our humble cry,  
Hear our solemn litany!

By thy deep expiring groan;  
By the sad sepulchral stone;  
By the vault whose dark abode  
Held in vain the rising God!  
O, from earth to heaven restored,  
Mighty, reascended Lord, —  
Listen, listen to the cry  
Of our solemn litany!

SIR ROBERT GRANT. (

#### THE HOLY SPIRIT.

IN the hour of my distress,  
When temptations me oppress,  
'And when I my sins confess,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,  
Sick at heart, and sick in head,  
And with doubts discomfited,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,  
And the world is drowned in sleep,  
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless doctor sees  
No one hope but of his fees,  
And his skill runs on the lees,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill,  
His or none or little skill,  
Meet for nothing, but to kill, —  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing bell doth toll,  
And the Furies, in a shoal,  
Come to fright a parting soul,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,  
And the comforters are few,  
And that number more than true,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,  
And I nod to what is said  
Because my speech is now decayed,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When, God knows, I 'm tost about  
Either with despair or doubt,  
Yet before the glass be ont,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the tempter me pursu'th  
With the sins of all my yonth,  
And half damns me with untruth,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the flames and hellish cries  
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,  
And all terrors me surprise,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the judgment is revealed,  
And that opened which was sealed, —  
When to thee I have-appealed,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

ROBERT HERRICK.

#### THE MARTYRS' HYMN.

FLUNG to the heedless winds,  
Or on the waters cast,  
The martyrs' ashes, watched,  
Shall gathered be at last ;  
And from that scattered dust,  
Around us and abroad,  
Shall spring a plenteous seed  
Of witnesses for God.

The Father hath received  
Their latest living breath ;  
And vain is Satan's boast  
Of victory in their death ;  
Still, still, though dead, they speak,  
And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim  
To many a wakening land  
The one availing name.

MARTIN LUTHER. Translation  
of W. J. FOX.

#### THE FIGHT OF FAITH.

[One of the victims of the persecuting Henry VIII., the author was burnt to death at Smithfield in 1546. The following was made and sung by her while a prisoner in Newgate.]

LIKE as the armed Knighte,  
Appointed to the field,  
With this world wil I fight,  
And faith shal be my shilde.

Faith is that weapon stronge,  
Which wil not faile at nede ;  
My foes therefore amonge,  
Therewith wil I procede.

As it is had in strengthe,  
And forces of Christes waye,  
It wil prevaile at lengthe,  
Though all the devils saye *naye*.

Faith of the fathers olde  
Obtained right witness,  
Which makes me verye bolde  
To fear no worlde's distress.

I now rejoyce in harte,  
And hope bides me do so ;  
For Christ wil take my part,  
And ease me of my wo.

Thou sayst, Lord, whoso knocke,  
To them wilt thou attende ;  
Undo, therefore, the locke,  
And thy stronge power sende.

More enemies now I have  
Than heeres upon my head ;  
Let them not me deprave,  
But fight thou in my steade.

On thee my care I cast,  
For all their cruell sight ;  
I set not by their hast,  
For thou art my delight.

I am not she that list  
My anker to let fall  
For every drislinge mist ;  
My shippe 's substancial.

Not oft I use to wright  
In prose, nor yet in ryme ;  
Yet wil I shewe one sight,  
That I sawe in my time.

I sawe a royall throne,  
Where Justice shulde have sitte ;  
But in her steade was One  
Of moody cruell witte.

Absorpt was rightwisness,  
As by the raginge floude ;  
Sathan, in his excess  
Sucte up the guiltlesse bloude.

Then thought I, — Jesus, Lorde,  
When thou shalt judge us all,  
Harde is it to recorde  
On these men what will fall.

Yet, Lorde, I thee desire,  
For that they doe to me,  
Let them not taste the hire  
Of their iniquitie.

ANNE ASKEWE.

## SERVANT OF GOD, WELL DONE.

[Verses occasioned by the sudden death of the Rev. Thomas Taylor, who had preached the previous evening.]

“SERVANT of God, well done ;  
Rest from thy loved employ ;  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master's joy.”  
The voice at midnight came ;  
He started up to hear,  
A mortal arrow pierced his frame :  
He fell, — but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,  
It found him in the field,  
A veteran slumbering on his arms,  
Beneath his red-cross shield :  
His sword was in his hand,  
Still warm with recent fight ;  
Ready that moment, at command,  
Through rock and steel to smite.

At midnight came the cry,  
“To meet thy God prepare !”  
He woke, — and caught his Captain's eye ;  
Then, strong in faith and prayer,  
His spirit, with a bound,  
Burst its encumbering clay ;  
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,  
A darkened ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,  
Labor and sorrow cease ;  
And life's long warfare closed at last,  
His soul is found in peace.  
Soldier of Christ ! well done ;  
Praise be thy new employ ;  
And while eternal ages run,  
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent  
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
And that one talent, which is death to hide,  
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest he returning chide ;  
“Doth God exact day-labor, light denied ?”  
I fondly ask : But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not need  
Either man's work or his own gifts ; who best  
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best : his  
state

Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,  
And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;  
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

MILTON.

## SAID I NOT SO.

SAID I not so, — that I would sin no more ?  
Witness, my God, I did ;  
Yet I am run again upon the score :  
My faults cannot be hid.

What shall I do ? — Make vows and break them  
still ?

“T will be but labor lost ;  
My good cannot prevail against mine ill :  
The business will be crost.

O, say not so ; thou canst not tell what strength  
Thy God may give thee at the length.  
Renew thy vows, and if thou keep the last,  
Thy God will pardon all that's past.  
Vow while thou canst ; while thou canst vow,  
thou mayst  
Perhaps perform it when thou thinkest least.

Thy God hath not denied thee all,  
Whilst he permits thee but to call.  
Call to thy God for grace to keep  
Thy vows ; and if thou break them, weep.  
Weep for thy broken vows, and vow again :  
Vows made with tears cannot be still in vain.

Then once again  
I vow to mend my ways ;  
Lord, say Amen,  
And thine be all the praise,

GEORGE HERBERT.

## ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.

O the transporting, rapturous scene  
That rises to my sight !  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight.

There generous fruits, that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow ;  
There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale  
With milk and honey flow.

O'er all those wide-extended plains  
Shines one eternal day ;  
There God the Son forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.

No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore ;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest ?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest ?

Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Would here no longer stay :  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I 'd launch away.

CHARLES WESLEY.

## HEAVEN.

O BEAUTEous God ! uncircumscribed treasure  
Of an eternal pleasure !  
Thy throne is seated far  
Above the highest star,  
Where thou preparest a glorious place,  
Within the brightness of thy face,  
For every spirit  
To inherit  
That builds his hopes upon thy merit,  
And loves thee with a holy charity.  
What ravished heart, seraphic tongue, or eyes  
Clear as the morning rise,  
Can speak, or think, or see  
That bright eternity,  
Where the great King's transparent throne  
Is of an entire jasper stone ?  
There the eye  
O' the chrysolite,  
And a sky  
Of diamonds, rubies, chryso-prase, —  
And above all thy holy face, —  
Makes an eternal charity.  
When thou thy jewels up dost bind, that day  
Remember us, we pray, —  
That where the beryl lies,  
And the crystal 'bove the skies,  
There thou mayest appoint us place  
Within the brightness of thy face, —  
And our soul  
In the scroll  
Of life and blissfulness enroll,  
That we may praise thee to eternity. Allelujah !

JEREMY TAYLOR.

## THE SPIRIT-LAND.

FATHER ! thy wonders do not singly stand,  
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed ;  
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,  
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed ;  
In finding thee are all things round us found ;  
In losing thee are all things lost beside ;  
Ears have we, but in vain strange voices sound ;  
And to our eyes the vision is denied ;  
We wander in the country far remote,  
Mid tombs and ruined piles in death to dwell ;  
Or on the records of past greatness dote,  
And for a buried soul the living sell ;  
While on our path bewildered falls the night  
That ne'er returns us to the fields of light.

JONES VERY.

## THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign ;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers ;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green ;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

O, could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unbeckoned eyes, —

Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS.

## HEAVEN.

BEYOND these chilling winds and gloomy skies,  
Beyond death's cloudy portal,  
There is a land where beauty never dies,  
Where love becomes immortal ;

A land whose life is never dimmed by shade,  
Whose fields are ever vernal ;  
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,  
But blooms for aye eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,  
How bright and fair its flowers ;  
We may not hear the songs that echo there,  
Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see  
With our dim earthly vision,  
For Death, the silent warder, keeps the key  
That opens the gates elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky  
A fiery sunset lingers,  
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,  
Unlocked by unseen fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,  
Gleams from the inner glory  
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar  
And half reveal the story.

O land unknown ! O land of love divine !  
Father, all-wise, eternal !  
O, guide these wandering, wayworn feet of mine  
Into those pastures vernal !

ANONYMOUS.

—◆—  
"ONLY WAITING."

[A very aged man in an almshouse was asked what he was doing now. He replied, "Only waiting."]

ONLY waiting till the shadows  
Are a little longer grown,  
Only waiting till the glimmer  
Of the day's last beam is frown ;  
Till the night of earth is faded  
From the heart, once full of day ;  
Till the stars of heaven are breaking  
Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers  
Have the last sheaf gathered home,  
For the summer time is faded,  
And the autumn winds have come.  
Quickly, reapers ! gather quickly  
The last ripe hours of my heart,  
For the bloom of life is withered,  
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels  
Open wide the mystic gate,  
At whose feet I long have lingered,  
Weary, poor, and desolate.  
Even now I hear the footsteps,  
And their voices far away ;

If they call me I am waiting,  
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows  
Are a little longer grown,  
Only waiting till the glimmer  
Of the day's last beam is frown.  
Then from out the gathered darkness,  
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,  
By whose light my soul shall gladly  
Tread its pathway to the skies.

ANONYMOUS.

—◆—  
THE SOUL.

COME, Brother, turn with me from pining  
thought  
And all the inward ills that sin has wrought ;  
Come, send abroad a love for all who live,  
And feel the deep content in turn they give.  
Kind wishes and good deeds, — they make not  
poor ;

They'll home again, full laden, to thy door ;  
The streams of love flow back where they begin,  
For springs of outward joys lie deep within.

Even let them flow, and make the places glad  
Where dwell thy fellow-men. Shouldst thou be sad,  
And earth seem bare, and hours, once happy, press  
Upon thy thoughts, and make thy loneliness  
More lonely for the past, thou then shalt hear  
The music of those waters running near ;  
And thy faint spirit drink the cooling stream,  
And thine eye gladden with the playing beam  
That now upon the water dances, now  
Leaps up and dances in the hanging hough.

Is it not lovely ? Tell me, where doth dwell  
The power that wrought so beautiful a spell ?  
In thine own bosom, Brother ? Then as thine  
Guard with a reverent fear this power divine.

And if, indeed, 't is not the outward state,  
But temper of the soul by which we rate  
Sadness or joy, even let thy bosom move  
With noble thoughts and wake thee into love,  
And let each feeling in thy breast be given  
An honest aim, which, sanctified by Heaven,  
And springing into act, new life imparts,  
Till beats thy frame as with a thousand hearts.

Sin clouds the mind's clear vision,  
Around the self-starved soul has spread a dearth.  
The earth is full of life ; the living Hand  
Touched it with life ; and all its forms expand  
With principles of being made to suit  
Man's varied powers and raise him from the brute.  
And shall the earth of higher ends be full, —  
Earth which thou tread'st, — and thy poor mind  
be dull ?

Thou talk of life, with half thy soul asleep ?

Thou "living dead man," let thy spirit leap  
Forth to the day, and let the fresh air blow  
Through thy soul's shut-up mansion. (Wouldst  
thou know

Something of what is life, shake off this death ;  
Have thy soul feel the universal breath  
With which all nature's quick, and learn to be  
Sharer in all that thou dost touch or see ;  
Break from thy body's grasp, thy spirit's trance ;  
Give thy soul air, thy faculties expanse ;  
Love, joy, even sorrow, — yield thyself to all !  
They make thy freedom, groveller, not thy thrall.  
Knock off the shackles which thy spirit bind  
To dust and sense, and set at large the mind !  
Then move in sympathy with God's great whole,  
And be like man at first, a LIVING SOUL.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

—◆—  
SIT DOWN, SAD SOUL.

SIT down, sad soul, and count  
The moments flying ;  
Come, tell the sweet amount  
That's lost by sighing !  
How many smiles ? — a score ?  
Then laugh, and count no more ;  
For day is dying !

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,  
And no more measure  
The flight of time, nor weep  
The loss of leisure ;  
But here, by this lone stream,  
Lie down with us, and dream  
Of starry treasure !

We dream ; do thou the same ;  
We love, — forever ;  
We laugh, yet few we shame, —  
The gentle never.  
Stay, then, till sorrow dies ;  
Then — hope and happy skies  
Are thine forever !

BARRY CORNWALL.

—◆—  
TELL ME, YE WINGED WINDS.

TELL me, ye winged winds,  
That round my pathway roar,  
Do ye not know some spot  
Where mortals weep no more ?  
Some lone and pleasant dell,  
Some valley in the west,  
Where, free from toil and pain,  
The weary soul may rest ?  
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,  
And sighed for pity as it answered, — "No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep,  
Whose billows round me play,  
Know'st thou some favored spot,  
Some island far away,  
Where weary man may find  
The bliss for which he sighs, —  
Where sorrow never lives,  
And friendship never dies ?  
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,  
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer, —  
"No."

And thou, serenest moon,  
That, with such lovely face,  
Dost look upon the earth,  
Asleep in night's embrace ;  
Tell me, in all thy round  
Hast thou not seen some spot  
Where miserable man  
May find a happier lot ?  
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,  
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded, — "No."

Tell me, my secret soul,  
O, tell me, Hope and Faith,  
Is there no resting-place  
From sorrow, sin, and death ?  
Is there no happy spot  
Where mortals may be blessed,  
Where grief may find a balm,  
And weariness a rest ?  
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,  
Waved their bright wings, and whispered, —  
"Yes, in heaven !"

CHARLES MACKAY.

—◆—  
O, WHERE SHALL REST BE FOUND ?

O, WHERE shall rest be found, —  
Rest for the weary soul ?  
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.

The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh :  
'T is not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;  
And all that life is love.

There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath :  
O, what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death !

Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun,  
Lest we be banished from thy face,  
And evermore undone.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THERE IS AN HOUR OF PEACEFUL  
REST.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest  
To mourning wanderers given ;  
There is a joy for souls distressed,  
A balm for every wounded breast ;  
'T is found above, — in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,  
'T is fair as breath of even ;  
A couch for weary mortals spread,  
Where they may rest the aching head,  
And find repose, — in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls  
By sin and sorrow driven ;  
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear, — but heaven.

There Faith lifts up her cheerful eye,  
To brighter prospects given,  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene, — in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given ;  
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;  
Beyond the confines of the tomb  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

W. B. TAPPAN.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

NOTHING but leaves ; the spirit grieves  
Over a wasted life ;  
Sin committed while conscience slept,  
Promises made but never kept,  
Hatred, battle, and strife ;  
*Nothing but leaves !*

Nothing but leaves ; no garnered sheaves  
Of life's fair, ripened grain ;  
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds ;  
We sow our seeds, — lo ! tares and weeds ;  
We reap, with toil and pain,  
*Nothing but leaves !*

Nothing but leaves ; memory weaves  
No veil to screen the past :  
As we retrace our weary way,  
Counting each lost and misspent day,  
We find, sadly, at last,  
*Nothing but leaves !*

And shall we meet the Master so,  
Bearing our withered leaves ?  
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit ;  
We stand before him, humbled, mute ;  
Waiting the words he breathes, —  
*" Nothing but leaves ? "*

ANONYMOUS.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

How calm they sleep beneath the shade  
Who once were weary of the strife,  
And bent, like us, beneath the load  
Of human life !

The willow hangs with sheltering grace  
And benediction o'er their sod,  
And Nature, hushed, assures the soul  
They rest in God.

O weary hearts, what rest is here,  
From all that curses yonder town !  
So deep the peace, I almost long  
To lay me down.

For, O, it will be blest to sleep,  
Nor dream, nor move, that silent night,  
Till wakened in immortal strength  
And heavenly light !

CRAMMOND KENNEDY.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all ! in every age,  
In every clime adored,  
By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

Thou great First Cause, least understood,  
Who all my sense confined  
To know but this, that thou art good,  
And that myself am blind ;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,  
To see the good from ill ;  
And, binding nature fast in fate,  
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do,  
This, teach me more than hell to shun,  
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives  
Let me not cast away ;  
For God is paid when man receives,  
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span  
Thy goodness let me bound,  
Or think thee Lord alone of man,  
When thousand worlds are round :

Let not this weak, unknowing hand  
Presume thy bolts to throw,  
And deal damnation round the land  
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart  
Still in the right to stay ;  
If I am wrong, O, teach my heart  
To find that better way !

Save me alike from foolish pride,  
Or impious discontent,  
At aught thy wisdom has denied,  
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the fault I see ;  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,  
Since quickened by thy breath ;  
O, lead me wheresoe'er I go,  
Through this day's life or death !

This day be bread and peace my lot ;  
All else beneath the sun,  
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,  
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,  
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies !  
One chorus let all Being raise !  
All Nature's incense rise !

ALEXANDER POPE.

### WRESTLING JACOB.

#### FIRST PART.

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,  
Whom still I hold, but cannot see ;  
My company before is gone,  
And I am left alone with thee ;  
With thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell thee who I am ;  
My sin and misery declare ;  
Thyself hast called me by my name ;  
Look on thy hands, and read it there ;

But who, I ask thee, who art thou ?  
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

In vain thou strugglest to get free ;  
I never will unloose my hold :  
Art thou the Man that died for me ?  
The secret of thy love unfold ;  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Wilt thou not yet to me reveal  
Thy new, unutterable name ?  
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell ;  
To know it now resolved I am ;  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain  
And murmur to contend so long,  
I rise superior to my pain ;  
When I am weak, then am I strong !  
And when my all of strength shall fail,  
I shall with the God-man prevail.

#### SECOND PART.

YIELD to me now, for I am weak,  
But confident in self-despair ;  
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak ;  
Be conquered by my instant prayer ;  
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,  
And tell me if thy name be Love.

'T is love ! 't is love ! Thou diedst for me ;  
I hear thy whisper in my heart ;  
The morning breaks, the shadows flee ;  
Pure, universal love thou art ;  
To me, to all, thy bowels move ;  
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God ; the grace  
Unspeakable I now receive ;  
Through faith I see thee face to face ;  
I see thee face to face and live !  
In vain I have not wept and strove ;  
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,  
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend ;  
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,  
But stay and love me to the end ;  
Thy mercies never shall remove ;  
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

The Sun of Righteousness on me  
Hath rose, with healing in his wings ;  
Withered my nature's strength ; from thee  
My soul its life and succor brings ;  
My help is all laid up above ;  
Thy nature and thy name is Love.



Contented now upon my thigh  
 I halt till life's short journey end ;  
 All helplessness, all weakness, I  
 On thee alone for strength depend ;  
 Nor have I power from thee to move ;  
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey ;  
 Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome ;  
 I leap for joy, pursue my way,  
 And, as a bounding hart, fly home ;  
 Through all eternity to prove  
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

#### O GOD! OUR HELP IN AGES PAST.

O God ! our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
 And our eternal home !

Before the hills in order stood,  
 Or earth received her frame,  
 From everlasting thou art God,  
 To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight  
 Are like an evening gone ;  
 Short as the watch that ends the night  
 Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
 Bears all its sons away ;  
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
 Dies at the opening day.

O God ! our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Be thou our guide while troubles last,  
 And our eternal home !

ISAAC WATTS.

#### A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD.

EIN' FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT.  
 A MIGHTY fortress is our God,  
 A bulwark never falling ;  
 Our helper he amid the flood  
 Of mortal ills prevailing.  
 For still our ancient foe  
 Doth seek to work us woe ;  
 His craft and power are great,  
 And, armed with equal hate,  
 On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,  
 Our striving would be losing ;  
 Were not the right man on our side,  
 The man of God's own choosing.

Dost ask who that may be ?  
 Christ Jesus, it is he,  
 Lord Sabaoth his name,  
 From age to age the same,  
 And he must win the battle.

MARTIN LUTHER. Translation  
 of F. H. HEDGE.

#### JEWISH HYMN IN JERUSALEM.

God of the thunder ! from whose cloudy seat  
 The fiery winds of Desolation flow ;  
 Father of vengeance ! that with purple feet  
 Like a full wine-press tread'st the world below ;  
 The embattled armies wait thy sign to slay,  
 Nor springs the beast of havoc on his prey,  
 Nor withering Famine walks his blasted way,  
 Till thou hast marked the guilty land for woe.

God of the rainbow ! at whose gracious sign  
 The billows of the proud their rage suppress ;  
 Father of mercies ! at one word of thine  
 An Eden blooms in the waste wilderness,  
 And fountains sparkle in the arid sands,  
 And timbrels ring in maidens' glancing hands,  
 And marble cities crown the laughing lands,  
 And pillared temples rise thy name to bless.

O'er Judah's land thy thunders broke, O Lord !  
 The chariots rattled o'er her sunken gate,  
 Her sons were wasted by the Assyrian's sword,  
 Even her foes wept to see her fallen state ;  
 And heaps her ivory palaces became,  
 Her princes wore the captive's garb of shame,  
 Her temples sank amid the smouldering flame,  
 For thou didst ride the tempest cloud of fate.

O'er Judah's land thy rainbow, Lord, shall beam,  
 And the sad City lift her crownless head,  
 And songs shall wake and dancing footsteps gleam  
 In streets where broods the silence of the dead.  
 The sun shall shine on Salem's gilded towers,  
 On Carmel's side our maidens cull the flowers  
 To deck at blushing eve their bridal bowers,  
 And angel feet the glittering Sion tread.

Thy vengeance gave us to the stranger's hand,  
 And Abraham's children were led forth for  
 slaves.

With fettered steps we left our pleasant land,  
 Envying our fathers in their peaceful graves.  
 The strangers' bread with bitter tears we steep,  
 And when our weary eyes should sink to sleep,  
 In the mute midnight we steal forth to weep,  
 Where the pale willows shade Euphrates' waves.

The born in sorrow shall bring forth in joy ;  
 Thy mercy, Lord, shall lead thy children home ;

He that went forth a tender prattling boy  
 Yet, ere he die, to Salem's streets shall come ;  
 And Canaan's vines for us their fruit shall bear,  
 And Hermon's hees their honeyed stores prepare,  
 And we shall kneel again in thankful prayer,  
 Where o'er the cherub-seated God full blazed  
 the irradiate throne.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

WHEN JORDAN HUSHED HIS WATERS  
 STILL.

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,  
 And silence slept on Zion's hill,  
 When Bethlehem's shepherds, through the night,  
 Watched o'er their flocks by starry light, —

Hark ! from the midnight hills around,  
 A voice of more than mortal sound  
 In distant halleljahs stole,  
 Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,  
 The glorious hosts of Zion came ;  
 High heaven with songs of triumph rung,  
 While thus they struck their harps and sung :

“ O Zion, lift thy raptured eye ;  
 The long-expected hour is nigh ;  
 The joys of nature rise again ;  
 The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

“ See, Mercy, from her golden urn,  
 Pours a rich stream to them that mourn ;  
 Behold, she binds, with tender care,  
 The bleeding bosom of despair.

He comes to cheer the trembling heart ;  
 Bids Satan and his host depart ;  
 Again the day-star gilds the gloom,  
 Again the bowers of Eden bloom.”

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE MOTHER'S HYMN.

“ Blessed art thou among women.”

LORD, who ordainest for mankind  
 Benignant toils and tender cares,  
 We thank thee for the ties that bind  
 The mother to the child she bears.

We thank thee for the hopes that rise  
 Within her heart, as, day by day,  
 The dawning soul, from those young eyes,  
 Looks with a clearer, steadier ray.

And, grateful for the blessing given  
 With that dear infant on her knee,  
 She trains the eye to look to heaven,  
 The voice to lisp a prayer to thee.

Such thanks the blessed Mary gave  
 When from her lap the Holy Child,  
 Sent from on high to seek and save  
 The lost of earth, looked up and smiled.

All-Gracious ! grant to those who bear  
 A mother's charge the strength and light  
 To guide the feet that own their care  
 • In ways of Love and Truth and Right.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

MORTALS, AWAKE ! WITH ANGELS  
 JOIN.

MORTALS, awake ! with angels join,  
 And chant the solemn lay ;  
 Joy, love, and gratitude combine  
 To hail the auspicious day.

In heaven the rapturous song began ;  
 And sweet seraphic fire  
 Through all the shining legions ran,  
 And strung and tuned the lyre.

Swift through the vast expanse it flew,  
 And loud the echo rolled ;  
 The theme, the song, the joy, was new,  
 'T was more than heaven could hold.

Down through the portals of the sky  
 Th' impetuous torrent ran ;  
 And angels flew, with eager joy,  
 To bear the news to man.

Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,  
 And glory leads the song ;  
 “ Good-will and peace ” are heard throughout  
 The harmonious angel throng.

Hail, Prince of life ! forever hail,  
 Redeemer, Brother, Friend !  
 Though earth and time and life should fail,  
 Thy praise shall never end.

MEDLEY.

HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS  
 SOUNDS !

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
 In a believer's ear !  
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
 And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'T is manna to the hungry soul,  
And for the weary, rest.

By thee my prayers acceptance gain,  
Although with sin defiled ;  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am owned a child.

Jesus ! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought ;  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath ;  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death !

JOHN NEWTON.

— ◆ —  
NOW TO THE HAVEN OF THY BREAST.

Now to the haven of thy breast,  
O Son of man, I fly ;  
Be thou my refuge and my rest,  
For O, the storm is high !

Protect me from the furious blast,  
My shield and shelter be ;  
Hide me, my Saviour, till o'erpast  
The storm of sin I see.

As welcome as the water-spring  
Is to a barren place,  
Jesus, descend on me, and bring  
Thy sweet, refreshing grace.

As o'er a parched and weary land  
A rock extends its shade,  
So hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,  
And screen my naked head.

In all the times of my distress  
Thou hast my succor been ;  
And, in my utter helplessness,  
Restraining me from sin,

How swift to save me didst thou move,  
In every trying hour !  
O, still protect me with thy love,  
And shield me with thy power !

CHARLES WESLEY.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

JESUS, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high !  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past ;  
Safe into thy haven guide,  
O, receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;  
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on thee is stayed,  
All my help from thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

Wilt thou not regard my call ?  
Wilt thou not regard my prayer ?  
Lo ! I sink, I faint, I fall, —  
Lo ! on thee I east my care ;  
Reach me out thy gracious hand,  
While I of thy strength receive !  
Hoping against hope I stand, —  
Dying, and behold I live.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
More than all in thee I find ;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind,  
Just and holy is thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness ;  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found, —  
Grace to cover all my sin ;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee ;  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY.

— ◆ —  
SWEETEST SAVIOUR, IF MY SOUL—

SWEETEST SAVIOUR, if my soul  
Were but worth the having,  
Quickly should I then controll  
Any thought of waving.  
But when all my care and pains  
Cannot give the name of gains  
To thy wretch so full of stains,  
What delight or hope remains ?

*What (childe), is the balance thine,  
Thine the poise and measure?  
If I say, Thou shalt be mine,  
Finger not my treasure.  
What the gains in having thee  
Do amount to, onely he  
Who for man was sold can see,  
That transferred the accounts to me.*

But as I can see no merit  
Leading to this favour :  
So the way to fit me for it  
Is beyond my savour.  
As the reason then is thine,  
So the way is none of mine :  
I disclaim the whole designe ;  
Sinne disclaims and I resigne.

*That is all, if that I could  
Get without repining ;  
And my clay my creature would  
Follow my resigning :  
That as I did freely part  
With my glorie and desert,  
Left all joys to feel all smart —  
Ah ! no more : thou break'st my heart.*

GEORGE HERBERT.

#### JUST AS I AM.

Just as I am, — without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bid'st me come to thee, —  
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

Just as I am, — and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, —  
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

Just as I am, — though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within, and fears without, —  
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

Just as I am, — poor, wretched, blind ;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in thee to find, —  
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

Just as I am, — thou wilt receive ;  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;  
Because thy promise I believe, —  
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

Just as I am, — thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down ;  
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone, —  
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

ANONYMOUS.

#### ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee !  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure, —  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands  
Can fulfil thy law's demands ;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone, —  
Thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling ;  
Naked, come to thee for dress,  
Helpless, look to thee for grace ;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly, —  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eye-strings break in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment-throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee !

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY.

#### WHEN GATHERING CLOUDS AROUND I VIEW.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few,  
On Him I lean who not in vain  
Experienced every human pain ;  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the sin I would not do,  
Still he who felt temptation's power  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,  
Deceived by those I prized too well,  
He shall his pitying aid bestow  
Who felt on earth severer woe,  
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,  
By those who shared his daily bread.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And sore dismayed my spirit dies,  
Still he who once vouchsafed to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair

Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers what was once a friend,  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while,  
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And O, when I have safely past  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My painful bed, — for thou hast died ;  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

“THOU HAST PUT ALL THINGS  
UNDER HIS FEET.”

O NORTH, with all thy vales of green !  
O South, with all thy palms !  
From peopled towns and fields between  
Uplift the voice of psalms.  
Raise, ancient East ! the anthem high,  
And let the youthful West reply.

Lo ! in the clouds of heaven appears  
God's well-beloved Son.  
He brings a train of brighter years,  
His kingdom is begun.  
He comes a guilty world to bless  
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

O Father ! haste the promised hour,  
When at his feet shall lie  
All rule, authority, and power,  
Beneath the ample sky ;  
When he shall reign from pole to pole,  
The Lord of every human soul ;

When all shall heed the words he said,  
Amid their daily cares,  
And by the loving life he led  
Shall strive to pattern theirs :  
And he who conquered Death shall win  
The mightier conquest over Sin.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

O, HAPPY DAY THAT FIXED MY  
CHOICE !

O, HAPPY day that fixed my choice  
On thee, my Saviour and my God !  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

'T is done, the great transaction 's done !  
I am my Lord's, and he is mine ;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Now rest my long-divided heart,  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest ;  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
With him of every good possessed.

High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear ;  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

HOPEFULLY WAITING.

“Blessed are they who are homesick, for they shall come at last to their Father's house.”—HEINRICH STILLING.

NOT as you meant, O learned man, and good !  
Do I accept thy words of truth and rest ;  
God, knowing all, knows what for me is best.  
And gives me what I need, not what he could,  
Nor always as I would !

I shall go to the Father's house, and see  
Him and the Elder Brother face to face, —  
What day or hour I know not. Let me be  
Steadfast in work, and earnest in the race,  
Not as a homesick child who all day long  
Whines at its play, and seldom speaks in song.

If for a time some loved one goes away,  
And leaves us our appointed work to do,  
Can we to him or to ourselves be true  
In mourning his departure day by day,  
And so our work delay ?  
Nay, if we love and honor, we shall make  
The absence brief by doing well our task, —  
Not for ourselves, but for the dear One's sake !  
And at his coming, only of him ask  
Approval of the work, which most was done,  
Not for ourselves, but our Beloved One !

Our Father's house, I know, is broad and grand ;  
In it how many, many mansions are !  
And far beyond the light of sun or star,  
Four little ones of mine through that fair land  
Are walking hand in hand !  
Think you I love not, or that I forget  
These of my loins ? Still this world is fair,  
And I am singing while my eyes are wet  
With weeping in this balmy summer air :  
Yet I 'm not homesick, and the children *here*  
Have need of me, and so my way is clear.

I would be joyful as my days go by,  
Counting God's mercies to me. He who bore

Life's heaviest cross is mine forevermore,  
 And I who wait his coming, shall not I  
     On his sure word rely ?  
 And if sometimes the way be rough and steep,  
 Be heavy for the grief he sends to me,  
 Or at my waking I would only weep,  
 Let me remember these are things to be,  
 To work his blessed will until he come  
 And take my hand, and lead me safely home.

A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

—◆—  
 IS THIS ALL ?

FROM "HYMNS OF FAITH AND PEACE."

*Sometimes I catch sweet glimpses of His face,  
     But that is all.  
 Sometimes he looks on me, and seems to smile,  
     But that is all.  
 Sometimes he speaks a passing word of peace,  
     But that is all.  
 Sometimes I think I hear his loving voice  
     Upon me call.*

And is this all he meant when thus he spoke,  
     "Come unto me" ?  
 Is there no deeper, more enduring rest  
     In him for thee ?  
 Is there no steadier light for thee in him ?  
     O, come and see !

O, come and see ! O, look, and look again !  
     All shall be right ;  
 O, taste his love, and see that it is good,  
     Thou child of night !  
 O, trust thou, trust thou in his grace and power !  
     Then all is bright.

Nay, do not wrong him by thy heavy thoughts,  
     But love his love.  
 Do thou full justice to his tenderness,  
     His mercy prove ;  
 Take him for what he is ; O, take him all,  
     And look above !

Then shall thy tossing soul find anchorage  
     And steadfast peace ;  
 Thy love shall rest on his ; thy weary doubts  
     Forever cease.  
 Thy heart shall find in him and in his grace  
     Its rest and bliss !

Christ and his love shall be thy blessed all  
     Forevermore !  
 Christ and his light shall shine on all thy ways  
     Forevermore !  
 Christ and his peace shall keep thy troubled soul  
     Forevermore !

HORATIUS BONAR.

O DEAREST LAMB, TAKE THOU MY  
 HEART !

O DEAREST Lamb, take thou my heart !  
 Where can such sweetness be  
 As I have tasted in thy love,  
 As I have found in thee ?

If there 's a fervor in my soul,  
 And fervor sure there is,  
 Now it shall be at thy control,  
 And but to serve thee rise.

If love, that mildest flame, can rest  
 In hearts so hard as mine,  
 Come, gentle Saviour, to my breast,  
 Its love shall all be thine.

Now the gay world with treacherous art  
 Shall tempt my heart in vain ;  
 I have conveyed away that heart,  
 Ne'er to return again.

'T is heaven on earth to taste his love,  
 To feel his quickening grace,  
 And all the heaven I hope above  
 Is but to see his face.

MORAVIAN COLLECTION OF HYMNS.

—◆—  
 THE DYING SAVIOUR.

O SACRED Head, now wounded,  
 With grief and shame weighed down ;  
 Now scornfully surrounded  
 With thorns, thy only crown ;  
 O sacred Head, what glory,  
 What bliss, till now was thine !  
 Yet, though despised and gory,  
 I joy to call thee mine.

O noblest brow and dearest,  
 In other days the world  
 All feared when thou appearedst ;  
 What shame on thee is hurled !  
 How art thou pale with anguish,  
 With sore abuse and scorn !  
 How does that visage languish  
 Which once was bright as morn !

What language shall I borrow,  
 To thank thee, dearest Friend,  
 For this thy dying sorrow,  
 Thy pity without end !  
 O, make me thine forever,  
 And should I fainting be,  
 Lord, let me never, never,  
 Outlive my love to thee.

If I, a wretch, should leave thee,  
 O Jesus, leave not me !  
 In faith may I receive thee,  
 When death shall set me free.  
 When strength and comfort languish,  
 And I must hence depart,  
 Release me then from anguish,  
 By thine own wounded heart.

Be near when I am dying,  
 O, show thy cross to me !  
 And for my succor flying,  
 Come, Lord, to set me free.  
 These eyes new faith receiving,  
 From Jesus shall not move ;  
 For he who dies believing  
 Dies safely — through thy love.

PAUL GERHARDT.

— ◆ —

MARY TO HER SAVIOUR'S TOMB —

MARY to her Saviour's tomb  
 Hasted at the early dawn ;  
 Spice she brought, and rich perfume, —  
 But the Lord she loved was gone.  
 For a while she weeping stood,  
 Struck with sorrow and surprise,  
 Shedding tears, a plenteous flood,  
 For her heart supplied her eyes.

Jesus, who is always near,  
 Though too often unperceived,  
 Comes his drooping child to cheer,  
 Kindly asking why she grieved.  
 Though at first she knew him not, —  
 When he called her by her name,  
 Then her griefs were all forgot,  
 For she found he was the same.

Grief and sighing quickly fled  
 When she heard his welcome voice ;  
 Just before she thought him dead,  
 Now he bids her heart rejoice.  
 What a change his word can make,  
 Turning darkness into day !  
 You who weep for Jesus' sake,  
 He will wipe your tears away.

He who came to comfort her  
 When she thought her all was lost  
 Will for your relief appear,  
 Though you now are tempest-tossed.  
 On his word your burden cast,  
 On his love your thoughts employ ;  
 Weeping for a while may last,  
 But the morning brings the joy.

JOHN NEWTON.

THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

“ BRIGHT portals of the sky,  
 Embossed with sparkling stars ;  
 Doors of eternity,  
 With diamantine bars,  
 Your arras rich uphold ;  
 Loose all your bolts and springs,  
 Ope wide your leaves of gold ;  
 That in your roofs may come the King of kings.

“ Scarfed in a rosy cloud,  
 He doth ascend the air ;  
 Straight doth the Moon him shroud  
 With her resplendent hair ;  
 The next encrystalled light  
 Submits to him its beams ;  
 And he doth trace the height  
 Of that fair lamp which flames of beauty streams.

“ The choirs of happy souls,  
 Waked with that music sweet,  
 Whose descant care controls,  
 Their Lord in triumph meet ;  
 The spotless spirits of light  
 His trophies do extol,  
 And, arched in squadrons bright,  
 Greet their great Victor in his capitol.

“ O glory of the Heaven !  
 O sole delight of Earth !  
 To thee all power be given,  
 God's uncreated birth ;  
 Of mankind lover true,  
 Endurer of his wrong,  
 Who dost the world renew,  
 Still be thou our salvation, and our song.”  
 From top of Olivet such notes did rise,  
 When man's Redeemer did transcend the skies.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

— ◆ —

TREMBLING, BEFORE THINE AWFUL  
 THRONE —

TREMBLING, before thine awful throne,  
 O Lord ! in dust my sins I own :  
 Justice and Mercy for my life  
 Contend ! — O, smile, and heal the strife.

The Saviour smiles ! upon my soul  
 New tides of hope tumultuous roll,  
 His voice proclaims my pardon found,  
 Seraphic transport wings the sound !

Earth has a joy unknown in heaven, —  
 The new-born peace of sins forgiven !  
 Tears of such pure and deep delight,  
 Ye angels ! never dimmed your sight.

Ye saw of old on chaos rise  
The beauteous pillars of the skies ;  
Ye know where morn exulting springs,  
And evening folds her drooping wings.

Bright heralds of th' Eternal Will,  
Abroad his errands ye fulfil ;  
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,  
Symphonious, in his presence play.

Loud is the song, the heavenly plain  
Is shaken by the choral strain,  
And dying echoes, floating far,  
Draw music from each chiming star.

But I amid your choirs shall shine,  
And all your knowledge will be mine ;  
Ye on your harps must lean to hear  
A secret chord that *mine* will bear.

THOMAS HILLHOUSE.

#### NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

NEARER, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee !  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me ;  
Still all my song shall be, —  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee !

Though, like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone ;  
Yet in my dreams I 'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee !

There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven ;  
All that thou sendest me  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee !

Then with my waking thoughts,  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I 'll raise ;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee !

Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly ;

Still all my song shall be, —  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

#### FROM THE RECESSES OF A LOWLY SPIRIT.

FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit,  
Our humble prayer ascends ; O Father ! hear it.  
Upsoaring on the wings of awe and meekness,  
Forgive its weakness !

We see thy hand, — it leads us, it supports us ;  
We hear thy voice, — it counsels and it courts us ;  
And then we turn away ; and still thy kindness  
Forgives our blindness.

O, how long-suffering, Lord ! but thou delightest  
To win with love the wandering : thou invitest,  
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,  
Man from his errors.

Father and Saviour ! plant within each bosom  
The seeds of holiness, and hid them blossom  
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,  
And spring eternal.

JOHN BOWRING.

#### PRAISE TO GOD, IMMORTAL PRAISE.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days, —  
Bounteous source of every joy,  
Let thy praise our tongues employ !

For the blessings of the field,  
For the stores the gardens yield,  
For the vine's exalted juice,  
For the generous olive's use ;

Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,  
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,  
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse ;

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,  
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;  
All that liberal Autumn pours  
From her rich o'erflowing stores :

These to thee, my God, we owe, —  
Source whence all our blessings flow !  
And for these my soul shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds rear  
From its stem the ripening ear,



Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot  
Drop her green untimely fruit, —

Should the vine put forth no more,  
Nor the olive yield her store, —  
Though the sickning flocks should fall,  
And the herds desert the stall, —

Should thine altered hand restrain  
The early and the latter rain,  
Blast each opening bud of joy,  
And the rising year destroy ; —

Yet to thee my soul should raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise,  
And, when every blessing's flown,  
Love thee — for thyself alone.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

#### WHEN ALL THY MERCIES, O MY GOD !

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God !  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.

O, how shall words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare  
That glows within my ravished heart ? —  
But thou canst read it there !

Thy providence my life sustained,  
And all my wants redrest,  
When in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom those comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,  
It gently cleared my way,  
And through the pleasing snares of vice, —  
More to be feared than they.

When worn with sickness oft hast thou  
With health renewed my face ;  
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss  
Has made my cup run o'er,  
And in a kind and faithful friend  
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide thy works no more,  
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,  
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to thee  
A joyful song I'll raise ;  
For O, eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise !

JOSEPH ADDISON.

#### THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS !

AND is there care in heaven ? And is there love  
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,  
That may compassion of their evils move ?  
There is : — else much more wretched were the  
case

Of men then beasts : but O the exceeding grace  
Of Highest God ! that loves his creatures so,  
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,  
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,  
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe !

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,  
To come to succour us that succour want !  
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave  
The fitting skyes, like flying pursnivant,  
Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant !  
They for us fight, they watch, and dewly ward,  
And their bright squadrons round about us plant ;  
And all for love, and nothing for reward ;  
O, why should heavenly God to men have such  
regard !

EDMUND SPENSER.

#### ETERNAL SOURCE OF EVERY JOY !

ETERNAL Source of every joy !  
Well may thy praise our lips employ,  
While in thy temple we appear  
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

While as the wheels of nature roll,  
Thy hand supports the steady pole ;  
The sun is taught by thee to rise,  
And darkness when to veil the skies.

The flowery spring at thy command  
Embalms the air, and paints the land ;  
The summer rays with vigor shine  
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

Thy hand in autumn richly pours  
Through all our coasts redundant stores ;  
And winters, softened by thy care,  
No more a face of horror wear.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days  
Demand successive songs of praise ;  
Still be the cheerful homage paid  
With opening light and evening shade.

Here in thy house shall incense rise,  
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes ;  
Still will we make thy mercies known  
Around thy board, and round our own.

O, may our more harmonious tongues  
In worlds unknown pursue the songs ;  
And in those brighter courts adore,  
Where days and years revolve no more.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

### THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH.

[This hymn originally appeared in the Spectator, and is thence popularly, but erroneously, supposed to have been composed by ADDISON.]

The spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim ;  
The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth ;  
While all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?  
What though no real voice or sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?

In Reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
Forever singing, as they shine,  
"The Hand that made us is divine !"   
ANDREW MARVEL.

### LORD ! WHEN THOSE GLORIOUS LIGHTS I SEE.

HYMN AND PRAYER FOR THE USE OF BELIEVERS.

LORD ! when those glorious lights I see  
With which thou hast adorned the skies,  
Observing how they movéd be,  
And how their splendor fills mine eyes,  
Methinks it is too large a grace,  
But that thy love ordained it so, —  
That creatures in so high a place  
Should servants be to man below.

The meanest lamp now shining there  
In size and lustre doth exceed  
The noblest of thy creatures here,  
And of our friendship hath no need.  
Yet these upon mankind attend  
For secret aid or public light ;  
And from the world's extremest end  
Repair unto us every night.

O, had that stamp been undefaced  
Which first on us thy hand had set,  
How highly should we have been graced,  
Since we are so much honored yet !  
Good God, for what but for the sake  
Of thy beloved and only Son,  
Who did on him our nature take,  
Were these exceeding favors done !

As we by him have honored been,  
Let us to him due honors give ;  
Let his uprightness hide our sin,  
And let us worth from him receive.  
Yea, so let us by grace improve  
What thou by nature doth bestow,  
That to thy dwelling-place above  
We may be raised from below.

GEORGE WITHER.

### HYMN.

BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star  
In his steep course ? So long he seems to pause  
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc !  
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base  
Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most awful Form,  
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines  
How silently ! Around thee and above

Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black, —  
 An ebon mass. Methinks thou piercest it,  
 As with a wedge! But when I look again,  
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,  
 Thy habitation from eternity!  
 O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,  
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,  
 Didst vanish from my thought. Entranced in  
 prayer  
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.

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

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

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

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

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

Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!  
 God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome  
 voice!  
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like  
 sounds!  
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,  
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!  
 Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!  
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!  
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!  
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!  
 Ye signs and wonders of the elements!  
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

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

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

### THOU ART, O GOD —

"The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter." — PSALM lxxiv. 16, 17.

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

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

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

When youthful spring around us breathes,  
 Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;  
 And every flower the summer wreathes  
 Is born beneath that kindling eye.  
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
 And all things fair and bright are thine !

THOMAS MOORE.

THE HEAVENS DECLARE THY GLORY,  
 LORD !

PSALM XIX.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord !  
 In every star thy wisdom shines ;  
 But when our eyes behold thy word,  
 We read thy name in fairer lines.

The rolling sun, the changing light,  
 And nights and days thy power confess ;  
 But the blest volume thou hast writ  
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise  
 Round the whole earth, and never stand ;  
 So when thy truth began its race  
 It touched and glanced on every land.

Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest  
 Till through the world thy truth has run ;  
 Till Christ has all the nations blest  
 That see the light or feel the sun.

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise !  
 Bless the dark world with heavenly light !  
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise, —  
 Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

Thy noblest wonders here we view,  
 In souls renewed and sins forgiven ;  
 Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
 And make thy word my guide to heaven !

ISAAC WATTS.

GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY.

GOD moves in a mysterious way  
 His wonders to perform ;  
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
 Of never-failing skill  
 He treasures up his bright designs,  
 And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take !  
 The clouds ye so much dread  
 Are big with mercy, and shall break  
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
 But trust him for his grace ;  
 Behind a frowning providence  
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
 Unfolding every hour ;  
 The bud may have a bitter taste,  
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
 And scan his work in vain ;  
 God is his own interpreter,  
 And he will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THROUGH LIFE'S VAPORS DIMLY  
 SEEING.

THROUGH life's vapors dimly seeing,  
 Who but longs for light to break !  
 O the feverish dream of being !

When, O, when shall we awake ?  
 O the hour when this material  
 Shall have vanished as a cloud, —  
 When amid the wide ethereal  
 All the invisible shall crowd, —

And the naked soul, surrounded  
 With realities unknown,  
 Triumph in the view unbounded,  
 Feel herself with God alone !  
 In that sudden, strange transition,  
 By what new and finer sense  
 Shall she grasp the mighty vision,  
 And receive its influence ?

Angels, guard the new immortal,  
 Through the wonder-teeming space,  
 To the everlasting portal,  
 To the spirit's resting-place.  
 Till the trump, which shakes creation,  
 Through the circling heavens shall roll,  
 Till the day of consummation,  
 Till the bridal of the soul.

Jesus, blessed Mediator !  
 Thou the airy path hast trod ;  
 Thou the Judge, the Consummator !  
 Shepherd of the fold of God !  
 Can I trust a fellow-being ?  
 Can I trust an angel's care ?  
 O thou merciful All-seeing !  
 Beam around my spirit there.

Blessed fold ! no foe can enter ;  
 And no friend departeth thence ;  
 Jesus is their sun, their centre,  
 And their shield Omnipotence.

Blessed ! for the Lamb shall feed them,  
All their tears shall wipe away,  
To the living fountains lead them,  
Till fruition's perfect day.

Lo ! it comes, that day of wonder !  
Louder chorals shake the skies ;  
Hades' gates are burst asunder ;  
See ! the new-clothed myriads rise.  
Thought ! repress thy weak endeavor ;  
Here must reason prostrate fall ;  
O the ineffable Forever !  
And the eternal All in All !

CONDER.

## SOUND THE LOUD. TIMBREL.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

"And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand ; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances." — EXOD. xv. 20.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !  
Jehovah has triumphed, — his people are free !  
Sing, — for the pride of the tyrant is broken,  
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and  
brave, —

How vain was their boasting ! the Lord hath but  
spoken,

And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.  
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !  
Jehovah has triumphed, — his people are free !

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord !  
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.  
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story  
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride ?  
For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of  
glory,

And all her brave thousands are dashed in the  
tide.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !  
Jehovah has triumphed, — his people are free !

THOMAS MOORE.

CHILDREN OF GOD, WHO, FAINT AND  
SLOW —

CHILDREN of God, who, faint and slow,  
Your pilgrim-path pursue,  
In strength and weakness, joy and woe,  
To God's high calling true ! —

Why move ye thus, with lingering tread,  
A doubting, mournful band ?  
Why faintly hangs the drooping head ?  
Why fails the feeble hand ?

O, weak to know a Saviour's power,  
To feel a Father's care !  
A moment's toil, a passing shower,  
Is all the grief ye share.

The orb of light, though clouds awhile  
May hide his noontide ray,  
Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile  
To gild the closing day, —

And, bursting through the dusky shroud  
That dared his power invest,  
Ride throned in light, o'er every cloud,  
Triumphant to his rest.

Then, Christian, dry the falling tear,  
The faithless doubt remove ;  
Redeemed at last from guilt and fear,  
O, wake thy heart to love !

BOWDLER.

## I STAND ON ZION'S MOUNT.

I STAND on Zion's mount,  
And view my starry crown ;  
No power on earth my hope can shake,  
Nor hell can thrust me down.

The lofty hills and towers,  
That lift their heads on high,  
Shall all be levelled low in dust, —  
Their very names shall die.

The vaulted heavens shall fall,  
Built by Jehovah's hands ;  
But firmer than the heavens the Rock  
Of my salvation stands.

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE LORD MY PASTURE SHALL PRE-  
PARE.

PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
My noonday walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads,  
My weary, wandering steps he leads,  
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
 With gloomy horrors overspread,  
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill ;  
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still :  
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,  
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;  
 The barren wilderness shall smile,  
 With sudden greens and herbage crowned,  
 And streams shall murmur all around.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

AMAZING, BEAUTEOUS CHANGE !

AMAZING, beauteous change !  
 A world created new !  
 My thoughts with transport range,  
 The lovely scene to view ;  
 In all I trace,  
 Saviour divine,  
 The work is thine, —  
 Be thine the praise !

See crystal fountains play  
 Amidst the burning sands ;  
 The river's winding way  
 Shines through the thirsty lands ;  
 New grass is seen,  
 And o'er the meads  
 Its carpet spreads  
 Of living green.

Where pointed brambles grew,  
 Intwined with horrid thorn,  
 Gay flowers, forever new,  
 The painted fields adorn, —  
 The blushing rose  
 And lily there,  
 In union fair  
 Their sweets disclose.

Where the bleak mountain stood  
 All bare and disarrayed,  
 See the wide-branching wood  
 Diffuse its grateful shade ;  
 Tall cedars nod,  
 And oaks and pines,  
 And elms and vines  
 Confess the God.

The tyrants of the plain  
 Their savage chase give o'er, —  
 No more they rend the slain,  
 And thirst for blood no more ;  
 But infant hands  
 Fierce tigers stroke,

And lions yoke  
 In flowery bands.

O, when, Almighty Lord !  
 Shall these glad scenes arise,  
 To verify thy word,  
 And bless our wondering eyes ?  
 That earth may raise,  
 With all its tongues,  
 United songs  
 Of ardent praise.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

O, HOW THE THOUGHT OF GRACE  
 ATTRACTS !

O, how the thought of God attracts  
 And draws the heart from earth,  
 And sickens it of passing shows  
 And dissipating mirth !

God only is the creature's home,  
 Though long and rough the road ;  
 Yet nothing less can satisfy  
 The love that longs for God.

O, utter but the name of God  
 Down in your heart of hearts,  
 And see how from the world at once  
 All tempting light departs.

A trusting heart, a yearning eye,  
 Can win their way above ;  
 If mountains can be moved by faith,  
 Is there less power in love ?

How little of that road, my soul,  
 How little hast thou gone !  
 Take heart, and let the thought of God  
 Allure thee farther on.

Dole not thy duties out to God,  
 But let thy hand be free ;  
 Look long at Jesus ; his sweet blood,  
 How was it dealt to thee ?

The perfect way is hard to flesh ;  
 It is not hard to love ;  
 If thou wert sick for want of God  
 How swiftly wouldst thou move !

FABER.

BEFORE JEHOVAH'S AWFUL THRONE.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;  
 Know that the Lord is God alone ;  
 He can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,  
 Made us of clay, and formed us men ;  
 And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,  
 He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people ; we his care, —  
 Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;  
 What lasting honors shall we rear,  
 Almighty Maker, to thy name ?

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;  
 High as the heaven our voices raise ;  
 And Earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command ;  
 Vast as eternity thy love ;  
 Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand  
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

ISAAC WATTS.

#### AND LET THIS FEEBLE BODY DIE.

AND let this feeble body fail,  
 And let it faint or die ;  
 My soul shall quit this mournful vale,  
 And soar to worlds on high ;  
 Shall join the disembodied saints,  
 And find its long-sought rest,  
 That only bliss for which it pants,  
 In the Redeemer's breast.

In hope of that immortal crown  
 I now the cross sustain ;  
 And gladly wander up and down,  
 And smile at toil and pain.  
 I suffer on my threescore years,  
 Till my Deliverer come,  
 And wipe away his servant's tears,  
 And take his exile home.

O, what hath Jesus bought for me ?  
 Before my ravished eye,  
 Rivers of life divine I see,  
 And trees of Paradise !  
 I see a world of spirits bright,  
 Who taste the pleasures there !  
 They all are robed in spotless white,  
 And conquering palms they bear.

O, what are all my sufferings here,  
 If, Lord, thou count me meet  
 With that enraptured host to appear,  
 And worship at thy feet !  
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain ;  
 Take life or friends away,  
 But let me find them all again  
 In that eternal day.

CHARLES WESLEY.

#### THE SABBATH.

How still the morning of the hallowed day !  
 Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed  
 The plough-boy's whistle and the milkmaid's  
 song.

The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath  
 Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,  
 That yesternorn bloomed waving in the breeze ;  
 Sounds the most faint attract the ear, — the hum

Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,  
 The distant bleating, midway up the hill.  
 Calmness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.  
 To him who wanders o'er the upland leas  
 The blackbird's note comes mellow from the dale ;

And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark  
 Warbles his heaven-tuned song ; the lulling brook  
 Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen ;  
 While from yon lowly roof, whose circling  
 smoke

O'er mounts the mist, is heard at intervals  
 The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.  
 With dovelike wings Peace o'er yon village  
 broods ;

The dizzying mill-wheel rests ; the anvil's din  
 Hath ceased ; all, all around is quietness.  
 Less fearful on this day, the limping hare  
 Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on  
 man,

Her deadliest foe. The toilworn horse, set free,  
 Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large ;  
 And as his stiff, unwieldy bulk he rolls,  
 His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

JAMES GRAHAME.

#### THE MEETING.

THE elder folk shook hands at last,  
 Down seat by seat the signal passed.  
 To simple ways like ours unused,  
 Half solemnized and half amused,  
 With long-drawn breath and shrug, my guest  
 His sense of glad relief expressed.  
 Outside the hills lay warm in sun ;  
 The cattle in the meadow-run  
 Stood half-leg deep ; a single bird  
 The green repose above us stirred.  
 "What part or lot have you," he said,  
 "In these dull rites of drowsy-head ?  
 Is silence worship ? Seek it where  
 It soothes with dreams the summer air,  
 Not in this close and rude-benched hall,  
 But where soft lights and shadows fall,  
 And all the slow, sleep-walking hours  
 Glide soundless over grass and flowers !

From time and place and form apart,  
 Its holy ground the human heart,  
 Nor ritual-bound nor templeward  
 Walks the free spirit of the Lord !  
 Our common Master did not pen  
 His followers up from other men ;  
 His service liberty indeed,  
 He built no church, he framed no creed ;  
 But while the saintly Pharisee  
 Made broader his phylactery,  
 As from the synagogue was seen  
 The dusty-sandalled Nazarene  
 Through ripening cornfields lead the way  
 Upon the awful Sabbath day,  
 His sermons were the healthful talk  
 That shorter made the mountain-walk,  
 His wayside texts were flowers and birds,  
 Where mingled with his gracious words  
 The rustle of the tamarisk-tree  
 And ripple-wash of Galilee."

"Thy words are well, O friend," I said ;  
 "Unmeasured and unlimited,  
 With noiseless slide of stone to stone,  
 The mystic Church of God has grown.  
 Invisible and silent stands  
 The temple never made with hands,  
 Unheard the voices still and small  
 Of its unseen confessional.  
 He needs no special place of prayer  
 Whose hearing ear is everywhere ;  
 He brings not back the childish days  
 That ringed the earth with stones of praise,  
 Roofed Karnak's hall of gods, and laid  
 The plinths of Philæ's colonnade.  
 Still less he owns the selfish good  
 And sickly growth of solitude, —  
 The worthless grace that, out of sight,  
 Flowers in the desert anchorite ;  
 Dissevered from the suffering whole,  
 Love hath no power to save a soul.  
 Not out of Self, the origin  
 And native air and soil of sin,  
 The living waters spring and flow,  
 The trees with leaves of healing grow.

"Dream not, O friend, because I seek  
 This quiet shelter twice a week,  
 I better deem its pine-laid floor  
 Than breezy hill or sea-sung shore ;  
 But nature is not solitude ;  
 She crowds us with her thronging wood ;  
 Her many hands reach out to us,  
 Her many tongues are garrulous ;  
 Perpetual riddles of surprise  
 She offers to our ears and eyes ;  
 She will not leave our senses still,  
 But drags them captive at her will ;

And, making earth too great for heaven,  
 She hides the Giver in the given.

"And so I find it well to come  
 For deeper rest to this still room,  
 For here the habit of the soul  
 Feels less the outer world's control ;  
 The strength of mutual purpose pleads  
 More earnestly our common needs ;  
 And from the silence multiplied  
 By these still forms on either side,  
 The world that time and sense have known  
 Falls off and leaves us God alone.

"Yet rarely through the charmed repose  
 Unmixed the stream of motive flows,  
 A flavor of its many springs,  
 The tints of earth and sky it brings ;  
 In the still waters needs must be  
 Some shade of human sympathy ;  
 And here, in its accustomed place,  
 I look on memory's dearest face ;  
 The blind by-sitter guesses not  
 What shadow haunts that vacant spot ;  
 No eyes save mine alone can see  
 The love wherewith it welcomes me !  
 And still, with those alone my kin,  
 In doubt and weakness, want and sin,  
 I bow my head, my heart I bare  
 As when that face was living there,  
 And strive (too oft, alas ! in vain)  
 The peace of simple trust to gain,  
 Fold fancy's restless wings, and lay  
 The idols of my heart away.

"Welcome the silence all unbroken,  
 Nor less the words of fitness spoken, —  
 Such golden words as hers for whom  
 Our autumn flowers have just made room ;  
 Whose hopeful utterance through and through  
 The freshness of the morning blew ;  
 Who loved not less the earth that light  
 Fell on it from the heavens in sight,  
 But saw in all fair forms more fair  
 The Eternal beauty mirrored there.  
 Whose eighty years but added grace  
 And saintlier meaning to her face, —  
 The look of one who bore away  
 Glad tidings from the hills of day,  
 While all our hearts went forth to meet  
 The coming of her beautiful feet !  
 Or haply hers whose pilgrim tread  
 Is in the paths where Jesus led ;  
 Who dreams her childhood's sabbath dream  
 By Jordan's willow-shaded stream,  
 And, of the hymns of hope and faith,  
 Sung by the monks of Nazareth,  
 Hears pious echoes, in the call  
 To prayer, from Moslem minarets fall,



Repeating where His works were wrought  
The lesson that her Master taught,  
Of whom an elder Sibyl gave,  
The prophecies of Cumæ's cave !

" I ask no organ's soulless breath  
To drone the themes of life and death,  
No altar candle-lit by day,  
No ornate wordsman's rhetoric-play,  
No cool philosophy to teach  
Its bland audacities of speech  
To doubled-tasked idolaters,  
Themselves their gods and worshippers,  
No pulpit hammered by the fist  
Of loud-asserting dogmatist,  
Who borrows for the hand of love  
The smoking thunderbolts of Jove.  
I know how well the fathers taught,  
What work the later schoolmen wrought ;  
I reverence old-time faith and men,  
But God is near us now as then ;  
His force of love is still unspent,  
His hate of sin as imminent ;  
And still the measure of our needs  
Outgrows the cramping bounds of creeds ;  
The manna gathered yesterday  
Already savors of decay ;  
Doubts to the world's child-heart unknown  
Question us now from star and stone ;  
Too little or too much we know,  
And sight is swift and faith is slow ;  
The power is lost to self-deceive  
With shallow forms of make-believe.  
We walk at high noon, and the bells  
Call to a thousand oracles,  
But the sound deafens, and the light  
Is stronger than our dazzled sight ;  
The letters of the sacred Book  
Glimmer and swim beneath our look ;  
Still struggles in the Age's breast  
With deepening agony of quest  
The old entreaty : ' Art thou He,  
Or look we for the Christ to be ?'

" God should be most where man is least ;  
So, where is neither church nor priest,  
And never rag of form or creed  
To clothe the nakedness of need, —  
Where farmer-folk in silence meet, —  
I turn my bell-unsummoned feet ;  
I lay the critic's glass aside,  
I tread upon my lettered pride,  
And, lowest-seated, testify  
To the oneness of humanity ;  
Confess the universal want,  
And share whatever Heaven may grant.  
He findeth not who seeks his own,  
The soul is lost that's saved alone.  
Not on one favored forehead fell

Of old the fire-tongued miracle,  
But flamed o'er all the thronging host  
The baptism of the Holy Ghost ;  
Heart answers heart : in one desire  
The blending lines of prayer aspire ;  
' Where, in my name, meet two or three,'  
Our Lord hath said, ' I there will be !'

" So sometimes comes to soul and sense  
The feeling which is evidence  
That very near about us lies  
The realm of spiritual mysteries.  
The sphere of the supernal powers  
Impinges on this world of ours.  
The low and dark horizon lifts,  
To light the scenic terror shifts ;  
The breath of a diviner air  
Blows down the answer of a prayer : —  
That all our sorrow, pain, and doubt  
A great compassion clasps about,  
And law and goodness, love and force,  
Are wedded fast beyond divorce.  
Then duty leaves to love its task,  
The beggar Self forgets to ask ;  
With smile of trust and folded hands,  
The passive soul in waiting stands  
To feel, as flowers the sun and dew,  
The One true Life its own renew.

" So, to the calmly gathered thought  
The innermost of truth is taught,  
The mystery dimly understood,  
That love of God is love of good,  
And, chiefly, its divinest trace  
In Him of Nazareth's holy face ;  
That to be saved is only this, —  
Salvation from our selfishness,  
From more than elemental fire,  
The soul's unsanctified desire,  
From sin itself, and not the pain  
That warns us of its chafing chain ;  
That worship's deeper meaning lies  
In mercy, and not sacrifice,  
Not proud humilities of sense  
And posturing of penitence ;  
But love's unforced obedience ;  
That Book and Church and Day are given  
For man, not God, — for earth, not heaven, —  
The blessed means to holiest ends,  
Not masters, but benignant friends ;  
That the dear Christ dwells not afar,  
The king of some remoter star,  
But flamed o'er all the thronging host  
The baptism of the Holy Ghost ;  
Heart answers heart : in one desire  
The blending lines of prayer aspire ;  
' Where, in my name, meet two or three,'  
Our Lord hath said, ' I there will be !'

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

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For of the noblest of the land  
Was that deep-hushed, bareheaded band ;  
And, central in the ring,  
By that dead pauper on the ground,  
Her ragged orphans clinging round,  
Kneft their anointed king.

ROBERT and CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

—◆—  
ABDIEL.

FROM "PARADISE LOST."

. . . . THE seraph Abdiel, faithful found  
Among the faithless, faithful only he ;  
Among innumerable false, unmoved,  
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,  
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal ;  
Nor number, nor example with him wrought .  
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,  
Though single. From amidst them forth he passed,  
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sus-  
tained

Superior, nor of violence feared aught ;  
And with retorted scorn his back he turned  
On those proud towers to swift destruction doomed.

MILTON.

—◆—  
THE REAPER'S DREAM.

THE road was lone ; the grass was dank  
With night-dews on the briery bank  
Whereon a weary reaper sank.  
His garb was old ; his visage tanned ;  
The rusty sickle in his hand  
Could find no work in all the land.

He saw the evening's chilly star  
Above his native vale afar ;  
A moment on the horizon's bar  
It hung, then sank, as with a sigh ;  
And there the crescent moon went by,  
An empty sickle down the sky.

To soothe his pain, Sleep's tender palm  
Laid on his brow its touch of balm ;  
His brain received the slumberous calm ;  
And soon that angel without name,  
Her robe a dream, her face the same,  
The giver of sweet visions came.

She touched his eyes ; no longer sealed,  
They saw a troop of reapers wield  
Their swift blades in a ripened field.  
At each thrust of their snowy sleeves  
A thrill ran through the future sheaves  
Rustling like rain on forest leaves.

They were not brawny men who bowed,  
With harvest-voices rough and loud,  
But spirits, moving as a cloud.  
Like little lightnings in their hold,  
The silver sickles manifold  
Slid musically through the gold.

O, bid the morning stars combine  
To match the chorus clear and fine,  
That rippled lightly down the line, —  
A cadence of celestial rhyme,  
The language of that cloudless clime,  
To which their shining hands kept time !

Behind them lay the gleaming rows,  
Like those long clouds the sunset shows  
On amber meadows of repose ;  
But, like a wind, the binders bright  
Soon followed in their mirthful might,  
And swept them into sheaves of light.

Doubling the splendor of the plain,  
There rolled the great celestial wain,  
To gather in the fallen grain.  
Its frame was built of golden bars ;  
Its glowing wheels were lit with stars ;  
The royal Harvest's car of cars.

The snowy yoke that drew the load,  
On gleaming hoofs of silver trode ;  
And music was its only goad.  
To no command of word or beck  
It moved, and felt no other check  
Than one white arm laid on the neck, —

The neck, whose light was overwound  
With bells of lilies, ringing round  
Their odors till the air was drowned :  
The starry foreheads meekly borne,  
With garlands looped from horn to horn,  
Shone like the many-colored morn.

The field was cleared. Home went the bands,  
Like children, linking happy hands,  
While singing through their father's lands ;  
Or, arms about each other thrown,  
With amber tresses backward blown,  
They moved as they were music's own.

The vision brightening more and more,  
He saw the garner's glowing door,  
And sheaves, like sunshine, strew the floor, —  
The floor was jasper, — golden flails,  
Swift-sailing as a whirlwind sails,  
Throbb'd mellow music down the vales.

He saw the mansion, — all repose, —  
Great corridors and porticos,  
Propped with the columns, shining rows ;

And these — for beauty was the rule —  
The polished pavements, hard and cool,  
Redoubled, like a crystal pool.

And there the odorous feast was spread ;  
The fruity fragrance widely shed  
Seemed to the floating music wed.  
Seven angels, like the Pleiad seven,  
Their lips to silver clarions given,  
Blew welcome round the walls of heaven.

In skyey garments, silky thin,  
The glad retainers floated in  
A thousand forms, and yet no din :  
And from the visage of the Lord,  
Like splendor from the Orient poured,  
A smile illumined all the board.

Far flew the music's circling sound ;  
Then floated back, with soft rebound,  
To join, not mar, the converse round, —  
Sweet notes, that, melting, still increased,  
Such as ne'er cheered the bridal feast  
Of king in the enchanted East.

Did any great door ope or close,  
It seemed the birth-time of repose,  
The faint sound died where it arose ;  
And they who passed from door to door,  
Their soft feet on the polished floor  
Met their soft shadows, — nothing more.

Then once again the groups were drawn  
Through corridors, or down the lawn,  
Which bloomed in beauty like a dawn.  
Where countless fountains leapt away,  
Veiling their silver heights in spray,  
The choral people held their way.

There, midst the brightest, brightly shone  
Dear forms he loved in years ago, —  
The earliest loved, — the earliest flown.  
He heard a mother's sainted tongue,  
A sister's voice, who vanished young,  
While one still dearer sweetly sung !

No further might the scene unfold ;  
The gazer's voice could not withhold ;  
The very rapture made him bold :  
He cried aloud, with clasped hands,  
"O happy fields ! O happy bands !  
Who reap the never-failing lands."

"O master of these broad estates,  
Behold, before your very gates  
A worn and wanting laborer waits !  
Let me but toil amid your grain,  
Or be a gleaner on the plain,  
So I may leave these fields of pain !

"A gleaner, I will follow far,  
With never look or word to mar,  
Behind the Harvest's yellow car ;  
All day my hand shall constant be,  
And every happy eve shall see  
The precious burden borne to thee !"

At morn some reapers neared the place,  
Strong men, whose feet recoiled apace ;  
Then gathering round the upturned face,  
They saw the lines of pain and care,  
Yet read in the expression there  
The look as of an answered prayer.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

### THE RELIGION OF HUDIBRAS.

... HE was of that stubborn crew  
Of errant saints, whom all men grant  
To be the true church militant ;  
Such as do build their faith upon  
The holy text of pike and gun ;  
Decide all controversies by  
Infallible artillery,  
And prove their doctrine orthodox  
By apostolic blows and knocks ;  
Call fire, and sword, and desolation  
A godly, thorough Reformation,  
Which always must be carried on  
And still be doing, never done ;  
As if religion were intended  
For nothing else but to be mended.  
A sect whose chief devotion lies  
In odd perverse antipathies ;  
In falling out with that or this,  
And finding somewhat still amiss ;  
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,  
Than dog distract, or monkey sick ;  
That with more care keep holiday  
The wrong, than others the right way ;  
Compound for sins they are inclined to,  
By damning those they have no mind to ;  
Still so perverse and opposite,  
As if they worshipped God for spite ;  
The self-same thing they will abhor  
One way, and long another for.

DR. SAMUEL BUTLER.

### THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. AIKEN, ESQ.

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

I.

My loved, my honored, much-respected friend,  
No mercenary bard his homage pays :

With honest pride I scorn each selfish end ;  
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise.  
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,  
 The lowly train in life's sequestered scene ;  
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;  
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been ;  
 Ah ! though his worth unknown, far happier  
 there, I wcen.

## II.

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh ;  
 The shortening winter-day is near a close ;  
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh,  
 The blackening trains o' craws to their repose ;  
 The toilworn cotter frae his labor goes,  
 This night his weekly toil is at an end, —  
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes, —  
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,  
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hame-  
 ward bend.

## III.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,  
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;  
 Th' expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher  
 through  
 To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.  
 His wee bit ingle, blinking bonnily,  
 His clean hearthstane, his thriftie wifie's  
 smile,  
 The lispin infant prattling on his knee,  
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,  
 And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

## IV.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,  
 At service out among the farmers' roun' ;  
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin  
 A cannie errand to a neighbor town ;  
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,  
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,  
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a hra' new gown,  
 Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,  
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

## V.

Wi' joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,  
 An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers :  
 The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet ;  
 Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears ;  
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;  
 Anticipation forward points the view.  
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,  
 Gars auld claes look amais as weel's the new ;  
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

## VI.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,  
 The younkers a' are warnéd to obey ;  
 And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,  
 And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play ;

"An' O, be sure to fear the Lord alway !  
 An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night !  
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,  
 Implore his counsel and assisting might ;  
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord  
 aright !"

## VII.

But, hark ! a rap comes gently to the door.  
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,  
 Tells how a neighbor lad cam o'er the moor,  
 To do some errands and convoy her hame.  
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame  
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek ;  
 Wi' heart-struck anxious care inquires his  
 name,  
 While Jenny haffins is afraid to speak ;  
 Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild, worth-  
 less rake.

## VIII.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben ;  
 A strappin' youth ; betaks the mother's e'e ;  
 Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;  
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.  
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,  
 But blate and lathefu', scarce can weel behave ;  
 The mother, wi' a woman's wile, can spy  
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae  
 grave ;  
 Weel pleased to think her bairn 'a respected like  
 the lave.

## IX.

O happy love ! where love like this is found !  
 O heartfelt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !  
 I've pacéd much this weary mortal roun,  
 And sage experience bids me this declare : —  
 If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,  
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
 'T is when a youthful, loving, modest pair  
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,  
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the even-  
 ing gale.

## X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,  
 A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,  
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,  
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth ?  
 Curse on hisperjured arts ! dissemblingsmooth !  
 Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled ?  
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,  
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child,  
 Then paints the ruined maid, and their distrac-  
 tion wild ?

## XI.

But now the supper crowns their simple board,  
 The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food ;

The soupe their only hawkie does afford,  
That 'yont the hallans snugly chows her cood ;  
The dame brings forth, in complimentary mood,  
To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck fell,  
An' aft he 's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid ;  
The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,  
How 't was a towmond auld, sin' lint was 'i' the  
bell.

## XII.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,  
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;  
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,  
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride ;  
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,  
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare :  
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
He wales a portion with judicious care ;  
And " Let us worship God ! " hesays with solemn  
air.

## XIII.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;  
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :  
Perhaps " Dundee's " wild-warbling measures  
rise,  
Or plaintive " Martyrs, " worthy of the name ;  
Or noble " Elgin " beets the heavenward flame,  
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :  
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame ;  
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise ;  
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

## XIV.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page, —  
How Abram was the friend of God on high ;  
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage  
With Amalek's ungracious progeny,  
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie  
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;  
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;  
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;  
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

## XV.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme, —  
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;  
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,  
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :  
How his first followers and servants sped ;  
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land ;  
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,  
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,  
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by  
Heaven's command.

## XVI.

Then, kneeling down, to heaven's eternal King,  
Thesaint, the father, and the husband prays :

Hope " springs exulting on triumphant wing, "   
That thus they all shall meet in future days ;  
There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,  
Together hymning their Creator's praise,  
In such society, yet still more dear ;  
While circling Time moves round in an eternal  
sphere.

## XVII.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,  
In all the pomp of method and of art,  
When men display to congregations wide,  
Devotion's every grace, except the heart !  
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,  
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;  
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,  
May hear, well pleased, the language of the  
soul ;  
And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

## XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their several way ;  
The youngling cottagers retire to rest :  
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,  
And proffer up to heaven the warm request,  
That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,  
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,  
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,  
For them and for their little ones provide ;  
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine pre-  
side.

## XIX.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur  
springs,  
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad ;  
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
" An honest man's the noblest work of God ! "   
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,  
The cottage leaves the palace far behind :  
What is a lordling's pomp ? — a cumbrous load,  
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,  
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !

## XX.

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !  
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,  
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet  
content !  
And, O, may Heaven their simple lives prevent  
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !  
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,  
A virtuous populace may rise the while,  
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved  
isle.

## XXI.

O Thou ! who poured the patriotic tide,  
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted  
heart ;  
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,  
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,  
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,  
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)  
O, never, never Scotia's realm desert ;  
But still the patriot and the patriot bard  
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

ROBERT BURNS.

## EVENING HYMN.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light ;  
Keep me, O, keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath thy own almighty wings !  
Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and thee  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.  
Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
To die, that this vile body may  
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

O, may my soul on thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close, —  
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make  
To serve my God when I awake !

When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

KEN.

## FROM ALL THAT DWELL—

PSALM CXVII.

FROM all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
Eternal truth attends thy word ;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

ISAAC WATTS.





POEMS OF NATURE.



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Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart & gather to the eyes  
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,  
And thinking on the days that are no more.

Wm. Myron

# POEMS OF NATURE.

## WORLDLINESS.

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

This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,  
The winds that will be howling at all hours  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,  
For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;

It moves us not. — Great God ! I 'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn, —  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## DAYBREAK.

A WIND came up out of the sea,  
And said, " O mists, make room for me ! "

It hailed the ships, and cried, " Sail on,  
Ye mariners, the night is gone. "

And hurried landward far away,  
Crying, " Awake ! it is the day. "

It said unto the forest, " Shout !  
Hang all your leafy banners out ! "

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,  
And said, " O bird, awake and sing ! "

And o'er the farms, " O chanticleer,  
Your clarion blow ; the day is near ! "

It whispered to the fields of corn,  
" Bow down, and hail the coming morn ! "

It shouted through the belfry-tower,  
" Awake, O bell ! proclaim the hour. "

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,  
And said, " Not yet ! in quiet lie. "

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## INVOCATION TO LIGHT.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born !  
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam.  
May I express thee unblamed ? since God is light,  
And never but in unapproachéd light  
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,  
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.  
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,  
Whose fountain who shall tell ? before the sun,  
Before the heavens, thou wert, and at the voice  
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest  
The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
Won from the void and formless infinite.  
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,  
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained  
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight  
Through utterand through middle darkness borne,  
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,  
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,  
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down  
The dark descent, and up to reascend,  
Though hard and rare : thee I revisit safe,  
And feel thy sovereign vital lamp ; but thou  
Revisitest not these eyes, that roll in vain  
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;  
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,  
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more  
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt  
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,  
Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief  
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,  
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,  
Nightly I visit : nor sometimes forget  
Those other two equalled with me in fate,  
So were I equalled with them in renown,  
Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,  
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old :  
Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move  
Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird  
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid  
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year  
Seasons return, but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,

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

MILTON.

### PACK CLOUDS AWAY.

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

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

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

### MORNING.

FROM "THE MINSTREL."

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell ?  
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain  
 side ;  
 The lowing herd ; the sheepfold's simple bell ;  
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried  
 In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide  
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;  
 The hollow murmur of the ocean tide ;  
 The hum of bees, the linnnet's lay of love,  
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark ;  
 Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid  
 sings ;

The whistling ploughman stalks afield ; and,  
 hark !  
 Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon  
 rings ;  
 Through rustling corn the hare astonished  
 springs ;  
 Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour ;  
 The partridge bursts away on whirling wings ;  
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,  
 And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower.

JAMES BEATTIE.

### THE SABBATH MORNING.

WITH silent awe I hail the sacred morn,  
 That slowly wakes while all the fields are still !  
 A soothing calm on every breeze is borne ;  
 A graver murmur gurgles from the rill ;  
 And echo answers softer from the hill ;  
 And softer sings the linnnet from the thorn :  
 The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.  
 Hail, light serene ! hail, sacred Sabbath morn !  
 The rooks float silent by in airy drove ;  
 The sun a placid yellow lustre throws ;  
 The gales that lately sighed along the grove  
 Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose ;  
 The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move, —  
 So smiled the day when the first morn arose !

DR. JOHN LEYDEN. ]

### REVE DU MIDI.

WHEN o'er the mountain steeps  
 The hazy noontide creeps,  
 And the shrill cricket sleeps  
 Under the grass ;  
 When soft the shadows lie,  
 And clouds sail o'er the sky,  
 And the idle winds go by,  
 With the heavy scent of blossoms as they pass, —

Then, when the silent stream  
 Lapses as in a dream,  
 And the water-lilies gleam  
 Up to the sun ;  
 When the hot and burdened day  
 Rests on its downward way,  
 When the moth forgets to play,  
 And the plodding ant may dream her work is  
 done, —

Then, from the noise of war  
 And the din of earth afar,  
 Like some forgotten star  
 Dropt from the sky, —  
 The sounds of love and fear,

All voices sad and clear,  
Banished to silence drear, —  
The willing thrall of trances sweet I lie.

Some melancholy gale  
Breathes its mysterious tale,  
Till the rose's lips grow pale  
With her sighs ;  
And o'er my thoughts are cast  
Tints of the vanished past,  
Glories that faded fast,

Renewed to splendor in my dreaming eyes.

As poised on vibrant wings,  
Where its sweet treasure swings,  
The honey-lover clings  
To the red flowers, —  
So, lost in vivid light,  
So, rapt from day and night,  
I linger in delight,  
Enraptured o'er the vision-freighted hours.

ROSE TERRY.

#### NOONTIDE.

BENEATH a shivering canopy reclined,  
Of aspen-leaves that wave without a wind,  
I love to lie, when lulling breezes stir  
The spiry cones that tremble on the fir ;  
Or wander mid the dark-green fields of broom,  
When peers in scattered tufts the yellow bloom ;  
Or trace the path with tangling furze o'errun,  
When bursting seed-bells crackle in the sun,  
And pittering grasshoppers, confus'dly shrill,  
Pipe giddily along the glowing hill :  
Sweet grasshopper, who lov'st at noon to lie  
Serenely in the green-ribbed clover's eye,  
To sun thy filmy wings and emerald vest,  
Unseen thy form, and undisturbed thy rest,  
Oft have I listening mused the sultry day,  
And wondered what thy chirping song might say,  
When naught was heard along the blossomed lea,  
To join thy music, save the listless bee.

DR. JOHN LEYDEN.

#### ON A BEAUTIFUL DAY.

O UNSEEN Spirit ! now a calm divine  
Comes forth from thee, rejoicing earth and air !  
Trees, hills, and houses, all distinctly shine,  
And thy great ocean slumbers everywhere.

The mountain ridge against the purple sky  
Stands clear and strong, with darkened rocks  
and dells,  
And cloudless brightness opens wide and high  
A home aerial, where thy presence dwells.

The chime of bells remote, the murmuring sea,  
The song of birds in whispering copse and wood,  
The distant voice of children's thoughtless glee,  
And maiden's song, are all one voice of good.

Amid the leaves' green mass a sunny play  
Of flash and shadow stirs like inward life ;  
The ship's white sail glides onward far away,  
Unhaunted by a dream of storm or strife.

JOHN STERLING.

#### THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

THE midges dance aboon the burn ;  
The dew's begin to fa' ;  
The pairtricks down the rushy holm  
Set up their e'ening ca'.  
Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang  
Rings through the briery shaw,  
While, flitting gay, the swallows play  
Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky  
The mavis mends her lay ;  
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains  
To charm the lingering day ;  
While weary yeldrins seem to wail  
Their little nestlings torn,  
The merry wren, frae den to den,  
Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,  
The foxglove shuts its bell ;  
The honeysuckle and the birk  
Spread fragrance through the dell.  
Let others crowd the giddy court  
Of mirth and revelry,  
The simple joys that nature yields  
Are dearer far to me.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

#### THE EVENING WIND.

SPRIT that breathest through my lattice : thou  
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day !  
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow ;  
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,  
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,  
Roughening their crests, and scattering high  
their spray,  
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee  
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea !

Nor I alone, — a thousand bosoms round  
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight ;  
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound  
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night ;

And languishing to hear thy welcome sound,  
Lies the vast inland, stretched beyond the sight.  
Go forth into the gathering shade ; go forth, —  
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth !

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest ;  
Curl the still waters, bright with stars ; and rouse  
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,  
Summoning, from the innumerable boughs,  
The strange deep harmonies that haunt his breast.  
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows  
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,  
And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep the  
grass.

Stoop o'er the place of graves, and softly sway  
The sighing herbage by the gleaming stone  
That they who near the churchyard willows stray,  
And listen in the deepening gloom, alone,  
May think of gentle souls that passed away,  
Like thy pure breath, into the vast unknown,  
Sent forth from heaven among the sons of men,  
And gone into the boundless heaven again.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head  
To feel thee ; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,  
And dry the moistened curls that overspread  
His temples, while his breathing grows more  
deep ;

And they who stand about the sick man's bed  
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,  
And softly part his curtains to allow  
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go, — but the circle of eternal change,  
Which is the life of nature, shall restore,  
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,  
Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more.  
Sweet odors in the sea air, sweet and strange,  
Shall tell the homesick mariner of the shore ;  
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem  
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

#### THE EVENING STAR.

STAR that bringest home the bee,  
And sett'st the weary laborer free !  
If any star shed peace, 't is thou,  
That send'st it from above,  
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow  
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,  
Whilst the landscape's odors rise,  
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,  
And songs, when toil is done,  
From cottages whose smoke unstirred  
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,  
Parted lovers on thee muse ;  
Their remembrancer in heaven  
Of thrilling vows thou art,  
Too delicious to be riven  
By absence from the heart.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

#### CAPE-COTTAGE AT SUNSET.

WE stood upon the ragged rocks,  
When the long day was nearly done ;  
The waves had ceased their sullen shocks,  
And lapped our feet with murmuring tone,  
And o'er the bay in streaming locks  
Blew the red tresses of the sun.

Along the west the golden bars  
Still to a deeper glory grew ;  
Above our heads the faint, few stars  
Looked out from the unfathomed blue ;  
And the fair city's clamorous jars  
Seemed melted in that evening hue.

O sunset sky ! O purple tide !  
O friends to friends that closer pressed !  
Those glories have in darkness died,  
And ye have left my longing breast.  
I could not keep you by my side,  
Nor fix that radiance in the west.

W. B. GLAZIER.

#### SUNSET.

IF solitude hath ever led thy steps  
To the wild ocean's echoing shore,  
And thou hast lingered there  
Until the sun's broad orb  
Seemed resting on the burnished wave,  
Thou must have marked the lines  
Of purple gold, that motionless  
Hung o'er the sinking sphere :  
Thou must have marked the billowy clouds,  
Edged with intolerable radiance,  
Towering like rocks of jet  
Crowned with a diamond wreath.  
And yet there is a moment,  
When the sun's highest point  
Peeps like a star o'er ocean's western edge,  
When those far clouds of feathery gold,  
Shaded with deepest purple, gleam  
Like islands on a dark-blue sea ;  
Then has thy fancy soared above the earth,  
And furled its wearied wing  
Within the Fairy's fane.

Yet not the golden islands  
 Gleaming in yon flood of light,  
 Nor the feathery curtains  
 Stretching o'er the sun's bright couch,  
 Nor the burnished ocean's waves  
 Paving that gorgeous dome,  
 So fair, so wonderful a sight  
 As Mab's ethereal palace could afford.  
 Yet likest evening's vault, that fairy Hall !  
 Heaven, low resting on the wave, it spread  
 Its floors of flashing light,  
 Its vast and azure dome,  
 Its fertile golden islands  
 Floating on a silver sea ;

Whilst suns their mingling beamings darted  
 Through clouds of circumambient darkness,  
 And pearly battlements around  
 Looked o'er the immense of heaven.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

—◆—  
 EVENING.

FROM "DON JUAN."

Ave Maria ! o'er the earth and sea,  
 That heavenliest hour of heaven is worthiest thee !

Ave Maria ! blessed be the hour,  
 The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft  
 Have felt that moment in its fullest power  
 Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,  
 While swung the deep bell in the distant tower  
 Or the faint dying day him stole aloft,  
 And not a breath crept through the rosy air,  
 And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with  
 prayer.

Ave Maria ! 't is the hour of prayer !  
 Ave Maria ! 't is the hour of love !  
 Ave Maria ! may our spirits dare  
 Look up to thine and to thy Son's above !  
 Ave Maria ! O that face so fair !

Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty  
 dove, —

What though 't is but a pictured image ? —  
 strike, —

That painting is no idol, — 't is too like.

Sweet hour of twilight ! in the solitude  
 Of the pine forest, and the silent shore  
 Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,  
 Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o'er  
 To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,  
 Evergreen forest ; which Boccaccio's lore  
 And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,  
 How have I loved the twilight hour and thee !

The shrill cicadas, people of the pine,  
 Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,  
 Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,

And vesper bells that rose the boughs along ;  
 The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,  
 His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng  
 Which learned from this example not to fly  
 From a true lover, — shadowed my mind's eye.

O Hesperus ! thou bringest all good things, —  
 Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,  
 To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,  
 The welcome stall to the o'erlabored steer ;  
 Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,  
 Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,  
 Are gathered round us by thy look of rest ;  
 Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

Soft hour ! which wakes the wish and melts the  
 heart

Of those who sail the seas, on the first day  
 When they from their sweet friends are torn apart ;  
 Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,  
 As the far bell of vesper makes him start,  
 Seeming to weep the dying day's decay :  
 Is this a fancy which our reason scorns ?  
 Ah ! surely nothing dies but something mourns.  
 BYRON.

—◆—  
 EVENING IN PARADISE.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray  
 Had in her sober livery all things clad ;  
 Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,  
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,  
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale ;  
 She all night long her amorous descant sung.  
 Silence was pleased : now glowed the firmament  
 With living sapphires ; Hesperus, that led  
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,  
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,  
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve : " Fair consort, the  
 hour

Of night, and all things now retired to rest,  
 Mind us of like repose, since God hath set  
 Labor and rest, as day and night, to men  
 Successive ; and the timely dew of sleep,  
 Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines  
 Our eyelids. Other creatures all day long  
 Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest ;  
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,  
 And the regard of Heaven on all his ways ;  
 While other animals unactive range,  
 And of their doings God takes no account.  
 To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east  
 With first approach of light, we must be risen,  
 And at our pleasant labor, to reform  
 Yon flowery arbors, yonder alleys green,

Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,  
That mock our scant manuring, and require  
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.  
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,  
That lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,  
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease ;  
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest."

To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty adorned :  
" My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st  
Unargued I obey ; so God ordains ;  
God is thy law, thou mine ; to know no more  
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.  
With thee conversing I forget all time ;  
All seasons and their change, all please alike.  
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,  
When first on this delightful land he spreads  
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth  
After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night,  
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train :  
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends  
With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun  
On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,  
Glistening with dew ; nor fragrance after showers,  
Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night  
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,  
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet."

Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed  
On to their blissful bower.

MILTON.

◆

### TO NIGHT.

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,  
Spirit of Night !

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

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

When I arose and saw the dawn,  
I sighed for thee ;  
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,  
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,  
And the weary Day turned to her rest,  
Lingering like an unloved guest,  
I sighed for thee !

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

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

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

◆

### NIGHT.

MYSTERIOUS Night ! when our first parent knew  
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame, —  
This glorious canopy of light and blue ?  
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,  
Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,  
And lo ! creation widened in man's view.  
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed

Within thy beams, O Sun ! or who could find,  
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,  
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind !  
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife ?  
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life ?

BLANCO WHITE.

◆

### NIGHT.

How beautiful this night ! the balmiest sigh  
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear  
Were discord to the speaking quietude  
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's chon  
vault,  
Studded with stars unutterably bright,  
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur  
rolls,  
Seems like a canopy which love has spread  
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,  
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow ;  
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,  
So stainless that their white and glittering spires  
Tinge not the moon's pure beam ; yon castle steep,  
Whose banner hangeth o'er the timeworn tower  
So idly that rapt fancy deemeth it  
A metaphor of peace — all form a scene  
Where musing solitude might love to lift



Her soul above this sphere of earthliness ;  
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,  
So cold, so bright, so still.

The orb of day  
In southern climes o'er ocean's waveless field  
Sinks sweetly smiling : not the faintest breath  
Steals o'er the unruffled deep ; the clouds of eve  
Reflect unmoved the lingering beam of day ;  
And vesper's image on the western main  
Is beautifully still. To-morrow comes :  
Cloud upon cloud, in dark and deepening mass,  
Rolls o'er the blackened waters ; the deep roar  
Of distant thunder mutters awfully ;  
Tempest unfolds its pinion o'er the gloom  
That shrouds the boiling surge ; the pitiless fiend,  
With all his winds and lightnings, tracks his prey ;  
The torn deep yawns, — the vessel finds a grave  
Beneath its jagged gulf.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

◆  
NIGHT.

FROM "CHILDE HAROLD."

'T is night, when Meditation bids us feel  
We once have loved, though love is at an end :  
The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,  
Though friendless now, will dream it had a  
friend.

Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,  
When Youth itself survives young Love and joy ?  
Alas ! when mingling souls forget to blend,  
Death hath but little left him to destroy !

Ah ! happy years ! once more who would not be  
a boy ?

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,  
To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,  
The soul forgets her schemes of Hope and Pride,  
And flies unconscious o'er each backward year.  
None are so desolate but something dear,  
Dearer than self, possesses or possessed  
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear ;  
A flashing pang ! of which the weary breast  
Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,  
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,  
Where things that own not man's dominion  
dwell,

And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been ;  
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,  
With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;  
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean, —  
This is not solitude ; 't is but to hold  
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her  
stores unrolled.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,  
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,  
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,  
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless ;  
Minions of splendor shrinking from distress !  
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,  
If we were not, would seem to smile the less  
Of all that flattered, followed, sought, and sued ;  
This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude !

BYRON.

◆  
NIGHT.

NIGHT is the time for rest :

How sweet, when labors close,  
To gather round an aching breast  
The curtain of repose,  
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head  
Down on our own delightful bed !

Night is the time for dreams :

The gay romance of life,  
When truth that is, and truth that seems,  
Mix in fantastic strife ;  
Ah ! visions, less beguiling far  
Than waking dreams by daylight are !

Night is the time for toil :

To plough the classic field,  
Intent to find the buried spoil  
Its wealthy furrows yield ;  
Till all is ours that sages taught,  
That poets sang, and heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep :

To wet with unseen tears  
Those graves of Memory, where sleep  
The joys of other years ;  
Hopes, that were Angels at their birth,  
But died when young, like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch :

O'er ocean's dark expanse,  
To hail the Pleiades, or catch  
The full moon's earliest glance,  
That brings into the homesick mind  
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care :

Brooding on hours misspent,  
To see the spectre of Despair  
Come to our lonely tent ;  
Like Brutus, midst his slumbering host,  
Summoned to die by Cæsar's ghost.

Night is the time to think :

When, from the eye, the soul  
Takes flight ; and on the utmost brink  
Of yonder starry pole

Discerns beyond the abyss of night  
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray :  
Our Saviour oft withdrew  
To desert mountains far away ;  
So will his follower do,  
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,  
And commune there alone with God.

Night is the time for Death :  
When all around is peace,  
Calmly to yield the weary breath,  
From sin and suffering cease,  
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign  
To parting friends ; — such death be mine.  
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

### HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

*Ἀσπασίη, τριλλιστος.*

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night  
Sweep through her marble halls !  
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light  
From the celestial walls !

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,  
Stoop o'er me from above ;  
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,  
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,  
The manifold, soft chimes,  
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,  
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air  
My spirit drank repose ;  
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there, —  
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night ! from thee I learn to bear  
What man has borne before !  
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,  
And they complain no more.

Peace ! Peace ! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer !  
Descend with broad-winged flight,  
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,  
The best-beloved Night !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### SPRING.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

DIP down upon the northern shore,  
O sweet new-year, delaying long :  
Thou doest expectant Nature wrong ;  
Delaying long, delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons,  
Thy sweetness from its proper place ?  
Can trouble live with April days,  
Or sadness in the summer moons ?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,  
The little speedwell's darling blue,  
Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,  
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, new-year, delaying long,  
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,  
That longs to burst a frozen bud,  
And flood a fresher throat with song.

Now fades the last long streak of snow ;  
Now bourgeons every maze of quick  
About the flowering squares, and thick  
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,  
The distance takes a lovelier hue,  
And drowned in yonder living blue  
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,  
The flocks are whiter down the vale,  
And milkier every milky sail  
On winding stream or distant sea ;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives  
In yonder greenning gleam, and fly  
The happy birds, that change their sky  
To build and brood, that live their lives

From land to land ; and in my breast  
Spring wakens too ; and my regret  
Becomes an April violet,  
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### DIE DOWN, O DISMAL DAY !

DIE down, O dismal day, and let me live ;  
And come, blue deeps, magnificently strewn  
With colored clouds, — large, light, and fugitive, —  
By upper winds through pompous motions blown.  
Now it is death in life, — a vapor dense  
Creeps round my window, till I cannot see  
The far snow-shining mountains, and the glens  
Shagging the mountain tops. O God ! make fresh  
This barren shackled earth, so deadly cold, —  
Breathe gently forth thy spring, till winter flies  
In rude amazement, fearful and yet bold,  
While she performs her customary charities ;  
I weigh the loaded hours till life is bare, —  
O God, for one clear day, a snowdrop, and sweet air !

DAVID GRAY.

## SUMMER LONGINGS.

Ah ! my heart is weary waiting,  
 Waiting for the May, —  
 Waiting for the pleasant rambles  
 Where the fragrant hawthorn-brambles,  
 With the woodbine alternating,  
 Scent the dewy way.  
 Ah ! my heart is weary waiting,  
 Waiting for the May.

Ah ! my heart is sick with longing,  
 Longing for the May, —  
 Longing to escape from study,  
 To the young face fair and ruddy,  
 And the thousand charms belonging  
 To the summer's day.  
 Ah ! my heart is sick with longing,  
 Longing for the May.

Ah ! my heart is sore with sighing,  
 Sighing for the May, —  
 Sighing for their sure returning,  
 When the summer beams are burning,  
 Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying,  
 All the winter lay.  
 Ah ! my heart is sore with sighing,  
 Sighing for the May.

Ah ! my heart is pained with throbbing,  
 Throbbing for the May, —  
 Throbbing for the seaside billows,  
 Or the water-woeing willows ;  
 Where, in laughing and in sobbing,  
 Glide the streams away.  
 Ah ! my heart, my heart is throbbing.  
 Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,  
 Waiting for the May :  
 Spring goes by with wasted warnings, —  
 Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings, —  
 Summer comes, yet dark and dreary  
 Life still ebbs away ;  
 Man is ever weary, weary,  
 Waiting for the May !

DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY.

## WHEN THE HOUNDS OF SPRING.

WHEN the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,  
 The mother of months in meadow or plain  
 Fills the shadows and windy places  
 With lip of leaves and ripple of rain ;  
 And the brown bright nightingals amorous  
 Is half assuaged for Itylus,  
 For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces ;  
 The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

20

Come with bows bent and with emptying of  
 quivers,  
 Maiden most perfect, lady of light,  
 With a noise of winds and many rivers,  
 With a clamor of waters, and with might ;  
 Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,  
 Over the splendor and speed of thy feet !  
 For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,  
 Round the feet of the day and the feet of the  
 night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,  
 Fold our hands round her knees and cling ?  
 O that man's heart were as fire and could spring  
 to her,  
 Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring !  
 For the stars and the winds are unto her  
 As raiment, as songs of the harp-player ;  
 For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,  
 And the south-west-wind and the west-wind  
 sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,  
 And all the season of snows and sins ;  
 The days dividing lover and lover,  
 The light that loses, the night that wins ;  
 And time remembered is grief forgotten,  
 And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,  
 And in green underwood and cover  
 Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,  
 Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,  
 The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes  
 From leaf to flower and flower to fruit ;  
 And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,  
 And the oat is heard above the lyre,  
 And the hoofed heel of a satyr crushes  
 The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,  
 Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,  
 Follows with dancing and fills with delight  
 The Mænad and the Bassarid ;  
 And soft as lips that laugh and hide,  
 The laughing leaves of the trees divide,  
 And screen from seeing and leave in sight  
 The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair  
 Over her eyebrows shading her eyes ;  
 The wild vine slipping down leaves bare  
 Her bright breast shortening into sighs ;  
 The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,  
 But the berried ivy catches and cleaves  
 To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare  
 The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

## THE WINTER BEING OVER.

THE winter being over,  
 In order comes the spring,  
 Which doth green herbs discover,  
 And cause the birds to sing.  
 The night also expired,  
 Then comes the morning bright,  
 Which is so much desired  
 By all that love the light.  
 This may learn  
 Them that mourn,  
 To put their grief to flight :  
 The spring succeedeth winter,  
 And day must follow night.

He therefore that sustaineth  
 Affliction or distress  
 Which every member paineth,  
 And findeth no release, —  
 Let such therefore despair not,  
 But on firm hope depend,  
 Whose griefs immortal are not,  
 And therefore must have end.  
 They that faint  
 With complaint  
 Therefore are to blame ;  
 They add to their afflictions,  
 And amplify the same.

For if they could with patience  
 Awhile possess the mind,  
 By inward consolations  
 They might refreshing find,  
 To sweeten all their crosses  
 That little time they 'dure ;  
 So might they gain by losses,  
 And sharp would sweet procure.

But if the mind  
 Be inclined  
 To unquietness,  
 That only may be called  
 The worst of all distress.

He that is melancholy,  
 Detesting all delight,  
 His wits by sottish folly  
 Are ruined quite.  
 Sad discontent and murmurs  
 To him are incident ;  
 Were he possessed of honors,  
 He could not be content.  
 Sparks of joy  
 Fly away ;  
 Floods of care arise ;  
 And all delightful motion  
 In the conception dies.

But those that are contented  
 However things do fall,  
 Much anguish is prevented,  
 And they soon freed from all.  
 They finish all their labors  
 With much felicity ;  
 Their joy in trouble savors  
 Of perfect piety.

Cheerfulness  
 Doth express  
 A settled pious mind,  
 Which is not prone to grudging,  
 From murmuring refined.

ANN COLLINS.

## SPRING.

WRITTEN WHILE A PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

THE Time hath laid his mantle by  
 Of wind and rain and icy chill,  
 And dons a rich embroidery  
 Of sunlight poured on lake and hill.

No beast or bird in earth or sky,  
 Whose voice doth not with gladness thrill ;  
 For Time hath laid his mantle by  
 Of wind and rain and icy chill.

River and fountain, brook and rill,  
 Bespangled o'er with livery gay  
 Of silver droplets, wind their way.  
 All in their new apparel vie,  
 For Time hath laid his mantle by.

CHARLES OF ORLEANS.

## RETURN OF SPRING.

[Translation.]

God shield ye, heralds of the spring,  
 Ye faithful swallows, fleet of wing,  
 Houps, cuckoos, nightingales,  
 Turtles, and every wilder bird,  
 That make your hundred chirpings heard  
 Through the green woods and dales.

God shield ye, Easter daisies all,  
 Fair roses, buds, and blossoms small,  
 And he whom erst the gore  
 Of Ajax and Narciss did print,  
 Ye wild thyme, anise, balm, and mint,  
 I welcome ye once more.

God shield ye, bright embroidered train  
 Of butterflies, that on the plain  
 Of each sweet herblet sip ;  
 And ye, new swarms of bees, that go  
 Where the pink flowers and yellow grow  
 To kiss them with your lip.

A hundred thousand times I call  
 A hearty welcome on ye all ;  
 This season how I love —  
 This merry din on every shore —  
 For winds and storms, whose sullen roar  
 Forbade my steps to rove.

PIERRE RONSARD (French).

◆  
 MARCH.

THE cock is crowing,  
 The stream is flowing,  
 The small birds twitter,  
 The lake doth glitter,  
 The green field sleeps in the sun ;  
 The oldest and youngest  
 Are at work with the strongest ;  
 The cattle are grazing,  
 Their heads never raising ;  
 There are forty feeding like one !

Like an army defeated  
 The snow hath retreated,  
 And now doth fare ill  
 On the top of the bare hill ;  
 The plough-boy is whooping — anon — anon !  
 There 's joy on the mountains ;  
 There 's life in the fountains ;  
 Small clouds are sailing,  
 Blue sky prevailing ;  
 The rain is over and gone !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

◆  
 SONG OF SPRING.

LAUD the first spring daisies ;  
 Chant aloud their praises ;  
 Send the children up  
 To the high hill's top ;  
 Tax not the strength of their young hands  
 To increase your lands.  
 Gather the primroses,  
 Make handfuls into posies ;  
 Take them to the little girls who are at work in  
 mills :  
 Pluck the violets blue, —  
 Ah, pluck not a few !  
 Knowest thou what good thoughts from Heaven  
 the violet instils ?

Give the children holidays,  
 (And let these be jolly days,)  
 Grant freedom to the children in this joyous  
 spring ;  
 Better men, hereafter,

Shall we have, for laughter  
 Freely shouted to the woods, till all the echoes ring.  
 Send the children up  
 To the high hill's top,  
 Or deep into the wood's recesses,  
 To woo spring's caresses.

See, the birds together,  
 In this splendid weather,  
 Worship God (for he is God of birds as well as  
 men) ;

And each feathered neighbor  
 Enters on his labor, —  
 Sparrow, robin, redpole, finch, the linnet, and the  
 wren.

As the year advances,  
 Trees their naked branches  
 Clothe, and seek your pleasure in their green ap-  
 parel.

Insect and wild beast  
 Keep no Lent, but feast ;  
 Spring breathes upon the earth, and their joy 's  
 increased,  
 And the rejoicing birds break forth in one loud  
 carol.

Ah, come and woo the spring ;  
 List to the birds that sing ;  
 Pluck the primroses ; pluck the violets ;  
 Pluck the daisies,  
 Sing their praises ;  
 Friendship with the flowers some noble thought  
 begets.

Come forth and gather these sweet elves,  
 (More witching are they than the fays of old,)  
 Come forth and gather them yourselves ;  
 Learn of these gentle flowers whose worth is more  
 than gold.

Come, come into the wood ;  
 Pierce into the bowers  
 Of these gentle flowers,  
 Which, not in solitude  
 Dwell, but with each other keep society :  
 And with a simple piety,  
 Are ready to be woven into garlands for the good.  
 Or, upon summer earth,  
 To die, in virgin worth ;  
 Or to be strewn before the bride,  
 And the bridegroom, by her side.

Come forth on Sundays ;  
 Come forth on Mondays ;  
 Come forth on any day ;  
 Children, come forth to play : —  
 Worship the God of Nature in your childhood ;  
 Worship him at your tasks with best endeavor ;  
 Worship him in your sports ; worship him ever ;

Worship him in the wild wood ;  
 Worship him amidst the flowers ;  
 In the greenwood bowers ;  
 Pluck the buttercups, and raise  
 Your voices in his praise !

EDWARD YOUL.

—◆—  
 SPRING.

AGAIN the violet of our early days  
 Drinks beauteous azure from the golden sun,  
 And kindles into fragrance at his blaze ;  
 The streams, rejoiced that winter's work is done,  
 Talk of to-morrow's cowslips, as they run.  
 Wild apple, thou art blushing into bloom !  
 Thy leaves are coming, snowy-blossomed thorn !  
 Wake, buried lily ! spirit, quit thy tomb !  
 And thou shade-loving hyacinth, be born !  
 Then, haste, sweet rose ! sweet woodbine, hymn  
 the morn,  
 Whose dewdrops shall illumine with pearly light  
 Each grassy blade that thick embattled stands  
 From sea to sea, while daisies infinite  
 Uplift in praise their little glowing hands,  
 O'er every hill that under heaven expands.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

—◆—  
 SPRING.

Lo ! where the rosy-bosomed Hours,  
 Fair Venus' train, appear,  
 Disclose the long-expecting flowers  
 And wake the purple year !  
 The Attic warbler pours her throat  
 Responsive to the cuckoo's note,  
 The untaught harmony of spring :  
 While, whispering pleasure as they fly,  
 Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky  
 Their gathered fragrance fling.

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

Still is the toiling hand of care ;  
 The panting herds repose :  
 Yet hark, how through the peopled air  
 The busy murmur glows !  
 The insect youth are on the wing,

Eager to taste the honeyed spring  
 And float amid the liquid noon :  
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,  
 Some show their gayly gilded trim  
 Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye  
 Such is the race of man ;  
 And they that creep, and they that fly  
 Shall end where they began.  
 Alike the busy and the gay  
 But flutter through life's little day,  
 In Fortune's varying colors drest :  
 Brushed by the hand of rough mischance  
 Or chilled by age, their airy dance  
 They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low  
 The sportive kind reply :  
 Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?  
 A solitary fly !  
 Thy joys no glittering female meets,  
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,  
 No painted plumage to display ;  
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;  
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone, —  
 We frolic while 't is May.

THOMAS GRAY.

—◆—  
 SWEETLY BREATHING, VERNAL AIR.

SWEETLY breathing, vernal air,  
 That with kind warmth doth repair  
 Winter's ruins ; from whose breast  
 All the gums and spice of the East  
 Borrow their perfumes ; whose eye  
 Gilds the morn, and clears the sky ;  
 Whose dishevelled tresses shed  
 Pearls upon the violet bed ;  
 On whose brow, with calm smiles drest  
 The halcyon sits and builds her nest ;  
 Beauty, youth, and endless spring  
 Dwell upon thy rosy wing !

Thou, if stormy Boreas throws  
 Down whole forests when he blows,  
 With a pregnant, flowery birth,  
 Canst refresh the teeming earth.  
 If he nip the early bud,  
 If he blast what's fair or good,  
 If he scatter our choice flowers,  
 If he shake our halls or bowers,  
 If his rude breath threaten us,  
 Thou canst stroke great Æolus,  
 And from him the grace obtain,  
 To bind him in an iron chain.

THOMAS CAREW.

## SPRING.

BEHOLD the young, the rosy Spring  
 Gives to the breeze her scented wing,  
 While virgin graces, warm with May,  
 Fling roses o'er her dewy way.  
 The murmuring billows of the deep  
 Have languished into silent sleep;  
 And mark! the fitting sea-birds lave  
 Their plumes in the reflecting wave;  
 While cranes from hoary winter fly  
 To flutter in a kinder sky.  
 Now the genial star of day  
 Dissolves the murky clouds away,  
 And cultured field and winding stream  
 Are freshly glittering in his beam.

Now the earth prolific swells  
 With leafy buds and flowery bells;  
 Gemming shoots the olive twine;  
 Clusters bright festoon the vine;  
 All along the branches creeping,  
 Through the velvet foliage peeping,  
 Little infant fruits we see  
 Nursing into luxury.

ANACREON (Greek). Translation  
 of THOMAS MOORE.

## SPRING, THE SWEET SPRING.

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

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

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

T. NASH.

## THE INVITATION.

BEST and brightest, come away,  
 Fairer far than this fair day,  
 Which, like thee, to those in sorrow  
 Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow  
 To the rough year just awake  
 In its cradle on the brake.  
 The brightest hour of unborn spring  
 Through the winter wandering,

Found, it seems, the halcyon morn  
 To hoar February born;  
 Bending from heaven, in azure mirth,  
 It kissed the forehead of the earth,  
 And smiled upon the silent sea,  
 And bade the frozen streams be free,  
 And waked to music all their fountains,  
 And breathed upon the frozen mountains,  
 And like a prophetic of May  
 Strewed flowers upon the barren way,  
 Making the wintry world appear  
 Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

Away, away, from men and towns,  
 To the wild wood and the downs, —  
 To the silent wilderness  
 Where the soul need not repress  
 Its music, lest it should not find  
 An echo in another's mind,  
 While the touch of nature's art  
 Harmonizes heart to heart.

Radiant Sister of the Day,  
 Awake! arise! and come away!  
 To the wild woods and the plains,  
 To the pools where winter rains  
 Image all their roof of leaves,  
 Where the pine its garland weaves  
 Of sapless green, and ivy dun,  
 Round stems that never kiss the sun,  
 Where the lawns and pastures be  
 And the sand-hills of the sea,  
 Where the melting hoar-frost wets  
 The daisy-star that never sets,  
 And wind-flowers and violets  
 Which yet join not scent to hue  
 Crown the pale year weak and new;  
 When the night is left behind  
 In the deep east, dim and blind,  
 And the blue noon is over us,  
 And the multitudinous  
 Billows murmur at our feet,  
 Where the earth and ocean meet,  
 And all things seem only one  
 In the universal sun.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

## TO AURELIA.

SEE, the flowery spring is blown,  
 Let us leave the smoky town;  
 From the mall, and from the ring,  
 Every one has taken wing;  
 Chloe, Strephon, Corydon,  
 To the meadows all are gone.  
 What is left you worth your stay?  
 Come, Aurelia, come away.

Come, Aurelia, come and see  
 What a lodge I've dressed for thee ;  
 But the seat you cannot see,  
 'T is so hid with jessamy,  
 With the vine that o'er the walls,  
 And in every window crawls ;  
 Let us there be blithe and gay !  
 Come, Aurelia, come away.

Come with all thy sweetest wiles,  
 With thy graces and thy smiles ;  
 Come, and we will merry be,  
 Who shall be so blest as we ?  
 We will frolic all the day,  
 Haste, Aurelia, while we may :  
 Ay ! and should not life be gay ?  
 Yes, Aurelia, — come away.

JOHN DYER.

## MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
 The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
 The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.  
 Hail, bounteous May ! that doth inspire  
 Mirth and youth and warm desire ;  
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.  
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

MILTON.

## MAY.

I FEEL a newer life in every gale ;  
 The winds that fan the flowers,  
 And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,  
 Tell of serener hours, —  
 Of hours that glide unfelt away  
 Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south-wind calls  
 From his blue throne of air,  
 And where his whispering voice in music falls,  
 Beauty is budding there ;  
 The bright ones of the valley break  
 Their slumbers, and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,  
 And the wide forest weaves,  
 To welcome back its playful mates again,  
 A canopy of leaves ;  
 And from its darkening shadow floats  
 A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May ;  
 The tresses of the woods  
 With the light dallying of the west-wind play ;  
 And the full-brimming floods,  
 As gladly to their goal they run,  
 Hail the returning sun.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

## THEY COME ! THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

THEY come ! the merry summer months of  
 beauty, song, and flowers ;  
 They come ! the gladsome months that bring  
 thick leafiness to bowers.  
 Up, up, my heart ! and walk abroad ; fling cark  
 and care aside ;  
 Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful  
 waters glide ;  
 Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal  
 tree,  
 Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt  
 tranquillity.

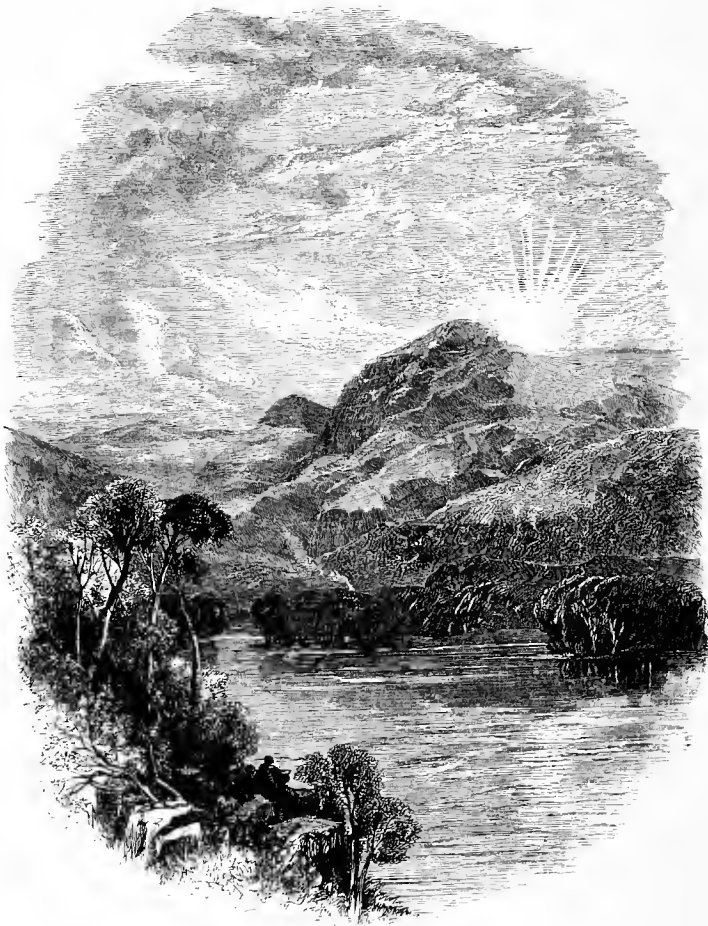
The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to  
 the hand ;  
 And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is  
 sweet and bland ;  
 The daisy and the buttercup are nodding cour-  
 teously ;  
 It stirs their blood with kindest love, to bless  
 and welcome thee ;  
 And mark how with thine own thin locks —  
 they now are silvery gray —  
 That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whisper-  
 ing, "Be gay !"

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of  
 yon sky  
 But hath its own winged mariners to give it  
 melody ;  
 Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all  
 gleaming like red gold ;  
 And bark ! with shrill pipe musical, their merry  
 course they hold.  
 God bless them all, those little ones, who, far  
 above this earth,  
 Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a  
 nobler mirth.

But soft ! mine ear upcaught a sound, — from  
 yonder wood it came !  
 The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his  
 own glad name ; —  
 Yes, it is he ! the hermit bird, that, apart from  
 all his kind,







SUNRISE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

*"The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,  
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn."*





Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft  
western wind ;  
Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! he sings again, — his notes are  
void of art ;  
But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep  
founts of the heart.

Good Lord ! it is a gracious boon for thought-  
crazed wight like me,  
To smell again these summer flowers beneath this  
summer tree !  
To suck once more in every breath their little  
souls away,  
And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's  
bright summer day,  
When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reck-  
less, truant boy  
Wandered through greenwoods all day long, a  
mighty heart of joy !

I'm sadder now, — I have had cause ; but O,  
I'm proud to think  
That each pure joy-fount, loved of yore, I yet  
delight to drink ;—  
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the  
calm, unclouded sky,  
Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the  
days gone by.  
When summer's loveliness and light fall round  
me dark and cold,  
I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse, — a heart  
that hath waxed old !

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

### SUMMER MORNING.

FROM "THE SEASONS."

SHORT is the doubtful empire of the night ;  
And soon, observant of approaching day,  
The meek-eyed morn appears, mother of dews,  
At first faint gleaming in the dappled east, —  
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow,  
And, from before the lustre of her face,  
White break the clouds away. With quickened  
step,  
Brown night retires. Young day pours in apace,  
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.  
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,  
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.  
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents  
shine ;  
And from the bladed field the fearful hare  
Limps, awkward ; while along the forest glade  
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze  
At early passenger. Music awakes,  
The native voice of undissembled joy ;  
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.

Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves  
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells ;  
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives  
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

JAMES THOMSON.

### SONG OF THE SUMMER WINDS.

UP the dale and down the bourne,  
O'er the meadow swift we fly ;  
Now we sing, and now we mourn,  
Now we whistle, now we sigh.

By the grassy-fringed river,  
Through the murmuring reeds we sweep ;  
Mid the lily-leaves we quiver,  
To their very hearts we creep.

Now the maiden rose is blushing  
At the frolic things we say,  
While aside her cheek we're rushing,  
Like some truant bees at play.

Through the blooming groves we rustle,  
Kissing every bud we pass, —  
As we did it in the bustle,  
Scarcely knowing how it was.

Down the glen, across the mountain,  
O'er the yellow heath we roam,  
Whirling round about the fountain,  
Till its little breakers foam.

Bending down the weeping willows,  
While our vesper hymn we sigh ;  
Then unto our rosy pillows  
On our weary wings we lie.

There of idlenesses dreaming,  
Scarce from waking we refrain,  
Moments long as ages deeming  
Till we're at our play again.

GEORGE DARLEY.

### RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain !  
After the dust and heat,  
In the broad and fiery street,  
In the narrow lane,  
How beautiful is the rain !

How it clatters along the roofs,  
Like the tramp of hoofs !  
How it gushes and struggles out  
From the throat of the overflowing spout !

Across the window-pane  
It pours and pours ;  
And swift and wide,  
With a muddy tide,  
Like a river down the gutter roars  
The rain, the welcome rain !

The sick man from his chamber looks  
At the twisted brooks ;  
He can feel the cool  
Breath of each little pool ;  
His fevered brain  
Grows calm again,  
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school  
Come the boys,  
With more than their wonted noise  
And commotion ;  
And down the wet streets  
Sail their mimic fleets,  
Till the treacherous pool  
Ingulfs them in its whirling  
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,  
Where far and wide,  
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,  
Stretches the plain,  
To the dry grass and the drier grain  
How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land  
The toilsome and patient oxen stand ;  
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,  
With their dilated nostrils spread,  
They silently inhale  
The clover-scented gale,  
And the vapors that arise  
From the well-watered and smoking soil.  
For this rest in the furrow after toil  
Their large and lustrous eyes  
Seem to thank the Lord,  
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,  
From under the sheltering trees,  
The farmer sees  
His pastures, and his fields of grain,  
As they bend their tops  
To the numberless beating drops  
Of the incessant rain.  
He counts it as no sin  
That he sees therein  
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,  
The Poet sees !  
He can behold  
Aqnarius old

Walking the fenceless fields of air ;  
And from each ample fold  
Of the clouds about him rolled  
Scattering everywhere  
The showery rain,  
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold  
Things manifold  
That have not yet been wholly told, —  
Have not been wholly sung nor said.  
For his thought, that never stops,  
Follows the water-drops  
Down to the graves of the dead,  
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,  
To the dreary fountain-head  
Of lakes and rivers underground ;  
And sees them, when the rain is done,  
On the bridge of colors seven  
Climbing up once more to heaven,  
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,  
With vision clear,  
Sees forms appear and disappear,  
In the perpetual round of strange\*  
Mysterious change  
From birth to death, from death to birth,  
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth ;  
Till glimpses more sublime  
Of things, unseen before,  
Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel  
Turning forevermore  
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### A JUNE DAY.

Who has not dreamed a world of bliss  
On a bright sunny noon like this,  
Couched by his native brook's green maze,  
With comrade of his boyish days,  
While all around them seemed to be  
Just as in joyous infancy ?  
Who has not loved at such an hour,  
Upon that heath, in birchen bower,  
Lulled in the poet's dreamy mood,  
Its wild and sunny solitude ?  
While o'er the waste of purple ling  
You mark a sultry glimmering ;  
Silence herself there seems to sleep,  
Wrapped in a slumber long and deep,  
Where slowly stray those lonely sheep  
Through the tall foxglove's crimson bloom,  
And gleaming of the scattered broom.  
Love you not, then, to list and hear

The crackling of the gorse-flowers near,  
 Pouring an orange-scented tide  
 Of fragrance o'er the desert wide ?  
 To hear the buzzard's whimpering shrill,  
 Hovering above you high and still ?  
 The twittering of the bird that dwells  
 Among the heath's delicious bells ?  
 While round your bed, o'er fern and blade,  
 Insects in green and gold arrayed,  
 The sun's gay tribes have lightly strayed ;  
 And sweeter sound their humming wings  
 Than the proud minstrel's echoing strings.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

### SUMMER MOODS.

I LOVE at eventide to walk alone,  
 Down narrow glens, o'erhung with dewy thorn,  
 Where, from the long grass underneath, the snail,  
 Jet black, creeps out, and sprouts his timid horn.  
 I love to muse o'er meadows newly mown,  
 Where withering grass perfumes the sultry air ;  
 Where bees search round, with sad and weary  
 drone,

In vain, for flowers that bloomed but newly  
 there ;

While in the juicy corn the hidden quail  
 Cries, "Wet my foot" ; and, hid as thoughts  
 unborn,

The fairy-like and seldom-seen land-rail  
 Utters "Craik, craik," like voices underground,  
 Right glad to meet the evening's dewy veil,  
 And see the light fade into gloom around.

JOHN CLARE.

### SIGNS OF RAIN.

FORTY REASONS FOR NOT ACCEPTING AN INVITATION OF  
 A FRIEND TO MAKE AN EXCURSION WITH HIM.

- 1 THE hollow winds begin to blow ;
- 2 The clouds look black, the glass is low,
- 3 The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
- 4 And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
- 5 Last night the sun went pale to bed,
- 6 The moon in halos hid her head ;
- 7 The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
- 8 For see a rainbow spans the sky.
- 9 The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
- 10 Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
- 11 Hark how the chairs and tables crack !
- 12 Old Betty's nerves are on the rack ;
- 13 Loud quacks the duck, the peacocks cry,
- 14 The distant hills are seeming nigh.
- 15 How restless are the snorting swine !
- 16 The busy flies disturb the kine ;

- 17 Low o'er the grass the swallow wings,
- 18 The cricket, too, how sharp he sings,
- 19 Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
- 20 Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws,
- 21 Through the clear streams the fishes rise,
- 22 And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
- 23 The glow-worms, numerous and light,
- 24 Illumed the dewy dell last night,
- 25 At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
- 26 Hopping and crawling o'er the green,
- 27 The whirling dust the wind obeys,
- 28 And in the rapid eddy plays ;
- 29 The frog has changed his yellow vest,
- 30 And in a russet coat is dressed.
- 31 Though June, the air is cold and still,
- 32 The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill ;
- 33 My dog, so altered in his taste,
- 34 Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast ;
- 35 And see yon rooks, how odd their flight,
- 36 They imitate the gliding kite,
- 37 And seem precipitate to fall,
- 38 As if they felt the piercing ball.
- 39 "T will surely rain ; I see with sorrow,
- 40 Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

ANONYMOUS.

### SUMMER STORM.

UNTREMULOUS in the river clear,  
 Toward the-sky's image, hangs the imaged bridge :  
 So still the air that I can hear  
 The slender clarion of the unseen midge ;  
 Out of the stillness, with a gathering creep,  
 Like rising wind in leaves, which now decreases,  
 Now lulls, now swells, and all the while increases,  
 The huddling trample of a drove of sheep  
 Tilts the loose planks, and then as gradually ceases  
 In dust on the other side ; life's emblem deep,  
 A confused noise between two silences,  
 Finding at last in dust precarious peace.  
 On the wide marsh the purple-blossomed grasses  
 Soak up the sunshine ; sleeps the brimming  
 tide  
 Save when the wedge-shaped wake in silence passes  
 Of some slow water-rat, whose sinuous glide  
 Wavers the long green sedge's shade from side  
 to side ;  
 But up the west, like a rock-shivered surge,  
 Climbs a great cloud edged with sun-whitened  
 spray ;  
 Huge whirls of foam boil toppling o'er its verge,  
 And falling still it seems, and yet it climbs alway.

Suddenly all the sky is hid  
 As with the shutting of a lid,  
 One by one great drops are falling  
 Doubtful and slow,

Down the pane they are crookedly crawling,  
 And the wind breathes low ;  
 Slowly the circles widen on the river,  
 Widen and mingle, one and all ;  
 Here and there the slenderer flowers shiver,  
 Struck by an icy rain-drop's fall.

Now on the hills I hear the thunder mutter,  
 The wind is gathering in the west ;  
 The upturned leaves first whiten and flutter,  
 Then droop to a fitful rest ;  
 Up from the stream with sluggish flap  
 Struggles the gull and floats away ;  
 Nearer and nearer rolls the thunder-clap, —  
 We shall not see the sun go down to-day :  
 Now leaps the wind on the sleepy marsh,  
 And tramples the grass with terrified feet,  
 The startled river turns leaden and harsh,  
 You can hear the quick heart of the tempest beat.

Look ! look ! that livid flash !  
 And instantly follows the rattling thunder,  
 As if some cloud-crag, split asunder,  
 Fell, splintering with a ruinous crash,  
 On the Earth, which crouches in silence under ;  
 And now a solid gray wall of rain  
 Shuts off the landscape, mile by mile ;  
 For a breath's space I see the blue wood again,  
 And, ere the next heart-beat, the wind-hurled pile,  
 That seemed but now a league aloof,  
 Bursts crackling o'er the sun-parched roof ;  
 Against the windows the storm comes dashing,  
 Through tattered foliage the hail tears crashing,  
 The blue lightning flashes,  
 The rapid hail clashes,  
 The white waves are tumbling,  
 And, in one baffled roar,  
 Like the toothless sea mumbering  
 A rock-bristled shore,  
 The thunder is rumbling  
 And crashing and crumbling, —  
 Will silence return nevermore ?

Hush ! Still as death,  
 The tempest holds his breath  
 As from a sudden will ;  
 The rain stops short, but from the eaves  
 You see it drop, and hear it from the leaves,  
 All is so bodingly still ;  
 Again, now, now, again  
 Plashes the rain in heavy gouts,  
 The crinkled lightning  
 Seems ever brightening,  
 And loud and long  
 Again the thunder shouts  
 His battle-song, —  
 One quivering flash,  
 One wildering crash,

Followed by silence dead and dull,  
 As if the cloud, let go,  
 Leapt bodily below  
 To whelm the earth in one mad overthrow,  
 And then a total lull.

Gone, gone, so soon !  
 No more my half-crazed fancy there  
 Can shape a giant in the air,  
 No more I see his streaming hair,  
 The writhing portent of his form ; —  
 The pale and quiet moon  
 Makes her calm forehead bare,  
 And the last fragments of the storm,  
 Like shattered rigging from a fight at sea,  
 Silent and few, are drifting over me.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

#### A SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been ! how bright was the sun !  
 How lovely and joyful the course that he run,  
 Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,  
 And there followed some droppings of rain !  
 But now the fair traveller's come to the west,  
 His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best :  
 He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,  
 And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian ; his course he begins,  
 Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,  
 And melts into tears ; then he breaks out and  
 shines,  
 And travels his heavenly way :  
 But when he comes nearer to finish his race,  
 Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,  
 And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,  
 Of rising in brighter array.

ISAAC WATTS.

#### MOONLIGHT IN SUMMER.

Low on the utmost boundary of the sight,  
 The rising vapors catch the silver light ;  
 Thence fancy measures, as they parting fly,  
 Which first will throw its shadow on the eye,  
 Passing the source of light ; and thence away,  
 Succeeded quick by brighter still than they.  
 For yet above these wafted clouds are seen  
 (In a remoter sky still more serene)  
 Others, detached in ranges through the air,  
 Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair ;  
 Scattered immensely wide from east to west,  
 The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest,  
 These, to the raptured mind, aloud proclaim  
 Their mighty Shepherd's everlasting name ;



And thus the loiterer's utmost stretch of soul  
Climbs the still clouds, or passes those that roll,  
And loosed imagination soaring goes  
High o'er his home and all his little woes.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

### A SUMMER EVENING'S MEDITATION.

"One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine." — YOUNG.

'T is past, — the sultry tyrant of the South  
Hasspent his short-lived rage ; more grateful hours  
Move silent on ; the skies no more repel  
The dazzled sight, but, with mild maiden beams  
Of tempered lustre, court the cherished eye  
To wander o'er their sphere ; where, hung aloft,  
Dian's bright crescent, like a silver bow,  
New strung in heaven, lifts its beamy horns  
Impatient for the night, and seems to push  
Her brother down the sky. Fair Venus shines  
Even in the eye of day ; with sweetest beam  
Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood  
Of softened radiance with her dewy locks.  
The shadows spread apace ; while meekened Eve,  
Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires  
Through the Hesperian gardens of the West,  
And shuts the gates of Day. 'T is now the hour  
When Contemplation, from her sunless haunts,  
The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth  
Of unpierced woods, where wrapt in solid shade  
She mused away the gaudy hours of noon,  
And fed on thoughts unripened by the sun,  
Moves forward and with radiant finger points  
To yon blue concave swelled by breath divine,  
Where, one by one, the living eyes of heaven  
Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of ether  
One boundless blaze ; ten thousand trembling  
fires,  
And dancing lustres, where the unsteady eye,  
Restless and dazzled, wanders unconfined  
O'er all this field of glories ; spacious field,  
And worthy of the Master : He whose hand  
With hieroglyphics elder than the Nile  
Inscribed the mystic tablet ; hung on high  
To public gaze, and said, Adore, O man !  
The finger of thy God. From what pure wells  
Of milky light, what soft o'erflowing urn,  
Are all these lamps so filled ? — these friendly  
lamps,  
Forever streaming o'er the azure deep  
To point our path, and light us to our home.  
How soft they slide along their lucid spheres !  
And, silent as the foot of Time, fulfil  
Their destined courses. Nature's self is hushed,  
And but a scattered leaf, which rustles through  
The thick-wave foliage, not a sound is heard  
To break the midnight air ; though the raised ear,  
Intently listening, drinks in every breath.

How deep the silence, yet how loud the praise !  
But are they silent all ? or is there not  
A tongue in every star that talks with man,  
And woos him to be wise ? nor woos in vain :  
This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,  
And Wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.  
At this still hour the self-collected soul  
Turns inward, and beholds a stranger there  
Of high descent, and more than mortal rank ;  
An embryo God ; a spark of fire divine,  
Which must burn on for ages, when the sun  
(Fair transitory creature of a day !)  
Has closed his golden eye, and, wrapt in shades,  
Forgets his wonted journey through the East.  
Ye citadels of light, and seats of gods !  
Perhaps my future home, from whence the soul,  
Revolving periods past, may oft look back,  
With recollected tenderness, on all  
The various busy scenes she left below,  
Its deep-laid projects and its strange events,  
As on some fond and doting tale that soothed  
Her infant hours, — O, be it lawful now  
To tread the hallowed circle of your courts,  
And with mute wonder and delighted awe  
Approach your burning confines. Seized in  
thought,  
On Fancy's wild and roving wing I sail,  
From the green borders of the peopled earth,  
And the pale moon, her duteous, fair attendant ;  
From solitary Mars ; from the vast orb  
Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk  
Dances in ether like the lightest leaf ;  
To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,  
Where cheerless Saturn midst his watery moons  
Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp,  
Sits like an exiled monarch : fearless thence  
I launch into the trackless deeps of space,  
Where, burning round, ten thousand suns appear,  
Of elder beam, which ask no leave to shine  
Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light  
From the proud regent of our scanty day ;  
Sons of the morning, first-born of creation,  
And only less than Him who marks their track  
And guides their fiery wheels. Here must I stop,  
Or is there aught beyond ? What hand unseen  
Impels me on ward through the glowing orbs  
Of habitable nature, far remote,  
To the dread confines of eternal night,  
To solitudes of waste unpeopled space,  
The deserts of creation, wide and wild ;  
Where embryo systems and unkindled suns  
Sleep in the womb of chaos ? Fancy droops,  
And Thought, astonished, stops her bold career.  
But, O thou mighty Mind ! whose powerful word  
Said, "Thus let all things be," and thus they  
were,  
Where shall I seek thy presence ? how unblamed  
Invoke thy dread perfection ?

Have the broad eyelids of the morn beheld thee?  
 Or does the beamy shoulder of Orion  
 Support thy throne? O, look with pity down  
 On erring, guilty man; not in thy names  
 Of terror clad; not with those thunders armed  
 That conscious Sinai felt, when fear appalled  
 The scattered tribes; thou hast a gentler voice,  
 That whispers comfort to the swelling heart,  
 Abashed, yet longing to behold her Maker!  
 But now my soul, unused to stretch her powers  
 In flight so daring, drops her weary wing,  
 And seeks again the known accustomed spot,  
 Drest up with sun and shade and lawns and  
 streams,

A mansion fair and spacious for its guests,  
 And all replete with wonders. Let me here,  
 Content and grateful, wait the appointed time,  
 And ripen for the skies: the hour will come  
 When all these splendors bursting on my sight  
 Shall stand unveiled, and to my ravished sense  
 Unlock the glories of the world unknown.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

#### THE LATTER RAIN.

THE latter rain, — it falls in anxious haste  
 Upon the sun-dried fields and branches bare,  
 Loosening with searching drops the rigid waste  
 As if it would each root's lost strength repair;  
 But not a blade grows green as in the spring;  
 No swelling twig puts forth its thickening leaves;  
 The robins only mid the harvests sing,  
 Pecking the grain that scatters from the sheaves;  
 The rain falls still, — the fruit all ripened drops,  
 It pierces chestnut-burr and walnut-shell;  
 The furrowed fields disclose the yellow crops;  
 Each bursting pod of talents used can tell;  
 And all that once received the early rain  
 Declare to man it was not sent in vain.

JONES VERY.

#### AUTUMN.

THE autumn is old;  
 The sear leaves are flying;  
 He hath gathered up gold,  
 And now he is dying:  
 Old age, begin sighing!

The vintage is ripe;  
 The harvest is heaping;  
 But some that have sowed  
 Have no riches for reaping:—  
 Poor wretch, fall a-weeping!

The year's in the wane;  
 There is nothing adorning;

The night has no eve,  
 And the day has no morning;  
 Cold winter gives warning.

The rivers run chill;  
 The red sun is sinking;  
 And I am grown old,  
 And life is fast shrinking;  
 Here's snow for sad thinking!

THOMAS HOOD.

#### AUTUMN.

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 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 hlithe 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

#### INDIAN SUMMER.

From gold to gray  
 Our mild sweet day  
 Of Indian summer fades too soon;  
 But tenderly  
 Above the sea  
 Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's moon.

In its pale fire,  
 The village spire  
 Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance;  
 The painted walls  
 Whereon it falls

Transfigured stand in marble trance!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## INDIAN SUMMER.

WHEN leaves grow sear all things take a sombre hue ;  
The wild winds waltz no more the woodside  
through,  
And all the faded grass is wet with dew.

A gauzy nebula films the pensive sky,  
The golden bee supinely buzzes by,  
In silent flocks the bluebirds southward fly.

The forests' cheeks are crimsoned o'er with shame,  
The cynic frost enlaces every lane,  
The ground with scarlet blushes is aflame !

The one we love grows lustrous-eyed and sad,  
With sympathy too thoughtful to be glad,  
While all the colors round are running mad.

The sunbeams kiss askant the sombre hill,  
The naked woodbine climbs the window-sill,  
The breaths that noon exhales are faint and chill.

The ripened nuts drop downward day by day,  
Sounding the hollow tocsin of decay,  
And baudit squirrels smuggle them away.

Vague sighs and scents pervade the atmosphere,  
Sounds of invisible stirrings hum the ear,  
The morning's lash reveals a frozen tear.

The hermit mountains gird themselves with mail,  
Mocking the threshers with an echo fail,  
The while the afternoons grow crisp and pale.

Inconstant Summer to the tropics flees,  
And, as her rose-sails catch the amorous breeze,  
Lo ! bare, brown Autumn trembles to her knees !

The stealthy nights encroach upon the days,  
The earth with sudden whiteness is ablaze,  
And all her paths are lost in crystal maze !

Tread lightly where the dainty violets blew,  
Where the spring winds their soft eyes open flew ;  
Safely they sleep the churlish winter through.

Though all life's portals are indiced with woe,  
And frozen pearls are all the world can show,  
Feel ! Nature's breath is warm beneath the snow.

Look up ! dear mourners ! Still the blue expanse,  
Serenely tender, bends to catch thy glance,  
Within thy tears sibilic sunbeams dance !

With blooms full-sapped again will smile the land.  
The fall is but the folding of His hand,  
Anon with fuller glories to expand.

The dumb heart hid beneath the pulseless tree  
Will throb again ; and then the torpid bee  
Upon the ear will drone his drowsy glee.

So shall the truant bluebirds backward fly,  
And all loved things that vanish or that die  
Return to us in some sweet By-and-By !

ANONYMOUS.

## NO !

No sun — no moon !  
No morn — no noon —  
No dawn — no dust — no proper time of day —  
No sky — no earthly view —  
No distance looking blue —  
No road — no street — no "t'other side the  
way" —  
No end to any Row —  
No indications where the Crescents go —  
No top to any steeples —  
No recognitions of familiar people —  
No courtesies for showing 'em —  
No knowing 'em !  
No travelling at all — no locomotion,  
No inking of the way — no notion —  
"No go" — by land or ocean —  
No mail — no post —  
No news from any foreign coast —  
No park — no ring — no afternoon gentility —  
No company — no nobility —  
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,  
No comfortable feel in any member —  
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,  
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,  
November !

THOMAS HOOD.

## 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 HEULTY (German). Translation of  
CHARLES T. BROOKS.

## WINTER.

FROM "THE WINTER MORNING WALK."

'T is morning ; and the sun, with ruddy orb  
 Ascending, fires the horizon ; while the clouds,  
 That crowd away before the driving wind,  
 More ardent as the disk emerges more,  
 Resemble most some city in a blaze,  
 Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting ray  
 Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,  
 And, tingeing all with his own rosy hue,  
 From every herb and every spiry blade  
 Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.  
 Mine, spindling into longitude immense,  
 In spite of gravity, and sage remark  
 That I myself am but a fleeting shade,  
 Provokes me to a smile. With eye askance  
 I view the muscular proportioned limb  
 Transformed to a lean shank. The shapeless pair,  
 As they designed to mock me, at my side  
 Take step for step ; and, as I near approach  
 The cottage, walk along the plastered wall,  
 Preposterous sight ! the legs without the man.  
 The verdure of the plain lies buried deep  
 Beneath the dazzling deluge ; and the bents,  
 And coarser grass, upspearing o'er the rest,  
 Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine  
 Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad,  
 And, fledged with icy feathers, nod superb.  
 The cattle mourn in corners, where the fence  
 Screens them, and seem half petrified to sleep  
 In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait  
 Their wonted fodder ; not, like hungering man,  
 Fretful if unsupplied ; but silent, meek,  
 And, patient of the slow-paced swain's delay,  
 He from the stack carves out the accustomed load,  
 Deep plunging, and again deep plunging oft,  
 His broad keen knife into the solid mass :  
 Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,  
 With such andeviating and even force  
 He severs it away : no needless care  
 Lest storms should upset the leaning pile  
 Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight.  
 Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcerned  
 The cheerful haunts of men, to wield the axe  
 And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear,  
 From morn to eve his solitary task.  
 Shaggy and lean and shrewd with pointed ears,  
 And tail cropped short, half lurcher and half cur,  
 His dog attends him. Close behind his heel  
 Now creeps he slow ; and now, with many a frisk  
 Wide-scampering, snatches up the drifted snow  
 With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout ;  
 Then shakes his powdered coat, and barks for joy.

Now from the roost, or from the neighboring pale,  
 Where, diligent to catch the first faint gleam  
 Of smiling day, they gossiped side by side,

Come trooping at the housewife's well-known call  
 The feathered tribes domestic. Half on wing,  
 And half on foot, they brush the fleecy flood,  
 Conscious and fearful of too deep a plunge.  
 The sparrows peep, and quit the sheltering eaves  
 To seize the fair occasion. Well they eye  
 The scattered grain, and thievishly resolved  
 To escape the impending famine, often scared  
 As oft return, a pert voracious kind.  
 Clean riddance quickly made, one only care  
 Remains to each, the search of sunny nook,  
 Or shed impervious to the blast. Resigned  
 To sad necessity, the cock foregoes  
 His wonted strut, and, wading at their head  
 With well-considered steps, seems to resent  
 His altered gait and stateliness retrenched.  
 How find the myriads, that in summer cheer  
 The hills and valleys with their ceaseless songs,  
 Due sustenance, or where subsist they now ?  
 Earth yields them naught ; the imprisoned worm  
 is safe

Beneath the frozen clod ; all seeds of herbs  
 Lie covered close ; and berry-bearing thorns,  
 That feed the thrush (whatever some suppose),  
 Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.  
 The long protracted rigor of the year  
 Thins all their numerous flocks. In chinks and  
 holes  
 Ten thousand seek an unmolested end,  
 As instinct prompts ; self-buried ere they die.

WILLIAM COWPER.

## WINTER WALK AT NOON.

The night was winter in his roughest mood,  
 The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon  
 Upon the southern side of the slant hills,  
 And where the woods fence off the northern blast,  
 The season smiles, resigning all its rage,  
 And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue  
 Without a cloud, and white without a speck  
 The dazzling splendor of the scene below.

Again the harmony comes o'er the vale ;  
 And through the trees I view the embattled tower,  
 Whence all the music. I again perceive  
 The soothing influence of the wafted strains,  
 And settle in soft musings as I tread  
 The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,  
 Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.

No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.  
 The redbreast warbles still, but is content  
 With slender notes, and more than half sup-  
 pressed :

Pleased with his solitude, and fitting light  
 From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes  
 From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,  
 That tinkle in the withered leaves below.

Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,  
 Charms more than silence. Meditation here  
 May think down hours to moments. Here the  
 heart

May give a useful lesson to the head,  
 And Learning wiser grow without his books.

WILLIAM COWPER.

### WINTER SCENES.

THE keener tempests rise : and fuming dun  
 From all the livid east, or piercing north,  
 Thick clouds ascend ; in whose capacious womb  
 A vapory deluge lies, to snow congealed.  
 Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;  
 And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.  
 Through the hushed air the whitening shower  
 descends

At first thin wavering ; till at last the flakes  
 Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day  
 With a continual flow. The cherished fields  
 Put on their winter robe of purest white.  
 'T is brightness all ; save where the new snow  
 melts

Along the mazy current. Low the woods  
 Bow their hoar head ; and, ere the languid sun  
 Faint from the west emits his evening ray,  
 Earth's universal face, deep hid and chill,  
 Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide  
 The works of man. Drooping, the laborer-ox  
 Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands  
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,  
 Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around  
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon  
 Which Providence assigns them. One alone,  
 The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,  
 Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,  
 In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves  
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man  
 His annual visit. Half afraid, he first  
 Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights  
 On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the  
 floor,

Eyes all the smiling family askance,  
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is :  
 Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs  
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds  
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,  
 Though timorous of heart, and hard beset  
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,  
 And more unpitiful man, the garden seeks,  
 Urged on by fearless Want. The bleating kind  
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening  
 earth,

With looks of dumb despair ; then, sad dispersed,  
 Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

JAMES THOMSON.

### WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL.

FROM "LOVE'S LABOR 'S LOST."

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,  
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
 When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
 To-who ;

To-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
 While, greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,  
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
 To-who ;

To-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

SHAKESPEARE.

### THE SNOW-STORM.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,  
 Arrives the snow ; and, driving o'er the fields,  
 Seems nowhere to alight ; the whited air  
 Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,  
 And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.  
 The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet  
 Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates  
 sit

Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed  
 In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north-wind's masonry.  
 Out of an unseen quarry, evermore  
 Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer  
 Curves his white bastions with projected roof  
 Round every windward stake or tree or door ;  
 Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work  
 So fanciful, so savage ; naught cares he  
 For number or proportion. Mockingly,  
 On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths ;  
 A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn ;  
 Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,  
 Maugre the farmer's sighs ; and at the gate  
 A tapering turret overtops the work.  
 And when his hours are numbered, and the world  
 Is all his own, retiring as he were not,  
 Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art  
 To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,  
 Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,  
 The frolic architecture of the snow.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## THE SNOW-SHOWER.

STAND here by my side and turn, I pray,

On the lake below thy gentle eyes ;  
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,  
And dark and silent the water lies ;  
And out of that frozen mist the snow  
In wavering flakes begins to flow ;

Flake after flake  
They sink in the dark and silent lake.

See how in a living swarm they come  
From the chambers beyond that misty veil ;  
Some hover awhile in air, and some

Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.  
All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,  
Meet, and are still in the depths below ;

Flake after flake  
Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

Here delicate snow-stars, out of the cloud,  
Come floating downward in airy play,  
Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd  
That whiten by night the Milky Way ;  
There broader and burlier masses fall ;  
The sullen water buries them all, —

Flake after flake, —  
All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

And some, as on tender wings they glide  
From their chilly birth-cloud, dim and gray,  
Are joined in their fall, and, side by side,

Come clinging along their unsteady way ;  
As friend with friend, or husband with wife,  
Makes hand in hand the passage of life ;

Each mated flake  
Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

Lo ! while we are gazing, in swifter haste  
Stream down the snows, till the air is white,  
As, myriads by myriads madly chased,

They fling themselves from their shadowy  
height.

The fair, frail creatures of middle sky,  
What speed they make, with their grave so nigh ;

Flake after flake  
To lie in the dark and silent lake !

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear ;

They turn to me in sorrowful thought ;  
Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,

Who were for a time, and now are not ;  
Like these fair children of cloud and frost,  
That glisten a moment and then are lost, —

Flake after flake, —  
All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide ;  
A gleam of blue on the water lies ;  
And far away, on the mountain-side,  
A sunbeam falls from the opening skies.

But the hurrying host that flew between  
The cloud and the water no more is seen ;  
Flake after flake  
At rest in the dark and silent lake.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## SNOW. — A WINTER SKETCH.

THE blessed morn has come again ;  
The early gray  
Taps at the slumberer's window-pane,  
And seems to say,  
Break, break from the enchanter's chain,  
Away, away !

'T is winter, yet there is no sound  
Along the air  
Of winds along their battle-ground ;  
But gently there  
The snow is falling, — all around  
How fair, how fair !

RALPH HOYT.

## SNOW-FLAKES.

OUT of the bosom of the Air,  
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,  
Over the woodlands brown and bare,  
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,  
Silent and soft and slow  
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take  
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,  
Even as the troubled heart doth make  
In the white countenance confession,  
The troubled sky reveals  
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,  
Slowly in silent syllables recorded ;  
This is the secret of despair,  
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,  
Now whispered and revealed  
To wood and field.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## A SNOW-STORM.

SCENE IN A VERMONT WINTER

I.

'T is a fearful night in the winter time,  
As cold as it ever can be ;  
The roar of the blast is heard like the chime  
Of the waves on an angry sea.

The moon is full ; but her silver light  
The storm dashes out with its wings to-night ;  
And over the sky from south to north  
Not a star is seen, as the wind comes forth  
In the strength of a mighty glee.

## II.

All day had the snow come down, — all day  
As it never came down before ;  
And over the hills, at sunset, lay  
Some two or three feet, or more ;  
The fence was lost, and the wall of stone ;  
The windows blocked and the well-curbs gone ;  
The haystack had grown to a mountain lift,  
And the wood-pile looked like a monster drift,  
As it lay by the farmer's door.

The night sets in on a world of snow,  
While the air grows sharp and chill,  
And the warning roar of a fearful blow  
Is heard on the distant hill ;  
And the norther, see ! on the mountain peak  
In his breath how the old trees writhe and shriek !  
He shouts on the plain, ho-ho ! ho-ho !  
He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow,  
And growls with a savage will.

## III.

Such a night as this to be found abroad,  
In the drifts and the freezing air,  
Sits a shivering dog, in the field, by the road,  
With the snow in his shaggy hair.  
He shuts his eyes to the wind and growls ;  
He lifts his head, and moans and howls ;  
Then crouching low, from the cutting sleet,  
His nose is pressed on his quivering feet, —  
Pray, what does the dog do there ?

A farmer came from the village plain, —  
But he lost the travelled way ;  
And for hours he trod with might and main  
A path for his horse and sleigh ;  
But colder still the cold winds blew,  
And deeper still the deep drifts grew,  
And his mare, a beautiful Morgan brown,  
At last in her struggles floundered down,  
Where a log in a hollow lay.

In vain, with a neigh and a frenzied snort,  
She plunged in the drifting snow,  
While her master urged, till his breath grew short,  
With a word and a gentle blow ;  
But the snow was deep, and the tugs were tight ;  
His hands were numb and had lost their might ;  
So he wallowed back to his half-filled sleigh,  
And strove to shelter himself till day,  
With his coat and the buffalo.

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## IV.

He has given the last faint jerk of the rein,  
To rouse up his dying steed ;  
And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain  
For help in his master's need.  
For a while he strives with a wistful cry  
To catch a glance from his drowsy eye,  
And wags his tail if the rude winds flap  
The skirt of the buffalo over his lap,  
And whines when he takes no heed.

## V.

The wind goes down and the storm is o'er, —  
'T is the hour of midnight, past ;  
The old trees writhe and bend no more  
In the whirl of the rushing blast.  
The silent moon with her peaceful light  
Looks down on the hills with snow all white,  
And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump,  
The blasted pine and the ghostly stump,  
Afar on the plain are cast.

But cold and dead by the hidden log  
Are they who came from the town, —  
The man in his sleigh, and his faithful dog,  
And his beautiful Morgan brown, —  
In the wide snow-desert, far and grand,  
With his cap on his head and the reins in his  
hand, —  
The dog with his nose on his master's feet,  
And the mare half seen through the crusted sleet,  
Where she lay when she floundered down.

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

## O WINTER, WILT THOU NEVER GO ?

O WINTER ! wilt thou never, never go ?  
O summer ! but I weary for thy coming,  
Longing once more to hear the Luggie flow,  
And frugal bees, laboriously humming.  
Now the east-wind diseases the infirm,  
And must crouch in corners from rough weather ;  
Sometimes a winter sunset is a charm, —  
When the fired clouds, compacted, blaze together,  
And the large sun dips red behind the hills.  
I, from my window, can behold this pleasure ;  
And the eternal moon what time she fills  
Her orb with argent, treading a soft measure,  
With queenly motions of a bridal mood,  
Through the white spaces of infinitude.

DAVID GRAY.

## FROM "HYMN ON THE SEASONS."

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these  
Are but the varied God. The rolling year

Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring  
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.  
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;  
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;  
And every sense and every heart is joy.  
Then comes thy glory in the summer months,  
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun  
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;  
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,  
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,  
By brooks and groves in hollow-whispering gales.  
Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfined,  
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.  
In winter awful thou! with clouds and storms  
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,  
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing  
Riding sublime, thou bid'st the world adore,  
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,  
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,  
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,  
Such beauty and beneficence combined;  
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;  
And all so forming an harmonious whole,  
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.  
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,  
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,  
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;  
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming,  
thence

The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring;  
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;  
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;  
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,  
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join every living soul,  
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,  
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise  
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,  
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness  
breathes:

O, talk of him in solitary glooms!  
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine  
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.  
And ye whose bolder note is heard afar,  
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to  
heaven

The impetuous song, and say from whom you  
rage.

His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;  
And let me catch it as I muse along.

Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;  
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze  
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,  
A secret world of wonders in thyself,  
Sound his stupendous praise, — whose greater  
voice

Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.

Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and  
flowers,

In mingled clouds to him, — whose sun exalts,  
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil  
paints.

Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to him;  
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,  
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.  
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep.  
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,  
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,  
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.  
Great source of day! best image here below  
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,  
From world to world, the vital ocean round,  
On Nature write with every beam his praise.  
The thunder rolls: be hushed the prostrate  
world;

While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.  
Beat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,  
Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,  
Ye valleys, raise; for the great Shepherd reigns,  
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.  
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song  
Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,  
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,  
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm  
The listening shades, and teach the night his  
praise.

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,  
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,  
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,  
Assembled men to the deep organ join  
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,  
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;  
And, as each mingling flame increases each,  
In one united ardor rise to heaven.

Or if you rather choose the rural shade,  
And find a fane in every sacred grove,  
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,  
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,  
Still sing the God of seasons as they roll.  
For me, when I forget the darling theme,  
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray  
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,  
Or winter rises in the blackening east,  
Be my tongue mute, — my fancy paint no more,  
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should fate command me to the farthest verge  
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,  
Rivers unknown to song, — where first the sun  
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam  
Flames on the Atlantic isles, — 't is naught to me:  
Since God is ever present, ever felt,  
In the void waste as in the city full;  
And where he vital spreads there must be joy.  
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,  
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,



I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,  
Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go  
Where Universal Love not smiles around,  
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns ;  
From seeming evil still educing good,  
And better thence again, and better still,  
In infinite progression. But I lose  
Myself in him, in light ineffable !  
Come, then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.

JAMES THOMSON.

### THE RAINBOW.

MY heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky ;  
So was it when my life began,  
So is it now I am a man,  
So be it when I shall grow old,  
Or let me die !  
The Child is father of the Man ;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### NEW ENGLAND IN WINTER.

FROM "SNOW-BOUND."

THE sun that brief December day  
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,  
And, darkly circled, gave at noon  
A sadder light than waning moon.  
Slow tracing down the thickening sky  
Its mute and ominous prophecy,  
A portent seeming less than threat,  
It sank from sight before it set.  
A chill no coat, however stout,  
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,  
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,

That checked, mid-vein, the circling race  
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,  
The coming of the snow-storm told.  
The wind blew east : we heard the roar  
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,  
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there  
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores, —  
Brought in the wood from out of doors,  
Littered the stalls, and from the mows  
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows ;  
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn ;  
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,  
Impatient down the stanchion rows  
The cattle shake their walnut bows ;  
While, peering from his early perch  
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,

The cock his crested helmet bent  
And down his querulous challenge sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light  
The gray day darkened into night,  
A night made hoary with the swarm  
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,  
As zigzag wavering to and fro  
Crossed and recrossed the wingéd snow :  
And ere the early bed-time came  
The white drift piled the window-frame,  
And through the glass the clothes-line posts  
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on :  
The morning broke without a sun ;  
In tiny spherule traced with lines  
Of Nature's geometric signs,  
In starry flake, and pellicle,  
All day the hoary meteor fell ;  
And, when the second morning shone,  
We looked upon a world unknown,  
On nothing we could call our own.  
Around the glistening wonder bent  
The blue walls of the firmament,  
No cloud above, no earth below, —  
A universe of sky and snow !  
The old familiar sights of ours  
Took marvellous shapes ; strange domes and towers,  
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,  
Or garden wall, or belt of wood ;  
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,  
A fenceless drift what once was road ;  
The bridge-post an old man sat  
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat ;  
The well-curb had a Chinese roof ;  
And even the long sweep, high aloof,  
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell  
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath  
Our father wasted : " Boys, a path !"  
Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy  
Count such a summons less than joy ?)  
Our buskins on our feet we drew ;

With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,  
To guard our necks and ears from snow,  
We cut the solid whiteness through.  
And, where the drift was deepest, made  
A tunnel walled and overlaid  
With dazzling crystal : we had read  
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,  
And to our own his name we gave,  
With many a wish the luck were ours  
To test his lamp's supernal powers.  
We reached the barn with merry din,  
And roused the prisoned brutes within.  
The old horse thrust his long head out,

And grave with wonder gazed about ;  
 The cock his lusty greeting said,  
 And forth his speckled harem led ;  
 The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,  
 And mild reproach of hunger looked ;  
 The hornéd patriarch of the sheep,  
 Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,  
 Shook his sage head with gesture mute,  
 And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore  
 The loosening drift its breath before ;  
 Low circling round its southern zone,  
 The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.  
 No church-bell lent its Christian tone  
 To the savage air, no social smoke  
 Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.  
 A solitude made more intense  
 By dreary-voicéd elements,  
 The shrieking of the mindless wind,  
 The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,  
 And on the glass the unmeaning beat  
 Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.  
 Beyond the circle of our hearth  
 No welcome sound of toil or mirth  
 Unbound the spell, and testified  
 Of human life and thought outside.  
 We minded that the sharpest ear  
 The buried brooklet could not hear,  
 The music of whose liquid lip  
 Had been to us companionship,  
 And, in our lonely life, had grown  
 To have an almost human tone.  
 As night drew on, and, from the crest  
 Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,  
 The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank  
 From sight beneath the smothering bank,  
 We piled, with care, our nightly stack  
 Of wood against the chimney-back, —  
 The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,  
 And on its top the stout back-stick ;  
 The knotty forestick laid apart,  
 And filled between with curious art  
 The ragged brush ; then, hovering near,  
 We watched the first red blaze appear,  
 Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam  
 On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,  
 Until the old, rude-furnished room  
 Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom ;  
 While radiant with a mimic flame  
 Outside the sparkling drift became,  
 And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree  
 Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.  
 The crane and pendent trammels showed,  
 The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed ;  
 While childish fancy, prompt to tell  
 The meaning of the miracle,  
 Whispered the old rhyme : “ *Under the tree,*

*When fire outdoors burns merrily,  
 There the witches are making tea.”*

The moon above the eastern wood  
 Shone at its full ; the hill-range stood  
 Transfigured in the silver flood,  
 Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,  
 Dead white, save where some sharp ravine  
 Took shadow, or the sombre green  
 Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black  
 Against the whiteness at their back.  
 For such a world and such a night  
 Most fitting that unwarming light,  
 Which only seemed where'er it fell  
 To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,  
 We sat the clean-winged hearth about.  
 Content to let the north-wind roar  
 In baffled rage at pane and door,  
 While the red logs before us beat  
 The frost-line back with tropic heat ;  
 And ever, when a louder blast  
 Shook beam and rafter as it passed,  
 The merrier up its roaring draught  
 The great throat of the chimney laughed,  
 The house-dog on his paws outspread  
 Laid to the fire his drowsy head,  
 The cat's dark silhouette on the wall  
 A couchant tiger's seemed to fall ;  
 And, for the winter fireside meet,  
 Between the andirons' straddling feet,  
 The mug of cider simmered slow,  
 The apples sputtered in a row,  
 And, close at hand, the basket stood  
 With nuts from brown October's wood.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

#### A DROP OF DEW.

SEE how the orient dew,  
 Shed from the bosom of the morn  
 Into the blowing roses,  
 (Yet careless of its mansion new  
 For the clear region where 't was born)  
 Round in itself encloses,  
 And in its little globe's extent  
 Frames, as it can, its native element.  
 How it the purple flower does slight,  
 Scarce touching where it lies ;  
 But gazing back upon the skies,  
 Shines with a mournful light,  
 Like its own tear,  
 Because so long divided from the sphere ;  
 Restless it rolls, and unsecure,  
 Trembling, lest it grow impure ;  
 Till the warm sun pities its pain,

And to the skies exhales it back again.

So the soul, that drop, that ray,  
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,  
Could it within the human flower be seen,  
Remembering still its former height,  
Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green,  
And, recollecting its own light,  
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express  
The greater heaven in a heaven less.

In how coy a figure wound,  
Every way it turns away ;  
So the world excluding round,  
Yet receiving in the day.  
Dark beneath, but bright above ;  
Here disdain, there in love.  
How loose and easy hence to go !  
How girt and ready to ascend !  
Moving but on a point below,  
It all about does upwards bend.

Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,  
White and entire, although congealed and chill, —  
Congealed on earth, but does, dissolving, run  
Into the glories of the Almighty sun.

ANDREW MARVELL.

### NATURE.

THE bubbling brook doth leap when I come by,  
Because my feet find measure with its call ;  
The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,  
For I am known to them, both great and small.  
The flower that on the lonely hillside grows  
Expects me there when spring its bloom has given ;  
And many a tree and bush my wanderings knows,  
And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven ;  
For he who with his Maker walks aright,  
Shall be their lord as Adam was before ;  
His ear shall catch each sound with new delight.  
Each object wear the dress that then it wore ;  
And he, as when erect in soul he stood,  
Hear from his Father's lips that all is good.

JONES VERY.

### UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT."

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

Who doth ambition shun,  
And loves to live i' the sun,

Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleased with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither .  
Here shall he see  
No enemy,  
But winter and rough weather.

JAKES. I'll give you a verse to this note,  
that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

AMIENS. And I'll sing it.

JAQ. Thus it goes : —

If it do come to pass,  
That any man turn ass,  
Leaving his wealth and ease,  
A stubborn will to please,  
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame :  
Here shall he see  
Gross fools as he,  
An if he will come to me.

AMI. What's that "ducdame" ?

JAQ. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools  
into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can ; if I cannot,  
I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

SHAKESPEARE.

### 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 crosses 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.

### RETIREMENT.

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE.

BENEATH this stony roof reclined,  
I soothe to peace my pensive mind ;  
And while, to shade my lowly cave,  
Embowering elms their umbrage wave,

And while the maple dish is mine, —  
The beechen cup, unstained with wine, —  
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,  
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits, lone and still,  
The blackbird pipes in artless trill ;  
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,  
The wren has wove her mossy nest ;  
From busy scenes and brighter skies,  
To lurk with innocence, she flies,  
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,  
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my custom'd round,  
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound,  
And every opening primrose count,  
That trimly paints my blooming mount ;  
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,  
That grace my gloomy solitude,  
I teach in winding wreaths to stray  
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studios nook,  
I ope my brass-embossed book,  
Portrayed with many a holy deed  
Of martyrs, crowned with heavenly meed.  
Then, as my taper waxes dim,  
Chant, ere I sleep, my measured hymn,  
And, at the close, the gleams behold  
Of parting wings, bé-dropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,  
Who but would smile at guilty state ?  
Who but would wish his holy lot  
In calm oblivion's humble grot ?  
Who but would cast his pomp away,  
To take my staff, and amice gray ;  
And to the world's tumultuous stage  
Prefer the blameless hermitage ?

THOMAS WARTON.

#### COME TO THESE SCENES OF PEACE.

COME to these scenes of peace,  
Where, to rivers murmuring,  
The sweet birds all the summer sing,  
Where cares and toil and sadness cease !  
Stranger, does thy heart deplore  
Friends whom thou wilt see no more ?  
Does thy wounded spirit prove  
Pangs of hopeless, severed love ?  
Thee the stream that gushes clear,  
Thee the birds that carol near,  
Shall soothe, as silent thou dost lie  
And dream of their wild lullaby ;  
Come to bless these scenes of peace,  
Where cares and toil and sadness cease.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

#### SEE, O SEE !

SEE, O see !  
How every tree,  
Every bower,  
Every flower,  
A new life gives to others' joys ;  
While that I  
Grief-stricken lie,  
Nor can meet  
With any sweet  
But what faster mine destroys.  
What are all the senses' pleasures  
When the mind has lost all measures ?

Hear, O hear !  
How sweet and clear  
The nightingale  
And water's fall  
In concert join for others' ear ;  
While to me,  
For harmony,  
Every air  
Echoes despair,  
And every drop provokes a tear.  
What are all the senses' pleasures  
When the soul has lost all measures ?

LORD BRISTOL.

#### DOVER CLIFF.

FROM "KING LEAR."

COME on, sir ; here's the place : stand still.  
How fearful  
And dizzy 't is, to cast one's eyes so low !  
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air  
Show scarce so gross as beetles : half-way down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire, — dreadful  
trade !

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head :  
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,  
Appear like mice ; and yon tall anchoring bark,  
Diminished to her cock ; her cock, a buoy  
Almost too small for sight ; the murmuring surge,  
That on the nnumbered idle pebbles chafes,  
Cannot be heard so high. — I'll look no more ;  
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight  
Topple down headlong.

SHAKESPEARE.

#### THE OCEAN.

SONNET.

THE ocean at the bidding of the moon  
Forever changes with his restless tide :  
Flung shoreward now, to be regathered soon  
With kingly pauses of reluctant pride,

And semblance of return. Anon from home  
 He issues forth anew, high ridged and free, —  
 The gentlest murmur of his seething foam  
 Like armies whispering where great echoes be.  
 O, leave me here upon this beach to rove,  
 Mute listener to that sound so grand and lone !  
 A glorious sound, deep drawn, and strongly  
 thrown,  
 And reaching those on mountain heights above,  
 To British ears, (as who shall scorn to own ?)  
 A tutelard fond voice, a saviour tone of love.

CHARLES TENNYSON.

### SONG OF THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern :  
 I make a sudden sally  
 And sparkle out among the fern,  
 To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,  
 Or slip between the ridges,  
 By twenty thorps, a little town,  
 And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,  
 In little sharps and trebles,  
 I bubble into eddying bays,  
 I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret  
 By many a field and fallow,  
 And many a fairy foreland set  
 With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
 To join the brimming river ;  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,  
 With here a blossom sailing,  
 And here and there a lusty trout,  
 And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake  
 Upon me, as I travel  
 With many a silvery waterbreak  
 Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots :  
 I slide by hazel covers ;  
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
 Among my skimming swallows ;  
 I make the netted sunbeam dance  
 Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars  
 In brambly wildernesses ;  
 I linger by my shingly bars ;  
 ' I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow  
 To join the brimming river,  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on forever.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### GRONGAR HILL.

[The Vale of the Towy embraces, in its winding course of fifteen miles, some of the loveliest scenery of South Wales. If it be less cultivated than the Vale of Usk, its woodland views are more romantic and frequent. The neighborhood is historic and poetic ground. From Grongar Hill the eye discovers traces of a Roman Camp; Golden Grove, the home of Jeremy Taylor, is on the opposite side of the river; Merlin's chair recalls Spenser; and a farm-house near the foot of Llangumor Hill brings back the memory of its once genial occupant, Richard Steele. Spenser places the cave of Merlin among the dark woods of Dinevaur.]

SILENT nymph, with curious eye !  
 Who, the purple evening, lie  
 On the mountain's lonely van,  
 Beyond the noise of busy man,  
 Painting fair the form of things,  
 While the yellow linnet sings,  
 Or the tuneful nightingale  
 Charms the forest with her tale, —  
 Come, with all thy various hues,  
 Come, and aid thy sister Muse.  
 Now, while Phoebus, riding high,  
 Gives lustre to the land and sky,  
 Grongar Hill invites my song, —  
 Draw the landscape bright and strong ;  
 Grongar, in whose mossy cells  
 Sweetly musing Quiet dwells ;  
 Grongar, in whose silent shade,  
 For the modest Muses made,  
 So oft I have, the evening still,  
 At the fountain of a rill,  
 Sat upon a flowery bed,  
 With my hand beneath my head,  
 While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,  
 Over mead and over wood,  
 From house to house, from hill to hill,  
 Till Contemplation had her fill.  
 About his checkered sides I wind,

And leave his brooks and meads behind,  
 And groves and grottos where I lay,  
 And vistas shooting beams of day.  
 Wide and wider spreads the vale,  
 As circles on a smooth canal.  
 The mountains round, unhappy fate !  
 Sooner or later, of all height,  
 Withdraw their summits from the skies,  
 And lessen as the others rise.  
 Still the prospect wider spreads,  
 Adds a thousand woods and meads ;  
 Still it widens, widens still,  
 And sinks the newly risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow ;  
 What a landscape lies below !  
 No clouds, no vapors intervene ;  
 But the gay, the open scene  
 Does the face of Nature show  
 In all the hues of heaven's bow !  
 And, swelling to embrace the light,  
 Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,  
 Proudly towering in the skies ;  
 Rushing from the woods, the spires  
 Seem from hence ascending fires ;  
 Half his beams Apollo sheds  
 On the yellow mountain-heads,  
 Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,  
 And glitters on the broken rocks.

Below me trees unnumbered rise,  
 Beautiful in various dyes :  
 The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,  
 The yellow beech, the sable yew,  
 The slender fir that taper grows,  
 The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs ;  
 And beyond, the purple grove,  
 Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love !  
 Gandy as the opening dawn,  
 Lies a long and level lawn,  
 On which a dark hill, steep and high,  
 Holds and charms the wandering eye ;  
 Deep are his feet in Towy's flood :  
 His sides are clothed with waving wood ;  
 And ancient towers crown his brow,  
 That cast an awful look below ;  
 Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,  
 And with her arms from falling keeps ;  
 So both, a safety from the wind  
 In mutual dependence find.  
 'T is now the raven's bleak abode ;  
 'T is now the apartment of the toad ;  
 And there the fox securely feeds ;  
 And there the poisonous adder breeds,  
 Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds ;  
 While, ever and anon, there fall  
 Huge heaps of hoary, mouldered wall ;  
 Yet Time has seen — that lifts the low  
 And level lays the lofty brow —

Has seen this broken pile complete,  
 Big with the vanity of state.  
 But transient is the smile of Fate !  
 A little rule, a little sway,  
 A sunbeam in a winter's day,  
 Is all the proud and mighty have  
 Between the eradle and the grave.

And see the rivers, how they run  
 Through woods and meads, in shade and sun  
 Sometimes swift, sometimes slow, —  
 Wave succeeding wave, they go  
 A various journey to the deep,  
 Like human life to endless sleep !  
 Thus is Nature's vesture wrought  
 To instruct our wandering thought ;  
 Thus she dresses green and gay  
 To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,  
 When will the landscape tire the view !  
 The fountain's fall, the river's flow ;  
 The woody valleys, warm and low ;  
 The windy summit, wild and high,  
 Roughly rushing on the sky ;  
 The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,  
 The naked rock, the shady bower ;  
 The town and village, dome and farm, —  
 Each gives each a double charm,  
 As pearls upon an Ethiope's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,  
 Where the prospect opens wide,  
 Where the evening gilds the tide,  
 How close and small the hedges lie ;  
 What streaks of meadow cross the eye !  
 A step, methinks, may pass the stream,  
 So little distant dangers seem ;  
 So we mistake the Future's face,  
 Eyed through Hope's deluding glass ;  
 As yon summits, soft and fair,  
 Clad in colors of the air,  
 Which to those who journey near,  
 Barren, brown, and rough appear ;  
 Still we tread the same coarse way, —  
 The present's still a cloudy day.

O, may I with myself agree,  
 And never covet what I see ;  
 Content me with an humble shade,  
 My passions tamed, my wishes laid ;  
 For while our wishes wildly roll,  
 We banish quiet from the soul.  
 'T is thus the busy beat the air,  
 And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, even now, my joys run high,  
 As on the mountain turf I lie ;  
 While the wanton Zephyr sings,  
 And in the vale perfumes his wings ;  
 While the waters murmur deep ;  
 While the shepherd charms his sheep ;  
 While the birds unbounded fly,

And with music fill the sky,  
Now, even now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts; be great who will;  
Search for Peace with all your skill;  
Open wide the lofty door,  
Seek her on the marble floor.  
In vain you search; she is not here!  
In vain you search the domes of Care!  
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,  
On the meads and mountain-heads,  
Along with Pleasure, — close allied,  
Ever by each other's side;  
And often, by the murmuring rill,  
Hears the thrush, while all is still  
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

JOHN DYER.

#### AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through  
the glen,  
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,  
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,  
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,  
Farmarked with the courses of clear winding rills;  
There daily I wander as noon rises high,  
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,  
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;  
There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,  
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,  
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;  
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,  
As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

ROBERT BURNS.

#### THE SHADED WATER.

WHEN that my mood is sad, and in the noise  
And bustle of the crowd I feel rebuke,  
I turn my footsteps from its hollow joys  
And sit me down beside this little brook;

The waters have a music to mine ear  
It glads me much to hear.

It is a quiet glen, as you may see,  
Shut in from all intrusion by the trees,  
That spread their giant branches, broad and free,  
The silent growth of many centuries;  
And make a hallowed time for hapless moods,  
A sabbath of the woods.

Few know its quiet shelter, — none, like me,  
Do seek it out with such a fond desire,  
Poring in idlesse mood on flower and tree,  
And listening as the voiceless leaves respire, —  
When the far-travelling breeze, done wandring,  
Rests here his weary wing.

And all the day, with fancies ever new,  
And sweet companions from their boundless store,

Of merry elves bespangled all with dew,  
Fantastic creatures of the old-time lore,  
Watching their wild but unobtrusive play,  
I fling the hours away.

A gracious couch — the root of an old oak  
Whose branches yield it moss and canopy —  
Is mine, and, so it be from woodman's stroke  
Secure, shall never be resigned by me;  
It hangs above the stream that idly flies,  
Heedless of any eyes.

There, with eye sometimes shut, but upward bent,  
Sweetly I muse through many a quiet hour,  
While every sense on earnest mission sent,  
Returns, thought laden, back with bloom and flower

Pursuing, though rebuked by those who toil,  
A profitable toil.

And still the waters trickling at my feet  
Wind on their way with gentlest melody,  
Yielding sweet music, which the leaves repeat,  
Above them, to the gay breeze gliding by, —  
Yet not so rudely as to send one sound  
Through the thick copse around.

Sometimes a brighter cloud than all the rest  
Hangs o'er the archway opening through the trees,  
Breaking the spell that, like a slumber, pressed  
On my worn spirit its sweet luxuries, —  
And with awakened vision upward bent,  
I watch the firmament.

How like — its sure and undisturbed retreat,  
Life's sanctuary at last, secure from storm —  
To the pure waters trickling at my feet  
The bending trees that overshadow my form!  
So far as sweetest things of earth may seem  
Like those of which we dream.

Such, to my mind, is the philosophy  
 The young bird teaches, who, with sudden flight,  
 Sails far into the blue that spreads on high,  
 Until I lose him from my straining sight, —  
 With a most lofty discontent to fly,  
 Upward, from earth to sky.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

#### YARROW UNVISITED.

FROM Stirling Castle we had seen  
 The mazy Forth unravelled ;  
 Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,  
 And with the Tweed had travelled ;  
 And when we came to Clovenford,  
 Then said my " winsome Marrow,"  
 " What'e'er betide, we 'll turn aside,  
 And see the braes of Yarrow."  
 " Let Yarrow folk, frae Selkirk town,  
 Who have been buying, selling,  
 Go back to Yarrow ; 't is their own, —  
 Each maiden to her dwelling !  
 On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,  
 Hares couch, and rabbits burrow !  
 But we will downward with the Tweed,  
 Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

" There 's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,  
 Both lying right before us ;  
 And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed  
 The lintwhites sing in chorus ;  
 There 's pleasant Teviot-dale, a land  
 Made blithe with plough and harrow :  
 Why throw away a needful day  
 To go in search of Yarrow ?

" What 's Yarrow but a river bare,  
 That glides the dark hills under ?  
 There are a thousand such elsewhere,  
 As worthy of your wonder."  
 Strange words they seemed, of slight and scorn ;  
 My true-love sighed for sorrow,  
 And looked me in the face, to think  
 I thus could speak of Yarrow !

" O, green," said I, " are Yarrow's holms,  
 And sweet is Yarrow flowing !  
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,  
 But we will leave it growing.  
 O'er hilly path and open strath  
 We 'll wander Scotland thorough ;  
 But, though so near, we will not turn  
 Into the dale of Yarrow.

" Let beeves and homebred kine partake  
 The sweets of Burn Mill meadow ;  
 The swan still on St. Mary's Lake  
 Float double, swan and shadow !

We will not see them ; will not go  
 To-day, nor yet to-morrow ;  
 Enough, if in our hearts we know  
 There 's such a place as Yarrow.

" Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown !  
 It must, or we shall rue it :  
 We have a vision of our owin ;  
 Ah ! why should we undo it ?  
 The treasured dreams of times long past,  
 We 'll keep them, winsome Marrow !  
 For when we 're there, although 't is fair,  
 'T will be another Yarrow !

" If Care with freezing years should come,  
 And wandering seem but folly, —  
 Should we be loath to stir from home,  
 And yet be melancholy, —  
 Should life be dull, and spirits low,  
 'T will soothe us in our sorrow,  
 That earth has something yet to show, —  
 The bonny holms of Yarrow !"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

#### YARROW VISITED.

AND is this — Yarrow ? — This the stream  
 Of which my fancy cherished,  
 So faithfully, a waking dream ?  
 An image that hath perished !  
 O that some minstrel's harp were near,  
 To utter notes of gladness,  
 And chase this silence from the air,  
 That fills my heart with sadness !

Yet why ? — a silvery current flows  
 With uncontrolled meanderings ;  
 Nor have these eyes by greener hills  
 Been soothed in all my wanderings.  
 And, through her depths, St. Mary's Lake  
 Is visibly delighted ;  
 For not a feature of those hills  
 Is in the mirror sighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,  
 Save where that pearly whiteness  
 Is round the rising sun diffused, —  
 A tender, hazy brightness ;  
 Mild dawn of promise ! that excludes  
 All profitless dejection ;  
 Though not unwilling here to admit  
 A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower  
 Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding ?  
 His bed perchance was yon smooth mound  
 On which the herd is feeding ;



And haply from this crystal pool,  
Now peaceful as the morning,  
The water-wraith ascended thrice,  
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings  
The haunts of happy lovers, —  
The path that leads them to the grove,  
The leafy grove that covers ;  
And pity sanctifies the verse  
That paints, by strength of sorrow,  
The unconquerable strength of love :  
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow !

But thou, that didst appear so fair  
To fond imagination,  
Dost rival in the light of day  
Her delicate creation.  
Meek loveliness is round thee spread, —  
A softness still and holy,  
The grace of forest charms decayed,  
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds  
Rich groves of lofty stature,  
With Yarrow winding through the pomp  
Of cultivated nature ;  
And, rising from those lofty groves,  
Behold a ruin hoary !  
The shattered front of Newark's towers,  
Renowned in border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,  
For sportive youth to stray in ;  
For manhood to enjoy his strength,  
And age to wear away in !  
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,  
A covert for protection  
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there, —  
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,  
The wildwood fruits to gather,  
And on my true-love's forehead plant  
A crest of blooming heather !  
And what if I inwreathed my own !  
'T were no offence to reason ;  
The sober hills thus deck their brows  
To meet the wintry season.

I see, — but not by sight alone,  
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee ;  
A ray of fancy still survives, —  
Her sunshine plays upon thee !  
Thy ever-youthful waters keep  
A course of lively pleasure ;  
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,  
Accordant to the measure.

The vapors linger round the heights ;  
They melt, and soon must vanish ;  
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine, —  
Sad thought, which I would banish  
But that I know, where'er I go,  
Thy genuine image, Yarrow,  
Will dwell with me, to heighten joy,  
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### 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.

### THE RHINE.

FROM "CHILDE HAROLD."

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

And peasant girls with deep-blue eyes,  
And hands which offer early flowers,  
Walk smiling o'er this paradise ;  
Above, the frequent feudal towers  
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,  
And many a rock which steeply lowers,

And noble arch in proud decay,  
 Look o'er this vale of vintage-howers ;  
 But one thing want these banks of Rhine,—  
 Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

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

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

BYRON.

#### ON THE RHINE.

'T WAS morn, and beautiful the mountain's  
 brow—

Hung with the clusters of the bending vine—  
 Shone in the early light, when on the Rhine  
 We sailed and heard the waters round the prow  
 In murmurs parting ; varying as we go,  
 Rocks after rocks come forward and retire,  
 As some gray convent wall or sunlit spire  
 Starts up along the banks, unfolding slow.  
 Here castles, like the prisons of despair,  
 Frown as we pass !—there, on the vineyard's  
 side,  
 The hursting sunshine pours its streaming  
 tide ;  
 While Grief, forgetful amid scenes so fair,  
 Counts not the hours of a long summer's day,  
 Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

#### ALPINE HEIGHTS.

On Alpine heights the love of God is shed ;  
 He paints the morning red,  
 The flowerets white and blue,  
 And feeds them with his dew.  
 On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, o'er many a fragrant heath,  
 The loveliest breezes breathe ;  
 So free and pure the air,  
 His breath seems floating there.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, beneath his mild blue eye,  
 Still vales and meadows lie ;  
 The soaring glacier's ice  
 Gleams like a paradise.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

Down Alpine heights the silvery streamlets flow ;  
 There the bold chamois go ;  
 On giddy crags they stand,  
 And drink from his own hand.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, in troops all white as snow,  
 The sheep and wild goats go ;  
 There, in the solitude,  
 He fills their hearts with food.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights the herdsman tends his herd ;  
 His Shepherd is the Lord ;  
 For he who feeds the sheep  
 Will sure his offspring keep.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

KRUMMACHER (German). Translation  
 of CHARLES T. BROOKS.

#### THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

NIGHT was again descending, when my mule,  
 That all day long had climbed among the clouds,  
 Higher and higher still, as by a stair  
 Let down from heaven itself, transporting me,  
 Stopped, to the joy of both, at that low door  
 So near the summit of the Great St. Bernard ;  
 That door which ever on its hinges moved  
 To them that knocked, and nightly sends abroad  
 Ministering spirits. Lying on the watch,  
 Two dogs of grave demeanor welcomed me,  
 All meekness, gentleness, though large of limb ;  
 And a lay-brother of the Hospital,  
 Who, as we toiled below, had heard by fits  
 The distant echoes gaining on his ear,  
 Came and held fast my stirrup in his hand,  
 While I alighted.

On the same rock beside it stood the church,  
 Reft of its cross, not of its sanctity ;  
 The vesper-bell, for 't was the vesper-hour,  
 Duly proclaiming through the wilderness,  
 " All ye who hear, whatever be your work,  
 Stop for an instant,—move your lips in prayer !"  
 And just beneath it, in that dreary dale,

If dale it might be called so near to heaven,  
 A little lake, where never fish leaped up,  
 Lay like a spot of ink amid the snow ;  
 A star, the only one in that small sky,  
 On its dead surface glimmering. 'T was a scene  
 Resembling nothing I had left behind,  
 As though all worldly ties were now dissolved ; —  
 And to incline the mind still more to thought,  
 To thought and sadness, on the eastern shore  
 Under a beetling cliff stood left in shadow  
 A lonely chapel destined for the dead,  
 For such as, having wandered from their way,  
 Had perished miserably. Side by side,  
 Within they lie, a mournful company  
 All in their shrouds, no earth to cover them ;  
 Their features full of life, yet motionless  
 In the broad day, nor soon to suffer change,  
 Though the barred windows, barred against the  
 wolf,  
 Are always open !

SAMUEL ROGERS.

◆

### THE RECOLLECTION.

Now the last day of many days  
 All beautiful and bright as thou,  
 The loveliest and the last, is dead,  
 Rise, Memory, and write its praise !  
 Up, do thy wonted work ! come, trace  
 The epitaph of glory fled,  
 For now the earth has changed its face,  
 A frown is on the heaven's brow.

We wandered to the pine forest  
 That skirts the ocean's foam ;  
 The lightest wind was in its nest,  
 The tempest in its home.  
 The whispering waves were half asleep,  
 The clouds were gone to play,  
 And on the bosom of the deep  
 The smile of Heaven lay ;  
 It seemed as if the hour were one  
 Sent from beyond the skies,  
 Which scattered from above the sun  
 A light of Paradise !

We paused amid the pines that stood  
 The giants of the waste,  
 Tortured by storms to shapes as rude  
 As serpents interlaced, —  
 And soothed by every azure breath  
 That under heaven is blown  
 To harmonies and hues beneath,  
 As tender as its own :  
 Now all the tree-tops lay asleep  
 Like green waves on the sea,  
 As still as in the silent deep  
 The ocean-woods may be.

How calm it was ! — the silence there  
 By such a chain was bound,  
 That even the busy woodpecker  
 Made stiller by her sound  
 The inviolable quietness ;  
 The breath of peace we drew  
 With its soft motion made not less  
 The calm that round us grew.  
 There seemed from the remotest seat  
 Of the wide mountain waste  
 To the soft flower beneath our feet  
 A magic circle traced,  
 A spirit interfused around,  
 A thrilling silent life ;  
 To momentary peace it bound  
 Our mortal nature's strife ; —  
 And still I felt the centre of  
 The magic circle there  
 Was one fair Form that filled with love  
 The lifeless atmosphere.

We paused beside the pools that lie  
 Under the forest bough ;  
 Each seemed as 't were a little sky  
 Gulfed in a world below ;  
 A firmament of purple light  
 Which in the dark earth lay,  
 More boundless than the depth of night  
 And purer than the day, —  
 In which the lovely forests grew  
 As in the upper air,  
 Mors perfect both in shape and hue  
 Than any spreading there.  
 There lay the glade and neighboring lawn,  
 And through the dark green wood  
 The white sun twinkling like the dawn  
 Out of a speckled cloud.  
 Sweet views which in our world above  
 Can never well be seen  
 Were imaged by the water's love  
 Of that fair forest green :  
 And all was interfused beneath  
 With an Elysian glow,  
 An atmosphere without a breath,  
 A softer day below.

Like one beloved, the scene had lent  
 To the dark water's breast  
 Its every leaf and lineament  
 With more than truth express ;  
 Until an envious wind crept by,  
 Like an unwelcome thought  
 Which from the mind's too faithful eye  
 Blots one dear image out.  
 — Though thou art ever fair and kind,  
 The forests ever green,  
 Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind  
 Than calm in waters seen !

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

## TO THE WEST-WIND.

O WILD west-wind, thou breath of autumn's be-  
ing,

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

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's  
commotion,  
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,  
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and  
ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning ; there are spread  
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,  
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head  
Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge  
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,  
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge  
Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,  
Vaulted with all thy congregated might  
Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere  
Black rain and fire and hail will burst : O hear !

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

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ;  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share  
The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
Than thou, O uncontrollable ! If even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be  
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,  
As then, when to outstrip the skyeey speed

Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have striven  
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.  
O, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !  
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !  
A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed  
One too like thee : tameless and swift and proud.

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

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

## WHAT THE WINDS BRING.

WHICH is the wind that brings the cold ?  
The north-wind, Freddy, and all the snow ;  
And the sheep will scamper into the fold  
When the north begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the heat ?  
The south-wind, Katy ; and corn will grow,  
And peaches redden for you to eat,  
When the south begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the rain ?  
The east-wind, Arty ; and farmers know  
That cows come shivering up the lane  
When the east begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers ?  
The west-wind, Bessy ; and soft and low  
The birdies sing in the summer hours  
When the west begins to blow.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

A VIEW ACROSS THE ROMAN  
CAMPAGNA.

1861.

I.

OVER the dumb campagna-sea,  
Out in the offing through mist and rain,  
St. Peter's Church heaves silently  
Like a mighty ship in pain,  
Facing the tempest with struggle and strain.

## II.

Motionless waifs of ruined towers,  
 Soundless breakers of desolate land !  
 The sullen surf of the mist devours  
 That mountain-range upon either hand,  
 Eaten away from its outline grand.

## III.

And over the dumb campagna-sea  
 Where the ship of the Church heaves on to wreck,  
 Alone and silent as God must be  
 The Christ walks ! — Ay, but Peter's neck  
 Is stiff to turn on the foundering deck.

## IV.

Peter, Peter, if such be thy name,  
 Now leave the ship for another to steer,  
 And proving thy faith evermore the same  
 Come forth, tread out through the dark and drear,  
 Since He who walks on the sea is here !

## V.

Peter, Peter ! — he does not speak, —  
 He is not as rash as in old Galilee.  
 Safer a ship, though it toss and leak,  
 Than a reeling foot on a rolling sea !  
 — And he's got to be round in the girth, thinks  
 he.

## VI.

Peter, Peter ! — he does not stir, —  
 His nets are heavy with silver fish :  
 He reckons his gains, and is keen to infer,  
 . . . "The broil on the shore, if the Lord should  
 wish, —  
 But the sturgeon goes to the Cæsar's dish."

## VII.

Peter, Peter, thou fisher of men,  
 Fisher of fish wouldst thou live instead, —  
 Hagglng for pence with the other Ten,  
 Cheating the market at so much a head,  
 Griping the bag of the traitor dead ?

## VIII.

At the triple crow of the Gallic cock  
 Thou weep'st not, thou, though thine eyes be  
 dazed :  
 What bird comes next in the tempest shock ?  
 . . . Vultures ! See, — as when Romulus gazed,  
 To inaugurate Rome for a world amazed !

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

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 THE DESCENT.

. . . My mule refreshed, his bells  
 Jingled once more, the signal to depart,  
 'nd we set out in the gray light of dawn,  
 Descending rapidly, — by waterfalls

Fast frozen, and among huge blocks of ice  
 That in their long career had stopt midway ;  
 At length, unchecked, unbidden, he stood still,  
 And all his bells were muffled. Then my guide,  
 Lowering his voice, addressed me : "Through  
 this chasm

On, and say nothing, — for a word, a breath,  
 Stirring the air, may loosen and bring down  
 A wiuter's snow, — enough to overwhelm  
 The horse and foot that, night and day, defiled  
 Along this path to conquer at Marengo.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

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 VIEW FROM THE EUGANEAN HILLS,  
 NORTH ITALY.

MANY a green isle needs must be  
 In the deep wide sea of misery,  
 Or the mariner, worn and wan,  
 Never thus could voyage on  
 Day and night, and night and day,  
 Drifting on his dreary way,  
 With the solid darkness black  
 Closing round his vessel's track ;  
 Whilst above, the sunless sky,  
 Big with clouds, hangs heavily,  
 And behind the tempest fleet  
 Hurries on with lightning feet,  
 Riving sail and cord and plank  
 Till the ship has almost drank  
 Death from the o'er-brimming deep ;  
 And sinks down, down, like that sleep  
 When the dreamer seems to be  
 Weltering through eternity ;  
 And the dim low line before  
 Of a dark and distant shore  
 Still recedes, as ever still  
 Longing with divided will,  
 But no power to seek or shun,  
 He is ever drifted on  
 O'er the unreposing wave,  
 To the haven of the grave.

Ay, many flowering islands lie  
 In the waters of wide agony :  
 To such a one this morn was led  
 My bark, by soft winds piloted.  
 — Mid the mountains Euganean  
 I stood listening to the pœan  
 With which the legioned rooks did hail  
 The sun's uprising majestical :  
 Gathering round with wings all hoar,  
 Through the dewy mist they soar  
 Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven  
 Bursts, and then, as clouds of even,  
 Flecked with fire and azure, lie  
 In the unfathomable sky,  
 So their plumes of purple grain

Starred with drops of golden rain  
Gleam above the sunlight woods,  
As in silent multitudes  
On the morning's fitful gale  
Through the broken mist they sail ;  
And the vapors cloven and gleaming  
Follow down the dark steep streaming,  
Till all is bright and clear and still  
Round the solitary hill.

Beneath is spread like a green sea  
The waveless plain of Lombardy,  
Bounded by the vaporous air,  
Islanded by cities fair ;  
Underneath day's azure eyes,  
Ocean's nursing, Venice, lies, —  
A peopled labyrinth of walls,  
Amphitrite's destined halls,  
Which her hoary sire now paves  
With his blue and beaming waves.  
Lo ! the sun upsprings behind,  
Broad, red, radiant, half reclined  
On the level quivering line  
Of the waters crystalline ;  
And before that chasm of light,  
As within a furnace bright,  
Column, tower, and dome, and spire  
Shine like obelisks of fire,  
Pointing with inconstant motion  
From the altar of dark ocean  
To the sapphire-tinted skies ;  
As the flames of sacrifice  
From the marble shrines did rise  
As to pierce the dome of gold  
Where Apollo spoke of old.

Sun-girt city ! thou hast been  
Ocean's child, and then his queen ;  
Now is come a darker day,  
And thou soon must be his prey,  
If the power that raised thee here  
Hallow so thy watery hier.

A less drear ruin than than now  
With thy conquest-branded brow  
Stooping to the slave of slaves  
From thy throne among the waves,  
Wilt thou be, when the sea-mew  
Flies, as once before it flew,  
O'er thine isles depopulate,  
And all is in its ancient state,  
Save where many a palace-gate,  
With green sea-flowers overgrown  
Like a rock of ocean's own,  
Topples o'er the abandoned sea  
As the tides change sullenly.  
The fisher on his watery way  
Wandering at the close of day  
Will spread his sail and seize his oar  
Till he pass the gloomy shore,

Lest thy dead should, from their sleep  
Bursting o'er the starlight deep,  
Lead a rapid mask of death  
O'er the waters of his path.

Noon descends around me now ;  
'T is the noon of autumn's glow,  
When a soft and purple mist  
Like a vaporous amethyst,  
Or an air-dissolvéd star  
Mingling light and fragrance, far  
From the curved horizon's bound  
To the point of heaven's profound,  
Fills the overflowing sky ;  
And the plains that silent lie  
Underneath ; the leaves unsodden  
Where the infant frost has trodden  
With his morning-wingéd feet,  
Whose bright print is gleaming yet ;  
And the red and golden vines  
Piercing with their trellised lines  
The rough, dark-skirted wilderness ;  
The dun and bladed grass no less,  
Pointing from this hoary tower  
In the windless air ; the flower  
Glimmering at my feet ; the line  
Of the olive-sandalled Apennine  
In the south dimly islanded ;  
And the Alps, whose snows are spread  
High between the clouds and sun ;  
And of living things each one ;  
And my spirit, which so long  
Darkened this swift stream of song, —  
Interpenetrated lie  
By the glory of the sky ;  
Be it love, light, harmony,  
Odor, or the soul of all  
Which from heaven like dew doth fall,  
Or the mind which feeds this verse  
Peopling the lone universe.

Noon descends, and after noon  
Autumn's evening meets me soon,  
Leading the infantine moon  
And that one star, which to her  
Almost seems to minister  
Half the crimson light she brings  
From the sunset's radiant springs :  
And the soft dreams of the morn  
(Which like wingéd winds had borne  
To that silent isle, which lies  
Mid remembered agonies,  
The frail bark of this lone being)  
Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,  
And its ancient pilot, Pain,  
Sits beside the helm again.  
Other flowering isles must be  
In the sea of life and agony ;

Other spirits float and flee  
 O'er that gulf; even now, perhaps,  
 On some rock the wild wave wraps,  
 With folding winds they waiting sit  
 For my bark, to pilot it  
 To some calm and blooming cove,  
 Where for me, and those I love,  
 May a windless bower be built,  
 Far from passion, pain, and guilt,  
 In a dell mid lawny hills  
 Which the wild sea-murmur fills,  
 And soft sunshine, and the sound  
 Of old forests echoing round,  
 And the light and smell divine  
 Of all flowers that breathe and shine.  
 — We may live so happy there,  
 That the spirits of the air,  
 Envyng us, may even entice  
 To our healing paradise  
 The polluting multitude;  
 But their rage would be subdued  
 By that clime divine and calm,  
 And the winds whose wings rain balm  
 On the uplifted soul, and leaves  
 Under which the bright sea heaves;  
 While each breathless interval  
 In their whisperings musical  
 The inspired soul supplies  
 With its own deep melodies;  
 And the love which heals all strife  
 Circling, like the breath of life,  
 All things in that sweet abode  
 With its own mild brotherhood.  
 They, not it, would change; and soon  
 Every sprite beneath the moon  
 Would repent its envy vain,  
 And the earth grow young again!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

### THE ORIENT.

FROM "THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS."

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle  
 Are emblems of deeds that are done in their  
 clime,  
 Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the  
 turtle,  
 Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?  
 Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,  
 Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever  
 shine:  
 Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with  
 perfume,  
 Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gúl in her bloom!  
 Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,  
 And the voice of the nightingale never is mute,  
 Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,

In color though varied, in beauty may vie,  
 And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;  
 Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,  
 And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?  
 'T is the clime of the East; 't is the land of the  
 Sun, —  
 Can he smile on such deeds as his children have  
 done?  
 O, wild as the accents of lover's farewell  
 Are the hearts which they bear and the tales  
 which they tell!

BYRON.

### SYRIA.

FROM "PARADISE AND THE PERI."

Now, upon Syria's land of roses  
 Softly the light of eve reposes,  
 And, like a glory, the broad sun  
 Hangs over sainted Lebanon;  
 Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,  
 And whitens with eternal sleet,  
 While summer, in a vale of flowers,  
 Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one who looked from upper air  
 O'er all the enchanted regions there,  
 How beauteous must have been the glow,  
 The life, how sparkling from below!  
 Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks  
 Of golden melons on their banks,  
 More golden where the sunlight falls; —  
 Gay lizards, glittering on the walls  
 Of ruined shrines, busy and bright  
 As they were all alive with light;  
 And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks  
 Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,  
 With their rich restless wings, that gleam  
 Various in the crimson beam  
 Of the warm west, — as if inlaid  
 With brilliants from the mine, or made  
 Of tearless rainbows, such as span  
 The unclouded skies of Peristan!  
 And then, the mingling sounds that come,  
 Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum  
 Of the wild bees of Palestine,  
 Banqueting through the flowery vales; —  
 And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,  
 And woods, so full of nightingales!

THOMAS MOORE.

### THE VALE OF CASHMERE.

FROM "THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM."

Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,  
 With its roses the brightest that earth ever  
 gave,

Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear  
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their  
wave ?

O, to see it at sunset, — when warm o'er the lake  
Its splendor at parting a summer eve throws,  
Like a bride, full of blushes, when lingering to  
take

A last look of her mirror at night ere she  
goes ! —

When the shrines through the foliage are gleam-  
ing half shown,  
And each hallows the hour by some rites of its  
own.

Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,  
Here the Magian his urn full of perfume is  
swinging,

And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells  
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is  
ringing.

Or to see it by moonlight, — when mellowly  
shines

The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines ;  
When the waterfalls gleam like a quick fall of  
stars,

And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of  
Chenars

Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet  
From the cool shining walks where the young  
people meet.

Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes  
A new wonder each minute as slowly it breaks,  
Hills, cupolas, fountains, called forth every one  
Out of darkness, as they were just born of the  
sun.

When the spirit of fragrance is up with the day,  
From his harem of night-flowers stealing away ;  
And the wind, full of wantonness, wooes like a  
lover

The young aspen-trees till they tremble all over.  
When the east is as warm as the light of first  
hopes,

And day, with its banner of radiance unfurled,  
Shines in through the mountainous portal that  
opes,

Sublime, from that valley of bliss to the world !

THOMAS MOORE.

### NATURE'S CHAIN.

FROM THE "ESSAY ON MAN."

Look round our world ; behold the chain of love  
Combining all below and all above,  
See plastic nature working to this end,  
The single atoms each to other tend,  
Attract, attracted to, the next in place,  
Formed and impelled its neighbor to embrace.  
See matter next, with various life endued,

Press to one centre still, the general good.

See dying vegetables life sustain,  
See life dissolving vegetate again :

All forms that perish other forms supply  
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die) ;  
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,  
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.

Nothing is foreign ; parts relate to whole ;  
One all-extending, all-preserving Soul  
Connects each being, greatest with the least ;  
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast ;  
All served, all serving ; nothing stands alone ;  
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool ! worked solely for thy good,  
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?

Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,  
For him as kindly spread the flowery lawn.

Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?  
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.

Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?  
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.

The bounding steed you pompously bestride  
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.

Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain ?  
The birds of heaven shall vindicate thy grain.

Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?  
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer :

The hog that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,  
Lives on the labors of this lord of all.

Know, nature's children all divide her care ;  
The fur that warms a monarch warms a bear.

Whileman exclaims, "See all things for myuse !"  
"See man for mine !" replies a pampered goose :

And just as short of reason he must fall  
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the powerful still the weak control ;  
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole :

Nature that tyrant checks ; he only knows,  
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.

Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,  
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove ?

Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings ?  
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings ?

Man cares for all : to birds he gives his woods,  
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods ;

For some his interest prompts him to provide,  
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride :

All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy  
The extensive blessing of his luxury.

That very life his learned hunger craves,  
He saves from famine, from the savage saves ;

Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,  
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest ;

Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,  
Than favored man by touch ethereal slain.

The creature had his feast of life before ;  
Thou too must perish when thy feast is o'er !

ALEXANDER POPE.



## THE LION'S RIDE.

[Translation.]

THE lion is the desert's king; through his domain so wide  
 Right swiftly and right royally this night he means to ride.  
 By the sedgy brink, where the wild herds drink, close couches the grim chief;  
 The trembling sycamore above whispers with every leaf.

At evening, on the Table Mount, when ye can see no more  
 The changeful play of signals gay; when the gloom is speckled o'er  
 With kraal fires; when the Caffre wends home through the lone karroo;  
 When the boshbok in the thicket sleeps, and by the stream the gnu;

Then bend your gaze across the waste, — what see ye? The giraffe,  
 Majestic, stalks towards the lagoon, the turbid lymph to quaff;  
 With outstretched neck and tongue adust, he kneels him down to cool  
 His hot thirst with a welcome draught from the foul and brackish pool.

A rustling sound, a roar, a bound, — the lion sits astride  
 Upon his giant courser's back. Did ever king so ride?  
 Had ever king a steed so rare, caparisons of state  
 To match the dappled skin whereon that rider sits elate?

In the muscles of the neck his teeth are plunged with ravenous greed;  
 His tawny mane is tossing round the withers of the steed.  
 Up leaping with a hollow yell of anguish and surprise,  
 Away, away, in wild dismay, the camel-leopard flies.

His feet have wings; see how he springs across the moonlit plain!  
 As from their sockets they would burst, his glaring eyeballs strain;  
 In thick black streams of purling blood, full fast his life is fleeting;  
 The stillness of the desert hears his heart's tumultuous beating.

Like the cloud that, through the wilderness, the path of Israel traced, —  
 Like an airy phantom, dull and wan, a spirit of the waste, —

From the sandy sea uprising, as the water-spout from ocean,  
 A whirling cloud of dust keeps pace with the courser's fiery motion.

Croaking companion of their flight, the vulture whirs on high;  
 Below, the terror of the fold, the panther fierce and sly,  
 And hyenas foul, round graves that prowl, join in the horrid race;  
 By the footprints wet with gore and sweat, their monarch's course they trace.

They see him on his living throne, and quake with fear, the while  
 With claws of steel he tears piecemeal his cushion's painted pile.  
 On! on! no pause, no rest, giraffe, while life and strength remain!  
 The steed by such a rider backed may madly plunge in vain.

Reeling upon the desert's verge, he falls, and breathes his last;  
 The courser, stained with dust and foam, is the rider's fell repast.  
 O'er Madagascar, eastward far, a faint flush is descried: —  
 Thus nightly, o'er his broad domain, the king of beasts doth ride.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH (German).

## THE BLOOD HORSE.

GAMARRA is a dainty steed,  
 Strong, black, and of a noble breed,  
 Full of fire, and full of bone,  
 With all his line of fathers known;  
 Fine his nose, bis nostrils thin,  
 But blown abroad by the pride within!  
 His mane is like a river flowing,  
 And his eyes like embers glowing  
 In the darkness of the night,  
 And his pace as swift as light.

Look, — how round his straining throat  
 Grace and shifting beauty float;  
 Sinewy strength is in his reins,  
 And the red blood gallops through his veins, —  
 Richer, redder, never ran  
 Through the boasting heart of man.  
 He can trace his lineage higher  
 Than the Bourbon dare aspire, —  
 Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,  
 Or O'Brien's blood itself!

He, who hath no peer, was born  
 Here, upon a red March morn ;  
 But his famous fathers dead  
 Were Arabs all, and Arab-bred,  
 And the last of that great line  
 Trod like one of a race divine !  
 And yet, — he was but friend to one,  
 Who fed him at the set of sun  
 By some lone fountain fringed with green ;  
 With him, a roving Bedouin,  
 He lived (none else would he obey  
 Through all the hot Arabian day),  
 And died untamed upon the sands  
 Where Balkh amidst the desert stands !

BARRY CORNWALL.

— ◆ —

### 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,  
 Then, 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 while they bloom !

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

— ◆ —

### FOLDING THE FLOCKS.

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,  
 Fold your flocks up ; for the air

'Gins to thicken, and the sun  
 Already his great course hath run.  
 See the dew-drops, how they kiss  
 Every little flower that is ;  
 Hanging on their velvet heads,  
 Like a string of crystal beads.  
 See the heavy clouds low falling  
 And bright Hesperus down calling  
 The dead night from underground ;  
 At whose rising, mists unsound,  
 Damps and vapors, fly apace,  
 And hover o'er the smiling face  
 Of these pastures ; where they come,  
 Striking dead both bud and bloom.  
 Therefore from such danger lock  
 Every one his lovéd flock ;  
 And let your dogs lie loose without,  
 Lest the wolf come as a scout  
 From the mountain, and ere day,  
 Bear a lamb or kid away ;  
 Or the crafty, thievish fox,  
 Break upon your simple flocks.  
 To secure yourself from these,  
 Be not too secure in ease ;  
 So shall you good shepherds prove,  
 And deserve your master's love.  
 Now, good night ! may sweetest slumbers  
 And soft silence fall in numbers  
 On your eyelids. So farewell :  
 Thus I end my evening knell.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

— ◆ —

### TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH,  
 NOVEMBER, 1785.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ROBERT BURNS.

## THE SONGSTERS.

FROM "THE SEASONS."

... UPSPRINGS the lark,  
 Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of morn  
 Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings  
 Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts  
 Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse  
 Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush  
 Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads  
 Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,  
 Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush  
 And woodlark, o'er the kind-contending throng  
 Superior heard, run through the sweetest length  
 Of notes ; when listening Philomela deigns  
 To let them joy, and purposes, in thought  
 Elate, to make her night excel their day.  
 The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake ;  
 The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove ;  
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze  
 Poured out profusely, silent : joined to these  
 Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade

Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix  
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,  
 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,  
 Aid the full concert ; while the stockdove breathes  
 A melancholy murmur through the whole.

'T is love creates their melody, and all  
 This waste of music is the voice of love ;  
 That even to birds and beasts the tender arts  
 Of pleasing teaches.

JAMES THOMSON.

## DOMESTIC BIRDS.

FROM "THE SEASONS."

... THE careful hen  
 Calls all her chirping family around,  
 Fed and defended by the fearless cock,  
 Whose breast with ardor flames, as on he walks,  
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond  
 The finely checkered duck before her train  
 Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan  
 Gives out her snowy plumage to the gale ;  
 And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet  
 Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,  
 Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,  
 Loud-threatening, reddens ; while the peacock  
 spreads

His every-colored glory to the sun,  
 And swims in radiant majesty along.  
 O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove  
 Flies thick in amorous chase, and wanton rolls  
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

JAMES THOMSON.

## THE BELFRY PIGEON.

ON the cross-beam under the Old South bell  
 The nest of a pigeon is builded well.  
 In summer and winter that bird is there,  
 Out and in with the morning air ;  
 I love to see him track the street,  
 With his wary eye and active feet ;  
 And I often watch him as he springs,  
 Circling the steeple with easy wings,  
 Till across the dial his shade has passed,  
 And the belfry edge is gained at last ;  
 'T is a bird I love, with its brooding note,  
 And the trembling throb in its mottled throat ;  
 There's a human look in its swelling breast,  
 And the gentle curve of its lowly crest ;  
 And I often stop with the fear I feel, —  
 He runs so close to the rapid wheel.  
 Whatever is rung on that noisy bell, —  
 Chime of the hour, or funeral knell, —  
 The dove in the belfry must hear it well.  
 When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,

When the sexton cheerly rings for noon,  
 When the clock strikes clear at morning light,  
 When the child is waked with "nine at night,"  
 When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,  
 Filling the spirit with tones of prayer, —  
 Whatever tale in the bell is heard,  
 He broods on his folded feet unstirred,  
 Or, rising half in his rounded nest,  
 He takes the time to smooth his breast,  
 Then drops again, with filméd eyes,  
 And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird ! I would that I could be  
 A hermit in the crowd like thee !  
 With wings to fly to wood and glen,  
 Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men ;  
 And daily, with unwilling feet,  
 I tread, like thee, the crowded street,  
 But, unlike me, when day is o'er,  
 Thou canst dismiss the world, and soar ;  
 Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,  
 Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,  
 And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

I would that in such wings of gold  
 I could my weary heart upfold ;  
 I would I could look down unmoved  
 (Unloving as I am unloved),  
 And while the world throngs on beneath,  
 Smooth down my cares and calmly breathe ;  
 And never sad with others' sadness,  
 And never glad with others' gladness,  
 Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime,  
 And, lapped in quiet, bide my time.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

#### TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !  
 Thou messenger of spring !  
 Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,  
 And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,  
 Thy certain voice we hear.  
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
 Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee  
 I hail the time of flowers,  
 And hear the sound of music sweet  
 From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood  
 To pull the primrose gay,  
 Starts, thy most curious voice to hear,  
 And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,  
 Thou fliest thy vocal vail,  
 An annual guest in other lands,  
 Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,  
 Thy sky is ever clear ;  
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
 No winter in thy year !

O, could I fly, I 'd fly with thee !  
 We 'd make, with joyful wing,  
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,  
 Attendants on the spring.

JOHN LOGAN.

#### TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE new-comer ! I have heard,  
 I hear thee and rejoice.  
 O cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,  
 Or but a wandering voice ?

While I am lying on the grass  
 Thy twofold shout I hear ;  
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
 At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale  
 Of sunshine and of flowers,  
 Thou bringest unto me a tale  
 Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring !  
 Even yet thou art to me  
 No bird, but an invisible thing,  
 A voice, a mystery ;

The same whom in my school-boy days  
 I listened to ; that cry  
 Which made me look a thousand ways,  
 In bush and tree and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove  
 Through woods and on the green ;  
 And thou wert still a hope, a love ;  
 Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet ;  
 Can lie upon the plain  
 And listen, till I do beget  
 That golden time again.

O blesséd bird ! the earth we pace  
 Again appears to be  
 An unsubstantial, fairy place ;  
 That is fit home for thee !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## THE SKYLARK.

BIRD of the wilderness,  
 Blithesome and cumberless,  
 Sweet be thy math o'er moorland and lea !  
 Emblem of happiness,  
 Blest is thy dwelling-place, —  
 O to abide in the desert with thee !  
 Wild is thy lay and loud  
 Far in the downy cloud,  
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.  
 Where, on thy dewy wing,  
 Where art thou journeying ?  
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.  
 O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
 O'er moor and mountain green,  
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,  
 Over the cloudlet dim,  
 Over the rainbow's rim,  
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away !  
 Then, when the gloaming comes,  
 Low in the heather blooms  
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !  
 Emblem of happiness,  
 Blest is thy dwelling-place,  
 O to abide in the desert with thee !

JAMES HOGG.

## TO THE SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !  
 Bird thou never wert,  
 That from heaven, or near it,  
 Pourest thy full heart  
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.  
 Higher still and higher  
 From the earth thou springest,  
 Like a cloud of fire ;  
 The blue deep thou wingest,  
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever  
 singest.  
 In the golden lightning  
 Of the setting sun,  
 O'er which clouds are brightening,  
 Thou dost float and run ;  
 Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.  
 The pale purple even  
 Melts around thy flight ;  
 Like a star of heaven,  
 In the broad daylight  
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.  
 Keen as are the arrows  
 Of that silver sphere,  
 Whose intense lamp narrows  
 In the white dawn clear,  
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sound of vernal showers  
 On the twinkling grass,  
 Rain-awakened flowers,  
 All that ever was  
 Joyous and fresh and clear thy music doth sur-  
 pass.

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

Chorus hymeneal,  
 Or triumphant chant,  
 Matched with thine, would be all  
 But an empty vaunt, —  
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden  
 want.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### HARK, HARK ! THE LARK —

HARK, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phœbus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chaliced flowers that lies ;  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes ;  
With everything that pretty bin,  
My lady sweet, arise ;  
Arise, arise !

SHAKESPEARE.

#### TO THE SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !  
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?  
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?  
Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will,  
Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

To the last point of vision, and beyond,  
Mount, daring warbler ! — that love-prompted  
strain,  
'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond,  
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain ;  
Yet mightst thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing  
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;  
A privacy of glorious light is thine,  
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;  
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam, —  
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home !  
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

#### THE THRUSH.

SWEET bird ! that sing'st away the early hours  
Of winters past or coming, void of care ;  
Well pleased with delights which present are,  
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling  
flowers, —

To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers  
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,  
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,  
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.  
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs  
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven  
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and  
wrongs,  
And lift a reverent eye and thought to heaven !  
Sweet, artless songster ! thou my mind dost raise  
To airs of spheres, — yes, and to angels' lays.  
WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

#### THE ENGLISH ROBIN.

SEE you robin on the spray ;  
Look ye how his tiny form  
Swells, as when his merry lay  
Gushes forth amid the storm.

Though the snow is falling fast,  
Specking o'er his coat with white, —  
Though loud roars the chilly blast,  
And the evening's lost in night, —

Yet from out the darkness dreary  
Cometh still that cheerful note ;  
Praiseful aye, and never weary,  
Is that little warbling throat.

Thank him for his lesson's sake,  
Thank God's gentle minstrel there,  
Who, when storms make others quake,  
Sings of days that brighter were.

HARRISON WEIR.

### THE HEATH-COCK.

GOOD morrow to thy sable beak  
And glossy plumage dark and sleek,  
Thy crimson moon and azure eye,  
Cock of the heath, so wildly shy :  
I see thee slyly cowering through  
That wiry web of silvery dew,  
That twinkles in the morning air,  
Like casements of my lady fair.

A maid there is in yonder tower,  
Who, peeping from her early bow,  
Half shows, like thee, her simple wile,  
Her braided hair and morning smile.  
The rarest things, with wayward will,  
Beneath the covert hide them still ;  
The rarest things to break of day  
Look shortly forth, and shrink away.

A fleeting moment of delight  
I sunned me in her cheering sight ;  
As short, I ween, the time will be  
That I shall parley hold with thee.  
Through Snowdon's mist red beams the day,  
The climbing herd-boy chants his lay,  
The gnat-flies dance their sunny ring, —  
Thou art already on the wing.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

### THE BOBOLINK.

BOBOLINK ! that in the meadow,  
Or beneath the orchard's shadow,  
Keapest up a constant rattle  
Joyous as my children's prattle,  
Welcome to the north again !  
Welcome to mine ear thy strain,  
Welcome to mine eye the sight  
Of thy buff, thy black and white.  
Brighter plumes may greet the sun  
By the banks of Amazon ;  
Sweeter tones may weave the spell  
Of enchanting Philomel ;  
But the tropic bird would fall,  
And the English nightingale,

If we should compare their worth  
With thine endless, gushing mirth.

When the ides of May are past,  
June and summer nearing fast,  
While from depths of blue above  
Comes the mighty breath of love,  
Calling out each bud and flower  
With resistless, secret power, —  
Waking hope and fond desire,  
Kindling the erotic fire, —  
Filling youths' and maidens' dreams  
With mysterious, pleasing themes ;  
Then, amid the sunlight clear  
Floating in the fragrant air,  
Thou dost fill each heart with pleasure  
By thy glad ecstatic measure.

A single note, so sweet and low,  
Like a full heart's overflow,  
Forms the prelude ; but the strain  
Gives no such tone again,  
For the wild and saucy song  
Leaps and skips the notes among,  
With such quick and sportive play,  
Ne'er was madder, merrier lay.

Gayest songster of the spring !  
Thy melodies before me bring  
Visions of some dream-huilt land,  
Where, by constant zephyrs fanned,  
I might walk the livelong day,  
Embosomed in perpetual May.  
Nor care nor fear thy bosom knows ;  
For thee a tempest never blows ;  
But when our northern summer 's o'er,  
By Delaware's or Schuylkill's shore  
The wild rice lifts its airy head,  
And royal feasts for thee are spread.  
And when the winter threatens there,  
Thy tireless wings yet own no fear,  
But bear thee to more southern coasts,  
Far beyond the reach of frosts.

Bobolink ! still may thy gladness  
Take from me all taints of sadness ;  
Fill my soul with trust unshaken  
In that Being who has taken  
Care for every living thing,  
In summer, winter, fall, and spring.

THOMAS HILL.

### ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,  
Near to the nest of his little dame,  
Over the mountain-side or mead,  
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name :

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,  
Hidden among the summer flowers.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,  
Wearing a bright black wedding coat ;  
White are his shoulders and white his crest,  
Hear him call in his merry note :  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,  
Sure there was never a bird so fine.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,  
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,  
Passing at home a patient life,  
Broods in the grass while her husband sings :  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
Brood, kind creature ; you need not fear  
Thieves and robbers while I am here.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she  
One weak chirp is her only not. ,  
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,  
Pouring boasts from his little throat :  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
Never was I afraid of man ;  
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,  
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight !  
There as the mother sits all day,  
Robert is singing with all his might :  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
Nice good wife, that never goes out,  
Keeping house while I frolic about.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell  
Six wide mouths are open for food ;  
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,  
Gathering seed for the hungry brood.  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
This new life is likely to be  
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made  
Sober with work, and silent with care ;  
Off is his holiday garment laid,  
Half forgotten that merry air,

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
Nobody knows but my mate and I  
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes ; the children are grown ;  
Fun and frolic no more he knows ;  
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone ;  
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes :  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
When you can pipe that merry old strain,  
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.  
Chee, chee, chee.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### PERSEVERANCE.

A SWALLOW in the spring  
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves  
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring  
Wet earth and straw and leaves.

Day after day she toiled  
With patient art, but ere her work was crowned,  
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,  
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought,  
But not cast down, forth from the place she flew,  
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought  
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed  
The last soft feather on its ample floor,  
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste  
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,  
And toiled again, — and last night, hearing calls,  
I looked, — and lo ! three little swallows slept  
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O man !  
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn ?  
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or plan ?  
Have faith, and struggle on !

R. S. S. ANDROS.

### THE SWALLOW.

THE gorse is yellow on the heath,  
The banks with speedwell flowers are gay,  
The oaks are budding ; and beneath,  
The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath,  
The silver wreath of May.



The welcome guest of settled spring,  
The swallow too is come at last ;  
Just at sunset, when thrushes sing,  
I saw her dash with rapid wing,  
And hailed her as she passed.

Come, summer visitant, attach  
To my reed-roof your nest of clay,  
And let my ear your music catch,  
Low twittering underneath the thatch,  
At the gray dawn of day.

As fables tell, an Indian sage,  
The Hindustani woods among,  
Could in his desert hermitage,  
As if 't were marked in written page,  
Translate the wild bird's song.

I wish I did his power possess,  
That I might learn, fleet bird, from thee,  
What our vain systems only guess,  
And know from what wild wilderness  
You came across the sea.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

#### THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

[Addressed to two swallows that flew into the Chauncy Place Church during divine service.]

GAY, guiltless pair,  
What seek ye from the fields of heaven ?  
Ye have no need of prayer,  
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,  
Where mortals to their Maker bend ?  
Can your pure spirits fear  
The God ye never could offend ?

Ye never knew  
The crimes for which we come to weep.  
Penance is not for you,  
Blessed wanderers of the *upper deep*.

To you 't is given  
To wake sweet Nature's untaught lays ;  
Beneath the arch of heaven  
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing  
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,  
And join the choirs that sing  
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay,  
To note the consecrated hour,  
Teach me the airy way,  
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd  
On upward wings could I but fly,  
I 'd bathe in yon bright cloud,  
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'T were heaven indeed  
Through fields of trackless light to soar,  
On Nature's charms to feed,  
And Nature's own great God adore.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

#### THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOW.

AND is the swallow gone ?  
Who beheld it ?  
Which way sailed it ?  
Farewell had it none ?

No mortal saw it go ;—  
But who doth hear  
Its summer cheer  
As it fitteth to and fro ?

So the freed spirit flies !  
From its surrounding clay  
It steals away  
Like the swallow from the skies.

Whither ? wherefore doth it go ?  
'T is all unknown ;  
We feel alone  
That a void is left below.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

#### DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOWS.

[Translation.]

THE rain-drops splash, and the dead leaves fall,  
On spire and cornice and mould ;  
The swallows gather, and twitter and call,  
" We must follow the summer, come one, come all,  
For the winter is now so cold."

Just listen awhile to the wordy war,  
As to whither the way shall tend,  
Says one, " I know the skies are fair  
And myriad insects float in air  
Where the ruins of Athens stand.

" And every year when the brown leaves fall,  
In a niche of the Parthenon  
I build my nest on the corniced wall,  
In the trough of a devastating ball  
From the Turk's besieging gun."

Says another, " My cosey home I fit  
On a Smyrna *grande café*,  
Where over the threshold Hadjji sit,  
And smoke their pipes and their coffee sip,  
Dreaming the hours away."

Another says, "I prefer the nave  
Of a temple of Baalbec ;  
There my little ones lie when the palm-trees wave,  
And, perching near on the architrave,  
I fill each open beak."

"Ah!" says the last, "I build *my* nest  
Far up on the Nile's green shore,  
Where Memnon raises his stony crest,  
And turns to the sun as he leaves his rest,  
But greets him with song no more.

"In his ample neck is a niche so wide,  
And withal so deep and free,  
A thousand swallows their nests can hide,  
And a thousand little ones rear beside, —  
Then come to the Nile with me."

They go, they go, to the river and plain,  
To ruined city and town,  
They leave me alone with the cold again,  
Beside the tomb where my joys are lain,  
With hope like the swallows flown.  
GAUTIER (French).

#### A DOUBTING HEART.

WHERE are the swallows fled ?  
Frozen and dead  
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.  
O doubting heart !  
Far over purple seas  
They wait, in sunny ease,  
The balmy southern breeze  
To bring them to their northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die ?  
Prisoned they lie  
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.  
O doubting heart !  
They only sleep below  
The soft white ermine snow  
While winter winds shall blow,  
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays  
These many days ;  
Will dreary hours never leave the earth ?  
O doubting heart !  
The stormy clouds on high  
Veil the same sunny sky  
That soon, for spring is nigh,  
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light  
Is quenched in night ;  
What sound can break the silence of despair ?  
O doubting heart !

The sky is overcast,  
Yet stars shall rise at last,  
Brighter for darkness past,  
And angels' silver voices stir the air.  
ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

#### THE NIGHTINGALE.

THE rose looks out in the valley, —  
And thither will I go !  
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale  
Sings his song of woe.

The virgin is on the river-side,  
Culling the lemons pale :  
Thither, — yes ! thither will I go,  
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale  
Sings his song of woe.

The fairest fruit her hand hath culled,  
'T is for her lover all :  
Thither, — yes ! thither will I go,  
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale  
Sings his song of woe.

In her hat of straw, for her gentle swain,  
She has placed the lemons pale :  
Thither, — yes ! thither will I go,  
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale  
Sings his song of woe.

GIL VICENTE (Portuguese). Translation  
of JOHN BOWRING.

#### THE NIGHTINGALE.

PRIZE thou the nightingale,  
Who soothes thee with his tale,  
And wakes the woods around ;  
A singing feather he, — a winged and wandering  
sound ;

Whose tender carolling  
Sets all ears listening  
Unto that living lyre,  
Whence flow the airy notes his ecstasies inspire ;

Whose shrill, capricious song  
Breathes like a flute along,  
With many a careless tone, —  
Music of thousand tongues, formed by one tongue  
alone.

O charming creature rare !  
Can aught with thee compare ?  
Thou art all song, — thy breast  
Thrills for one month o' the year, — is tranquil  
all the rest.

These wondrous we may call, —  
 Most wondrous this of all,  
 That such a tiny throat  
 Should wake so loud a sound, and pour so loud  
 a note.

MARIA TESSELSCHADE VISSCHER (Dutch). Translation  
 of JOHN BOWRING.

—◆—  
 PHILOMELA.

HARK ! ah, the nightingale !  
 The tawny-throated !  
 Hark ! from that moonlit cedar what a burst !  
 What triumph ! hark, — what pain !  
 O wanderer from a Grecian shore,  
 Still — after many years, in distant lands —  
 Still nourishing in thy bewildered brain  
 That wild, unquenched, deep-sunken, Old-World  
 pain, —

Say, will it never heal ?  
 And can this fragrant lawn,  
 With its cool trees, and night,  
 And the sweet, tranquil Thames,  
 And moonshine, and the dew,  
 To thy racked heart and brain  
 Afford no balm ?

Dost thou to-night behold,  
 Here, through the moonlight on this English  
 grass,

The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild ?  
 Dost thou again peruse,  
 With hot cheeks and seared eyes,  
 The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's shame ?

Dost thou once more essay  
 Thy flight ; and feel come over thee,  
 Poor fugitive ! the feathery change ;  
 Once more ; and once more make resound,  
 With love and hate, triumph and agony,  
 Lone Daulis, and the high Cephisian vale ?

Listen, Eugenia, —  
 How thick the bursts come crowding through  
 the leaves !  
 Again — thou hearest !  
 Eternal passion !  
 Eternal pain !

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

—◆—  
 ADDRESS TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

As it fell upon a day,  
 In the merry month of May,  
 Sitting in a pleasant shade  
 Which a grove of myrtles made,  
 Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,  
 Trees did grow, and plants did spring ;

Everything did banish moan,  
 Save the nightingale alone.  
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
 Leaned her breast up-till a thorn ;  
 And there sung the dolefull'st ditty  
 That to hear it was great pity.  
 Fie, fie, fie ! now would she cry ;  
 Tern, tern, by and by ;  
 That, to hear her so complain,  
 Scarce I could from tears refrain ;  
 For her griefs, so lively shown,  
 Made me think upon mine own.  
 Ah ! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain ;  
 None takes pity on thy pain ;  
 Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee ;  
 Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee ;  
 King Pandion, he is dead ;  
 All thy friends are lapped in lead :  
 All thy fellow-birds do sing,  
 Careless of thy sorrowing !  
 Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,  
 Thou and I were both beguiled,  
 Every one that flatters thee  
 Is no friend in misery.  
 Words are easy, like the wind ;  
 Faithful friends are hard to find.  
 Every man will be thy friend  
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;  
 But, if stores of crowns be scant,  
 No man will supply thy want.  
 If that one be prodigal,  
 Bountiful they will him call ;  
 And, with such-like flattering,  
 " Pity but he were a king."  
 If he be addict to vice,  
 Quickly him they will entice ;  
 But if Fortune once do frown,  
 Then farewell his great renown :  
 They that fawned on him before,  
 Use his company no more.  
 He that is thy friend indeed,  
 He will help thee in thy need ;  
 If thou sorrow, he will weep,  
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep.  
 Thus, of every grief in heart,  
 He with thee doth bear a part.  
 These are certain signs to know  
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

RICHARD BARNFIELD.

—◆—  
 THE MOTHER NIGHTINGALE.

I HAVE seen a nightingale  
 On a sprig of thyme bewail,  
 -Seeing the dear nest, which was  
 Hers alone, borne off, alas !  
 By a laborer ; I heard,

For this outrage, the poor bird  
 Say a thousand mournful things  
 To the wind, which, on its wings,  
 To the Guardian of the sky  
 Bore her melancholy cry,  
 Bore her tender tears. She spake  
 As if her fond heart would break :  
 One while in a sad, sweet note,  
 Gurgled from her straining throat,  
 She enforced her piteous tale,  
 Mournful prayer and plaintive wail ;  
 One while, with the shrill dispute  
 Quite outwearing, she was mute ;  
 Then afresh, for her dear brood,  
 Her harmonious shrieks renewed.  
 Now she winged it round and round ;  
 Now she skimmed along the ground ;  
 Now from hough to bough, in haste,  
 The delighted robber chased,  
 And, alighting in his path,  
 Seemed to say, "twixt grief and wrath,  
 "Give me back, fierce rustic rude,  
 Give me back my pretty brood,"  
 And I heard the rustic still  
 Answer, "That I never will."

ESTEVAN MANUEL DE VILLEGAS (Spanish).  
 Translation of THOMAS ROSCOE.

#### MUSIC'S DUEL.

Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams  
 Of noon's high glory, when, hard by the streams  
 Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plat,  
 Under protection of an oak, there sat  
 A sweet lute's-master, in whose gentle airs  
 He lost the day's heat and his own hot cares.  
 Close in the covert of the leaves there stood  
 A nightingale, come from the neighboring wood  
 (The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,  
 Their muse, their siren, harmless siren she) :  
 There stood she listening, and did entertain  
 The music's soft report, and mould the same  
 In her own murmurs; that whatever mood  
 His curious fingers lent, her voice made good.  
 The man perceived his rival, and her art ;  
 Disposed to give the light-foot lady sport,  
 Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come  
 Informs it in a sweet præludium  
 Of closer strains, and e'er the war begin,  
 He lightly skirmishes on every string  
 Charged with a flying touch ; and straightway she  
 Carves out her dainty voice as readily  
 Into a thousand sweet distinguished tones,  
 And reckons up in soft divisions  
 Quick volumes of wild notes, to let him know,  
 By that shrill taste, she could do something too.

His nimble hand's instinct then taught each  
 string

A capering cheerfulness, and made them sing  
 To their own dance ; now negligently rash  
 He throws his arm, and with a long-drawn dash  
 Blends all together ; then distinctly trips  
 From this to that, then quick returning skips,  
 And snatches this again, and pauses there.  
 She measures every measure, everywhere  
 Meets art with art ; sometimes, as if in doubt  
 Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,  
 Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note,  
 Through the sleek passage of her open throat,  
 A clear, uncrinkled song ; then doth she point it  
 With tender accents, and severely joint it  
 By short diminutives, that being reared  
 In controverting warbles, evenly shared,  
 With her sweet self she wrangles : he, amazed  
 That from so small a channel should be raised  
 The torrent of a voice whose melody  
 Could melt into such sweet variety,  
 Strains higher yet, that, tickled with rare art,  
 The tattling strings, each breathing in his part,  
 Most kindly do fall out : the grumbling bass  
 In surly groans disdains the treble's grace ;  
 The high-percht self treble chirps at this, and chides,  
 Until his finger (moderator) hides  
 And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all,  
 Hoarse, shrill, at once ; as when the trumpets call  
 Hot Mars to the harvest of death's field, and woo  
 Men's hearts into their hands ; this lesson too  
 She gives them back ; her supple breast thrills out  
 Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt  
 Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,  
 And folds in waved notes, with a trembling bill,  
 The pliant series of her slippery song ;  
 Then starts she suddenly into a throng  
 Of short thick sobs, whose thundering volleys float,  
 And roll themselves over her lubric throat  
 In panting murmurs, stilled out of her breast ;  
 That ever-bubbling spring, the sugared nest  
 Of her delicious soul, that there does lie  
 Bathing in streams of liquid melody ;  
 Music's best seed-plot ; when in ripened airs  
 A golden-headed harvest fairly rears  
 His honey-dropping tops ploughed by her breath  
 Which there reciprocally laboreth.  
 In that sweet soil it seems a holy quire,  
 Sounded to the name of great Apollo's lyre ;  
 Whose silver roof rings with the sprightly notes  
 Of sweet-lipped angel-imps, that swill their throats  
 In cream of morning Helicon, and then  
 Prefer soft anthems to the ears of men,  
 To woo them from their beds, still murmuring  
 That men can sleep while they their matins sing  
 (Most divine service), whose so early lay  
 Prevents the eyelids of the blushing day.  
 There might you hear her kindle her soft voice

In the close murmur of a sparkling noise ;  
 And lay the groundwork of her hopeful song,  
 Still keeping in the forward stream so long,  
 Till a sweet whirlwind (striving to get out)  
 Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,  
 And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,  
 Till the fledged notes at length forsake their nest,  
 Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky,  
 Winged with their own wild echoes, prattling fly.  
 She opens the floodgate, and lets loose a tide  
 Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride  
 On the waved back of every swelling strain,  
 Rising and falling in a pompous train ;  
 And while she thus discharges a shrill peal  
 Of flashing airs, she qualifies their zeal  
 With the cool epode of a graver note ;  
 Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat  
 Would reach the brazen voice of war's hoarse bird ;  
 Her little soul is ravished, and so poured  
 Into loose ecstasies, that she is placed  
 Above herself, music's enthusiast.

Shame now and anger mixed a double stain  
 In the musician's face : " Yet, once again,  
 Mistress, I come : now reach a strain, my lute,  
 Above her mock, or be forever mute.  
 Or tune a song of victory to me,  
 Or to thyself sing thine own obsequy."  
 So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings,  
 And with a quavering coyness tastes the strings.  
 The sweet-lipped sisters musically frightened,  
 Singing their fears are fearfully delighted ;  
 Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs  
 Are fanned and frizzled in the wanton airs  
 Of his own breath, which, married to his lyre,  
 Doth tune the spheres, and make heaven's self  
 look higher ;  
 From this to that, from that to this he flies,  
 Feels music's pulse in all her arteries ;  
 Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,  
 His fingers struggle with the vocal threads,  
 Following those little rills, he sinks into  
 A sea of Helicon ; his hand does go  
 Those parts of sweetness which with nectar drop,  
 Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup.  
 The humorous strings expound his learned touch  
 By various glosses ; now they seem to grutch  
 And murmur in a buzzing din, then jingle  
 In shrill-toned accents striving to be single ;  
 Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke  
 Gives life to some new grace ; thus doth he invoke  
 Sweetness by all her names ; thus, bravely thus  
 (Fraught with a fury so harmonious)  
 The lute's light genius now does proudly rise,  
 Heaved on the surges of swoll'n rhapsodies ;  
 Whose flourish (meteor-like) doth curl the air  
 With flash of high-born fancies, here and there  
 Dancing in lofty measures, and anon  
 Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone,

Whose trembling murmurs, melting in wild airs,  
 Run to and fro, complaining his sweet cares ;  
 Because those precious mysteries that dwell  
 In music's ravished soul he dare not tell,  
 But whisper to the world ; thus do they vary,  
 Each string his note, as if they meant to carry  
 Their master's blest soul (snatched out at his cars  
 By a strong ecstasy) through all the spheres  
 Of music's heaven ; and seat it there on high,  
 In the empyrean of pure harmony.  
 At length (after so long, so loud a strife  
 Of all the strings, still breathing the best life  
 Of blest variety, attending on  
 His fingers' fairest evolution,  
 In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall)  
 A full-mouthed diapason swallows all.

This done, he lists what she would say to this ;  
 And she, although her breath's late exercise  
 Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,  
 Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note.  
 Alas ! in vain ! for while (sweet soul) she tries  
 To measure all those wild diversities  
 Of chattering strings, by the small size of one  
 Poor simple voice, raised in a natural tone ;  
 She fails, and failing grieves, and grieving dies :  
 She dies, and leaves her life the victor's prize,  
 Falling upon his lute : O, fit to have  
 (That lived so sweetly), dead, so sweet a grave !

RICHARD CRASHAW.

## BIRDS.

### FROM "THE FELICAN ISLAND."

— BIRDS, the free tenants of land, air, and ocean,  
 Their forms all symmetry, their motions grace ;  
 In plumage, delicate and beautiful,  
 Thick without burden, close as fishes' scales,  
 Or loose as full-blown poppies to the breeze ;  
 With wings that might have had a soul within  
 them,  
 They bore their owners by such sweet enchantment,  
 — Birds, small and great, of endless shapes and  
 colors,  
 Here flew and perched, there swam and dived at  
 pleasure ;  
 Watchful and agile, uttering voices wild  
 And harsh, yet in accordance with the waves  
 Upon the beach, the winds in caverns moaning,  
 Or winds and waves abroad upon the water.  
 Some sought their food among the funny shoals,  
 Swift darting from the clouds, emerging soon  
 With slender captives glittering in their leaks ;  
 These in recesses of steep crags constructed  
 Their eyries inaccessible, and trained  
 Their hardy broods to forage in all weathers :  
 Others, more gorgeously appavelled, dwelt  
 Among the woods, on nature's dainties feeding,

Herbs, seeds, and roots ; or, ever on the wing,  
 Pursuing insects through the boundless air :  
 In hollow trees or thickets these concealed  
 Their exquisitely woven nests ; where lay  
 Their callow offspring, quiet as the down  
 On their own breasts, till from her search the dam  
 With laden bill returned, and shared the meal  
 Among her clamorous suppliants, all agape ;  
 Then, cowering o'er them with expanded wings,  
 She felt how sweet it is to be a mother.  
 Of these, a few, with melody nuntaught,  
 Turned all the air to music within hearing,  
 Themselves unseen ; while bolder quiristers  
 On loftiest branches strained their clarion-pipes,  
 And made the forest echo to their screams  
 Discordant, — yet there was no discord there,  
 But tempered harmony ; all tones combining,  
 In the rich confluence of ten thousand tongues,  
 To tell of joy and to inspire it. Who  
 Could hear such concert, and not join in chorus ?  
 Not I.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

### THE PELICAN.

FROM "THE PELICAN ISLAND."

AT early dawn I marked them in the sky,  
 Catching the morning colors on their plumes ;  
 Not in voluptuous pastime revelling there,  
 Among the rosy clouds, while orient heaven  
 Flamed like the opening gates of Paradise,  
 Whence issued forth the angel of the sun,  
 And gladdened nature with returning day :  
 — Eager for food, their searching eyes they fixed  
 On ocean's unrolled volume, from an height  
 That brought immensity within their scope ;  
 Yet with such power of vision looked they down,  
 As though they watched the shell-fish slowly  
 gliding  
 O'er sunken rocks, or climbing trees of coral.  
 On indefatigable wing upheld,  
 Breath, pulse, existence, seemed suspended in  
 them :  
 They were as pictures painted on the sky ;  
 Till suddenly, aslant, away they shot,  
 Like meteors changed from stars to gleams of  
 lightning,  
 And struck upon the deep, where, in wild play,  
 Their quarry floundered, unsuspecting harm ;  
 With terrible voracity, they plunged  
 Their heads among the affrighted shoals, and beat  
 A tempest on the surges with their wings,  
 Till flashing clouds of foam and spray concealed  
 them.  
 Nimble they seized and secreted their prey,  
 Alive and wriggling in the elastic net,  
 Which Nature hung beneath their grasping beaks,

Till, swollen with captures, the unwieldy burden  
 Clogged their slow flight, as heavily to land  
 These mighty hunters of the deep returned.  
 There on the cragged cliffs they perched at ease,  
 Gorging their hapless victims one by one ;  
 Then, full and weary, side by side they slept,  
 Till evening roused them to the chase again.

Love found that lonely couple on their isle,  
 And soon surrounded them with blithe compan-  
 ions.

The noble birds, with skill spontaneous, framed  
 A nest of reeds among the giant-grass,  
 That waved in lights and shadows o'er the soil.  
 There, in sweet thralldom, yet unweening why,  
 The patient dam, who ne'er till now had known  
 Parental instinct, brooded o'er her eggs,  
 Long ere she found the curious secret out,  
 That life was hatching in their brittle shells.  
 Then, from a wild rapacious bird of prey,  
 Tamed by the kindly process, she became  
 That gentlest of all living things, — a mother ;  
 Gentlest while yearning o'er her naked young,  
 Fiercest when stirred by anger to defend them.  
 Her mate himself the softening power confessed,  
 Forgot his sloth, restrained his appetite,  
 And ranged the sky and fished the stream for her.  
 Or, when o'erwheated Nature forced her off  
 To shake her torpid feathers in the breeze,  
 And bathe her bosom in the cooling flood,  
 He took her place, and felt through every nerve,  
 While the plump nestlings throbbed against his  
 heart,

The tenderness that makes the vulture mild ;  
 Yea, half unwillingly his post resigned,  
 When, homesick with the absence of an hour,  
 She hurried back, and drove him from her seat  
 With pecking bill and cry of fond distress,  
 Answered by him with murmurs of delight,  
 Whose gutturals harsh to her were love's own  
 music.

Then, settling down, like foam upon the wave,  
 White, flickering, effervescent, soon subsiding,  
 Her ruffled pinions smoothly she composed ;  
 And, while beneath the comfort of her wings,  
 Her crowded progeny quite filled the nest,  
 The halcyon sleeps not sounder, when the wind  
 Is breathless, and the sea without a curl,  
 — Nor dreams the halcyon of serener days,  
 Or nights more beautiful with silent stars,  
 Than, in that hour, the mother pelican,  
 When the warm tumults of affection sunk  
 Into calm sleep, and dreams of what they were,  
 — Dreams more delicious than reality.  
 — He sentinel beside her stood, and watched  
 With jealous eye the raven in the clouds,  
 And the rank sea-mews wheeling round the cliffs.  
 Woe to the reptile then that ventured nigh !

The snap of his tremendous bill was like  
Death's scythe, down-cutting everything it  
struck.

The heedless lizard, in his gambols, peeped  
Upon the guarded nest, from out the flowers,  
But paid the instant forfeit of his life ;  
Nor could the serpent's subtlety elude  
Capture, when gliding by, nor in defence  
Might his malignant fangs and venom save him.

Erelong the thriving brood outgrew their cradle,  
Ran through the grass, and dabbled in the pools ;  
No sooner deacons of earth than made  
Free both of air and water ; day by day,  
New lessons, exercises, and amusements  
Employed the old to teach, the young to learn.  
Now floating on the blue lagoon beheld them ;  
The sire and dam in swan-like beauty steering,  
Their cygnets following through the foamy wake,  
Picking the leaves of plants, pursuing insects,  
Or catching at the hubbles as they broke :  
Till on some minor fry, in reedy shallows,  
With flapping pinions and unsparing beaks,  
The well-taught scholars plied their double art,  
To fish in troubled waters, and secure  
The petty captives in their maiden pouches ;  
Then hurried with their banquet to the shore,  
With feet, wings, breast, half swimming and  
half flying.  
But when their pens grew strong to fight the  
storm,  
And buffet with the breakers on the reef,  
The parents put them to severer proof ;  
On beetling rocks the little ones were mar-  
shalled ;  
There, by endearments, stripes, example, urged  
To try the void convexity of heaven,  
And plough the ocean's horizontal field.  
Timorous at first they fluttered round the verge,  
Balanced and furred their hesitating wings,  
Then put them forth again with steadier aim ;  
Now, gaining courage as they felt the wind  
Dilate their feathers, fill their airy frames  
With buoyancy that bore them from their feet,  
They yielded all their burden to the breeze,  
And sailed and soared where'er their guardians  
led ;  
Ascending, hovering, wheeling, or alighting,  
They searched the deep in quest of nobler game  
Than yet their inexperience had encountered ;  
With these they battled in that element,  
Where wings or fins were equally at home,  
Till, conquerors in many a desperate strife,  
They dragged their spoils to land, and gorged at  
leisure.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## TO A BIRD

THAT HAUNTED THE WATERS OF LAAKEN IN THE  
WINTER.

O MELANCHOLY bird, a winter's day  
Thou standest by the margin of the poor,  
And, taught by God, dost thy whole beings school  
To patience, which all evil can allay.  
God has appointed thee the fish thy prey,  
And given thyself a lesson to the fool  
Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,  
And his unthinking course by thee to weigh.  
There need not schools nor the professor's chair,  
Though these be good, true wisdom to impart :  
He who has not enough for these to spare,  
Of time or gold, may yet amend his heart,  
And teach his soul by brooks and rivers fair, —  
Nature is always wise in every part.

LORD THURLOW.

## TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean side ?

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, —  
The desert and illimitable air, —  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,  
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend,  
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet, on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,  
And shall not soon depart :

He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain  
flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### THE STORMY PETREL.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,  
Tossing about on the stormy sea, —  
From billow to bounding billow cast,  
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast.  
The sails are scattered abroad like weeds ;  
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds ;  
The mighty cables and iron chains,  
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains, —  
They strain and they crack ; and hearts like stone  
Their natural, hard, proud strength disown.

Up and down ! — up and down !  
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,  
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam  
The stormy petrel finds a home, —  
A home, if such a place may be  
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,  
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,  
And only seeketh her rocky lair  
To warm her young, and to teach them to spring  
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing !

O'er the deep ! — o'er the deep !  
Where the whale and the shark and the sword-  
fish sleep, —  
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,  
The petrel telleth her tale — in vain ;  
For the mariner curseth the warning bird  
Which bringeth him news of the storm unheard !  
Ah ! thus does the prophet of good or ill  
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still ;  
Yet he ne'er falters, — so, petrel, spring  
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing !

BARRY CORNWALL.

### LINES TO THE STORMY PETREL.

THE lark sings for joy in her own loved land,  
In the furrowed field, by the breezes fanned ;  
And so revel we  
In the furrowed sea,  
As joyous and glad as the lark can be.

On the placid breast of the inland lake,  
The wild duck delights her pastime to take ;  
But the petrel braves  
The wild ocean waves,  
His wing in the foaming billow he laves.

The halcyon loves in the noontide beam  
To follow his sport on the tranquil stream  
He fishes at ease  
In the summer breeze,  
But we go angling in stormiest seas.

No song-note have we but a piping cry,  
That blends with the storm when the wind is high.  
When the land-birds wail  
We sport in the gale,  
And merrily over the ocean we sail.

ANONYMOUS.

### THE OWL.

IN the hollow tree, in the old gray tower,  
The spectral owl doth dwell ;  
Dull, hated, despised, in the sunshine hour,  
But at dusk he's abroad and well !  
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him ;  
All mock him outright by day ;  
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,  
The boldest will shrink away !  
*O, when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,  
Then, then, is the reign of the horned owl !*

And the owl hath a bride, who is fond and bold,  
And loveth the wood's deep gloom ;  
And, with eyes like the shine of the moonstone cold,  
She awaiteth her ghastly groom ;  
Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,  
As she waits in her tree so still ;  
But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,  
She hoots out her welcome shrill !  
*O, when the moon shines, and dogs do howl,  
Then, then, is the joy of the horned owl !*

Mourn not for the owl, nor his gloomy plight !  
The owl hath his share of good :  
If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,  
He is lord in the dark greenwood !  
Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate,  
They are each unto each a pride ;  
Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange, dark fate  
Hath rent them from all beside !

*So, when the night falls, and dogs do howl,  
Sing, ho ! for the reign of the horned owl !  
We know not always  
Who are kings by day,  
But the king of the night is the bold brown owl !*

BARRY CORNWALL.

### TO THE HUMBLE-BEE.

BURLY, dozing humble-bee !  
Where thou art is clime for me ;  
Let them sail for Porto Rique,  
Far-off heats through seas to seek,



I will follow thee alone,  
 Thou animated torrid zone !  
 Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,  
 Let me chase thy waving lines ;  
 Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,  
 Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,  
 Joy of thy dominion !  
 Sailor of the atmosphere ;  
 Swimmer through the waves of air,  
 Voyager of light and noon,  
 Epicurean of June !  
 Wait, I prithee, till I come  
 Within earshot of thy hum, —  
 All without is martyrdom,

When the south-wind, in May days,  
 With a net of shining haze  
 Silvers the horizon wall ;  
 And, with softness touching all,  
 Tints the human countenance  
 With the color of romance ;  
 And infusing subtle heats  
 Turns the sod to violets, —  
 Thou in sunny solitudes,  
 Rover of the underwoods,  
 The green silence dost displace  
 With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,  
 Sweet to me thy drowsy tone  
 Tells of countless sunny hours,  
 Long days, and solid banks of flowers ;  
 Of gulfs of sweetness without bound,  
 In Indian wildernesses found ;  
 Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,  
 Firmest cheer, and birdlike pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean  
 Hath my insect never seen ;  
 But violets, and bilberry bells,  
 Maple sap, and daffodils,  
 Grass with green flag half-mast high,  
 Succory to match the sky,  
 Columbine with horn of honey,  
 Scented fern, and agrimony,  
 Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,  
 And brier-roses, dwelt among :  
 All beside was unknown waste,  
 All was picture as he passed.  
 Wiser far than human seer,  
 Yellow-breeched philosopher,  
 Seeing only what is fair,

Sipping only what is sweet,  
 Thou dost mock at fate and care,  
 Leave the chaff and take the wheat.  
 When the fierce northwestern blast  
 Cools sea and land so far and fast, —

Thou already slumberest deep ;  
 Woe and want thou canst outsleep ;  
 Want and woe, which torture us,  
 Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

### A SOLILOQUY.

OCCASIONED BY THE CHIRPING OF A GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect ! ever blest  
 With a more than mortal rest,  
 Rosy dews the leaves among,  
 Humble joys, and gentle song !  
 Wretched poet ! ever curst  
 With a life of lives the worst,  
 Sad despondence, restless fears,  
 Endless jealousies and tears.

In the burning summer thou  
 Warblest on the verdant bough,  
 Meditating cheerful play,  
 Mindless of the piercing ray ;  
 Scorched in Cupid's fervors, I  
 Ever weep and ever die.

Proud to gratify thy will,  
 Ready Nature waits thee still ;  
 Balmy wines to thee she pours,  
 Weeping through the dewy flowers,  
 Rich as those by Hebe given  
 To the thirsty sons of heaven.

Yet, alas, we both agree.  
 Miserable thou like me !  
 Each, alike, in youth rehearses  
 Gentle strains and tender verses ;  
 Ever wandering far from home,  
 Mindless of the days to come  
 (Such as aged Winter brings  
 Trembling on his icy wings),  
 Both alike at last we die ;  
 Thou art starved, and so am I !

WALTER HARTE.

### THE GRASSHOPPER.

HAPPY insect, what can be  
 In happiness compared to thee ?  
 Fed with nourishment divine,  
 The dewy morning's gentle wine !  
 Nature waits upon thee still,  
 And thy verdant cup does fill ;  
 'T is filled wherever thou dost tread,  
 Nature self's thy Ganymede.  
 Thou dost drink and dance and sing,  
 Happier than the happiest king !  
 All the fields which thou dost see,  
 All the plants belong to thee ;  
 All the summer hours produce,

Fertile made with early juice.  
 Man for thee does sow and plough,  
 Farmer he, and landlord thou !  
 Thou dost innocently enjoy,  
 Nor does thy luxury destroy.  
 The shepherd gladly heareth thee,  
 More harmonious than he.  
 Thee country hinds with gladness hear,  
 Prophet of the ripened year !  
 Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire ;  
 Phœbus is himself thy sire.  
 To thee, of all things upon earth,  
 Life is no longer than thy mirth.  
 Happy insect ! happy thou,  
 Dost neither age nor winter know ;  
 But when thou 'st drunk and danced and sung  
 Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,  
 (Voluptuous and wise withal,  
 Epicurean animal !)  
 Sated with thy summer feast,  
 Thou retir'st to endless rest.

ANACREON (Greek). Translation of  
 ABRAHAM COWLEY.

#### THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

THE poetry of earth is never dead ;  
 When all the birds are faint with the hot sun  
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run  
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead.  
 That is the grasshopper's, — he takes the lead  
 In summer luxury, — he has never done  
 With his delights ; for, when tired out with fun,  
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.  
 The poetry of earth is ceasing never.  
 On a lone winter evening, when the frost  
 Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills  
 The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,  
 And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,  
 The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

JOHN KEATS.

#### THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,  
 Catching your heart up at the feel of June, —  
 Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon  
 When even the bees lag at the summoning brass ;  
 And you, warm little housekeeper, who class  
 With those who think the candles come too soon,  
 Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune  
 Nick the glad silent moments as they pass !

O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,  
 One to the fields, the other to the hearth,

Both have your sunshine ; both, though small,  
 are strong  
 At your clear hearts ; and both seem given to  
 earth  
 To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song, —  
 In doors and out, summer and winter, mirth.

LEIGH HUNT.

#### THE CRICKET.

LITTLE inmate, full of mirth,  
 Chirping on my kitchen hearth,  
 Wheresoe'er be thine abode  
 Always harbinger of good,  
 Pay me for thy warm retreat  
 With a song more soft and sweet ;  
 In return thou shalt receive  
 Such a strain as I can give.

Thus thy praise shall be expressed,  
 Inoffensive, welcome guest !  
 While the rat is on the scout,  
 And the mouse with curious snout,  
 With what vermin else infest  
 Every dish, and spoil the best ;  
 Frisking thus before the fire,  
 Thou hast all thy heart's desire.

Though in voice and shape they be  
 Formed as if akin to thee,  
 Thou surpassest, happier far,  
 Happiest grasshoppers that are ;  
 Theirs is but a summer's song, —  
 Thine endures the winter long,  
 Unimpaired and shrill and clear,  
 Melody throughout the year.

WILLIAM COWPER.

#### KATYDID.

I LOVE to hear thine earnest voice,  
 Wherever thou art hid,  
 Thou testy little dogmatist,  
 Thou pretty Katydid !  
 Thou mindest me of gentlefolks, —  
 Old gentlefolks are they, —  
 Thou say'st an undisputed thing  
 In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid !  
 I know it by the trill  
 That quivers through thy piercing notes,  
 So petulant and shrill.  
 I think there is a knot of you  
 Beneath the hollow tree, —  
 A knot of spinster Katydids, —  
 Do Katydids drink tea ?

O, tell me where did Katy live,  
 And what did Katy do ?  
 And was she very fair and young,  
 And yet so wicked too ?  
 Did Katy love a naughty man,  
 Or kiss more cheeks than one ?  
 I warrant Katy did no more  
 Than many a Kate has done.  
 OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

TO A LOUSE,

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH.

HA ! whare ye gaun, ye crawlin' ferlic ?  
 Your impudence protects you sairly :  
 I canna say but ye strunt rarely  
 Owre gauze an' lace ;  
 Though, faith ! I fear ye dine but sparely  
 On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,  
 Detested, shunned by saunt an' sinner,  
 How dare you set your fit upon her,  
 Sae fine a lady ?  
 Gae somewhere else, and seek your dinner  
 On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle ;  
 There ye may creep and sprawl and sprattle  
 Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,  
 In shoals and nations :  
 Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle  
 Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,  
 Below the fatt'rels, snug an' tight ;  
 Na, faith ye yet ! ye'll no be right  
 Till ye've got on it,  
 The very tapmost tow'ring height  
 O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth ; right bauld ye set your nose out,  
 As plump and gray as ony grozet ;  
 O for some rank, mercurial rozet,  
 Or fell, red smeddum !  
 I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,  
 Wad dress your droddum !

I wad na been surprised to spy  
 You on an auld wife's flannen toy ;  
 Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,  
 On 's wyliecoat ;  
 But Miss's fine Lunardi, fie !  
 How daur ye do 't ?

O Jenny, dinna toss your head,  
 An' set your beauties a' abroad !

Ye little ken what curséd speed  
 The blastie's makin' !  
 Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,  
 Are notice takin' !

O wad some power the giftie gie us  
 To see oursel's as others see us !  
 It wad frae monie a blunder free us,  
 And foolish notion :  
 What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,  
 And ev'n devotion !

ROBERT BURNS.

REMONSTRANCE WITH THE SNAILS.

YE little snails,  
 With slippery tails,  
 Who noiselessly travel  
 Along this gravel,  
 By a silvery path of slime unsightly,  
 I learn that you visit my pea-rows nightly.  
 Felonious your visit, I guess !  
 And I give you this warning,  
 That, every morning,  
 I'll strictly examine the pods ;  
 And if one I hit on,  
 With slaver or spit on,  
 Your next meal will be with the gods.

I own you're a very ancient race,  
 And Greece and Babylon were amid ;  
 You have tenanted many a royal dome,  
 And dwelt in the oldest pyramid ;  
 The source of the Nile !—O, you have been there !  
 In the ark was your floodless bed ;  
 On the moonless night of Marathon  
 You crawled o'er the mighty dead ;  
 But still, though I reverence your ancestries,  
 I don't see why you should nibble my peas.

The meadows are yours,—the hedgerow and brook,  
 You may bathe in their dews at morn ;  
 By the aged sea you may sound your shells,  
 On the mountains erect your horn ;  
 The fruits and the flowers are your rightful dowers,  
 Then why—in the name of wonder—  
 Should my six pea-rows be the only cause  
 To excite your midnight plunder ?

I have never disturbed your slender shells ;  
 You have hung round my aged walk ;  
 And each might have sat, till he died in his fat,  
 Beneath his own cabbage-stalk ;  
 But now you must fly from the soil of your sires ;  
 Then put on your liveliest crawl,  
 And think of your poor little snails at home,  
 Now orphans or emigrants all.

Utensils domestic and civil and social  
I give you an evening to pack up ;  
But if the moon of this night does not rise on your  
flight,

To-morrow I 'll hang each man Jack up.  
You 'll think of my peas and your thievish tricks,  
With tears of slime, when crossing the *Styx*.

ANONYMOUS.

### 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,  
Amidst 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 howed  
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 towards 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 steeps the roots  
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale  
Of all the good it does. This mighty oak, —  
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,  
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. O, 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?  
 O, 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.

#### 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 storm 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, &c.

He saw the rare times when the Christmas chimes  
 Was 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, &c.

H. F. CHORLEY.

#### THE ARAB TO THE PALM.

NEXT to thee, O fair gazelle,  
 O Beddowee girl, beloved so well;

Next to the fearless Nedjidee,  
 Whose fleetness shall bear me again to thee;

Next to ye both, I love the palm,  
 With his leaves of beauty, his fruit of balm;

Next to ye both, I love the tree  
 Whose fluttering shadow wraps us three  
 With love and silence and mystery!

Our tribe is many, our poets vie  
 With any under the Arab sky;  
 Yet none can sing of the palm but I.

The marble minarets that begem  
 Cairo's citadel-diadem  
 Are not so light as his slender stem.

He lifts his leaves in the sunbeam's glance,  
 As the Almehs lift their arms in dance, —

A slumberous motion, a passionate sign,  
 That works in the cells of the blood like wine.

Full of passion and sorrow is he,  
 Dreaming where the beloved may be.

And when the warm south-winds arise,  
 He breathes his longing in fervid sighs,

Quickening odors, kisses of balm,  
 That drop in the lap of his chosen palm.

The sun may flame, and the sands may stir,  
 But the breath of his passion reaches her.

O tree of love, by that love of thine,  
 Teach me how I shall soften mine!

Give me the secret of the sun,  
 Whereby the wood is ever won!

If I were a king, O stately tree,  
 A likeness, glorious as might be,  
 In the court of my palace I'd build for thee!

With a shaft of silver, burnished bright,  
 And leaves of beryl and malachite;

With spikes of golden bloom ablaze,  
 And fruits of topaz and chrysoprase.

And there the poets, in thy praise,  
 Should night and morning frame new lays, —

New measures sung to tunes divine;  
 But none, O palm, should equal mine!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

## THE PALM-TREE.

Is it the palm, the cocoa-palm,  
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm ?  
Or is it a ship in the breezeless calm ?

A ship whose keel is of palm beneath,  
Whose ribs of palm have a palm-bark sheath,  
And a rudder of palm it steereth with.

Branches of palm are its spars and rails,  
Fibres of palm are its woven sails,  
And the rope is of palm that idly trails !

What does the good ship bear so well ?  
The cocoa-nut with its stony shell,  
And the milky sap of its inner cell.

What are its jars, so smooth and fine,  
But hollowed nuts, filled with oil and wine,  
And the cabbage that ripens under the Line ?

Who smokes his nargileh, cool and calm ?  
The master, whose cunning and skill could charm  
Cargo and ship from the bounteous palm.

In the cabin he sits on a palm-mat soft,  
From a beaker of palm his drink is quaffed,  
And a palm thatch shields from the sun aloft !

His dress is woven of palmy strands,  
And he holds a palm-leaf scroll in his hands,  
Traced with the Prophet's wise commands !

The turban folded about his head  
Was daintily wrought of the palm-leaf braid,  
And the fan that cools him of palm was made.

Of threads of palm was the carpet spun  
Whereon he kneels when the day is done,  
And the foreheads of Islam are bowed as one !

To him the palm is a gift divine,  
Wherein all uses of man combine, —  
House and raiment and food and wine !

And, in the hour of his great release,  
His need of the palm shall only cease  
With the shroud wherein he lieth in peace.

"Allah il Allah !" he sings his psalm,  
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm ;  
"Thanks to Allah, who gives the palm !"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## THE HOLLY-TREE.

O READER ! hast thou ever stood to see  
The holly-tree ?

The eye that contemplates it well perceives  
Its glossy leaves

Ordered by an intelligence so wise  
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen  
Wrinkled and keen ;  
No grazing cattle, through their prickly round,  
Can reach to wound ;  
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,  
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,  
And moralize ;  
And in this wisdom of the holly-tree  
Can emblems see  
Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasanthyne,  
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad, perchance, I might appear  
Harsh and austere, —  
To those who on my leisure would intrude,  
Reserved and rude ;  
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,  
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,  
Some harshness show,  
All vain asperities I, day by day,  
Would wear away,  
Till the smooth temper of my age should be  
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen  
So bright and green,  
The holly-leaves their fadeless hues display  
Less bright than they ;  
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,  
What then so cheerful as the holly-tree ?

So, serious should my youth appear among  
The thoughtless throng ;  
So would I seem, amid the young and gay,  
More grave than they ;  
That in my age as cheerful I might be  
As the green winter of the holly-tree.

ROBERT SOUTHBY.

## THE GRAPE-VINE SWING.

LITHE and long as the serpent train,  
Springing and clinging from tree to tree,  
Now darting upward, now down again,  
With a twist and a twirl that are strange to see ;  
Never took serpent a deadlier hold,  
Never the cougar a wilder spring,  
Strangling the oak with the boa's fold,  
Spanning the beech with the condor's wing.

Yet no foe that we fear to seek, —  
The boy leaps wild to thy rude embrace ;

Thy bulging arms bear as soft a cheek  
 As ever on lover's breast found place ;  
 On thy waving train is a playful hold  
 Thou shalt never to lighter grasp persuade ;  
 While a maiden sits in thy drooping fold,  
 And swings and sings in the noonday shade !

O giant strange of our southern woods,  
 I dream of thee still in the well-known spot,  
 Though our vessel strains o'er the ocean floods,  
 And the northern forest beholds thee not ;  
 I think of thee still with a sweet regret,  
 As the cordage yields to my playful grasp, —  
 Dost thou spring and cling in our woodlands yet ?  
 Does the maiden still swing in thy giant clasp ?  
 WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

#### FAIR PLEDGES OF A FRUITFUL TREE.

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

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

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

ROBERT HERRICK.

#### ALMOND BLOSSOM.

BLOSSOM of the almond-trees,  
 April's gift to April's bees,  
 Birthday ornament of spring,  
 Flora's fairest daughterling ; —  
 Coming when no flowerets dare  
 Trust the cruel outer air,  
 When the royal king-cup bold  
 Dares not don his coat of gold,  
 And the sturdy blackthorn spray  
 Keeps his silver for the May ; —  
 Coming when no flowerets would,  
 Save thy lowly sisterhood,  
 Early violets, blue and white,  
 Dying for their love of light.

Almond blossom, sent to teach us  
 That the spring days soon will reach us,  
 Lest, with longing over-tried,  
 We die as the violets died, —  
 Blossom, clouding all the tree  
 With thy crimson broiroidery,  
 Long before a leaf of green  
 On the bravest bough is seen, —  
 Ah ! when winter winds are swinging  
 All thy red bells into ringing,  
 With a bee in every bell,  
 Almond bloom, we greet thee well.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

#### THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE.

COME, let us plant the apple-tree.  
 Cleave the tough greensward with the spade ;  
 Wide let its hollow bed be made ;  
 There gently lay the roots, and there  
 Sift the dark mould with kindly care,  
 And press it o'er them tenderly,  
 As round the sleeping infant's feet  
 We softly fold the cradle-sheet ;  
 So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?  
 Buds, which the breath of summer days  
 Shall lengthen into leafy sprays ;  
 Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,  
 Shall haunt, and sing, and hide her nest ;  
 We plant, upon the sunny lea,  
 A shadow for the noontide hour,  
 A shelter from the summer shower,  
 When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?  
 Sweets for a hundred flowery springs  
 To load the May-wind's restless wings,  
 When, from the orchard row, he pours  
 Its fragrance through our open doors ;  
 A world of blossoms for the bee,  
 Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,  
 For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,  
 We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in this apple-tree ?  
 Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,  
 And redden in the August noon,  
 And drop, when gentle airs come by,  
 That fan the blue September sky,  
 While children come, with cries of glee,  
 And seek them where the fragrant grass  
 Betrays their bed to those who pass,  
 At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when, above this apple-tree,  
 The winter stars are quivering bright,  
 And winds go howling through the night,

Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,  
 Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,  
 And guests in prouder homes shall see,  
 Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine  
 And golden orange of the Line,  
 The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree  
 Winds and our flag of stripe and star  
 Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,  
 Where men shall wonder at the view,  
 And ask in what fair groves they grew ;  
 And sojourners beyond the sea  
 Shall think of childhood's careless day  
 And long, long hours of summer play,  
 In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree  
 A broader flush of roseate bloom,  
 A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,  
 And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,  
 The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.

The years shall come and pass, but we  
 Shall hear no longer, where we lie,  
 The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,  
 In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree.  
 O, when its aged branches throw  
 Thin shadows on the ground below,  
 Shall fraud and force and iron will  
 Oppress the weak and helpless still ?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,  
 Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears  
 Of those who live when length of years  
 Is wasting this apple-tree ?

"Who planted this old apple-tree ?"  
 The children of that distant day  
 Thus to some aged man shall say ;  
 And, gazing on its mossy stem,  
 The gray-haired man shall answer them :  
 "A poet of the land was he,  
 Born in the rude but good old times ;  
 'T is said he made some quaint old rhymes  
 On planting the apple-tree."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### THE MAIZE.

"That precious seed into the furrow cast  
 Earliest in springtime crowns the harvest last."  
 PHŒBE CAREY.

A SONG for the plant of my own native West,  
 Where nature and freedom reside,  
 By plenty still crowned, and by peace ever blest,  
 To the corn ! the green corn of her pride !

In climes of the East has the olive been sung,  
 And the grape been the theme of their lays,  
 But for thee shall a harp of the backwoods be  
 strung,  
 Thou bright, ever beautiful maize !

Afar in the forest the rude cabins rise,  
 And send up their pillars of smoke,  
 And the tops of their columns are lost in the skies,  
 O'er the heads of the cloud-kissing oak ;  
 Near the skirt of the grove, where the sturdy arm  
 swings  
 The axe till the old-giant sways,  
 And echo repeats every blow as it rings,  
 Shoots the green and the glorious maize !

There buds of the buckeye in spring are the first,  
 And the willow's gold hair then appears,  
 And snowy the cups of the dogwood that burst  
 By the red bud, with pink-tinted tears.  
 And striped the bolls which the poppy holds up  
 For the dew, and the sun's yellow rays,  
 And brown is the pawpaw's shade-blossoming cup,  
 In the wood, near the sun-loving maize !

When through the dark soil the bright steel of  
 the plough  
 Turns the mould from its unbroken bed,  
 The ploughman is cheered by the finch on the  
 bough,  
 And the blackbird doth follow his tread.  
 And idle, afar on the landscape descried,  
 The deep-lowing kine slowly graze,  
 And nibbling the grass on the sunny hillside  
 Are the sheep, hedged away from the maize.

With springtime and culture, in martial array  
 It waves its green broadswords on high,  
 And fights with the gale, in a fluttering fray,  
 And the sunbeams, which fall from the sky ;  
 It strikes its green blades at the zephyrs at noon,  
 And at night at the swift-flying fays,  
 Who ride through the darkness the beams of the  
 moon,  
 Through the spears and the flags of the Maize !

When the summer is fierce still its banners are  
 green,  
 Each warrior's long beard groweth red,  
 His emerald-bright sword is sharp-pointed and  
 keen,  
 And golden his tassel-plumed head.  
 As a host of armed knights set a monarch at  
 naught,  
 They defy the day-god to his gaze,  
 And, revived every morn from the battle that's  
 fought,  
 Fresh stand the green ranks of the maize !



But brown comes the autumn, and sear grows the corn,

And the woods like a rainbow are dressed,  
And but for the cock and the noontide horn  
Old Time would be tempted to rest.  
The humming bee fans off a shower of gold  
From the mullein's long rod as it sways,  
And dry grow the leaves which protecting infold  
The ears of the well-ripened maize !

At length Indian Summer, the lovely, doth come,  
With its blue frosty nights, and days still,  
When distantly clear sounds the waterfall's hum,  
And the sun smokes ablaze on the hill !  
A dim veil hangs over the landscape and flood,  
And the hills are all mellowed in haze,  
While fall, ereeping on like a monk 'neath his hood,  
Plucks the thick-rustling wealth of the maize.

And the heavy wains creak to the barns large and gray,

Where the treasure securely we hold,  
Housed safe from the tempest, dry-sheltered away,

Our blessing more precious than gold !  
And long for this manna that springs from the sod

Shall we gratefully give Him the praise,  
The source of all bounty, our Father and God,  
Who sent us from heaven the maize !

WILLIAM W. FOSDICK.

### THE POTATO.

I'm a careless potato, and care not a pin  
How into existence I came ;  
If they planted me drill-wise, or dibbled me in,  
To me 't is exactly the same.  
The bean and the pea may more loftily tower,  
But I care not a button for them ;  
Defiance I nod with beautiful flower  
When the earth is hoed up to my stem.

THOMAS MOORE.

### THE PUMPKIN.

On the banks of the Xenil the dark Spanish maiden  
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden ;  
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold  
Through orange-leaves shining the broad spheres of gold ;  
Yet with dearer delight from his home in the North,  
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth,  
Where crook-necks are coiling and yellow fruit shines,  
And the sun of September melts down on his vines.

Ah ! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,

From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,

When the gray-haired New-Englander sees round his board

The old broken links of affection restored,  
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,

And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,

What moistens the lip, and what brightens the eye ?  
What calls back the past like the rich pumpkin-pie ?

O, — fruit loved of boyhood ! — the old days recalling,

When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling !

When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,  
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within !  
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune,

Our chair a broad pumpkin, — our lantern the moon,

Telling tales of the fairy who travelled like steam  
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team !

Then thanks for thy present ! — none sweeter or better

E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter !  
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,  
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking, than thine !

And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,

Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less,  
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,  
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine grow,

And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky  
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own pumpkin-pie !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

### HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

DAY-STARS ! that ope your frownless eyes to twinkle

From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,  
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle  
As a libation.

Ye matin worshippers ! who bending lowly  
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,  
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy  
Incense on high.

Ye bright mosaics ! that with storied beauty,  
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,  
What numerous emblems of instructive duty  
Your forms create !

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that  
swingeth  
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,  
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth  
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column  
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,  
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,  
Which God hath planned ;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,  
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon  
supply ;  
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thnnder,  
Its dome the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade I wander  
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the  
sod,  
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder  
The ways of God,

Your voiceless lips, O flowers ! are living preach-  
ers,  
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,  
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers  
From loneliest nook.

Floral Apostles ! that in dewy splendor  
"Weep without woe, and blush without a  
crime,"

O, may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender  
Your lore sublime !

"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,  
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours !  
How vain your grandeur ! ah, how transitory  
Are human flowers !"

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly artist !  
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread  
hall,

What a delightful lesson thou impartest  
Of love to all !

Not useless are ye, flowers ! though made for  
pleasure ;

Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,  
From every source your sanction bids me treasure  
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages ! what instructors hoary  
For such a world of thought could furnish scope ?  
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,  
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories ! angel-like collection !  
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,  
Ye are to me a type of resurrection  
And second hirth.

Were I in churchless solitudes remaining,  
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,  
My soul would find, in flowers of God's ordaining,  
Priests, sermons, shrines !  
HORACE SMITH.

## FLOWERS.

I WILL not have the mad Clytie,  
Whose head is turned by the sun ;  
The tulip is a courtly quean,  
Whom, therefore, I will shun ;  
The cowslip is a country wench,  
The violet is a nun ; —  
But I will woo the dainty rose,  
The queen of every one.

The pea is but a wanton witch,  
In too much haste to wed,  
And clasps her rings on every hand ;  
The wolfsbane I should dread ;  
Nor will I dreary rosemarye,  
That always mourns the dead ; —  
But I will woo the dainty rose,  
With her cheeks of tender red.

The lily is all in white, like a saint,  
And so is no mate for me ;  
And the daisy's cheek is tipped with a blush,  
She is of such low degree ;  
Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,  
And the broom's hetrothed to the bee ; —  
But I will plight with the dainty rose,  
For fairest of all is she.  
THOMAS HOOD.

## THE ROSE.

FROM "HASSAN BEN KHALED."

"THEN took the generous host  
A basket filled with roses. Every guest  
Cried, 'Give me roses !' and he thus addressed  
His words to all : 'He who exalts them most  
In song, he only shall the roses wear.'  
Then sang a guest : 'The rose's cheeks are fair ;  
It crowns the purple bowl, and no one knows  
If the rose colors it, or it the rose.'  
And sang another : 'Crimson is its hue,  
And on its breast the morning's crystal dew  
Is changed to rubies.' Then a third replied :  
'It blushes in the sun's enamored sight,

As a young virgin on her wedding night,  
 When from her face the bridegroom lifts the veil.  
 When all had sung their songs, I, Hassan, tried.  
 'The rose,' I sang, 'is either red or pale,  
 Like maidens whom the flame of passion burns,  
 And love or jealousy controls, by turns.  
 Its buds are lips preparing for a kiss ;  
 Its open flowers are like the blush of bliss  
 On lovers' cheeks ; the thorns its armor are,  
 And in its centre shines a golden star,  
 As on a favorite's cheek a sequin glows ;—  
 And thus the garden's favorite is the rose.'  
 "The master from his open basket shook  
 The roses on my head."

BAYARD TAYLOR.

## THE MOSS ROSE.

[Translation.]

THE angel of the flowers, one day,  
 Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay, —  
 That spirit to whose charge 't is given  
 To bathe young buds in dew of heaven,  
 Awaking from his light repose,  
 The angel whispered to the rose :  
 "O fondest object of my care,  
 Still fairest found, where all are fair ;  
 For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me  
 Ask what thou wilt, 't is granted thee."  
 "Then," said the rose, with deepened glow,  
 "On me another grace bestow."  
 The spirit paused, in silent thought, —  
 What grace was there that flower had not ?  
 'T was but a moment, — o'er the rose  
 A veil of moss the angel throws,  
 And, robed in nature's simplest weed,  
 Could there a flower that rose exceed ?

KRUMMACHER.

## THE ROSE.

FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE."

"THE rose is fairest when 't is budding new,  
 And hope is brightest when it dawns from  
 fears ;  
 The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,  
 And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.  
 O wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears,  
 I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,  
 Emblem of hope and love through future years !"  
 Thus spoke young Norman, heir of Arman-  
 dave,  
 What time the sun arose on Vennachar's broad  
 wave.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## 'T IS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'T is the last rose of summer,  
 Left blooming alone ;  
 All her lovely companions  
 Are faded and gone ;  
 No flower of her kindred,  
 No rosebud, is nigh  
 To reflect back her blushes,  
 Or give sigh for sigh !

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

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

THOMAS MOORE ("Irish Melodies").

## TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

THOU blossom, bright with autumn dew,  
 And colored with the heaven's own blue,  
 That openest when the quiet light  
 Succeeds the keen and frosty night ;

Thou comest not when violets lean  
 O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,  
 Or columbinea, in purple dressed,  
 Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,  
 When woods are bare and birds are flown,  
 And frosts and shortening days portend  
 The aged Year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye  
 Look through its fringes to the sky,  
 Blue—blue— as if that sky let fall  
 A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see  
 The hour of death draw near to me,  
 Hope, blossoming within my heart,  
 May look to heaven as I depart.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## THE EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire !  
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,  
Was nursed in whirling storms  
And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young Spring first questioned Winter's sway,  
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,  
Thee on this bank he threw  
To mark his victory.

In this low vale the promise of the year,  
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,  
Unnoticed and alone,  
Thy tender elegance.

So Virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms  
Of chill adversity ; in some lone walk  
Of life she rears her head,  
Obscure and unobserved ;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows  
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,  
And hardens her to bear  
Serene the ills of life.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

## THE RHODORA.

LINES ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER ?

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,  
I found the fresh rhodora in the woods  
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,  
To please the desert and the sluggish brook :  
The purple petals fallen in the pool

Made the black waters with their beauty gay, —  
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,  
And court the flower that cheapens his array.

Rhodora ! if the sages ask thee why  
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,  
Dear, tell them, that if eyes were made for seeing,  
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.

Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose !  
I never thought to ask ; I never knew,  
But in my simple ignorance suppose  
Theselfsame Power that brought me there brought  
you.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## THE BROOM-FLOWER.

O THE broom, the yellow broom !  
The ancient poet sung it,  
And dear it is on summer days  
To lie at rest among it.

I know the realms where people say  
The flowers have not their fellow ;  
I know where they shine out like suns,  
The crimson and the yellow.

I know where ladies live enchained  
In luxury's silken fetters,  
And flowers as bright as glittering gems  
Are used for written letters.

But ne'er was flower so fair as this,  
In modern days or olden ;  
It groweth on its nodding stem  
Like to a garland golden.

And all about my mother's door  
Shine out its glittering bushes,  
And down the glen, where clear as light  
The mountain-water gushes.

Take all the rest ; but give me this,  
And the bird that nestles in it, —  
I love it, for it loves the broom, —  
The green and yellow linnet.

Well, call the rose the queen of flowers,  
And boast of that of Sharon,  
Of lilies like to marble cups,  
And the golden rod of Aaron :

I care not how these flowers may be  
Beloved of man and woman ;  
The broom it is the flower for me,  
That groweth on the common.

O the broom, the yellow broom !  
The ancient poet sung it,  
And dear it is on summer days  
To lie at rest among it.

MARY HOWITT.

## VIOLETS.

WELCOME, maids of honor !  
You do bring  
In the Spring,  
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,  
Fresh and fair ;  
Yet you are  
More sweet than any.

Y' are the maiden Posies,  
And, so graced,  
To be placed,  
'Fore damask roses.

Yet though thus respected,  
By and by  
Ye do lie,  
Poor girls, neglected.

ROBERT HERRICK.

◆

THE VIOLET.

O FAINT, delicious, springtime violet !

Thine odor, like a key,

Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to let  
A thought of sorrow free.

The breath of distant fields upon my brow  
Blows through that open door

The sound of wind-borne bells, more sweet and  
low,  
And sadder than of yore.

It comes afar, from that beloved place,  
And that beloved hour,

When life hung ripening in love's golden grace,  
Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its reedy grass ;  
The lark sings o'er my head,

Drowned in the sky — O, pass, ye visions, pass !  
I would that I were dead ! —

Why hast thou opened that forbidden door,  
From which I ever flee ?

O vanished joy ! O love, that art no more,  
Let my vexed spirit be !

O violet ! thy odor through my brain  
Hath searched, and stung to grief

This sunny day, as if a curse did stain  
Thy velvet leaf.

WILLIAM W. STORY.

◆

TO THE DAISY.

WITH little here to do or see  
Of things that in the great world be,  
Sweet daisy ! oft I talk to thee.

For thou art worthy,  
Thou unassuming commonplace  
Of nature, with that homely face,  
And yet with something of a grace  
Which love makes for thee !

Off on the dappled turf at ease  
I sit and play with similes,  
Loose types of things through all degrees,  
Thoughts of thy raising ;

And many a fond and idle name  
I give to thee, for praise or blame,  
As is the humor of the game,  
While I am gazing.

A nun demure, of lowly port ;  
Or sprightly maiden, of Love's court,  
In thy simplicity the sport  
Of all temptations ;

A queen in crown of rubies drest ;  
A starveling in a scanty vest, —  
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,  
Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops, with one eye  
Staring to threaten and defy,  
That thought comes next, — and instantly  
The freak is over,

The shape will vanish, and behold !  
A silver shield with boss of gold  
That spreads itself, some fairy bold  
In fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar, —  
And then thou art a pretty star,  
Not quite so fair as many are  
In heaven above thee !

Yet like a star, with glittering crest,  
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest ; —  
May peace come never to his nest  
Who shall reprove thee !

Sweet flower ! for by that name at last,  
When all my reveries are past,  
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,  
Sweet, silent creature !  
That breath'st with me in sun and air,  
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair  
My heart with gladness, and a share  
Of thy meek nature !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

◆

THE DAISY.

STAR of the mead ! sweet daughter of the day,  
Whose opening flower invites the morning ray,  
From the moist cheek and bosom's chilly fold  
To kiss the tears of eve, the dew-drops cold !  
Sweet daisy, flower of love, when birds are paired,  
'T is sweet to see thee, with thy bosom bared,  
Smiling in virgin innocence serene,  
Thy pearly crown above thy vest of green.  
The lark with sparkling eye and rustling wing  
Rejoins his widowed mate in early spring,  
And as he prunes his plumes of russet hue,  
Swears on thy maiden blossom to be true.  
Oft have I watched thy closing buds at eve,  
Which for the parting sunbeams seemed to grieve ;  
And when gay morning gilt the dew-bright plain,  
Seen them unclasp their folded leaves again ;  
Nor he who sung " The daisy is so sweet !"  
More dearly loved thy pearly form to greet,

When on his scarf the knight the daisy bound,  
And dames to tourneys shone with daisies crowned,  
And fays forsook the purer fields above,  
To hail the daisy, flower of faithful love.

DR. LEYDEN.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL,  
1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tippéd flower,  
Thou's met me in an evil hour,  
For I mann crush amang the stoure  
Thy slender stem ;  
To spare thee now is past my power,  
Thou bonny gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neibor sweet,  
The bonny lark, companion meet,  
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weat,  
Wi' speckled breast,  
When upward springing, blithe, to greet  
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter biting north  
Upon thy early, humble birth ;  
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth  
Amid the storm,  
Scarce reared above the parent earth  
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,  
High sheltering woods and wa's mann shield :  
But thou beneath the random bield  
O' clod or stane,  
Adorns the histie stibble-field,  
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,  
Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
In humble guise ;  
But now the share uptears thy bed,  
And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless maid,  
Sweet floweret of the rural shade !  
By love's simplicity betrayed,  
And guileless trust,  
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid  
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,  
On life's rough ocean luckless starred !  
Unskilful he to note the card  
Of prudent lore,  
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,  
And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is given,  
Who long with wants and woes has striven,  
By human pride or cunning driven  
To misery's brink,  
Till wrenched of every stay but Heaven,  
He, ruined, sink !

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,  
That fate is thine, — no distant date :  
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,  
Full on thy bloom,  
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,  
Shall be thy doom !

ROBERT BURNS.

THE DAISY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower  
With silver crest and golden eye,  
That welcomes every changing hour,  
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field  
In gay but quick succession shine ;  
Race after race their honors yield,  
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,  
While moons and stars their courses run,  
Inweathes the circle of the year,  
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,  
To sultry August spreads its charm,  
Lights pale October on his way,  
And twines December's arm.

The purple heath and golden broom  
On moory mountains catch the gale ;  
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,  
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,  
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,  
Plays on the margin of the rill,  
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round  
It shares the sweet carnation's bed ;  
And blooms on consecrated ground  
In honor of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem ;  
The wild bee murmurs on its breast ;  
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem  
Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'T is Flora's page, — in every place,  
In every season, fresh and fair ;  
It opens with perennial grace,  
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,  
Its humble buds unheeded rise ;  
The rose has but a summer reign ;  
The daisy never dies !

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

### DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd, —  
A host of golden daffodils  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the Milky Way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay :  
Ten thousand saw I, at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee ;  
A poet could not but be gay  
In such a jocund company ;  
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie,  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude ;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### DAFFODILS.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon ;  
As yet the early-rising sun  
Has not attained its noon.  
Stay, stay,  
Until the hastening day  
Has run  
But to the even-song ;  
And, having prayed together, we  
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,  
We have as short a spring ;

As quick a growth, to meet decay,  
As you or anything.

We die,  
As your hours do, and dry  
Away,  
Like to the summer's rain,  
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,  
Ne'er to be found again.

ROBERT HERRICK.

### THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

HERE I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;  
By the dusty roadside,  
On the sunny hillside,  
Close by the noisy brook,  
In every shady nook,  
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere ;  
All round the open door,  
Where sit the aged poor ;  
Here where the children play,  
In the bright and merry May,  
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;  
In the noisy city street  
My pleasant face you 'll meet,  
Cheering the sick at heart  
Toiling his busy part, —  
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;  
You cannot see me coming,  
Nor hear my low sweet humming ;  
For in the starry night,  
And the glad morning light,  
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;  
More welcome than the flowers  
In summer's pleasant hours ;  
The gentle cow is glad,  
And the merry bird not sad,  
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;  
When you 're numbered with the dead  
In your still and narrow bed,  
In the happy spring I 'll come  
And deck your silent home, —  
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;  
My humble song of praise  
Most joyfully I raise  
To Him at whose command  
I beautify the land,  
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

SARAH ROBERTS.

## THE IVY GREEN.

O, A DAINTY plant is the ivy green,  
That creepeth o'er ruins old !  
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,  
In his cell so lone and cold.  
The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,  
To pleasure his dainty whim ;  
And the mouldering dust that years have made  
Is a merry meal for him.  
Creeping where no life is seen,  
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,  
And a stanch old heart has he !  
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings  
To his friend, the huge oak-tree !  
And slyly he traileth along the ground,  
And his leaves he gently waves,  
And he joyously twines and hugs around  
The rich mould of dead men's graves.  
Creeping where no life is seen,  
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,  
And nations scattered been ;  
But the stout old ivy shall never fade  
From its hale and hearty green.  
The brave old plant in its lonely days  
Shall fatten upon the past ;  
For the stateliest building man can raise  
Is the ivy's food at last.  
Creeping where no life is seen,  
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

CHARLES DICKENS.

## 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 sear.  
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn  
leaves lie dead ;  
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rab-  
bit'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 gentlerace  
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 hill the golden-rod, and the aster in  
the wood,

And the yellow sunflower by the brook in au-  
tumn 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.

## THE USE OF FLOWERS.

GOD might have bade the earth bring forth  
Enough for great and small,  
The oak-trees and the cedar-tree,  
Without a flower at all.  
We might have had enough, enough  
For every want of ours,  
For luxury, medicine, and toil,  
And yet have had no flowers.



Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,  
 All dyed with rainbow-light,  
 All fashioned with supremest grace  
 Upspringing day and night :—  
 Springing in valleys green and low,  
 And on the mountains high;  
 And in the silent wilderness  
 Where no man passes by ?

Our outward life requires them not, —  
 Then wherefore had they birth ?—  
 To minister delight to man,  
 To beautify the earth ;  
 To comfort man, — to whisper hope,  
 Whene'er his faith is dim,  
 For who so careth for the flowers  
 Will care much more for him !

MARY HOWITT.

#### BETROTHED ANEW.

The sunlight fills the trembling air,  
 And balmy days their guerdons bring ;  
 The Earth again is young and fair,  
 And amorous with musky Spring.

The golden nurslings of the May  
 In splendor strew the spangled green,  
 And hues of tender beauty play,  
 Entangled where the willows lean.

Mark how the rippled currents flow ;  
 What lustres on the meadows lie !  
 And hark ! the songsters come and go,  
 And trill between the earth and sky.

Who told us that the years had fled,  
 Or borne afar our blissful youth ?  
 Such joys are all about us spread,  
 We know the whisper was not truth.

The birds that break from grass and grove  
 Sing every carol that they sung  
 When first our veins were rich with love,  
 And May her mantle round us flung.

O fresh-lit dawn ! immortal life !  
 O Earth's betrothal, sweet and true,  
 With whose delights our souls are rife,  
 And aye their vernal vows renew !

Then, darling, walk with me this morn ;  
 Let your brown tresses drink its sheen ;  
 These violets, within them worn,  
 Of floral fays shall make you queen.

What though there comes a time of pain  
 When autumn winds forbode decay ?  
 The days of love are born again ;  
 That fabled time is far away !

And never seemed the land so fair  
 As now, nor birds such notes to sing,  
 Since first within your shining hair  
 I wove the blossoms of the spring.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

#### THE STORY OF A SUMMER DAY.

O PERFECT Light, which shaid away  
 The darkness from the light,  
 And set a ruler o'er the day,  
 Another o'er the night ;

Thy glory, when the day forth flies,  
 More vively does appear,  
 Than at midday unto our eyes  
 The shining sun is clear.

The shadow of the earth anon  
 Removes and drawis by,  
 While in the east, when it is gone,  
 Appears a clearer sky.

Which soon perceive the little larks,  
 The lapwing and the snipe,  
 And time their songs, like Nature's clerks,  
 O'er meadow, muir, and stripe.

Our hemisphere is polished clean,  
 And lightened more and more ;  
 While everything is clearly seen,  
 Which seeméd dim before ;

Except the glistering astres bright,  
 Which all the night were clear,  
 Offuskéd with a greater light  
 No longer do appear.

The golden globe incontinent  
 Sets up his shining head,  
 And o'er the earth and firmament  
 Displays his beams abroad.

For joy the birds with boulden throats  
 Against his visage sheen  
 Take up their kindly music notes  
 In woods and gardens green.

The dew upon the tender crops,  
 Like pearles white and round,  
 Or like to melted silver drops,  
 Refreshes all the ground.

The misty reek, the clouds of rain  
 From tops of mountains skails,  
 Clear are the highest hills and plain,  
 The vapors take the vales.

The ample heaven, of fabric sure,  
In cleanness does surpass  
The crystal and the silver pure,  
Or clearest polished glass.

The time so tranquil is and still,  
That nowhere shall ye find,  
Save on a high and barren hill,  
The air of peeping wind.

All trees and simples, great and small,  
That balmy leaf do bear,  
Than they were painted on a wall,  
No more they move or steir.

Calm is the deep and purple sea,  
Yea, smoother than the sand ;  
The waves, that weltering wont to be,  
Are stable like the land.

So silent is the cessile air,  
That every cry and call,  
The hills and dales and forest fair  
Again repeats them all.

The flourishes and fragrant flowers,  
Through Phoebus' fostering heat,  
Refreshed with dew and silver showers,  
Cast up an odor sweet.

The cloggéd busy humming bees,  
That never think to drone,  
On flowers and flourishes of trees,  
Collect their liquor brown.

The sun, most like a speedy post,  
With ardent course ascends ;  
The beauty of the heavenly host  
Up to our zenith tends ;

Not guided by a Phaëthon,  
Not trained in a chair,  
But by the high and holy One,  
Who does all where empire.

The burning beams down from his face  
So fervently can beat,  
That man and beast now seek a place  
To save them from the heat.

The herds beneath some leafy tree,  
Amidst the flowers they lie ;  
The stable ships upon the sea  
Tend up their sails to dry.

With gilded eyes and open wings,  
The cock his courage shows ;  
With claps of joy his breast he dings,  
And twenty times he crows.

The dove, with whistling wings so blue,  
The winds can fast collect,  
Her purple pens turn many a hue  
Against the sun direct.

Now noon is went ; gone is midday,  
The heat does slake at last,  
The sun descends down west away,  
For three o'clock is past.

The rayons of the sun we see  
Diminish in their strength,  
The shade of every tower and tree  
Extended is in length.

Great is the calm, for everywhere  
The wind is settling down,  
The reek throws right up in the air  
From every tower and town.

The gloaming comes, the day is spent,  
The sun goes out of sight,  
And painted is the occident  
With purple sanguine bright.

The scarlet nor the golden thread,  
Who would their beauty try,  
Are nothing like the color red  
And beauty of the sky.

Our west horizon circular,  
From time the sun be set,  
Is all with rubies, as it weré,  
Or roses red o'erfret.

What pleasure were to walk and see,  
Endlong à river clear,  
The perfect form of every tree  
Within the deep appear.

O, then it were a seemly thing,  
While all is still and calm,  
The praise of God to play and sing  
With cornet and with shalm !

All laborers draw home at even,  
And can to other say,  
Thanks to the gracious God of heaven,  
Which sent this summer day.

ALEXANDER HUME.



POEMS OF PEACE AND WAR.



Close his eyes; his work is done!

What to him is friend or foe-man,  
Peer of morn or set of sun,

Stand of man or kiss of woman?

Lay him low, 'lay him low,

In the clover or the snow!

What cares he? he cannot know;

Lay him low!

Geo. W. Fiske

# POEMS OF PEACE AND WAR.

## ODE TO PEACE.

DAUGHTER of God ! that sit'st on high  
Amid the dances of the sky,  
And guidest with thy gentle sway  
The planets on their tuneful way ;

Sweet Peace ! shall ne'er again  
The smile of thy most holy face,  
From thine ethereal dwelling-place,  
Rejoice the wretched, weary race

Of discord-breathing men ?  
Too long, O gladness-giving Queen !  
Thy tarrying in heaven has been ;  
Too long o'er this fair blooming world  
The flag of blood has been unfurled,

Polluting God's pure day ;  
Whilst, as each maddening people reels,  
War onward drives his scythéd wheels,  
And at his horses' bloody heels  
Shriek Murder and Dismay.

Oft have I wept to hear the cry  
Of widow wailing bitterly ;  
To see the parent's silent tear  
For children fallen beneath the spear ;  
And I have felt so sore

The sense of human guilt and woe,  
That I, in Virtue's passionate glow,  
Have cursed (my soul was wounded so)

The shape of man I bore !  
Then come from thy serene abode,  
Thou gladness-giving child of God !  
And cease the world's ensanguined strife,  
And reconcile my soul to life ;

For much I long to see,  
Ere I shall to the grave descend,  
Thy hand its blessed branch extend,  
And to the world's remotest end  
Wave Love and Harmony !

WILLIAM TENNENT.

## HYMN OF PEACE.

ANGEL of Peace, thou hast wandered too long !  
Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love !

Come while our voices are blended in song, —  
Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove,  
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove,  
Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,  
Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love ;  
Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long !

Brothers, we meet on this altar of thine,  
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,  
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,  
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea !  
Meadow and mountain, and forest and sea !  
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,  
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,  
Brothers, once more round this altar of thine !

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain !  
Hark ! a new birth-song is filling the sky !  
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main,  
Bid the full breath of the organ reply ;  
Let the loud tempest of voices reply ;  
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main !  
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky !  
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## THE BATTLE-FIELD.

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,  
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,  
And fiery hearts and arméd hands  
Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah ! never shall the land forget  
How gushed the life-blood of her brave, —  
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,  
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm and fresh and still ;  
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,  
And talk of children on the hill,  
And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by  
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain ;

Men start not at the battle-cry, —  
O, be it never heard again !

Soon rested those who fought ; but thou  
Who minglest in the harder strife  
For truths which men receive not now,  
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare ! lingering long  
Through weary day and weary year ;  
A wild and many-weaponed throng  
Hang on thy front and flank and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,  
And blench not at thy chosen lot ;  
The timid good may stand aloof,  
The sage may frown, — yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,  
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn ;  
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,  
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again, —  
The eternal years of God are hers ;  
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,  
When they who helped thee flee in fear,  
Die full of hope and manly trust,  
Like those who fell in battle here !

Another hand thy sword shall wield,  
Another hand the standard wave,  
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed  
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.  
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

How sweet it was to breathe that cooler air,  
And take possession of my father's chair !  
Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,  
Appeared the rough initials of my name,  
Cut forty years before ! The same old clock  
Struck the same bell, and gave my heart a shock  
I never can forget. A short breeze sprung,  
And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,  
Caught the old dangling almanacs behind,  
And up they flew like banners in the wind ;  
Then gently, singly, down, down, down they went,  
And told of twenty years that I had spent  
Far from my native land. That instant came  
A robin on the threshold ; though so tame,  
At first he looked distrustful, almost shy,  
And cast on me his coal-black steadfast eye,  
And seemed to say, — past friendship to renew, —

“ Ah ha ! old worn-out soldier, is it you ? ”  
While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still,  
On beds of moss that spread the window-sill,  
I deemed no moss my eyes had ever seen  
Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh, and green,  
And guessed some infant hand had placed it there,  
And prized its hue, so exquisite, so rare.  
Feelings on feelings mingling, doubling rose ;  
My heart felt everything but calm repose ;  
I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years,  
But rose at once, and bursted into tears ;  
Then, like a fool, confused, sat down again,  
And thought upon the past with shame and pain ;  
I raved at war and all its horrid cost,  
And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost.  
On carnage, fire, and plunder long I mused,  
And cursed the murdering weapons I had used.

Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard,  
One bespoke age, and one a child's appeared.  
In stepped my father with convulsive start,  
And in an instant clasped me to his heart.  
Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid ;  
And stooping to the child, the old man said,  
“ Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again ;  
This is your uncle Charles, come home from Spain.”  
The child approached, and with her fingers light  
Stroked my old eyes, almost deprived of sight.  
But why thus spin my tale, — thus tedious be ?  
Happy old soldier ! what's the world to me ?

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

### SOLDIER, REST ! THY WARFARE O'ER.

FROM “THE LADY OF THE LAKE.”

SOLDIER, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking ;  
Dream of hatted fields no more,  
Days of danger, nights of waking.  
In our isle's enchanted hall,  
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,  
Fairy strains of music fall,  
Every sense in slumber dewing,  
Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
Dream of fighting fields no more ;  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,  
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,  
Trump nor pibroch summon here  
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.  
Yet the lark's shrill life may come  
At the daybreak from the fallow,  
And the bittern sound his drum,  
Booming from the sedgy shallow.  
Ruder sounds shall none be near,  
Guards nor warders challenge here ;

Here 's no war-steed's neigh and champing,  
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done,  
While our slumberous spells assail ye,  
Dream not, with the rising sun,  
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.  
Sleep ! the deer is in his den ;  
Sleep ! thy hounds are by thee lying ;  
Sleep ! nor dream in yonder glen  
How thy gallant steed lay dying.  
Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done,  
Think not of the rising sun,  
For, at dawning to assail ye,  
Here no bugles sound reveillé.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

OUT of the clover and blue-eyed grass  
He turned them into the river-lane ;  
One after another he let them pass,  
Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,  
He patiently followed their sober pace ;  
The merry whistle for once was still,  
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy ! and his father had said  
He never could let his youngest go ;  
Two already were lying dead  
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,  
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,  
Over his shoulder he slung his gun  
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp.

Across the clover and through the wheat  
With resolute heart and purpose grim,  
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,  
And the blind bat's fitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,  
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom ;  
And now, when the cows came back at night,  
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm  
That three were lying where two had lain ;  
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm  
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late,  
He went for the cows when the work was done ;  
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,  
He saw them coming one by one, —

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,  
Shaking their horns in the evening wind ;  
Cropping the huttercups out of the grass, —  
But who was it following close behind ?

Loosely swung in the idle air  
The empty sleeve of army blue ;  
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,  
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,  
And yield their dead unto life again ;  
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn  
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes ;  
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb ;  
And under the silent evening skies  
Together they followed the cattle home.

ANONYMOUS.

### THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

[The battle of Blenheim in Bavaria was fought August 13, 1704, between the troops of the English and Austrians on one side, under the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, and the French and Bavarians on the other side, led by Marshal Tallart and the Elector of Bavaria. The latter party was defeated, and the schemes of Louis XIV. of France were materially checked thereby.]

#### I.

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

#### II.

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

#### III.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
Who stood expectant by ;  
And then the old man shook his head,  
And, with a natural sigh, —  
" 'T is some poor fellow's skull," said he,  
" Who fell in the great victory.

#### IV.

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

## V.

"Now tell us what 't was all about,"  
 Young Peterkin he cries ;  
 And little Wilhelmine looks up  
 With wonder-waiting eyes, —  
 "Now tell us all about the war,  
 And what they fought each other for."

## VI.

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

## VII.

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

## VIII.

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

## IX.

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

## X.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,  
 And our good Prince Eugene."  
 "Why, 't was a very wicked thing !"  
 Said little Wilhelmine.  
 "Nay, nay, my little girl !" quoth he,  
 "It was a famous victory."

## XI.

"And everybody praised the duke  
 Who this great fight did win."  
 "But what good came of it at last ?"  
 Quoth little Peterkin.  
 "Why, that I cannot tell," said he ;  
 "But 't was a famous victory."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

## TUBAL CAIN.

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might,  
 In the days when earth was young ;  
 By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,  
 The strokes of his hammer rung ;  
 And he lifted high his brawny hand  
 On the iron glowing clear,  
 Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,  
 As he fashioned the sword and the spear.  
 And he sang : "Hurrah for my handiwork !  
 Hurrah for the spear and the sword !  
 Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,  
 For he shall be king and lord."

To Tubal Cain came many a one,  
 As he wrought by his roaring fire,  
 And each one prayed for a strong steel blade  
 As the crown of his desire :  
 And he made them weapons sharp and strong,  
 Till they shouted loud for glee,  
 And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,  
 And spoils of the forest free.  
 And they sang : "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,  
 Who hath given us strength anew !  
 Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,  
 And hurrah for the metal true !"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,  
 Ere the setting of the sun,  
 And Tubal Cain was filled with pain  
 For the evil he had done ;  
 He saw that men, with rage and hate,  
 Made war upon their kind,  
 That the land was red with the blood they shed  
 In their lust for carnage blind.  
 And he said : "Alas ! that ever I made,  
 Or that skill of mine should plan,  
 The spear and the sword for men whose joy  
 Is to slay their fellow-man !"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain  
 Sat brooding o'er his woe ;  
 And his hand forbore to smite the ore,  
 And his furnace smouldered low.  
 But he rose at last with a cheerful face,  
 And a bright courageous eye,  
 And bared his strong right arm for work,  
 While the quick flames mounted high.  
 And he sang : "Hurrah for my handiwork !"  
 And the red sparks lit the air ;  
 "Not alone for the blade was the bright steel  
 made," —  
 And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,  
 In friendship joined their hands,  
 Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,  
 And ploughed the willing lands ;



And sang : " Hurrah for Tubal Cain !  
 Our stanch good friend is he ;  
 And for the ploughshare and the plough  
 To him our praise shall be.  
 But while oppression lifts its head,  
 Or a tyrant would be lord,  
 Though we may thank him for the plough,  
 We 'll not forget the sword ! "

CHARLES MACKAY.

### BARCLAY OF URY.

Up the streets of Aberdeen,  
 By the kirk and college green,  
 Rode the laird of Ury ;  
 Close behind him, close beside,  
 Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,  
 Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,  
 Jeered at him the serving-girl,  
 Prompt to please her master ;  
 And the begging carlin, late  
 Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,  
 Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet with calm and stately mien  
 Up the streets of Aberdeen  
 Came he slowly riding ;  
 And to all he saw and heard  
 Answering not with bitter word,  
 Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,  
 Bits and bridles sharply ringing,  
 Loose and free and froward :  
 Quoth the foremost, " Ride him down !  
 Push him ! prick him ! Through the town  
 Drive the Quaker coward ! "

But from out the thickening crowd  
 Cried a sudden voice and loud :  
 " Barclay ! Ho ! a Barclay ! "  
 And the old man at his side  
 Saw a comrade, battle-ried,  
 Scarred and sunburned darkly ;

Who, with ready weapon bare,  
 Fronting to the troopers there,  
 Cried aloud : " God save us !  
 Call ye coward him who stood  
 Ankle-deep in Lutzen's blood,  
 With the brave Gustavus ? "

" Nay, I do not need thy sword,  
 Comrade mine," said Ury's lord ;  
 " Put it up, I pray thee.  
 Passive to his holy will,  
 Trust I in my Master still,  
 Even though he slay me.

" Pledges of thy love and faith,  
 Proved on many a field of death,  
 Not by me are needed."  
 marvelled much that henchman bold,  
 That his laird, so stout of old,  
 Now so meekly pleaded.

" Woe 's the day," he sadly said,  
 With a slowly shaking head,  
 And a look of pity ;  
 " Ury's honest lord reviled,  
 Mock of knave and sport of child,  
 In his own good city !

" Speak the word, and, master mine,  
 As we charged on Tilly's line,  
 And his Walloon lancers,  
 Smiting through their midst, we'll teach  
 Civil look and decent speech  
 To these boyish prancers ! "

" Marvel not, mine ancient friend, —  
 Like beginning, like the end ! "  
 Quoth the laird of Ury ;  
 " Is the sinful servant more  
 Than his gracious Lord who bore  
 Bonds and stripes in Jewry ?

" Give me joy that in his name  
 I can bear, with patient frame,  
 All these vain ones offer ;  
 While for them he suffered long,  
 Shall I answer wrong with wrong,  
 Scoffing with the scoffer ?

" Happier I, with loss of all, —  
 Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,  
 With few friends to greet me, —  
 Than when reeve and squire were seen  
 Riding out from Aberdeen  
 With bared heads to meet me ;

" When each goodwife, o'er and o'er,  
 Blessed me as I passed her door ;  
 And the snooded daughter,  
 Through her casement glancing down,  
 Smiled on him who bore renown  
 From red fields of slaughter.

" Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,  
 Hard the old friends' falling off,  
 Hard to learn forgiving ;  
 But the Lord his own rewards,  
 And his love with theirs accords  
 Warm and fresh and living.

" Through this dark and stormy night  
 Faith beholds a feeble light  
 Up the blackness streaking ;

Knowing God's own time is best,  
In a patient hope I rest  
For the full day-breaking!"

So the laird of Ury said,  
Turning slow his horse's head  
Towards the Tolbooth prison,  
Where, through iron gates, he heard  
Poor disciples of the Word  
Preach of Christ arisen!

Not in vain, confessor old,  
Unto us the tale is told  
Of thy day of trial!  
Every age on him who strays  
From its broad and beaten ways  
Pours its sevenfold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear  
Angel comfortings can hear,  
O'er the rabble's laughter;  
And, while hatred's fagots burn,  
Glimpses through the smoke discern  
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, — that never yet  
Share of truth was vainly set  
In the world's wide fallow;  
After hands shall sow the seed,  
After hands from hill and mead  
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the seer,  
Must the moral pioneer  
From the future borrow, —  
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,  
And, on midnight's sky of rain,  
Paint the golden morrow!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

#### THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

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

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

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:  
'T was autumn, — and sunshine arose on the way  
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me  
back.

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

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I  
swore,  
From my home and my weeping friends never  
to part;  
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,  
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of  
heart.

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

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

#### THE DRUMMER-BOY'S BURIAL.

ALL day long the storm of battle through the  
startled valley swept;  
All night long the stars in heaven o'er the slain  
sad vigils kept.

O the ghastly upturned faces gleaming whitely  
through the night!  
O the heaps of mangled corpses in that dim sepul-  
chral light!

One by one the pale stars faded, and at length  
the morning broke;  
But not one of all the sleepers on that field of  
death awoke.

Slowly passed the golden hours of that long bright  
summer day,  
And upon that field of carnage still the dead  
unburied lay.

Lay there stark and cold, but pleading with a  
dumb, unceasing prayer,  
For a little dust to hide them from the staring  
sun and air.

But the foeman held possession of that hard-  
won battle-plain,  
In unholy wrath denying even burial to our slain.

Once again the night dropped round them, —  
night so holy and so calm  
That the moonbeams hushed the spirit, like the  
sound of prayer or psalm.

On a couch of trampled grasses, just apart from all  
the rest,  
Lay a fair young boy, with small hands meekly  
folded on his breast.

Death had touched him very gently, and he lay  
as if in sleep ;  
Even his mother scarce had shuddered at that  
slumber calm and deep.

For a smile of wondrous sweetness lent a radiance  
to the face,  
And the hand of cunning sculptor could have  
added naught of grace

To the marble limbs so perfect in their passion-  
less repose,  
Robbed of all save matchless purity by hard,  
unpitying foes.

And the broken drum beside him all his life's  
short story told :  
How he did his duty bravely till the death-tide  
o'er him rolled.

Midnight came with ebon garments and a diadem  
of stars,  
While right upward in the zenith hung the fiery  
planet Mars.

Hark ! a sound of stealthy footsteps and of voices  
whispering low,  
Was it nothing but the young leaves, or the  
brooklet's murmuring flow ?

Clinging closely to each other, striving never to  
look round  
As they passed with silent shudder the pale  
corse on the ground,

Came two little maidens, — sisters, — with a  
light and hasty tread,  
And a look upon their faces, half of sorrow, half  
of dread.

And they did not pause nor falter till, with  
throbbing hearts, they stood  
Where the drummer-boy was lying in that  
partial solitude.

They had brought some simple garments from  
their wardrobe's scanty store,  
And two heavy iron shovels in their slender  
hands they bore.

Then they quickly knelt beside him, crushing  
back the pitying tears,  
For they had no time for weeping, nor for any  
girlish fears.

And they robed the icy body, while no glow of  
maiden shame  
Changed the pallor of their foreheads to a flush  
of lambent flame.

For their saintly hearts yearned o'er it in that  
hour of sorest need,  
And they felt that Death was holy, and it sanc-  
tified the deed.

But they smiled and kissed each other when  
their new strange task was o'er,  
And the form that lay before them its unwonted  
garments wore.

Then with slow and weary labor a small grave  
they hollowed out,  
And they lined it with the withered grass and  
leaves that lay about.

But the day was slowly breaking ere their holy  
work was done,  
And in crimson pomp the morning again heralded  
the sun.

And then those little maidens — they were  
children of our foes —  
Laid the body of our drummer-boy to undis-  
turbed repose.

ANONYMOUS.

#### NOT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

"To fall on the battle-field fighting for my dear country, — that  
would not be hard." — THE NEIGHBORS.

O NO, no, — let me lie  
Not on a field of battle when I die !  
Let not the iron tread  
Of the mad war-horse crush my helmeted head ;  
Nor let the reeking knife,  
That I have drawn against a brother's life,  
Be in my hand when death  
Thunders along, and tramples me beneath  
His heavy squadron's heels.  
Or gory fellows of his cannon's wheels,  
From such a dying bed,  
Though o'er it float the stripes of white and red,  
And the bald eagle brings  
The clustered stars upon his wide-spread wings  
To sparkle in my sight,  
O, never let my spirit take her flight !

I know that beauty's eye  
Is all the brighter where gay pennants fly.  
And brazen helmets dance,  
And sunshine flashes on the lifted lance ;  
I know that bards have sung,  
And people shouted till the welkin rung,  
In honor of the brave  
Who on the battle-field have found a grave ;

I know that o'er their bones  
 Have grateful hands piled monumental stones.  
 Some of those piles I've seen :  
 The one at Lexington upon the green  
 Where the first blood was shed,  
 And to my country's independence led ;  
 And others, on our shore,  
 The "Battle Monument" at Baltimore,  
 And that on Bunker's Hill.  
 Ay, and abroad, a few more famous still ;  
 Thy "tomb," Themistocles,  
 That looks out yet upon the Grecian seas,  
 And which the waters kiss  
 That issue from the gulf of Salamis.  
 And thine, too, have I seen,  
 Thy mound of earth, Patroclus, robed in green,  
 That, like a natural knoll,  
 Sheep climb and nibble over as they stroll,  
 Watched by some turbaned boy,  
 Upon the margin of the plain of Troy.  
 Such honors grace the bed,  
 I know, whereon the warrior lays his head,  
 And hears, as life ebbs out,  
 The conquered flying, and the conqueror's shout ;  
 But as his eye grows dim,  
 What is a column or a mound to him ?  
 What, to the parting soul,  
 The mellow note of bugles ? What the roll  
 Of drums ? No, let me die  
 Where the blue heaven bends o'er me lovingly,  
 And the soft summer air,  
 As it goes by me, stirs my thin white hair,  
 And from my forehead dries  
 The death-damp as it gathers, and the skies  
 Seem waiting to receive  
 My soul to their clear depths ! Or let me leave  
 The world when round my bed  
 Wife, children, weeping friends are gathered,  
 And the calm voice of prayer  
 And holy hymning shall my soul prepare  
 To go and be at rest  
 With kindred spirits, — spirits who have blessed  
 The human brotherhood  
 By labors, cares, and counsels for their good.

JOHN PIERPONT.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

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

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;

Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath  
 blown,  
 That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

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

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

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

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;  
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the  
 sword,

Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !  
 BYRON.

## WAR.

AH ! whence yon glare,  
 That fires the arch of heaven ? — that dark red smoke  
 Blotting the silver moon ? The stars are quenched  
 In darkness, and pure and spangling snow  
 Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers  
 round !

Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals  
 In countless echoes through the mountains ring,  
 Startling pale midnight on her starry throne !  
 Now swells the intermingling din ; the jar  
 Frequent and frightful of the bursting bomb ;  
 The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,  
 The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men  
 Inebriate with rage ; — loud, and more loud  
 The discord grows ; till pale death shuts the scene,  
 And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws  
 His cold and bloody shroud. — Of all the men  
 Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,  
 In proud and vigorous health ; of all the hearts  
 That beat with anxious life at sunset there,  
 How few survive, how few are beating now !  
 All is deep silence, like the fearful calm  
 That slumbers in the storm's portentous pauses ;  
 Save when the frantic wail of widowed love  
 Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan  
 With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay  
 Wrapt round its struggling powers.

The gray morn  
Dawns on the mournful scene ; the sulphurous  
smoke

Before the icy wind slow rolls away,  
And the bright beams of frosty morning dance  
Along the spangling snow. There tracks of blood  
Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,  
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments  
Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful  
path

Of the outsallying victors ; far behind,  
Black ashes note where their proud city stood.  
Within yon forest is a gloomy glen, —  
Each tree which guards its darkness from the day  
Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

War is the statesman's game, the priest's delight,  
The lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's trade,  
And to those royal murderers whose mean  
thrones

Are bought by crimes of treachery and gore,  
The bread they eat, the staff on which they lean.  
Guards, garbed in blood-red livery, surround  
Their palaces, participate the crimes  
That force defends, and from a nation's rage  
Secure the crown, which all the curses reach  
That famine, frenzy, woe, and penury breathe.  
These are the hired bravos who defend  
The tyrant's throne.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

#### THE PICKET-GUARD.

"ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say,  
"Except now and then a stray picket  
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,  
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.  
"T is nothing : a private or two, now and then,  
Will not count in the news of the battle ;  
Not an officer lost, — only one of the men,  
Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,  
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming ;  
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,  
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.  
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind  
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping ;  
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,  
Keep guard, — for the army is sleeping.

There 's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread  
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,  
And he thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,  
Far away in the cot on the mountain.  
His musket falls slack ; his face, dark and grim,  
Grows gentle with memories tender,

As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,  
For their mother, — may Heaven defend her !

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,  
That night when the love yet unspoken  
Leaped up to his lips, — when low, murmured vows  
Were pledged to be ever unbroken ;  
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,  
He dashes off tears that are welling,  
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,  
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree, —  
The footstep is lagging and weary ;  
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,  
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.  
Hark ! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?  
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing ?  
It looked like a rifle : "Ha ! Mary, good by !"  
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night, —  
No sound save the rush of the river ;  
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead, —  
The picket 's off duty forever.

MRS. HOWLAND.

#### CIVIL WAR.

"RIFLEMAN, shoot me a fancy shot  
Straight at the heart of yon prowling vidette,  
Ring me a ball in the glittering spot  
That shines on his breast like an amulet !"

"Ah, captain ! here goes for a fine-drawn bead,  
There 's music around when my barrel 's in  
tune !"  
Crack ! went the rifle, the messenger sped,  
And dead from his horse fell the ringing dragoon.

"Now, rifleman, steal through the bushes, and  
snatch  
From your victim some trinket to handsel first  
blood ;  
A button, a loop, or that luminous patch  
That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud !"

"O captain ! I staggered, and sunk on my track,  
When I gazed on the face of that fallen vidette,  
For he looked so like you, as he lay on his back,  
That my heart rose upon me, and masters me yet.

"But I snatched off the trinket, — this locket of  
gold ;  
An inch from the centre my lead broke its way,  
Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,  
Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

"Ha! rifleman, fling me the locket!—'t is she,  
My brother's young bride,—and the fallen  
dragon  
Was her husband— Hush! soldier, 't was  
Heaven's decree,  
We must bury him there, by the light of the  
moon!

"But, hark! the far bugles their warnings unite;  
War is a virtue,—weakness a sin;  
There's a lurking and loping around us to-night;  
Load again, rifleman, keep your hand in!"  
ANONYMOUS.

#### LEFT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

WHAT, was it a dream? am I all alone  
In the dreary night and the drizzling rain?  
Hist!—ah, it was only the river's moan;  
They have left me behind with the mangled  
slain.

Yes, now I remember it all too well!  
We met, from the battling ranks apart;  
Together our weapons flashed and fell,  
And mine was sheathed in his quivering heart.

In the cypress gloom, where the deed was done,  
It was all too dark to see his face;  
But I heard his death-groans, one by one,  
And he holds me still in a cold embrace.

He spoke but once, and I could not hear  
The words he said, for the cannon's roar;  
But my heart grew cold with a deadly fear,—  
O God! I had heard that voice before!

Had heard it before at our mother's knee,  
When we lisp'd the words of our evening prayer!  
My brother! would I had died for thee,—  
This burden is more than my soul can bear!

I pressed my lips to his death-cold cheek,  
And begged him to show me, by word or sign,  
That he knew and forgave me: he could not speak,  
But he nestled his poor cold face to mine.

The blood flowed fast from my wounded side,  
And then for a while I forgot my pain,  
And over the lakelet we seemed to glide  
In our little boat, two boys again.

And then, in my dream, we stood alone  
On a forest path where the shadows fell;  
And I heard again the tremulous tone,  
And the tender words of his last farewell.

But that parting was years, long years ago,  
He wandered away to a foreign land;  
And our dear old mother will never know  
That he died to-night by his brother's hand.

The soldiers who buried the dead away  
Disturbed not the clasp of that last embrace,  
But laid them to sleep till the judgment-day,  
Heart folded to heart, and face to face.

SARAH T. BOLTON.

#### MY AUTUMN WALK.

On woodlands ruddy with autumn  
The amber sunshine lies;  
I look on the beauty round me,  
And tears come into my eyes.

For the wind that sweeps the meadows  
Blows out of the far Southwest,  
Where our gallant men are fighting,  
And the gallant dead are at rest.

The golden-rod is leaning,  
And the purple aster waves  
In a breeze from the land of battles,  
A breath from the land of graves.

Full fast the leaves are dropping  
Before that wandering breath;  
As fast, on the field of battle,  
Our brethren fall in death.

Beautiful over my pathway  
The forest spoils are shed;  
They are spotting the grassy hillocks  
With purple and gold and red.

Beautiful is the death-sleep  
Of those who bravely fight  
In their country's holy quarrel,  
And perish for the Right.

But who shall comfort the living,  
The light of whose homes is gone:  
The bride that, early widowed,  
Lives broken-hearted on;

The matron whose sons are lying  
In graves on a distant shore;  
The maiden, whose promised husband  
Comes back from the war no more?

I look on the peaceful dwellings  
Whose windows glimmer in sight,  
With croft and garden and orchard  
That bask in the mellow light;

And I know that, when our couriers  
With news of victory come,  
They will bring a bitter message  
Of hopeless grief to some.

Again I turn to the woodlands,  
And I shudder as I see  
The mock-grape's \* blood-red banner  
Hung out on the cedar-tree ;

And I think of days of slaughter,  
And the night-sky red with flames,  
On the Chattahoochee's meadows,  
And the wasted banks of the James.

O for the fresh spring-season,  
When the groves are in their prime,  
And far away in the future  
Is the frosty autumn-time !

O for that better season,  
When the pride of the foe shall yield,  
And the hosts of God and Freedom  
March back from the well-won field ;

And the matron shall clasp her first-born  
With tears of joy and pride ;  
And the scarred and war-worn lover  
Shall claim his promised bride !

The leaves are swept from the branches ;  
But the living buds are there,  
With folded flower and foliage,  
To sprout in a kinder air.

October, 1864.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,  
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was  
dearth of woman's tears ;  
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-  
blood ebbed away,  
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he  
might say.  
The dying soldier faltered, and he took that com-  
rade's hand,  
And he said, " I nevermore shall see my own,  
my native land ;  
Take a message, and a token, to some distant  
friends of mine,  
For I was born at Bingen, — at Bingen on the  
Rhine.

\* *Ampelopsis*, mock-grape. I have here literally trans-  
lated the botanical name of the Virginia creeper, an ap-  
pellation too cumbersome for verse.

" Tell my brothers and companions, when they  
meet and crowd around,  
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant  
vineyard ground,  
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the  
day was done,  
Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath the  
setting sun ;  
And, mid the dead and dying, were some grown  
old in wars, —  
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the  
last of many scars ;  
And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's  
morn decline, —  
And one had come from Bingen, — fair Bingen  
on the Rhine.

" Tell my mother that her other son shall com-  
fort her old age ;  
For I was still a truant bird, that thought his  
home a cage.  
For my father was a soldier, and even as a  
child  
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of strug-  
gles fierce and wild ;  
And when he died, and left us to divide his  
scanty hoard,  
I let them take whate'er they would, — but kept  
my father's sword ;  
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright  
light used to shine,  
On the cottage wall at Bingen, — calm Bingen  
on the Rhine.

" Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with  
drooping head,  
When the troops come marching home again  
with glad and gallant tread,  
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and  
steadfast eye,  
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid  
to die ;  
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my  
name  
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,  
And to hang the old sword in its place (my fa-  
ther's sword and mine)  
For the honor of old Bingen, — dear Bingen on  
the Rhine.

" There's another, — not a sister ; in the happy  
days gone by  
You'd have known her by the merriment that  
sparkled in her eye ;  
Too innocent for coquetry, — too fond for idle  
scorning, —  
O friend ! I fear the lightest heart makes some-  
times heaviest mourning !

Tell her the last night of my life (for, ere the moon  
be risen,  
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of  
prison), —  
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow  
sunlight shine  
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen, — fair Bingen on  
the Rhine.

“I saw the blue Rhine sweep along, — I heard,  
or seemed to hear,  
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus  
sweet and clear ;  
And down the pleasant river, and up the slant-  
ing hill,  
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening  
calm and still ;  
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed,  
with friendly talk,  
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-  
remembered walk !  
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in  
mine, —  
But we'll meet no more at Bingen, — loved Bin-  
gen on the Rhine.”

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse, — his  
grasp was childish weak, —  
His eyes put on a dying look, — he sighed and  
ceased to speak ;  
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of  
life had fled, —  
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land is dead !  
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly  
she looked down  
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody  
corse strewn ;  
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light  
seemed to shine,  
As it shone on distant Bingen, — fair Bingen on  
the Rhine.

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

### THE TRUMPETS OF DOOLKARNEIN.

[In Eastern history are two Iskanders, or Alexanders, who are  
sometimes confounded, and both of whom are called Doolkar-  
nein, or the Two-Horned, in allusion to their subjugation of East  
and West, horns being an Oriental symbol of power.

One of these heroes is Alexander of Macedon ; the other a con-  
queror of more ancient times, who built the marvellous series of  
ramparts on Mount Caucasus, known in fable as the wall of Gog  
and Magog, that is to say, of the people of the North. It reached  
from the Euxine Sea to the Caspian, where its flanks originated the  
subsequent appellation of the Caspian Gates.]

With awful walls, far glooming, that possessed  
The passes 'twixt the snow-fed Caspian foun-  
tains,  
Doolkarnein, the dread lord of East and West,  
Shut up the northern nations in their moun-  
tains ;

And upon platforms where the oak-trees grew,  
Trumpets he set, huge beyond dreams of won-  
der,  
Craftily purposed, when his arms withdrew,  
To make him thought still housed there, like  
the thunder :  
And it so fell ; for when the winds blew right,  
They woke their trumpets to their calls of might.

Unseen, but heard, their calls the trumpets blew,  
Ringing the granite rocks, their only bearers,  
Till the long fear into religion grew,  
And nevermore those heights had human darers.  
Dreadful Doolkarnein was an earthly god ;  
His walls but shadowed forth his mightier  
frowning ;  
Armies of giants at his bidding trod  
From realm to realm, king after king dis-  
crowning.  
When thunder spoke, or when the earthquake  
stirred,  
Then, muttering in accord, his host was heard.

But when the winters marred the mountain  
shelves,  
And softer changes came with vernal mornings,  
Something had touched the trumpets' lofty selves,  
And less and less rang forth their sovereign  
warnings ;  
Fewer and feebler ; as when silence spreads  
In plague-struck tents, where haughty chiefs,  
left dying,  
Fail by degrees upon their angry beds,  
Till, one by one, ceases the last stern sighing.  
One by one, thus, their breath the trumpets  
drew,  
Till now no more the imperious music blew.

Is he then dead ? Can great Doolkarnein die ?  
Or can his endless hosts elsewhere be needed ?  
Were the great breaths that blew his minstrelsy  
Phantoms, that faded as himself receded ?  
Or is he angered ? Surely he still comes ;  
This silence ushers the dread visitation ;  
Sudden will burst the torrent of his drums,  
And then will follow bloody desolation.  
So did fear dream ; though now, with not a sound  
To scare good hope, summer had twice crept round.

Then gathered in a band, with lifted eyes,  
The neighbors, and those silent heights as-  
cended.  
Giant, nor aught blasting their bold emprise,  
They met, though twice they halted, breath  
suspended :  
Once, at a coming like a god's in rage  
With thunderous leaps, — but 't was the piled  
snow, falling ;



And once, when in the woods an oak, for age,  
Fell dead, the silence with its groan appalling.  
At last they came where still, in dread array,  
As though they still might speak, the trumpets lay.

Unhurt they lay, like caverns above ground,  
The rifted rocks, for hands, about them clinging,  
Their tubes as straight, their mighty mouths as  
round

And firm as when the rocks were first set ring-  
ing.

Fresh from their unimaginable mould  
They might have seemed, save that the atoms  
had stained them

With a rich rust, that now, with gloomy gold  
In the bright sunshine, beauteously engrained  
them.

Breathless the gazers looked, nigh faint for awe,  
Then leaped, then laughed. What was it now  
they saw ?

Myriads of birds. Myriads of birds, that filled  
The trumpets all with nests and nestling voices !  
The great, huge, stormy music had been stilled  
By the soft needs that nursed those small, sweet  
noises !

O thou Doolkarnein, where is now thy wall ?  
Where now thy voice divine and all thy forces ?  
Great was thy cunning, but its wit was small  
Compared with nature's least and gentlest  
course.

Fears and false creeds may fright the realms  
awhile ;

But heaven and earth abide their time, and smile.  
LEIGH HUNT.

THE KNIGHT'S TOMB.

WHERE is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn ?  
Where may the grave of that good man be ?—  
By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,  
Under the twigs of a young birch-tree !  
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,  
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,  
And whistled and roared in the winter alone,  
Is gone, — and the birch in its stead is grown. —  
The knight's bones are dust,  
And his good sword rust ;—  
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

CLOSE his eyes ; his work is done !  
What to him is friend or foe-man,  
Rise of moon or set of sun,  
Hand of man or kisa of woman ?

Lay him low, lay him low,  
In the clover or the snow !  
What cares he ? he cannot know ;  
Lay him low !

Fold him in his country's stars,  
Roll the drum and fire the volley !  
What to him are all our wars ?—  
What but death bemoeking folly ?  
Lay him low, lay him low,  
In the clover or the snow !

Leave him to God's watching eye ;  
Trust him to the hand that made him.  
Mortal love weeps idly by ;  
God alone has power to aid him.  
Lay him low, lay him low,  
In the clover or the snow !  
What cares he ? he cannot know ;  
Lay him low !

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS.

LAST night, among his fellow roughs,  
He jested, quaffed, and swore ;  
A drunken private of the Buffs,  
Who never looked before.  
To-day, beneath the focman's frown,  
He stands in Elgin's place,  
Ambassador from Britain's crown,  
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,  
Bewildered, and alone,  
A heart, with English instinct fraught,  
He yet can call his own.  
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,  
Bring cord or axe or flame,  
He only knows that not through him  
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,  
Like dreams, to come and go ;  
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,  
One sheet of living snow ;  
The smoke above his father's door  
In gray soft eddyings hung ;  
Must he then watch it rise no more,  
Doomed by himself so young ?

Yes, honor calls ! — with strength like steel  
He put the vision by ;  
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel,  
An English lad must die.

And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,  
With knee to man unbent,  
Unflinching on its dreadful brink,  
To his red grave he went.

Vain mightiest fleets of iron framed,  
Vain those all-shattering guns,  
Unless proud England keep untamed  
The strong heart of her sons ;  
So let his name through Europe ring, —  
A man of mean estate,  
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,  
Because his soul was great.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

### CAVALRY SONG.

FROM "ALICE OF MONMOUTH."

OUR good steeds snuff the evening air,  
Our pulses with their purpose tingle ;  
The foeman's fires are twinkling there ;  
He leaps to hear our sabres jingle !

HALT !

Each carbine send its whizzing ball :  
Now, 'cling ! clang ! forward all,  
Into the fight !

Dash on beneath the smoking dome :  
Through level lightnings gallop nearer !  
One look to Heaven ! No thoughts of home :  
The guidons that we bear are dearer.

CHARGE !

Cling ! clang ! forward all !  
Heaven help those whose horses fall :  
Cut left and right !

They flee before our fierce attack !  
They fall ! they spread in broken surges.  
Now, comrades, bear our wounded back,  
And leave the foeman to his dirges.

WHEEL !

The bugles sound the swift recall :  
Cling ! clang ! backward all !  
Home, and good night !

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

### THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

FAIR stood the wind for France,  
When we our sails advance,  
Nor now to prove our chance  
Longer will tarry ;  
But putting to the main,  
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,  
With all his martial train,  
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,  
Furnished in warlike sort,  
Marched towards Agincourt  
In happy hour, —  
Skirmishing day by day  
With those that stopped his way,  
Where the French general lay  
With all his power,

Which in his height of pride,  
King Henry to deride,  
His ransom to provide  
To the king sending ;  
Which he neglects the while,  
As from a nation vile,  
Yet, with an angry smile,  
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,  
Quoth our brave Henry then :  
Though they to one be ten,  
Be not amazed ;  
Yet have we well begun, —  
Battles so bravely won  
Have ever to the sun  
By fame been raised.

And for myself, quoth he,  
This my full rest shall be ;  
England ne'er mourn for me,  
Nor more esteem me.  
Victor I will remain,  
Or on this earth lie slain ;  
Never shall she sustain  
Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Cressy tell,  
When most their pride did swell,  
Under our swords they fell ;  
No less our skill is  
Than when our grandsire great,  
Claiming the regal seat,  
By many a warlike feat  
Lopped the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread  
The eager vaward led ;  
With the main Henry sped,  
Amongst his henchmen.  
Excester had the rear, —  
A braver man not there :  
O Lord ! how hot they were  
On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone ;  
Armor on armor shone ;  
Drum now to drum did groan, —  
To hear was wonder ;

That with the cries they make  
The very earth did shake ;  
Trumpet to trumpet spake,  
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,  
O noble Erpingham !  
Which did the signal aim  
To our hid forces ;  
When, from a meadow by,  
Like a storm suddenly,  
The English archery  
Struck the French horses,

With Spanish yew so strong,  
Arrows a cloth-yard long,  
That like to serpents stung,  
Piercing the weather ;  
None from his fellow starts,  
But playing manly parts,  
And like true English hearts,  
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,  
And forth their bilboes drew,  
And on the French they flew,  
Not one was tardy ;  
Arms were from shoulders sent ;  
Scalps to the teeth were rent ;  
Down the French peasants went ;  
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,  
His broadsword brandishing,  
Down the French host did ding,  
As to o'erwhelm it ;  
And many a deep wound lent,  
His arms with blood besprent,  
And many a cruel dent  
Bruiséd his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,  
Next of the royal blood,  
For famous England stood,  
With his brave brother, —  
Clarence, in steel so bright,  
Though but a maiden knight,  
Yet in that furious fight  
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade ;  
Oxford the foe invade,  
And cruel slaughter made,  
Still as they ran up.  
Suffolk his axe did ply ;  
Beaumont and Willoughby  
Bare them right doughtily,  
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's day  
Fought was this noble fray,  
Which fame did not delay  
To England to carry ;  
O, when shall Englishmen  
With such acts fill a pen,  
Or England breed again  
Such a King Harry ?

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

### HOTSPUR'S DESCRIPTION OF A FOP.

FROM "KING HENRY IV.," PART I.

BUT I remember, when the fight was done,  
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,  
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reaped,  
Showed like a stubble-land at harvest-home ;  
He was perfumed like a milliner ;  
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
He gave his nose, and took 't away again ; —  
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,  
Took it in snuff : — and still he smiled and talked ;  
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
With many holiday and lady terms  
He questioned me ; among the rest, demanded  
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.  
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,  
To be so pestered with a popinjay,  
Out of my grief and my impatience,  
Answered neglectingly, I know not what, —  
He should, or he should not ; for he made me mad  
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,  
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, — God save the  
mark ! —

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth  
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;  
And that it was great pity, so it was,  
That villanous saltpetre should be digged  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed  
So cowardly ; and, but for these vile guns,  
He would himself have been a soldier.

SHAKESPEARE.

### MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

NOT far advanced was morning day,  
When Marmion did his troop array  
To Surrey's camp to ride ;  
He had safe-conduct for his band,

Beneath the royal seal and hand,  
 And Douglas gave a guide :  
 The ancient Earl, with stately grace,  
 Would Clara on her palfrey place,  
 And whispered in an undertone,  
 "Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown." —  
 The train from out the castle drew,  
 But Marmion stopped to bid adieu : —  
 "Though something I might plain," he said,  
 "Of cold respect to stranger guest,  
 Sent hither by your king's behest,

While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,  
 Part we in friendship from your land,  
 And, noble Earl, receive my hand." —  
 But Douglas round him drew his cloak,  
 Folded his arms, and thus he spoke : —  
 "My manors, halls, and bowers shall still  
 Be open, at my sovereign's will,  
 To each one whom he lists, how'er  
 Unmeet to be the owner's peer.  
 My castles are my king's alone,  
 From turret to foundation-stone, —  
 The hand of Douglas is his own ;  
 And never shall in friendly grasp  
 The hand of such as Marmion clasp." —

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,  
 And shook his very frame for ire,

And — "This to me !" he said, —  
 "An 't were not for thy hoary beard,  
 Such hand as Marmion's had not spared

To cleave the Douglas' head !  
 And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,  
 He who does England's message here,  
 Although the meanest in her state,  
 May well, proud Angus, be thy mate :  
 And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,

Even in thy pitch of pride,  
 Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,  
 (Nay, never look upon y'our lord,  
 And lay your hands upon your sword,)

I tell thee, thou 'rt defied !  
 And if thou said'st I am not peer  
 To any lord in Scotland here,  
 Lowland or Highland, far or near,  
 Lord Angus, thou hast lied !" —  
 On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage  
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age :  
 Fierce he broke forth, — "And dar'st thou then  
 To hear the lion in his den,

The Douglas in his hall ?  
 And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go ?  
 No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no !  
 Up drawbridge, grooms, — what, Warder, ho !  
 Let the portcullis fall." —

Lord Marmion turned, — well was his need ! —  
 And dashed the rowels in his steed,  
 Like arrow through the archway sprung ;

The ponderous grate behind him rung :  
 To pass there was such scanty room,  
 The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,  
 Just as it trembled on the rise ;  
 Not lighter does the swallow skim  
 Along the smooth lake's level brim ;  
 And when Lord Marmion reached his band,  
 He halts, and turns with clenched hand,  
 And shout of loud defiance pours,  
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers.  
 "Horse ! horse !" the Douglas cried, "and  
 chase !"

But soon he reined his fury's pace :  
 "A royal messenger he came,  
 Though most unworthy of the name.

St. Mary, mend my fiery mood !  
 Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,  
 I thought to slay him where he stood.  
 'T is pity of him too," he cried ;  
 "Bold can he speak, and fairly ride :  
 I warrant him a warrior tried."  
 With this his mandate he recalls,  
 And slowly seeks his castle halls.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

#### MARMION AT FLODDEN FIELD.

[The battle was fought in September, 1513, between the forces of England and Scotland. The latter were worsted, and King James slain with eight thousand of his men. Lord Surrey commanded the English troops.]

A MOMENT then Lord Marmion stayed,  
 And breathed his steed, his men arrayed,  
 Then forward moved his band,  
 Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,  
 He halted by a cross of stone,  
 That, on a hillock standing lone,  
 Did all the field command.

Hence might they see the full array  
 Of either host for deadly fray ;  
 Their marshalled lines stretched east and west,

And fronted north and south,  
 And distant salutation past  
 From the loud cannon-mouth ;  
 Not in the close successive rattle  
 That breathes the voice of modern battle,  
 But slow and far between. —

The hillock gained, Lord Marmion stayed :  
 "Here, by this cross," he gently said,  
 "You well may view the scene ;  
 Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare :  
 O, think of Marmion in thy prayer ! —  
 Thou wilt not ? — well, — no less my care  
 Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare. —

You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,  
With ten picked archers of my train;  
With England if the day go hard,  
To Berwick speed amain. —

But, if we conquer, cruel maid,  
My spoils shall at your feet be laid,  
When here we meet again."

He waited not for answer there,  
And would not mark the maid's despair,  
Nor heed the discontented look  
From either squire : but spurred amain,  
And, dashing through the battle-plain,  
His way to Surrey took.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still  
With Lady Clare upon the hill;  
On which (for far the day was spent)  
The western sunbeams now were bent.  
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,  
Could plain their distant comrades view;  
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,

"Unworthy office here to stay!  
No hope of gilded spurs to-day. —  
But, see! look up, — on Flodden bent  
The Scottish foe has fired his tent." —

And sudden, as he spoke,  
From the sharp ridges of the hill,  
All downward to the banks of Till  
Was wreathed in sable smoke.

Volumed and vast, and rolling far,  
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,  
As down the hill they broke;  
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,  
Announced their march; their tread alone,  
At times their warning trumpet blown,

At times a stifled hum,  
Told England, from his mountain-throne  
King James did rushing come. —

Scarce could they hear or see their foes,  
Until at weapon-point they close. —  
They close in clouds of smoke and dust,  
With sword-sway and with lance's thrust;

And such a yell was there,  
Of sudden and portentous birth,  
As if men fought upon the earth

And fends in upper air:  
O life and death were in the shout,  
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,  
And triumph and despair.

Long looked the anxious squires; their eye  
Could in the darkness naught descry.

At length the freshening western blast  
Aside the shroud of battle cast;  
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears  
Above the brightening cloud appears;  
And in the smoke the pennons flew,  
As in the storm the white sea-mew.

Then marked they, dashing broad and far,  
The broken billows of the war,  
And plumed crests of chieftains brave  
Floating like foam upon the wave;

But naught distinct they see:  
Wide raged the battle on the plain;  
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;  
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;  
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,  
Wild and disorderly.

Amid the scene of tumult, high  
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:  
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,  
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,  
Still bear them bravely in the fight;  
Although against them come,  
Of gallant Gordons many a one,  
And many a stubborn Highlandman,  
And many a rugged Border clan,  
With Huntley and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,  
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;  
Though there the western mountaineer  
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,  
And flung the feeble targe aside,  
And with both hands the broadsword plied,  
'T was vain: — But Fortune, on the right,  
With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.

Then fell that spotless banner white,  
The Howard's lion fell;  
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew  
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew  
Around the battle-yell.

The Border slogan rent the sky!  
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry:  
Loud were the clanging blows;  
Advanced, — forced back, — now low, now high,  
The pennon sunk and rose;  
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,  
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,  
It wavered mid the foes.

No longer Blount the view could bear: —  
"By heaven and all its saints, I swear,  
I will not see it lost!

Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare  
May bid your beads, and pater prayer, —  
I gallop to the host."

And to the fray he rode amain,  
Followed by all the archer train.  
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,  
Made, for a space, an opening large, —

The rescued banner rose, —  
But darkly closed the war around,  
Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,  
It sunk among the foes.  
Then Eustace mounted too; — yet stayed,  
As loath to leave the helpless maid,

When, fast as shaft can fly,  
 Bloodshot his eyes, his nostrils spread,  
 The loose rein dangling from his head,  
 Housing and saddle bloody red,  
 Lord Marmion's steed rushed by ;  
 And Eustace, maddening at the sight,  
 A look and sign to Clara cast,  
 To mark he would return in haste,  
 Then plunged into the fight.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,  
 Left in that dreadful hour alone :  
 Perchance her reason stoops or reels ;  
 Perchance a courage, not her own,  
 Braces her mind to desperate tone. —  
 The scattered van of England wheels ; —  
 She only said, as loud in air  
 The tumult roared, "Is Wilton there?" —  
 They fly, or, maddened by despair,  
 Fight but to die, — "Is Wilton there?"  
 With that, straight up the hill there rode  
 Two horsemen drenched with gore,  
 And in their arms, a helpless load,  
 A wounded knight they bore.  
 His hand still strained the broken brand ;  
 His arms were smeared with blood and sand.  
 Dragged from among the horses' feet,  
 With dinted shield, and helmet beat,  
 The falcon-crest and plumage gone,  
 Can that be haughty Marmion ! . . .  
 Young Blount his armor did unlace,  
 And, gazing on his ghastly face,  
 Said, — "By St. George, he's gone !  
 That spear-wound has our master sped, —  
 And see the deep cut on his head !  
 Good night to Marmion." —  
 "Unnurtured Blount ! thy brawling cease :  
 He opes his eyes," said Eustace ; "peace !"

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,  
 Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare : —  
 "Where's Harry Blount ? Fitz-Eustace where ?  
 Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare !  
 Redeem my pennon, — charge again !  
 Cry — 'Marmion to the rescue !' — vain !  
 Last of my race, on battle-plain  
 That shout shall ne'er be heard again ! —  
 Yet my last thought is England's : — fly,  
 To Daere bear my signet-ring :  
 Tell him his squadrons up to bring : —  
 Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie ;  
 Tunstall lies dead upon the field,  
 His life-blood stains the spotless shield :  
 Edmund is down ; — my life is left ; —  
 The Admiral alone is left.  
 Let Stanley charge with spur of fire, —  
 With Chester charge, and Lancashire,  
 Full upon Scotland's central host,

Or victory and England's lost. —  
 Must I bid twice ? — hence, varlets ! fly !  
 Leave Marmion here alone — to die."  
 They parted, and alone he lay :  
 Clare drew her from the sight away,  
 Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,  
 And half he murmured, — "Is there none,  
 Of all my halls have nursed,  
 Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring,  
 Of blessed water from the spring,  
 To slake my dying thirst ?"

O woman ! in our hours of ease,  
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
 And variable as the shade  
 By the light quivering aspen made ;  
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
 A ministering angel thou ! —  
 Scarce were the piteous accents said,  
 When, with the Baron's casque, the maid  
 To the nigh streamlet ran ;  
 Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears ;  
 The plaintive voice alone she hears,  
 Sees but the dying man.  
 She stooped her by the runnel's side,  
 But in abhorrence backward drew ;  
 For, oozing from the mountain's side,  
 Where raged the war, a dark-red tide  
 Was curdling in the streamlet blue,  
 Where shall she turn ! — behold her mark  
 A little fountain cell,  
 Where water, clear as diamond-spark,  
 In a stone basin fell.  
 Above, some half-worn letters say,  
 Drink, weary pilgrim, drink, and pray,  
 For thy kind soul, of Sybil Grey,  
 Who built this cross, and well.  
 She filled the helm, and back she hied,  
 And with surprise and joy espied  
 A monk supporting Marmion's head ;  
 A pious man whom duty brought  
 To dubious verge of battle fought,  
 To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,  
 And, as she stooped his brow to lave, —  
 "Is it the hand of Clare," he said,  
 "Or injured Constance, bathes my head ?"  
 Then, as remembrance rose, —  
 "Speak not to me of shrift or prayer !  
 I must redress her woes.  
 Short space, few words, are mine to spare ;  
 Forgive and listen, gentle Clare !" —  
 "Alas !" she said, "the while, —  
 O, think of your immortal weal !  
 In vain for Constance is your zeal ;  
 She — died at Holy Isle." —  
 Lord Marmion started from the ground,

As light as if he felt no wound ;  
 Though in the action burst the tide  
 In torrents from his wounded side.  
 "Then it was truth !" he said, — "I knew  
 That the dark presage must be true. —  
 I would the Fiend, to whom belongs  
 The vengeance due to all her wrongs,  
 Would spare me but a day !  
 For wasting fire, and dying groan,  
 And priests slain on the altar stone,  
 Might bribe him for delay.  
 It may not be ! — this dizzy trance, —  
 Curse on yon base marauder's lance,  
 And doubly cursed my failing brand !  
 A sinful heart makes feeble hand."  
 Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,  
 Supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labor, Clara bound,  
 And strove to stanch the gushing wound :  
 The monk, with unavailing cares,  
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers.  
 Ever, he said, that, close and near,  
 A lady's voice was in his ear,  
 And that the priest he could not hear,  
 For that she ever sung,  
 "In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,  
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the  
 dying !"

So the notes rung : —  
 "Avoid thee, Fiend ! — with cruel hand,  
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand ! —  
 O, look, my son, upon yon sign  
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine :  
 O, think on faith and bliss ! —  
 By many a death-bed I have been,  
 And many a sinner's parting seen,  
 But never aught like this." —  
 The war, that for a space did fail,  
 Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,  
 And — STANLEY ! was the cry : —  
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,  
 And fired his glazing eye :  
 With dying hand above his head  
 He shook the fragment of his blade,  
 And shouted "Victory ! —  
 Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on !"  
 Were the last words of Marmion.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

— ◆ —

### THE HEART OF THE BRUCE.

It was upon an April morn,  
 While yet the frost lay hoar,  
 We heard Lord James's bugle-horn  
 Sound by the rocky shore.

Then down we went, a hundred knights,  
 All in our dark array,  
 And flung our armor in the ships  
 That rode within the bay.

We spoke not as the shore grew less,  
 But gazed in silence back,  
 Where the long billows swept away  
 The foam behind our track.

And aye the purple hues decayed  
 Upon the fading hill,  
 And but one heart in all that ship  
 Was tranquil, cold, and still.

The good Lord Douglas paced the deck,  
 And O, his face was wan !  
 Unlike the flush it used to wear  
 When in the battle-van. —

"Come hither, come hither, my trusty knight,  
 Sir Simon of the Lee ;  
 There is a freit lies near my soul  
 I fain would tell to thee.

"Thou know'st the words King Robert spoke  
 Upon his dying day :  
 How he bade take his noble heart  
 And carry it far away ;

"And lay it in the holy soil  
 Where once the Saviour trod,  
 Since he might not bear the blessed Cross,  
 Nor strike one blow for God.

"Last night as in my bed I lay,  
 I dreamed a dreary dream : —  
 Methought I saw a Pilgrim stand  
 In the moonlight's quivering beam.

"His robe was of the azure dye,  
 Snow-white his scattered hairs,  
 And even such a cross he bore  
 As good St. Andrew bears.

"'Why go ye forth, Lord James,' he said,  
 'With spear and belted brand ?  
 Why do you take its dearest pledge  
 From this our Scottish land ?

"'The sultry breeze of Galilee  
 Creeps through its groves of palm,  
 The olives on the Holy Mount  
 Stand glittering in the calm.

"'But 't is not there that Scotland's heart  
 Shall rest by God's decree,  
 Till the great angel calls the dead  
 To rise from earth and sea !

“ Lord James of Douglas, mark my rede !  
That heart shall pass once more  
In fiery fight against the foe,  
As it was wont of yore.

“ And it shall pass beneath the Cross,  
And save King Robert's vow ;  
But other hands shall bear it back,  
Not, James of Douglas, thou ! ”

“ Now, by thy knightly faith, I pray,  
Sir Simon of the Lee, —  
For truer friend had never man  
Than thou hast been to me, —

“ If ne'er upon the Holy Land  
'T is mine in life to tread,  
Bear thou to Scotland's kindly earth  
The relics of her dead.”

The tear was in Sir Simon's eye  
As he wrung the warrior's hand, —  
“ Betide me weal, betide me woe,  
I'll hold by thy command.

“ But if in battle-front, Lord James,  
'T is ours once more to ride,  
Nor force of man, nor craft of fiend,  
Shall cleave me from thy side ! ”

And aye we sailed and aye we sailed  
Across the weary sea,  
Until one morn the coast of Spain  
Rose grimly on our lee.

And as we rounded to the port,  
Beneath the watch-tower's wall,  
We heard the clash of the atabals,  
And the trumpet's wavering call.

“ Why sounds yon Eastern music here  
So wantonly and long,  
And whose the crowd of arméd men  
That round yon standard throng ? ”

“ The Moors have come from Africa  
To spoil and waste and slay,  
And King Alonzo of Castile  
Must fight with them to-day.”

“ Now shame it were,” cried good Lord James,  
“ Shall never be said of me  
That I and mine have turned aside  
From the Cross in jeopardy ! ”

“ Have down, have down, my merry men all, —  
Have down unto the plain ;  
We'll let the Scottish lion loose  
Within the fields of Spain ! ”

“ Now welcome to me, noble lord,  
Thou and thy stalwart power ;  
Dear is the sight of a Christian knight,  
Who comes in such an hour !

“ Is it for bond or faith you come,  
Or yet for golden fee ?  
Or bring ye France's lilies here,  
Or the flower of Burgundie ? ”

“ God greet thee well, thou valiant king,  
Thee and thy belted peers, —  
Sir James of Douglas am I called,  
And these are Scottish spears.

“ We do not fight for bond or plight,  
Nor yet for golden fee ;  
But for the sake of our blessed Lord,  
Who died upon the tree.

“ We bring our great King Robert's heart  
Across the weltering wave,  
To lay it in the holy soil  
Hard by the Saviour's grave.

“ True pilgrims we, by land or sea,  
Where danger bars the way ;  
And therefore are we here, Lord King,  
To ride with thee this day ! ”

The King has bent his stately head,  
And the tears were in his eyne, —  
“ God's blessing on thee, noble knight,  
For this brave thought of thine !

“ I know thy name full well, Lord James ;  
And honored may I be,  
That those who fought beside the Bruce  
Should fight this day for me !

“ Take thou the leading of the van,  
And charge the Moors amain ;  
There is not such a lance as thine  
In all the host of Spain ! ”

The Douglas turned towards us then,  
O, but his glance was high ! —  
“ There is not one of all my men  
But is as bold as I.

“ There is not one of all my knights  
But bears as true a spear, —  
Then onward, Scottish gentlemen,  
And think King Robert's here ! ”

The trumpets blew, the cross-bolts flew,  
The arrows flashed like flame,  
As spur in side, and spear in rest,  
Against the foe we came.



And many a bearded Saracen  
Went down, both horse and man ;  
For through their ranks we rode like corn,  
So furiously we ran !

But in behind our path they closed,  
Though fain to let us through,  
For they were forty thousand men,  
And we were wondrous few.

We might not see a lance's length,  
So dense was their array,  
But the long fell sweep of the Scottish blade  
Still held them hard at bay.

“Make in ! make in !” Lord Douglas cried, —  
“Make in, my brethren dear !  
Sir William of St. Clair is down ;  
We may not leave him here !”

But thicker, thicker grew the swarm,  
And sharper shot the rain,  
And the horses reared amid the press,  
But they would not charge again.

“Now Jesu help thee,” said Lord James,  
“Thou kind and true St. Clair !  
An' if I may not bring thee off,  
I'll die beside thee there !”

Then in his stirrups up he stood,  
So lion-like and hold,  
And held the precious heart aloft  
All in its case of gold.

He flung it from him, far ahead,  
And never spake he more,  
But — “Pass thou first, thou dauntless heart,  
As thou wert wont of yore !”

The roar of fight rose fiercer yet,  
And heavier still the stour,  
Till the spears of Spain came shivering in,  
And swept away the Moor.

“Now praised be God, the day is won !  
They fly o'er flood and fell, —  
Why dost thou draw the rein so hard,  
Good knight, that fought so well ?”

“O, ride ye on, Lord King !” he said,  
“And leave the dead to me,  
For I must keep the dreariest watch  
That ever I shall dree !

“There lies, above his master's heart,  
The Douglas, stark and grim ;  
And woe is me I should be here,  
Not side by side with him !

“The world grows cold, my arm is old,  
And thin my lyart hair,  
And all that I loved best on earth  
Is stretched before me there.

“O Bothwell hanks ! that bloom so bright  
Beneath the sun of May,  
The heaviest cloud that ever blew  
Is bound for yon this day.

“And Scotland ! thou mayst veil thy head  
In sorrow and in pain :  
The sorest stroke upon thy brow  
Hath fallen this day in Spain !

“We'll hear them back unto our ship,  
We'll bear them o'er the sea,  
And lay them in the hallowed earth  
Within our own countrie.

“And be thou strong of heart, Lord King,  
For this I tell thee sure,  
The sod that drank the Douglas' blood  
Shall never bear the Moor !”

The King he lighted from his horse,  
He flung his brand away,  
And took the Douglas by the hand,  
So stately as he lay.

“God give thee rest, thou valiant soul !  
That fought so well for Spain ;  
I'd rather half my land were gone,  
So thou wert here again !”

We bore the good Lord James away,  
And the priceless heart we bore,  
And heavily we steered our ship  
Towards the Scottish shore.

No welcome greeted our return,  
Nor clang of martial tread,  
But all were dumb and hushed as death  
Before the mighty dead.

We laid our chief in Douglas Kirk,  
The heart in fair Melrose ;  
And woful men were we that day, —  
God grant their souls repose !

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

GATHERING SONG OF DONALD THE  
BLACK.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,  
Pibroch of Donuil,  
Wake thy wild voice anew,  
Summon Clan Conuil.

Come away, come away,  
Hark to the summons !  
Come in your war array,  
Gentles and commons.  
Come from deep glen, and  
From mountain so rocky ;  
The war-pipe and pennon  
Are at Inverlocky.  
Come every hill-plaid, and  
True heart that wears one,  
Come every steel blade, and  
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,  
The flock without shelter ;  
Leavé the corpse uninterred,  
The bride at the altar ;  
Leave the deer, leave the steer,  
Leave nets and barges ;  
Come with your fighting gear,  
Broadsword and targes.  
Come as the winds come when  
Forests are rended ;  
Come as the waves come when  
Navies are stranded ;  
Faster come, faster come,  
Faster and faster,  
Chief, vassal, page and groom,  
Tenant and master.

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

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## SONG OF CLAN-ALPINE.

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph advances !  
Honored and blessed be the evergreen Pine !  
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,  
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line !  
Heaven send it happy dew,  
Earth lend it sap anew,  
Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,  
While every highland glen  
Sends our shout back again,  
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"  
Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,  
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade ;  
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on  
the mountain,  
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.

Moored in the rifted rock,  
Proof to the tempest's shock,  
Firm he roots him the ruder it blow ;  
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,  
Echo his praise again,  
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,  
And Bannachar's groans to our slogan replied ;  
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,  
And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on her  
side.

Widow and Saxon maid  
Long shall lament our raid,  
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe ;  
Lennox and Leven-glen  
Shake when they hear again,  
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands !  
Stretch to your oars for the evergreen Pine !  
O that the rosebud that graces yon islands  
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine !  
O that some seedling gem,  
Worthy such noble stem,  
Honored and blessed in their shadow might  
grow !  
Loud should Clan-Alpine then  
Ring from her deepest glen,  
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## THE FIERY CROSS OF CLAN-ALPINE.

'T WAS all prepared ; — and from the rock  
A goat, the patriarch of the flock,  
Before the kindling pile was laid,  
And pierced by Roderick's ready blade.  
Patient the sickening victim eyed  
The life-blood ebb in crimson tide,  
Down his clogged beard and shaggy limb,  
Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim.  
The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer,  
A slender crosslet framed with care,  
A cubit's length in measure due ;  
The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,  
Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach wave  
Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave,  
And, answering Lomond's breezes deep,  
Soothe the many a chieftain's endless sleep.  
The Cross, thus formed, he held on high,  
With wasted hand and haggard eye,  
And strange and mingled feelings woke,  
While his anathema he spoke : —

"Woe to the clansman who shall view  
This symbol of sepulchral yew,  
Forgetful that its branches grew

Where weep the heavens their holiest dew  
 On Alpine's dwelling low !  
 Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,  
 He ne'er shall mingle with their dust,  
 But, from his sires and kindred thrust,  
 Each clansman's execration just  
 Shall doom him wrath and woe."

He paused ; — the word the vassals took,  
 With forward step and fiery look,  
 On high their naked brands they shook,  
 Their clattering targets wildly strook ;  
 And first in murmur low,  
 Then, like the billow in his course,  
 That far to seaward finds his source,  
 And flings to shore his mustered force,  
 Burst, with loud roar, their answer hoarse,  
 "Woe to the traitor, woe !"

Ben-an's gray scalp the accents knew,  
 The joyous wolf from covert drew,  
 The exulting eagle screamed afar, —  
 They knew the voice of Alpine's war.

The shout was hushed on lake and fell,  
 The monk resumed his muttered spell :  
 Dismal and low its accents came,  
 The while he scathed the Cross with flame ;  
 And the few words that reached the air,  
 Although the holiest name was there,  
 Had more of blasphemy than prayer.  
 But when he shook above the crowd  
 Its kindled points, he spoke aloud : —  
 "Woe to the wretch who fails to rear  
 At this dread sign the ready spear !  
 For, as the flames this symbol sear,  
 His home, the refuge of his fear,

A kindred fate shall know ;  
 Far o'er its roof the volumed flame  
 Clan-Alpine's vengeance shall proclaim,  
 While maids and matrons on his name  
 Shall call down wretchedness and shame,  
 And infamy and woe."

Then rose the cry of females, shrill  
 As goshawk's whistle on the hill,  
 Denouncing misery and ill,  
 Mingled with childhood's babbling trill

Of curses stammered slow ;  
 Answering, with imprecation dread,  
 "Sunk be his home in embers red !  
 And curséd be the meanest shed  
 That e'er shall hide the houseless head  
 We doom to want and woe !"

A sharp and shrieking echo gave,  
 Coir-Uriskin, thy goblin cave !  
 And the gray pass where birches wave,  
 On Beala-nam-bo.

Then deeper paused the priest anew,  
 And hard his laboring breath he drew,

While, with set teeth and clenched hand,  
 And eyes that glowed like fiery brand,  
 He meditated curse more dread,  
 And deadlier, on the clansman's head,  
 Who, summoned to his Chieftain's aid,  
 The signal saw and disobeyed.  
 The crosslet's points of sparkling wood  
 He quenched among the bubbling blood,  
 And, as again the sign he reared,  
 Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard :  
 "When flits this Cross from man to man,  
 Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan,  
 Burst be the ear that fails to heed !  
 Palsied the foot that shuns to speed !  
 May ravens tear the careless eyes,  
 Wolves make the coward heart their prize !  
 As sinks that blood-stream in the earth,  
 So may his hearth's-blood drench his hearth !  
 As dies in hissing gore the spark,  
 Quench thou his light, Destruction dark !  
 And be the grace to him denied,  
 Bought by this sign to all beside !"  
 He ceased ; no echo gave again  
 The murmur of the deep Amen.

Then Roderick, with impatient look,  
 From Brian's hand the symbol took :  
 "Speed, Malise, speed !" he said, and gave  
 The crosslet to his henchman brave.  
 "The muster-place be Lanrick mead, —  
 Instant the time, — speed, Malise, speed !"  
 Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,  
 A barge across Loch-Katrine flew ;  
 High stood the henchman on the prow,  
 So rapidly the bargemen row,  
 The bubbles, where they launched the boat,  
 Were all unbroken and afloat,  
 Dancing in foam and ripple still,  
 When it had neared the mainland hill ;  
 And from the silver beach's side  
 Still was the prow three fathom wide,  
 When lightly bounded to the land  
 The messenger of blood and brand.

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,  
 In arms the huts and hamlets rise ;  
 From winding glen, from upland brown,  
 They poured each hardy tenant down.  
 Nor slacked the messenger his pace ;  
 He showed the sign, he named the place,  
 And, pressing forward like the wind,  
 Left clamor and surprise behind.  
 The fisherman forsook the strand,  
 The swarthy smith took dirk and brand ;  
 With changed cheer, the mower blithe  
 Left in the half-cut swath his scythe ;  
 The herds without a keeper strayed,  
 The plough was in mid-furrow stayed,

The falconer tossed his hawk away,  
 The hunter left the stag at bay ;  
 Prompt at the signal of alarms,  
 Each son of Alpine rushed to arms ;  
 So swept the tumult and affray  
 Along the margin of Achray.  
 Alas, thou lovely lake ! that e'er  
 Thy banks should echo sounds of fear !  
 The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep  
 So stilly on thy bosom deep,  
 The lark's blithe carol from the cloud  
 Seems for the scene too gayly loud.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MARCH, MARCH, ETRICK AND  
 TEVIOTDALE.

MARCH, march, Etrick and Teviotdale !  
 Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order ?  
 March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale !  
 All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border !  
 Many a banner spread  
 Flutters above your head,  
 Many a crest that is famous in story.  
 Mount and make ready, then,  
 Sons of the mountain glen,  
 Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish glory !

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing ;  
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe ;  
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing ;  
 Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.  
 Trumpets are sounding ;  
 War-steeds are bounding ;  
 Stand to your arms, then, and march in good order,  
 England shall many a day  
 Tell of the bloody fray,  
 When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,  
 But, while fame elates thee,  
 O, still remember me !  
 When the praise thou meetest  
 To thine ear is sweetest,  
 O, then remember me !  
 Other arms may press thee,  
 Dearer friends caress thee,  
 All the joys that bless thee,  
 Sweeter far may be ;  
 But when friends are nearest,  
 And when joys are dearest,  
 O, then remember me !

When at eve thou rovest  
 By the star thou lovest,  
 O, then remember me !  
 Think, when home returning,  
 Bright we've seen it burning,  
 O, thus remember me !  
 Oft as summer closes,  
 On its lingering roses,  
 Once so loved by thee,  
 Think of her who wove them,  
 Her who made thee love them,  
 O, then remember me !

When, around thee dying,  
 Autumn leaves are lying,  
 O, then remember me !  
 And, at night, when gazing  
 On the gay hearth blazing,  
 O, still remember me !  
 Then should music, stealing  
 All the soul of feeling,  
 To thy heart appealing,  
 Draw one tear from thee ;  
 Then let memory bring thee  
 Strains I used to sing thee, —  
 O, then remember me !

THOMAS MOORE ("Irish Melodies").

THE BATTLE - SONG OF GUSTAVUS  
 ADOLPHUS.

[Translation.]

FEAR not, O little flock ! the foe  
 Who madly seeks your overthrow,  
 Dread not his rage and power ;  
 What though your courage sometimes fauits ?  
 His seeming triumph o'er God's saints  
 Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer ; your cause belongs  
 To Him who can avenge your wrongs,  
 Leave it to him, our Lord.  
 Though hidden now from all our eyes,  
 He sees the Gideon who shall rise  
 To save us, and his word.

As true as God's own word is true,  
 Not earth or hell with all their crew  
 Against us shall prevail.  
 A jest and by-word are they grown ;  
 God is with us, we are his own,  
 Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus ; grant our prayer !  
 Great Captain, now thine arm make bare  
 Fight for us once again !

So shall the saints and martyrs raise  
A mighty chorus to thy praise,  
World without end! Amen.

MICHAEL ALTENBURG (German).

### HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris and he ;  
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;  
"Good speed!" cried the watch as the gate-bolts  
undrew,

"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping  
through.

Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,  
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great  
pace, —

Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing  
our place;

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,  
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique  
right,

Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the  
bit,

Nor galloped-less steadily Roland a whit.

'T was a moonset at starting; but while we drew  
near

Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned  
clear;

At Boom a great yellow star came out to see ;  
At Diffeld 't was morning as plain as could be ;  
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the  
half-chime, —

So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,  
And against him the cattle stood black every  
one,

To stare through the mist at us galloping past ;  
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,  
With resolute shoulders, each butting away  
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray ;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear  
bent back

For my voice, and the other pricked out on his  
track ;

And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that  
glance

O'er its white edge at me, his own master,  
askance ;

And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye  
and anon

His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned; and cried Joris,  
"Stay spur!

Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in  
her;

We'll remember at Aix," — for one heard the  
quick wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and stag-  
gering knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,  
As down on her haunches she shuddered and  
sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,

Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the  
sky;

The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh ;  
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble  
like chaff;

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,  
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in  
sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" — and all in a mo-  
ment his roan

Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a  
stone;

And there was my Roland to bear the whole  
weight

Of the news which alone could save Aix from her  
fate,

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the  
brim,

And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let  
fall,

Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and  
all,

Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,  
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse with-  
out peer, —

Clapped my hands, laughed and sung, any noise,  
bad or good,

Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and  
stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,  
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the  
ground;

And no voice but was praising this Roland of  
mine,

As I poured down his throat our last measure of  
wine,

Which (the burgesses voted by common con-  
sent)

Was no more than his due who brought good  
news from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

## INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

## I.

You know we French stormed Ratisbon :  
 A mile or so away,  
 On a little mound, Napoleon  
 Stood on our storming-day ;  
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,  
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,  
 As if to balance the prone brow,  
 Oppressive with its mind.

## II.

Just as perhaps he mused, " My plans  
 That soar, to earth may fall,  
 Let once my army-leader Lannes  
 Waver at yonder wall," —  
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew  
 A rider, bound on bound  
 Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew  
 Until he reached the mound.

## III.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,  
 And held himself erect  
 By just his horse's mane, a boy :  
 You hardly could suspect,  
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,  
 Scarce any blood came through,)  
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast  
 Was all but shot in two.

## IV.

" Well," cried he, " Emperor, by God's grace  
 We 've got you Ratisbon !  
 The marshal 's in the market-place,  
 And you 'll be there anon  
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans  
 Where I, to heart's desire,  
 Perched him !" The chief's eye flashed ; his plans  
 Soared up again like fire.

## V.

The chief's eye flashed ; but presently  
 Softened itself, as sheathes  
 A film the mother-eagle's eye  
 When her bruised eaglet breathes :  
 " You're wounded !" " Nay," his soldier's pride  
 Touched to the quick, he said :  
 " I'm killed, sire !" And, his chief beside,  
 Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

## HOHENLINDEN.

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

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

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,  
 And furious every charger neighed,  
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,  
 Then rushed the steed to battle driven,  
 And louder than the bolts of heaven  
 Far flashed the red artillery.

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

'T is morn, but scarce you level sun  
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

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

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

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE NOBLEMAN AND THE PEN-  
SIONER.

" Old man, God bless you ! does your pipe taste  
 sweetly ?

A beauty, by my soul !  
 A red clay flower-pot, rimmed with gold so neatly !  
 What ask you for the bowl ?"

" O sir, that bowl for worlds I would not part with ;  
 A brave man gave it me,  
 Who won it—now what think you ?—of a bashaw  
 At Belgrade's victory.

" There, sir, ah ! there was booty worth the  
 showing, —  
 Long life to Prince Eugene !  
 Like after-grass you might have seen us mowing  
 The Turkish ranks down clean."

" Another time I 'll hear your story ; —  
 Come, old man, be no fool ;  
 Take these two ducats, — gold for glory, —  
 And let me have the bowl !"

"I'm a poor churl, as you may say, sir ;  
My pension 's all I'm worth :  
Yet I'd not give that bowl away, sir,  
For all the gold on earth.

"Just hear now ! Once, as we hussars, all merry,  
Hard on the foe's rear pressed,  
A blundering rascal of a janizary  
Shot through our captain's breast.

"At once across my horse I hove him, —  
The same would he have done, —  
And from the smoke and tumult drove him  
Safe to a nobleman.

"I nursed him, and, before his end, bequeathing  
His money and this bowl  
To me, he pressed my hand, just ceased his  
breathing,  
And so he died, brave soul !

"The money thou must give mine host, — so  
thought I, —  
Three plunderings suffered he :  
And, in remembrance of my old friend, brought I  
The pipe away with me.

"Henceforth in all campaigns with me I bore it,  
In flight or in pursuit ;  
It was a holy thing, sir, and I wore it  
Safe-sheltered in my boot.

"This very limb, I lost it by a shot, sir,  
Under the walls of Prague :  
First at my precious pipe, be sure, I caught, sir,  
And then picked up my leg."

"You move me even to tears, old sire :  
What was the brave man's name ?  
Tell me, that I, too, may admire,  
And venerate his fame."

"They called him only the brave Walter ;  
His farm lay near the Rhine." —  
"God bless your old eyes ! 't was my father,  
And that same farm is mine.

"Come, friend, you've seen some stormy weather,  
With me is now your bed ;  
We 'll drink of Walter's grapes together,  
And eat of Walter's bread."

"Now, — done ! I march in, then, to-morrow ;  
You 're his true heir, I see ;  
And when I die, your thanks, kind master,  
The Turkish pipe shall be."

PFEPFEL, Translation of  
CHARLES T. BROOKS.

## THE SWORD SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KÜRNER.

[Charles Theodore Kürner was a young German soldier, scholar, poet, and patriot. He was born at Dresden in the autumn of 1797, and fell in battle for his country at the early age of twenty-two. The "Sword Song," so called, was written in his pocket-book only two hours before he fell, during a halt in a wood previous to the engagement, and was read by him to a comrade just as the signal was given for battle. This bold song represents the soldier chiding his sword, which, under the image of his iron bride, is impatient to come forth from her chamber, the scabbard, and be wedded to him on the field of battle, where each soldier shall press the blade to his lips.

Kürner fell in an engagement with superior numbers near a thicket in the neighborhood of Rosenberg. He had advanced in pursuit of the flying foe too far beyond his comrades. They buried him under an old oak on the site of the battle, and carved his name on the trunk.]

SWORD, on my left side gleaming,  
What means thy bright eye's beaming ?  
It makes my spirit dance  
To see thy friendly glance.  
Hurrah !

"A valiant rider bears me ;  
A free-born German wears me :  
That makes my eye so bright ;  
That is the sword's delight."  
Hurrah !

Yes, good sword, I *am* free,  
And love thee heartily,  
And clasp thee to my side,  
E'en as a plighted bride.  
Hurrah !

"And I to thee, by Heaven,  
My light steel life have given ;  
When shall the knot be tied ?  
When wilt thou take thy bride ?"  
Hurrah !

The trumpet's solemn warning  
Shall hail the bridal morning.  
When cannon-thunders wake  
Then my true-love I take.  
Hurrah !

"O blessed, blessed meeting !  
My heart is wildly beating :  
Come, bridegroom, come for me ;  
My garland waiteth thee."  
Hurrah !

Why in the scabbard rattle,  
So wild, so fierce for battle ?  
What means this restless glow ?  
My sword, why clatter so ?  
Hurrah !

"Well may thy prisoner rattle ;  
My spirit yearns for battle.

Rider, 't is war's wild glow  
That makes me tremble so."  
Hurrah !

Stay in thy chamber near,  
My love ; what wilt thou here ?  
Still in thy chamber bide :  
Soon, soon I take my bride.  
Hurrah !

"Let me not longer wait :  
Love's garden blooms in state,  
With roses bloody-red,  
And many a bright death-bed."  
Hurrah !

Now, then, come forth, my bride !  
Come forth, thou rider's pride !  
Come out, my good sword, come !  
Forth to thy father's home !  
Hurrah !

"O, in the field to prance  
The glorious wedding dance !  
How, in the sun's bright beams,  
Bride-like the clear steel gleams !"  
Hurrah !

Then forward, valiant fighters !  
And forward, German riders !  
And when the heart grows cold,  
Let each his love infold.  
Hurrah !

Once on the left it hung,  
And stolen glances flung ;  
Now clearly on your right  
Doth God each fond bride plight.  
Hurrah !

Then let your hot lips feel  
That virgin cheek of steel ;  
One kiss, — and woe betide  
Him who forsakes the bride.  
Hurrah !

Now let the loved one sing ;  
Now let the clear blade ring,  
Till the bright spark shall fly,  
Heralds of victory !  
Hurrah !

For, hark ! the trumpet's warning  
Proclaims the marriage morning ;  
It dawns in festal pride ;  
Hurrah, thou Iron Bride !  
Hurrah !

Translation of CHARLES T. BROOKS.

## THE TURKISH CAMP.

BEFORE CORINTH.

'T is midnight : on the mountains brown  
The cold round moon shines deeply down ;  
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky  
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,  
Bespangled with those isles of light,  
So wildly, spiritually bright ;  
Who ever gazed upon them shining,  
And turned to earth without repining,  
Nor wished for wings to flee away,  
And mix with their eternal ray ?  
The waves on either shore lay there,  
Calm, clear, and azure as the air :  
And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,  
But murmured meekly as the brook.  
The winds were pillowed on the waves ;  
The banners drooped along their staves,  
And, as they fell around them furling,  
Above them shone the crescent curling ;  
And that deep silence was unbroke,  
Save where the watch his signal spoke,  
Save where the steed neighed oft and shrill,  
And echo answered from the hill,  
And the wide hum of that wild host  
Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,  
As rose the Muezzin's voice in air  
In midnight call to wanted prayer ;  
It rose, that chanted mournful strain,  
Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain :  
'T was musical, but sadly sweet,  
Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,  
And take a long unmeasured tone,  
To mortal minstrelsy unknown.  
It seemed to those within the wall  
A cry prophetic of their fall :  
It struck even the beaeger's ear  
With something ominous and drear,  
An undefined and sudden thrill,  
Which makes the heart a moment still,  
Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed  
Of that strange sense its silence framed ;  
Such as a sudden passing-bell  
Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell.

BYRON.

## WATERLOO.

FROM "CHILDE HAROLD."

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gathered then  
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;  
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when



Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;  
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising  
knell !

Did ye not hear it ? — No ; 't was but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;  
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined !  
No sleep till morn when Youth and Pleasure  
meet

To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet, —  
But, hark ! — that heavy sound breaks in once  
more,

As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !

Arm ! arm ! it is — it is — the cannon's opening  
roar !

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

He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting,  
fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale which but an hour ago  
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking  
sighs

Which ne'er might be repeated : who would  
guess

If evermore should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could  
rise !

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

And wild and high the " Cameron's gathering "  
rose,

The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills

Have heard, — and heard, too, have her Saxon  
foes :

How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills  
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which  
fills

Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
With the fierce native daring which instils  
The stirring memory of a thousand years,  
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clans-  
man's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green  
leaves,

Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave, — alas !

Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,

And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold  
and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,  
The morn the marshalling in arms, — the day  
Battle's magnificently stern array !

The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when  
rent

The earth is covered thick with other clay,  
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and  
pent,

Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one red  
burial blent !

Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than  
mine ;

Yet one I would select from that proud throng,  
Partly because they blend me with his line,  
And partly that I did his sire some wrong,  
And partly that bright names will hallow song !  
And his was of the bravest, and when showered  
The death-bolts deadliest the thinned files  
along,

Even where the thickest of war's tempest  
lowered,

They reached no nobler breast than thine, young,  
gallant Howard !

There have been tears and breaking hearts for  
thee,

And mine were nothing, had I such to give ;  
But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,  
Which living waves where thou didst cease to  
live,

And saw around me the wide field revive  
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring  
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,

With all her reckless birds upon the wing,  
I turned from all she brought to those she could  
not bring.

I turned to thee, to thousands, of whom each  
And one as all a ghastly gap did make  
In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach  
Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake ;  
The Archangel's trump, not glory's, must awake  
Those whom they thirst for ; though the sound  
of Fame

May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake  
The fever of vain longing, and the name  
So honored but assumes a stronger, bitterer claim.

They mourn, but smile at length ; and, smiling,  
mourn :

The tree will wither long before it fall ;  
The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn ;  
The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall  
In massy hoariness ; the ruined wall  
Stands when its wind-worn battlements are  
gone ;

The bars survive the captive they intrall ;  
The day drags through though storms keep out  
the sun ;

And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on ;

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass  
In every fragment multiplies, and makes  
A thousand images of one that was  
The same, and still the more, the more it breaks ;  
And thus the heart will do which not forsakes,  
Living in shattered guise, and still, and cold,  
And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches,  
Yet withers on till all without is old,  
Showing no visible sign, for such things are untold.

BYRON.

### THE CHARGE AT WATERLOO.

On came the whirlwind, — like the last  
But fiercest sweep of tempest-blast ;  
On came the whirlwind, — steel-gleams broke  
Like lightning through the rolling smoke ;

The war was waked anew.

Three hundred cannon-months roared loud,  
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,  
Their showers of iron threw.

Beneath their fire, in full career,  
Rushed on the ponderous cuirassier,  
The lancer couched his ruthless spear,  
And, hurrying as to havoc near,

The cohorts' eagles flew.

In one dark torrent, broad and strong,  
The advancing onset rolled along,  
Forth harbingered by fierce acclaim,

That, from the shroud of smoke and flame,  
Pealed wildly the imperial name.  
But on the British heart were lost  
The terrors of the charging host ;  
For not an eye the storm that viewed  
Changed its proud glance of fortitude,  
Nor was one forward footstep stayed,  
As dropped the dying and the dead.  
Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,  
Fast they renewed each serried square ;  
And on the wounded and the slain  
Closed their diminished files again,  
Till from their lines scarce spears' lengths three,  
Emerging from the smoke they see  
Helmet and plume and panoply.

Then waked their fire at once !  
Each musketeer's revolving knell  
As fast, as regularly fell,  
As when they practise to display  
Their discipline on festal day.

Then down went helm and lance,  
Down were the eagle-banners sent,  
Down reeling steeds and riders went,  
Corselets were pierced and pennons rent ;

And, to augment the fray,  
Wheeled full against their staggering flanks,  
The English horsemen's foaming ranks  
Forced their resistless way.

Then to the musket-knell succeeds  
The clash of swords, the neigh of steeds ;  
As plies the smith his clanging trade,  
Against the cuirass rang the blade ;  
And while amid their close array  
The well-served cannon rent their way,  
And while amid their scattered band  
Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,  
Recoiled in common rout and fear  
Lancer and guard and cuirassier,  
Horsemen and foot, — a mingled host, —  
Their leaders fallen, their standards lost.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### THE MARCH TO MOSCOW.

The Emperor Nap he would set out  
For a summer excursion to Moscow ;  
The fields were green and the sky was blue ;  
Morbleu ! Parbleu !

What a pleasant excursion to Moscow !

Four hundred thousand men and more,  
Heigh-ho, for Moscow !  
There were marshals by dozens and dukes by the  
score,

Princes a few, and kings one or two,  
While the fields are so green and the sky so blue,  
Morbleu ! Parbleu !

What a pleasant excursion to Moscow !

There was Junot and Augereau,  
 Heigh-ho, for Moscow !  
 Dombrowsky and Poniatowsky,  
 General Rapp and Emperor Nap,  
 Nothing would do,  
 While the fields were so green and the sky so blue,  
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !  
 But they must be marched to Moscow.

But the Russians they stoutly turned to,  
 All on the road to Moscow,  
 Nap had to fight his way all through,  
 They could fight, but they could not parley-vous,  
 But the fields were green, and the sky was blue,  
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !  
 And so he got to Moscow.

They made the place too hot for him,  
 For they set fire to Moscow ;  
 To get there had cost him much ado,  
 And then no better course he knew,  
 While the fields were green and the sky was blue,  
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !  
 Than to march back again from Moscow.

The Russians they stuck close to him,  
 All on the road from Moscow ;  
 There was Tormazow and Gomalow,  
 And all the others that end in *ow* ;  
 Rajesky and Noverefsky,  
 And all the others that end in *efsky* ;  
 Schamscheff, Souchosaneff, and Schepeleff,  
 And all the others that end in *eff* ;  
 Wasiltschecoff, Kostomaroff, and Theogloloff,  
 And all the others that end in *off* ;  
 Milaravoditch, and Juladovitch, and Karatch-  
 kowitch,  
 And all the others that end in *itch* ;  
 Oscharoffsky, and Rostoffsky, Kasatichkoffsky,  
 And all the others that end in *offsky* ;  
 And Platoff he played them off,  
 And Markoff he marked them off,  
 And Tutchkoff he touched them off,  
 And Kutusoff he cut them off,  
 And Woronzoff he worried them off,  
 And Dochteroff he doctored them off,  
 And Rodinoff he flogged them off ;  
 And last of all an Admiral came,  
 A terrible man, with a terrible name,  
 A name which you all must know very well,  
 Nobody can speak, and nobody can spell.

They stuck close to Nap with all their might,  
 They were on the left and on the right,  
 Behind and before, and by day and by night ;  
 Nap would rather parley-vous than fight ;  
 But parley-vous would no more do,  
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !  
 For they remembered Moscow !

And then came on the frost and snow,  
 All on the road from Moscow !  
 The Emperor Nap found, as he went,  
 That he was not quite omnipotent ;  
 And worse and worse the weather grew,  
 The fields were so white and the sky so blue,  
 Morbleu ! Ventrehleu !  
 What a terrible journey from Moscow !

The devil take the hindmost,  
 All on the road from Moscow !  
 Quoth Nap, who thought it small delight,  
 To fight all day and to freeze all night ;  
 And so, not knowing what else to do,  
 When the fields were so white and the sky so blue,  
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !  
 He stole away, I tell you true,  
 All by himself from Moscow.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

## RODERICK IN BATTLE.

FROM "RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs."

With that he fell upon the old man's neck ;  
 Then vaulted in the saddle, gave the reins,  
 And soon rejoined the host. On, comrades, on !  
 Victory and Vengeance ! he exclaimed, and took  
 The lead on that good charge, he alone  
 Horsed for the onset. They, with one consent,  
 Gave all their voices to the inspiring cry,  
 Victory and Vengeance ! and the hills and rocks  
 Caught the prophetic shout and rolled it round.  
 Count Pedro's people heard amid the heat  
 Of battle, and returned the glad acclaim.  
 The astonished Mussulmen, on all sides charged,  
 Heard that tremendous cry ; yet manfully  
 They stoed, and everywhere, with gallant front,  
 Opposed in fair array the shock of war.  
 Desperately they fought, like men expert in arms,  
 And knowing that no safety could be found  
 Save from their own right hands. No former day  
 Of all his long career had seen their chief  
 Approved so well ; nor had Witiza's sons  
 Ever before this hour achieved in fight  
 Such feats of resolute valor. Sisibert  
 Beheld Pelayo in the field afoot,  
 And twice essayed beneath his horse's feet  
 To thrust him down. Twice did the prince evade  
 The shock, and twice upon his shield received  
 The fratricidal sword. Tempt me no more,  
 Son of Witiza, cried the indignant chief,  
 Lest I forget what mother gave thee birth !  
 Go meet thy death from any hand but mine !  
 He said, and turned aside. Fittest from me !  
 Exclaimed a dreadful voice, as through the throng  
 Orelio forced his way : fittest from me  
 Receive the rightful death too long withheld !

T is Roderick strikes the blow! And as he spake,  
 Upon the traitor's shoulder fierce he drove  
 The weapon, well bestowed. He in the seat  
 Tottered and fell. The avenger hastened on  
 In search of Ebba; and in the heat of fight  
 Rejoicing, and forgetful of all else,  
 Set up his cry, as he was wont in youth, —  
 Roderick the Goth! — his war-cry known so  
 well.

Pelayo eagerly took up the word,  
 And shouted out his kinsman's name beloved, —  
 Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Victory!  
 Roderick and Vengeance! Odour gave it forth;  
 Urban repeated it, and through his ranks  
 Count Pedro sent the cry. Not from the field  
 Of his great victory, when Witiza fell,  
 With louder acclamations had that name  
 Been borne abroad upon the winds of heaven.  
 The unreflecting throng, who yesterday,  
 If it had passed their lips, would with a curse  
 Have clogged it, echoed it as if it came  
 From some celestial voice in the air, revealed  
 To be the certain pledge of all their hopes.  
 Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Victory!  
 Roderick and Vengeance! O'er the field it  
 spread,

All hearts and tongues uniting in the cry;  
 Mountains and rocks and vales re-echoed round;  
 And he, rejoicing in his strength, rode on,  
 Laying on the Moors with that good sword, and  
 smote,

And overthrew, and scattered, and destroyed,  
 And trampled down; and still at every blow  
 Exulting he sent the war-cry forth,  
 Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Victory!  
 Roderick and Vengeance!

Thus he made his way,  
 Smiting and slaying, through the astonished  
 ranks,

Till he beheld, where, on a fiery barb,  
 Ebba, performing well a soldier's part,  
 Dealt to the right and left his deadly blows.  
 With mutual rage they met. The renegade  
 Displays a cimeter, the splendid gift  
 Of Walid from Damascus sent; its hilt  
 Embossed with gems, its blade of perfect steel,  
 Which, like a mirror sparkling to the sun  
 With dazzling splendor, flashed. The Goth ob-  
 jects

His shield, and on its rim received the edge  
 Driven from its aim aside, and of its force  
 Diminished. Many a frustrate stroke was dealt  
 On either part, and many a foin and thrust  
 Aimed and rebated; many a deadly blow,  
 Straight or reverse, delivered and repelled.  
 Roderick at length with better speed hath reached  
 The apostate's turban, and through all its folds

The true Cantabrian weapon making way  
 Attained his forehead. "Wretch!" the avenger  
 cried,

"It comes from Roderick's hand! Roderick the  
 Goth!

Who spared, who trusted thee, and was be-  
 trayed!

Go tell thy father now how thou hast sped  
 With all thy treasons!" Saying thus, he seized  
 The miserable, who, blinded now with blood,  
 Reeled in the saddle; and with sidelong step  
 Backing Orello, drew him to the ground.  
 He shrieking, as beneath the horse's feet  
 He fell, forgot his late-learned creed, and called  
 On Mary's name. The dreadful Goth passed on,  
 Still plunging through the thickest war, and still  
 Scattering, where'er he turned, the affrighted  
 ranks.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

#### THE LORD OF BUTRAGO.

"YOUR horse is faint, my King, my lord!  
 your gallant horse is sick, —

His limbs are torn, his breast is gored, on his  
 eye the film is thick;

Mount, mount on mine, O, mount apace, I pray  
 thee, mount and fly!

Or in my arms I'll lift your Grace, — their  
 trampling hoofs are nigh!

"My King, my King! you're wounded sore,  
 — the blood runs from your feet;

But only lay a hand before, and I'll lift you to  
 your seat;

Mount, Juan, for they gather fast! — I hear  
 their coming cry, —

Mount, mount, and ride for jeopardy, — I'll save  
 you though I die!

"Stand, noble steed! this hour of need, — be  
 gentle as a lamb;

I'll kiss the foam from off thy mouth, — thy  
 master dear I am, —

Mount, Juan, mount; whate'er betide, away the  
 bridle fling,

And plunge the rowels in his side. — My horse  
 shall save my King!

"Nay, never speak; my sires, Lord King, re-  
 ceived their land from yours,

And joyfully their blood shall spring, so be it  
 thine secures;

If I should fly, and thou, my King, be found  
 among the dead,

How could I stand 'mong gentlemen, such scorn  
 on my gray head?

“Castile’s proud dames shall never point the  
finger of disdain,  
And say there’s one that ran away when our  
good lords were slain !  
I leave Diego in your care, — you’ll fill his  
father’s place ;  
Strike, strike the spur, and never spare, — God’s  
blessing on your Grace !”

So spake the brave Montanez, Butrago’s lord was  
he ;  
And turned him to the coming host in steadfast-  
ness and glee ;  
He flung himself among them, as they came  
down the hill, —  
He died, God wot ! but not before his sword had  
drunk its fill.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

### HUDIBRAS’ SWORD AND DAGGER.

His puissant sword unto his side  
Near his undaunted heart was tied,  
With basket hilt that would hold broth,  
And serve for fight and dinner both.  
In it he melted lead for bullets  
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,  
To whom he bore so fell a grutch  
He ne’er gave quarter to any such.  
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,  
For want of fighting was grown rusty,  
And ate into itself, for lack  
Of somebody to hew and haek.  
The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt,  
The rancor of its edge had felt ;  
For of the lower end two handful  
It had devoured, it was so manful ;  
And so much scorned to lurk in ease,  
As if it durst not show its face.

This sword a dagger had, his page,  
That was but little for his age,  
And therefore waited on him so  
As dwarfs unto knight-errants do.  
It was a serviceable dudgeon,  
Either for fighting or for drudging.  
When it had stabbed or broke a head,  
It would scrape trenchers or chip bread,  
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were  
To bait a mouse-trap ’t would not care ;  
’T would make clean shoes, and in the earth  
Set leeks and onions, and so forth :  
It had been ’prentice to a brewer,  
Where this and more it did endure ;  
But left the trade, as many more  
Have lately done on the same score.

DR. SAMUEL BUTLER.

### MALBROUCK.

MALBROUCK, the prince of commanders,  
Is gone to the war in Flanders ;  
His fame is like Alexander’s ;  
But when will he come home ?

Perhaps at Trinity feast ; or  
Perhaps he may come at Easter.  
Egad ! he had better make haste, or  
We fear he may never come.

For Trinity feast is over,  
And has brought no news from Dover ;  
And Easter is past, moreover,  
And Malbrouck still delays.

Milady in her watch-tower  
Spends many a pensive hour,  
Not knowing why or how her  
Dear lord from England stays.

While sitting quite forlorn in  
That tower, she spies returning  
A page clad in deep mourning,  
With fainting steps and slow.

“O page, prithee, come faster !  
What news do you bring of your master ?  
I fear there is some disaster, —  
Your looks are so full of woe.”

“The news I bring, fair lady,”  
With sorrowful accent said he,  
“Is one you are not ready  
So soon, alas ! to hear.

“But since to speak I’m hurried,”  
Added this page quite flurried,  
“Malbrouck is dead and buried !”  
— And here he shed a tear.

“He’s dead ! he’s dead as a herring !  
For I beheld his berring,  
And four officers transferring  
His corpse away from the field.

“One officer carried his sabre ;  
And he carried it not without labor,  
Much envying his next neighbor,  
Who only bore a shield.

“The third was helmet-bearer, —  
That helmet which on its wearer  
Filled all who saw with terror,  
And covered a hero’s brains.

“Now, having got so far, I  
Find that — by the Lord Harry ! —  
The fourth is left nothing to carry ; —  
So there the thing remains.”

ANONYMOUS (French). Translation  
of MAHONY.

## THE BROADSWORDS OF SCOTLAND.

Now there's peace on the shore, now there's calm  
on the sea,  
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us  
free,  
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and  
Dundee.

*O the broadswords of old Scotland!  
And O the old Scottish broadswords!*

Old Sir Ralph Abercromby, the good and the  
brave, —  
Let him flee from our board, let him sleep with  
the slave,  
Whose libation comes slow while we honor his  
grave.

*O the broadswords of old Scotland! etc.*

Though he died not, like him, amid victory's  
roar,  
Though disaster and gloom wove his shroud on  
the shore,  
Not the less we remember the spirit of Moore.

*O the broadswords of old Scotland! etc.*

Yea, a place with the fallen the living shall claim;  
We'll intertwine in one wreath every glorious name,  
The Gordon, the Ramsay, the Hope, and the  
Graham,

*All the broadswords of old Scotland! etc.*

Count the rocks of the Spey, count the groves of  
the Forth,  
Count the stars in the clear, cloudless heaven of  
the north;  
Then go-blazon their numbers, their names, and  
their worth,

*All the broadswords of old Scotland! etc.*

The highest in splendor, the humblest in place,  
Stand united in glory, as kindred in race,  
For the private is brother in blood to his Grace.

*O the broadswords of old Scotland! etc.*

Then sacred to each and to all let it be,  
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us  
free,

Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and  
Dundee.

*O the broadswords of old Scotland! etc.*

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

## MONTEREY.

WE were not many, — we who stood  
Before the iron sleet that day;  
Yet many a gallant spirit would

Give half his years if but he could  
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed  
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,  
Yet not a single soldier quailed  
When wounded comrades round them wailed  
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on, still on our column kept,  
Through walls of flame, its withering way;  
Where fell the dead, the living slept,  
Still charging on the guns which swept  
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,  
When, striking where he strongest lay,  
We swooped his flanking batteries past,  
And, braving full their murderous blast,  
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,  
And there our evening bugles play;  
Where orange boughs above their grave,  
Keep green the memory of the brave  
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many, — we who pressed  
Beside the brave who fell that day;  
But who of us has not confessed  
He'd rather share their warrior rest  
Than not have been at Monterey?

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

## BALAKLAVA.

O THE charge at Balaklava!  
O that rash and fatal charge!  
Never was a fiercer, braver,  
Than that charge at Balaklava,  
On the battle's bloody marge!  
All the day the Russian columns,  
Fortress huge, and blazing banks,  
Poured their dread destructive volumes  
On the French and English ranks, —  
On the gallant allied ranks!  
Earth and sky seemed rent asunder  
By the loud incessant thunder!  
When a strange but stern command —  
Needless, heedless, rash command —  
Came to Lucan's little band, —  
Scarce six hundred men and horses  
Of those vast contending forces: —  
"England's lost unless you save her!  
Charge the pass at Balaklava!"  
O that rash and fatal charge,  
On the battle's bloody marge!

Far away the Russian Eagles  
 Soar o'er smoking hill and dell,  
 And their hordes, like howling beagles,  
 Dense and countless, round them yell !  
 Thundering cannon, deadly mortar,  
 Sweep the field in every quarter !  
 Never, since the days of Jesna,  
 Trembled so the Chersonesus !  
 Here behold the Gallic Lilies —  
 Stout St. Louis' golden Lilies —  
 Float as erst at old Ramillies !  
 And beside them, lo ! the Lion !  
 With her trophied Cross, is flying !  
 Glorious standards ! — shall they waver  
 On the field of Balaklava ?  
 No, by Heavens ! at that command —  
 Sudden, rash, but stern command —  
 Charges Lucan's little band !  
 Brave Six Hundred ! lo ! they charge,  
 On the battle's bloody marge !

Down yon deep and skirted valley,  
 Where the crowded cannon play, —  
 Where the Czar's fierce cohorts rally,  
 Cossack, Calmuck, savage Kalli, —  
 Down that gorge they swept away !  
 Down that new Thermopylae,  
 Flashing swords and helmets see !  
 Underneath the iron shower,  
 To the brazen cannon's jaws,  
 Heedless of their deadly power,  
 Press they without fear or pause, —  
 To the very cannon's jaws !  
 Gallant Nolan, brave as Roland  
 At the field of Roncesvalles,  
 Dashes down the fatal valley,  
 Dashes on the bolt of death,  
 Shouting with his latest breath,  
 "Charge, then, gallants ! do not waver,  
 Charge the pass at Balaklava !"  
 O that rash and fatal charge,  
 On the battle's bloody marge !

Now the bolts of volleyed thunder  
 Rend that little band asunder,  
 Steed and rider wildly acreamng,  
 Screaming wildly, sink away ;  
 Late so proudly, proudly gleaming,  
 Now but lifeless clods of clay, —  
 Now but bleeding clods of clay !  
 Never, since the days of Jesus,  
 Saw such sight the Chersonesus !  
 Yet your remnant, brave Six Hundred,  
 Presses onward, onward, onward,  
 Till they storm the bloody pass, —  
 Till, like brave Leonidas,  
 They storm the deadly pass !  
 Sabring Cossack, Calmuck, Kalli,  
 In that wild shot-rended valley, —

Drenched with fire and blood, like lava,  
 Awful pass at Balaklava !  
 O that rash and fatal charge,  
 On that battle's bloody marge !

For now Russia's rallied forces,  
 Swarming hordes of Cossack horses,  
 Trampling o'er the reeking corpses,  
 Drive the thinned assailants back,  
 Drive the feeble remnant back,  
 O'er their late heroic track !  
 Vain, alas ! now rent and sundered,  
 Vain your struggles, brave Two Hundred !  
 Thrice your number lie asleep,  
 In that valley dark and deep.  
 Weak and wounded you retire  
 From that hurricane of fire, —  
 That tempestuous storm of fire, —  
 But no soldiers, firmer, braver,  
 Ever trod the field of fame,  
 Than the Knights of Balaklava, —  
 Honor to each hero's name !  
 Yet their country long shall mourn  
 For her rank so rashly shorn, —  
 So gallantly, but madly shorn  
 In that fierce and fatal charge,  
 On the battle's bloody marge.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

#### DEATH OF ARTHUR.

So all day long the noise of battle rolled  
 Among the mountains by the winter sea ;  
 Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,  
 Had fallen in Lyonesse about their lord,  
 King Arthur : then, because his wound was deep,  
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,  
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,  
 A broken chancel with a broken cross,  
 That stood on a dark strait of barren land.  
 On one side lay the Ocean, and on one  
 Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :  
 "The sequel of to-day unsolders all  
 The goodliest fellowship of famous knights  
 Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep  
 They sleep — the men I loved. I think that we  
 Shall nevermore, at any future time,  
 Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,  
 Walking about the gardens and the halls  
 Of Camelot, as in the days that were.  
 I perish by this people which I made, —  
 Though Merlin aware that I should come again  
 To rule once more ; but let what will be, be.  
 I am so deeply smitten through the helm  
 That without help I cannot last till morn.  
 Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,

Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how  
 In those old days, one summer noon, an arm  
 Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,  
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
 Holding the sword — and how I rowed across  
 And took it, and have worn it, like a king ;  
 And, wheresoever I am sung or told  
 In after-time, this also shall be known :  
 But now delay not : take Excalibur,  
 And fling him far into the middle mere :  
 Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me  
 word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :  
 "It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,  
 Aidless, alone, and smitten through the helm —  
 A little thing may harm a wounded man ;  
 Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,  
 Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruined shrine he stept  
 And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,  
 Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,  
 Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang  
 Shri11, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping  
 down

By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,  
 Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur  
 And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,  
 Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth  
 And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt :  
 For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,  
 Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work  
 Of subtlest jewelry. He gazed so long  
 That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood,  
 This way and that dividing the swift mind,  
 In act to throw : but at the last it seemed  
 Better to leave Excalibur concealed  
 There in the many-knotted water-flags,  
 That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.  
 So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :  
 "Hast thou performed my mission which I gave?  
 What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :  
 "I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,  
 And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale :  
 "Thou hast betrayed thy nature and thy name,  
 Not rendering true answer, as besemed  
 Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight :  
 For surer sign had followed, either hand,  
 Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.  
 This is a shameful thing for men to lie.

Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again,  
 As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing  
 I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time  
 Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,  
 Counting the dewy pebbles, fixed in thought ;  
 But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,  
 How curiously and strangely chased, he smote  
 His palms together, and he cried aloud :—

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,  
 Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,  
 Should thus be lost forever from the earth,  
 Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.  
 What good should follow this, if this were done ?  
 What harm, undone ? deep harm to dischey,  
 Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.  
 Were it well to obey then, if a king demand  
 An act unprofitable, against himself ?  
 The King is sick, and knows not what he does.  
 What record, or what relic of my lord  
 Should be to after-time, but empty breath  
 And rumors of a doubt ? but were this kept,  
 Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,  
 Some one might show it at a joust of arms,  
 Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,  
 Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.  
 Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps  
 Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'  
 So might some old man speak in the after-time  
 To all the people, winning reverence.  
 But now much honor and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,  
 And hid Excalibur the second time,  
 And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily :  
 "What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :  
 "I heard the water lapping on the crag,  
 And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :  
 "Al, miserable and unkind, untrue,  
 Unknightly, traitor-hearted ! Woe is me !  
 Authority forgets a dying king,  
 Laid widowed of the power in his eye  
 That bowed the will. I see thee what thou art,  
 For thou, the latest-left of all my knights  
 In whom should meet the offices of all,  
 Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt ;  
 Either from lust of gold, or like a girl  
 Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.  
 Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,  
 And the third time may prosper, get thee hence :  
 But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,  
 I will arise and slay thee with my hands."



Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,  
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged  
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutched the sword,  
And strongly wheeled and threw it. The great  
brand

Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,  
And flashing round and round, and whirled in an  
arch,

Shot like a steamer of the northern morn,  
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock  
By night, with noises of the northern sea.

So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur :

But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
And caught him by the hilt, and brandished him  
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.  
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker  
breath :

"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.  
Speak out : what is it thou hast heard, or seen ?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :

"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems  
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,  
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,  
Not though I live three lives of mortal men,  
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.  
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;  
But when I looked again, behold an arm,  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
That caught him by the hilt, and brandished him  
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :

"My end draws nigh ; 't is time that I were gone.  
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,  
And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear  
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,  
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,  
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes  
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere  
Remorsefully regarded through his tears,  
And would have spoken, but he found not words ;  
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,  
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,  
And rising bore him through the place of tombs.

But, as he walked, King Arthur panted hard,  
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed  
When all the house is mute. So sighed the King,  
Muttering and murmuring at his ear "Quick,  
quick !

I fear it is too late, and I shall die."

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,

Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walked,  
Larger than human on the frozen hills.

He heard the deep behind him, and a cry  
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.  
Dry clashed his harness in the icy caves  
And barren chasms, and all to left and right  
The bare black cliff elanged round him, as he based  
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang  
Sharp-smitten with the dint of arméd heels —  
And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake,  
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,  
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,  
Beneath them ; and descending they were ware  
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,  
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream, — by  
these

Three Queens with crowns of gold, — and from  
them rose

A cry that shivered to the tingling stars,  
And, as it were one voice, an agony  
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills  
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,  
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmured Arthur, "Place me in the  
barge" ;

So to the barge they came. There those three  
Queens

Put forth their hands, and took the King, and  
wept.

But she that rose the tallest of them all,  
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,  
And loosed the shattered casque, and chafed his  
hands,

And called him by his name, complaining loud,  
And dropping bitter tears against his brow  
Striped with dark blood : for all his face was  
white

And colorless, and like the withered moon  
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east ;  
And all his greaves and cuisses dashed with drops  
Of onset ; and the light and lustrous curls —  
That made his forehead like a rising sun  
High from the dais-throne — were parched with  
dust ;

Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,  
Mixed with the knightly growth that fringed  
his lips.

So like a shattered column lay the King ;  
Not like that Arthur, who, with lance in rest,  
From spur to plume a star of tournament,  
Shot through the lists at Camelot, and charged  
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere :

"Ah ! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?  
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?

For now I see the true old times are dead,  
 When every morning brought a noble chance,  
 And every chance brought out a noble knight.  
 Such times have been not since the light that led  
 The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.  
 But now the whole Round Table is dissolved  
 Which was an image of the mighty world ;  
 And I, the last, go forth companionless,  
 And the days darken round me, and the years,  
 Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :  
 " The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
 And God fulfils himself in many ways,  
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.  
 Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?  
 I have lived my life, and that which I have done  
 May He within himself make pure ! but thou,  
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,  
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by  
 prayer  
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy  
 voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
 For what are men better than sheep or goats  
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
 Both for themselves and those who call them  
 friend ?

For so the whole round earth is every way  
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.  
 But now farewell. I am going a long way  
 With these thou seest, — if indeed I go  
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt) —  
 To the island-valley of Avilion ;  
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
 Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies  
 Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns  
 And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,  
 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail  
 Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted  
 swan,

That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,  
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood  
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere  
 Revolving many memories, till the hull  
 Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,  
 And on the mere the wailing died away.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### THE SALLY OF THE CID FROM THE CASTLE OF ALCOCES.

FROM "THE POEM OF THE CID."

THEY fain would sally forth, but he, the noble Cid,  
 Accounted it as rashness, and constantly forbid.

The fourth week was beginning, the third already  
 past,

The Cid and his companions they are now agreed  
 at last.

"The water is cut off, the bread is wellnigh  
 spent,

To allow us to depart by night the Moors will  
 not consent ;

To combat with them in the field our numbers  
 are but few ;

Gentlemen, tell me your minds ; what do you  
 think to do ?"

Minaya Alvar Fañez answered him again :

"We are come here from fair Castile to live like  
 banished men ;

There are here six hundred of us, beside some  
 nine or ten.

It is by fighting with the Moors that we have  
 earned our bread ;

In the name of God that made us, let nothing  
 more be said,

Let us sally forth upon them by the dawn of  
 day."

The Cid replied, "Minaya, I approve of what  
 you say,

You have spoken for the best, and had done so  
 without doubt."

The Moors that were within the town they took  
 and turned them out,

That none should know their secret ; they  
 labored all that night ;

They were ready for the combat with the morning  
 light.

The Cid was in his armor mounted at their head ;  
 He spoke aloud amongst them ; you shall hear  
 the words he said :

"We must all sally forth ! There cannot a man  
 be spared,

Two footmen only at the gates to close them and  
 keep guard ;

If we are slain in battle, they will bury us here  
 in peace,

If we survive and conquer, our riches will increase.  
 And you, Pero Bermuez, the standard you must  
 bear ;

Advance it like a valiant man, evenly and fair,  
 But do not venture forward before. I give com-  
 mand."

Bermuez took the standard, he went and kist  
 his hand.

The gates were then thrown open, and forth at  
 once they rushed.

The outposts of the Moorish host back to the  
 camp were pushed ;

The camp was all in tumult, and there was such  
 a thunder

Of cymbals and of drums, as if earth would  
 cleave in sunder.

There you might see the Moors arming them-  
selves in haste,  
And the two main battles how they were forming  
fast ;  
Horsemen and footmen mixt, a countless troop  
and vast.  
The Moors are moving forward, the battle soon  
must join.  
"My men, stand here in order, ranged upon a line !  
Let not a man move from his rank before I give  
the sign."  
Pero Bermuez heard the word, but he could not  
refrain.  
He held the banner in his hand, he gave his  
horse the rein ;  
"You see yon foremost squadron there, the  
thickest of the foes,  
Noble Cid, God be your aid, for there your banner  
goes !  
Let him that serves and honors it show the duty  
that he owes."  
Earnestly the Cid called out, "For Heaven's sake,  
be still !"  
Bermuez cried, "I cannot hold," so eager was his  
will.  
He spurred his horse and drove him on amid the  
Moorish rout ;  
They strove to win the banner, and compast him  
about ;  
Had not his armor been so true, he had lost  
either life or limb.  
The Cid called out again, "For Heaven's sake,  
succor him !"  
Their shields before their breasts, forth at once  
they go,  
Their lances in the rest levelled fair and low,  
Their banners and their crests waving in a row,  
Their heads all stooping down toward the saddle-  
bow.  
The Cid was in the midst, his shout was heard  
afar,  
"I am Rui Diaz, the Champion of Bivar ;  
Strike amongst them, gentlemen, for sweet  
mercy's sake !"  
There where Bermuez fought amidst the foe they  
brake,  
Three hundred bannered knights, — it was a  
gallant show :  
Three hundred Moors they killed, a man with  
every blow ;  
When they wheeled and turned, as many more  
lay slain,  
You might see them raise their lances and level  
them again ;  
There you might see the breastplates, how they  
were cleft in twain,

And many a Moorish shield lie shattered on the  
plain,  
The pennons 'that were white marked with a  
crimson stain,  
The horses running wild whose riders had been  
slain.  
The Christians call upon St. James, the Moors  
upon Mahound, —  
There were thirteen hundred of them slain on a  
little spot of ground.  
Minaya Alvar Fañez smote with all his might,  
He went as he was wont, and was foremost in the  
fight ;  
There was Galin Garcia, of courage firm and  
clear ;  
Felez Munioz, the Cid's own cousin dear ;  
Antolinez of Burgos, a hardy knight and keen,  
Munio Gustioz, his pupil that had been ;  
The Cid on his gilded saddle above them all was  
seen ;  
There was Martin Munioz that ruled in Mont-  
mayor ;  
There were Alvar Fañez and Alvar Salvador ; —  
These were the followers of the Cid, with many  
others more,  
In rescue of Bermuez and the standard that he  
bore.  
Minaya is dismounted, his courser has been slain,  
He fights upon his feet, and smites with might  
and main.  
The Cid came all in haste to help him to horse again.  
He saw a Moor well mounted, thereof he was  
full fain ;  
Through the girdle at a stroke he cast him to the  
plain ;  
He called to Minaya Fañez and reached him out the  
rein,  
"Mount and ride, Minaya, you are my right hand ;  
We shall have need of you to-day, these Moors  
will not disband !"  
Minaya leapt upon the horse, his sword was in  
his hand,  
Nothing that came near him could resist him or  
withstand ;  
All that fall within his reach he despatches as  
he goes.  
The Cid rode to King Fariz, and struck at him  
three blows ;  
The third was far the best, it forced the blood to  
flow :  
The stream ran from his side, and stained his  
arms below ;  
The King caught round the rein, and turned his  
back to go.  
The Cid has won the battle with that single blow.

By an anonymous translator in the appendix to SOUTHWAY'S  
translation of "The Chronicle of the Cid."

The Mother who conceals her grief  
While to her breast her son she presses,  
Then breathes a few brave words and sighs,  
Kissing the parent-brow she blesses, -  
With no one but her secret God,  
To know the pain that weighs upon her,  
Sheds holy blood as is the seed  
Received on Freedom's field of honor.

S. Buchanan and Puff



POEMS OF TEMPERANCE AND LABOR.



O'leena me stole, as I have ever been  
The steadfast lover of my fellow man,  
My weak nob, true of holy liberty;  
My crime thee with that all mankind are  
Free not by blood redeemed but not by crime;  
Each fellow broken, but in God's own time!

John G. Whittier

# POEMS OF TEMPERANCE AND LABOR.

## MORAL COSMETICS.

YE who would have your features florid,  
Lithe limbs, bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead,  
From age's devastation horrid,

Adopt this plan, —  
'T will make, in climate cold or torrid,  
A hale old man.

Avoid in youth luxurious diet,  
Restrain the passions' lawless riot ;  
Devoted to domestic quiet,  
Be wisely gay ;  
So shall ye, spite of age's fiat,  
Resist decay.

Seek not in Mammon's worship pleasure,  
But find your richest, dearest treasure  
In God, his word, his work, not leisure :  
The mind, not sense,  
Is the sole scale by which to measure  
Your opulence.

This is the solace, this the science,  
Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance,  
That disappoints not man's reliance,  
Whate'er his state ;  
But challenges, with calm defiance,  
Time, fortune, fate.

HORACE SMITH.

## ADVICE.

TAKE the open air,  
The more you take the better ;  
Follow Nature's laws  
To the very letter.  
Let the doctors go  
To the Bay of Biscay,  
Let alone the gin,  
The brandy, and the whiskey.  
Freely exercise,  
Keep your spirits cheerful ;  
Let no dread of sickness  
Make you ever fearful.

Eat the simplest food,  
Drink the pure, cold water,  
Then you will be well,  
Or at least you ought to.

ANONYMOUS.

## A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

MAY the Babylonish curse  
Straight confound my stammering verse,  
If I can a passage see  
In this word-perplexity,  
Or a fit expression find,  
Or a language to my mind  
(Still the phrase is wide or scant),  
To take leave of thee, great plant !  
Or in any terms relate  
Half my love, or half my hate ;  
For I hate, yet love, thee so,  
That, whichever thing I show,  
The plain truth will seem to be  
A constrained hyperbole,  
And the passion to proceed  
More for a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine !  
Bacchus's black servant, negro fine !  
Sorcerer ! that mak'st us dote upon  
Thy begrimed complexion,  
And, for thy pernicious sake,  
More and greater oaths to break  
Than reclaimed lovers take  
'Gainst women ! Thou thy siege dost lay  
Much, too, in the female way,  
While thou suck'st the laboring breath  
Faster than kisses, or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us  
That our worst foes cannot find us,  
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,  
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us ;  
While each man, through thy heightening steam,  
Does like a smoking Ætna seem ;  
And all-about us does express

(Fancy and wit in richest dress)  
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost show us  
That our best friends do not know us,  
And, for those allowed features  
Due to reasonable creatures,  
Liken'st us to fell chimeras,  
Monsters, — that who see us, fear us ;  
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,  
Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow  
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,  
That but by reflex canst show  
What his deity can do, —  
As the false Egyptian spell  
Aped the true Hebrew miracle ?  
Some few vapors thou mayst raise,  
The weak brain may serve to amaze ;  
But to the reins and nobler heart  
Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born !  
The old world was sure forlorn,  
Wanting thee, that aidest more  
The god's victories than, before,  
All his panthers, and the brawls  
Of his piping Bacchanals.  
These, as stale, we disallow,  
Or judge of thee meant : only thou  
His true Indian conquest art ;  
And, for ivy round his dart,  
The reformed god now weaves  
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume  
Chemic art did ne'er presume, —  
Through her quaint alembic strain,  
None so sovereign to the brain.  
Nature, that did in thee excel,  
Framed again no second smell.  
Roses, violets, but toys  
For the smaller sort of boys,  
Or for greener damsels meant ;  
Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinkingest of the stinking kind !  
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind !  
Africa, that brags her soyson,  
Breeds no such prodigious poison !  
Henbane, nightshade, both together,  
Hemlock, aconite —

Nay, rather,  
Plant divine, of rarest virtue !  
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you !  
'T was but in a sort I blamed thee ;  
None e'er prospered who defamed thee ;

Irony all, and feigned abuse,  
Such as perplex lovers use  
At a need, when, in despair  
To paint forth their fairest fair,  
Or in part but to express  
That exceeding comeliness  
Which their fancies doth so strike,  
They borrow language of dislike ;  
And, instead of dearest Miss,  
Jewel, honey, sweetheart, bliss,  
And those forms of old admiring,  
Call her cockatrice and siren,  
Basilisk, and all that 's evil,  
Witch, hyena, mermaid, devil,  
Ethiop, wench, and blackamoor,  
Monkey, ape, and twenty more, —  
Friendly trait'ress, loving foe, —  
Not that she is truly so,  
But no other way they know,  
A contentment to express  
Borders so upon excess  
That they do not rightly wot  
Whether it be from pain or not.

Or, as men, constrained to part  
With what 's nearest to their heart,  
While their sorrow 's at the height  
Lose discrimination quite,  
And their hasty wrath let fall,  
To appease their frantic gall,  
On the darling thing, whatever,  
Whence they feel it death to sever,  
Though it be, as they, perforce,  
Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,  
Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee.  
For thy sake, tobacco, I  
Would do anything but die,  
And but seek to extend my days  
Long enough to sing thy praise.  
But, as she who once hath been  
A king's consort is a queen  
Ever after, nor will bate  
Any tittle of her state  
Though a widow, or divorced, —  
So I, from thy converse forced,  
The old name and style retain,  
A right Catherine of Spain ;  
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys  
Of the blest tobacco boys ;  
Where, though I, by sour physician,  
Am debarred the full fruition  
Of thy favors, I may catch  
Some collateral sweets, and snatch  
Sidelong odors, that give life  
Like glances from a neighbor's wife ;  
And still live in the by-places



And the suburbs of thy graces ;  
And in thy borders take delight,  
An unconquered Canaanite.

CHARLES LAMB.

GO, FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT.

[By a young lady who was told that she was a moon-maniac in her hatred of alcoholic liquors.]

Go, feel what I have felt,  
Go, hear what I have borne ;  
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,  
And the cold, proud world's scorn.  
Thus struggle on from year to year,  
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept  
O'er a loved father's fall ;  
See every cherished promise swept,  
Youth's sweetness turned to gall ;  
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way  
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt ;  
Implore, beseech, and pray,  
Strive the besotted heart to melt,  
The downward course to stay ;  
Be cast with bitter curse aside, —  
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,  
And see the strong man bow ;  
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,  
And cold and livid brow ;  
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see  
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard, —  
The sobs of sad despair,  
As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,  
And its revealing there  
Have told him what he might have been,  
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to my mother's side,  
And her crushed spirit cheer ;  
Thine own deep anguish hide,  
Wipe from her cheek the tear ;  
Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow,  
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,  
The toil-worn frame, the trembling limb,  
And trace the ruin back to him  
Whose plighted faith, in early youth,  
Promised eternal love and truth,  
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up  
This promise to the deadly cup,  
And led her down from love and light,  
From all that made her pathway bright,

And chained her there mid want and strife,  
That lowly thing, — a drunkard's wife !  
And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild,  
That withering blight, — a drunkard's child !

Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know  
All that my soul hath felt and known,  
Then look within the wine-cup's glow ;  
See if its brightness can atone ;  
Think if its flavor you would try,  
If all proclaimed, — *'T is drink and die.*

Tell me I hate the bowl, —  
Hate is a feeble word ;  
I loathe, abhor, my very soul  
By strong disgust is stirred  
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell  
Of the DARK BEVERAGE OF HELL !

ANONYMOUS.

THE VAGABONDS.

WE are two travellers, Roger and I.  
Roger's my dog : — come here, you scamp !  
Jump for the gentlemen, — mind your eye !  
Over the table, — look out for the lamp ! —  
The rogue is growing a little old ;  
Five years we've tramped through wind and  
weather,  
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,  
And ate and drank — and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you !  
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,  
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow !  
The paw he holds up there's been frozen),  
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle  
(This out-door business is bad for the strings),  
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,  
And Roger and I set up for kings !

No, thank ye, sir, — I never drink ;  
Roger and I are exceedingly moral, —  
Are n't we, Roger ? — see him wink ! —  
Well, something hot, then, — we won't quarrel.  
He's thirsty too, — see him nod his head ?  
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk !  
He understands every word that's said, —  
And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,  
I've been so sadly given to grog,  
I wonder I've not lost the respect  
(Here's to you, sir !) even of my dog.  
But he sticks by through thick and thin ;  
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,  
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,  
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There is n't another creature living  
 Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,  
 So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving  
 To such a miserable, thankless master !  
 No, sir ! — see him wag his tail and grin !  
 By George ! it makes my old eyes water ! —  
 That is, there's something in this gin  
 That chokes a fellow. But no matter !

We'll have some music, if you're willing,  
 And Roger (hem ! what a plague a cough is,  
 sir !)  
 Shall march a little. Start, you villain !  
 Stand straight ! 'Bout face ! Salute your officer !  
 Put up that paw ! Dress ! Take your rifle !  
 (Some dogs have arms, you see ! ) Now hold  
 your  
 Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,  
 To aid a poor old patriot soldier !

March ! Halt ! Now show how the rebel shakes  
 When he stands up to hear his sentence.  
 Now tell us how many drams it takes  
 To honor a jolly new acquaintance.  
 Five yelps, — that 's five ; he 's mighty knowing !  
 The night 's before us, fill the glasses ! —  
 Quick, sir ! I 'm ill, — my brain is going !  
 Some brandy, — thank you, — there ! — it  
 passes !

Why not reform ? That 's easily said ;  
 But I 've gone through such wretched treat-  
 ment,  
 Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,  
 And scarce remembering what meat meant,  
 That my poor stomach 's past reform ;  
 And there are times when, mad with thinking,  
 I 'd sell out heaven for something warm  
 To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think ?  
 At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,  
 A dear girl's love, — but I took to drink, —  
 The same old story ; you know how it ends.  
 If you could have seen these classic features, —  
 You need n't laugh, sir ; they were not then  
 Such a burning libel on God's creatures ;  
 I was one of your handsome men !

If you had seen her, so fair and young,  
 Whose head was happy on this breast !  
 If you could have heard the songs I sung  
 When the wine went round, you would n't have  
 guessed  
 That ever I, sir, should be straying  
 From door to door, with fiddle and dog,  
 Ragged and penniless, and playing  
 To you to-night for a glass of grog !

She 's married since, — a parson's wife ;  
 'T was better for her that we should part, —  
 Better the soberest, prosiest life  
 Than a blasted home and a broken heart.  
 I have seen her ? Once : I was weak and spent  
 On the dusty road, a carriage stopped ;  
 But little she dreamed, as on she went,  
 Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped !

You've set me talking, sir ; I 'm sorry ;  
 It makes me wild to think of the change !  
 What do you care for a beggar's story ?  
 Is it amusing ? you find it strange ?  
 I had a mother so proud of me !  
 'T was well she died before — Do you know  
 If the happy spirits in heaven can see  
 The ruin and wretchedness here below ?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden  
 This pain ; then Roger and I will start.  
 I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,  
 Aching thing in place of a heart ?  
 He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,  
 No doubt, remembering things that were, —  
 A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,  
 And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now ; that glass was warming.  
 You rascal ! limber your lazy feet !  
 We must be fiddling and performing  
 For supper and bed, or starve in the street.  
 Not a very gay life to lead, you think ?  
 But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,  
 And the sleepers need neither victuals nor  
 drink ; —  
 The sooner the better for Roger and me !  
 J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

#### THE POOR MAN AND THE FIEND.

A FIEND once met a humble man  
 At night, in the cold dark street,  
 And led him into a palace fair,  
 Where music circled sweet ;  
 And light and warmth cheered the wanderer's  
 heart,  
 From frost and darkness screened,  
 Till his brain grew mad beneath the joy,  
 And he worshipped before the fiend.

Ah ! well if he ne'er had knelt to that fiend,  
 For a taskmaster grim was he ;  
 And he said, " One half of thy life on earth  
 I enjoin thee to yield to me ;  
 And when, from rising till set of sun,  
 Thou hast toiled in the heat or snow,  
 Let thy gains on mine altar an offering be " ;  
 And the poor man ne'er said " No ! "

The poor man had health, more dear than gold ;  
 Stout bone and muscle strong,  
 That neither faint nor weary grow,  
 To toil the June day long ;  
 And the fiend, his god, cried hoarse and loud,  
 "Thy strength thou must forego,  
 Or thou no worshipper art of mine" ;  
 And the poor man ne'er said "No !"

Three children blest the poor man's home, —  
 Stray angels dropped on earth, —  
 The fiend beheld their sweet blue eyes,  
 And he laughed in fearful mirth :  
 "Bring forth thy little ones," quoth he,  
 "My godhead wills it so !  
 I want an evening sacrifice" ;  
 And the poor man ne'er said "No !"

A young wife sat by the poor man's fire,  
 Who, since she blushed a bride,  
 Had gilded his sorrow, and brightened his joys,  
 His guardian, friend, and guide.  
 Foul fall the fiend ! he gave command,  
 "Come, mix the cup of woe,  
 Bid thy young wife drain it to the dregs" ;  
 And the poor man ne'er said "No !"

O, misery now for this poor man !  
 O, deepest of misery !  
 Next the fiend his godlike reason took,  
 And amongst beasts fed he ;  
 And when the sentinel mind was gone,  
 He pilfered his soul also ;  
 And — marvel of marvels ! — he murmured not ;  
 The poor man ne'er said "No !"

Now, men and matrons in your prime,  
 Children and grandsires old,  
 Come listen, with soul as well as ear,  
 This saying whilst I unfold ;  
 O, listen ! till your brain whirls round,  
 And your heart is sick to think,  
 That in England's isle all this befell,  
 And the name of the fiend was — DRINK !

REV. MR. MACLELLAN.

### THE HAPPY HEART.

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?  
 O sweet content !  
 Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed ?  
 O punishment !  
 Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed  
 To add to golden numbers, golden numbers ?  
 O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !  
 Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;  
 Honest labor bears a lovely face ;  
 Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny !

Canst drink the waters of the crispéd spring ?  
 O sweet content !  
 Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine  
 own tears ?  
 O punishment !  
 Then he that patiently want's burden bears  
 No burden bears, but is a king, a king !  
 O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !  
 Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;  
 Honest labor bears a lovely face ;  
 Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny !

T. DECKER.

### SWEET IS THE PLEASURE.

SWEET is the pleasure  
 Itself cannot spoil !  
 Is not true leisure  
 One with true toil ?

Thou that wouldst taste it,  
 Still do thy best ;  
 Use it, not waste it, —  
 Else 't is no rest.

Wouldst behold beauty  
 Near thee ? all round ?  
 Only hath duty  
 Such a sight found.

Rest is not quitting  
 The busy career ;  
 Rest is the fitting  
 Of self to its sphere.

'T is the brook's motion,  
 Clear without strife,  
 Fleeing to ocean  
 After its life.

Deeper devotion  
 Nowhere hath knelt ;  
 Fuller emotion  
 Heart never felt.

'T is loving and serving  
 The highest and best ;  
 'T is onwards ! unswerving, —  
 And that is true rest.

JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT.

### THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree  
 The village smithy stands ;  
 The smith, a mighty man is he,  
 With large and sinewy hands ;  
 And the muscles of his brawny arms  
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long ;  
 His face is like the tan ;  
 His brow is wet with honest sweat, —  
 He earns whate'er he can ;  
 And looks the whole world in the face,  
 For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
 You can hear his bellows blow ;  
 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
 With measured beat and slow,  
 Like sexton ringing the village bell,  
 When the evening sun is low.

And children, coming home from school,  
 Look in at the open door ;  
 They love to see the flaming forge,  
 And hear the bellows roar,  
 And catch the burning sparks that fly  
 Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
 And sits among his boys ;  
 He hears the parson pray and preach,  
 He hears his daughter's voice,  
 Singing in the village choir,  
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
 Singing in Paradise !  
 He needs must think of her once more,  
 How in the grave she lies ;  
 And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,  
 Onward through life he goes ;  
 Each morning sees some task begin,  
 Each evening sees it close ;  
 Something attempted, something done,  
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
 For the lesson thou hast taught !  
 Thus at the flaming forge of life  
 Our fortunes must be wrought ;  
 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
 Each burning deed and thought !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### THE HUSBANDMAN.

EARTH, of man the bounteous mother,  
 Feeds him still with corn and wine ;  
 He who best would aid a brother  
 Shares with him these gifts divine.

Many a power within her bosom,  
 Noiseless, hidden, works beneath ;  
 Hence are seed and leaf and blossom,  
 Golden ear, and clustered-wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty  
 Is the royal task of man ;  
 Man 's a king ; his throne is duty,  
 Since his work on earth began.

Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage, —  
 These, like man, are fruits of earth ;  
 Stamped in clay, a heavenly mintage,  
 All from dust receive their birth.

Barn and mill, and wine-vat's treasures,  
 Earthly goods for earthly lives, —  
 These are Nature's ancient pleasures,  
 These her child from her derives.

What the dream but vain rebelling,  
 If from earth we sought to flee ?  
 'T is our stored and ample dwelling ;  
 'T is from it the skies we see.

Wind and frost, and hour and season,  
 Land and water, sun and shade, —  
 Work with these, as bids thy reason,  
 For they work thy toil to aid.

Sow thy seed and reap in gladness !  
 Man himself is all a seed ;  
 Hope and hardship, joy and sadness, —  
 Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

JOHN STERLING.

#### THE USEFUL PLOUGH.

A COUNTRY life is sweet !  
 In moderate cold and heat,  
 To walk in the air how pleasant and fair !  
 In every field of wheat,  
 The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers,  
 And every meadow's brow ;  
 So that I say, no courtier may  
 Compare with them who clothe in gray,  
 And follow the useful plough.

They rise with the morning lark,  
 And labor till almost dark,  
 Then, folding their sheep, they hasten to sleep ;  
 While every pleasant park  
 Next morning is ringing with birds that  
 are singing,

On each green, tender bough.  
 With what content and merriment  
 Their days are spent whose minds are bent  
 To follow the useful plough !

ANONYMOUS.

## THE GOOD OLD PLOUGH.

AS SUNG BY THE HUTCHINSONS.

LET them sing who may of the battle fray,  
 And the deeds that have long since past ;  
 Let them chant in praise of the tar whose days,  
 Are spent on the ocean vast.  
 I would render to these all the worship you please,  
 I would honor them even now ;  
 But I 'd give far more from my heart's full store  
 To the cause of the Good Old Plough.

Let them land the notes that in music float  
 Through the bright and glittering hall ;  
 While the amorous twirl of the hair's bright curl  
 Round the shoulder of beauty fall.  
 But dearer to me is the song from the tree,  
 And the rich and blossoming bough ;  
 O, these are the sweets which the rustic greets  
 As he follows the Good Old Plough !

Full many there be that daily we see,  
 With a selfish and hollow pride,  
 Who the ploughman's lot, in his humble cot,  
 With a scornful look deride ;  
 But I 'd rather take, aye, a hearty shake  
 From his hand than to wealth I 'd bow ;  
 For the honest grasp of his hand's rough clasp,  
 Has stood by the Good Old Plough.

All honor be, then, to these gray old men,  
 When at last they are bowed with toil !  
 Their warfare then o'er, they battle no more,  
 For they 've conquered the stubborn soil.  
 And the chaplet each wears is his silver hairs ;  
 And ne'er shall the victor's brow  
 With a laurel crown to the grave go down  
 Like the sons of the Good Old Plough.

ANONYMOUS.

## TO THE HARVEST MOON.

PLEASING 't is, O modest Moon !  
 Now the night is at her noon,  
 'Neath thy sway to musing lie,  
 While around the zephyrs sigh,  
 Fanning soft the sun-tanned wheat,  
 Ripened by the summer's heat ;  
 Picturing all the rustic's joy  
 When boundless plenty greets his eye,  
 And thinking soon,  
 O modest Moon !  
 How many a female eye will roam  
 Along the road,  
 To see the load,  
 The last dear load of harvest-home.

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,  
 The husbandman, with sleep-sealed eyes :  
 He dreams of crowded barns, and round  
 The yard he hears the flail resound ;  
 O, may no hurricane destroy  
 His visionary views of joy !  
 God of the winds ! O, hear his humble prayer,  
 And while the Moon of Harvest shines, thy  
 blustering whirlwind spare !

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

## THE PLOUGHMAN.

CLEAR the brown path to meet his coulter's gleam !  
 Lo ! on he comes, behind his smoking team,  
 With toil's bright dew-drops on his sunburnt brow,  
 The lord of earth, the hero of the plough !

First in the field before the reddening sun,  
 Last in the shadows when the day is done,  
 Line after line, along the bursting sod,  
 Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod ;  
 Still where he treads the stubborn clods divide,  
 The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide ;  
 Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,  
 Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves ;  
 Up the steep hillside, where the laboring train  
 Slants the long track that scores the level plain,  
 Through the moist valley, clogged with oozing clay,  
 The patient convoy breaks its destined way ;  
 At every turn the loosening chains resound,  
 Theswinging ploughshare circles glistening round,  
 Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,  
 And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

These are the hands whose sturdy labor brings  
 The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings ;  
 This is the page whose letters shall be seen,  
 Changed by the sun to words of living green ;  
 This is the scholar whose immortal pen  
 Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men ;  
 These are the lines that heaven-commanded Toil  
 Shows on his deed, — the charter of the soil !

O gracious Mother, whose benignant breast  
 Wakes us to life, and lulls us all to rest,  
 How thy sweet features, kind to every clime,  
 Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of Time !  
 We stain thy flowers, — they blossom o'er the dead ;  
 We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread ;  
 O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn,  
 Waves the green plumage of thy tasselled corn ;  
 Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest plain,  
 Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.  
 Yet, O our Mother, while uncounted charms  
 Steal round our hearts in thine embracing arms,  
 Let not our virtues in thy love decay,  
 And thy fond sweetness waste our strength away.

No, by these hills whose banners now displayed  
 In blazing cohorts Autumn has arrayed ;  
 By yon twin summits, on whose splintery crests  
 The tossing hemlocks hold the eagles' nests ;  
 By these fair plains the mountain circle screens,  
 And feeds with streamlets from its dark ravines, —  
 True to their home, these faithful arms shall toil  
 To crown with peace their own untainted soil ;  
 And, true to God, to freedom, to mankind,  
 If her chained bandogs Faction shall unbind,  
 These stately forms, that, bending even now,  
 Bowed their strong manhood to the humble plough,  
 Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land,  
 The same stern iron in the same right hand,  
 Till o'er their hills the shouts of triumph run ;  
 The sword has rescued what the ploughshare won !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

### THE FARMER'S BOY.

WHERE noble Grafton spreads his rich domains,  
 Round Enston's watered vale and sloping plains,  
 Where woods and groves in solemn grandeur rise,  
 Where the kite brooding unmolested flies,  
 The woodcock and the painted pheasant race,  
 And skulking foxes, destined for the chase ;  
 There Giles, untaught and unrepining, strayed  
 Through every copse and grove and winding  
 glade ;  
 There his first thoughts to Nature's charms in-  
 clined,  
 That stamps devotion on the inquiring mind.  
 A little farm his generous master tilled,  
 Who with peculiar grace his station filled ;  
 By deeds of hospitality endeared,  
 Served from affection, for his worth revered.  
 A happy offspring blest his plenteous board,  
 His fields were fruitful, and his barns well stored,  
 And fourscore ewes he fed, a sturdy team,  
 And lowing kine that grazed beside the stream ;  
 Unceasing industry he kept in view,  
 And never lacked a job for Giles to do.

Fled now the sullen murmurs of the north,  
 The splendid raiment of the Spring peeps forth ;  
 Her universal green and the clear sky  
 Delight still more and more the gazing eye.  
 Wide o'er the fields, in rising moisture strong,  
 Shoots up the simple flower, or creeps along  
 The mellowed soil, imbibing fairer hues,  
 Or sweets from frequent showers and evening dews ;  
 That summon from their sheds the slumbering  
 ploughs,  
 While health impregnates every breeze that blows.  
 No wheels support the diving, pointed share ;  
 No groaning ox is doomed to labor there ;

No helpmates teach the docile steed his road  
 (Alike unknown the ploughboy and the goad) ;  
 But unassisted, through each toilsome day,  
 With smiling brow the ploughman cleaves his way,  
 Draws his fresh parallels, and, widening still,  
 Treads slow the heavy dale, or climbs the hill.  
 Strong on the wing his busy followers play,  
 Where writhing earthworms meet the unwelcome  
 day,

Till all is changed, and hill and level down  
 Assume a livery of sober brown ;  
 Again disturbed when Giles with wearying strides  
 From ridge to ridge the ponderous harrow guides,  
 His heels deep sinking, every step he goes,  
 Till dirt adhesive loads his clouted shoes.  
 Welcome, green headland ! firm beneath his feet ;  
 Welcome, the friendly bank's refreshing seat ;  
 There, warm with toil, his panting horses brouse  
 Their sheltering canopy of pendent boughs ;  
 Till rest delicious chase each transient pain,  
 And new-born vigor swell in every vein.  
 Hour after hour and day to day succeeds,  
 Till every clod and deep-drawn furrow spreads  
 To crumbling mould, — a level surface clear,  
 And strewn with corn to crown the rising year ;  
 And o'er the whole Giles, once transverse again,  
 In earth's moist bosom buries up the grain.  
 The work is done ; no more to man is given ;  
 The grateful farmer trusts the rest to Heaven.

His simple errand done, he homeward hies ;  
 Another instantly his place supplies.  
 The clattering dairy-maid immersed in steam,  
 Singing and scrubbing midst her milk and cream,  
 Bawls out, "Go fetch the cows !" — he hears no  
 more ;  
 For pigs and ducks and turkeys throng the  
 door,  
 And sitting hens for constant war prepared, —  
 A concert strange to that which late he heard.  
 Straight to the meadow then he whistling goes ;  
 With well-known halloo calls his lazy cows ;  
 Down the rich pasture heedlessly they graze,  
 Or hear the summons with an idle gaze ;  
 For well they know the cow-yard yields no more  
 Its tempting fragrance, nor its wintry store.  
 Reluctance marks their steps, sedate and slow,  
 The right of conquest all the law they know ;  
 The strong press on, the weak by turns succeed,  
 And one superior always takes the lead,  
 Is ever foremost wheresoe'er they stray,  
 Allowed precedence, undisputed sway ;  
 With jealous pride her station is maintained,  
 For many a broil that post of honor gained.  
 At home, the yard affords a grateful scene,  
 For spring makes e'en a miry cow-yard clean.  
 Thence from its chalky bed behold conveyed  
 The rich manure that drenching winter made,

Which, piled near home, grows green with many  
a weed,

A promised nutriment for autumn's seed.  
Forth comes the maid, and like the mornings smiles;  
The mistress too, and followed close by Giles.  
A friendly tripod forms their humble seat,  
With pails bright scoured and delicately sweet.  
Where shadowing elms obstruct the morning ray  
Begins the work, begins the simple lay;  
The full-charged udder yields its willing stream  
While Mary sings some lover's amorous dream;  
And crouching Giles beneath a neighboring tree  
Tugs o'er his pail, and chants with equal glee;  
Whose hat with battered brim, of nap so bare,  
From the cow's side purloins a coat of hair, —  
A mottled ensign of his harmless trade,  
An unambitious, peaceable cockade.  
As unambitious, too, that cheerful aid  
The mistress yields beside her rosy maid;  
With joy she, views her plenteous reeking store,  
And bears a brimmer to the dairy door.  
Her cows dismissed, the luscious mead to roam,  
Till eve again recall them loaded home.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

#### THE SONG OF THE FORGE.

CLANG, clang! the massive anvils ring;  
Clang, clang! a hundred hammers swing;  
Like the thunder-rattle of a tropic sky,  
The mighty blows still multiply, —  
Clang, clang!  
Say, brothers of the dusky brow,  
What are your strong arms forging now?

Clang, clang! — we forge the coulter now, —  
The coulter of the kindly plough.  
Sweet Mary mother, bless our toil!  
May its broad furrow still unbind  
To genial rains, to sun and wind,  
The most benignant soil!

Clang, clang! — our coulter's course shall be  
On many a sweet and sheltered lea,  
By many a streamlet's silver tide;  
Amidst the song of morning birds,  
Amidst the low of sauntering herds,  
Amidst soft breezes, which do stray  
Through woodbine hedges and sweet May,  
Along the green hill's side.

When regal Autumn's bounteous hand  
With wide-spread glory clothes the land, —  
When to the valleys, from the brow  
Of each resplendent slope, is rolled  
A ruddy sea of living gold, —  
We bless, we bless the plough.

Clang, clang! — again, my mates, what grows  
Beneath the hammer's potent blows?  
Clink, clank! — we forge the giant chain,  
Which bears the gallant vessel's strain  
Midst stormy winds and adverse tides;  
Secured by this, the good ship braves  
The rocky roadstead, and the waves  
Which thunder on her sides.

Anxious no more, the merchant sees  
The mist drive dark before the breeze,  
The storm-cloud on the hill;  
Calmly he rests, — though far away,  
In boisterous climes, his vessel lay, —  
Reliant on our skill.

Say on what sands these links shall sleep,  
Fathoms beneath the solemn deep?  
By Afric's pestilential shore;  
By many an iceberg, lone and hoar;  
By many a balmy western isle,  
Basking in spring's perpetual smile;  
By stormy Labrador.

Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,  
When to the battery's deadly peal  
The crashing broadside makes reply;  
Or else, as at the glorious Nile,  
Hold grappling ships, that strive the while  
For death or victory?

Hurrah! — cling, clang! — oncemore, what glows,  
Dark brothers of the forge, beneath  
The iron tempest of your blows,  
The furnace's red breath?

Clang, clang! — a burning torrent, clear  
And brilliant of bright sparks, is poured  
Around, and up in the dusky air,  
As our hammers forge the sword.

The sword! — a name of dread; yet when  
Upon the freeman's thigh 't is bound, —  
While for his altar and his hearth,  
While for the land that gave him birth,  
The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound, —  
How sacred is it then!

Whenever for the truth and right  
It flashes in the van of fight, —  
Whether in some wild mountain pass,  
As that where fell Leonidas;  
Or on some sterile plain and stern,  
A Marston, or a Bannockburn;  
Or amidst crags and bursting rills,  
The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills;  
Or as, when sunk the Armada's pride,  
It gleams above the stormy tide, —

Still, still, when'er the battle word  
Is liberty, when men do stand  
For justice and their native land, —  
Then Heaven bless the sword !

ANONYMOUS.

### THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

COME, see the Dolphin's anchor forged ; 't is at a  
white heat now :  
The billows ceased, the flames decreased ; though  
on the forge's brow  
The little flames still fitfully play through the  
sable mound ;  
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths  
ranking round,  
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands  
only bare ;  
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work  
the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle-chains, the black  
mound heaves below,  
And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at  
every throe ;  
It rises, roars, rends all outright, — O Vulcan,  
what a glow !  
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright, the  
high sun shines not so !  
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery  
fearful show, —  
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the  
ruddy, lurid row  
Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men  
before the foe ;  
As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the  
sailing monster slow  
Sinks on the anvil, — all about the faces fiery  
grow, —  
“ Hurrah ! ” they shout, “ leap out, leap out ” :  
bang, bang, the sledges go ;  
Hurrah ! the jetted lightnings are hissing high  
and low ;  
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squash-  
ing blow ;  
The leathern mail rebounds the hail ; the rattling  
cinders strew  
The ground around ; at every bound the swelter-  
ing fountains flow ;  
And thick and loud the swinking crowd, at every  
stroke, pant “ Ho ! ”

Leap out, leap out, my masters ; leap out and  
lay on load !  
Let's forge a goodly anchor, a bower, thick and  
broad ;

For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,  
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous  
road ;  
The low reef roaring on her lee, the roll of ocean  
poured  
From stem to stern, sea after sea, the mainmast  
by the board ;  
The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats  
stove at the chains,  
But courage still, brave mariners, the bower still  
remains,  
And not an inch to finch he deigns save when  
ye pitch sky-high,  
Then moves his head, as though he said, “ Fear  
nothing, — here am I ! ”  
Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand  
keep time,  
Your blows make music sweeter far than any  
steeple's chime !  
But while ye swing your sledges, sing ; and let  
the burden be,  
The Anchor is the Anvil King, and royal crafts-  
men we ;  
Strike in, strike in, the sparks begin to dull  
their rustling red !  
Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work  
will soon be sped ;  
Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery  
rich array  
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy  
couch of clay ;  
Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry  
craftsmen here,  
For the Yeo-heave-o, and the Heave-away, and  
the sighing seaman's cheer ;  
When, weighing slow, at eve they go far, far  
from love and home,  
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the  
ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down  
at last.  
A shapely one he is, and strong as e'er from cat  
was cast.  
A trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst  
life like me,  
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath  
the deep green sea !  
O deep sea-diver, who might then behold such  
sights as thou ?  
The hoary monsters' palaces ! methinks what joy  
't were now  
To go plump plunging down amid the assembly  
of the whales,  
And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath  
their scourging tails !

SAMUEL FERGUSON.



## LABOR SONG.

FROM "THE BELL-FOUNDER."

AH! little they know of true happiness, they  
whom satiety fills,  
Who, flung on the rich breast of luxury, eat of  
the rankness that kills.  
Ah! little they know of the blessedness toil-  
purchased slumber enjoys  
Who, stretched on the hard rack of indolence,  
taste of the sleep that destroys ;  
Nothing to hope for, or labor for ; nothing to sigh  
for, or gain ;  
Nothing to light in its vividness, lightning-like,  
bosom and brain ;  
Nothing to break life's monotony, rippling it o'er  
with its breath :  
Nothing but dulness and lethargy, weariness,  
sorrow, and death !

But blessed that child of humanity, happiest man  
among men,  
Who, with hammer or chisel or pencil, with rud-  
der or ploughshare or pen,  
Laboreth ever and ever with hope through the  
morning of life,  
Winning home and its darling divinities, — love-  
worshipped children and wife.  
Round swings the hammer of industry, quickly  
the sharp chisel rings,  
And the heart of the toiler has throbbings that stir  
not the bosom of kings, —  
He the true ruler and conqueror, he the true king  
of his race,  
Who nerveth his arm for life's combat, and looks  
the strong world in the face.

DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY.

## A LANCASHIRE DOXOLOGY.

["Some cotton has lately been imported into Farrington, where the mills have been closed for a considerable time. The people, who were previously in the deepest distress, went out to meet the cotton: the women wept over the bales and kissed them, and finally sang the Doxology over them." — *Spectator* of May 14, 1863.]

"PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,"  
Praise him who sendeth joy and woe.  
The Lord who takes, the Lord who gives,  
O praise him, all that dies, and lives.

He opens and he shuts his hand,  
But why we cannot understand :  
Pours and dries up his mercies' flood,  
And yet is still All-perfect Good.

We fathom not the mighty plan,  
The mystery of God and man ;

We women, when afflictions come,  
We only suffer and are dumb.

And when, the tempest passing by,  
He gleams out, sunlike, through our sky,  
We look up, and through black clouds riven  
We recognize the smile of Heaven.

Ours is no wisdom of the wise,  
We have no deep philosophies ;  
Childlike we take both kiss and rod,  
For he who loveth knoweth God.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

## TO LABOR IS TO PRAY.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us ;  
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us ;  
Hark how Creation's deep, musical chorus,  
Unintermitting, goes up into heaven !  
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing ;  
Never the little seed stops in its growing ;  
More and more richly the rose heart keeps glow-  
ing,  
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!" the robin is singing ;  
"Labor is worship!" the wild bee is ringing ;  
Listen! that eloquent whisper, upspringing,  
Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great  
heart.  
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower ;  
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing  
flower ;  
From the small insect, the rich coral bower ;  
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 't is the still water falleth ;  
Idleness ever despaireth, bewalleth ;  
Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth ;  
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.  
Labor is glory! — the flying cloud lightens ;  
Only the waving wing changes and brightens,  
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens,  
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them  
in tune!

Labor is rest — from the sorrows that greet us ;  
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us ;  
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us ;  
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.  
Work, — and pure slumbers shall wait on thy  
pillow ;  
Work, — thou shalt ride o'er Care's coming billow ;  
Lie not down 'neath Woe's weeping willow,  
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo, the husbandman reaping,  
How through his veins goes the life-current  
leaping!

How his strong arm in its stalworth pride sweep-  
ing,

True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides. -  
Labor is wealth, — in the sea the pearl groweth;  
Rich the queen's robe from the cocoon floweth;  
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;  
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not! though shame, sin, and anguish are  
round thee!

Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound  
thee!

Look to the pure heaven smiling beyond thee!

Rest not content in thy darkness, — a clod!

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly!

Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly!

Labor! — all labor is noble and holy;

Let thy great deed be thy prayer to thy God.

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

#### THE POOR MAN'S LABOR.

My mother sighed, the stream of pain

Flowed fast and chilly o'er her brow;

My father prayed, nor prayed in vain;

Sweet Mercy, cast a glance below.

"My husband dear," the sufferer cried,

"My pains are o'er, behold your son."

"Thank Heaven, sweet partner," he replied;

"The poor boy's labor's then begun."

Alas! the hapless life she gave

By fate was doomed to cost her own;

For soon she found an early grave,

Nor stayed her partner long alone.

They left their orphan here below,

A stranger wild beneath the sun,

This lesson sad to learn from woe, —

The poor man's labor's never done.

No parent's hand, with pious care,

My childhood's devious steps to guide;

Or bid my venturous youth beware

The griefs that smote on every side.

'T was still a round of changing woe,  
Woe never-ending, still begun,  
That taught my bleeding heart to know  
The poor man's labor 'a never done.

Soon dies the faltering voice of fame;  
The vow of love's too warm to last;  
And friendship, what a faithless dream!  
And, wealth, how soon thy glare is past!  
But sure one hope remains to save, —  
The longest course must soon be run,  
And in the shelter of the grave  
The poor man's labor must be done.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

#### GOOD NIGHT.

Good night!

To each weary, toil-worn wight,

Now the day so sweetly closes,

Every aching brow reposes

Peacefully till morning light.

Good night!

Home to rest!

Close the eye and calm the breast;

Stillness through the streets is stealing,

And the watchman's horn is pealing,

And the night calls softly, "Haste!

Home to rest!"

Sweetly sleep!

Eden's breezes round ye sweep.

O'er the peace-forsaken lover

Let the darling image hover,

As he lies in transport deep.

Sweetly sleep!

So, good night!

Slumber on till morning light;

Slumber till another morrow

Brings its stores of joy and sorrow;

Fearless, in the Father's sight,

Slumber on. Good night.

KÜRNER. Translation of  
CHARLES T. BROOKS.



POEMS OF PATRIOTISM AND FREEDOM.



Thy sacred leaves, Jan Freedom's flower,  
Shall ever float on dome and tower,  
To all their heavenly colors true  
In blackening frost or crimson dew,  
And God love us as we love thee,  
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty!

Oliver Wendell Holmes

# POEMS OF PATRIOTISM AND FREEDOM.

## BREATHES THERE THE MAN —

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land !  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned  
From wandering on a foreign strand !  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;  
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentred all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## MY COUNTRY.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,  
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside,  
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,  
And milder moons imparadise the night ;  
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,  
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth :  
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores  
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,  
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,  
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.  
In every clime, the magnet of his soul,  
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;  
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar race,  
The heritage of nature's noblest grace,  
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,  
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside  
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,  
While in his softened looks benignly blend  
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.  
Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,  
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life :

In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,  
An angel-guard of love and graces lie ;  
Around her knees domestic duties meet,  
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.  
“ Where shall that land, that spot of earth be  
found ? ”

Art thou a man ? — a patriot ? — look around ;  
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,  
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home !

Man, through all ages of revolving time,  
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,  
Deems his own land of every land the pride,  
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside ;  
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE —

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

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

WILLIAM COLLINS.

## THE BRAVE AT HOME.

I.

THE maid who binds her warrior's sash  
With smile that well her pain dissembles,  
The while beneath her drooping lash  
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,

Though Heaven alone records the tear,  
And Fame shall never know her story,  
Her heart has shed a drop as dear  
As e'er bedewed the field of glory !

## II.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,  
Mid little ones who weep or wonder,  
And bravely speaks the cheering word,  
What though her heart be rent asunder,  
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear  
The bolts of death around him rattle,  
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er  
Was poured upon the field of battle !

## III.

The mother who conceals her grief  
While to her breast her son she presses,  
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,  
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,  
With no one but her secret God  
To know the pain that weighs upon her,  
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod  
Received on Freedom's field of honor !

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

◆

### THE DEATH OF LEONIDAS.

It was the wild midnight, — a storm was on the  
sky ;  
The lightning gave its light, and the thunder  
echoed by.  
The torrent swept the glen, the ocean lashed the  
shore ;  
Then rose the Spartan men, to make their bed in  
gore !

Swift from the deluged ground three hundred took  
the shield ;  
Then, in silence, gathered round the leader of the  
field !  
All up the mountain's side, all down the woody  
vale,  
All by the rolling tide waved the Persian banners  
pale.

And foremost from the pass, among the slumber-  
ing band,  
Sprang King Leonidas, like the lightning's living  
brand.  
Then double darkness fell, and the forest ceased  
its moan ;  
But there came a clash of steel, and a distant dy-  
ing groan.

Anon, a trumpet blew, and a fiery sheet burst high,  
That o'er the midnight threw a blood-red canopy.

A host glared on the hill ; a host glared by the bay ;  
But the Greeks rushed onward still, like leopards  
in their play.

The air was all a yell, and the earth was all a flame,  
Where the Spartan's bloody steel on the silken  
turhans came ;  
And still the Greek rushed on where the fiery  
torrent rolled,  
Till like a rising sun shone Xerxes' tent of gold.

They found a royal feast, his midnight banquet,  
there ;  
And the treasures of the East lay beneath the  
Doric spear.  
Then sat to the repast the bravest of the brave !  
That feast must be their last, that spot must be  
their grave.

Up rose the glorious rank, to Greece one cup  
poured high,  
Then hand in hand they drank, "To immortal-  
ity !"  
Fear on King Xerxes fell, when, like spirits from  
the tomb,  
With shout and trumpet knell, he saw the war-  
riors come.

But down swept all his power, with chariot and  
with charge ;  
Down poured the arrows' shower, till sank the  
Spartan targe.  
Thus fought the Greek of old ! thus will he fight  
again !  
Shall not the selfsame mould bring forth the self-  
same men ?

GEORGE CROLY.

◆

### PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

THIS was the ruler of the land  
When Athens was the land of fame ;  
This was the light that led the hand  
When each was like a living flame ;  
The centre of earth's noblest ring, —  
Of more than men the more than king.

Yet not by fetter, nor by spear,  
His sovereignty was held or won :  
Feared — but alone as freemen fear,  
Loved — but as freemen love alone,  
He waved the sceptre o'er his kind  
By nature's first great title, — mind !

Restless words were on his tongue, —  
Then eloquence first flashed below ;  
Full armed to life the portent sprung, —  
Minerva from the thunderer's brow !

And his the sole, the sacred hand  
That shook her ægis o'er the land.

And throned immortal by his side,  
A woman sits with eye sublime, —  
Aspasia, all his spirit's bride ;  
But, if their solemn love were crime,  
Pity the beauty and the sage, —  
Their crime was in their darkened age.

He perished, but his wreath was won, —  
He perished in his height of fame ;  
Then sunk the cloud on Athens' sun,  
Yet still she conquered in his name.  
Filled with his soul, she could not die ;  
Her conquest was posterity !

GEORGE CROLY.

#### HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium,  
By the nine gods he swore  
That the great house of Tarquin  
Should suffer wrong no more.  
By the nine gods he swore it,  
And named a trysting-day,  
And bade his messengers ride forth,  
East and west and south and north,  
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north  
The messengers ride fast,  
And tower and town and cottage  
Have heard the trumpet's blast.  
Shame on the false Etruscan  
Who lingers in his home,  
When Porsena of Clusium  
Is on the march for Rome !

There be thirty chosen prophets,  
The wisest of the land,  
Who alway by Lars Porsena  
Both morn and evening stand.  
Evening and morn the thirty  
Have turned the verses o'er,  
Traced from the right on linen white  
By mighty seers of yore ;

And with one voice the thirty  
Have their glad answer given :  
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena, —  
Go forth, beloved of heaven !  
Go, and return in glory  
To Clusium's royal dome,  
And hang round Nurscia's altars  
The golden shields of Rome !"

And now hath every city  
Sent up her tale of men ;  
The foot are fourscore thousand,  
The horse are thousands ten.  
Before the gates of Sutrium  
Is met the great array ;  
A proud man was Lars Porsena  
Upon the trysting-day.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,  
Could the wan burghers spy  
The line of blazing villages  
Red in the midnight sky.  
The fathers of the city,  
They sat all night and day,  
For every hour some horseman came  
With tidings of dismay.

I wis, in all the senate  
There was no heart so bold  
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,  
When that ill news was told.  
Forthwith up rose the consul,  
Up rose the fathers all ;  
In haste they girded up their gowns,  
And hid them to the wall.

They held a council, standing  
Before the river-gate ;  
Short time was there, ye well may guess,  
For musing or debate.  
Outspake the consul roundly :  
"The bridge must straight go down ;  
For, since Janiculum is lost,  
Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,  
All wild with haste and fear :  
"To arms ! to arms ! sir consul, —  
Lars Porsena is here."  
On the low hills to westward  
The consul fixed his eye,  
And saw the swarthy storm of dust  
Rise fast along the sky.

But the consul's brow was sad,  
And the consul's speech was low,  
And darkly looked he at the wall,  
And darkly at the foe :  
"Their van will be upon us  
Before the bridge goes down ;  
And if they once may win the bridge,  
What hope to save the town ?"

Then outspake brave Horatius,  
The captain of the gate :  
"To every man upon this earth  
Death cometh soon or late.

And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds  
For the ashes of his fathers  
And the temples of his gods ?

“ And for the tender mother  
Who dandled him to rest,  
And for the wife who nurses  
His baby at her breast,  
And for the holy maidens  
Who feed the eternal flame, —  
To save them from false Sextus  
That wrought the deed of shame ?

“ Hew down the bridge, sir consul,  
With all the speed ye may ;  
I, with two more to help me,  
Will hold the foe in play, —  
In yon strait path a thousand  
May well be stopped by three.  
Now who will stand on either hand,  
And keep the bridge with me ? ”

Then outspake Spurius Lartius, —  
A Ramnian proud was he :  
“ Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,  
And keep the bridge with thee.”  
And outspake strong Herminius, —  
Of Titian blood was he :  
“ I will abide on thy left side,  
And keep the bridge with thee.”

The three stood calm and silent,  
And looked upon the foes,  
And a great shout of laughter  
From all the vanguard rose ;  
And forth three chiefs came spurring  
Before that deep array ;  
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,  
And lifted high their shields, and flew  
To win the narrow way.

Aunus, from green Tifernum,  
Lord of the hill of vines ;  
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves  
Sicken in Ilva's mines ;  
And Picus, long to Clusium  
Vassal in peace and war,  
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers  
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,  
The fortress of Nequinum lowers  
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus  
Into the stream beneath ;  
Herminius struck at Seius,  
And clove him to the teeth ;

At Picus brave Horatius  
Darted one fiery thrust,  
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms  
Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii  
Rushed on the Roman three ;  
And Lausulus of Urgo,  
The rover of the sea ;  
And Aruns of Volsinium,  
Who slew the great wild boar, —  
The great wild boar that had his den  
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,  
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,  
Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns ;  
Lartius laid Ocnus low ;  
Right to the heart of Lausulus  
Horatius sent a blow :  
“ Lie there,” he cried, “ fell pirate !  
No more, aghast and pale,  
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark  
The track of thy destroying bark ;  
No more Campania's hinds shall fly  
To woods and caverns, when they spy  
Thy thrice-accursed sail ! ”

But now no sound of laughter  
Was heard among the foes ;  
A wild and wrathful clamor  
From all the vanguard rose.  
Six spears' lengths from the entrance,  
Halted that deep array,  
And for a space no man came forth  
To win the narrow way.

But, hark ! the cry is Astur :  
And lo ! the ranks divide ;  
And the great lord of Luna  
Comes with his stately stride.  
Upon his ample shoulders  
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,  
And in his hand he shakes the brand  
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans,  
A smile serene and high ;  
He eyed the finching Tuscans,  
And scorn was in his eye.  
Quoth he, “ The she-wolf's litter  
Stand savagely at bay ;  
But will ye dare to follow,  
If Astur clears the way ? ”

Then, whirling up his broadsword  
With both hands to the height,  
He rushed against Horatius,  
And smote with all his might.



With shield and blade Horatius  
 Right deftly turned the blow.  
 The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh ;  
 It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh.  
 The Tuscans raised a joyful cry  
 To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius  
 He leaned one breathing-space,  
 Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,  
 Sprang right at Astur's face.  
 Through teeth and skull and helmet  
 So fierce a thrust he sped,  
 The good sword stood a handbreadth out  
 Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great lord of Luna  
 Fell at that deadly stroke,  
 As falls on Mount Avernus  
 A thunder-smitten oak.  
 For o'er the crashing forest  
 The giant arms lie spread ;  
 End the pale augurs, muttering low,  
 Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's thro' Horatius  
 Right firmly pressed his heel,  
 And thrice and four times tugged amain,  
 Ere he wrenched out the steel.  
 "And see," he cried, "the welcome,  
 Fair guests, that waits you here !  
 What noble Lucumo comes next  
 To taste our Roman cheer ?"

But at his haughty challenge  
 A sullen murmur ran,  
 Mingled with wrath and shame and dread,  
 Along that glittering van.  
 There lacked not men of prowess,  
 Nor men of lordly race,  
 For all Etruria's noblest  
 Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest  
 Felt their hearts sink to see  
 On the earth the bloody corpses,  
 In the path the dsuntless three ;  
 And from the ghastly entrance,  
 Where those bold Romans stood,  
 All shrank, — like boys who, unaware,  
 Ranging a wood to start a hare,  
 Come to the mouth of the dark lair  
 Where, growling low, a fierce old bear  
 Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost  
 To lead such dire attack ;  
 But those behind cried "Forward !"  
 And those before cried "Back !"

And backward now, and forward,  
 Wavers the deep array ;  
 And on the tossing sea of steel  
 To and fro the standards reel,  
 And the victorious trumpet-peal  
 Dies fitfully aways.

Yet one man for one moment  
 Strode out before the crowd ;  
 Well known was he to all the three,  
 And they gave him greeting loud :  
 "Now welcome, welcome, Sextus !  
 Now welcome to thy home !  
 Why dost thou stay, and turn away ?  
 Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city ;  
 Thrice looked he at the dead ;  
 And thrice came on in fury,  
 And thrice turned back in dread ;  
 And, white with fear and hatred,  
 Scowled at the narrow way  
 Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,  
 The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever  
 Have manfully been plied ;  
 And now the bridge hangs tottering  
 Above the boiling tide.  
 "Come back, come back, Horatius !"  
 Loud cried the fathers all, —  
 "Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !  
 Back, ere the ruin fall !"

Back darted Spurius Lartius, —  
 Herminius darted back ;  
 And, as they passed, beneath their feet  
 They felt the timbers crack.  
 But when they turned their faces,  
 And on the farther shore  
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone,  
 They would have crossed once more ;

But with a crash like thunder  
 Fell every loosened beam,  
 And, like a dam, the mighty wreck  
 Lay right athwart the stream ;  
 And a long shout of triumph  
 Rose from the walls of Rome,  
 As to the highest turret-tops  
 Was splashed the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken,  
 When first he feels the rein,  
 The furious river struggled hard,  
 And tossed his tawny mane,  
 And burst the curb, and bounded,

Rejoicing to be free ;  
And whirling down, in fierce career,  
Battlement and plank and pier,  
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,  
But constant still in mind, —  
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,  
And the broad flood behind.  
“Down with him !” cried false Sextus,  
With a smile on his pale face ;  
“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena,  
“Now yield thee to our grace !”

Round turned he, as not deigning  
Those craven ranks to see ;  
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,  
To Sextus naught spake he ;  
But he saw on Palatinus  
The white porch of his home ;  
And he spake to the noble river  
That rolls by the towers of Rome :

“O Tiber ! Father Tiber !  
To whom the Romans pray,  
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,  
Take thou in charge this day !”  
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed  
The good sword by his side,  
And, with his harness on his back,  
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow  
Was heard from either bank,  
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,  
With parted lips and straining eyes,  
Stood gazing where he sank ;  
And when above the surges  
They saw his crest appear,  
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,  
And even the ranks of Tuscan  
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,  
Swollen high by months of rain,  
And fast his blood was flowing ;  
And he was sore in pain,  
And heavy with his armor,  
And spent with changing blows ;  
And oft they thought him sinking,  
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,  
In such an evil case,  
Struggle through such a raging flood  
Safe to the landing-place ;  
But his limbs were borne up bravely  
By the brave heart within,  
And our good Father Tiber  
Bare bravely up his chin.

“Curse on him !” quoth false Sextus, —  
“Will not the villain drown ?  
But for this stay, ere close of day  
We should have sacked the town !”  
“Heaven help him !” quoth Lars Porsena,  
“And bring him safe to shore ;  
For such a gallant feat of arms  
Was never seen before.”

And now he feels the bottom ;  
Now on dry earth he stands ;  
Now round him throng the fathers  
To press his gory hands ;  
And now, with shouts and clapping,  
And noise of weeping loud,  
He enters through the river-gate,  
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,  
That was of public right,  
As much as two strong oxen  
Could plough from morn till night ;  
And they made a molten image,  
And set it up on high, —  
And there it stands unto this day  
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the comitium,  
Plain for all folk to see, —  
Horatius in his harness,  
Halting upon one knee ;  
And underneath is written,  
In letters all of gold,  
How valiantly he kept the bridge  
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring  
Unto the men of Rome,  
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them  
To charge the Volscian home ;  
And wives still pray to Juno  
For boys with hearts as bold  
As his who kept the bridge so well  
In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,  
When the cold north-winds blow,  
And the long howling of the wolves  
Is heard amidst the snow ;  
When round the lonely cottage  
Roars loud the tempest's din,  
And the good logs of Algidus  
Roar louder yet within ;

When the oldest cask is opened,  
And the largest lamp is lit ;  
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,  
And the kid turns on the spit ;

When young and old in circle  
 Around the firebrands close ;  
 When the girls are weaving baskets,  
 And the lads are shaping bows ;

When the goodman mends his armor,  
 And trims his helmet's plume ;  
 When the goodwife's shuttle merrily  
 Goes flashing through the loom ;  
 With weeping and with laughter  
 Still is the story told,  
 How well Horatius kept the bridge  
 In the brave days of old.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

### SEMPRONIUS'S SPEECH FOR WAR.

My voice is still for war.  
 Gods ! can a Roman senate long debate  
 Which of the two to choose, slavery or death ?  
 No ; let us rise at once, gird on our swords,  
 And at the head of our remaining troops  
 Attack the foe, break through the thick array  
 Of his thronged legions, and charge home upon  
 him.

Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,  
 May reach his heart, and free the world from bond-  
 age.

Rise ! Fathers, rise ! 'tis Rome demands your help :  
 Rise, and revenge her slaughtered citizens,  
 Or share their fate ! The corpse of half her senate  
 Mannres the fields of Thessaly, while we  
 Sit here deliberating, in cold debates,  
 If we should sacrifice our lives to honor,  
 Or wear them out in servitude and chains.  
 Rouse up, for shame ! Our brothers of Pharsalia  
 Point out their wounds, and cry aloud, — " To  
 battle ! "

Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,  
 And Scipio's ghost walks unrevenged among us.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

### BOADICEA.

WHEN the British warrior queen,  
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,  
 Sought, with an indignant mien,  
 Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak  
 Sat the druid, hoary chief ;  
 Every burning word he spoke  
 Full of rage and full of grief.

" Princess ! if our aged eyes  
 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,

'T is because resentment ties  
 All the terrors of our tongues.

" Rome shall perish — write that word  
 In the blood that she has spilt —  
 Perish, hopeless and abhorred,  
 Deep in ruin as in guilt.

" Rome, for empire far renowned,  
 Tramples on a thousand states ;  
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground, —  
 Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates !

" Other Romans shall arise,  
 Heedless of a soldier's name ;  
 Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,  
 Harmony the path to fame.

" Then the progeny that springs  
 From the forests of our land,  
 Armed with thunder, clad with wings,  
 Shall a wider world command.

" Regions Cæsar never knew  
 Thy posterity shall sway ;  
 Where his eagles never flew,  
 None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,  
 Pregnant with celestial fire,  
 Bending as he swept the chords  
 Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,  
 Felt them in her bosom glow ;  
 Rushed to battle, fought, and died, —  
 Dying, hurled them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,  
 Heaven awards the vengeance due ;  
 Empire is on us bestowed,  
 Shame and ruin wait for you.

WILLIAM COWPER. †

### HERMANN AND THUSNELDA.

[Hermann, or, as the Roman historians call him, Arminius, was a chieftain of the Cheruskans, a tribe in Northern Germany. After serving in Illyria, and there learning the Roman arts of warfare, he came back to his native country, and fought successfully for its independence. He defeated beside a defile near Detmold, in Westphalia, the Roman legions under Varus, with a slaughter so mortifying that the Proconsul is said to have killed himself, and Augustus to have received the catastrophe with indecorous expressions of grief.]

HA ! there comes he, with sweat, with blood of  
 Romans,  
 And with dust of the fight all stained ! O, never  
 Saw I Hermann so lovely !  
 Never such fire in his eyes !

Come ! I tremble for joy ; hand me the Eagle,  
And the red, dripping sword ! come, breathe, and  
rest thee ;

Rest thee here in my bosom ;  
Rest from the terrible fight !

Rest thee, while from thy brow I wipe the big  
drops,

And the blood from thy cheek ! — that cheek,  
how glowing !

Hermann ! Hermann ! Thusnelda  
Never so loved thee before !

No, not then when thou first, in old oak-shadows,  
With that manly brown arm didst wildly grasp me !  
Spell-bound I read in thy look  
That immortality, then,

Which thou now hast won. Tell to the forests,  
Great Augustus, with trembling, amidst his gods  
now,

Drinks his nectar ; for Hermann,  
Hermann immortal is found !

“Wherefore curl'st thou my hair ? Lies not our  
father

Cold and silent in death ? O, had Augustus  
Only headed his army, —  
*He* should lie bloodier there !”

Let me lift up thy hair ; 't is sinking, Hermann ;  
Proudly thy locks should curl above the crown  
now !

Sigmar is with the immortals !  
Follow, and mourn him no more !

KLOPSTOCK. Translation of  
CHARLES T. BROOKS.

### RIENZI TO THE ROMANS.

FRIENDS !

I came not here to talk. Ye know too well  
The story of our thralldom. We are slaves !  
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights  
A race of slaves ! he sets, and his last beam  
Falls on a slave ! Not such as, swept along  
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads  
To crimson glory and undying fame,  
But base, ignoble slaves ! — slaves to a horde  
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots ; lords  
Rich in some dozen paltry villages,  
Strong in some hundred spearmen, only great  
In that strange spell, — a name ! Each hour, dark  
fraud,

Or open rapine, or protected murder,  
Cries out against them. But this very day  
An honest man, my neighbor, — there he stands, —

Was struck — struck like a dog — by one who wore  
The badge of Ursini ! because, forsooth,  
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,  
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,  
At sight of that great ruffian ! Be we men,  
And suffer such dishonor ? men, and wash not  
The stain away in blood ? such shames are common.  
I have known deeper wrongs. I that speak to  
ye —

I had a brother once, a gracious boy,  
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,  
Of sweet and quiet joy ; there was the look  
Of Heaven upon his face which limners give  
To the beloved disciple. How I loved  
That gracious boy ! younger by fifteen years,  
Brother at once and son ! He left my side, —  
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile  
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour  
The pretty, harmless boy was slain ! I saw  
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried  
For vengeance ! Rouse, ye Romans ! Rouse,  
ye slaves !

Have ye brave sons ? — Look in the next fierce  
brawl

To see them die ! Have ye fair daughters ? — Look  
To see them live, torn from your arms, disdained,  
Dishonored ; and, if ye dare call for justice,  
Be answered by the lash ! Yet this is Rome,  
That sate on her seven hills, and from her throne  
Of beauty ruled the world ! Yet we are Romans.  
Why, in that elder day to be a Roman  
Was greater than a king ! And once again —  
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread  
Of either Brutus ! — once again I swear  
The eternal city shall be free !

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. 1

### MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY !

[On the exploit of Arnold Winkelried at the battle of Sempach, in which the Swiss, fighting for their independence, totally defeated the Austrians, in the fourteenth century.]

“MAKE way for Liberty !” — he cried ;  
Made way for Liberty, and died !

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,  
A living wall, a human wood !  
A wall, where every conscious stone  
Seemed to its kindred thousands grown ;  
A rampart all assaults to bear,  
Till time to dust their frames should wear ;  
A wood, like that enchanted grove  
In which with fiends Rinaldo strove,  
Where every silent tree possessed  
A spirit prisoned in its breast,  
Which the first stroke of coming strife  
Would startle into hideous life ;

So dense, so still, the Austrians stood,  
A living wall, a human wood !  
Impregnable their front appears,  
All horrent with projected spears,  
Whose polished points before them shine,  
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,  
Bright as the breakers' splendors run  
Along the billows to the sun.

Opposed to these, a hovering band  
Contended for their native land :  
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke  
From manly necks the ignoble yoke,  
And forged their fetters into swords,  
On equal terms to fight their lords,  
And what insurgent rage had gained  
In many a mortal fray maintained ;  
Marshalled once more at Freedom's call,  
They came to conquer or to fall,  
Where he who conquered, he who fell,  
Was deemed a dead, or living Tell !  
Such virtue had that patriot breathed,  
So to the soil his soul bequeathed,  
That wheresoe'er his arrows flew  
Heroes in his own likeness grew,  
And warriors sprang from every sod  
Which his awakening footstep trod.

And now the work of life and death  
Hung on the passing of a breath ;  
The fire of conflict burnt within,  
The battle trembled to begin ;  
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,  
Point for attack was nowhere found,  
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,  
The unbroken line of lances blazed ;  
That line 't were suicide to meet,  
And perish at their tyrants' feet, —  
How could they rest within their graves,  
And leave their homes the homes of slaves ?  
Would they not feel their children tread  
With clanging chains above their head ?

It must not be : this day, this hour,  
Annihilates the oppressor's power ;  
All Switzerland is in the field,  
She will not fly, she cannot yield, —  
She must not fall ; her better fate  
Here gives her an immortal date.  
Few were the number she could boast ;  
But every freeman was a host,  
And felt as though himself were he  
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on *one* indeed ;  
Behold him, — Arnold Winkelried !  
There sounds not to the trump of fame  
The echo of a nobler name.

Unmarked he stood amid the throng,  
In rumination deep and long,  
Till you might see, with sudden grace,  
The very thought come o'er his face,  
And by the motion of his form  
Anticipate the bursting storm,  
And by the uplifting of his brow  
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 't was no sooner thought than done,  
The field was in a moment won : —

“ Make way for Liberty ! ” he cried,  
Then ran, with arms extended wide,  
As if his dearest friend to clasp ;  
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.

“ Make way for Liberty ! ” he cried ;  
Their keen points met from side to side ;  
He bowed amongst them like a tree,  
And thus made way for Liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly ;  
“ Make way for Liberty ! ” they cry,  
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,  
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart ;  
While, instantaneous as his fall,  
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all :  
An earthquake could not overthrow  
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free ;  
Thus death made way for Liberty !

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## SWITZERLAND.

WILLIAM TELL.

ONCE Switzerland was free ! With what a pride  
I used to walk these hills, — look up to heaven,  
And bless God that it was so ! It was free  
From end to end, from cliff to lake 't was free !  
Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks,  
And plough our valleys, without asking leave ;  
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow  
In very presence of the regal sun !  
How happy was I in it, then ! I loved  
Its very storms. Ay, often have I sat  
In my boat at night, when midway o'er the lake,  
The stars went out, and down the mountain  
gorge  
The wind came roaring, — I have sat and eyed  
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled  
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,  
And think I had no master save his own.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

## MONCONTOUR.

O, WEEP for Moncontour ! O, weep for the hour  
When the children of darkness and evil had  
power ;

When the horsemen of Valois triumphantly trod  
On the bosoms that bled for their rights and  
their God.

O, weep for Moncontour ! O, weep for the slain  
Who for faith and for freedom lay slaughtered in  
vain !

O, weep for the living, who linger to bear  
The renegade's shame or the exile's despair !

One look, one last look, to the cots and the  
towers,

To the rows of our vines and the beds of our  
flowers ;

To the church where the bones of our fathers  
decayed,

Where we fondly had deemed that our own should  
be laid.

Alas ! we must leave thee, dear desolate home,  
To the spearmen of Uri, the shavelings of Rome ;  
To the serpent of Florence, the sultan of Spain ;  
To the pride of Anjou, and the guile of Lorraine.

Farewell to thy fountains, farewell to thy shades,  
To the song of thy youths, the dance of thy  
maids ;

To the breath of thy gardens, the hum of thy  
bees,

And the long waving line of the blue Pyrenees !

Farewell and forever ! The priest and the slave  
May rule in the halls of the free and the brave ;  
Our hearths we abandon, — our lands we resign, —  
But, Father, we kneel to no altar but thine.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

— ◆ —  
NASEBY.

O, WHEREFORE come ye forth in triumph from  
the north,

With your hands, and your feet, and your rai-  
ment all red ?

And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joy-  
ous shout ?

And whence be the grapes of the wine-press that  
ye tread ?

O, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,  
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that  
we trod ;

For we trampled on the throng of the haughty  
and the strong,  
Who sate in the high places and slew the saints  
of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June  
That we saw their banners dance and their  
cuirasses shine,

And the man of blood was there, with his long  
essenced hair,

And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of  
the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and  
his sword,

The General rode along us to form us for the fight ;  
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled  
into a shout

Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's  
right.

And hark ! like the roar of the billows on the  
shore,

The cry of battle rises along their charging line :  
For God ! for the cause ! for the Church ! for the  
laws !

For Charles, king of England, and Rupert of the  
Rhine !

The furious German comes, with his clarions and  
his drums,

His bravoes of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall ;  
They are bursting on our flanks ! Grasp your  
pikes ! Close your ranks !

For Rupert never comes but to conquer, or to  
fall.

They are here, — they rush on, — we are broken,  
— we are gone, —

Our left is borne before them like stubble on the  
blast.

O Lord, put forth thy might ! O Lord, defend  
the right !

Stand back to back, in God's name ! and fight  
it to the last !

Stout Skippen hath a wound, — the centre hath  
given ground.

Hark ! hark ! what means the trampling of  
horsemen on our rear ?

Whose banner do I see, boys ? 'T is he ! thank  
God ! 't is he, boys !

Bear up another minute ! Brave Oliver is here !

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in  
a row,

Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on  
the dikes,

Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the  
accurst,  
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his  
pikes.

Fast, fast the gallants ride, in some safe nook  
to hide  
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Tem-  
ple Bar ;  
And he — he turns ! he flies ! shame on those  
cruel eyes  
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look  
on war !

Ho, comrades ! scour the plain ; and ere ye strip  
the slain,  
First give another stab to make your search  
secure ;  
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-  
pieces and lockets,  
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the  
poor.

Fools ! your doublets shone with gold, and your  
hearts were gay and bold,  
When you kissed your lily hands to your le-  
mans to-day ;  
And to-morrow shall the fox from her chambers  
in the rocks  
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the  
prey.

Where be your tongues, that late mocked at  
heaven and hell and fate ?  
And the fingers that once were so busy with your  
blades ?  
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and  
your oaths ?  
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your dia-  
monds and your spades ?

Down ! down ! forever down, with the mitre and  
the crown !  
With the Belial of the court, and the Mammon  
of the Pope !  
There is woe in Oxford halls, there is wail in  
Durham's stalls ;  
The Jesuit smites his bosom, the bishop rends  
his cope.

And she of the seven hills shall mourn her chil-  
dren's ills,  
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of  
England's sword ;  
And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder  
when they hear  
What the hand of God hath wrought for the  
houses and the word !

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

### BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

For Scotland's and for freedom's right  
The Bruce his part had played,  
In five successive fields of fight  
Been conquered and dismayed ;  
Once more against the English host  
His hand he led, and once more lost  
The meed for which he fought ;  
And now from battle, faint and worn,  
The homeless fugitive forlorn  
A hut's lone shelter sought.

And cheerless was that resting-place  
For him who claimed a throne :  
His canopy, devoid of grace,  
The rude, rough beams alone ;  
The heather couch his only bed, —  
Yet well I ween had slumber fled  
From couch of eider-down !  
Through darksome night till dawn of day,  
Absorbed in wakeful thought he lay  
Of Scotland and her crown.

The sun rose brightly, and its gleam  
Fell on that hapless bed,  
And tinged with light each shapeless beam  
Which roofed the lowly shed ;  
When, looking up with wistful eye,  
The Bruce beheld a spider try  
His filmy thread to fling  
From beam to beam of that rude cot ;  
And well the insect's toilsome lot  
Taught Scotland's future king.

Six times his gossamery thread  
The wary spider threw ;  
In vain the filmy line was sped,  
For powerless or untrue  
Each aim appeared, and back recoiled  
The patient insect, six times foiled,  
And yet unconquered still ;  
And soon the Bruce, with eager eye,  
Saw him prepare once more to try  
His courage, strength, and skill.

One effort more, his seventh and last !  
The hero hailed the sign !  
And on the wished-for beam hung fast  
That slender, silken line ;  
Slight as it was, his spirit caught  
The more than omen, for his thought  
The lesson well could trace,  
Which even "he who runs may read,"  
That Perseverance gains its meed,  
And Patience wins the race.

BERNARD BARTON.

## BANNOCKBURN.

At Bannockburn the English lay, —  
The Scots they were na far away,  
But waited for the break o' day  
That glinted in the east.

But soon the sun broke through the heath  
And lighted up that field o' death,  
When Bruce, wi' saul-inspiring breath,  
His heralds thus addressed : —

"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots, wham Bruce has often led,  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to glorious victory !

"Now 's the day, and now 's the hour ;  
See the front o' battle lour ;  
See approach proud Edward's power, —  
Edward ! chains and slavery !

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

"Wha for Scotland's king and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',  
Caledonia ! on wi' me !

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

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

ROBERT BURNS.

## LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD. — LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel ! beware of the day  
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array,  
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,  
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.  
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and  
crown,  
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down !  
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,  
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.

But hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning of  
war,  
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?  
'T is thine, O Glenullin ! whose bride shall await,  
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.  
A steed comes at morning : no rider is there ;  
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.  
Weep, Albin ! to death and captivity led !  
O, weep ! but thy tears cannot number the dead ;  
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,  
Culloden ! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer !  
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,  
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight  
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?  
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be  
torn !

Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth  
From his home in the dark rolling clouds of the  
north !

Lo ! the death-shot of foemen, outspeeding, he rode  
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad ;  
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !  
Ah ! home let him speed, — for the spoiler is nigh.  
Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the  
blast

Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?  
'T is the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven  
From his eyry, that beacons the darkness of  
heaven.

O crested Lochiel ! the peerless in might,  
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,  
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn ;  
Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely return !  
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it  
stood,  
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt ! I have marshalled my clan,  
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one !  
They are true to the last of their blood and their  
breath,

And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.  
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !  
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the  
rock !

But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,  
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws ;  
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,  
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,  
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array —



## WIZARD.

—Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;  
 For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,  
 But man cannot cover what God would reveal;  
 'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
 And coming events cast their shadows before.  
 I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring  
 With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive  
 king.

Lo! anointed by Heaven with the phials of wrath,  
 Behold where he flies on his desolate path!  
 Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my  
 sight.

Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!  
 'T is finished. Their thunders are hushed on the  
 moors.

Culloden is lost, and my country deploras,  
 But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?  
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.  
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,  
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and  
 torn?

Ah no! for a darker departure is near;  
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;  
 His death-bell is tolling: O mercy, dispel  
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!  
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,  
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.  
 Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,  
 Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to  
 beat,

With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale —

## LOCHIEL.

—Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale;  
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet,  
 So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.  
 Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in  
 their gore,

Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,  
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,  
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,  
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!  
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
 Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of  
 fame.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## SCOTLAND.

O CALEDONIA! stern and wild,  
 Meet nurse for a poetic child!  
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
 Land of the mountain and the flood,  
 Land of my sires! what mortal hand  
 Can e'er untie the filial band

That knits me to thy rugged strand?  
 Still, as I view each well-known scene,  
 Think what is now, and what hath been,  
 Seems as, to me, of all bereft,  
 Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;  
 And thus I love them better still,  
 Even in extremity of ill.  
 By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,  
 Though none should guide my feeble way;  
 Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,  
 Although it chill my withered cheek;  
 Still lay my head by Teviot stone,  
 Though there, forgotten and alone,  
 The bard may draw his parting groan.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

*Air, "THAIN' A GRIGALACH."*

[These verses are adapted to a very wild, yet lively, gathering  
 tune, used by the Macgregors. The severe treatment of this clan,  
 their outlawry, and the proscription of their very name, are alluded  
 to in the ballad.]

THE moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the  
 brae,

And the clan has a name that is nameless by day;  
 Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!  
 Gather, gather, gather, etc.

Our signal for fight, that from monarchs we drew,  
 Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo!  
 Then haloo, Grigalach! haloo, Grigalach!  
 Haloo, haloo, haloo, Grigalach, etc.

Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Coalechurn and  
 her towers,  
 Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours:  
 We're landless, landless, landless, Grigalach!  
 Landless, landless, landless, etc.

But doomed and devoted by vassal and lord  
 Macgregor has still both his heart and his sword!  
 Then courage, courage, courage, Grigalach!  
 Courage, courage, courage, etc.

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,  
 Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to  
 the eagles!

Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance,  
 Grigalach!

Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, etc.

While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on  
 the river,  
 Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish forever!  
 Come then, Grigalach! come then, Griga-  
 lach!  
 Come then, come then, come then, etc.

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed  
shall career,  
O'er the peak of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer,  
And the rocks of Craig-Royston like icicles melt,  
Ere our wrongs be forgot or our vengeance unfelt !  
Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach !  
Gather, gather, gather, etc.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## ENGLAND.

I TRAVELLED among unknown men  
In lands beyond the sea ;  
Nor, England ! did I know till then  
What love I bore to thee.

'T is past, that melancholy dream !  
Nor will I quit thy shore  
A second time, for still I seem  
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel  
The joy of my desire ;  
And she I cherished turned her wheel  
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed,  
The bowers where Lucy played ;  
And thine too is the last green field  
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## MY COUNTRY.

FROM "THE TIMEPIECE."

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still, —  
My country ! and, while yet a nook is left  
Where English minds and manners may be found,  
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy  
clime

Be fickle, and thy year most part deformed  
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,  
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,  
And fields without a flower, for warmer France  
With all her vines ; nor for Ausonia's groves  
Of golden fruitage and her myrtle bowers.  
To shake thy senate, and from height sublime  
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire  
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task :  
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake  
Thy joys and sorrows with as true a heart  
As any thunderer there. And I can feel  
Thy follies too ; and with a just disdain  
Frown at effeminates whose very looks  
Reflect dishonor on the land I love.

How, in the name of soldiership and sense,  
Should England prosper, when such things, as  
smooth

And tender as a girl, all essenced o'er  
With odors, and as profligate as sweet,  
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,  
And love when they should fight, — when such as  
these

Presume to lay their hand upon the ark  
Of her magnificent and awful cause ?  
Time was when it was praise and boast enough  
In every clime, and travel where we might,  
That we were born her children. Praise enough  
To fill the ambition of a private man,  
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,  
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.

WILLIAM COWPER.

## RULE BRITANNIA !

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

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

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;  
As the loud blasts that tear thy skies  
Serve but to root thy native oak.  
Rule Britannia ! etc.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;  
All their attempts to hurl thee down  
Will but arouse thy generous flame,  
And work their woe — but thy renown.  
Rule Britannia ! etc.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;  
All thine shall be the subject main,  
And every shore encircle thine.  
Rule Britannia ! etc.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;  
Blest Isle ! with matchless beauty crowned,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair.  
Rule Britannia ! etc.

JAMES THOMSON.

## THE ENGLISHMAN.

THERE'S a land that bears a world-known name,  
 Though it is but a little spot ;  
 I say 't is first on the scroll of fame,  
 And who shall aver it is not ?  
 Of the deathless ones who shine and live  
 In arms, in arts, or song,  
 The brightest the whole wide world can give  
 To that little land belong.  
 'T is the star of earth, deny it who can,  
 The island home of an Englishman.

There 's a flag that waves o'er every sea,  
 No matter when or where ;  
 And to treat that flag as aught but the free  
 Is more than the strongest dare.  
 For the lion spirits that tread the deck  
 Have carried the palm of the brave ;  
 And that flag *may* sink with a shot-torn wreck,  
 But never float over a slave.  
 Its honor is stainless, deny it who can,  
 And this is the flag of an Englishman.

There 's a heart that leaps with burning glow  
 The wronged and the weak to defend ;  
 And strikes as soon for a trampled foe  
 As it does for a soul-bound friend.  
 It nurtures a deep and honest love,  
 The passions of faith and pride,  
 And yearns with the fondness of a dove  
 For the light of its own fireside.  
 'T is a rich rough gem, deny it who can,  
 And this is the heart of an Englishman.

The Briton may traverse the pole or the zone,  
 And boldly claim his right ;  
 For he calls such a vast domain his own  
 That the sun never sets on his might.  
 Let the haughty stranger seek to know  
 The place of his home and birth,  
 And a flush will pour from cheek to brow  
 While he tells his native earth.  
 For a glorious charter, deny it who can,  
 Is breathed in the words "I 'm an Englishman."  
ELIZA COOK.

## THE SNUG LITTLE ISLAND.

DADDY NEPTUNE, one day, to Freedom did say,  
 If ever I lived upon dry land,  
 The spot I should hit on would be little Britain !  
 Says Freedom, "Why, that's my own island !"  
 O, it 's a snug little island !  
 A right little, tight little island !  
 Search the globe round, none can be found  
 So happy as this little island.

Julius Cæsar, the Roman, who yielded to no  
 man,  
 Came by water, — he could n't come by land ;  
 And Dane, Pict, and Saxon, their homes turned  
 their backs on,  
 And all for the sake of our island.  
 O, what a snug little island !  
 They 'd all have a touch at the island !  
 Some were shot dead, some of them fled,  
 And some stayed to live on the island.

Then a very great war-man, called Billy the Nor-  
 man,  
 Cried, "Drat it, I never liked my land.  
 It would be much more handy to leave this  
 Normandy,  
 And live on your beautiful island."  
 Says he, "'T is a snug little island ;  
 Sha' n't us go visit the island ?"  
 Hop, skip, and jump, there he was plump,  
 And he kicked up a dust in the island.

But party deceit helped the Normans to beat ;  
 Of traitors they managed to buy land ;  
 By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, Britons ne'er had been  
 licked,  
 Had they stuck to the king of their island.  
 Poor Harold, the king of our island !  
 He lost both his life and his island.  
 That 's all very true: what more could he  
 do ?  
 Like a Briton he died for his island !

The Spanish armada set out to invade — a,  
 'T will sure, if they ever come nigh land.  
 They could n't do less than tuck up Queen Bess,  
 And take their full swing on the island.  
 O the poor queen of the island !  
 The Dons came to plunder the island ;  
 But snug in her hive the queen was alive,  
 And "buzz" was the word of the island.

These proud puffed-up cakes thought to make  
 ducks and drakes  
 Of our wealth ; but they hardly could spy land,  
 When our Drake had the luck to make their  
 pride duck  
 And stoop to the lads of the island !  
 The good wooden walls of the island ;  
 Devil or Don, let them come on ;  
 And see how they 'd come off the island !

Since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept  
 time,  
 In each saying, "This shall be my land" ;  
 Should the "Army of England," or all it could  
 bring, land,  
 We 'd show 'em some play for the island.

We 'd fight for our right to the island ;  
 We 'd give them enough of the island ;  
 Invaders should just — bite onceat the dust,  
 But not a bit more of the island.

THOMAS DIBDIN.

THE LAND, BOYS, WE LIVE IN.

FROM "THE MYRTLE AND THE VINE."

SINCE our foes to invade us have long been preparing,

'T is clear they consider we 've something worth sharing,

And for that mean to visit our shore ;  
 It behooves us, however, with spirit to meet 'em,  
 And though 't will be nothing uncommon to beat 'em,

We must try how they 'll take it once more :  
 So fill, fill your glasses, be this the toast given, —  
 Here 's England forever, the land, boys, we live in !

Sofill, fill your glasses, bethisthe toast given, —  
 Here 's England forever, huzza !

Here 'a a health to our tars on the wide ocean ranging,

Perhaps even now some broadsides are exchanging,

We 'll on shipboard and join in the fight ;  
 And when with the foe we are firmly engaging,  
 Till the fire of our guns lulls the sea in its raging,  
 On our country we 'll think with delight.  
 So fill, fill your glasses, etc.

On that throne where once Alfred in glory was seated,

Long, long may our king by his people be greeted ;  
 O, to guard him we 'll be of one mind !

May religion, law, order, be strictly defended,  
 And continue the blessings they first were intended,

In union the nation to bind !  
 So fill, fill your glasses, etc.

ANONYMOUS.

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

ALL hail ! thou noble land,  
 Our Fathers' native soil !

O, stretch thy mighty hand,  
 Gigantic grown by toil,

O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore !

For thou with magic might  
 Canst reach to where the light  
 Of Phœbus travels bright

The world o'er !

The Genius of our clime

From his pine-embattled steep  
 Shall hail the guest sublime ;

While the Tritons of the deep  
 With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.

Then let the world combine, —  
 O'er the main our naval line  
 Like the Milky Way shall shine  
 Bright in fame !

Though ages long have past

Since our Fathers left their home,  
 Their pilot in the blast,

O'er untravelled seas to roam,  
 Yet lives the blood of England in our veins !

And shall we not proclaim  
 That blood of honest fame  
 Which no tyranny can tame  
 By its chains ?

While the language free and bold  
 Which the Bard of Avon sung,  
 In which our Milton told

How the vault of heaven rung  
 When Satan, blasted, fell with his host ;

While this, with reverence meet,  
 Ten thousand echoes greet,  
 From rock to rock repeat  
 Round our coast ;

While the manners, while the arts,

That mould a nation's soul,  
 Still cling around our hearts, —

Between let Ocean roll,  
 Our joint communion breaking with the Sun :

Yet still from either beach  
 The voice of blood shall reach,  
 More audible than speech,

"We are One."

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

AMERICA.

O MOTHER of a mighty race,  
 Yet lovely in thy youthful grace !  
 The elder dames, thy haughty peers,  
 Admire and hate thy blooming years ;

With words of a shame  
 And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread  
 That tints thy morning hills with red ;  
 Thy step, — the wild deer's rustling feet  
 Within thy woods are not more fleet ;

Thy hopeful eye  
 Is bright as thine own sunny aky.

Ay, let them rail, those haughty ones,  
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.  
They do not know how loved thou art,  
How many a fond and fearless heart

Would rise to throw  
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,  
What virtues with thy children bide, —  
How true, how good, thy graceful maids  
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades ;

What generous men  
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen ;

What cordial welcomes greet the guest  
By thy lone rivers of the west ;  
How faith is kept, and truth revered,  
And man is loved, and God is feared,  
In woodland homes,  
And where the ocean border foams. .

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest  
For earth's down-trodden and oppress,  
A shelter for the hunted head,  
For the starved laborer toil and bread.  
Power, at thy bounds,  
Stops, and calls back his baffled hounds.

O fair young mother ! on thy brow  
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.  
Deep in the brightness of thy skies,  
The thronging years in glory rise,  
And, as they fleet,  
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,  
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower ;  
And when thy sisters, elder born,  
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,  
Before thine eye  
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### COLUMBIA.

COLUMBIA, Columbia, to glory arise,  
The queen of the world, and child of the skies !  
Thy genius commands thee ; with rapture behold,  
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.  
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time,  
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime ;  
Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name,  
Be freedom and science and virtue thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire ;  
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire ;  
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,  
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.

A world is thy realm ; for a world be thy laws,  
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause ;  
On Freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise,  
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,  
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star,  
New bards and new sages unrivalled shall soar  
To fame unextinguished when time is no more ;  
To thee, the last refuge of virtue designed,  
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind ;  
Here grateful to heaven, with transport shall bring  
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,  
And genius and beauty in harmony blend ;  
The graces of form shall awake pure desire,  
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire ;  
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,  
And virtue's bright image, enstamped on the mind,  
With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to  
glow,

And light up a smile on the aspect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,  
The nations admire, and the ocean obey ;  
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,  
And the east and the south yield their spices and  
gold.

As the dayspring unbounded thy splendor shall  
flow,

And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,  
While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurled,  
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the  
world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'er-  
spread,

From war's dread confusion, I pensively strayed, —  
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired ;  
The winds ceased to murmur, the thunders  
expired ;

Perfumes, as of Eden, flowed sweetly along,  
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung :

" Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,  
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies."

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

### SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

Our band is few, but true and tried,  
Our leader frank and bold ;  
The British soldier trembles  
When Marion's name is told.  
Our fortress is the good greenwood,  
Our tent the cypress-tree ;  
We know the forest round us,  
As seamen know the sea ;

We know its walls of thorny vines,  
Its glades of reedy grass,  
Its safe and silent islands  
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery  
That little dread us near !  
On them shall light at midnight  
A strange and sudden fear ;  
When, waking to their tents on fire,  
They grasp their arms in vain,  
And they who stand to face us  
Are beat to earth again ;  
And they who fly in terror deem  
A mighty host behind,  
And hear the tramp of thousands  
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release  
From danger and from toil ;  
We talk the battle over,  
And share the battle's spoil.  
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,  
As if a hunt were up,  
And woodland flowers are gathered  
To crown the soldier's cup.  
With merry songs we mock the wind  
That in the pine-top grieves,  
And slumber long and sweetly  
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon  
The band that Marion leads, —  
The glitter of their rifles,  
The scampering of their steeds.  
'T is life to guide the fiery barb  
Across the moonlight plain ;  
'T is life to feel the night-wind  
That lifts his tossing mane.  
A moment in the British camp —  
A moment — and away  
Back to the pathless forest,  
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,  
Grave men with hoary hairs ;  
Their hearts are all with Marion,  
For Marion are their prayers.  
And lovely ladies greet our band  
With kindest welcoming,  
With smiles like those of summer,  
And tears like those of spring.  
For them we wear these trusty arms,  
And lay them down no more  
Till we have driven the Briton  
Forever from our shore.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

#### WARREN'S ADDRESS.

STAND ! the ground 's your own, my braves !  
Will ye give it up to slaves ?  
Will ye look for greener graves ?  
Hope ye mercy still ?  
What 's the mercy despots feel ?  
Hear it in that battle-peal !  
Read it on yon bristling steel !  
Ask it, — ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire ?  
Will ye to your *homes* retire ?  
Look behind you ! — they 're afire !  
And, before you, see  
Who have done it ! From the vale  
On they come ! — and will ye quail ?  
Leaden rain and iron hail  
Let their welcome be !

In the God of battles trust !  
Die we may, — and die we must :  
But, O, where can dust to dust  
Be consigned so well,  
As where heaven its dews shall shed  
On the martyred patriot's bed,  
And the rocks shall raise their head,  
Of his deeds to tell ?

JOHN PIERPONT.

#### THE OLD CONTINENTALS.

In their ragged regimentals  
Stood the old continentals,  
Yielding not,  
When the grenadiers were lungeing,  
And like hail fell the plunging  
Cannon-shot ;  
When the files  
Of the isles,  
From the smoky night encampment, bore the banner of the rampant  
Unicorn,  
And grummer, grummer, grummer rolled the roll  
of the drummer,  
Through the morn !

Then with eyes to the front all,  
And with guns horizontal,  
Stood our sires ;  
And the balls whistled deadly,  
And in streams flashing redly  
Blazed the fires ;  
As the roar  
On the shore,

Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-  
sodded acres  
Of the plain ;  
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black  
gunpowder,  
Cracking amain !

Now like smiths at their forges  
Worked the red St. George's  
Cannoneers ;

And the "villanous saltpetre"  
Rung a fierce, discordant metre  
Round their ears ;  
As the swift  
Storm-drift,

With hot sweeping anger, came the horseguards'  
clangor

On our flanks.

Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-fash-  
ioned fire

Through the ranks !

Then the old-fashioned colonel  
Galoped through the white infernal  
Powder-cloud ;

And his broad sword was swinging,  
And his brazen throat was ringing  
Trumpet loud.

Then the blue

Bullets flew,

And the trooper-jackets reddened at the touch of  
the leaden

Rifle-breath ;

And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron  
six-pounder,

Hurling death !

GUY HUMPHREY MCMASTER.

#### THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,

And set the stars of glory there !  
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes  
The milky baldric of the skies,  
And striped its pure, celestial white  
With streakings of the morning light,  
Then, from his mansion in the sun,  
She called her eagle-bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand  
The symbol of her chosen land !

Majestic monarch of the cloud !

Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,  
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,  
And see the lightning lances driven,

When strive the warriors of the storm,  
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven, —  
Child of the Sun ! to thee 't is given

To guard the banner of the free,  
To hover in the sulphur smoke,  
To ward away the battle-stroke,  
And bid its blendings shine afar,  
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,  
The harbingers of victory !

Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly,  
The sign of hope and triumph high !  
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,  
And the long line comes gleaming on,  
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,  
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,  
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn  
To where thy sky-born glories burn,  
And, as his springing steps advance,  
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon-mouthings loud  
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,  
And gory sabres rise and fall

Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,  
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,

And cowering foes shall shrink beneath  
Each gallant arm that strikes below  
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean wave  
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave ;  
When death, careering on the gale,  
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,  
And frightened waves rush wildly back  
Before the broadside's reeling rack,  
Each dying wanderer of the sea  
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,  
And smile to see thy splendors fly  
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,

By angel hands to valor given,  
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
And all thy hues were born in heaven.  
Forever float that standard sheet !

Where breathes the foe but falls before us,  
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us ?

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

#### THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O SAY, can you see by the dawn's early light  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last  
gleaming ? —  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through  
the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly  
streaming !  
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting  
in air,  
Gave proof through the night that our flag was  
still there ;  
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the  
brave ?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of  
the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence  
reposes,  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering  
steep,  
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses ?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first  
beam,  
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream ;  
'T is the star-spangled banner ! O, long may it  
wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the  
brave !

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore  
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion  
A home and a country should leave us no more ?  
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps'  
pollution.  
No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the  
grave ;  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth  
wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the  
brave !

O, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved homes and the war's desola-  
tion !  
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-  
rescued land  
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved  
us a nation.  
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust" ;  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall  
wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the  
brave !

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde ;

On that pleasant morn of the early fall  
When Leemarched over the mountain wall,—

Over the mountains, winding down,  
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind ; the sun  
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,  
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten ;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men hauled down ;

In her attic-window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right  
He glanced : the old flag met his sight.

"Halt !" — the dust-brown ranks stood fast ;  
"Fire !" — out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash ;  
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf ;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,  
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came ;

The nobler nature within him stirred  
To life at that woman's deed and word :

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head  
Dies like a dog ! March on !" he said.

All day long through Frederick street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet ;



All day long that free flag tost  
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds that loved it well ;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,  
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her ! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,  
Flag of freedom and union, wave !

Peace and order and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law ;

And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Frederick town !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

### THE BLACK REGIMENT.

[May 27, 1863.]

DARK as the clouds of even,  
Ranked in the western heaven,  
Waiting the breath that lifts  
All the dead mass, and drifts  
Tempest and falling brand  
Over a ruined land, —  
So still and orderly,  
Arm to arm, knee to knee,  
Waiting the great event,  
Stands the black regiment.

Down the long dusky line  
Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine ;  
And the bright bayonet,  
Bristling and firmly set,  
Flashed with a purpose grand,  
Long ere the sharp command  
Of the fierce rolling drum  
Told them their time had come,  
Told them what work was sent  
For the black regiment.

"Now," the flag-sergeant cried,  
"Though death and hell betide,  
Let the whole nation see  
If we are fit to be  
Free in this land ; or bound  
Down, like the whining hound, —  
Bound with red stripes of pain  
In our cold chains again !"

O, what a shout there went  
From the black regiment !

"Charge !" Trump and drum awoke ;  
Onward the bondmen broke ;  
Bayonet and sabre-stroke  
Vainly opposed their rush.  
Through the wild battle's crush,  
With but one thought aflush,  
Driving their lords like chaff,  
In the guns' mouths they laugh ;  
Or at the slippery brands  
Leaping with open hands,  
Down they tear man and horse,  
Down in their awful course ;  
Trampling with bloody heel  
Over the crashing steel, —  
All their eyes forward bent,  
Rushed the black regiment.

"Freedom !" their battle-cry, —  
"Freedom ! or leave to die !"  
Ah ! and they meant the word,  
Not as with us 't is heard,  
Not a mere party shout ;  
They gave their spirits out,  
Trusted the end to God,  
And on the gory sod  
Rolled in triumphant blood.  
Glad to strike one free blow,  
Whether for weal or woe ;  
Glad to breathe one free breath,  
Though on the lips of death ;  
Praying, — alas ! in vain ! —  
That they might fall again,  
So they could once more see  
That burst to liberty !  
This was what "freedom" lent  
To the black regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell ;  
But they are resting well ;  
Scourges and shackles strong  
Never shall do them wrong.  
O, to the living few,  
Soldiers, be just and true !  
Hail them as comrades tried ;  
Fight with them side by side ;  
Never, in field or tent,  
Scorn the black regiment !

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

### SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the South at break of day,  
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,  
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,  
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,

The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,  
Telling the battle was on once more,  
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war  
Thundered along the horizon's bar,  
And louder yet into Winchester rolled  
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,  
Making the blood of the listener cold  
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,  
With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,  
A good, broad highway leading down ;  
And there through the flash of the morning light,  
A steed as black as the steeds of night,  
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight.  
As if he knew the terrible need,  
He stretched away with the utmost speed ;  
Hills rose and fell, — but his heart was gay,  
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road  
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,  
And the landscape sped away behind  
Like an ocean flying before the wind ;  
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,  
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire ;  
But, lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire,  
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,  
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups  
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops ;  
What was done, — what to do, — a glance told  
him both,  
And, striking his spurs with a terrible oath,  
He dashed down the line mid a storm of huzzas,  
And the wave of retreat checked its course there  
because  
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.  
With foam and with dust the black charger was  
gray,  
By the flash of his eye, and his nostril's play  
He seemed to the whole great army to say,  
" I have brought you Sheridan all the way  
From Winchester, down to save the day ! "

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan !  
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man !  
And when their statues are placed on high,  
Under the dome of the Union sky, —  
The American soldier's Temple of Fame, —  
There with the glorious General's name  
Be it said in letters both bold and bright :  
" Here is the steed that saved the day  
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,  
From Winchester, — twenty miles away ! "

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

### THE LITTLE CLOUD.

[Written in 1853.]

As when, on Carmel's sterile steep,  
The ancient prophet bowed the knee,  
And seven times sent his servant forth  
To look toward the distant sea ;

There came at last a little cloud,  
Scarce larger than the human hand,  
Spreading and swelling till it broke  
In showers on all the herbless land.

And hearts were glad, and shouts went up,  
And praise to Israel's mighty God,  
As the sear hills grew bright with flowers,  
And verdure clothed the valley sod.

Even so our eyes have waited long ;  
But now a little cloud appears,  
Spreading and swelling as it glides  
Onward into the coming years.

Bright cloud of Liberty ! full soon,  
Far stretching from the ocean strand,  
Thy glorious folds shall spread abroad,  
Encircling our beloved land.

Like the sweet rain on Judah's hills,  
The glorious boon of love shall fall,  
And our bond millions shall arise,  
As at an angel's trumpet-call.

Then shall a shout of joy go up,  
The wild, glad cry of freedom come  
From hearts long crushed by cruel hands,  
And songs from lips long sealed and dumb.

And every bondman's chain be broke,  
And every soul that moves abroad  
In this wide realm shall know and feel  
The blessed Liberty of God.

JOHN HOWARD BRYANT.

### MARCO BOZZARIS.

[Marco Bozzaris, the Epaminondas of modern Greece, fell in a night attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Plataea, August 20, 1825, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were : " To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain. "]

At midnight, in his guarded tent,  
The Turk was dreaming of the hour  
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,  
Should tremble at his power.  
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore  
The trophies of a conqueror ;  
In dreams his song of triumph heard ;

Then wore his monarch's signet-ring,  
Then pressed that monarch's throne — a king ;  
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,  
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,  
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band, —  
True as the steel of their tried blades,  
Heroes in heart and hand.  
There had the Persian's thousands stood,  
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,  
On old Plataea's day ;  
And now there breathed that haunted air  
The sons of sires who conquered there,  
With arms to strike, and soul to dare,  
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on, the Turk awoke :  
That bright dream was his last ;  
He woke — to hear his sentries shriek,  
"Toarms ! they come! the Greek! the Greek !"  
He woke — to die midst flame, and smoke,  
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,  
And death-shots falling thick and fast  
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud ;  
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,  
Bozzaris cheer his band :  
"Strike — till the last armed foe expires ;  
Strike — for your altars and your fires ;  
Strike — for the green graves of your sires,  
God, and your native land !"

They fought — like brave men, long and well ;  
They piled that ground with Moslem slain :  
They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,  
Bleeding at every vein.  
His few surviving comrades saw  
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,  
And the red field was won ;  
Then saw in death his eyelids close  
Calmly, as to a night's repose.  
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, death,  
Come to the mother's, when she feels,  
For the first time, her first-born's breath ;  
Come when the blessed seals  
That close the pestilence are broke,  
And crowded cities wail its stroke ;  
Come in consumption's ghastly form,  
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm ;  
Come when the heart beats high and warm,  
With banquet song and dance and wine, —  
And thou art terrible ; the tear,  
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,  
And all we know, or dream, or fear  
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword  
Has won the battle for the free,

Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,  
And in its hollow tones are heard  
The thanks of millions yet to be.  
Come when his task of fame is wrought ;  
Come with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought ;  
Come in her crowning hour, — and then  
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light  
To him is welcome as the sight  
Of sky and stars to prisoned men ;  
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand  
Of brother in a foreign land ;  
Thy summons welcome as the cry  
That told the Indian isles were nigh  
To the world-seeking Genoese,  
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,  
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,  
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris ! with the storied brave  
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,  
Rest thee ; there is no prouder grave,  
Even in her own proud clime.  
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,  
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,  
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,  
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,  
The heartless luxury of the tomb.  
But she remembers thee as one  
Long loved, and for a season gone.  
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,  
Her marble wrought, her music breathed ;  
For thee she rings the birthday bells ;  
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells ;  
For thine her evening prayer is said  
At palace couch and cottage bed.  
Her soldier, closing with the foe,  
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow ;  
His plighted maiden, when she fears  
For him, the joy of her young years,  
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.

And she, the mother of thy boys,  
Though in her eye and faded cheek  
Is read the grief she will not speak,  
The memory of her buried joys, —  
And even she who gave thee birth, —  
Will, by her pilgrim-circled hearth,  
Talk of thy doom without a sigh ;  
For thou art freedom's now, and fame's, —  
One of the few, the immortal names  
That were not born to die.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

GREECE.

THE "GIAOUR."

CLIME of the unforgotten brave !  
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave

Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave !  
 Shrine of the mighty ! can it be  
 That this is all remains of thee ?  
 Approach, thou craven, crouching slave ;  
 Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?

These waters blue that round you lave,  
 O servile offspring of the free,  
 Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?  
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis !

These scenes, their story not unknown,  
 Arise and make again your own ;  
 Snatch from the ashes of your sires  
 The embers of their former fires ;  
 And he who in the strife expires  
 Will add to theirs a name of fear  
 That Tyranny shall quake to hear,  
 And leave his sons a hope, a fame,  
 They too will rather die than shame ;  
 For Freedom's battle once begun,  
 Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,  
 Though baffled oft is ever won.

Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,  
 Attest it, many a deathless age :  
 While kings, in dusty darkness hid,  
 Have left a nameless pyramid,  
 Thy heroes, though the general doom  
 Have swept the column from their tomb,  
 A mightier monument command,  
 The mountains of their native land !  
 There points thy muse to stranger's eye  
 The graves of those that cannot die !  
 'T were long to tell, and sad to trace,  
 Each step from splendor to disgrace :  
 Enough, — no foreign foe could quell  
 Thy soul, till from itself it fell ;  
 Yes ! self-abasement paved the way  
 To villain-bonds and despot sway.  
 What can he tell who treads thy shore ?

No legend of thine olden time,  
 No theme on which the muse might soar,  
 High as thine own in days of yore,

When man was worthy of thy clime.  
 The hearts within thy valleys bred,  
 The fiery souls that might have led  
 Thy sons to deeds sublime,  
 Now crawl from cradle to the grave,  
 Slaves — nay, the bondsmen of a slave,  
 And callous save to crime.

BYRON.

## POLAND.

FROM "THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY."

WARSAW's last champion from her height sur-  
 veyed,  
 Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid ;  
 "O Heaven !" he cried, "my bleeding country  
 save ! —

Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ?  
 Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,  
 Rise, fellow-men ! our country yet remains !  
 By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,  
 And swear for her to live — with her to die !"

He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed  
 His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed ;  
 Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,  
 Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm ;  
 Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,  
 Revenge, or death, — the watchword and reply ;  
 Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,  
 And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm ! —

In vain, alas ! in vain, ye gallant few !  
 From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew : —  
 O, bloodiest picture in the book of Time !  
 Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime ;  
 Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,  
 Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe !  
 Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered  
 spear,  
 Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high ca-  
 reer ;  
 Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,  
 And Freedom shrieked — as Kosciusko fell !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## MEN AND BOYS.

THE storm is out ; the land is roused ;  
 Where is the coward who sits well housed ?  
 Fie on thee, boy, disguised in curls,  
 Behind the stove, 'mong gluttons and girls.

A graceless, worthless wight thou must be ;  
 No German maid desires thee,  
 No German song inspires thee,  
 No German Rhine-wine fires thee.

Forth in the van,  
 Man by man,  
 Swing the battle-sword who can.

When, we stand watching, the livelong night,  
 Through piping storms, till morning light,  
 Thou to thy downy bed canst creep,  
 And there in dreams of rapture sleep.

A graceless, worthless wight, etc.

When hoarse and shrill, the trumpet's blast,  
 Like the thunder of God, makes our hearts beat  
 fast,

Thou in the theatre lov'st to appear,  
 Where trills and quavers tickle the ear.

A graceless, worthless wight, etc.

When the glare of noonday scorches the brain,  
 When our parched lips seek water in vain,  
 Thou canst make champagne corks fly  
 At the groaning tables of luxury.

A graceless, worthless wight, etc.

When we, as we rush to the strangling fight,  
Send home to our true-loves a long "Good-night,"  
Thou canst hie thee where love is sold,  
And buy thy pleasure with paltry gold.  
A graceless, worthless wight, etc.

When lance and bullet come whistling by,  
And death in a thousand shapes draws nigh,  
Thou canst sit at thy cards, and kill  
King, queen, and knave with thy spadille.  
A graceless, worthless wight, etc.

If on the red field our bell should toll,  
Then welcome be death to the patriot's soul.  
Thy pampered flesh shall quake at its doom,  
And crawl in silk to a hopeless tomb.  
A pitiful exit thine shall be ;  
No German maid shall weep for thee,  
No German song shall they sing for thee,  
No German goblets shall ring for thee.  
Forth in the van,  
Man for man,  
Swing the battle-sword who can !

KURNER. Translation of  
CHARLES T. BROOKS.

### ITALY.

FROM "CASA GUIDI WINDOWS."

"Less wretched if less fair." Perhaps a truth  
Is so far plain in this, — that Italy,  
Long trammelled with the purple of her youth  
Against her age's ripe activity,  
Sits still upon her tombs, without death's ruth,  
But also without life's brave energy.  
"Now tell us what is Italy?" men ask :  
And others answer, "Virgil, Cicero,  
Catullus, Cæsar." What beside ? to task  
The memory closer, — "Why, Boccaccio,  
Dante, Petrarca," — and if still the flask  
Appears to yield its wine by drops too slow, —  
"Angelo, Raffael, Pergolesi," — all  
Whose strong hearts beat through stone, or  
charged again  
The paints with fire of souls electrical,  
Or broke up heaven for music. What more then ?  
Why, then, no more. The chaplet's last beads  
fall  
In naming the last saintship within ken,  
And, after that, none prayeth in the land.  
Alas, this Italy has too long swept  
Heroic ashes up for hour-glass sand ;  
Of her own past, impassioned nympholept !  
Consenting to be nailed here by the hand  
To the very bay-tree under which she stepped  
A queen of old, and plucked a leafy branch.  
And, licensing the world too long indeed  
To use her broad phylacteries to stanch

And stop her bloody lips, she takes no heed  
How one clear word would draw an avalanche  
Of living sons around her, to succeed  
The vanished generations. Can she count  
These oil-eaters, with large, live, mobile mouths  
Agape for macaroni, in the amount  
Of consecrated heroes of her south's  
Bright rosary ? The pitcher at the fount,  
The gift of gods, being broken, she much loathes  
To let the ground-leaves of the place confer  
A natural bowl. So henceforth she would seem  
No nation, but the poet's pensioner,  
With alms from every land of song and dream,  
While aye her pipers sadly pipe of her,  
Until their proper breaths, in that extreme  
Of sighing, split the reed on which they played !  
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

### A COURT LADY.

I.  
HER hair was tawny with gold, her eyes with  
purple were dark,  
Her cheeks' pale opal burnt with a red and rest-  
less spark.

II.  
Never was lady of Milan nobler in name and in  
race ;  
Never was lady of Italy fairer to see in the face.

III.  
Never was lady on earth more true as woman and  
wife,  
Larger in judgment and instinct, prouder in  
manners and life.

IV.  
She stood in the early morning, and said to her  
maidens, "Bring  
That silken robe made ready to wear at the court  
of the king.

V.  
"Bring me the clasps of diamond, lucid, clear  
of the mote,  
Clasp me the large at the waist, and clasp me the  
small at the throat.

VI.  
"Diamonds to fasten the hair, and diamonds to  
fasten the sleeves,  
Laces to drop from their rays, like a powder of  
snow from the eaves."

VII.  
Gorgeous she entered the sunlight which gath-  
ered her up in a flame,  
While, straight in her open carriage, she to the  
hospital came.

## VIII.

In she went at the door, and gazing, from end to end,  
 "Many and low are the pallets, but each is the place of a friend."

## IX.

Up she passed through the wards, and stood at a young man's bed:  
 Bloody the band on his brow, and livid the droop of his head.

## X.

"Art thou a Lombard, my brother? Happy art thou!" she cried,  
 And smiled like Italy on him: he dreamed in her face and died.

## XI.

Pale with his passing soul, she went on still to a second:  
*He* was a grave, hard man, whose years by dungeons were reckoned.

## XII.

Wounds in his body were sore, wounds in his life were sorer.  
 "Art thou a Romagnole?" Her eyes drove lightnings before her.

## XIII.

"Austrian and priest had joined to double and tighten the cord  
 Able to bind thee, O strong one, — free by the stroke of a sword.

## XIV.

"Now be grave for the rest of us, using the life overcast  
 To ripen our wine of the present (too new) in glooms of the past."

## XV.

Down she stepped to a pallet where lay a face like a girl's,  
 Young, and pathetic with dying, — a deep black hole in the curls.

## XVI.

"Art thou from Tuscany, brother? and seest thou, dreaming in pain,  
 Thy mother stand in the piazza, searching the list of the slain?"

## XVII.

Kind as a mother herself, she touched his cheeks with her hands:  
 "Blessed is she who has borne thee, although she should weep as she stands."

## XVIII.

On she passed to a Frenchman, his arm carried off by a ball:  
 Kneeling, . . . "O more than my brother! how shall I thank thee for all?"

## XIX.

"Each of the heroes around us has fought for his land and line,  
 But *thou* hast fought for a stranger, in hate of a wrong not thine.

## XX.

Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dispossessed.  
 But blessed are those among nations who dare to be strong for the rest!"

## XXI.

Ever she passed on her way, and came to a couch where pined  
 One with a face from Venetia, white with a hope out of mind.

## XXII.

Long she stood and gazed, and twice she tried at the name,  
 But two great crystal tears were all that faltered and came.

## XXIII.

Only a tear for Venice? — she turned as in passion and loss,  
 And stooped to his forehead and kissed it, as if she were kissing the cross.

## XXIV.

Faint with that strain of heart, she moved on then to another,  
 Stern and strong in his death. "And dost thou suffer, my brother?"

## XXV.

Holding his hands in hers: — "Out of the Piedmont lion  
 Cometh the sweetness of freedom! sweetest to live or to die on."

## XXVI.

Holding his cold rough hands, — "Well, O, well have ye done  
 In noble, noble Piedmont, who would not be noble alone."

## XXVII.

Back he fell while she spoke. She rose to her feet with a spring, —  
 "That was a Piedmontese! and this is the Court of the King."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

## THE MINSTREL BOY.

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

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

THOMAS MOORE ("Irish Melodies").

## LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

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

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

THOMAS MOORE ("Irish Melodies").

## THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls  
 The soul of music shed,  
 Now hanga as mute on Tara's walls  
 As if that soul were fled.  
 So sleeps the pride of former days,  
 So glory's thrill is o'er,  
 And hearts that once beat high for praise  
 Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright  
 The harp of Tara swella;  
 The chord alone that breaka at night  
 Its tale of ruin tells.  
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,  
 The only thro' she givea  
 Is when some heart indignat breaks,  
 To show that still she lives.

THOMAS MOORE ("Irish Melodies").

## O, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME!

(ROBERT EMMETT.)

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

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

THOMAS MOORE.

## SHAN VAN VOCHT.

O, THE French are on the say!  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
 The French are on the say,  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
 O, the French are in the bay!  
 They 'll be here without delay,  
 And the Orange will decay,  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.  
*O, the French are in the bay!  
 They 'll be here by break of day,  
 And the Orange will decay,  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.*

And where will they have their camp?  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
 Where will they have their camp?  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;  
 On the Currach of Kildare,  
 The boys they will be there  
 With their pikes in good repair,  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.  
*To the Currach of Kildare  
 The boys they will repair,  
 And Lord Edward will be there,  
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.*

Then what will the yeomen do ?

Says the Shan Van Vocht ;

What will the yeomen do ?

Says the Shan Van Vocht ;

What should the yeomen do,

But throw off the red and blue,

And swear that they 'll be true

To the Shan Van Vocht ?

*What should the yeomen do,  
But throw off the red and blue,  
And swear that they 'll be true  
To the Shan Van Vocht ?*

And what color will they wear ?

Says the Shan Van Vocht ;

What color will they wear ?

Says the Shan Van Vocht ;

What color should be seen,

Where our fathers' homes have been,

But our own immortal green ?

Says the Shan Van Vocht.

*What color should be seen,  
Where our fathers' homes have been,  
But our own immortal green ?  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.*

And will Ireland then be free ?

Says the Shan Van Vocht ;

Will Ireland then be free ?

Says the Shan Van Vocht ;

Yes ! Ireland shall be free,

From the centre to the sea ;

Then hurrah for liberty !

Says the Shan Van Vocht.

*Yes ! Ireland shall be free,  
From the centre to the sea ;  
Then hurrah for liberty !  
Says the Shan Van Vocht.*

ANONYMOUS.

#### AS BY THE SHORE AT BREAK OF DAY.

As by the shore, at break of day,  
A vanquished chief expiring lay,  
Upon the sands, with broken sword,  
He traced his farewell to the free ;  
And there the last unfinished word  
He dying wrote, was " Liberty ! "

At night a sea-bird shrieked the knell  
Of him who thus for freedom fell ;  
The words he wrote, ere evening came,  
Were covered by the sounding sea ;—  
So pass away the cause and name  
Of him who dies for liberty !

THOMAS MOORE.

#### GOUGAUNE BARRA.

[The Lake of Gougaune Barra, i. e. the hollow, or recess of St. Finn Bar, in the rugged territory of Ibh-Laoghaire (the O'Learys' country), in the west end of the county of Cork, is the parent of the river Lee. Its waters embrace a small but verdant island of about half an acre in extent, which approaches its eastern shore. The lake, as its name implies, is situate in a deep hollow, surrounded on every side (save the east, where its superabundant waters are discharged) by vast and almost perpendicular mountains, whose dark inverted shadows are gloomily reflected in its still waters beneath.]

THERE is a green island in lone Gougaune Barra,  
Where Allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow ;  
In deep-valleyed Desmond—a thousand wild  
fountains

Come down to that lake from their home in the  
mountains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken  
willow

Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow ;  
As, like some gay child, that sad monitor scorning,  
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

And its zone of dark hills,—O, to see them all  
brightening,

When the tempest flings out its red banner of  
lightning,

And the waters rush down, mid the thunder's  
deep rattle,

Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle ;  
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,  
And wildly from Mullagh the eagles are screaming !  
O, where is the dwelling, in valley or highland,  
So meet for a bard as this lone little island ?

How oft when the summer sun rested on Clara,  
And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivera,  
Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home  
by the ocean,

And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,  
And thought of thy bards, when assembling to-  
gether,

In the cleft of thy rocks, or the depth of thy  
heather ;

They fled from the Saxon's dark hondage and  
slaughter,

And waked their last song by the rush of thy water.

High sons of the lyre, O, how proud was the  
feeling,

To think while alone through that solitude steal-  
ing,

Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,  
I only awoke your wild harp from its slumber,  
And mingled once more with the voice of those  
fountains

The songs even Echo forgot on her mountains ;  
And gleaned each gray legend that darkly was  
sleeping

Where the mist and the rain o'er their beauty  
were creeping !



Least bard of the hills ! were it mine to inherit  
The fire of thy harp and the wing of thy spirit,  
With the wrongs which like thee to our country  
have bound me,

Did your mantle of song fling its radiance around  
me,

Still, still in those wildsmight young Libertyrally,  
And send her strong shout over mountain and  
valley,

The star of the west might yet rise in its glory,  
And the land that was darkest be brightest in story.

It shall be gone ; — but my name shall be spoken  
When Erin awakes and her fetters are broken.  
Some minstrel will come, in the summer eve's  
gleaming,

When Freedom's young light on his spirit is  
beaming,

And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,  
Where calm Avon-Buee seeks the kisses of ocean,  
Or plant a wild wreath, from the banks of that river,  
O'er the heart and the harp that are sleeping for-  
ever.

J. J. CALLANAN.

#### EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,  
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill ;  
For his country he sighed, when at twilight  
repairing

To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.  
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,  
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,  
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,  
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate ! said the heart-broken stranger ;  
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,  
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,  
A home and a country remain not to me.  
Never again in the green sunny bowers  
Where my forefathers lived shall I spend the  
sweet hours,

Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,  
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh !

Erin, my country ! though sad and forsaken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;  
But, alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,  
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no  
more !

O cruel fate ! wilt thou never replace me  
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase  
me ?

Never again shall my brothers embrace me ?  
They died to defend me, or live to deplore !

Where is my cabin door, fast by the wildwood ?  
Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall ?

Where is the mother that looked on my childhood ?  
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all ?

O my sad heart ! long abandoned by pleasure,  
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure ?

Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without  
measure,

But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet, all its sad recollections suppressing,

One dying wish my lone bosom can draw, —  
Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing !

Land of my forefathers, Erin go bragh !  
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,  
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean !  
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with  
devotion, —

Erin mavourneen, Erin go bragh !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

#### IRELAND.

THEY are dying ! they are dying ! where the  
golden corn is growing ;

They are dying ! they are dying ! where the  
crowded herds are lowing ;

They are gasping for existence where the streams  
of life are flowing,

And they perish of the plague where the breeze  
of health is blowing !

God of justice ! God of power !

Do we dream ? Can it be,

In this land, at this hour,

With the blossom on the tree,

In the gladsome month of May,

When the young lambs play,

When Nature looks around

On her waking children now,

The seed within the ground,

The bud upon the bough ?

Is it right, is it fair,

That we perish of despair

In this land, on this soil,

Where our destiny is set,

Which we cultured with our toil,

And watered with our sweat ?

We have ploughed, we have sown,

But the crop was not our own ;

We have reaped, but happy hands

Swept the harvest from our lands ;

We were perishing for food,

When lo ! in pitying mood,

Our kindly rulers gave

The fat fluid of the slave,

While our corn filled the manger

Of the war-horse of the stranger !

God of mercy ! must this last ?  
 Is this land preordained,  
 For the present and the past  
 And the future, to be chained, —  
 To be ravaged, to be drained,  
 To be robbed, to be spoiled,  
 To be hushed, to be whipt,  
 Its soaring pinions clipt,  
 And its every effort foiled ?

Do our numbers multiply  
 But to perish and to die ?  
 Is this all our destiny below,  
 That our bodies, as they rot,  
 May fertilize the spot  
 Where the harvests of the stranger grow ?

If this be, indeed, our fate,  
 Far, far better now, though late,  
 That we seek some other land and try some  
 other zone ;  
 The coldest, bleakest shore  
 Will surely yield us more  
 Than the storehouse of the stranger that we dare  
 not call our own.

Kindly brothers of the West,  
 Who from Liberty's full breast  
 Have fed us, who are orphans beneath a step-dame's  
 frown,  
 Behold our happy state,  
 And weep your wretched fate  
 That you share not in the splendors of our empire  
 and our crown !

Kindly brothers of the East, —  
 Thou great tiara'd priest,  
 Thou sanctified Rienzi of Rome and of the earth, —  
 Or thou who bear'st control  
 Over golden Istambol,  
 Who felt for our misfortunes and helped us in  
 our dearth, —

Turn here your wondering eyes,  
 Call your wisest of the wise,  
 Your muftis and your ministers, your men of  
 deepest lore ;  
 Let the sagest of your sages  
 Ope our island's mystic pages,  
 And explain unto your highness the wonders of  
 our shore.

A fruitful, teeming soil,  
 Where the patient peasants toil  
 Beneath the summer's sun and the watery winter  
 sky ;  
 Where they tend the golden grain  
 Till it bends upon the plain,  
 Then reap it for the stranger, and turn aside to die.

Where they watch their flocks increase,  
 And store the snowy fleece  
 Till they send it to their masters to be woven  
 o'er the waves ;  
 Where, having sent their meat  
 For the foreigner to eat,  
 Their mission is fulfilled, and they creep into  
 their graves.

'T is for this they are dying where the golden  
 corn is growing,  
 'T is for this they are dying where the crowded  
 herds are lowing,  
 'T is for this they are dying where the streams  
 of life are flowing,  
 And they perish of the plague where the breeze  
 of health is blowing !

1847.  
 DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY.

### GIVE ME THREE GRAINS OF CORN, MOTHER.

THE IRISH FAMINE.

Give me three grains of corn, mother, —  
 Only three grains of corn ;  
 It will keep the little life I have  
 Till the coming of the morn. .  
 I am dying of hunger and cold, mother. —  
 Dying of hunger and cold ;  
 And half the agony of such a death  
 My lips have never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf, at my heart, mother, —  
 A wolf that is fierce for blood ;  
 All the livelong day, and the night beside,  
 Gnawing for lack of food.  
 I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,  
 And the sight was heaven to see ;  
 I awoke with an eager, famishing lip,  
 But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you, mother, —  
 How could I look to you,  
 For bread to give to your starving boy,  
 When you were starving too ?  
 For I read the famine in your cheek,  
 And in your eyes so wild,  
 And I felt it in your bony hand,  
 As you laid it on your child.

The Queen has lands and gold, mother, —  
 The Queen has lands and gold,  
 While you are forced to your empty breast  
 A skeleton babe to hold, —  
 A babe that is dying of want, mother,  
 As I am dying now,  
 With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,  
 And famine upon its brow.

What has poor Ireland done, mother, —  
 What has poor Ireland done,  
 That the world looks on, and sees us starve,  
 Perishing, one by one ?  
 Do the men of England care not, mother, —  
 The great men and the high,  
 For the suffering sons of Erin's isle,  
 Whether they live or die ?

There is many a brave heart here, mother,  
 Dying of want and cold,  
 While only across the Channel, mother,  
 Are many that roll in gold ;  
 There are rich and proud men there, mother,  
 With wondrous wealth to view,  
 And the bread they fling to their dogs to-night  
 Would give life to *me* and *you*.

Come nearer to my side, mother,  
 Come nearer to my side,  
 And hold me fondly, as you held  
 My father when *he* died ;  
 Quick, for I cannot see you, mother,  
 My breath is almost gone ;  
 Mother ! dear mother ! ere I die,  
 Give me three grains of corn.

MISS EDWARDS.

#### WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE ?

WHAT constitutes a state ?  
 Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,  
 Thick wall or moated gate ;  
 Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned ;  
 Not bays and broad-armed ports,  
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride ;  
 Not starred and spangled courts,  
 Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to  
 pride.  
 No : — men, high-minded men,  
 With powers as far above dull brutes endued  
 In forest, brake, or den,  
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude, —  
 Men who their duties know,  
 But know their rights, and, knowing, dare main-  
 tain,  
 Prevent the long-aimed blow,  
 And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain ;  
 These constitute a state ;  
 And sovereign law, that state's collected will,  
 O'er thrones and globes elate  
 Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.  
 Smit by her sacred frown,  
 The fiend, Dissension, like a vapor sinks ;  
 And e'en the all-dazzling crown  
 Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks ;  
 Such was this heaven-loved isle,

Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore !  
 No more shall freedom smile ?  
 Shall Britons languish, and be men no more ?  
 Since all must life resign,  
 Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave  
 'T is folly to decline,  
 And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

#### CARACTACUS.

BEFORE proud Rome's imperial throne  
 In mind's unconquered mood,  
 As if the triumph were his own,  
 The dauntless captive stood.  
 None, to have seen his freeborn air,  
 Had fancied him a captive there.

Though through the crowded streets of Rome,  
 With slow and stately tread,  
 Far from his own loved island home,  
 That day in triumph led, —  
 Unbound his head, unbent his knee,  
 Undimmed his eye, his aspect free.

A free and fearless glance he cast  
 On temple, arch, and tower,  
 By which the long procession passed  
 Of Rome's victorious power ;  
 And somewhat of a scornful smile  
 Upcurled his haughty lip the while.

And now he stood, with brow serene,  
 Where slaves might prostrate fall,  
 Bearing a Briton's manly mien  
 In Cæsar's palace hall ;  
 Claiming, with kindled brow and cheek,  
 The liberty e'en there to speak.

Nor could Rome's haughty lord withstand  
 The claim that look preferred,  
 But motioned with uplifted hand  
 The suppliant should be heard, —  
 If he indeed a suppliant were  
 Whose glance demanded audience there.

Deep stillness fell on all the crowd,  
 From Claudius on his throne  
 Down to the meanest slave that bowed  
 At his imperial throne ;  
 Silent his fellow-captive's grief  
 As fearless spoke the Island Chief.

“Think not, thou eagle Lord of Rome,  
 And master of the world,  
 Though victory's banner o'er thy dome  
 In triumph now is furled,  
 I would address thee as thy slave,  
 But as the bold should greet the brave !

"I might perchance, could I have deigned,  
To hold a vassal's throne,  
E'en now in Britain's isle have reigned  
A king in name alone,  
Yet holding, as thy meek ally,  
A monarch's mimic pageantry.

"Then through Rome's crowded streets to-day  
I might have rode with thee,  
Not in a captive's base array,  
But fetterless and free, —  
If freedom he could hope to find,  
Whose bondage is of heart and mind.

"But canst thou marvel that, freeborn,  
With heart and soul unquelled,  
Throne, crown, and sceptre I should scorn,  
By thy permission held?  
Or that I should retain my right  
Till wrested by a conqueror's might?

"Rome, with her palaces and towers,  
By us unwished, unref't,  
Her homely huts and woodland bowers  
To Britain might have left;  
Worthless to you their wealth must be,  
But dear to us, for they were free!

"I might have bowed before, but where  
Had been thy triumph now?  
To my resolve no yoke to bear  
Thou ow'st thy laurelled brow;  
Inglorious victory had been thine,  
And more inglorious bondage mine.

"Now I have spoken, do thy will;  
Be life or death my lot,  
Since Britain's throne no more I fill,  
To me it matters not.  
My fame is clear; but on my fate  
Thy glory or thy shame must wait."

He ceased; from all around upsprung  
A murmur of applause,  
For well had truth and freedom's tongue  
Maintained their holy cause.  
Their conqueror was their captive then,  
He bade the slave be free again.

BERNARD BARTON.

### BOSTON HYMN.

READ IN MUSIC HALL, JANUARY 1, 1863.

THE word of the Lord by night  
To the watching Pilgrims came,  
As they sat by the seaside,  
And filled their hearts with flame.

God said, I am tired of kings,  
I suffer them no more;  
Up to my ear the morning brings  
The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball  
A field of havoc and war,  
Where tyrants great and tyrants small  
Might harry the weak and poor?

My angel, — his name is Freedom, —  
Choose him to be your king;  
He shall cut pathways east and west,  
And fend you with his wing.

Lo! I uncover the land  
Which I hid of old time in the West,  
As the sculptor uncovers the statue  
When he has wrought his best;

I show Columbia, of the rocks  
Which dip their foot in the seas,  
And soar to the air-borne flocks  
Of clouds, and the boreal fleece.

I will divide my goods;  
Call in the wretch and slave:  
None shall rule but the humble,  
And none but Toil shall have.

I will have never a noble,  
No lineage counted great;  
Fishers and choppers and ploughmen  
Shall constitute a state.

Go, cut down trees in the forest,  
And trim the straightest boughs;  
Cut down trees in the forest,  
And build me a wooden house.

Call the people together,  
The young men and the sires,  
The digger in the harvest-field,  
Hireling, and him that hires;

And here in a pine state-house  
They shall choose men to rule  
In every needful faculty,  
In church and state and school.

Lo, now! if these poor men  
Can govern the land and sea,  
And make just laws below the sun,  
As planets faithful be.

And ye shall succor men;  
'T is nobleness to serve;  
Help them who cannot help again:  
Beware from right to swerve.

I break your bonds and masterships,  
And I unchain the slave :  
Free be his heart and hand henceforth  
As wind and wandering wave.

I cause from every creature  
His proper good to flow ;  
As much as he is and doeth,  
So much he shall bestow.

But, laying hands on another  
To coin his labor and sweat,  
He goes in pawn to his victim  
For eternal years in debt.

To-day unbind the captive,  
So only are ye unbound ;  
Lift up a people from the dust,  
Trump of their rescue, sound !

Pay ransom to the owner,  
And fill the bag to the hrim.  
Who is the owner ? The slave is owner,  
And ever was. Pay him.

O North ! give him beauty for rags,  
And honor, O South ! for his shame ;  
Nevada ! coin thy golden crags  
With Freedom's image and name.

Up ! and the dusky race  
That sat in darkness long,  
Be swift their feet as antelopes,  
And as behemoth strong.

Come, East and West and North,  
By races, as snow-flakes,  
And carry my purpose forth,  
Which neither halts nor shakes.

My will fulfilled shall be,  
For, in daylight or in dark,  
My thunderbolt has eyes to see  
His way home to the mark.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

#### THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods against a stormy sky  
Their giant branches tossed ;

And the heavy night hung dark  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came ;  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;

Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear ; —  
They shook the depths of the desert gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard, and the sea ;  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang  
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared  
From his nest by the white wave's foam,  
And the rocking pines of the forest roared, —  
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair  
Amidst that pilgrim-band :  
Why had they come to wither there,  
Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep love's truth ;  
There was manhood's brow serenely high,  
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?  
Bright jewels of the mine ?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ? —  
They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ay, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod ;  
They have left unstained what there they found, —  
Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA HEMANS.

#### THE FREEMAN.

FROM "THE WINTER MORNING WALK."

HE is the freeman whom the truth makes free,  
And all are slaves beside. There 's not a chain  
That hellish foes confederate for his harm  
Can wind around him, but he casts it off  
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.  
He looks abroad into the varied field  
Of nature ; and though poor, periaaps, compared  
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,  
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.  
His are the mountains, and the valley his,  
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy  
With a propriety that none can feel,  
But who, with filial confidence inspired,

Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,  
 And smiling say, "My Father made them all!"  
 Are they not his by a peculiar right,  
 And by an emphasis of interest his,  
 Whose eyes they fill with tears of holy joy,  
 Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind  
 With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love  
 That planned and built, and still upholds, a world  
 So clothed with beauty for rebellious man?  
 Yes, ye may fill your garners, ye that reap  
 The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good  
 In senseless riot; but ye will not find  
 In feast, or in the chase, in song or dance,  
 A liberty like his, who, unimpeached  
 Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,  
 Appropriates nature as his Father's work,  
 And has a richer use of yours than you.  
 He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth  
 Of no mean city, planned or e'er the hills  
 Were built, the fountains opened, or the sea  
 With all his roaring multitude of waves.  
 His freedom is the same in every state;  
 And no condition of this changeful life,  
 So manifold in cares, whose every day  
 Bring its own evil with it, makes it less.  
 For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,  
 Nor penury can cripple or confine;  
 No nook so narrow but he spreads them there  
 With ease, and is at large. The oppressor holds  
 His body bound; but knows not what a range  
 His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain;  
 And that to bind him is a vain attempt,  
 Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.

WILLIAM COWPER.

### SLAVERY.

FROM "THE TIMEPIECE."

O FOR a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,  
 Where rumor of oppression and deceit,  
 Of unsuccessful or successful war,  
 Might never reach me more! My ear is pained,  
 My soul is sick, with every day's report  
 Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.  
 There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;  
 It does not feel for man; the natural bond  
 Of brotherhood is severed as the flax,  
 That falls asunder at the touch of fire.  
 He finds his fellow guilty of a skin  
 Not colored like his own, and, having power  
 To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause  
 Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.  
 Lands intersected by a narrow frith  
 Abhor each other. Mountains interposed  
 Make enemies of nations, who had else

Like kindred drops been mingled into one.  
 Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;  
 And, worse than all, and most to be deplored  
 As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,  
 Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat  
 With stripes, and that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,  
 Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast.  
 Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,  
 And having human feelings, does not blush,  
 And hang his head, to think himself a man?  
 I would not have a slave to till my ground,  
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,  
 And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth  
 That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.  
 No; dear as freedom is, and in my heart's  
 Just estimation prized above all price,  
 I had much rather be myself the slave,  
 And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.  
 We have no slaves at home. — Then why abroad?  
 And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave  
 That parts us are emancipate and loosed.  
 Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs  
 Receive our air, that moment they are free;  
 They touch our country, and their shackles fall.  
 That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud  
 And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,  
 And let it circulate through every vein  
 Of all your empire; that, where Britain's power  
 Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

WILLIAM COWPER.

### BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINI eyes have seen the glory of the coming of  
 the Lord:  
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes  
 of wrath are stored;  
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terri-  
 ble swift sword.  
 His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred  
 circling camps;  
 They have builded him an altar in the evening  
 dews and damps;  
 I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and  
 flaring lamps.  
 His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows  
 of steel:  
 "As ye deal with my contemners, so with you  
 my grace shall deal;  
 Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent  
 with his heel,  
 Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall  
never call retreat ;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his  
judgment-seat :

O, be swift, my soul, to answer him ! be jubilant  
my feet ! -

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across  
the sea,

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you  
and me ;

As he died to make men holy, let us die to make  
men free,

While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

### LAUS DEO !

[On hearing the bells ring on the passage of the Constitutional  
Amendment abolishing slavery.]

It is done !

Clang of bell and roar of gun  
Send the tidings up and down.

How the belfries rock and reel !

How the great guns, peal on peal,  
Fling the joy from town to town !

Ring, O bells !

Every stroke exulting tells  
Of the burial hour of crime.

Loud and long, that all may hear,  
Ring for every listening ear

Of Eternity and Time !

Let us kneel :

God's own voice is in that peal,  
And this spot is holy ground.

Lord, forgive us ! What are we,  
That our eyes this glory see,  
That our ears have heard the sound !

For the Lord

On the whirlwind is abroad ;  
In the earthquake he has spoken ;  
He has smitten with his thunder  
The iron walls asunder,  
And the gates of brass are broken !

Loud and long

Lift the old exulting song ;  
Sing with Miriam by the sea :  
He has cast the mighty down ;  
Horse and rider sink and drown ;  
He has triumphed gloriously !

Did we dare,

In our agony of prayer,  
Ask for more than He has done ?

When was ever his right hand  
Over any time or land  
Stretched as now beneath the sun ?

How they pale,  
Ancient myth and song and tale,  
In this wonder of our days,  
When the cruel rod of war  
Blossoms white with righteous law,  
And the wrath of man is praise !

Blotted out !

All within and all about  
Shall a fresher life begin ;  
Freer breathe the universe  
As it rolls its heavy curse  
On the dead and buried sin.

It is done !

In the circuit of the sun  
Shall the sound thereof go forth.  
It shall bid the sad rejoice,  
It shall give the dumb a voice,  
It shall belt with joy the earth !

Ring and swing,

Bells of joy ! On morning's wing  
Send the song of praise abroad !  
With a sound of broken chains,  
Tell the nations that He reigns,  
Who alone is Lord and God !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

### GREECE.

FROM "CHILDE HAROLD."

FAIR Greece ! sad relic of departed worth !  
Immortal, though no more ; though fallen,  
great !

Who now shall lead thy scattered children  
forth,

And long-accustomed bondage uncreate ?  
Not such thy sons who whilome did await,  
The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,  
In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait, —  
O, who that gallant spirit shall resume,

Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee from  
the tomb ?

Spirit of Freedom ! when on Phyle's brow  
Thou sat'st with Thrasylbulus and his train,  
Couldst thou forbode the dismal hour which  
now

Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain ?  
Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,  
But every carle can lord it o'er thy land ;  
Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,

Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish  
hand,  
From birth till death enslaved ; in word, in deed,  
unmanned.

In all save form alone, how changed ! and who  
That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,  
Who but would deem their bosoms burned  
anew

With thy unquenched beam, lost Liberty !  
And many dream withal the hour is nigh  
That gives them back their fathers' heritage ;  
For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,  
Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,  
Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's mourn-  
ful page.

Hereditary bondsmen ! know ye not  
Who would be free themselves must strike the  
blow ?

By their right arms the conquest must be  
wrought ?

Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye ? no !  
True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,  
But not for you will Freedom's altars flame.  
Shades of the Helots ! triumph o'er your foe !  
Greece ! change thy lords, thy state is still the  
same ;

Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thine years of  
shame !

BYRON.

### SONG OF THE GREEK POET.

FROM "DON JUAN."

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !  
Where burning Sappho loved and sung, —  
Where grew the arts of war and peace, —  
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !  
Eternal summer gilds them yet ;  
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,  
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
Have found the fame your shores refuse ;  
Their place of birth alone is mute  
To sounds which echo farther west  
Than your sires' " Islands of the Blest."

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

A king sat on the rocky brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;

And ships by thousands lay below,  
And men in nations, — all were his ?  
He counted them at break of day, —  
And when the sun set, where were they ?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The tyrant of the Chersonese  
Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;  
That tyrant was Miltiades !  
O that the present hour would lend



Another despot of the kind !  
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

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

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

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

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

BYRON.

#### O THE PLEASANT DAYS OF OLD !

O THE pleasant days of old, which so often peo-  
ple praise !  
True, they wanted all the luxuries that grace our  
modern days :  
Bare floors were strewed with rushes, the walls  
let in the cold ;  
O, how they must have shivered in those pleasant  
days of old !

O those ancient lords of old, how magnificent  
they were !  
They threw down and imprisoned kings, — to  
thwart them who might dare ?  
They ruled their serfs right sternly ; they took  
from Jews their gold, —  
Above both law and equity were those great lords  
of old !

O the gallant knights of old, for their valor so  
renowned !  
With sword and lance and armor strong they  
scoured the country round ;

And whenever aught to tempt them they met by  
wood or wold,  
By right of sword they seized the prize, — those  
gallant knights of old !

O the gentle dames of old ! who, quite free from  
fear or pain,  
Could gaze on joust and tournament, and see  
their champions slain ;  
They lived on good beefsteaks and ale, which  
made them strong and bold, —  
O, more like men than women were those gentle  
dames of old !

O those mighty towers of old ! with their turrets,  
moat, and keep,  
Their battlements and bastions, their dungeons  
dark and deep.  
Full many a baron held his court within the  
castle hold ;  
And many a captive languished there, in those  
strong towers of old.

O the troubadours of old ! with the gentle min-  
strelsie  
Of hope and joy, or deep despair, whiche'er their  
lot might be ;  
For years they served their ladye-love ere they  
their passions told, —  
O, wondrous patience must have had those trou-  
badours of old !

O those blessed times of old, with their chivalry  
and state !  
I love to read their chronicles, which such brave  
deeds relate ;  
I love to sing their ancient rhymes, to hear their  
legends told, —  
But, Heaven be thanked ! I live not in those  
blessed times of old !

FRANCES BROWN.

#### THE REFORMER.

ALL grim and soiled and brown with tan,  
I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,  
Smiting the goddess shrines of man  
Along his path.

The Church beneath her trembling dome  
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm :  
Wealth shook within his gilded home  
With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled  
Before the sunlight bursting in :  
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head  
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy pile ;  
That grand old time-worn turret spare" :  
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,  
Cried out, " Forbear ! "

Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,  
Groped for his old accustomed stone,  
Leaned on his staff, and wept to find  
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,  
O'erhung with paly locks of gold, —  
" Why smite," he asked in sad surprise,  
" The fair, the old ? "

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,  
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam ;  
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,  
As from a dream.

I looked : aside the dust-cloud rolled, —  
The Waster seemed the Builder too ;  
Up springing from the ruined Old  
I saw the New.

'T was but the ruin of the bad, —  
The wasting of the wrong and ill ;  
Whate'er of good the old time had  
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared ;  
The frown which awed me passed away,  
And left behind a smile which cheered  
Like breaking day.

The grain grew green on battle-plains,  
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow ;  
The slave stood forging from his chains  
The spade and plough.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions gay  
And cottage windows, flower-intwined,  
Looked out upon the peaceful bay  
And hills behind.

Through vine-wreathed cups with wine o'ncered,  
The lights on brimming crystal fell,  
Drawn, sparkling, from the rivulet head  
And mossy well.

Through prison walls, like Heaven-sent hope,  
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams strayed,

And with the idle gallows-rope  
The young child played.

Where the doomed victim in his cell  
Had counted o'er the weary hours,  
Glad school-girls, answering to the bell,  
Came crowned with flowers.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,  
I fear no longer, for I know  
That where the share is deepest driven  
The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,  
The pious fraud transparent grown,  
The good held captive in the use  
Of wrong alone, —

These wait their doom, from that great law  
Which makes the past time serve to-day ;  
And fresher life the world shall draw  
From their decay.

O backward-looking son of time !  
The new is old, the old is new,  
The cycle of a change sublime  
Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer ;  
Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,  
Who wake by turn Earth's love and fear,  
Are one, the same.

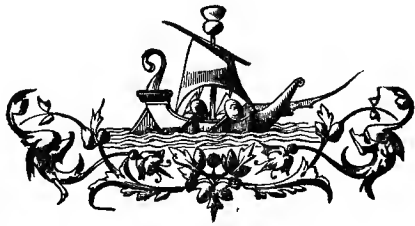
Idly as thou, in that old day  
Thou mournest, did thy sire repine ;  
So, in his time, thy child grown gray  
Shall sigh for thine.

But life shall on and upward go ;  
Th' eternal step of Progress beats  
To that great anthem, calm and slow,  
Which God repeats.

Take heart ! — the Waster builds again, —  
A charmed life old Goodness hath ;  
The tares may perish, — but the grain  
Is not for death.

God works in all things ; all obey  
His first propulsion from the night :  
Wake thou and watch ! — the world is gray  
With morning light !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



POEMS OF THE SEA.



They turned to the Earth, but she frowns on her child;

They turned to the Sea, and he smiled as of old:  
Sweeten was the peril of the breakers white and wild,

Sweeten ran the land, with its bondage and gold!

Bayard Taylor,

# POEMS OF THE SEA.

## THE SEA.

FROM "CHILDE HAROLD."

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.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, — roll !  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;  
Man marks the earth with ruin, — his control  
Stops with the shore ; — upon the watery plain  
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
A shadow of man's ravage save his own,  
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and un-  
known.

His steps are not upon thy paths, — thy fields  
Are not a spoil for him, — thou dost arise  
And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he  
wields  
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,  
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,  
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray  
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies  
His petty hope in some near port or bay,  
And dashest him again to earth : — there let him  
lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake  
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,  
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
Their clay creator the vain title take  
Of lord of thee and arbiter of war, —  
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,  
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar  
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save  
thee ;  
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?  
Thy waters washed them power while they  
were free,  
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey  
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay  
Has dried up realms to deserts : not so thou ;  
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,  
Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow ;  
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's  
form  
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,  
Calm or convulsed, — in breeze, or gale, or  
storm,  
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
Dark-heaving ; boundless, endless, and sub-  
lime,  
The image of Eternity, — the throne  
Of the Invisible ! even from out thy slime  
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone  
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless,  
alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy  
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward ; from a boy  
I wantoned with thy breakers, — they to me  
Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea  
Made them a terror, 't was a pleasing fear ;  
For I was as it were a child of thee,  
And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
And laid my hand upon thy mane, — as I do here.

BYRON.

## 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, O, how I love to ride  
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,  
Where every mad wave drowns the moon,  
And whistles aloft its tempest tune,  
And tells how goeth the world below,  
And why the southwest wind doth blow!  
I never was on the dull, tame shore  
But I loved the great sea more and more,  
And backward flew to her billowy breast,  
Like a bird that seeketh her 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;  
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 have lived since then, in calm and strife,  
Full fifty summers a rover's life,  
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,  
But never have sought or sighed for change:  
And death, whenever he comes to me,  
Shall come on the wide, unbounded sea!

DARRY CORNWALL.

#### A HYMN OF THE SEA.

THE sea is mighty, but a mightier sways  
His restless billows. Thou, whose hands have  
scooped  
His boundless gulfs and built his shore, thy  
breath,  
That moved in the beginning o'er his face,  
Moves o'er it evermore. The obedient waves  
To its strong motion roll, and rise and fall.  
Still from that realm of rain thy cloud goes up,  
As at the first, to water the great earth,  
And keep her valleys green. A hundred realms  
Watch its broad shadow warping on the wind,  
And in the dropping shower with gladness hear  
Thy promise of the harvest. I look forth  
Over the boundless blue, where joyously  
The bright crests of innumerable waves  
Glance to the sun at once, as when the hands  
Of a great multitude are upward flung

In acclamation. I behold the ships  
Gliding from cape to cape, from isle to isle,  
Or stemming toward far lands, or hastening  
home  
From the Old World. It is thy friendly breeze  
That bears them, with the riches of the land,  
And treasure of dear lives, till, in the port,  
The shouting seaman climbs and furls the sail.

But who shall bide thy tempest, who shall  
face  
The blast that wakes the fury of the sea?  
O God! thy justice makes the world turn pale,  
When on the armed fleet, that royally  
Bears down the surges, carrying war, to smite  
Some city or invade some thoughtless realm,  
Descends the fierce tornado. The vast hulks  
Are whirled like chaff upon the waves; the  
sails  
Fly, rent like webs of gossamer; the masts  
Are snapped asunder; downward from the decks  
Downward are slung, into the fathomless gulf,  
Their cruel engines; and their hosts, arrayed  
In trappings of the battle-field, are whelmed  
By whirlpools or dashed dead upon the rocks.  
Then stand the nations still with awe, and  
pause  
A moment from the bloody work of war.

These restless surges eat away the shores  
Of earth's old continents; the fertile plain  
Welters in shallows, headlands crumble down,  
And the tide drifts the sea-sand in the streets  
Of the drowned city. Thou, meanwhile, afar  
In the green chambers of the middle sea,  
Where broadest spread the waters and the line  
Sinks deepest, while no eye beholds thy work,  
Creator! thou dost teach the coral worm  
To lay his mighty reefs. From age to age,  
He builds beneath the waters, till, at last,  
His bulwarks overtop the brine, and check  
The long wave rolling from the southern pole  
To break upon Japan. Thou bid'st the fires,  
That smoulder under ocean, heave on high  
The new-made mountains, and uplift their peaks,  
A place of refuge for the storm-driven bird.  
The birds and wafting billows plant the rifts  
With herb and tree; sweet fountains gush;  
sweet airs  
Ripple the living lakes that, fringed with flow-  
ers,  
Are gathered in the hollows. Thou dost look  
On thy creation and pronounce it good.  
Its valleys, glorious with their summer green,  
Praise thee in silent beauty; and its woods  
Swept by the murmuring winds of ocean, join  
The murmuring shores in a perpetual hymn.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## THE SEA.

BEAUTIFUL, sublime, and glorious ;  
Mild, majestic, foaming, free, —  
Over time itself victorious,  
Image of eternity !

Sun and moon and stars shine o'er thee,  
See thy surface ebb and flow,  
Yet attempt not to explore thee  
In thy soundless depths below.

Whether morning's splendors steep thee  
With the rainbow's glowing grace,  
Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,  
'T is but for a moment's space.

Earth, — her valleys and her mountains,  
Mortal man's behests obey ;  
The unfathomable fountains  
Scoff his search and scorn his sway.

Such art thou, stupendous ocean !  
But, if overwhelmed by thee,  
Can we think, without emotion,  
What must thy Creator be ?

BERNARD BARTON.

## THE OCEAN.

[Written at Scarborough, in the summer of 1805.]

ALL hail to the ruins, the rocks, and the shores !  
Thou wide-rolling Ocean, all hail !  
Now brilliant with sunbeams and dimpled with  
oars,

Now dark with the fresh-blowing gale,  
While soft o'er thy bosom the cloud-shadows sail,  
And the silver-winged sea-fowl on high,  
Like meteors bespangle the sky,  
Or dive in the gulf, or triumphantly ride,  
Like foam on the surges, the swans of the tide.

From the tumult and smoke of the city set free,  
With eager and awful delight,  
From the crest of the mountain I gaze upon thee,  
I gaze, — and am changed at the sight ;  
For mine eye is illumined, my genius takes flight,  
My soul, like the sun, with a glance  
Embraces the boundless expanse,  
And moves on thy waters, wherever they roll,  
From the day-darting zone to the night-shadowed  
pole.

My spirit descends where the day-spring is born,  
Where the billows are rubies on fire,  
And the breezes that rock the light cradle of morn  
Are sweet as the Phoenix's pyre.  
O regions of beauty, of love and desire !

O gardens of Eden ! in vain  
Placed far on the fathomless main,  
Where Nature with Innocence dwelt in her youth,  
When pure was her heart and unbroken her truth.

But now the fair rivers of Paradise wind  
Through countries and kingdoms o'erthrown ;  
Where the giant of tyranny crushes mankind,  
Where he reigns, — and will soon reign alone ;  
For wide and more wide, o'er the sunbeaming zone  
He stretches his hundred-fold arms,  
Despoiling, destroying its charms ;  
Beneath his broad footstep the Ganges is dry,  
And the mountains recoil from the flash of his eye.

Thus the pestilent Upas, the demon of trees,  
Its boughs o'er the wilderness spreads,  
And with livid contagion polluting the breeze,  
Its mildewing influence sheds ;  
The birds on the wing, and the flowers in their beds,  
Are slain by its venomous breath,  
That darkens the noonday with death,  
And pale ghosts of travellers wander around,  
While their mouldering skeletons whiten the  
ground.

Ah ! why hath Jehovah, in forming the world,  
With the waters divided the land,  
His ramparts of rocks round the continent hurled,  
And cradled the deep in his hand,  
If man may transgress his eternal command,  
And leap o'er the bounds of his birth,  
To ravage the uttermost earth,  
And violate nations and realms that should be  
Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea ?

There are, gloomy Ocean, a brotherless clan,  
Who traverse thy banishing waves,  
The poor disinherited outcasts of man,  
Whom Avarice coins into slaves.  
From the homes of their kindred, their fore-  
fathers' graves,  
Love, friendship, and conjugal bliss,  
They are dragged on the hoary abyss ;  
The shark hears their shrieks, and, ascending to-  
day,  
Demands of the spoiler his share of the prey.

Then joy to the tempest that whelms them beneath,  
And makes their destruction its sport ;  
But woe to the winds that propitiously breathe,  
And waft them in safety to port,  
Where the vultures and vampires of Mammon  
resort ;  
Where Europs exultingly drains  
The life-blood from Africa's veins ;  
Where man rules o'er man with a merciless rod,  
And spurns at his footstool the image of God !

The hour is approaching, — a terrible hour !  
 And Vengeance is bending her bow ;  
 Already the clouds of the hurricane lower,  
 And the rock-rending whirlwinds blow ;  
 Back rolls the huge Ocean, hell opens below ;  
 The floods return headlong, — they sweep  
 The slave-cultured lands to the deep,  
 In a moment entombed in the horrible void,  
 By their Maker himself in his anger destroyed.

Shall this be the fate of the cane-planted isles,  
 More lovely than clouds in the west,  
 When the sun o'er the ocean descending in smiles,  
 Sinks softly and sweetly to rest ?  
 No ! — Father of mercy ! befriend the opprest ;  
 At the voice of thy gospel of peace  
 May the sorrows of Africa cease ;  
 And slave and his master devoutly unite  
 To walk in thy freedom and dwell in thy light !

As homeward my weary-winged Fancy extends  
 Her star-lighted course through the skies,  
 High over the mighty Atlantic ascends,  
 And turns upon Europe her eyes :  
 Ah me ! what new prospects, new horrors arise ?  
 I see the war-tempest flood  
 All foaming, and panting with blood ;  
 The panic-struck Ocean in agony roars,  
 Rebounds from the battle, and flies to his shores.

For Britannia is wielding the trident to-day,  
 Consuming her foes in her ire,  
 And hurling her thunder with absolute sway  
 From her wave-ruling chariots of fire.  
 She triumphs ; the winds and the waters conspire  
 To spread her invincible name ;  
 The universe rings with her fame ;  
 But the cries of the fatherless mix with her praise,  
 And the tears of the widow are shed on her bays.

O Britain, dear Britain ! the land of my birth ;  
 O Isle most enchantingly fair !  
 Thou Pearl of the Ocean ! thou Gem of the Earth !  
 O my Mother, my Mother, beware,  
 For wealth is a phantom, and empire a snare !  
 O, let not thy birthright be sold  
 For reprobate glory and gold !  
 Thy distant dominions like wild graftings shoot,  
 They weigh down thy trunk, they will tear up  
 thy root, —

The root of thine oak, O my country ! that  
 stands  
 Rock-planted and flourishing free ;  
 Its branches are stretched o'er the uttermost lands,  
 And its shadow eclipses the sea.

The blood of our ancestors nourished the tree ;  
 From their tombs, from their ashes, it sprung ;  
 Its boughs with their trophies are hung ;  
 Their spirit dwells in it, and — hark ! for it  
 spoke,  
 The voice of our fathers ascends from their oak.

“ Ye Britons, who dwell where we conquered of  
 old,  
 Who inherit our battle-field graves ;  
 Though poor were your fathers, — gigantic and  
 bold,

We were not, we could not be, slaves ;  
 But firm as our rocks, and as free as our waves,  
 The spears of the Romans we broke,  
 We never stooped under their yoke.  
 In the shipwreck of nations we stood up alone, —  
 The world was great Cæsar's, but Britain our  
 own.

“ For ages and ages with barbarous foes,  
 The Saxon, Norwegian, and Gaul,  
 We wrestled, were foiled, were cast down, but  
 we rose

With new vigor, new life, from each fall :  
*By all we were conquered, — WE CONQUERED THEM*  
 ALL.

The cruel, the cannibal mind,  
 We softened, subdued, and refined ;  
 Bears, wolves, and sea-monsters, they rushed from  
 their den ;  
 We taught them, we tamed them, we turned them  
 to men.

“ Love led the wild hordes in his flower-woven  
 bands, —  
 The tenderest, strongest of chains ;  
 Love married our hearts, he united our hands,  
 And mingled the blood in our veins ;  
 One race we became : on the mountains and  
 plains,

Where the wounds of our country were closed,  
 The Ark of Religion reposed,  
 The unquenchable Altar of Liberty blazed,  
 And the Temple of Justice in Mercy was raised.

“ Ark, Altar, and Temple, we left with our  
 breath  
 To our children, a sacred bequest ;  
 O, guard them, O, keep them, in life and in  
 death !

So the shades of your fathers shall rest,  
 And your spirits with ours be in Paradise blest :  
 Let Ambition, the sin of the brave,  
 And Avarice, the soul of a slave,  
 No longer seduce your affections to roam  
 From Liberty, Justice, Religion, at home.”

JAMES MONTGOMERY.



## HAMPTON BEACH.

THE sunlight glitters keen and bright,  
Where, miles away,  
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight  
A luminous belt, a misty light,  
Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of sandy  
gray.

The tremulous shadow of the sea !  
Against its ground  
Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,  
Still as a picture, clear and free,  
With varying outline mark the coast for miles  
around.

On — on — we tread with loose-flung rein  
Our seaward way,  
Through dark-green fields and blossoming  
grain,  
Where the wild brier-rose skirts the lane,  
And bends above our heads the flowering locust  
spray.

Ha ! like a kind hand on my brow  
Comes this fresh breeze,  
Cooling its dull and feverish glow,  
While through my being seems to flow  
The breath of a new life, — the healing of the  
seas !

Now rest we, where this grassy mound  
His feet hath set  
In the great waters, which have bound  
His granite ankles greenly round  
With long and tangled moss, and weeds with  
cool spray wet.

Good by to pain and care ! I take  
Mine ease to-day ;  
Here, where the sunny waters break,  
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake  
All burdens from the heart, all weary thoughts  
away.

I draw a freer breath — I seem  
Like all I see —  
Waves in the sun — the white-winged gleam  
Of sea-birds in the slanting beam —  
And far-off sails which fit before the south-wind  
free.

So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,  
The soul may know  
No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,  
Nor sink the weight of mystery under,  
But with the upward rise, and with the vastness  
grow.

And all we shrink from now may seem  
No new revealing, —  
Familiar as our childhood's stream,  
Or pleasant memory of a dream,  
The loved and cherished Past upon the new life  
stealing.

Serene and mild, the untried light  
May have its dawning ;  
And, as in summer's northern night  
The evening and the dawn unite,  
The sunset hues of Time blend with the soul's  
new morning.

I sit alone ; in foam and spray .  
Wave after wave  
Breaks on the rocks which, stern and gray,  
Shoulder the broken tide away,  
Or murmurs hoarse and strong through mossy  
cleft and cave.

What heed I of the dusty land  
And noisy town ?  
I see the mighty deep expand  
From its white line of glimmering sand  
To where the blue of heaven on bluer waves  
shuts down !

In listless quietude of mind,  
I yield to all  
The change of cloud and wave and wind ;  
And passive on the flood reclined,  
I wander with the waves, and with them rise  
and fall.

But look, thou dreamer ! — wave and shore  
In shadow lie ;  
The night-wind warns me back once more  
To where, my native hill-tops o'er,  
Bends like an arch of fire the glowing sunset  
sky !

So then, beach, bluff, and wave, farewell !  
I bear with me  
No token stone nor glittering shell,  
But long and oft shall Memory tell  
Of this brief thoughtful hour of musing by the  
sea.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## SEA-WEED.

WHEN descends on the Atlantic  
The gigantic  
Storm-wind of the equinox,  
Landward in his wrath he scourges  
The toiling surges,  
Laden with sea-weed from the rocks :

From Bermuda's reefs ; from edges  
 Of sunken ledges,  
 In some far-off, bright Azore ;  
 From Bahama, and the dashing,  
 Silver-flashing  
 Surges of San Salvador ;

From the tumbling surf that buries  
 The Orkneyan skerries,  
 Answering the hoarse Hebrides ;  
 And from wrecks of ships, and drifting  
 Spars, uplifting  
 On the desolate, rainy seas ; —

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
 On the shifting  
 Currents of the restless main ;  
 Till in sheltered coves, and reaches  
 Of sandy beaches,  
 All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion  
 Strike the ocean  
 Of the poet's soul, ere long,  
 From each cave and rocky fastness  
 In its vastness,  
 Floats some fragment of a song :

From the far-off isles enchanted  
 Heaven has planted  
 With the golden fruit of Truth ;  
 From the flashing surf, whose vision  
 Gleams Elysian  
 In the tropic clime of Youth ;

From the strong Will, and the Endeavor  
 That forever  
 Wrestles with the tides of Fate ;  
 From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered,  
 Tempest-shattered,  
 Floating waste and desolate ; —

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
 On the shifting  
 Currents of the restless heart ;  
 Till at length in books recorded,  
 They, like hoarded  
 Household words, no more depart.  
 HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

—◆—  
 GULF-WEED.

A WEARY weed, tossed to and fro,  
 Drearly drenched in the ocean brine,  
 Soaring high and sinking low,  
 Lashed along without will of mine ;

Sport of the spume of the surging sea ;  
 Flung on the foam, afar and anear,  
 Mark my manifold mystery, —  
 Growth and grace in their place appear.

I bear round berries, gray and red,  
 Rootless and rover though I be ;  
 My spangled leaves, when nicely spread,  
 Arborese as a trunkless tree ;  
 Corals curious coat me o'er,  
 White and hard in apt array ;  
 Mid the wild waves' rude uproar  
 Gracefully grow I, night and day.

Hearts there are on the sounding shore,  
 Something whispers soft to me,  
 Restless and roaming forevermore,  
 Like this weary weed of the sea ;  
 Bear they yet on each beating breast  
 The eternal type of the wondrous whole,  
 Growth unfolding amidst unrest,  
 Grace informing with silent soul.

CORNELIUS GEORGE FENNER.

—◆—  
 SEA LIFE.

FROM "THE PELICAN ISLAND."

LIGHT as a flake of foam upon the wind  
 Keel-upward from the deep emerged a shell,  
 Shaped like the moon ere half her horn is filled :  
 Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose,  
 And moved at will along the yielding water.  
 The native pilot of this little bark  
 Put out a tier of oars on either side,  
 Spread to the wafting breeze a twofold sail,  
 And mounted up and glided down the billow  
 In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air,  
 And wander in the luxury of light.  
 Worth all the dead creation, in that hour,  
 To me appeared this lonely Nautilus,  
 My fellow-being, like myself, *alive*.  
 Entranced in contemplation, vague yet sweet,  
 I watched its vagrant course and rippling wake,  
 Till I forgot the sun amidst the heavens.

It closed, sunk, dwindled to a point, then  
 nothing ;  
 While the last bubble crowned the dimpling eddy,  
 Through which mine eyes still giddily pursued it,  
 A joyous creature vaulted through the air, —  
 The aspiring fish that fain would be a bird,  
 On long, light wings, that flung a diamond-  
 shower

Of dew-drops round its evanescent form,  
 Sprang into light, and instantly descended.  
 Ere I could greet the stranger as a friend,  
 Or mourn his quick departure on the surge,

A shoal of dolphins tumbling in wild glee,  
Glowed with such orient tints, they might have  
been

The rainbow's offspring, when it met the ocean  
In that resplendent vision I had seen.  
While yet in ecstasy, I hung o'er these,  
With every motion pouring out fresh beauties,  
As though the conscious colors came and went  
At pleasure, glorying in their subtle changes, —  
Enormous o'er the flood, Leviathan  
Looked forth, and from his roaring nostrils sent  
Two fountains to the sky, then plunged amain  
In headlong pastime through the closing gulf.

These were but preludes to the revelry  
That reigned at sunset : then the deep let loose  
Its blithe adventurers to sport at large,  
As kindly instinct taught them ; buoyant shells,  
On stormless voyages, in fleets or single,  
Wherried their tiny mariners ; aloof,  
On wing-like fins, in bow-and-arrow figures,  
The flying-fishes darted to and fro ;  
While spouting whales projected watery columns,  
That turned to arches at their height, and seemed  
The skeletons of crystal palaces

Built on the blue expanse, then perishing,  
Frail as the element which they were made of :  
Dolphins, in gambols, lent the lucid brine  
Hues richer than the canopy of eve,  
That overhung the scene with gorgeous clouds,  
Decaying into gloom more beautiful  
Than the sun's golden liveries which they lost :  
Till light that hides, and darkness that reveals  
The stars, — exchanging guard, like sentinels  
Of day and night, — transformed the face of  
nature ;

Above was wakefulness, silence around,  
Beneath, repose, — repose that reached even me.  
Power, will, sensation, memory, failed in turn ;  
My very essence seemed to pass away,  
Like a thin cloud that melts across the moon,  
Lost in the blue immensity of heaven.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

### THE CORAL INSECT.

TOIL on ! toil on ! ye ephemeral train,  
Who build in the tossing and treacherous main ;  
Toil on ! for the wisdom of man ye moek,  
With your sand-based structures and domes of  
rock,

Your columns the fathomless fountains' cave,  
And your arches spring up to the crested wave ;  
Ye 're a puny race thus to boldly rear  
A fabric so vast in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone, —  
The ocean is sealed, and the surge a stone,

Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,  
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king ;  
The turf looks green where the breakers rolled ;  
O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold ;  
The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,  
And mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do ye plant, 'neath the billows dark,  
The wrecking reef for the gallant bark ?  
There are snares enough on the tented field,  
Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield ;  
There are serpents to coil ere the flowers are up,  
There 's a poison drop in man's purest cup,  
There are foes that watch for his cradle breath,  
And why need ye sow the floods with death ?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,  
From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright ;  
The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold  
With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold,  
And the gods of the ocean have frowned to see  
The mariner's bed in their halls of glee ;  
Hath earth no graves, that ye thus must spread  
The boundless sea for the thronging dead ?

Ye build — ye build — but ye enter not in,  
Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their  
sin ;

From the land of promise ye fade and die  
Ere its verdure gleams forth on your weary eye ;  
As the kings of the cloud-crowned pyramid,  
Their noiseless bones in oblivion hid,  
Ye slumber unmarked mid the desolate main,  
While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

### THE CORAL INSECT.

FROM "THE PELICAN ISLAND."

. . . . EVERY one,  
By instinct taught, performed its little task, —  
To build its dwelling and its sepulchre,  
From its own essence exquisitely modelled ;  
There breed, and die, and leave a progeny,  
Still multiplied beyond the reach of numbers,  
To frame new cells and tombs, then breed and die  
As all their ancestors had done, — and rest,  
Hermetically sealed, each in its shrine,  
A statue in this temple of oblivion !  
Millions of millions thus, from age to age,  
With simplest skill and toil unwearable,  
No moment and no movement unimproved,  
Laid line on line, on terrace terrace spread,  
To swell the heightening, brightening, gradual  
mound,  
By marvellous structure climbing towards the day.

## A point at first

It peered above those waves ; a point so small  
I just perceived it, fixed where all was floating ;  
And when a bubble crossed it, the blue film  
Expanded like a sky above the speck ;  
That speck became a hand-breadth ; day and night  
It spread, accumulated, and erelong  
Presented to my view a dazzling plain,  
White as the moon amid the sapphire sea ;  
Bare at low water, and as still as death,  
But when the tide came gurgling o'er the surface  
'T was like a resurrection of the dead :  
From graves innumerable, punctures fine  
In the close coral, capillary swarms  
Covered the bald-pate reef ;

Erelong the reef o'erthpt the spring-flood's height,  
And mocked the billows when they leapt upon it,  
Unable to maintain their slippery hold,  
And falling down in foam-wreaths round its verge.  
Steep were the flanks, with precipices sharp,  
Descending to their base in ocean gloom.  
Chasms few and narrow and irregular  
Formed harbors, safe at once and perilous, —  
Safe for defence, but perilous to enter.  
A sea-lake shone amidst the fossil isle,  
Reflecting in a ring its cliffs and caverns,  
With heaven itself seen like a lake below.

Compared with this amazing edifice,  
Raised by the weakest creatures in existence,  
What are the works of intellectual man ?  
Towers, temples, palaces, and sepulchres ;  
Ideal images in sculptured forms,  
Thoughts hewn in columns, or in domes expanded,  
Fancies through every maze of beauty shown ;  
Pride, gratitude, affection turned to marble,  
In honor of the living or the dead ;  
What are they ? — fine-wrought miniatures of art,  
Too exquisite to bear the weight of dew,  
Which every morn lets fall in pearls upon them,  
Till all their pomp sinks down in mouldering relics,  
Yet in their ruin lovelier than their prime ! —  
Dust in the balance, atoms in the gale,  
Compared with these achievements in the deep,  
Were all the monuments of olden time,  
In days when there were giants on the earth. —  
Babel's stupendous folly, though it aimed  
To scale heaven's battlements, was but a toy,  
The plaything of the world in infancy ;  
The ramparts, towers, and gates of Babylon,  
Built for eternity, — though, where they stood,  
Ruin itself stands still for lack of work,  
And Desolation keeps unbroken Sabbath ;  
Great Babylon, in its full moon of empire,  
Even when its "head of gold" was smitten off  
And from a monarch changed into a brute —  
Great Babylon was like a wreath of sand,

Left by one tide and cancelled by the next ;  
Egypt's dread wonders, still defying Time,  
Where cities have been crumbled into sand,  
Scattered by winds beyond the Libyan desert,  
Or melted down into the mud of Nile,  
And cast in tillage o'er the corn-sown fields,  
Where Memphis flourished, and the Pharaohs  
reigned ;  
Egypt's gray piles of hieroglyphic grandeur,  
That have survived the language which they speak,  
Preserving its deed emblems to the eye,  
Yet hiding from the mind what these reveal ; —  
Her pyramids would be mere pinnacles,  
Her giant statues, wrought from rocks of granite  
But puny ornaments for such a pile  
As this stupendous mound of catacombs,  
Filled with dry mummies of the builder-worms.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## THE CORAL GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,  
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove ;  
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue  
That never are wet with falling dew,  
But in bright and changeful beauty shine  
Far down in the green and glassy brine.  
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,  
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow ;  
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift  
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow ;  
The water is calm and still below,  
For the winds and waves are absent there,  
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow  
In the motionless fields of upper air.  
There, with its waving blade of green,  
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,  
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen  
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter.  
There, with a light and easy motion,  
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea ;  
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean  
Are bending like corn on the upland lea.  
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,  
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,  
And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms  
Has made the top of the wave his own.  
And when the ship from his fury flies,  
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,  
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,  
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore,  
Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,  
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,  
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,  
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.





COAST SCENE.

*"What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,  
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main!"*







## THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

WHAT hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells ?

Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main ! —  
Pale glistening pearls and rainbow-colored shells,  
Bright things which gleam unrecked of and  
in vain ! —

Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea !  
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more ! — what wealth  
untold,

Far down, and shining through their stillness  
lies !

Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,  
Won from ten thousand royal argosies ! —  
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main !  
Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more, the depths have more ! — thy waves  
have rolled

Above the cities of a world gone by !  
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,  
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry. —  
Dash o'er them, Ocean, in thy scornful play !  
Man yields them to decay.

Yet more, the billows and the depths have more !

High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast !  
They hear not now the booming waters roar,  
The battle-thunders will not break their rest. —  
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave !  
Give back the true and brave !

Give back the lost and lovely ! — those for whom  
The place was kept at board and hearth so long !  
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless  
gloom,

And the vain yearning woke midst festal song !  
Hold fast thy hurried isles, thy towers o'erthrown, —  
But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,  
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,  
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery  
crown ;

Yet must thou hear a voice, — Restore the dead !  
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from  
thee ! —

Restore the dead, thou sea !

FELICIA HEMANS.

## THE CASTAWAY.

OBSCUREST night involved the sky ;  
The Atlantic billows roared,  
When such a destined wretch as I,  
Washed headlong from on board,

Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,  
His floating home forever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast,

Than he, with whom he went,  
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast  
With warmer wishes sent .

He loved them both, but both in vain,  
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,

Expert to swim, he lay ;  
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,  
Nor courage die away ;  
But waged with death a lasting strife,  
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted ; nor his friends had failed

To check the vessel's course ;  
But so the furious blast prevailed,  
That, pitiless perforce,  
They left their outcast mate behind,  
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succor yet they could afford ;  
And such as storms allow —

The cask, the coop, the floated cord —  
Delayed not to bestow ;  
But he, they knew, nor ship nor shore,  
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seemed, could he  
Their haste himself condemn,  
Aware that flight, in such a sea,  
Alone could rescue them ;  
Yet bitter felt it still to die  
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives who lives an hour  
In ocean, self-upheld ;  
And so long he, with unspent power,  
His destiny repelled,  
And ever, as the minutes flew,  
Entreated help, or cried, " Adieu ! "

At length, his transient respite past,  
His comrades, who before  
Had heard his voice in every blast,  
Could catch the sound no more ;  
For then, by toil subdued, he drank  
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him ; but the page  
Of narrative sincere,  
That tells his name, his worth, his age,  
Is wet with Anson's tear,  
And tears by bards or heroes shed  
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,  
 Descanting on his fate,  
 To give the melancholy theme  
 A more enduring date ;  
 But misery still delights to trace  
 Its semblance in another's case.  
 No voice divine the storm allayed,  
 No light propitious shone,  
 When snatched from all effectual aid  
 We perished, each alone, —  
 But I beneath a rougher sea,  
 And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

WILLIAM COWPER.

### SONG OF THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDA.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride  
 In the ocean's bosom unespied,  
 From a small boat that rowed along  
 The listening winds received this song :  
 " What should we do but sing His praise  
 That led us through the watery maze  
 Where he the huge sea monsters wracks,  
 That lift the deep upon their backs,  
 Unto an isle so long unknown,  
 And yet far kinder than our own ?  
 He lands us on a grassy stage,  
 Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage ;  
 He gave us this eternal spring  
 Which here enamels everything,  
 And sends the fowls to us in care  
 On daily visits through the air.  
 He hangs in shades the orange bright  
 Like golden lamps in a green night,  
 And docs in the pomegranates close  
 Jewels more rich than Ormus shows :  
 He makes the figs our mouths to meet,  
 And throws the melons at our feet ;  
 But apples, plants of such a price,  
 No tree could ever bear them twice.  
 With cedars chosen by his hand  
 From Lebanon he stores the land ;  
 And makes the hollow seas that roar  
 Proclaim the ambergris on shore.  
 He cast (of which we rather boast)  
 The gospel's pearl upon our coast ;  
 And in these rocks for us did frame  
 A temple where to sound his name.  
 O let our voice his praise exalt  
 Till it arrive at heaven's vault,  
 Which then perhaps rebounding may  
 Echo beyond the Mexique bay ! " —  
 Thus sung they in the English boat  
 A holy and a cheerful note ;  
 And all the way, to guide their chime,  
 With falling oars they kept the time.

ANDREW MARVELL.

### A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea, —  
 A wind that follows fast,  
 And fills the white and rustling sail,  
 And bends the gallant mast, —  
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
 While, like the eagle free,  
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
 Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind !  
 I heard a fair one cry ;  
 But give to me the snoring breeze  
 And white waves heaving high, —  
 And white waves heaving high, my boys,  
 The good ship tight and free ;  
 The world of waters is our home,  
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,  
 And lightning in yon cloud ;  
 And hark the music, mariners !  
 The wind is piping loud, —  
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,  
 The lightning flashing free ;  
 While the hollow oak our palace is,  
 Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

### SONG OF THE ROVER.

FROM "THE CORSAIR."

O'ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea,  
 Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free,  
 Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,  
 Survey our empire, and behold our home !  
 These are our realms, no limits to their sway, —  
 Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.  
 Ours the wild life in tumult still to range  
 From toil to rest, and joy in every change.  
 O, who can tell ? not thou, luxurious slave !  
 Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave ;  
 Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease !  
 Whom slumber soothes not, — pleasure cannot  
 please. —  
 O, who can tell save he whose heart hath tried,  
 And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,  
 The exulting sense, the pulse's maddening play,  
 That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way ?  
 That for itself can woo the approaching fight,  
 And turn what some deem danger to delight ;  
 That seeks what cravens shun with more than  
 zeal,  
 And where the feebler faint can only feel —  
 Feel to the rising bosom's inmost core,  
 Its hope awaken and its spirit soar ?

No dread of death — if with us die our foes —  
 Save that it seems even duller than repose :  
 Come when it will — we snatch the life of life —  
 When lost — what reck's it — by disease or strife ?  
 Let him who crawls enamored of decay,  
 Cling to his couch and sicken years away ;  
 Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied  
 head :  
 Ours — the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.  
 While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,  
 Ours with one pang — one bound — escapes con-  
 trol.

His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,  
 And they who loathed his life may gild his grave :  
 Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely ahed,  
 When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.  
 For us, even banquets fond regrets supply  
 In the red cup that crowns our memory ;  
 And the brief epitaph in danger's day,  
 When those who win at length divide the prey,  
 And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er each brow,  
 How had the brave who fell exulted *now!*

BYRON.

### MY BRIGANTINE.

Just in thy mould and beauteous in thy form,  
 Gentle in roll and buoyant on the surge,  
 Light as the sea-fowl rocking in the storm,  
 In breeze and gale thy onward course we urge,  
 My water-queen !  
 Lady of mine,  
 More light and swift than thou none thread the  
 sea,  
 With surer keel or steadier on its path,  
 We brave each waste of ocean-mystery  
 And laugh to hear the howling tempest's wrath,  
 For we are thine.  
 " My brigantine !  
 Trust to the mystic power that points thy way,  
 Trust to the eye that pierces from afar ;  
 Trust the red meteors that around thee play,  
 And, fearless, trust the Sea-Green Lady's Star,  
 Thou bark divine !"

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

### ALL'S WELL.

FROM "THE BRITISH FLEET."

DEREPTED by the waning moon,  
 When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,  
 On tower, or fort, or tented ground  
 The sentry walks his lonely round ;  
 And should a footstep haply stray  
 Where caution marks the guarded way,

Who goes there ? Stranger, quickly tell ;  
 A friend, — the word. Good night ; all's well.

Or sailing on the midnight deep,  
 When weary messmates soundly sleep,  
 The careful watch patrols the deck,  
 To guard the ship from foes or wreck ;  
 And while his thoughts oft homewards veer,  
 Some friendly voice salutes his ear, —  
 What cheer ? brother, quickly tell ;  
 Above, — below. Good night ; all's well.

THOMAS DIEDIN.

### HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

For England when with favoring gale  
 Our gallant ship up channel steered,  
 And, scudding under easy sail,  
 The high blue western land appeared ;  
 To heave the lead the seaman sprung,  
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,  
 " By the deep — nine !"

And bearing up to gain the port,  
 Some well-known object kept in view, —  
 An abbey-tower, a harbor-fort,  
 Or beacon to the vessel true ;  
 While oft the lead the seaman flung,  
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,  
 " By the mark — seven !"

And as the much-loved shore we near,  
 With transport we behold the roof  
 Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,  
 Of faith and love a matchless proof.  
 The lead once more the seaman flung,  
 And to the watchful pilot sung,  
 " Quarter less — five !"

Now to her berth the ship draws nigh :  
 We shorten sail, — she feels the tide, —  
 " Stand clear the cable " is the cry, —  
 The anchor's gone ; we safely ride.  
 The watch is set, and through the night  
 We hear the seamen with delight

Proclaim, — " All's well !"  
 CHARLES DIEDIN.

### THE WHITE SQUALL.

IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

ON deck, beneath the awning,  
 I dozing lay and yawning ;  
 It was the gray of dawning,  
 Ere yet the sun arose ;

And above the funnel's roaring,  
 And the fitful wind's deploring,  
 I heard the cabin snoring  
 With universal nose.  
 I could hear the passengers snorting, —  
 I envied their disporting, —  
 Vainly I was courting  
 The pleasure of a doze.

So I lay, and wondered why light  
 Came not, and watched the twilight,  
 And the glimmer of the skylight,  
 That shot across the deck ;  
 And the binnacle pale and steady,  
 And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,  
 And the sparks in fiery oddy  
 That whirled from the chimney neck.  
 In our jovial floating prison  
 There was sleep from fore to mizzen,  
 And never a star had risen  
 The hazy sky to speck.  
 Strange company we harbored :  
 We 'd a hundred Jews to larboard,  
 Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered, —  
 Jews black and brown and gray.

With terror it would seize ye,  
 And make your souls uneasy,  
 To see those Rabbis greasy,  
 Who did naught but scratch and pray.  
 Their dirty children puking, —  
 Their dirty saucepans cooking, —  
 Their dirty fingers hooking  
 Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard Turks and Greeks were, —  
 Whiskered and brown their cheeks were, —  
 Enormous wide their breeks were, —  
 Their pipes did puff away ;  
 Each on his mat allotted  
 In silence smoked and squatted,  
 Whilst round their children trotted  
 In pretty, pleasant play.  
 He can't but smile who traces  
 The smiles on those brown faces,  
 And the pretty, prattling graces  
 Of those small heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling ;  
 And through the ocean rolling  
 Went the brave Iberia bowling,  
 Before the break of day, —

When a squall, upon a sudden,  
 Came o'er the waters scudding ;  
 And the clouds began to gather,  
 And the sea was lashed to lather,  
 And the lowering thunder grumbled,  
 And the lightning jumped and tumbled,

And the ship, and all the ocean,  
 Woke up in wild commotion.  
 Then the wind set up a howling,  
 And the poodle dog a yowling,  
 And the cocks began a crowing,  
 And the old cow raised a lowing,  
 As she heard the tempest blowing ;  
 And fowls and geese did cackle,  
 And the cordage and the tackle  
 Began to shriek and crackle ;  
 And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,  
 And down the deck in runnels ;  
 And the rushing water soaks all,  
 From the seamen in the fo'ksal  
 To the stokers, whose black faces  
 Peer out of their bed-places ;  
 And the captain he was bawling,  
 And the sailors pulling, hauling,  
 And the quarter-deck tarpauling  
 Was shivered in the squalling ;  
 And the passengers awoken,  
 Most pitifully shaken ;  
 And the steward jumps up, and hastens  
 For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered.  
 And they knelt and moaned and shivered,  
 As the plunging waters met them,  
 And splashed and overset them ;  
 And they called in their emergence  
 Upon countless saints and virgins ;  
 And their marrowbones are bended,  
 And they think the world is ended.  
 And the Turkish women for'ard  
 Were frightened and behorrered ;  
 And, shrieking and bewildering,  
 The mothers clutched their children ;  
 The men sang " Allah ! Illah !  
 Mashallah Bismillah ! "  
 As the warring waters doused them,  
 And splashed them and soused them ;  
 And they called upon the Prophet,  
 Who thought but little of it.

Then all the fleas in Jewry  
 Jumped up and bit like fury ;  
 And the progeny of Jacob  
 Did on the main-deck wake up,  
 (I wot those greasy Rabbins  
 Would never pay for cabins ;)  
 And each man moaned and jabbered in  
 His filthy Jewish gabardine,  
 In woe and lamentation,  
 And howling consternation.  
 And the splashing water drenches  
 Their dirty brats and wenches ;  
 And they crawl from bales and benches,  
 In a hundred thousand stenchs.

This was the white squall famous,  
Which latterly o'ercame us,  
And which all will well remember,  
On the 28th September ;  
When a Prussian captain of Lancers  
(Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)  
Came on the deck astonished,  
By that wild squall admonished,  
And wondering cried, "Potz tausend,  
Wie ist der Stürm jetzt brausend ?"  
And looked at Captain Lewis,  
Who calmly stood and blew his  
Cigar in all the bustle,  
And scorned the tempest's tussle.  
And oft we've thought hereafter  
How he beat the storm to laughter ;  
For well he knew his vessel  
With that vain wind could wrestle ;  
And when a wreck we thought her,  
And doomed ourselves to slaughter,  
How gayly he fought her,  
And through the hubbub brought her,  
And as the tempest caught her,  
Cried, "George, some brandy and water !"

And when, its force expended,  
The harmless storm was ended,  
And as the sunrise splendid

Came blushing o'er the sea, —  
I thought, as day was breaking,  
My little girls were waking,  
And smiling, and making  
A prayer at home for me.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

#### THE TEMPEST.

WE were crowded in the cabin,  
Not a soul would dare to sleep,—  
It was midnight on the waters  
And a storm was on the deep.

'T is a fearful thing in winter  
To be shattered by the blast,  
And to hear the rattling trumpet  
Thunder, "Cut away the mast !"

So we shuddered there in silence, —  
For the stoutest held his breath,  
While the hungry sea was roaring,  
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,  
Each one busy in his prayers,  
"We are lost !" the captain shouted  
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,  
As she took his icy hand,  
"Is n't God upon the ocean  
Just the same as on the land ?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,  
And we spoke in better cheer,  
And we anchored safe in harbor  
When the morn was shining clear.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

#### THE MINUTE-GUN.

WHEN in the storm on Albion's coast,  
The night-watch guards his wary post,  
From thoughts of danger free,  
He marks some vessel's dusky form,  
And hears, amid the howling storm,  
The minute-gun at sea.

Swift on the shore a hardy few  
The life-boat man with gallant crew  
And dare the dangerous wave ;  
Through the wild surf they cleave their way,  
Lost in the foam, nor know dismay,  
For they go the crew to save.

But, O, what rapture fills each breast  
Of the hopeless crew of the ship distressed !  
Then, landed safe, what joy to tell  
Of all the dangers that befell !  
Then is heard no more,  
By the watch on shore,  
The minute-gun at sea.

R. S. SHARPE.

#### THE BAY OF BISCAY, O !

LOUD roared the dreadful thunder,  
The rain a deluge showers,  
The clouds were rent asunder  
By lightning's vivid powers ;  
The night both drear and dark,  
Our poor devoted bark,  
Till next day, there she lay,  
In the Bay of Biscay, O !

Now dashed upon the billow,  
Our opening timbers creak,  
Each fears a watery pillow,  
None stops the dreadful leak ;  
To cling to slippery shrouds  
Each breathless seaman crowds,  
As she lay, till the day,  
In the Bay of Biscay, O !

At length the wished-for morrow  
 Broke through the hazy sky,  
 Absorbed in silent sorrow,  
 Each heaved a bitter sigh ;  
 The dismal wreck to view  
 Struck horror to the crew,  
 As she lay, on that day,  
 In the Bay of Biscay, O !

Her yielding timbers sever,  
 Her pitchy seams are rent,  
 When Heaven, all bounteous ever,  
 Its boundless mercy sent, —  
 A sail in sight appears ;  
 We hail her with three cheers ;  
 Now we sail, with the gale,  
 From the Bay of Biscay, O !

ANDREW CHERRY.

### THE STORM.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blustering railer !  
 List, ye landsmen, all to me,  
 Messmates, hear a brother sailor  
 Sing the dangers of the sea ;

From bounding billows, first in motion,  
 When the distant whirlwinds rise,  
 To the tempest-troubled ocean,  
 Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,  
 By topsail sheets and halyards stand !  
 Down top-gallants quick be hauling !  
 Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand !

Now it freshens, set the braces,  
 Quick the topsail sheets let go ;  
 Luff, boys, luff ! don't make wry faces,  
 Up your topsails nimbly clew.

Round us roars the tempest louder,  
 Think what fear our minds intralls !  
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder,  
 Now again the boatswain calls.

The topsail yard point to the wind, boys,  
 See all clear to reef each course ;  
 Let the fore sheet go, don't mind, boys,  
 Though the weather should be worse.

Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,  
 Reef the mizzen, see all clear ;  
 Hands up ! each preventive brace set !  
 Man the fore yard, cheer, lads, cheer !

Now the dreadful thunder 's roaring  
 Peal on peal contending clash,  
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,  
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash.

One wide water all around us,  
 All above us one black sky ;  
 Different deaths at once surround us :  
 Hark ! what means that dreadful cry ?

The foremast 's gone, cries every tongue out,  
 O'er the lee twelve feet 'bove deck ;  
 A leak beneath the chest-tree 's sprung out,  
 Call all hands to clear the wreck.

Quick the lanyards cut to pieces ;  
 Come, my hearts, be stout and bold ;  
 Plumb the well, — the leak increases,  
 Four feet water in the hold !

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,  
 We our wives and children mourn ;  
 Alas ! from hence there 's no retreating,  
 Alas ! to them there 's no return !

Still the leak is gaining on us !  
 Both chain-pumps are choked below :  
 Heaven have mercy here upon us !  
 For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,  
 Let the guns o'erboard be thrown ;  
 To the pumps call every hand, boys,  
 See ! our mizzen-mast is gone.

The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast ;  
 We 've lighted her a foot or more ;  
 Up and rig a jury foremast,  
 She rights ! she rights, boys ! we're off shore.  
 GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

### THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea, —  
 The ship was still as she might be ;  
 Her sails from heaven received no motion ;  
 Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,  
 The waves flowed over the Inchcape rock ;  
 So little they rose, so little they fell,  
 They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The holy abbot of Aberbrothok  
 Had floated that bell on the Inchcape rock ;  
 On the waves of the storm it floated and swung,  
 And louder and louder its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the tempest's swell,  
 The mariners heard the warning bell ;  
 And then they knew the perilous rock,  
 And blessed the priest of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven shone so gay, —  
All things were joyful on that day ;  
The sea-birds screamed as they sported round,  
And there was pleasure in their sound.

The float of the Inchcape bell was seen,  
A darker speck on the ocean green ;  
Sir Ralph, the rover, walked his deck,  
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring, —  
It made him whistle, it made him sing ;  
His heart was mirthful to excess ;  
But the rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the bell and float :  
Quoth he, " My men, pull out the boat ;  
And row me to the Inchcape rock,  
And I 'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,  
And to the Inchcape rock they go ;  
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,  
And cut the warning bell from the float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound ;  
The bubbles rose, and burst around.  
Quoth Sir Ralph, " The next who comes to the  
rock  
Will not bless the priest of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph, the rover, sailed away, —  
He scoured the seas for many a day ;  
And now, grown rich with plundered store,  
His steers his course to Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky  
They could not see the sun on high ;  
The wind had blown a gale all day ;  
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the rover takes his stand ;  
So dark it is they see no land.  
Quoth Sir Ralph, " It will be lighter soon,  
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

" Canst hear," said one, " the breakers roar ?  
For yonder, methinks, should be the shore.  
Now where we are I cannot tell,  
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound ; the swell is strong ;  
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along ;  
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock, —  
Alas ! it is the Inchcape rock !

Sir Ralph, the rover, tore his hair ;  
He beat himself in wild despair.  
The waves rush in on every side ;  
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But ever in his dying fear  
One dreadful sound he seemed to hear, —  
A sound as if with the Inchcape bell  
The evil spirit was ringing his knell.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE FISHERMEN.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the west —  
Out into the west as the sun went down ;  
Each thought of the woman who loved him the  
best,  
And the children stood watching them out of  
the town ;  
For men must work, and women must weep ;  
And there 's little to earn, and many to keep,  
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,  
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down ;  
And they looked at the squall, and they looked  
at the shower,  
And the rack it came rolling up, ragged and  
brown ;  
But men must work, and women must weep,  
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,  
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands  
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,  
And the women are watching and wringing their  
hands,  
For those who will never come back to the town ;  
For men must work, and women must weep, —  
And the sooner it 's over, the sooner to sleep, —  
And good by to the bar and its moaning.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

O MARY, GO AND CALL THE CATTLE  
HOME !

" O MARY, go and call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home,  
And call the cattle home,  
Across the sands o' Dee !"  
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,  
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,  
And o'er and o'er the sand,  
And round and round the sand,  
As far as eye could see ;  
The blinding mist came down and hid the land :  
And never home came she.

“ O, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair, —  
 A tress o' golden hair,  
 O' drowned maiden's hair, —  
 Above the nets at sea ?  
 Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,  
 Among the stakes on Dee.”

They rowed her in across the rolling foam, —  
 The cruel, crawling foam,  
 The cruel, hungry foam, —  
 To her grave beside the sea ;  
 But still the boatmen hear her call the cattlehome  
 Across the sands o' Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

### THE MARINER'S DREAM.

IN slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay ;  
 His hammock swung loose at the sport of the  
 wind ;  
 But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,  
 And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bowers,  
 And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn ;  
 While memory stood sideways half covered with  
 flowers,  
 And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,  
 And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise ;  
 Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,  
 And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clammers in flowers o'er the thatch,  
 And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in  
 the wall ;

All trembling with transport he raises the latch,  
 And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight ;  
 His cheek is imperled with a mother's warm  
 tear ;

And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite  
 With the lips of the maid whom his bosom  
 holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast ;  
 Joy quickens his pulses, — his hardships seem  
 o'er ;

And a murmur of happiness steals through his  
 rest, —

“ O God ! thou hast blest me, — I ask for no  
 more.”

Ah ! whence is that flame which now bursts on  
 his eye ?

Ah ! what is that sound which now 'larms on  
 his ear ?

'T is the lightning's red gleam, painting hell on  
 the sky !

'T is the crashing of thunders, the groan of the  
 sphere !

He springs from his hammock, he flies to the  
 deck ;

Amazement confronts him with images dire ;  
 Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel's  
 wreck ;

The masts fly in splinters ; the shrouds are on  
 fire.

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell ;  
 In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save ;  
 Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,  
 And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er  
 the wave !

O sailor-boy, woe to thy dream of delight !

In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of  
 bliss.

Where now is the picture that fancy touched  
 bright, —

Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed  
 kiss ?

O sailor-boy ! sailor-boy ! never again

Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay ;  
 Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,  
 Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,  
 Or redeem form or fame from the merciless surge,  
 But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-  
 sheet be,  
 And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge !

On a bed of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be  
 laid, —

Around thy white bones the red coral shall  
 grow ;

Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,  
 And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,  
 And still the vast waters above thee shall roll ;

Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye, —  
 O sailor-boy ! sailor-boy ! peace to thy soul !

WILLIAM DIMOND.

### ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE NEWS ARRIVED ; 1782.

TOLL for the brave, —

The brave that are no more !

All sunk beneath the wave,

Fast by their native shore.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WILLIAM COWPER.

### THE SHIPWRECK.

IN vain the cords and axes were prepared,  
For now the audacious seas insult the yard ;  
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,  
And o'er her burst in terrible cascade.  
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,  
Her shattered top half-buried in the skies,  
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground ;  
Earth groans ! air trembles ! and the deeps re-  
sound !

Her giant-bulk the dread concussion feels,  
And quivering with the wound in torment reels.  
So reels, convulsed with agonizing throes,  
The bleeding bull beneath the murderer's blows.  
Again she plunges ! hark ! a second shock  
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock :

Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,  
The fated victims, shuddering, roll their eyes  
In wild despair ; while yet another stroke,  
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak ;  
Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell  
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,  
At length asunder torn her frame divides,  
And, crashing, spreads in ruin o'er the tides.

O, were it mine with tuneful Maro's art  
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart ;  
Like him the smooth and mournful verse to dress  
In all the pomp of exquisite distress,  
Then too severely taught by cruel fate,  
To share in all the perils I relate,  
Then might I, with unrivalled strains deplore  
The impervious horrors of a leeward shore !

As o'er the surge the stooping mainmast hung,  
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung ;  
Some, struggling, on a broken crag were cast,  
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast.  
Awhile they bore the o'erwhelming billows' rage,  
Unequal combat with their fate to wage ;  
Till, all benumbed and feeble, they forego  
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below.  
Some, from the main-yard-arm impetuous thrown  
On marble ridges, die without a groan.

Three with Palemon on their skill depend,  
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend.  
Now on the mountain wave on high they ride,  
Then downward plunge beneath the involving  
tide,

Till one, who seems in agony to strive,  
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive ;  
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,  
And prest the stony beach, a lifeless crew !

WILLIAM FALCONER.

### YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

A NAVAL ODE.

I.

YE mariners of England,  
That guard our native seas ;  
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze !  
Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe !  
And sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

II.

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave ;  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And Ocean was their grave.

Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

## III.

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

## IV.

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn ;  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean warriors !  
Our song and feast shall flow  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow ;  
When the fiery fight is heard no more  
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

## BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

"Look to the Baltic, — blazing from afar,  
Your old ally yet mourns perfidious war."

BYRON.

## I.

Of Nelson and the North  
Sing the glorious day's renown,  
When to battle fierce came forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown,  
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;  
By each gun the lighted brand,  
In a bold, determined hand,  
And the prince of all the land  
Led them on.

## II.

Like leviathans afloat,  
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;  
While the sign of battle flew  
On the lofty British line ;  
It was ten of April morn by the chime :  
As they drifted on their path,  
There was silence deep as death ;  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time.

## III.

But the might of England flushed  
To anticipate the scene ;  
And her van the fleetest rushed  
O'er the deadly space between.  
"Hearts of oak !" our captains cried ; when  
each gun  
From its adamant lips  
Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
Like the hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun.

## IV.

Again ! again ! again !  
And the havoc did not slack,  
Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
To our cheering sent us back ;  
Their shots along the deep slowly boom : —  
Then ceased, — and all is wail,  
As they strike the shattered sail ;  
Or, in conflagration pale,  
Light the gloom,

## V.

Outspoke the victor then,  
As he hailed them o'er the wave ;  
"Ye are brothers ! ye are men !  
And we conquer but to save !  
So peace instead of death let us bring ;  
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
With the crews, at England's feet,  
And make submission meet  
To our King."

## VI.

Then Denmark blessed our chief,  
That he gave her wounds repose ;  
And the sounds of joy and grief  
From her people wildly rose,  
As Death withdrew his shades from the day  
While the sun looked smiling bright  
O'er a wide and woful sight,  
Where the fires of funeral light  
Died away.

## VII.

Now joy, Old England, raise !  
For the tidings of thy might,  
By the festal cities' blaze,  
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;  
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,  
Let us think of them that sleep,  
Full many a fathom deep,  
By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsinore !

## VIII.

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride  
Once so faithful and so true,  
On the deck of fame that died  
With the gallant good Riou :

Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave,  
While the billow mournful rolls  
And the mermaid's song condoles,  
Singing glory to the souls  
Of the brave !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

### CASABIANCA.

[Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son of the Admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the Battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire and all the guns had been abandoned, and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.]

THE boy stood on the burning deck,  
Whence all but him had fled ;  
The flame that lit the battle's wreck  
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,  
As born to rule the storm ;  
A creature of heroic blood,  
A proud though childlike form.

The flames rolled on ; he would not go  
Without his father's word ;  
That father, faint in death below,  
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, " Say, father, say,  
If yet my task be done ?"  
He knew not that the chieftain lay  
Unconscious of his son.

" Speak, father !" once again he cried,  
" If I may yet be gone !"  
And but the booming shots replied,  
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
And in his waving hair,  
And looked from that lone post of death  
In still yet brave despair ;

And shouted but once more aloud,  
" My father ! must I stay ?"  
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,  
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,  
They caught the flag on high,  
And streamed above the gallant child,  
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound ;  
The boy, — Oh ! where was *he* ?  
Ask of the winds, that far around  
With fragments strewed the sea, —

With shroud and mast and pennon fair,  
That well had borne their part, —  
But the noblest thing that perished there  
Was that young, faithful heart.

FELICIA HEMANS.

### THE SEA FIGHT.

AS TOLD BY AN ANCIENT MARINER.

AH, yes, — the fight ! Well, messmates, well,  
I served on board that Ninety-eight ;  
Yet what I saw I loathe to tell.  
To-night be sure a crushing weight  
Upon my sleeping breast, a hell  
Of dread, will sit. At any rate,  
Though land-locked here, a watch I 'll keep, —  
Grog cheers us still. Who cares for sleep ?

That Ninety-eight I sailed on board ;  
Along the Frenchman's coast we flew ;  
Right aft the rising tempest roared ;  
A noble first-rate hove in view ;  
And soon high in the gale there soared  
Her streamer-out bunting, — red, white, blue !  
We cleared for fight, and landward bore,  
To get between the chase and shore.

Masters, I cannot spin a yarn  
Twice laid with words of silken stuff.  
A fact 's a fact ; and ye may learn  
The rights o' this, though wild and rough  
My words may loom. 'T is your consarn,  
Not mine, to understand. Enough ; —  
We neared the Frenchman where he lay,  
And as we neared, he blazed away.

We tacked, hove to ; we filled, we wore ;  
Did all that seamanship could do  
To rake him aft, or by the fore, —  
Now rounded off, and now breached to ;  
And now our starboard broadside bore,  
And showers of iron through and through  
His vast hull hissed ; our larboard then  
Swept from his threefold decks his men.

As we, like a huge serpent, toiled,  
And wound about, through that wild sea,  
The Frenchman each manœuvre foiled, —  
'Vantage to neither thre could be.  
Whilst thus the waves between us boiled,  
We both resolved right manfully  
To fight it side by side ; — began  
Then the fierce strife of man to man.

Gun bellows forth to gun, and pain  
Rings out her wild, delirious scream !  
Redoubling thunders shake the main ;  
Loud crashing, falls the shot-rent beam.

The timbers with the broadsides strain ;  
The slippery decks send up a steam  
From hot and living blood, and high  
And shrill is heard the death-pang cry.

The shredded limb, the splintered bone,  
The unstiffened corpse, now block the way !  
Who now can hear the dying groan ?  
The trumpet of the judgment-day,  
Had it pealed forth its mighty tone,  
We should not then have heard, — to say  
Would be rank sin ; but this I tell,  
That could alone our madness quell.

Upon the fore-castle I fought  
As captain of the for'ad gun.  
A scattering shot the carriage caught !  
What mother then had known her son  
Of those who stood around ? — distraught,  
And smeared with gore, about they run,  
Then fall, and writhe, and howling die !  
But one escaped, — that one was I !

Night darkened round, and the storm pealed ;  
To windward of us lay the foe.  
As he to leeward over keeled,  
He could not fight his guns below ;  
So just was going to strike, — when reeled  
Our vessel, as if some vast blow  
From an Almighty hand had rent  
The huge ship from her element.

Then howled the thunder. Tumult then  
Had stunned herself to silence. Round  
Were scattered lightning-blasted men !  
Our mainmast went. All stifled, drowned,  
Arose the Frenchman's shout. Again  
The bolt burst on us, and we found  
Our masts all gone, — our decks all riven :  
Man's war mocks faintly that of heaven !

Just then, — nay, messmates, laugh not now, —  
As I, amazed, one minute stood  
Amidst that rout, — I know not how, —  
'T was silence all, — the raving flood,  
The guns that pealed from stem to bow,  
And God's own thunder, — nothing could  
I then of all that tumult hear,  
Or see aught of that scene of fear, —

My aged mother at her door  
Sat mildly o'er her humming wheel ;  
The cottage, orchard, and the moor, —  
I saw them plainly all. I 'll kneel,  
And swear I saw them ! O, they wore  
A look all peace ? Could I but feel  
Again that bliss that then I felt,  
That made my heart, like childhood's, melt !

The blessed tear was on my cheek,  
She smiled with that old smile I know :  
" Turn to me, mother, turn and speak,"  
Was on my quivering lips, — when lo !  
All vanished, and a dark, red streak  
Glares wild and vivid from the foe,  
That flashed upon the blood-stained water, —  
For fore and aft the flames had caught her.

She struck and hailed us. On us fast  
All burning, helplessly, she came, —  
Near, and more near ; and not a mast  
Had we to help us from that flame.  
'T was then the bravest stood aghast, —  
'T was then the wicked, on the name  
(With danger and with guilt appalled)  
Of God, too long neglected, called.

The eddy flames with ravening tongue  
Now on our ship's dark bulwarks dash, —  
We almost touched, — when ocean rung  
Down to its depths with one loud crash !  
In heaven's top vault one instant hung  
The vast, intense, and blinding flash !  
Then all was darkness, stillness, dread, —  
The wave moaned o'er the valiant dead.

She's gone ! blown up ! that gallant foe !  
And though she left us in a plight,  
We floated still ; long were, I know,  
And hard, the labors of that night  
To clear the wreck. At length in tow  
A frigate took us, when 't was light ;  
And soon an English port we gained, —  
A hulk all battered and blood-stained.

So many slain, — so many drowned !  
I like not of that fight to tell.  
Come, let the cheerful grog go round !  
Messmates, I've done. A spell, ho ! spell, —  
Though a pressed man, I 'll still be found  
To do a seaman's duty well.  
I wish our brother landsmen knew  
One half we jolly tars go through.

ANONYMOUS.

#### THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

W. J. MICKLE.

#### SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

GENTLEFOLKS, in my time, I've made many a  
 rhyme,  
 But the song I now trouble you with,  
 Lays some claim to applause, and you 'll grant  
 it, because  
 The subject's Sir Sidney Smith, it is;  
 The subject's Sir Sidney Smith.

We all know Sir Sidney, a man of such kidney,  
 He 'd fight every foe he could meet;  
 Give him one ship for two, and without more ado,  
 He 'd engage if he met a whole fleet, he would,  
 He 'd engage if he met a whole fleet.

Thus he took, every day, all that came in his way,  
 Till fortune, that changeable elf,  
 Ordered accidents so, that while taking the foe,  
 Sir Sidney got taken himself, he did,  
 Sir Sidney got taken himself.

His captors, right glad of the prize they now had,  
 Rejected each offer we 'd bid,  
 And swore he should stay locked up till doomsday;  
 But he swore he 'd be d——d if he did, he did,  
 But he swore he 'd be hang'd if he did.

So Sir Sid got away, and his jailer next day  
 Cried, "Sacre, diable, morbleu,  
 Mon prisonnier 'scape; I 'ave got in von scrape,  
 And I fear I must run away too, I must,  
 I fear I must run away too!"

If Sir Sidney was wrong, why then blackball my  
 song,  
 E'en his foes he would scorn to deceive;  
 His escape was but just, and confess it you must,  
 For it only was taking French leave, you know,  
 It only was taking French leave.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

#### NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR.

I LOVE contemplating — apart  
 From all his homicidal glory —  
 The traits that soften to our heart  
 Napoleon's glory!

'T was when his banners at Boulogne  
 Armed in our island every freeman,  
 His navy chanced to capture one  
 Poor British seaman.

They suffered him — I know not how —  
 Unprisoned on the shore to roam;  
 And aye was bent his longing brow  
 On England's home.

His eye, methinks! pursued the flight  
 Of birds to Britain half-way over;  
 With envy *they* could reach the white  
 Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,  
 Than this sojourn would have been dearer,  
 If but the storm his vessel brought  
 To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,  
 He saw one morning, dreaming, doting,  
 An empty hogshhead from the deep  
 Come shoreward floating ;

He hid it in a cave, and wrought  
 The live-long day laborious ; lurking  
 Until he launched a tiny boat  
 By mighty working.

Heaven help us ! 't was a thing beyond  
 Description wretched ; such a wherry  
 Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,  
 Or crossed a ferry,

For ploughing in the salt-sea field,  
 It would have made the boldest shudder ;  
 Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled, —  
 No sail, no rudder.

From neighboring woods he interlaced  
 His sorry skiff with wattled willows ;  
 And thus equipped he would have passed  
 The foaming billows, —

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,  
 His little Argus sorely jeering ;  
 Till tidings of him chanced to reach  
 Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,  
 Serene alike in peace and danger ;  
 And, in his wonted attitude,  
 Addressed the stranger : —

“Rash man, that wouldst yon Channel pass  
 On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned,  
 Thy heart with some sweet British lass  
 Must be impassioned.”

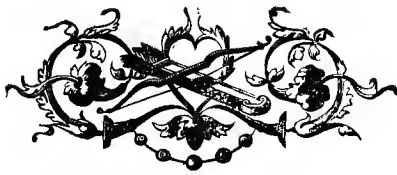
“I have no sweetheart,” said the lad ;  
 “But — absent long from one another —  
 Great was the longing that I had  
 To see my mother.”

“And so thou shalt,” Napoleon said,  
 “Ye've both my favor fairly won ;  
 A noble mother must have bred  
 So brave a son.”

He gave the tar a piece of gold,  
 And, with a flag of truce, commanded  
 He should be shipped to England Old,  
 And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift  
 To find a dinner, plain and hearty,  
 But *never* changed the coin and gift  
 Of Bonaparté.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.



POEMS OF ADVENTURE AND RURAL SPORTS.



O Victor Emmanuel the King,  
The sword be for thee, and the deed,  
And might for the alien; next spring,  
Nought for Hapsburg and Bourbon agreed,  
But for us, a great Italy freed,  
With a hero to head us; — our King

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.



## POEMS OF ADVENTURE AND RURAL SPORTS.

### CHEVY-CHASE.

[Percy, Earl of Northumberland, had vowed to hunt for three days in the Scottish border, without condescending to ask leave from Earl Douglas, who was either lord of the soil or lord warden of the Marches. This provoked the conflict which was celebrated in the old ballad of the "Hunting a' the Cheviot." The circumstances of the battle of Otterbourne (A. D. 1388) are woven into the ballad and the affairs of the two events confounded. The ballad preserved in the Percy Reliques is probably as old as 1574. The one following is a modernized form of the time of James I.]

God prosper long our noble king,  
Our lives and safeties all ;  
A woful hunting once there did  
In Chevy-Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn  
Earl Percy took his way ;  
The child may rue that is unborn  
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland  
A vow to God did make,  
His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
Three summer days to take, —

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chase  
To kill and bear away.  
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,  
In Scotland where he lay ;

Who sent Earl Percy present word  
He would prevent his sport.  
The English earl, not fearing that,  
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,  
All chosen men of might,  
Who knew full well in time of need  
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran  
To chase the fallow deer ;  
On Monday they began to hunt  
When daylight did appear ;

And long before high noon they had  
A hundred fat bucks slain ;  
Then, having dined, the drovers went  
To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,  
Well able to endure ;  
And all their rear, with special care,  
That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods  
The nimble deer to take,  
That with their cries the hills and dales  
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,  
To view the slaughtered deer ;  
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised  
This day to meet me here ;

"But if I thought he would not come,  
No longer would I stay" ;  
With that a brave young gentleman  
Thus to the earl did say :—

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come, —  
His men in armor bright ;  
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears  
All marching in our sight ;

"All men of pleasant Teviotdale,  
Fast by the river Tweed" ;  
"Then cease your sports," Earl Percy said,  
"And take your bows with speed ;

"And now with me, my countrymen,  
Your courage forth advance ;  
For never was there champion yet,  
In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horseback come,  
But if my hap it were,  
I durst encounter man for man,  
With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,  
Most like a baron bold,  
Rode foremost of his company,  
Whose armor shone like gold.

"Show me," said he, "whose men you be,  
That hunt so boldly here,  
That, without my consent, do chase  
And kill my fallow-deer."

The first man that did answer make,  
Was noble Percy he —  
Who said, "We list not to declare,  
Nor show whose men we be :

"Yet will we spend our dearest blood  
Thy chiefest harts to slay."  
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,  
And thus in rage did say :

"Ere thus I will out-bravéd be,  
One of us two shall die ;  
I know thee well, an earl thou art, —  
Lord Percy, so am I.

"But trust me, Percy, pity it were,  
And great offence, to kill  
Any of these our guiltless men,  
For they have done no ill.

"Let you and me the battle try,  
And set our men aside."  
"Accursed be he," Earl Percy said,  
"By whom this is denied."

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,  
Witherington was his name,  
Who said, "I would not have it told  
To Henry, our king, for shame,

"That e'er my captain fought on foot,  
And I stood looking on.  
You two be earls," said Witherington,  
"And I a squire alone ;

"I'll do the best that do I may,  
While I have power to stand ;  
While I have power to wield my sword  
I'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows, —  
Their hearts were good and true ;  
At the first flight of arrows sent,  
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet stays Earl Douglas on the bent,  
As chieftain stout and good ;  
As valiant captain, all unmoved,  
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,  
As leader ware and tried ;  
And soon his spearmen on their foes  
Bore down on every side.

Throughout the English archery  
They dealt full many a wound ;  
But still our valiant Englishmen  
All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing straight their bows away,  
They grasped their swords so bright ;  
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,  
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side, —  
No slackness there was found ;  
And many a gallant gentleman  
Lay gasping on the ground.

In truth, it was a grief to see  
How each one chose his spear,  
And how the blood out of their breasts  
Did gush like water clear.

At last these two stont earls did meet ;  
Like captains of great might,  
Like lions wode, they laid on lode,  
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,  
With swords of tempered steel,  
Until the blood, like drops of rain,  
They trickling down did feel.

"Yield thee, Lord Percy," Douglas said,  
"In faith I will thee bring'  
Where thou shalt high advanced be  
By James, our Scottish king.

"Thy ransom I will freely give,  
And this report of thee, —  
Thou art the most courageous knight  
That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas," saith Earl Percy then,  
"Thy proffer I do scorn ;  
I will not yield to any Scot  
That ever yet was born."

With that there came an arrow keen  
Out of an English bow,  
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart, —  
A deep and deadly blow ;

Who never spake more words than these :  
"Fight on, my merry men all ;  
For why, my life is at an end ;  
Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took  
The dead man by the hand ;  
And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life  
Would I had lost my land.

"In truth, my very heart doth bleed  
With sorrow for thy sake ;  
For sure a more redoubted knight  
Mischance did never take."

A knight amongst the Scots there was  
Who saw Earl Douglas die,  
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge  
Upon the Earl Percy.

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he called,  
Who, with a spear full bright,  
Well mounted on a gallant steed,  
Ran fiercely through the fight ;

And past the English archers all,  
Without a dread or fear ;  
And through Earl Percy's body then  
He thrust his hateful spear ;

With such vehement force and might  
He did his body gore,  
The staff ran through the other side  
A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,  
Whose courage none could stain.  
An English archer then perceived  
The noble earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,  
Made of a trusty tree ;  
An arrow of a cloth-yard long  
To the hard head haled he.

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery  
So right the shaft he set,  
The gray goose wing that was thereon  
In his heart'a blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day  
Till setting of the sun ;  
For when they rung the evening-bell  
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy there were slain  
Sir John of Egerton,  
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,  
Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,  
Both knights of good account,  
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,  
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington my heart is woe  
That ever he slain should be,  
For when his legs were hewn in two,  
He knelt and fought on his knee.

And with Earl Douglas there were slain  
Sir Hugh Mountgomery,  
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field  
One foot would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too, —  
His sister's son was he ;  
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,  
But saved he could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case  
Did with Earl Douglas die :  
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,  
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,  
Went home but fifty-three ;  
The rest in Chevy-Chase were slain,  
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,  
Their husbands to bewail ;  
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,  
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,  
They bore with them away ;  
They kissed them dead a thousand times,  
Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh,  
Where Scotland's king did reign,  
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly  
Was with an arrow slain :

"O heavy news," King James did say ;  
"Scotland can witness be  
I have not any captain more  
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came  
Within as short a space,  
That Percy of Northumberland  
Was slain in Chevy-Chase :

"Now God be with him," said our King,  
"Since 't will no better be ;  
I trust I have within my realm  
Five hundred as good as he :

"Yet shall not Scots or Scotland say  
But I will vengeance take ;  
I'll be revenged on them all  
For brave Earl Percy's sake."

This vow full well the King performed  
After at Humbledown ;  
In one day fifty knights were slain  
With lords of high renown ;

And of the rest, of small account,  
Did many hundreds die :  
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,  
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless this land,  
 With plenty, joy, and peace ;  
 And grant, henceforth, that foul debate  
 'Twixt noblemen may cease.

RICHARD SHEALE.

### ROBIN HOOD AND ALLEN-A-DALE.

[Of Robin Hood, the famous outlaw of Sherwood Forest, and his merry men, there are a large number of ballads ; but the limits of this volume necessitate our giving a selection only.

Various periods, ranging from the time of Richard I. to the end of the reign of Edward II., have been assigned as the age in which Robin Hood lived. He is usually described as a yeoman, and his place of abode Sherwood Forest, in Nottinghamshire. His most noted followers, and those generally spoken of in the ballads, are Little John, Friar Tuck, his chaplain, and his maid Marian. Nearly all the legends extol his courage, generosity, humanity, and skill as an archer. He robbed the rich only, who could afford to lose, and gave freely to the poor. He protected the needy, was a champion of the fair sex, and took great delight in robbing prelates. The following ballad exhibits the outlaw in one of his most attractive aspects, — affording assistance to a distressed lover.]

COME, listen to me, you gallants so free,  
 All you that love mirth for to hear,  
 And I will tell you of a bold outlaw,  
 That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,  
 All under the greenwood tree ;  
 There he was aware of a brave young man,  
 As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clad in scarlet red,  
 In scarlet fine and gay ;  
 And he did frisk it over the plain,  
 And chanted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood  
 Amongst the leaves so gay,  
 There did he espy the same young man  
 Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before  
 It was clean cast away ;  
 And at every step he fetched a sigh,  
 "Alas ! and a well-a-day !"

Then stepped forth brave Little John,  
 And Midge, the miller's son ;  
 Which made the young man bend his bow,  
 Whenas he see them come.

"Stand off ! stand off !" the young man said,  
 "What is your will with me ?"  
 "You must come before our master straight,  
 Under yon greenwood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,  
 Robin asked him courteously,  
 "O, hast thou any money to spare,  
 For my merry men and me ?"

"I have no money," the young man said,  
 "But five shillings and a ring ;  
 And that I have kept these seven long years,  
 To have at my wedding.

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,  
 But she was from me ta'en,  
 And chosen to be an old knight's delight,  
 Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name ?" then said Robin Hood,  
 "Come tell me without any fail."  
 "By the faith of my body," then said the young  
 man,  
 "My name it is Allen-a-Dale."

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,  
 "In ready gold or fee,  
 To help thee to thy true-love again,  
 And deliver her unto thee ?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young man,  
 "No ready gold nor fee,  
 But I will swear upon a book  
 Thy true servant for to be."

"How many miles is it to thy true-love ?  
 Come tell me without guile."  
 "By the faith of my body," then said the young  
 man,  
 "It is but five little mile."

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,  
 He did neither stint nor linn,\*  
 Until he came unto the church  
 Where Allen should keep his weddin'.

"What hast thou here ?" the bishop then said,  
 "I prithee now tell unto me."  
 "I am a hold harper," quoth Robin Hood,  
 "And the best in the north country."

"O, welcome, O, welcome," the bishop he said,  
 "That music best pleaseth me."  
 "You shall have no music," quoth Robin Hood,  
 "Till the bride and bridegroom I see."

With that came in a wealthy knight,  
 Which was both grave and old ;  
 And after him a finikin lass,  
 Did shine like the glistering gold.

"This is not a fit match," quoth Robin Hood,  
 "That you do seem to make here ;  
 For since we are come into the church,  
 The bride shall chuse her own dear."

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,  
 And blew blasts two and three ;  
 When four-and-twenty yeomen bold  
 Come leaping over the lea.

\* Stop nor stay.

And when they came into the churchyard,  
Marching all in a row,  
The first man was Allen-a-Dale,  
To give bold Robin his bow.

"This is thy true-love," Robin he said,  
"Young Allen, as I hear say ;  
And you shall be married this same time,  
Before we depart away."

"That shall not be," the bishop he cried,  
"For thy word shall not stand ;  
They shall be three times asked in the church,  
As the law is of our land."

Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat,  
And put it upon Little John ;  
"By the faith of my body," then Robin said,  
"This cloth doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the quire,  
The people began to laugh ;  
He asked them seven times into church  
Lest three times should not be enough.

"Who gives me this maid ?" said Little John,  
Quoth Robin Hood, "That do I ;  
And he that takes her from Allen-a-Dale,  
Full dearly he shall her buy."

And then, having ended this merry wedding,  
The bride looked like a queen ;  
And so they returned to the merry greenwood,  
Amongst the leaves so green.

ANONYMOUS.

#### THE KING AND THE MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

HENRY, our royall king, would ride a-hunting  
To the grene forest so pleasant and faire ;  
To see the harts skipping, and dainty does tripping :  
Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repaire :  
Hawke and hound were unbound, all things  
prepared  
For the game, in the same, with good regard.

All a long summer's day rode the king pleasantly  
With all his princes and nobles eche one ;  
Chasing the hart and hind, and the bucke gal-  
lantely,  
Till the dark evening forced all to turne home.  
Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite  
All his lords in the wood, late in the night.

Wandering thus wearily, all alone, up and downe,  
With a rude miller he mett at the last ;  
Asking the ready way unto faire Nottingham,  
"Sir," quoth the miller, "I meane not to jest,

Yet I thinke, what I thinke, sooth for to say,  
Yo doe not lightlye ride out of your way."

"Why, what dost thou think of me," quoth our  
king, merrily,  
"Passing thy judgment upon me so briefe ?"  
"Good faith," sayd the miller, "I meane not to  
flatter thee ;  
I guess thee to be but some gentleman thefe :  
Stand thee backe in the dark ; light not adowne,  
Lest that I presentlye crack thy knave's crowne."

"Thou dost abuse me much," quoth the king,  
"saying thus ;  
I am a gentleman ; lodging I laeke."  
"Thou hast not," quoth the miller, "one groat  
in thy purse ;  
All thy inheritance hanges on thy backe."  
"I have gold to discharge all that I call ;  
If it be but forty pence, I will pay all."

Thus they went all along unto the miller's house,  
Where they were seething of puddings and  
souse ;  
The miller first entered in ; after him went the king ;  
Never came hee in soe smoakye a house.  
"Now," quoth hee, "let me see here what you  
are."

Quoth our king, "Looke your fill, and doe not  
spare."

"I like well thy countenance ; thou hast an  
honest face ;  
With myson Richard this night thou shalt lye."  
Quoth his wife, "By my troth, it is a handsome  
youth ;  
Yet it's best, husband, to deal warilye.  
Art thou no runaway ; prythee, youth, tell ?  
Show me thy passport, and all shall be well."

Then our king, presently making lowe courtesye,  
With his hatt in his hand, thus he did say :  
"I have no passport, nor never was servitor,  
But a poor courtier, rode out of my way ;  
And for your kindness here offered to mee,  
I will requite you in everye degree."

Then to the miller his wife whispered secretlye,  
Saying, "It seemeth this youth's of good kin,  
Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners ;  
To turne him out, certainlye, were a great sin."  
"Yea," quoth hee, "you may see he hath some  
grace  
When he doth speake to his betters in placce."

"Well," quoth the miller's wife, "young man,  
ye're welcome here ;  
And, though I say it, well lodged shall be ;

Fresh straw will I have laid on thy bed so brave,  
And good brown hempen sheets likewise,  
quoth shee.

"Aye," quoth the goodman, "and when that is done,  
Thou shalt lye with no worse than our own sonne."

"Nay, first," quoth Richard, "good fellowe, tell me true,

Hast thou no creepers within thy gay hose?  
Or art thou not troubled with the scabbado?"

"I pray," quoth the king, "what creatures are those?"

"Art thou not lousy, nor scabby?" quoth he:  
"If thou beest, surely thou lyst not with mee."

This caused the king suddenlye to laugh most heartilye,

Till the teares trickled fast downe from his eyes.  
Then to their supper were they set orderlye,

With hot bag-puddings and good apple-pyes;  
Nappy ale, good and stale, in a browne bowle,  
Which did about the board merrilye trowle.

"Here," quoth the miller, "good fellowe, I drinke to thee,

And to all 'cuckholds, wherever they bee.'

"I pledge thee," quoth our king, "and thanke thee heartilye

For mye welcome in every good degree;  
And here, in like manner, I drinke to thy sonne."  
"Do, then," quoth Richard, "and quicke let it come."

"Wife," quoth the miller, "fetch me forth lightfoote,

And of his sweetnesse a little we'll taste."

A fair ven'son pastye brought she out presentlye.

"Eate," quoth the miller; "but, sir, make no waste.

Here 's dainty lightfoote!" — "In faith," said the king,

"I never before eat so daintye a thing."

"I wis," quoth Richard, "no daintye at all it is;  
For we doe eate of it everye day."

"In what place," said our king, "may be bought like to this?"

"We never pay penny for itt, by my fay:

From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here;  
Now and then we make bold with our kinge's deer."

"Then I thinke," said our king, "that it is venison."

"Eche foole," quoth Richard, "full well may know that;

Never are wee without two or three in the roof,  
Very well fleshed, and excellent fat:

But, prythee, say nothing wherever thou goe;  
We would not, for twopence, the king should it knowe."

"Doubt not," then sayd the king, "my promist secreesye;

The king shall never know more on't for me."

A cupp of lamb's-wool they dranke unto him then,  
And to their bedds they past presentlye.

The nobles, next morning, went all up and down,  
For to seeke out the king in every towne.

At last, at the miller's "cott," soon they espied him out,

As he was mounting upon his faire steede;  
To whom they came presently, falling down on their knee,

Which made the miller's heart wofully bleede;  
Shaking and quaking, before him he stood,  
Thinking he should have been hanged by the Rood.

The king perceiving him fearfully trembling,  
Drew forth his sword, but nothing he sed;

The miller downe did fall, crying before them all,  
Doubting the king would have cut off his head.

But he, his kind courtesye for to requite,  
Gave him great living and dubbed him knight.

ANONYMOUS.

### THE RETURN OF BEPPO.

WHILE Laura thus was seen, and seeing, smiling,  
Talking, she knew not why, and cared not what,

So that her female friends, with envy broiling,  
Beheld her airs and triumph, and all that;

And well-dressed males still kept before her fling,  
And passing bowed and mingled with her chat;

More than the rest one person seemed to stare  
With pertinacity that 's rather rare.

He was a Turk, the color of mahogany;

And Laura saw him, and at first was glad,  
Because the Turks so much admire philogyny,

Although their usage of their wives is sad;  
'T is said they use no better than a dog any

Poor woman, whom they purchase like a pad;  
They have a number, though they ne'er exhibit 'em,  
Four wives by law, and concubines "ad libitum."

They lock them up, and veil, and guard them daily,  
They scarcely can behold their male relations,

So that their moments do not pass so gayly  
As is supposed the case with northern nations;

Confinement, too, must make them look quite palely;

And as the Turks abhor long conversations,  
Their days are either passed in doing nothing,  
Or bathing, nursing, making love, and clothing.

Our Laura's Turk still kept his eyes upon her,  
 Less in the Mussulman than Christian way,  
 Which seems to say, "Madam, I do you honor,  
 And while I please to stare, you'll please to stay."  
 Could staring win a woman, this had won her,  
 But Laura could not thus be led astray;  
 She had stood fire too long and well to hoggle  
 Even at this stranger's most outlandish ogle.

Laura, who knew it would not do at all  
 To meet the daylight after seven hours' sitting  
 Among three thousand people at a ball,  
 To make her courtesy thought it right and fitting:

The Count was at her elbow with her shawl,  
 And they the room were on the point of quitting,  
 When lo! those cursed gondoliers had got  
 Just in the very place where they *should not*.

The Count and Laura found their boat at last,  
 And homeward floated o'er the silent tide,  
 Discussing all the dances gone and past;  
 The dancers and their dresses, too, beside;  
 Some little scandals eke: but all aghast  
 (As to their palace stairs the rowers glide)  
 Sate Laura by the side of her Adorer,  
 When lo! the Mussulman was there before her.

"Sir," said the Count, with brow exceeding grave,  
 "Your unexpected presence here will make  
 It necessary for myself to crave  
 Its import? But perhaps 't is a mistake;  
 I hope it is so; and at once to waive  
 All compliment, I hope so for *your* sake:  
 You understand my meaning, or you *shall*."  
 "Sir" (quoth the Turk), "'t is no mistake at all.

"That lady is *my wife!*" Much wonder paints  
 The lady's changing cheek, as well it might;  
 But where an English woman sometimes faints,  
 Italian females don't do so outright.  
 They only call a little on their saints,  
 And then come to themselves, almost or quite;  
 Which saves much hartshorn, salts, and sprinkling  
 faces,  
 And cutting stays, as usual in such cases.

She said, — what could she say? Why, not a  
 word;  
 But the Count courteously invited in  
 The stranger, much appeased by what he heard:  
 "Such things, perhaps, we'd best discuss  
 within,"  
 Said he; "don't let us make ourselves absurd  
 In public, by a scene, nor raise a din,  
 For then the chief and only satisfaction  
 Will be much quizzing on the whole transaction."

They entered, and for coffee called, — it came,  
 A beverage for Turks and Christians both,  
 Although the way they make it's not the same.  
 Now Laura, much recovered, or less loath  
 To speak, cries, "Beppo! what's your pagan name?  
 Bless me! your beard is of amazing growth!  
 And how came you to keep away so long?  
 Are you not sensible 't was very wrong?"

"And are you *really, truly*, now a Turk?  
 With any other women did you wive?  
 Is 't true they use their fingers for a fork?  
 Well, that's the prettiest shawl — as I'm alive!  
 You'll give it me? They say you eat no pork.  
 And how so many years did you contrive  
 To — Bless me! Did I ever? No, I never  
 Saw a man grown so yellow! How's your liver?"

"Beppo, that beard of yours becomes you not;  
 It shall be shaved before you're a day older;  
 Why do you wear it? O, I had forgot —  
 Pray, don't you think the weather here is colder?  
 How do I look? You sha' n't stir from this spot  
 In that queer dress, for fear that some beholder  
 Should find you out, and make the story known.  
 How short your hair is! Lord! how gray it's  
 grown!"

What answer Beppo made to these demands  
 Is more than I know. He was cast away  
 About where Troy stood once, and nothing stands;  
 Became a slave, of course, and for his pay  
 Had bread and bastinadoes, till some bands  
 Of pirates landing in a neighboring bay,  
 He joined the rogues and prospered, and became  
 A renegado of indifferent fame.

But he grew rich, and with his riches grew so  
 Keen the desire to see his home again,  
 He thought himself in duty bound to do so,  
 And not be always thieving on the main;  
 Lonely he felt, at times, as Robin Crusoe,  
 And so he hired a vessel come from Spain,  
 Bound for Corfu: she was a fine polacca,  
 Manned with twelve hands, and laden with to-  
 bacco.

Himself, and much (Heaven knows how gotten!)  
 cash,  
 He then embarked, with risk of life and limb,  
 And got clear off, although the attempt was rash;  
 He said that *Providence* protected him, —  
 For my part, I say nothing, lest we clash  
 In our opinions: — well, the ship was trim,  
 Set sail, and kept her reckoning fairly on,  
 Except three days of calm when off Cape Bonn.

They reached the island, he transferred his lading,  
 And self and live stock, to another bottom,

And passed for a true Turkey merchant, trading  
 With goods of various names, but I've forgot 'em.  
 However, he got off by this evading,  
 Or else the people would perhaps have shot  
 him ;

And thus at Venice landed to reclaim  
 His wife, religion, house, and Christian name.

His wife received, the patriarch rebaptized him  
 (He made the church a present, by the way) ;  
 He then threw off the garments which disguised  
 him,

And borrowed the Count's small-clothes for a  
 day ;

His friends the more for his long absence prized  
 him,

Finding he 'd wherewithal to make them gay  
 With dinners, where he oft became the laugh of  
 them,

For stories, — but I don't believe the half of them.

Whate'er his youth had suffered, his old age  
 With wealth and talking made him some  
 amends ;

Though Laura sometimes put him in a rage,  
 I've heard the Count and he were always friends.

My pen is at the bottom of a page,

Which being finished, here the story ends ;

'T is to be wished it had been sooner done,  
 But stories somehow lengthen when begun.

BYRON.

#### JOCK JOHNSTONE, THE TINKLER.

" O, CAME ye ower by the Yoke-burn Ford,  
 Or down the King's Road of the cleuch ? \*  
 Or saw ye a knight and a lady bright,  
 Wha ha'e gane the gate they baith shall rue ? "

" I saw a knight and a lady bright  
 Ride up the cleuch at the break of day ;  
 The knight upon a coal-black steed,  
 And the dame on one of the silver-gray.

" And the lady's palfrey flew the first,  
 With many a clang of silver bell :  
 Swift as the raven's morning flight  
 The two went scouring ower the fell.

" By this time they are man and wife,  
 And standing in St. Mary's fane ;  
 And the lady in the grass-green silk  
 A maid you will never see again."

" But I can tell thee, sauey wight, —  
 And that the runaway shall prove, —  
 Revenge to a Douglas is as sweet  
 As maiden charms or maiden's love."

\* Dell.

" Since thou say'st that, my Lord Douglas,  
 Good faith some clinking there will be ;  
 Beshrew my heart, but and my sword,  
 If I winna turn and ride with thee ! "

They whipped out ower the Shepherd Cleuch,  
 And down the links o' the Corsecleuch Burn ;  
 And aye the Douglas swore by his sword  
 To win his love, or ne'er return.

" First fight your rival, Lord Douglas,  
 And then brag after, if you may ;  
 For the Earl of Ross is as brave a lord  
 As ever gave good weapon sway.

" But I for ae poor siller merk,  
 Or thirteen pennies and a bawbee,  
 Will tak in hand to fight you baith,  
 Or beat the winner, whiche'er it be."

The Douglas turned him on his steed,  
 And I wat a loud laughter leuch he :  
 " Of a' the fools I have ever met,  
 Man, I ha'e never met ane like thee.

" Art thou akin to lord or knight,  
 Or courtly squire or warrior leal ? "  
 " I am a tinkler," quo' the wight,  
 " But I like crown-cracking unco weel."

When they came to St. Mary's kirk,  
 The chaplain shook for very fear ;  
 And aye he kissed the cross, and said,  
 " What deevil has sent that Douglas here !

" He neither values book nor ban,  
 But curses all without demur ;  
 And cares nae mair for a holy man  
 Than I do for a worthless cur."

" Come here, thou bland and brittle priest,  
 And tell to me without delay  
 Where you have hid the lord of Ross  
 And the lady that came at the break of day."

" No knight or lady, good Lord Douglas,  
 Have I beheld since break of morn ;  
 And I never saw the lord of Ross  
 Since the woful day that I was born."

Lord Douglas turned him round about,  
 And looked the Tinkler in the face ;  
 Where he beheld a lurking smile,  
 And a deevil of a dour grimace.

" How's this, how's this, thou Tinkler loun ?  
 Hast thou presumed to lie on me ? "

" Faith that I have ! " the Tinkler said,  
 " And a right good turn I have done to thee ;



"For the lord of Ross and thy own true-love,  
The beauteous Harriet of Thirlestane,  
Rade west away, ere the break of day ;  
And you 'll never see the dear maid again ;

"So I thought it best to bring you here,  
On a wrang scent, of my own accord ;  
For had you met the Johnstone clan,  
They wad ha'e made mince-meat of a lord."

At this the Douglas was so wroth  
He wist not what to say or do ;  
But he strak the Tinkler o'er the croun,  
Till the blood came dreeping ower his brow.

"Beshrew my heart," quo' the Tinkler lad,  
"Thou bear'st thee most ungallantlye !  
If these are the manners of a lord,  
They are manners that winna gang down wi' me."

"Hold up thy hand," the Douglas cried,  
"And keep thy distance, Tinkler loun !"  
"That will I not," the Tinkler said,  
"Though I and my maersould both go down !"

"I have armor on," cried the Lord Douglas,  
"Cuirass and helm, as you may see."  
"The deil me care !" quo' the Tinkler lad ;  
"I shall have a skelp at them and thee."

"You are not horsed," quo' the Lord Douglas,  
"And no remorse this weapon brooks."  
"Mine's a right good yaud," quo' the Tinkler lad,  
"And a great deal better nor she looks."

"So stand to thy weapons, thou haughty lord,  
What I have taken I needs must give ;  
Thou shalt never strike a tinkler again,  
For the langest day thou hast to live."

Then to it they fell, both sharp and snell,  
Till the fire from both their weapons flew ;  
But the very first shock that they met with,  
The Douglas his rashness 'gan to rue.

For though he had on a sark of mail,  
And a cuirass on his breast wore he,  
With a good steel bonnet on his head,  
Yet the blood ran trinkling to his knee.

The Douglas sat upright and firm,  
Aye as together their horses ran ;  
But the Tinkler laid on like a very deil, —  
Siccan strokes were never laid on by man.

"Hold up thy hand, thou Tinkler loun,"  
Cried the poor priest, with whining din ;  
"If thou hurt the brave Lord James Douglas,  
A curse be on thee and all thy kin !"

"I care no more for Lord James Douglas  
Than Lord James Douglas cares for me ;  
But I want to let his proud heart know  
That a tinkler's a man as well as he."

So they fought on, and they fought on,  
Till good Lord Douglas' breath was gone ;  
And the Tinkler bore him to the ground,  
With rush, with rattle, and with groan.

"O hon ! O hon !" cried the prond Douglas,  
"That I this day should have lived to see !  
For sare my honor I have lost,  
And a leader again I can never be !

"But tell me of thy kith and kin,  
And where was bred thy weapon hand ?  
For thou art the wale of tinkler loons  
That ever was born in fair Scotland."

"My name's Jock Johnstone," quo' the wight ;  
"I winna keep in my name frae thee ;  
And here, tak thou thy sword again,  
And better friends we two shall be."

But the Douglas swore a solemn oath,  
That was a debt he could never owe ;  
He would rather die at the back of the dike  
Than owe his sword to a man so low.

"But if thou wilt ride under my banner,  
And bear my livery and my name,  
My right-hand warrior thou shalt be  
And I 'll knight thee on the field of fame."

"Woe worth thy wit, good Lord Douglas,  
To think I'd change my trade for thine ;  
Far better and wiser would you be,  
To live a journeyman of mine,

"To mend a kettle or a casque,  
Or clout a goodwife's yettlin' pan, —  
Upon my life, good Lord Douglas,  
You'd make a noble tinkler-man !

"I would give you drammoek twice a day,  
And sunkets on a Sunday morn,  
And you should be a rare adept  
In steel and copper, brass and horn !

"I 'll fight you every day you rise,  
Till you can act the hero's part ;  
Therefore, I pray you, think of this,  
And lay it seriously to heart."

The Douglas writhed beneath the lash,  
Answering with an inward curse, —  
Like salmon wriggling on a spear,  
That makes his deadly wound the worse.

But up there came two squires renowned ;  
 In search of Lord Douglas they came ;  
 And when they saw their master down,  
 Their spirits mounted in a flame.

And they flew upon the Tinkler wight,  
 Like perfect tigers on their prey :  
 But the Tinkler heaved his trusty sword,  
 And made him ready for the fray.

"Come one to one, ye coward knaves, —  
 Come hand to hand, and steed to steed ;  
 I would that ye were better men,  
 For this is glorious work indeed !"

Before you could have counted twelve,  
 The Tinkler's wondrous chivalrye  
 Had both the squires upon the sward,  
 And their horses galloping o'er the lea.

The Tinkler tied them neck and heel,  
 And mony a biting jest gave he :  
 "O fie, for shame !" said the Tinkler lad ;  
 "Siccan fighters I did never see !"

He slit one of their bridle reins, —  
 O, what disgrace the conquered feels ! —  
 And he skelpit the squires with that good tawse,  
 Till the blood ran off at baith their heels.

The Douglas he was forced to laugh  
 Till down his cheek the salt tear ran :  
 "I think the deevil be come here  
 In the likeness of a tinkler man !"

Then he has to Lord Douglas gone,  
 And he raised him kindly by the hand,  
 And he set him on his gallant steed,  
 And bore him away to Henderland :

"Be not east down, my Lord Douglas,  
 Nor writhe beneath a broken bane ;  
 For the leech's art will mend the part,  
 And your honor lost will spring again.

"Tis true, Jock Johnstone is my name ;  
 I'm a right good tinkler, as you see ;  
 For I can crack a casque betimes,  
 Or clout one, as my need may be.

"Jock Johnstone is my name, 't is true, —  
 But noble hearts are allied to me ;  
 For I am the lord of Annandale,  
 And a knight and earl as well as thee."

Then Douglas strained the hero's hand,  
 And took from it his sword again :  
 "Since thou art the lord of Annandale,  
 Thou hast eased my heart of meikle pain.

"I might have known thy noble form  
 In that disguise thou'rt pleased to wear ;  
 All Scotland knows thy matchless arm,  
 And England by experience dear.

"We have been foes as well as friends,  
 And jealous of each other's sway ;  
 But little can I comprehend  
 Thy motive for these pranks to-day."

"Sooth, my good lord, the truth to tell,  
 'T was I that stole your love away,  
 And gave her to the lord of Ross  
 An hour before the break of day ;

"For the lord of Ross is my brother,  
 By all the laws of chivalrye ;  
 And I brought with me a thousand men  
 To guard him to my ain countrye.

"But I thought meet to stay behind,  
 And try your lordship to waylay,  
 Resolved to breed some noble sport,  
 By leading you so far astray.

"Judging it better some lives to spare, —  
 Which fancy takes me now and then, —  
 And settle our quarrel hand to hand,  
 Than each with our ten thousand men.

"God send you soon, my Lord Douglas,  
 To Border foray sound and hail !  
 But never strike a tinkler again,  
 If he be a Johnstone of Annandale."

JAMES HOGG.

—◆—  
 NORVAL.

My name is Norval : on the Grampian hills  
 My father feeds his flocks ; a frugal swain,  
 Whose constant cares were to increase his store,  
 And keep his only son, myself, at home.  
 For I had heard of battles, and I longed  
 To follow to the field some warlike lord :  
 And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.  
 This moon which rose last night, round as my  
 shield,

Had not yet filled her horns, when, by her light,  
 A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,  
 Rushed like a torrent down upon the vale,  
 Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds  
 fled

For safety and for succor. I alone,  
 With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,  
 Hovered about the enemy, and marked  
 The road he took, then hastened to my friends,  
 Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,  
 I met advancing. The pursuit I led,

Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumbered foe.  
We fought and conquered. Ere a sword was  
drawn

An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,  
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.  
Returning home in triumph, I disdained  
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard  
That our good king had summoned his bold peers  
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,  
I left my father's house, and took with me  
A chosen servant to conduct my steps, —  
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.  
Journeying with this intent, I passed these towers,  
And, Heaven-directed, came this day to do  
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

JOHN HOME.

### JORASSE.

JORASSE was in his three-and-twentieth year ;  
Graceful and active as a stag just roused ;  
Gentle withal, and pleasant in his speech,  
Yet seldom seen to smile. He had grown up  
Among the hunters of the Higher Alps ;  
Had caught their starts and fits of thoughtfulness,  
Their haggard looks, and strange soliloquies.

Once, nor long before,  
Alone at daybreak on the Mettenberg,  
He slipped, he fell ; and, through a fearful cleft  
Gliding from ledge to ledge, from deep to deeper,  
Went to the nnder-world ! Long-while he lay  
Upon his rugged bed, — then waked like one  
Wishing to sleep again and sleep forever !  
For, looking round, he saw, or thought he saw,  
Innumerable branches of a cavern,  
Winding beneath a solid crust of ice ;  
With here and there a rent that showed the  
stars !

What then, alas, was left him but to die ?  
What else in those immeasurable chambers,  
Strewn with the bones of miserable men,  
Lost like himself ? Yet must he wander on,  
Till cold and hunger set his spirit free !  
And, rising, he began his dreary round ;  
When hark, the noise as of some mighty river  
Working its way to light ! Back he withdrew,  
But soon returned, and, fearless from despair,  
Dashed down the dismal channel ; and all day,  
If day could be where utter darkness was,  
Travelled incessantly, the craggy roof  
Just overhead, and the impetuous waves,  
Nor broad nor deep, yet with a giant's strength,  
Lashing him on. At last the water slept  
In a dead lake, — at the third step he took,  
Unfathomable, — and the roof, that long

Had threatened, suddenly descending, lay  
Flat on the surface. Statue-like he stood,  
His journey ended, when a ray divine  
Shot through his soul. Breathing a prayer to  
her

Whose ears are never shut, the Blessed Virgin,  
He plunged, he swam, — and in an instant rose,  
The barrier past, in light, in sunshine ! Through  
A smiling valley, full of cottages,  
Glittering the river ran ; and on the bank  
The young were dancing ('t was a festival-day)  
All in their best attire. There first he saw  
His Madelaine. In the crowd she stood to hear,  
When all drew round, inquiring ; and her face,  
Seen behind all, and varying, as he spoke,  
With hope and fear and generous sympathy,  
Subdued him. From that very hour he loved.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

### PRINCE ADEB.

IN Sana, O, in Sana, God, the Lord,  
Was very kind and merciful to me !  
Forth from the Desert in my rags I came,  
Weary and sore of foot. I saw the spires  
And swelling bubbles of the golden domes  
Rise through the trees of Sana, and my heart  
Grew great within me with the strength of God ;  
And I cried out, " Now shall I right myself, —  
I, Adeb the despised, — for God is just ! "  
There he who wronged my father dwelt in  
peace, —  
My warlike father, who, when gray hairs crept  
Around his forehead, as on Lebanon  
The whitening snows of winter, was betrayed  
To the sly Imam, and his tented wealth  
Swept from him, 'twixt the roosting of the cock  
And his first crowing, — in a single night :  
And I, poor Adeb, sole of all my race,  
Smeared with my father's and my kinsmen's  
blood,

Fled through the Desert, till one day a tribe  
Of hungry Bedouins found me in the sand,  
Half mad with famine, and they took me up,  
And made a slave of me, — of me, a prince !  
All was fulfilled at last. I fled from them,  
In rags and sorrow. Nothing but my heart,  
Like a strong swimmer, bore me up against  
The howling sea of my adversity.  
At length o'er Sana, in the act to swoop,  
I stood like a young eagle on a crag :  
The traveller passed me with suspicious fear :  
I asked for nothing ; I was not a thief.  
The lean dogs snuffed around me: my lank bones,  
Fed on the berries and the crusted pools,  
Were a scant morsel. Once a brown-skinned  
girl

Called me a little from the common path,  
 And gave me figs and barley in a bag.  
 I paid her with a kiss, with nothing more,  
 And she looked glad ; for I was beautiful,  
 And virgin as a fountain, and as cold.  
 I stretched her bounty, pecking like a bird,  
 Her figs and barley, till my strength returned.  
 So when rich Sana lay beneath my eyes,  
 My foot was as the leopard's, and my hand  
 As heavy as the lion's brandished paw :  
 And underneath my burnished skin the veins  
 And stretching muscles played, at every step,  
 In wondrous motion. I was very strong.  
 I looked upon my body, as a bird  
 That bills his feathers ere he takes to flight, —  
 I, watching over Sana. Then I prayed ;  
 And on a soft stone, wetted in the brook,  
 Ground my long knife ; and then I prayed  
 again.

God heard my voice, preparing all for me,  
 As, softly stepping down the hills, I saw  
 The Imam's summer-palace all ablaze  
 In the last flash of sunset. Every fount  
 Was spouting fire, and all the orange-trees  
 Bore blazing coals, and from the marble walls  
 And gilded spires and columns, strangely  
 wrought,

Glared the red light, until my eyes were pained  
 With the fierce splendor. Till the night grew  
 thick,

I lay within the bushes, next the door,  
 Still as a serpent, as invisible.  
 The guard hung round the portal. Man by man  
 They dropped away, save one lone sentinel,  
 And on his eyes God's finger lightly fell ;  
 He slept half standing. Like a summer wind  
 That threads the grove, yet never turns a leaf,  
 I stole from shadow unto shadow forth ;  
 Crossed all the marble court-yard, swung the door,  
 Like a soft gust, a little way ajar, —  
 My body's narrow width, no more, — and stood  
 Beneath the cresset in the painted hall.  
 I marvelled at the riches of my foe ;  
 I marvelled at God's ways with wicked men.  
 Then I reached forth, and took God's waiting  
 hand :

And so he led me over mossy floors,  
 Flowered with the silken summer of Shiraz,  
 Straight to the Imam's chamber. At the door  
 Stretched a brawn eunuch, blacker than my eyes :  
 His woolly head lay like the Kaba-stone  
 In Mecca's mosque, as silent and as huge.  
 I stepped across it, with my pointed knife  
 Just missing a full vein along his neck,  
 And, pushing by the curtains, there I was, —  
 I, Adeb the despised, — upon the spot  
 That, next to heaven, I longed for most of all.  
 I could have shouted for the joy in me.

Fierce pangs and flashes of bewildering light  
 Leaped through my brain and danced before my  
 eyes.

So loud my heart beat, that I feared its sound  
 Would wake the sleeper ; and the bubbling blood  
 Choked in my throat till, weaker than a child,  
 I reeled against a column, and there hung  
 In a blind stupor. Then I prayed again :  
 And, sense by sense, I was made whole once more.  
 I touched myself ; I was the same ; I knew  
 Myself to be lone Adeb, young and strong,  
 With nothing but a stride of empty air  
 Between me and God's justice. In a sleep,  
 Thick with the fumes of the accursed grape,  
 Sprawled the false Imam. On his shaggy breast,  
 Like a white lily heaving on the tide  
 Of some foul stream, the fairest woman slept  
 These roving eyes have ever looked upon.  
 Almost a child, her bosom barely showed  
 The change beyond her girlhood. All her charms  
 Were budding, but half opened ; for I saw  
 Not only beauty wondrous in itself,  
 But possibility of more to be  
 In the full process of her blooming days.  
 I gazed upon her, and my heart grew soft,  
 As a parched pasture with the dew of heaven.  
 While thus I gazed she smiled, and slowly raised  
 The long curve of her lashes ; and we looked  
 Each upon each in wonder, not alarm, —  
 Not eye to eye, but soul to soul, we held  
 Each other for a moment. All her life  
 Seemed centred in the circle of her eyes.  
 She stirred no limb ; her long-drawn, equal  
 breath

Swelled out and ebbed away beneath her breast,  
 In calm unbroken. Not a sign of fear  
 Touched the faint color on her oval cheek,  
 Or pinched the arches of her tender mouth.  
 She took me for a vision, and she lay  
 With her sleep's smile unaltered, as in doubt  
 Whether real life had stolen into her dreams,  
 Or dreaming stretched into her outer life.  
 I was not graceless to a woman's eyes.  
 The girls of Damar paused to see me pass,  
 I walking in my rags, yet beautiful.  
 One maiden said, " He has a prince's air !"  
 I am a prince ; the air was all my own.  
 So thought the lily on the Imam's breast ;  
 And lightly as a summer mist, that lifts  
 Before the morning, so she floated up,  
 Without a sound or rustle of a robe,  
 From her coarse pillow, and before me stood  
 With asking eyes. The Imam never moved.  
 A stride and blow were all my need, and they  
 Were wholly in my power. I took her hand,  
 I held a warning finger to my lips,  
 And whispered in her small, expectant ear,  
 " Adeb, the son of Akem ! " She replied

In a low murmur whose bewildering sound  
 Almost lulled wakeful me to sleep, and sealed  
 The sleeper's lids in tenfold slumber, "Prince,  
 Lord of the Imam's life and of my heart,  
 Take all thou seest, — it is thy right, I know, —  
 But spare the Imam for thy own soul's sake!"  
 Then I arrayed me in a robe of state,  
 Shining with gold and jewels; and I bound  
 In my long turban gems that might have bought  
 The lands 'twixt Babelmandeb and Sahan.  
 I girt about me, with a blazing belt,  
 A scimitar o'er which the sweating smiths  
 In far Damascus hammered for long years,  
 Whose hilt and scabbard shot a trembling light  
 From diamonds and rubies. And she smiled,  
 As piece by piece I put the treasures on,  
 To see me look so fair, — in pride she smiled.  
 I hung long purses at my side. I scooped,  
 From off a table, figs and dates and rice,  
 And bound them to my girdle in a saek.  
 Then over all I flung a snowy cloak,  
 And beckoned to the maiden. So she stole  
 Forth like my shadow, past the sleeping wolf  
 Who wronged my father, o'er the woolly head  
 Of the swart eunuch, down the painted court,  
 And by the sentinel who standing slept.  
 Strongly against the portal, through my rags, —  
 My old base rags, — and through the maiden's  
 veil,

I pressed my knife, — upon the wooden hilt  
 Was "Adeb, son of Akem," carved by me  
 In my long slavehood, — as a passing sign  
 To wait the Imam's waking. Shadows cast  
 From two high-sailing clouds upon the sand  
 Passed not more noiseless than we two, as one,  
 Glided beneath the moonlight, till I smelt  
 The fragrance of the stables. As I slid  
 The wide doors open, with a sudden bound  
 Uprose the startled horses: but they stood  
 Still as the man who in a foreign land  
 Hears his strange language, when my Desert call,  
 As low and plaintive as the nested dove's,  
 Fell on their listening ears. From stall to stall,  
 Feeling the horses with my groping hands,  
 I erect in darkness; and at length I came  
 Upon two sister mares whose rounded sides,  
 Fine muzzles, and small heads, and pointed ears,  
 And foreheads spreading 'twixt their eyelids wide,  
 Long slender tails, thin manes, and coats of silk,  
 Told me, that, of the hundred steeds there stalled,  
 My hand was on the treasures. O'er and o'er  
 I felt their bony joints, and down their legs  
 To the cool hoofs; — no blemish anywhere:  
 These I led forth and saddled. Upon one  
 I set the lily, gathered now for me, —  
 My own, henceforth, forever. So we rode  
 Across the grass, beside the stony path,  
 Until we gained the highway that is lost,

Leading from Sana, in the eastern sands:  
 When, with a cry that both the desert-born  
 Knew without hint from whip or goading spur,  
 We dashed into a gallop. Far behind  
 In sparks and smoke the dusty highway rose;  
 And ever on the maiden's face I saw,  
 When the moon flashed upon it, the strangest smile  
 It wore on waking. Once I kissed her mouth,  
 When she grew weary, and her strength returned.  
 All through the night we scoured between the hills:  
 The moon went down behind us, and the stars  
 Dropped after her; but long before I saw  
 A planet blazing straight against our eyes,  
 The road had softened, and the shadowy hills  
 Had flattened out, and I could hear the hiss  
 Of sand spurned backward by the flying mares.  
 Glory to God! I was at home again!  
 The sun rose on us; far and near I saw  
 The level Desert; sky met sand all round.  
 We paused at mid-day by a palm-crowned well,  
 And ate and slumbered. Somewhat, too, was  
 said:

The words have slipped my memory. That same  
 eve

We rode sedately through a Hamoum camp, —  
 I, Adeb, prince amongst them, and my bride.  
 And ever since amongst them I have ridden,  
 A head and shoulders taller than the best;  
 And ever since my days have been of gold,  
 My nights have been of silver, — God is just!

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

#### MAZEPPA'S RIDE.

"BRING forth the horse!" — the horse was  
 brought,

In truth, he was a noble steed,  
 A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,  
 Who looked as though the speed of thought  
 Were in his limbs; but he was wild,

Wild as the wild deer, and untanght,  
 With spur and bridle undefiled, —

'T was but a day he had been caught;

And snorting, with erected mane,  
 And struggling fiercely, but in vain,  
 In the full foam of wrath and dread

To me the desert-born was led;

They bound me on, that menial throng,

Upon his back with many a thong;

Then loosed him with a sudden lash, —

Away! — away! — and on we dash!

Torrents less rapid and less rash.

"Away! — away! — My breath was gone, —

I saw not where he hurried on;

'T was scarcely yet the break of day,

And on he foamed, — away! — away! —

The last of human sounds which rose,  
 As I was darted from my foes,  
 Was the wild shout of savage laughter,  
 Which on the wind came roaring after  
 A moment from that rabble rout ;  
 With sudden wrath I wrenched my head,  
 And snapped the cord which to the mane  
 Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,  
 And, writhing half my form about,  
 Howled back my curse ; but midst the tread,  
 The thunder of my courser's speed,  
 Perchance they did not hear nor heed :

“ Away, away, my steed and I,  
 Upon the pinions of the wind,  
 All human dwellings left behind ;  
 We sped like meteors through the sky,  
 When with its crackling sound the night  
 Is checkered with the northern light :  
 Town, — village, — none were on our track,  
 But a wild plain of far extent,  
 And bounded by a forest black ;  
 And, save the scarce seen battlement  
 On distant heights of some strong hold,  
 Against the Tartars built of old,

“ But fast we fled, away, away,  
 And I could neither sigh nor pray ;  
 And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain  
 Upon the courser's bristling mane ;  
 But, snorting still with rage and fear,  
 He flew upon his far career ;  
 At times I almost thought, indeed,  
 He must have slackened in his speed ;  
 But no, — my bound and slender frame  
 Was nothing to his angry might,  
 And merely like a spur became :  
 Each motion which I made to free  
 My swoln limbs from their agony

Increased his fury and affright :  
 I tried my voice, — 't was faint and low,  
 But yet he swerved as from a blow ;  
 And, starting to each accent, sprang  
 As from a sudden trumpet's clang ;  
 Meantime my cords were wet with gore,  
 Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er ;  
 And in my tongue the thirst became  
 A something fierier far than flame.

“ We neared the wild wood, — 't was so wide,  
 I saw no bounds on either side ;  
 'T was studded with old sturdy trees,  
 That bent not to the roughest breeze  
 Which howls down from Siberia's waste,  
 And strips the forest in its haste, —  
 But these were few and far between,  
 Set thick with shrubs more young and green,  
 Luxuriant with their annual leaves,

Ere strown by those autumnal eves  
 That nip the forest's foliage dead,  
 Discolored with a lifeless red,  
 Which stands thereon like stiffened gore  
 Upon the slain when battle's o'er,  
 And some long winter's night hath shed  
 Its frost o'er every tombless head,  
 So cold and stark the raven's beak  
 May peck unpierced each frozen cheek :  
 'T was a wild waste of underwood,  
 And here and there a chestnut stood,  
 The strong oak, and the hardy pine ;

But far apart, — and well it were,  
 Or else a different lot were mine, —  
 The boughs gave way, and did not tear  
 My limbs ; and I found strength to hear  
 My wounds, already scarred with cold, —  
 My bonds forbade to loose my hold.  
 We rustled through the leaves like wind,  
 Left shrubs and trees and wolves behind ;  
 By night I heard them on the track,  
 Their troop came hard upon our back  
 With their long gallop, which can tire  
 The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire ;  
 Where'er we flew they followed on,  
 Nor left us with the morning sun ;  
 Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,  
 At daybreak winding through the wood,  
 And through the night had heard their feet  
 Their stealing, rustling step repeat.  
 O, how I wished for spear or sword,  
 At least to die amidst the horde,  
 And perish — if it must be so —  
 At bay, destroying many a foe !  
 When first my courser's race begun  
 I wished the goal already won ;  
 But now I doubted strength and speed.  
 Vain doubt ! his swift and savage breed  
 Had nerved him like the mountain roe ;

“ The wood was passed ; 't was more than noon,  
 But chill the air, although in June ;  
 Or it might be my veins ran cold, —  
 Prolonged endurance tames the bold ;

“ What marvel if this worn-out trunk  
 Beneath its woes a moment sunk ?  
 The earth gave way, the skies rolled round,  
 I seemed to sink upon the ground ;  
 But erred, for I was fastly bound.  
 My heart turned sick, my brain grew sore,  
 And throbbled awhile, then beat no more ;  
 The skies spun like a mighty wheel ;  
 I saw the trees like drunkards reel,  
 And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,  
 Which saw no farther ; he who dies  
 Can die no more than then I died.  
 O'ertortured by that ghastly ride,

I felt the blackness come and go,  
 And strove to wake ; but could not make  
 My senses climb up from below ;  
 I felt as on a plank at sea,  
 When all the waves that dash o'er thee,  
 At the same time upheave and whelm,  
 And hurl thee towards a desert realm.  
 My undulating life was as  
 The fancied lights that flitting pass  
 Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when  
 Fever begins upon the brain ;  
 But soon it passed, with little pain,  
 But a confusion worse than such ;  
 I own that I should deem it much,  
 Dying, to feel the same again ;  
 And yet I do suppose we must  
 Feel far more ere we turn to dust :  
 No matter ; I have bared my brow  
 Full in Death's face — before — and now.

“ My thoughts came back : where was I ? Cold  
 And numb and giddy : pulse by pulse  
 Life reassumed its lingering hold,  
 And thro' by throb, — till grown a pang  
 Which for a moment would convulse,  
 My blood reflowed, though thick and chill ;  
 My ear with uncouth noises rang ;  
 My heart began once more to thrill ;  
 My sight returned, though dim ; alas !  
 And thickened, as it were, with glass.  
 Methought the dash of waves was nigh ;  
 There was a gleam too of the sky,  
 Studded with stars ; — it is no dream ;  
 The wild horse swims the wilder stream !  
 The bright, broad river's gushing tide  
 Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,  
 And we are half-way, struggling o'er  
 To yon unknown and silent shore.  
 The waters broke my hollow trance,  
 And with a temporary strength  
 My stiffened limbs were rebaptized,  
 My courser's broad breast proudly braves,  
 And dashes off the ascending waves,  
 And onward we advance !  
 We reach the slippery shore at length,  
 A haven I but little prized,  
 For all behind was dark and drear,  
 And all before was night and fear.  
 How many hours of night or day  
 In those suspended pangs I lay,  
 I could not tell ; I scarcely knew  
 If this were human breath I drew.

“ With glossy skin, and dripping mane,  
 And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,  
 The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain  
 Up the repelling bank.  
 We gain the top ; a boundless plain  
 Spreads through the shadow of the night,

And onward, onward, onward, seems,  
 Like precipices in our dreams,  
 To stretch beyond the sight ;  
 And here and there a speck of white,  
 Or scattered spot of dusky green,  
 In masses broke into the light  
 As rose the moon upon my right.  
 But naught distinctly seen  
 In the dim waste would indicate  
 The omen of a cottage gate ;  
 No twinkling taper from afar  
 Stood like a hospitable star ;  
 Not even an *ignis-fatuus* rose  
 To make him merry with my woes ;  
 That very cheat had cheered me then !  
 Although detected, welcome still,  
 Reminding me, through every ill,  
 Of the abodes of men.

“ Onward we went, — but slack and slow ;  
 His savage force at length o'erspent,  
 The drooping courser, faint and low,  
 All feebly foaming went.  
 A sickly infant had had power  
 To guide him forward in that hour ;  
 But useless all to me.  
 His new-born tameness naught availed, —  
 My limbs were bound ; my force had failed,  
 Perchance, had they been free.  
 With feeble efforts still I tried  
 To rend the bonds so starkly tied,  
 But still it was in vain ;  
 My limbs were only wrung the more,  
 And soon the idle strife gave o'er,  
 Which but prolonged their pain ;  
 The dizzy race seemed almost done,  
 Although no goal was nearly won ;  
 Some streaks announced the coming sun, —  
 How slow, alas ! he came !  
 Methought that mist of dawning gray  
 Would never dapple into day ;  
 How heavily it rolled away, —  
 Before the eastern flame  
 Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,  
 And called the radiance from their cars,  
 And filled the earth, from his deep throne,  
 With lonely lustre, all his own.

“ Up rose the sun ; the mists were curled  
 Back from the solitary world  
 Which lay around — behind — before.  
 What bootied it to traverse o'er  
 Plain, forest, river ? Man nor brute,  
 Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,  
 Lay in the wild luxuriant soil ;  
 No sign of travel, — none of toil ;  
 The very air was mute ;  
 And not an insect's shrill small horn,

Nor matin bird's new voice, was borne  
From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,  
Panting as if his heart would burst,  
The weary brute still staggered on ;  
And still we were, or seemed, alone.  
At length, while reeling on our way,  
Methought I heard a courser neigh  
From out yon tuft of blackening firs.  
Is it the wind those branches stirs ?  
No, no ! from out the forest prance

A trampling troop ; I see them come !  
In one vast squadron they advance !

I strove to cry, — my lips were dumb.  
The steeds rush on in plunging pride ;  
But where are they the reins to guide ?  
A thousand horse, — and none to ride !  
With flowing tail, and flying mane,  
Wide nostrils, never stretched by pain,  
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,  
And feet that iron never shod,  
And flanks unscarred by spur or rod,  
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,  
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,

Came thickly thundering on,  
As if our faint approach to meet ;  
The sight renerved my courser's feet,  
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,  
A moment, with a faint low neigh,  
He answered and then fell :

With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,  
And reeking limbs immovable,

His first and last career is done !

On came the troop, — they saw him stoop,  
They saw me strangely bound along

His back with many a bloody thong :  
They stop, — they start, — they snuff the air,  
Gallop a moment here and there,  
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,  
Then plunging back with sudden bound,  
Headed by one black mighty steed,  
Who seemed the patriarch of his breed,

Without a single speck or hair  
Of white upon his shaggy hide ;  
They snort, they foam, neigh, swerve aside,  
And backward to the forest fly,  
By instinct, from a human eye.

They left me there to my despair,  
Linked to the dead and stiffening wretch,  
Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,  
Relieved from that unwonted weight,  
From whence I could not extricate  
Nor him nor me, and there we lay

The dying on the dead !  
I little deemed another day  
Would see my houseless, helpless head.

“ And there from morn till twilight bound,  
I felt the heavy hours toil round,

With just enough of life to see  
My last of suns go down on me.

“ The sun was sinking, — still I lay  
Chained to the chill and stiffening steed ;  
I thought to mingle there our clay ;  
And my dim eyes of death had need.

No hope arose of being freed :  
I cast my last looks up the sky,  
And there between me and the sun  
I saw the expecting raven fly,  
Who scarce would wait till both should die  
Ere his repast begun ;

He flew, and perched, then flew once more,  
And each time nearer than before ;  
I saw his wing through twilight flit,  
And once so near me he alit

I could have smote, but lacked the strength ;  
But the slight motion of my hand,  
And feeble scratching of the sand,  
The exerted throat's faint struggling noise,  
Which scarcely could be called a voice,  
Together scared him off at length.

I know no more, — my latest dream  
Is something of a lovely star

Which fixed my dull eyes from afar,  
And went and came with wandering beam,  
And of the cold, dull, swimming, dense  
Sensation of recurring sense,  
And then subsiding back to death,  
And then again a little breath,  
A little thrill, a short suspense,

An icy sickness curdling o'er  
My heart, and sparks that crossed my brain, —  
A gasp, a throb, a start of pain,  
A sigh, and nothing more.

“ I woke. — Where was I ? — Do I see  
A human face look down on me ?  
And doth a roof above me close ?  
Do these limbs on a couch repose ?  
Is this a chamber where I lie ?  
And is it mortal you bright eye,  
That waches me with gentle glance ?

I closed my own again once more,  
As doubtful that the former trance  
Could not as yet be o'er.  
A slender girl, long-haired and tall,  
Sate watching by the cottage wall ;  
The sparkle of her eye I caught,  
Even with my first return of thought ;  
For ever and anon she threw

A prying, pitying glance on me  
With her black eyes so wild and free :  
I gazed and gazed, until I knew  
No vision it could be, —

But that I lived, and was released  
From adding to the vulture's feast :



And when the Cossack maid beheld  
My heavy eyes at length unsealed,  
She smiled, — and I essayed to speak,

But failed, — and she approached, and made  
With lip and finger signs that said,  
I must not strive as yet to break  
The silence, till my strength should be  
Enough to leave my accents free ;  
And then her hand on mine she laid,  
And smoothed the pillow for my head,  
And stole along on tiptoe tread,

And gently oped the door, and spake  
In whispers, — ne'er was voice so sweet !  
Even music followed her light feet ;

But those she called were not awake,  
And she went forth ; but, ere she passed,  
Another look on me she cast,

Another sign she made, to say,  
That I had naught to fear, that all  
Were near, at my command or call,

And she would not delay  
Her due return : while she was gone,  
Methought I felt too much alone.

“She came with mother and with sire, —  
What need of more ? — I will not tire  
With long recital of the rest,  
Since I became the Cossack's guest.

They found me senseless on the plain, —

They bore me to the nearest hut, —  
They brought me into life again, —  
Me, — one day o'er their realm to reign !

Thus the vain fool who strove to glut  
His rage, refining on my pain,  
Sent me forth to the wilderness,  
Bound, naked, bleeding, and alone,  
To pass the desert to a throne, —

What mortal his own doom may guess ?”  
BYRON.

#### THE CHILD OF ELLE.

ON yonder hill a castle stands,  
With walls and towers bedight,  
And yonder lives the Child of Elle,  
A young and comely knight.

The Child of Elle to his garden went,  
And stood at his garden pale,  
When, lo ! he beheld fair Emmeline's page  
Come tripping down the dale.

The Child of Elle he hied him thence,  
I wis he stood not still,  
And soon he met fair Emmeline's page  
Come climbing up the hill.

“Now Christ thee save, thou little foot-page,  
Now Christ thee save and see !

O, tell me how does thy lady gay,  
And what may thy tidings be ?”

“My lady she is all woe-begone,  
And the tears they fall from her eyne ;  
And aye she laments the deadly feud  
Between her house and thine.

“And here she sends thee a silken scarf  
Bedewed with many a tear,  
And bids thee sometimes think on her,  
Who lovéd thee so dear.

“And here she sends thee a ring of gold,  
The last boon thou mayst have,  
And bids thee wear it for her sake,  
When she is laid in grave.

“For, ah ! her gentle heart is broke,  
And in grave soon must she be,  
Sith her father hath chose her a new, new love,  
And forbid her to think of thee.

“Her father hath brought her a carlish knight,  
Sir John of the north countréy,  
And within three days she must him wed,  
Or he vows he will her slay.”

“Now hie thee back, thou little foot-page,  
And greet thy lady from me,  
And tell her that I, her own true-love,  
Will die, or set her free.

“Now hie thee back, thou little foot-page,  
And let thy fair lady know  
This night will I be at her bower windów,  
Betide me weal or woe.”

The boy he tripped, the boy he ran,  
He neither stint nor stayed  
Until he came to fair Emmeline's bower,  
When kneeling down he said, —

“O lady, I've been with thy own true-love,  
And he greets thee well by me ;  
This night will he be at thy bower windów,  
And die, or set thee free.”

Now day was gone, and night was come,  
And all was fast asleep,  
All save the Lady Emmelirte,  
Who sat in her bower to weep :

And soon she heard her true-love's voice  
Low whispering at the wall,  
“Awake, awake, my dear ladyé,  
'T is I, thy true-love, call.

“Awake, awake, my lady dear,  
Come, mount this fair palfráy !  
This ladder of ropes will let thee down,  
I'll carry thee hence away.”

"Now nay, now nay, thou gentle knight,  
Now nay, this may not be;  
For aye should I tint my maiden fame,  
If alone I should wend with thee."

"O lady, thou with a knight so true  
Mayst safely wend alone,  
To my lady mother I will thee bring,  
Where marriage shall make us one."

"My father he is a baron bold,  
Of lineage proud and hie;  
And what would he say if his daughter  
Away with a knight should fly?"

"Ah! well I wot, he never would rest,  
Nor his meat should do him no good,  
Until he had slain thee, Child of Elle,  
And seen thy dear heart's blood."

"O lady, wert thou in thy saddle set,  
And a little space him fro,  
I would not care for thy cruel father,  
Nor the worst that he could do."

"O lady, wert thou in thy saddle set,  
And once without this wall,  
I would not care for thy cruel father,  
Nor the worst that might befall."

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,  
And aye her heart was woe;  
At length he seized her lily-white hand,  
And down the ladder he drew:

And thrice he clasped her to his breast,  
And kissed her tenderly;  
The tears that fell from her fair eyes  
Ran like the fountain free.

He mounted himself on his steed so tall,  
And her on a fair palfray,  
And along his bugle about his neck,  
And roundly they rode away.

All this beheard her own damsel,  
In her bed whereon she lay,  
Quoth she, "My lord shall know of this,  
So I shall have gold and fee."

"Awake, awake, thou baron bold!  
Awake, my noble dame!  
Your daughter is fled with the Child of Elle  
To do the deed of shame."

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,  
And called his merry men all:  
"And come thou forth, Sir John the knight,  
Thy lady is carried to thrall."

Fair Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,  
A mile forth of the town,  
When she was aware of her father's men  
Come galloping over the down:

And foremost came the carlish knight,  
Sir John of the north country:  
"Now stop, now stop, thou false traitor,  
Nor carry that lady away."

"For she is come of his lineage,  
And was of a lady born,  
And ill it besems thee, a false churl's son,  
To carry her hence to scorn."

"Now loud thy liest, Sir John the knight,  
Now thou doest lie of me;  
A knight me got, and a lady me bore,  
So never did none by thee."

"But light now down, my lady fair,  
Light down, and hold my steed,  
While I and this discourteous knight  
Do try this arduous deed."

"But light now down, my dear ladyé.  
Light down, and hold my horse,  
While I and this discourteous knight  
Do try our valor's force."

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,  
And aye her heart was woe,  
While 'twixt her love and the carlish knight  
Past many a baleful blow.

The Child of Elle he fought so well,  
As his weapon he waved amain,  
That soon he had slain the carlish knight,  
And laid him upon the plain.

And now the baron and all his men  
Full fast approached nigh:  
Ah! what may Lady Emmeline do?  
'T were now no boot to fly.

Her lover, he put his horn to his mouth,  
And blew both loud and shrill,  
And soon he saw his own merry men  
Come riding over the hill.

"Now hold thy hand, thou bold baron,  
I pray thee hold thy hand,  
Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts  
Fast knit in true love's hand."

"Thy daughter I have dearly loved  
Full long and many a day;  
But with such love as holy kirk  
Hath freely said we may."

"O, give consent she may be mine,  
And bless a faithful pair ;  
My lands and livings are not small,  
My house and lineage fair ;

"My mother she was an earl's daughter,  
And a noble knight my sire."—  
The baron he frowned, and turned away  
With mickle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,  
And did all trembling stand :  
At length she sprang upon her knee,  
And held his lifted hand.

"Pardon, my lord and father dear,  
This fair young knight and me :  
Trust me, but for the carlish knight  
I never had fled from thee.

"Oft have you called your Emmeline  
Your darling and your joy ;  
O, let not then your harsh resolves  
Your Emmeline destroy !"

The baron he stroked his dark-brown cheek,  
And turned his head aside,  
To wipe away the starting tear  
He proudly strove to hide.

In deep revolving thought he stood,  
And mused a little space ;  
Then raised fair Emmeline from the ground,  
With many a fond embrace.

"Here take her, Child of Elle," he said,  
And gave her lily-white hand :  
"Here take my dear and only child,  
And with her half my land.

"Thy father once mine honor wronged  
In days of youthful pride ;  
Do thou the injury repair  
In fondness for thy bride.

"And as thou love her, and hold her dear,  
Heaven prosper thee and thine :  
And now my blessing wend wi' thee,  
My lovely Emmeline."

ANONYMOUS.

#### JAMES FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

... "I AM by promise tied  
To match me with this man of pride :  
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen  
In peace ; but when I come again,  
I come with banner, brand, and bow,  
As leader seeks his mortal foe.

For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,  
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,  
As I, until before me stand  
This rebel Chieftain and his band."

"Have, then, thy wish !" — He whistled shrill,  
And he was answered from the hill ;  
Wild as the scream of the curlew,  
From crag to crag the signal flew.  
Instant, through copse and heath, arose  
Bonnets and spears and bended bows ;  
On right, on left, above, below,  
Sprung up at once the lurking foe ;  
From shingles gray their lances start,  
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,  
The rushes and the willow-wand  
Are bristling into axe and brand,  
And every tuft of broom gives life  
To plaided warrior armed for strife.  
That whistle garrisoned the glen  
At once with full five hundred men,  
As if the yawning hill, to heaven  
A subterranean host had given.  
Watching their leader's beck and will,  
All silent there they stood, and still.  
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass  
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,  
As if an infant's touch could urge  
Their headlong passage down the verge,  
With step and weapon forward flung,  
Upon the mountain-side they hung.  
The Mountaineer cast glance of pride  
Along Benledi's living side,  
Then fixed his eye and sable brow  
Full on Fitz-James : "How say'st thou now ?  
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true ;  
And, Saxon, — I am Roderick Dhu !"

Fitz-James was brave ; — though to his heart  
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,  
He manned himself with dauntless air,  
Returned the Chief his haughty stare,  
His back against a rock he bore,  
And firmly placed his foot before : —  
"Come one, come all ! this rock shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I."  
Sir Roderick marked, — and in his eyes  
Respect was mingled with surprise,  
And the stern joy which warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel.  
Short space he stood, — then waved his hand :  
Down sunk the disappearing band ;  
Each warrior vanished where he stood,  
In broom or bracken, heath or wood :  
Sunk brand and spear, and bended bow,  
In osiers pale and copses low :  
It seemed as if their mother Earth  
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.

The wind's last breath had tossed in air  
Pennon and plaid and plumage fair, —  
The next but swept a lone hillside,  
Where heath and fern were waving wide ;  
The sun's last glance was glinted back,  
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack, —  
The next, all unreflected, shone  
On bracken green, and cold gray stone.

Fitz-James looked round, — yet scarce believed  
The witness that his sight received ;  
Such apparition well might seem  
Delusion of a dreadful dream.  
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,  
And to his look the Chief replied :  
“ Fear naught — nay, that I need not say —  
But — doubt not aught from mine array.  
Thou art my guest ; — I pledged my word  
As far as Coilantogle ford :  
Nor would I call a clansman's brand  
For aid against one valiant hand,  
Though on our strife lay every vale  
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.  
So move we on ; — I only meant  
To show the reed on which you leant,  
Deeming this path you might pursue  
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.”  
They moved ; — I said Fitz-James was brave,  
As ever knight that belted glaive ;  
Yet dare not say that now his blood  
Kept on its wont and tempered flood,  
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew  
That seeming lonesome pathway through,  
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife  
With lances, that, to take his life,  
Waited but signal from a guide,  
So late dishonored and defied.  
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round  
The vanished guardians of the ground,  
And still, from copse and heather deep,  
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,  
And in the plover's shrilly strain  
The signal whistle heard again.  
Nor breathed he free till far behind  
The pass was left ; for then they wind  
Along a wide and level green,  
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,  
Nor rush nor bush of bloom was near,  
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

The Chief in silence strode before,  
And reached that torrent's sounding shore,  
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,  
From Vennachar in silver breaks,  
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines  
On Bochastle the mouldering lines,  
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,  
Of yore her eagle wings unfurled.  
And here his course the Chieftain stayed,

Threw down his target and his plaid,  
And to the Lowland warrior said :  
“ Bold Saxon ! to his promise just,  
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.  
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,  
This head of a rebellious clan,  
Hath led thee safe through watch and ward,  
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.  
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,  
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.  
See, here, all vantageless I stand,  
Armed, like thyself, with single brand ;  
For this is Coilantogle ford,  
And thou must keep thee with thy sword.”

The Saxon paused : “ I ne'er delayed,  
When foeman bade me draw my blade ;  
Nay more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death :  
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,  
And my deep debt for life preserved,  
A better meed have well deserved :  
Can naught but blood our feud atone ?  
Are there no means ? ” “ No, Stranger, none !  
And hear, — to fire thy flagging zeal, —  
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel ;  
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred  
Between the living and the dead :  
‘ Who spills the foremost foeman's life,  
His party conquers in the strife.’ ”  
“ Then, by my word,” the Saxon said,  
“ The riddle is already read.  
Seek yonder brake beneath the eliff, —  
There lies red Murdoch, stark and stiff.  
Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy,  
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.  
To James, at Stirling, let us go,  
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,  
Or if the King shall not agree  
To grant thee grace and favor free,  
I plight mine honor, oath, and word,  
That, to thy native strength's restored,  
With each advantage shalt thou stand,  
That aids thee now to guard thy land.”

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye :  
“ Soars thy presumption, then, so high,  
Because a wretched kern ye slew,  
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu ?  
He yields not, he, to man nor fate !  
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate : —  
My clansman's blood demands revenge.  
Not yet prepared ? — By Heaven I change  
My thought, and hold thy valor light  
As that of some vain carpet knight,  
Who ill deserved my courteous care,  
And whose best boast is but to wear  
A braid of his fair lady's hair.”  
“ I thank thee, Roderick, for the word !  
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword ;

For I have sworn this braid to stain  
 In the best blood that warms thy vein.  
 Now, truce, farewell ! and ruth, begone ! —  
 Yet think not that by thee alone,  
 Proud Chief ! can courtesy be shown ;  
 Though not from corpse, or heath, or cairn,  
 Start at my whistle clansmen stern,  
 Of this small horn one feeble blast  
 Would fearful odds against thee cast.  
 But fear not — doubt not — which thou wilt —  
 We try this quarrel hilt to hilt.”

Then each at once his falchion drew,  
 Each on the ground his scabbard threw,  
 Each looked to sun and stream and plain,  
 As what they ne'er might see again ;  
 Then, foot and point and eye opposed,  
 In dubious strife they darkly closed.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,  
 That on the field his target he threw,  
 Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide  
 Had death so often dashed aside ;  
 For, trained abroad his arms to wield,  
 Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.  
 He practised every pass and ward,  
 To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard ;  
 While less expert, though stronger far,  
 The Gael maintained unequal war.

Three times in closing strife they stood,  
 And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood :  
 No stinted draught, no scanty tide,  
 The gushing floods the tartans dyed.  
 Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,  
 And showered his blows like wintry rain ;  
 And, as firm rock or castle-roof  
 Against the winter shower is proof,  
 The foe, invulnerable still,  
 Foiled his wild rage by steady skill ;  
 Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand  
 Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,  
 And, backwards borne upon the lea,  
 Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

“ Now yield thee, or, by Him who made  
 The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade ! ”  
 “ Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy !  
 Let recreant yield, who fears to die.”  
 Like adder darting from his coil,  
 Like wolf that dashes through the toil,  
 Like mountain-cat who guards her young,  
 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung ;  
 Received, but recked not of a wound,  
 And locked his arms his foeman round.  
 Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own !  
 No maiden's hand is round thee thrown !  
 That desperate grasp thy frame might feel  
 Through bars of brass and triple steel !  
 They tug, they strain ! down, down they go,  
 The Gael above, Fitz-James below.

The Chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,  
 His knee was planted in his breast ;  
 His clotted locks he backward threw,  
 Across his brow his hand he drew,  
 From blood and mist to clear his sight,  
 Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright !  
 But hate and fury ill supplied  
 The stream of life's exhausted tide,  
 And all too late the advantage came,  
 To turn the odds of deadly game ;  
 For, while the dagger gleamed on high,  
 Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye.  
 Down came the blow ! but in the heath  
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath.  
 The struggling foe may now unclasp  
 The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp ;  
 Unwounded from the dreadful close,  
 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

He faltered thanks to Heaven for life,  
 Redeemed, unhopèd, from desperate strife ;  
 Next on his foe his look he cast,  
 Whose every gasp appeared his last ;  
 In Roderick's gore he dipped the braid, —  
 “ Poor Blanche ! thy wrongs are dearly paid :  
 Yet with thy foe must die, or live,  
 The praise that faith and valor give.”  
 With that he blew a bugle note,  
 Undid the collar from his throat,  
 Unbonneted, and by the wave  
 Sat down his brow and hands to lave.  
 Then faint afar are heard the feet  
 Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet ;  
 The sounds increase, and now are seen  
 Four mounted squires in Lincoln green ;  
 Two who bear lance, and two who lead,  
 By loosened rein, a saddled steed ;  
 Each onward held his headlong course,  
 And by Fitz-James reined up his horse, —  
 With wonder viewed the bloody spot, —  
 “ Exclaim not, gallants ! question not, —  
 You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,  
 And bind the wounds of yonder knight ;  
 Let the gray palfrey bear his weight,  
 We destined for a fairer freight,  
 And bring him on to Stirling straight ;  
 I will before at better speed,  
 To seek fresh horse and fitting weed.  
 The sun rides high ; — I must be bounè  
 To see the archer-game at noon ;  
 But lightly Bayard clears the lea.  
 De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

#### WAKEN, LORDS AND LADIES GAY.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,  
 On the mountain dawus the day ;

All the jolly chase is here,  
 With hawk and horse and hunting-spear !  
 Hounds are in their couples yelling,  
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,  
 Merrily, merrily mingle they,  
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
 The mist has left the mountain gray,  
 Springlets in the dawn are steaming,  
 Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,  
 And foresters have busy been  
 To track the buck in thicket green ;  
 Now we come to chant our lay,  
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
 To the greenwood haste away ;  
 We can show you where he lies,  
 Fleet of foot and tall of size ;  
 We can show the marks he made  
 When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed ;  
 You shall see him brought to bay ;  
 Waken, lords and ladies gay.

Louder, louder chant the lay  
 Waken, lords and ladies gay !  
 Tell them youth and mirth and glee  
 Run a course as well as we ;  
 Time, stern huntsman ! who can balk,  
 Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk ?  
 Think of this, and rise with day,  
 Gentle lords and ladies gay !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not  
 here ;

My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;  
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,  
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.  
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,  
 The birthplace of valor, the country of worth ;  
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
 The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with  
 snow ;

Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;  
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods ;  
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.  
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not  
 here ;

My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;  
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,  
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

ROBERT BURNS.

### THE HUNTER'S SONG.

RISE ! Sleep no more ! 'T is a noble morn.  
 The dew hangs thick on the fringed thorn,  
 And the frost shrinks back, like a beaten hound,  
 Under the steaming, steaming ground.  
 Behold where the billowy clouds flow by,  
 And leave us alone in the clear gray sky !  
 Our horses are ready and steady. — So, ho !  
 I'm gone, like a dart from the Tartar's bow.  
*Hark, hark ! — Who calleth the maiden Morn  
 From her sleep in the woods and the stubble corn ?  
 The horn, — the horn !  
 The merry, sweet ring of the hunter's horn.*

Now, through the copse where the fox is found,  
 And over the stream at a mighty bound,  
 And over the high lands, and over the low,  
 O'er furrows, o'er meadows, the hunters go !  
 Away ! — as a hawk flies full at his prey,  
 So fieth the hunter, away, — away !  
 From the burst at the cover till set of sun,  
 When the red fox dies, and — the day is done !  
*Hark, hark ! — What sound on the wind is borne !  
 'T is the conquering voice of the hunter's horn !  
 The horn, — the horn !  
 The merry, bold voice of the hunter's horn.*

Sound ! Sound the horn ! To the hunter good  
 What's the gully deep or the roaring flood ?  
 Right over he bounds, as the wild stag bounds,  
 At the heels of his swift, sure, silent hounds.  
 O, what delight can a mortal lack,  
 When he once is firm on his horse's back,  
 With his stirrups short, and his snaffle strong,  
 And the blast of the horn for his morning song !  
*Hark, hark ! — Now, home ! and dream till morn  
 Of the bold, sweet sound of the hunter's horn !  
 The horn, — the horn !  
 O, the sound of all sounds is the hunter's horn !*

BARRY CORNWALL.

### THE STAG HUNT.

FROM "THE SEASONS."

THE stag too, singled from the herd where long  
 He ranged the branching monarch of the shades,  
 Before the tempest drives : At first, in speed  
 He, sprightly, puts his faith ; and, roused by fear,  
 Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight.  
 Against the breeze he darts, that way the more  
 To leave the lessening murderous cry behind :  
 Deception short ! though fleetier than the winds  
 Blown o'er the keen-aired mountain by the north,  
 He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades,  
 And plunges deep into the wildest wood, —  
 If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track,

Hot-steaming, up behind him come again  
 The inhuman rout, and from the shady depth  
 Expel him, circling through his every shift.  
 He sweeps the forest oft ; and sobbing sees  
 The glades, mild opening to the golden day,  
 Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends  
 He went to struggle, or his loves enjoy.  
 Oft in the full-descending flood he tries  
 To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides ;  
 Oft seeks the herd ; the watchful herd, alarmed,  
 With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.  
 What shall he do ? His once so vivid nerves,  
 So full of buoyant spirit, now no more  
 Inspire the course ; but fainting breathless toil,  
 Sick, seizes on his heart : he stands at bay ;  
 And puts his last weak refuge in despair.  
 The big round tears run down his dappled face ;  
 He groans in anguish ; while the growling pack,  
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,  
 And mark his beauteous checkered sides with gore.

JAMES THOMSON.

### BETH GELERT.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,  
 And cheerily smiled the morn ;  
 And many a brach, and many a hound,  
 Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,  
 And gave a lustier cheer,  
 "Come, Gélert, come, wert never last  
 Llewelyn's horn to hear.

"O, where does faithful Gélert roam,  
 The flower of all his race ;  
 So true, so brave, — a lamb at home,  
 A lion in the chase ?"

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,  
 The gift of royal John ;  
 But now no Gélert could be found,  
 And all the chase rode on.

That day Llewelyn little loved  
 The chase of hart and hare ;  
 And scant and small the booty proved,  
 For Gélert was not there.

Unpleas'd, Llewelyn homeward hied,  
 When, near the portal seat,  
 His truant Gélert he espied,  
 Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle-door,  
 Aghast the chieftain stood ;  
 The hound all o'er was smeared with gore ;  
 His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise ;  
 Unused such looks to meet,  
 His favorite checked his joyful guise,  
 And crouched, and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn passed,  
 And on went Gélert too ;  
 And still, where'er his eyes he cast,  
 Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,  
 With blood-stained covert rent ;  
 And all around the walls and ground  
 With recent blood besprent.

He called his child, — no voice replied, —  
 He searched with terror wild ;  
 Blood, blood he found on every side,  
 But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound ! my child's by thee devoured,"  
 The frantic father cried ;  
 And to the hilt his vengeful sword  
 He plunged in Gélert's side.

Aroused by Gélert's dying yell,  
 Some slumberer wakened nigh :  
 What words the parent's joy could tell  
 To hear his infant's cry !

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap  
 His hurried search had missed,  
 All glowing from his rosy sleep,  
 The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,  
 But, the same couch beneath,  
 Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,  
 Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain !  
 For now the truth was clear ;  
 His gallant hound the wolf had slain  
 To save Llewelyn's heir.

WILLIAM R. SPENCER. |

### THE STAG HUNT.

FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE."

THE stag at eve had drunk his fill,  
 Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,  
 And deep his midnight lair had made  
 In lone Glenartney's hazel shade ;  
 But, when the sun his beacon red  
 Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,  
 The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay  
 Resounded up the rocky way,  
 And faint, from farther distance borne,  
 Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

As Chief who hears his warder call,  
 "To arms! the foemen storm the wall,"  
 The antlered monarch of the waste  
 Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.  
 But, ere his fleet career he took,  
 The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;  
 Like crested leader proud and high  
 Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky;  
 A moment gazed adown the dale,  
 A moment snuffed the tainted gale,  
 A moment listened to the cry,  
 That thickened as the chase drew nigh;  
 Then, as the headmost foes appeared,  
 With one brave bound the copse he cleared,  
 And, stretching forward free and far,  
 Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

Yelled on the view the opening pack;  
 Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back;  
 To many a mingled sound at once  
 The awakened mountain gave response.  
 A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,  
 Clattered a hundred steeds along,  
 Their peal the merry horns rung out,  
 A hundred voices joined the shout;  
 With hark and whoop and wild halloo.  
 No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.  
 Far from the tumult fled the roe;  
 Close in her covert covered the doe;  
 The falcon, from her cairn on high,  
 Cast on the rout a wondering eye,  
 Till far beyond her piercing ken  
 The hurricane had swept the glen.  
 Faint, and more faint, its falling din  
 Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,  
 And silence settled, wide and still,  
 On the lone wood and mighty hill.

Less loud the sounds of sylvan war  
 Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var,  
 And roused the cavern, where, 't is told,  
 A giant made his den of old;  
 For ere that steep ascent was won,  
 High in his pathway hung the sun,  
 And many a gallant, stayed perforce,  
 Was fain to breathe his faltering horse,  
 And of the trackers of the deer,  
 Scarce half the lessening pack was near;  
 So shrewdly on the mountain-side  
 Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

The noble stag was pausing now  
 Upon the mountain's southern brow,  
 Where broad extended, far beneath,  
 The varied realms of fair Menteith.  
 With anxious eye he wandered o'er  
 Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,  
 And pondered refuge from his toil,  
 By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.

But nearer was the copsewood gray  
 That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,  
 And mingled with the pine-trees blue  
 On the bold cliffs of Benvenne.  
 Fresh vigor with the hope returned,  
 With flying foot the heath he spurned,  
 Held westward with unwearied race,  
 And left behind the panting chase.

'T were long to tell what steeds gave o'er,  
 As swept the hunt through Cambus-more;  
 What reins were tightened in despair,  
 When rose Benledi's ridge in air;  
 Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,  
 Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith, —  
 For twice that day, from shore to shore,  
 The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.  
 Few were the stragglers, following far,  
 That reached the lake of Vennachar;  
 And when the Brigg of Turk was won,  
 The headmost horseman rode alone.

Alone, but with unbated zeal,  
 That horseman piled the scourge and steel;  
 For, jaded now, and spent with toil,  
 Embossed with foam, and dark with soil,  
 While every gasp with sobs he drew,  
 The laboring stag strained full in view.  
 Two dogs of black St. Hubert's breed,  
 Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,  
 Fast on his flying traces came,  
 And all but won that desperate game;  
 For, scarce a spear's length from his launch,  
 Vindictive toiled the bloodhounds stanch;  
 Nor nearer might the dogs attain,  
 Nor farther might the quarry strain.  
 Thus up the margin of the lake,  
 Between the precipice and brake,  
 O'er stock and rock their race they take.

The Hunter marked that mountain high,  
 The lone lake's western boundary,  
 And deemed the stag must turn to bay,  
 Where that huge rampart barred the way;  
 Already glorying in the prize,  
 Measured his antlers with his eyes;  
 For the death-wound and death-halloo  
 Mustered his breath, his whinyard drew;  
 But thundering as he came prepared,  
 With ready arm and weapon bared,  
 The wily quarry shunned the shock,  
 And turned him from the opposing rock;  
 Then, dashing down a darksome glen,  
 Soon lost to honnd and hunter's ken,  
 In the deep Trosachs' wildest nook  
 His solitary refuge took.  
 There, while close couched, the thicket shed  
 Cold dews and wild flowers on his head,



He heard the baffled dogs in vain  
Rave through the hollow pass amain,  
Chiding the rocks that yelled again.

Close on the hounds the hunter came,  
To cheer them on the vanished game ;  
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,  
The gallant horse exhausted fell.  
The impatient rider strove in vain  
To rouse him with the spur and rein,  
For the good steed, his labors o'er,  
Stretched his stiff limbs, to rise no more ;  
Then, touched with pity and remorse,  
He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse.  
" I little thought, when first thy rein  
I slacked upon the banks of Seine,  
That Highland eagle e'er should feed  
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed !  
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,  
That costs thy life, my gallant gray ! "

Then through the dell his horn resounds,  
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.  
Back limped, with slow and crippled pace,  
The sulky leaders of the chase ;  
Close to their master's side they pressed,  
With drooping tail and humbled crest ;  
But still the dingle's hollow throat  
Prolonged the swelling bugle-note.  
The owlets started from their dream,  
The eagles answered with their scream,  
Round and around the sounds were cast,  
Till echo seemed an answering blast ;  
And on the Hunter hied his way,  
To join some comrades of the day ;  
Yet often paused, so strange the road,  
So wondrous were the scenes it showed.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

#### LAY OF THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN.

My hawk is tired of perch and hood,  
My idle greyhound loathes his food,  
My horse is weary of his stall,  
And I am sick of captive thrall.  
I wish I were as I have been,  
Hunting the hart in forest green,  
With bended bow and bloodhound free,  
For that's the life is meet for me.

I hate to learn the ebb of time  
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,  
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,  
Inch after inch, along the wall.  
The lark was wont my matins ring,  
The sable rook my vespers sing ;  
These towers, although a king's they be,  
Have not a hall of joy for me.

No more at dawning morn I rise,  
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,  
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,  
And homeward wend with evening dew ;  
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,  
And lay my trophies at her feet,  
While fled the eve on wing of glee, —  
That life is lost to love and me !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

#### THE ARAB TO HIS FAVORITE STEED.

##### I.

My beautiful ! my beautiful ! that standest meekly by,  
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye,  
Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy wingéd speed ;  
I may not mount on thee again, — thou 'rt sold, my Arab steed !  
Fret not with that impatient hoof, — snuff not the breezy wind, —  
The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind ;  
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein, — thy master hath his gold, —  
Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell ; thou 'rt sold, my steed, thou 'rt sold.

##### II.

Farewell ! those free, untired limbs full many a mile must roam,  
To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the stranger's home ;  
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bed prepare,  
Thy silky mane, I braided once, must be another's care !  
The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee  
Shall I gallop through the desert paths, where we were wont to be ;  
Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the sandy plain  
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home again.

##### III.

Yes, thou must go ! the wild, free breeze, the brilliant sun and sky,  
Thy master's house, — from all of these my exiled one must fly ;  
Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step become less fleet,  
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's hand to meet.

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye,  
glancing bright ; —  
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm  
and light ;  
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or  
cheer thy speed,  
Then must I, starting, wake to feel, — thou'rt  
*sold*, my Arab steed !

## IV.

Ah ! rudely, then, unseen by me, some cruel hand  
may chide,  
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along  
thy panting side :  
And the rich blood that's in thee swells, in thy  
indignant pain,  
Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count  
each starting vein.  
*Will* they ill-use thee ? If I thought — but no,  
it cannot be, —  
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed ; so gentle,  
yet so free :  
And yet, if haply, when thou'rt gone, my lonely  
heart should yearn, —  
Can the hand which casts thee from it now com-  
mand thee to return ?

## V.

*Return!* alas ! my Arab steed ! what shall thy  
master do,  
When thou, who wast his all of joy, hast vanished  
from his view ?  
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and  
through the gathering tears  
Thy bright form, for a moment, like the false  
mirage appears ;  
Slow and unmounted shall I roam, with weary  
step alone,  
Where, with fleet step and joyous bound, thou  
oft hast borne me on ;  
And sitting down by that green well, I'll pause  
and sadly think,  
"It was here he bowed his glossy neck when last  
I saw him drink !"

## VI.

*When last I saw thee drink!* — Away ! the fevered  
dream is o'er, —  
I could not live a day, and *know* that we should  
meet no more !  
They tempted me, my beautiful ! — for hunger's  
power is strong, —  
They tempted me, my beautiful ! but I have  
loved too long.  
Who said that I had given thee up ? who said  
that thou wast sold ?  
'T is false, — 't is false, my Arab steed ! I fling  
them back their gold !

Thus, *thus*, I leap upon thy back, and scour the  
distant plains ;  
Away ! who overtakes us now shall claim thee for  
his pains !

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

## SLEIGH SONG.

JINGLE, jingle, clear the way,  
'T is 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 who they wound ;  
See them, with capricious pranks,  
Ploughing now the drifted banks ;  
Jingle, jingle, mid the glee  
Who among them cares for me ?  
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 't is slow, and now 't is fast ;  
Winter will not always last.  
Jingle, jingle, clear the way,  
'T is the merry, merry sleigh.

G. W. PETTEE.

## 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 whorls.

Men stop and smile to see her go ;  
They gaze, and 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 devions lines of life,  
From grace to grace successive led, —  
A noble maiden, nobler wife !

ANONYMOUS.

## A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,  
Oar voices keep tune, and our oars keep time.  
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
We 'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.  
Row, brothers, row ! the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight 's past !

Why should we yet our sail unfurl ? —  
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.  
But when the wind blows off the shore  
O, sweetly we 'll rest our weary oar !  
Blow, breezes, blow ! the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight 's past !

Utawa's tide ! this trembling moon  
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.  
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers, —  
O, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs !  
Blow, breezes, blow ! the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight 's past !

THOMAS MOORE.

## THE PLEASURE-BOAT.

COME, hoist the sail, the fast let go !  
They 're seated side by side ;  
Wave chases wave in pleasant flow ;  
The bay is fair and wide.

The ripples lightly tap the boat,  
Loose ! Give her to the wind !  
She shoots ahead ; they 're all afloat ;  
The strand is far behind.

No danger reach so fair a crew !  
Thou goddess of the foam,  
I 'll ever pay thee worship due,  
If thou wilt bring them home.

Fair ladies, fairer than the spray  
The prow is dashing wide,  
Soft breezes take you on your way,  
Soft flow the blessed tide.

O, might I like those breezes be,  
And tunch that arching brow,  
I 'd dwell forever on the sea  
Where ye are floating now.

The boat goes tilting on the waves ;  
The waves go tilting by ;  
There dips the duck, — her back she laves ;  
O'erhead the sea-gulls fly.

Now, like the gulls that dart for prey,  
The little vessel stoops ;  
Now, rising, shoots along her way,  
Like them, in easy swoops.

The sunlight falling on her sheet,  
It glitters like the drift,  
Sparkling, in scorn of summer's heat,  
High up so, the mountain rift.

The winds are fresh ; she 's driving fast  
Upon the bending tide ;  
The crinkling sail, and crinkling mast,  
Go with her side by side.

Why dies the breeze away so soon ?  
Why hangs the pennant down ?  
The sea is glass ; the sun at noon. —  
Nay, lady, do not frown ;

For, see, the wingéd fisher's plume  
Is painted on the sea ;  
Below, a check of lovely bloom  
Whose eyes look up to thee.

She smiles ; thou need'st must smile on her.  
And, see, beside her face  
A rich, white cloud that doth not stir :  
What beauty, and what grace !

And pictured beach of yellow sand,  
And peaked rock and hill,  
Change the smooth sea to fairy-land ;  
How lovely and how still !

From that far isle the thresher's flail  
Strikes close upon the ear ;  
The leaping fish, the swinging sail  
Of yonder sloop, sound near.

The parting sun sends out a glow  
Across the placid bay,  
Touching with glory all the show, —  
A breeze ! Up helm ! Away !

Careening to the wind, they reach,  
With laugh and call, the shore.  
They 've left their footprints on the beach,  
But them I hear no more.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

## 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 dew-drops kiss these flowers,  
 And then washed off by April showers ;  
 Here, hear my kenna sing a song :  
 There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a laverock build her nest ;  
 Here, give my weary spirits rest,  
 And raise my low-pitched 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.

## ANGLING.

FROM "THE SEASONS."

JUST in the dubious point, where with the pool  
 Is mixed the trembling stream, or where it boils  
 Around the stone, or from the hollowed bank  
 Reverted plays in undulating flow,  
 There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly ;  
 And, as you lead it round in artful curve,  
 With eye attentive mark the springing game.  
 Straight as above the surface of the flood  
 They wanton rise, or urged by hunger leap,  
 Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbéd hook ;  
 Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,  
 And to the shelving shore slow dragging some,  
 With various hand proportioned to their force.  
 If yet too young, and easily deceived,  
 A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,  
 Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space  
 He has enjoyed the vital light of heaven,  
 Soft disengage, and back into the stream  
 The speckled infant throw. But should you lure  
 From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots

Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,  
 Behooves you then to ply your finest art.  
 Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly ;  
 And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft  
 The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.  
 At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun  
 Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,  
 With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,  
 Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthened line ;  
 Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,  
 The caverned bank, his old secure abode ;  
 And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,  
 Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,  
 That feels him still, yet to his furious course  
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now  
 Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage ;  
 Till, floating broad upon his breathless side,  
 And to his fate abandoned, to the shore  
 You gayly drag your unresisting prize.

JAMES THOMSON.

## THE ANGLER.

BUT look ! o'er the fall see the angler stand,  
 Swinging his rod with skilful hand ;  
 The fly at the end of his gossamer line

Swims through the sun like a summer moth,  
 Till, dropt with a careful precision fine,  
 It touches the pool beyond the froth.

A-sudden, the speckled hawk of the brook  
 Darts from his covert and seizes the hook.  
 Swift spins the reel ; with easy slip  
 The line pays out, and the rod like a whip,  
 Lithe and arrowy, tapering, slim,  
 Is bent to a bow o'er the brooklet's brim,  
 Till the trout leaps up in the sun, and flings  
 The spray from the flash of his finny wings ;  
 Then falls on his side, and, drunken with fright,  
 Is towed to the shore like a staggering barge,  
 Till beached at last on the sandy marge,  
 Where he dies with the hues of the morning light,  
 While his sides with a cluster of stars are bright.  
 The angler in his basket lays  
 The constellation, and goes his ways.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

## THE ANGLER'S TRYSTING-TREE.

SING, sweet thrushes, forth and sing !  
 Meet the morn upon the lea ;  
 Are the emeralds of the spring  
 On the angler's trysting-tree ?  
 Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me !

Are there buds on our willow-tree?  
 Buds and birds on our trysting-tree?  
 Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!  
 Have you met the honey-bee,  
 Circling upon rapid wing,  
 Round the angler's trysting-tree?  
 Up, sweet thrushes, up and see!  
 Are there bees at our willow-tree?  
 Birds and bees at the trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!  
 Are the fountains gushing free?  
 Is the south-wind wandering  
 Through the angler's trysting-tree?  
 Up, sweet thrushes, tell to me!  
 Is there wind up our willow-tree?  
 Wind or calm at our trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!  
 Wile us with a merry glee;  
 To the flowery haunts of spring, —  
 To the angler's trysting-tree.  
 Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me!  
 Are there flowers 'neath our willow-tree?  
 Spring and flowers at the trysting-tree?

THOMAS TOD STODDART.

### THE ANGLER.

O THE gallant fisher's life,  
 It is the best of any!  
 'T is full of pleasure, void of strife,  
 And 't is beloved by many;  
 Other joys  
 Are but toys;  
 Only this  
 Lawful is;  
 For our skill  
 Breeds no ill,  
 But content and pleasure.

In a morning, up we rise,  
 Ere Aurora's peeping;  
 Drink a cup to wash our eyes,  
 Leave the sluggard sleeping;  
 Then we go  
 To and fro,  
 With our knacks  
 At our backs,  
 To such streams  
 As the Thames,  
 If we have the leisure.

When we please to walk abroad  
 For our recreation,  
 In the fields is our abode,  
 Full of delectation,

Where, in a brook,  
 With a hook, —  
 Or a lake, —  
 Fish we take;  
 There we sit,  
 For a bit,  
 Till we fish entangle.

We have gentles in a horn,  
 We have paste and worms too;  
 We can watch both night and morn,  
 Suffer rain and storms too;  
 None do here  
 Use to swear:  
 Oaths do fray  
 Fish away;  
 We sit still,  
 Watch our quill:  
 Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat  
 Make our bodies swelter,  
 To an osier hedge we get,  
 For a friendly shelter;  
 Where, in a dike,  
 Perch or pike,  
 Roach or dace,  
 We do chase,  
 Bleak or gudgeon,  
 Without grudging;  
 We are still contented.

Or we sometimes pass an hour  
 Under a green willow,  
 That defends us from a shower,  
 Making earth our pillow;  
 Where we may  
 Think and pray,  
 Before death  
 Stops our breath;  
 Other joys  
 Are but toys,  
 And to be lamented.

JOHN CHALKHILL.

### VERSES IN PRAISE OF ANGLING.

QUIVERING fears, heart-tearing cares,  
 Anxious sighs, untimely tears,  
 Fly, fly to courts,  
 Fly to fond worldlings' sports,  
 Where strained sardonic smiles are glosing still,  
 And grief is forced to laugh against her will,  
 Where mirth 's but mummery,  
 And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our country pastimes, fly,  
 Sad troops of human misery,  
     Come, serene looks,  
     Clear as the crystal brooks,  
 Or the pure azured heaven that smiles to see  
 The rich attendance on our poverty ;  
     Peace and a secure mind,  
     Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals ! did you know  
 Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,  
     You'd scorn proud towers  
     And seek them in these bowers,  
 Where winds, sometimes, our woods perhaps may  
     shake,  
 But blustering care could never tempest make ;  
     Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,  
     Saving of fountains that glide by us.

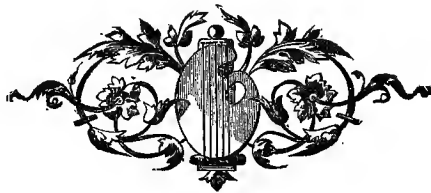
Here's no fantastic mask nor dance,  
 But of our kids that frisk and prance ;  
     Nor wars are seen,  
     Unless upon the green  
 Two harmless lambs are butting one the other,  
 Which done, both bleating run, each to his mother ;  
     And wounds are never found,  
     Save what the ploughshare gives the  
     ground.

Here are no entrapping baits  
 To hasten to, too hasty fates ;  
     Unless it be  
     The fond credulity  
 Of silly fish, which (worlding like) still look  
 Upon the bait, but never on the hook ;  
     Nor envy, 'less among  
     The birds, for price of their sweet song.

Go, let the diving negro seek  
 For gems, hid in some forlorn creek :  
     We all pearls scorn  
     Save what the dewy morn  
 Congeals upon each little spire of grass,  
 Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass ;  
     And gold ne'er here appears,  
     Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Blest silent groves, O, may you be,  
 Forever, mirth's best nursery !  
     May pure contents  
     Forever pitch their tents  
 Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these  
     mountains !  
 And peace still slumber by these purling fountains,  
     Which we may every year  
     Meet, when we come a-fishing here.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.



DESCRIPTIVE POEMS.



My rook from her untouch'd sleep,  
As a put away her soft brown hair,  
And in a tone as low as sleep  
As love's first whisper, breath'd a prayer—

R. P. M. D.

The star of love now shines above,  
Cool zephyrs kiss the sea;  
Among the leaves the wind-lark weaves  
Its serenade for thee.

Geo. J. Morris.



# DESCRIPTIVE POEMS.

## NORHAM CASTLE.

[The ruinous castle of Norham (anciently called Ubbanford) is situated on the southern bank of the Tweed, about six miles above Berwick, and where that river is still the boundary between England and Scotland. The extent of its ruins, as well as its historical importance, shows it to have been a place of magnificence as well as strength. Edward I. resided there when he was created umpire of the dispute concerning the Scottish succession. It was repeatedly taken and retaken during the wars between England and Scotland, and, indeed, scarce any happened in which it had not a principal share. Norham Castle is situated on a steep bank, which overhangs the river. The ruins of the castle are at present considerable, as well as picturesque. They consist of a large shattered tower, with many vaults, and fragments of other edifices, enclosed within an outward wall of great circuit.]

DAY set on Norham's castled steep,  
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,  
And Cheviot's mountains lone :  
The battled towers, the donjon keep,  
The loop-hole grates where captives weep,  
The flanking walls that round it sweep,  
In yellow lustre shone.  
The warriors on the turrets high,  
Moving athwart the evening sky,  
Seemed forms of giant height ;  
Their armor, as it caught the rays,  
Flashed back again the western blaze,  
In lines of dazzling light.

St. George's banner, broad and gay,  
Now faded, as the fading ray  
Less bright, and less, was flung ;  
The evening gale had scarce the power  
To wave it on the donjon tower,  
So heavily it hung.  
The scouts had parted on their search,  
The castle gates were barred ;  
Above the gloomy portal arch,  
Timing his footsteps to a march,  
The warder kept his guard ;  
Low humming, as he paced along,  
Some ancient Border gathering-song.

A distant trampling sound he hears ;  
He looks abroad, and soon appears,  
O'er Horncliff hill, a plump of spears,  
Beneath a pennon gay ;

A horseman, darting from the crowd,  
Like lightning from a summer cloud,  
Spurs on his mettled courser proud  
Before the dark array.  
Beneath the sable palisade,  
That closed the castle barricade,  
His bugle-horn he blew ;  
The warder hasted from the wall,  
And warned the captain in the hall,  
For well the blast he knew ;  
And joyfully that knight did call  
To sewer, squire, and seneschal.

"Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoisie,  
Bring pasties of the doe,  
And quickly make the entrance free,  
And bid my heralds ready be,  
And every minstrel sound his glee,  
And all our trumpets blow ;  
And, from the platform, spare ye not  
To fire a noble salvo-shot :  
Lord Marmion waits below."  
Then to the castle's lower ward  
Sped forty yeomen tall,  
The iron-studded gates unbarred,  
Raised the portcullis' ponderous guard,  
The lofty palisade unsparr'd,  
And let the drawbridge fall.

Along the bridge Lord Marmion rode,  
Proudly his red-roan charger trode,  
His helm hung at the saddle-bow ;  
Well by his visage you might know  
He was a stalworth knight, and keen,  
And had in many a battle been.  
The scar on his brown cheek revealed  
A token true of Bosworth field ;  
His eyebrow dark, and eye of fire,  
Showed spirit proud, and prompt to ire.  
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek  
Did deep design and counsel speak.  
His forehead, by his casque worn bare,  
His thick mustache, and curly hair,  
Coal-black, and grizzled here and there,  
But more through toil than age ;

Hissquare-turned joints, and strength of limb,  
 Showed him no carpet-knight so trim,  
 But in close fight a champion grim,  
 In camps a leader sage.

Well was he armed from head to heel,  
 In mail and plate of Milan steel ;  
 But his strong helm, of mighty cost,  
 Was all with burnished gold embossed ;  
 Amid the plumage of the crest,  
 A falcon hovered on her nest,  
 With wings outspread, and forward breast ;  
 E'en such a falcon, on his shield,  
 Soared sable in an azure field :  
 The golden legend bore aright,  
*Who checks at me to death is dight.*  
 Blue was the charger's broidered rein ;  
 Blue ribbons decked his arching mane ;  
 The knightly housing's ample fold  
 Was velvet blue, and trapped with gold.

Behind him rode two gallant squires  
 Of noble name and knightly sires ;  
 They burned the gilded spurs to claim ;  
 For well could each a war-horse tame,  
 Could draw the bow, the sword could sway,  
 And lightly bear the ring away ;  
 Nor less with courteous precepts stored,  
 Could dance in hall, and carve at board,  
 And frame love-ditties passing rare,  
 And sing them to a lady fair.

Four men-at-arms came at their backs,  
 With halbert, bill, and battle-axe ;  
 They bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong,  
 And led his sumpter-mules along,  
 And ambling palfrey, when at need  
 Him listed ease his battle-steed.  
 The last and trustiest of the four  
 On high his forky pennon bore ;  
 Like swallow's tail, in shape and hue,  
 Fluttered the streamer glossy blue,  
 Where, blazoned sable, as before,  
 The towering falcon seemed to soar.  
 Last, twenty yeomen, two and two,  
 In hosen black, and jerkins blue,  
 With falcons broidered on each breast,  
 Attended on their lord's behest :  
 Each, chosen for an archer good,  
 Knew hunting-craft by lake or wood ;  
 Each one a six-foot bow could bend,  
 And far a cloth-yard shaft could send ;  
 Each held a boar-spear tough and strong,  
 And at their belts their quivers rung.  
 Their dusty palfreys and array  
 Showed they had marched a weary way.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### MELROSE ABBEY.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,  
 Go visit it by the pale moonlight ;  
 For the gay beams of lightsome day  
 Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.  
 When the broken arches are black in night,  
 And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;  
 When the cold light's uncertain shower  
 Streams on the ruined central tower ;  
 When buttress and buttress, alternately,  
 Seem framed of ebon and ivory ;  
 When silver edges the imagery,  
 And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;  
 When distant Tweed is heard to rave,  
 And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,  
 Then go, — but go alone the while, —  
 Then view St. David's ruined pile ;  
 And, home returning, soothly swear,  
 Was never scene so sad and fair !

The pillared arches were over their head,  
 And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

Spreading herbs and flowerets bright  
 Glistened with the dew of night ;  
 Nor herb nor floweret glistened there,  
 But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.  
 The monk gazed long on the lovely moon,  
 Then into the night he looked forth ;  
 And red and bright the streamers light  
 Were dancing in the glowing north.

He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,  
 That spirits were riding the northern light.

By a steel-clenched postern door,  
 They entered now the chancel tall ;  
 The darkened roof rose high aloof  
 On pillars lofty and light and small ;  
 The keystone, that locked each ribbed aisle,  
 Was a fleur-de-lis, or a quatre-feuille :  
 The corbells were carved grotesque and grim ;  
 And the pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,  
 With base and with capital flourished around,  
 Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had  
 bound.

Full many a scutcheon and banner, riven,  
 Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,  
 Around the screened altar's pale ;  
 And there the dying lamps did burn,  
 Before thy low and lonely urn,  
 O gallant chief of Otterburne !  
 And thine, dark Knight of Liddesdale !  
 O fading honors of the dead !  
 O high ambition, lowly laid !

The moon on the east oriel shone  
 Through slender shafts of shapely stone,  
 By foliaged tracery combined ;  
 Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand  
 'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand  
 In many a freakish knot had twined ;  
 Then framed a spell, when the work was done.  
 And changed the willow wreaths to stone.  
 The silver light, so pale and faint,  
 Showed many a prophet, and many a saint,  
 Whose image on the glass was dyed ;  
 Full in the midst, his Cross of Red  
 Triumphant Michael brandished,  
 And trampled the Apostate's pride.  
 The moonbeam kissed the holy pane,  
 And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## CHRISTMAS IN OLDEN TIME.

HEAP on more wood ! — the wind is chill ;  
 But let it whistle as it will,  
 We'll keep our Christmas merry still.  
 Each age has deemed the new-born year  
 The fittest time for festal cheer :  
 Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane  
 At Iol more deep the mead did drain ;  
 High on the beach his galleys drew,  
 And feasted all his pirate crew ;  
 Then in his low and pine-built hall,  
 Where shields and axes decked the wall,  
 They gorged upon the half-dressed steer ;  
 Caroused in seas of sable beer ;  
 While round, in brutal jest, were thrown  
 The half-gnawed rib and marrow-bone,  
 Or listened all, in grim delight,  
 While scalds yelled out the joys of fight.  
 Then forth in frenzy would they hie,  
 While wildly loose their red locks fly,  
 And dancing round the blazing pile  
 They make such barbarous mirth the while,  
 As best might to the mind recall  
 The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old  
 Loved when the year its course had rolled,  
 And brought blithe Christmas back again,  
 With all its hospitable train.  
 Domestic and religious rite  
 Gave honor to the holy night ;  
 On Christmas eve the bells were rung :  
 On Christmas eve the mass was sung ;  
 That only night in all the year,  
 Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.  
 The damsel donned her kirtle sheen ;  
 The hall was dressed with holly green ;  
 Forth to the wood did merry-men go,  
 To gather in the mistletoe.

Then opened wide the baron's hall  
 To vassal, tenant, serf, and all ;  
 Power laid his rod of rule aside,  
 And Ceremony doffed his pride ;  
 The heir, with roses in his shoes,  
 That night might village partner choose ;  
 The lord, undergating, share  
 The vulgar game of " post and pair."'  
 All hailed with uncontrolled delight  
 And general voice the happy night  
 That to the cottage, as the crown,  
 Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,  
 Went roaring up the chimney wide ;  
 The huge hall table's oaken face,  
 Scrubbed till it shone the day to grace,  
 Bore then upon its massive board  
 No mark to part the squire and lord :  
 Then was brought in the lusty brawn,  
 By old blue-coated serving-man ;  
 Then the grim boar's head frowned on high,  
 Crested with bays and rosemary.  
 Well can the green-garbed ranger tell  
 How, when, and where the monster fell ;  
 What dogs before his death he tore,  
 And all the baiting of the boar.  
 The wassail round, in good brown bowls,  
 Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls,  
 There the huge sirloin reeked ; hard by  
 Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie,  
 Nor failed old Scotland to produce  
 At such high tide, her savory goose.  
 Then came the merry maskers in ;  
 And carols roared with blithesome din,  
 If unmelodious was the song,  
 It was a hearty note, and strong.  
 Who lists may in their mumming see  
 Traces of ancient mystery ;  
 White skirts supplied the masquerade,  
 And smutted cheeks the visors made ;  
 But, oh ! what maskers, richly dight,  
 Can boast of bosoms half so light ?  
 England was merry England, when  
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
 'T was Christmas broached the mightiest ale !  
 'T was Christmas told the merriest tale ;  
 A Christmas gambol oft could cheer  
 The poor man's heart through half the year.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

## DIVINA COMMEDIA.

I.

OFt have I seen, at some cathedral door,  
 A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,  
 Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet  
 Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor

Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er ;  
 Far off the noises of the world retreat ;  
 The loud vociferations of the street  
 Become an undistinguishable roar.  
 So, as I enter here from day to day,  
 And leave my burden at this minster gate,  
 Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,  
 The tumult of the time disconsolate  
 To inarticulate murmurs dies away,  
 While the eternal ages watch and wait.

## II.

How strange the sculptures that adorn these  
 towers !  
 This crowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves  
 Birds build their nests ; while canopied with  
 leaves  
 Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,  
 And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers !  
 But fiends and dragons on the gargoyled eaves  
 Watch the dead Christ between the living  
 thieves,  
 And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers !  
 Ah ! from what agonies of heart and brain,  
 What exultations trampling on despair,  
 What tenderness, what tears, what hate of  
 wrong,  
 What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,  
 Uprose this poem of the earth and air,  
 This mediæval miracle of song !

## III.

I enter, and I see thee in the gloom  
 Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine !  
 And strive to make my steps keep pace with  
 thine.  
 The air is filled with some unknown perfume ;  
 The congregation of the dead make room  
 For thee to pass ; the votive tapers shine ;  
 Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's groves of pine  
 The hovering echoes fly from tomb to tomb.  
 From the confessionals I hear arise  
 Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,  
 And lamentations from the crypts below ;  
 And then a voice celestial, that begins  
 With the pathetic words, " Although your sins  
 As searlet be," and ends with " as the snow."

## IV.

I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze  
 With forms of saints and holy men who died,  
 Here martyred and hereafter glorified ;  
 And the great Rose upon its leaves displays  
 Christ's Triumph, and the angelic roundelays,  
 With splendor upon splendor multiplied ;  
 And Beatrice again at Dante's side  
 No more rebukes, but smiles her words of  
 praise.

And then the organ sounds, and unseen choirs  
 Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love,  
 And benedictions of the Holy Ghost ;  
 And the melodious bells among the spires  
 O'er all the house-tops and through heaven  
 above  
 Proclaim the elevation of the Host !

## v.

O star of morning and of liberty !  
 O bringer of the light, whose splendor shines  
 Above the darkness of the Apennines,  
 Forerunner of the day that is to be !  
 The voices of the city and the sea,  
 The voices of the mountains and the pines,  
 Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines  
 Are footpaths for the thought of Italy !  
 Thy fame is blown abroad from all the heights,  
 Through all the nations, and a sound is heard,  
 As of a mighty wind, and men devout,  
 Strangers of Rome, and the new proselytes,  
 In their own language hear thy wondrous word,  
 And many are amazed and many doubt.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

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

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

Never did sun more beautifully steep  
 In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill ;  
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !  
 The river glideth at his own sweet will.  
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;  
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1802.

## ALNWICK CASTLE.

HOME of the Percy's high-born race,  
 Home of their beautiful and brave,  
 Alike their birth and burial place,  
 Their cradle and their grave !  
 Still sternly o'er the castle gate  
 Their house's Lion stands in state,  
 As in his proud departed hours ;  
 And warriors frown in stone on high,  
 And feudal banners " flout the sky"  
 Above his princely towers.

A gentle hill its side inclines,  
 Lovely in England's fadeless green,  
 To meet the quiet stream which winds  
 Through this romantic scene  
 As silently and sweetly still  
 As when, at evening, on that hill,  
 While summer's wind blew soft and low,  
 Seated by gallant Hotspur's side,  
 His Katherine was a happy bride,  
 A thousand years ago.

I wandered through the lofty halls  
 Trod by the Percys of old fame,  
 And traced upon the chapel walls  
 Each high, heroic name,  
 From him who once his standard set  
 Where now, o'er mosque and minaret,  
 Glitter the Sultan's crescent moons,  
 To him who, when a younger son,  
 Fought for King George at Lexington,  
 A major of dragoons.

That last half-stanza, — it has dashed  
 From my warm lip the sparkling cup ;  
 The light that o'er my eyebeam flashed,  
 The power that bore my spirit up  
 Above this bank-note world, is gone ;  
 And Alnwick 's but a market town,  
 And this, alas ! its market day,  
 And beasts and borderers throng the way ;  
 Oxen and bleating lambs in lots,  
 Northumbrian boors and plaided Scots,  
 Men in the coal and cattle line ;  
 From Teviot's bard and hero land,  
 From royal Berwick's beach of sand,  
 From Wooller, Morpeth, Hexham, and  
 Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

These are not the romantic times  
 So beautiful in Spenser's rhymes,  
 So dazzling to the dreaming boy ;  
 Ours are the days of fact, not fable,  
 Of knights, but not of the round table,  
 Of Bailie Jarvie, not Rob Roy ;  
 'T is what "Our President," Monroe,  
 Has called "the era of good feeling" ;  
 The Highlander, the bitterest foe  
 To modern laws, has felt their blow,  
 Consented to be taxed, and vote,  
 And put on pantaloons and coat,  
 And leave off cattle-stealing :  
 Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,  
 The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,  
 The Douglass in red herrings ;  
 And noble name and cultured land,  
 Palace, and park, and vassal band,  
 Are powerless to the notes of hand  
 Of Rothschild or the Barings.

The age of bargaining, said Burke,  
 Has come : to-day the turbaned Turk  
 (Sleep, Richard of the lion heart !  
 Sleep on, nor from your ceremonies start)  
 Is England's friend and fast ally ;  
 The Moslem tramples on the Greek,  
 And on the Cross and altar-stone,  
 And Christendom looks tamely on,  
 And hears the Christian maiden shriek,  
 And sees the Christian father die ;  
 And not a sabre-blow is given  
 For Greece and fame, for faith and heaven,  
 By Europe's craven chivalry.

You'll ask if yet the Percy lives  
 In the armed pomp of feudal state ?  
 The present representatives  
 Of Hotspur and his "gentle Kate,"  
 Are some half-dozen serving-men  
 In the drab coat of William Penn ;  
 A chambermaid, whose lip and eye,  
 And cheek, and brown hair, bright and curling,  
 Spoke nature's aristocracy ;  
 And one, half groom, half seneschal,  
 Who bowed me through court, bower, and hall,  
 From donjon keep to turret wall,  
 For ten-and-sixpence sterling.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

#### THE FISHER'S COTTAGE.

We sat by the fisher's cottage,  
 And looked at the stormy tide ;  
 The evening mist came rising,  
 And floating far and wide.

One by one in the lighthouse  
 The lamps shone out on high ;  
 And far on the dim horizon  
 A ship went sailing by.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck, —  
 Of sailors, and how they live ;  
 Of journeys 'twixt sky and water,  
 And the sorrows and joys they give.

We spoke of distant countries,  
 In regions strange and fair,  
 And of the wondrous beings  
 And curious customs there ;

Of perfumed lamps on the Ganges,  
 Which are launched in the twilight hour ;  
 And the dark and silent Brahmins,  
 Who worship the lotos flower.

Of the wretched dwarfs of Lapland, —  
 Broad-headed, wide-mouthed, and small, —  
 Who crouch round their oil-fires, cooking,  
 And chatter and scream and bawl.

And the maidens earnestly listened,  
Till at last we spoke no more ;  
The ship like a shadow had vanished,  
And darkness fell deep on the shore.

HENRY HEINE (German). Translation  
of CHARLES C. LELAND.

### THE HURRICANE.

LORD of the winds ! I feel thee nigh,  
I know thy breath in the burning sky !  
And I wait, with a thrill in every vein,  
For the coming of the hurricane !

And lo ! on the wing of the heavy gales,  
Through the boundless arch of heaven he sails.  
Silent and slow, and terribly strong,  
The mighty shadow is borne along,  
Like the dark eternity to come ;  
While the world below, dismayed and dumb,  
Through the calm of the thick hot atmosphere  
Looks up at its gloomy folds with fear.

They darken fast ; and the golden blaze  
Of the sun is quenched in the lurid haze,  
And he sends through the shade a funeral ray —  
A glare that is neither night nor day,  
A beam that touches, with hues of death,  
The clouds above and the earth beneath.  
To its covert glides the silent bird,  
While the hurricane's distant voice is heard  
Uplifted among the mountains round,  
And the forests hear and answer the sound.

He is come ! he is come ! do ye not behold  
His ample robes on the wind unrolled ?  
Giant of air ! we bid thee hail ! —  
How his gray skirts toss in the whirling gale ;  
How his huge and writhing arms are bent  
To clasp the zone of the firmament,  
And fold at length, in their dark embrace,  
From mountain to mountain the visible space.

Darker, — still darker ! the whirlwinds bear  
The dust of the plains to the middle air ;  
And hark to the crashing, long and loud,  
Of the chariot of God in the thunder-cloud !  
You may trace its path by the flashes that start  
From the rapid wheels where'er they dart,  
As the fire-bolts leap to the world below,  
And flood the skies with a lurid glow.

What roar is that ? — 't is the rain that breaks  
In torrents away from the airy lakes,  
Heavily poured on the shuddering ground,  
And shedding a nameless horror round.  
Ah ! well-known woods, and mountains, and skies,  
With the very clouds ! — ye are lost to my eyes.

I seek ye vainly, and see in your place  
The shadowy tempest that sweeps through space,  
A whirling ocean that fills the wall  
Of the crystal heaven, and buries all.  
And I, cut off from the world, remain  
Alone with the terrible hurricane.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### HOLLAND.

FROM "THE TRAVELLER."

To men of other minds my fancy flies,  
Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.  
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,  
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,  
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,  
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.  
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,  
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow ;  
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,  
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.  
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,  
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile ;  
The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale  
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,  
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,  
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus while around the wave-subjected soil  
Impels the native to repeated toil,  
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,  
And industry begets a love of gain.  
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,  
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,  
Are here displayed.

[OLIVER GOLDSMITH.]

### ITALY AND SWITZERLAND.

FROM "THE TRAVELLER."

FAR to the right where Apennine ascends,  
Bright as the summer, Italy extends.  
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,  
Woods over woods, in gay theatric pride ;  
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between  
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,  
The sons of Italy were surely blest.  
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,  
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;  
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,  
Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;  
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky  
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die ;  
These here disporting owe the kindred soil,  
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;

While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand  
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,  
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.  
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,  
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.  
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign ;  
Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain ;  
Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue ;  
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.  
All evils here contaminate the mind,  
That opulence departed leaves behind ;  
For wealth was theirs ; not far removed the date  
When commerce proudly flourished through the  
state ;

At her command the palace learnt to rise,  
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies ;  
The canvas glowed beyond e'en Nature warm,  
The pregnant quarry teemed with human form.  
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,  
Commerce on other shores displayed her sail ;  
While naught remained of all that riches gave,  
But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave :  
And late the nation found with fruitless skill  
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied  
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride ;  
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind  
An easy compensation seem to find.  
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp arrayed,  
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade ;  
Processions formed for piety and love,  
A mistress or a saint in every grove.  
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,  
The sports of children satisfy the child ;  
Each nobler aim, repress by long control,  
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul ;  
While low delights succeeding fast behind,  
In happier meanness occupy the mind ;  
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,  
Defaced by time and tottering in decay,  
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,  
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,  
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,  
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey,  
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,  
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion  
tread,

And force a churlish soil for scanty bread ;  
No product here the barren hills afford,  
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.  
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,  
But winter lingering chills the lap of May ;  
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,  
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,  
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm,

Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though  
small,

He sees his little lot the lot of all ;  
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head  
To shame the meanness of his humble shed,  
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal  
To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;  
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,  
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.  
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,  
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes ;  
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,  
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep ;  
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,  
And drags the struggling savage into day.  
At night returning, every labor sped,  
He sits him down the monarch of a shed :  
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys  
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;  
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,  
Displays her cleanly platter on the board ;  
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,  
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

ITALY.

O ITALY, how beautiful thou art !  
Yet I could weep, — for thou art lying, alas !  
Low in the dust ; and they who come admire thee  
As we admire the beautiful in death.  
Thine was a dangerous gift, the gift of beauty.  
Would thou hadst less, or wert as once thou wast,  
Inspiring awe in those who now enslave thee !  
But why despair ? Twice hast thou lived already,  
Twice shone among the nations of the world,  
As the sun shines among the lesser lights  
Of heaven ; and shalt again. The hour shall come,  
When they who think to bind the ethereal spirit,  
Who, like the eagle cowering o'er his prey,  
Watch with quick eye, and strike and strike again  
If but a sinew vibrate, shall confess  
Their wisdom folly.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

VENICE.

THERE is a glorious City in the Sea.  
The Sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,  
Ebbing and flowing ; and the salt sea-weed  
Clings to the marble of her palaces.  
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,  
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the Sea,  
Invisible ; and from the land we went,  
As to a floating City, — steering in,  
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,

So smoothly, silently, — by many a dome  
 Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,  
 The statues ranged along an azure sky ;  
 By many a pile in more than Eastern splendor,  
 Of old the residence of merchant kings ;  
 The fronts of some, though Time had shattered  
 them,  
 Still glowing with the richest hues of art,  
 As though the wealth within them had run o'er.

A few in fear,  
 Flying away from him whose hoast it was  
 That the grass grew not where his horse had trod,  
 Gave birth to Venice. Like the water-fowl,  
 They built their nests among the ocean waves ;  
 And where the sands were shifting, as the wind  
 Blew from the north, the south ; where they that  
 came,  
 Had to make sure the ground they stood upon,  
 Rose, like an exhalation, from the deep,  
 A vast Metropolis, with glittering spires,  
 With theatres, basilicas adorned ;  
 A scene of light and glory, a dominion,  
 That has endured the longest among men.

And whence the talisman by which she rose  
 Towering ? 'T was found there in the barren sea.  
 Want led to Enterprise ; and, far or near,  
 Who met not the Venetian ? — now in Cairo ;  
 Ere yet the Califa came, listening to hear  
 Its bells approaching from the Red Sea coast ;  
 Now on the Euxine, on the Sea of Azoph,  
 In converse with the Persian, with the Russ,  
 The Tartar ; on his lowly deck receiving  
 Pearls from the gulf of Ormus, gems from Bagdad,  
 Eyes brighter yet, that shed the light of love  
 From Georgia, from Circassia. Wandering round,  
 When in the rich bazaar he saw, displayed,  
 Treasures from unknown climes, away he went,  
 And, travelling slowly upward, drew erelong  
 From the well-head supplying all below ;  
 Making the Imperial City of the East  
 Herself his tributary.

Thus did Venice rise,  
 Thus flourish, till the unwelcome tidings came,  
 That in the Tagus had arrived a fleet  
 From India, from the region of the Sun,  
 Fragrant with spices, — that a way was found,  
 A channel opened, and the golden stream  
 Turned to enrich another. Then she felt  
 Her strength departing, and at last she fell,  
 Fell in an instant, blotted out and razed ;  
 She who had stood yet longer than the longest  
 Of the Four Kingdoms, — who, as in an Ark,  
 Had floated down amid a thousand wrecks,  
 Uninjured, from the Old World to the New.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

## ROME.

I AM in Rome ! Oft as the morning ray  
 Visits these eyes, waking at once I cry,  
 Whence this excess of joy ? What has befallen  
 me ?

And from within a thrilling voice replies,  
 Thou art in Rome ! A thousand busy thoughts  
 Rush on my mind, a thousand images ;  
 And I spring up as girt to run a race !

Thou art in Rome ! the City that so long  
 Reigned absolute, the mistress of the world ;  
 The mighty vision that the prophets saw,  
 And trembled ; that from nothing, from the least,  
 The lowliest village (what but here and there  
 A reed-roofed cabin by a river-side ? )  
 Grew into everything ; and, year by year,  
 Patiently, fearlessly working her way  
 O'er brook and field, o'er continent and sea,  
 Not like the merchant with his merchandise,  
 Or traveller with staff and scrip exploring,  
 But hand to hand and foot to foot through hosts,  
 Through nations numberless in battle array,  
 Each behind each, each, when the other fell,  
 Up and in arms, at length subdued them all.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

## THE GRECIAN TEMPLES AT PÆSTUM.

IN Pæstum's ancient fanes I trod,  
 And mused on those strange men of old,  
 Whose dark religion could infold  
 So many gods, and yet no God !

Did they to human feelings own,  
 And had they human souls indeed,  
 Or did the sternness of their creed  
 Frown their faint spirits into stone ?

The southern breezes fan my face ; —  
 I hear the hum of bees arise,  
 And lizards dart, with mystic eyes,  
 That shrine the secret of the place !

These silent columns speak of dread,  
 Of lovely worship without love ;  
 And yet the warm, deep heaven above  
 Whispers a softer tale instead !

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

## COLISEUM BY MOONLIGHT.

FROM "MANFRED."

THE stars are forth, the moon above the tops  
 Of the snow-shining mountains. — Beautiful !



I linger yet with Nature, for the night  
 Hath been to me a more familiar face  
 Than that of man ; and in her starry shade  
 Of dim and solitary loveliness  
 I learned the language of another world.  
 I do remember me, that in my youth,  
 When I was wandering, — upon such a night  
 I stood within the Coliseum's wall,  
 Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome.  
 The trees which grew along the broken arches  
 Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars  
 Shone through the rents of ruin ; from afar  
 The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber ; and  
 More near from out the Cæsars' palace came  
 The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,  
 Of distant sentinels the fitful song  
 Begun and died upon the gentle wind.  
 Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach  
 Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood  
 Within a bowshot, — where the Cæsars dwelt,  
 And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst  
 A grove which springs through levelled battle-  
 ments,

And twines its roots with the imperial hearths.  
 Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth ; —  
 But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,  
 A noble wreck in ruinous perfection,  
 While Cæsar's chambers and the Augustan halls  
 Grovel on earth in indistinct decay. —  
 And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon  
 All this, and cast a wide and tender light,  
 Which softened down the hoar austerity  
 Of rugged desolation, and filled up,  
 As 't were anew, the gaps of centuries,  
 Leaving that beautiful which still was so,  
 And making that which was not, till the place  
 Became religion, and the heart ran o'er  
 With silent worship of the great of old ! —  
 The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule  
 Our spirits from their urns.

BYRON.

### THE COLISEUM.

FROM "CHILDE HAROLD."

ARCHES on arches ! as it were that Rome,  
 Collecting the chief trophies of her line,  
 Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,  
 Her Coliseum stands ; the moonbeams shine  
 As 't were its natural torches, for divine  
 Should be the light which streams here, to illumine  
 This long-explored, but still exhaustless, mine  
 Of contemplation ; and the azure gloom  
 Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of  
 heaven,

Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,  
 And shadows forth its glory. There is given  
 Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,  
 A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant  
 His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power  
 And magic in the ruined battlement,  
 For which the palace of the present hour  
 Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,  
 In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,  
 As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man.  
 And wherefore slaughtered ? wherefore, but  
 because

Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,  
 And the imperial pleasure. — Wherefore not ?  
 What matters where we fall to fill the maws  
 Of worms, — on battle-plains or listed spot ?  
 Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie ;  
 He leans upon his hand, — his manly brow  
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
 And his drooped head sinks gradually low, —  
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow  
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
 Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now  
 The arena swims around him, — he is gone,  
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the  
 wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not, — his eyes  
 Were with his heart, and that was far away.  
 He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,  
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,  
 There were his young barbarians all at play,  
 There was their Dacian mother, — he, their sire,  
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday ! —  
 All this rushed with his blood. — Shall he expire  
 And unavenged ? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your  
 ire !

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody  
 steam,  
 And here, where buzzing nations choked the  
 ways,  
 And roared or murmured like a mountain stream  
 Dashing or winding as its torrent strays ;  
 Here, where the Roman millions' blame or praise  
 Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,  
 My voice sounds much, — and fall the stars'  
 faint rays  
 On the arena void, seats crushed, walls bowed,  
 And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strange-  
 ly loud.

A ruin, — yet what ruin ! from its mass  
 Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been reared ;

Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,  
 And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.  
 Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared?  
 Alas! developed, opens the decay,  
 When the colossal fabric's form is neared;  
 It will not bear the brightness of the day,  
 Which streams too much on all years, man, have  
 ref't away.

But when the rising moon begins to climb  
 Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;  
 When the stars twinkle through the loops of  
 time,  
 And the low night-breeze waves along the air  
 The garland-forest, which the gray walls wear,  
 Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;  
 When the light shines serene, but doth not  
 glare, —  
 Then in this magic circle raise the dead;  
 Heroes have trod this spot, — 't is on their dust  
 ye tread.

“While stands the Coliseum, Romeshall stand;  
 When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;  
 And when Rome falls — the World.” From  
 our own land

Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall  
 In Saxon times, which we are wont to call  
 Ancient; and these three mortal things are still  
 On their foundations, and unaltered all;  
 Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,  
 The World, the same wide den — of thieves, or,  
 what ye will.

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime, —  
 Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,  
 From Jove to Jesus, — spared and blest by time;  
 Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods  
 Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man  
 plods  
 His way through thorns to ashes, — glorious  
 dome!  
 Shalt thou not last? Time's seythe and tyrants'  
 rods  
 Shiver upon thee, — sanctuary and home  
 Of art and piety, — Pantheon! — pride of Rome!

Relic of nobler days and noblest arts!  
 Despoiled yet perfect, with thy circle spreads  
 A holiness appealing to all hearts.  
 To art a model; and to him who treads  
 Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds  
 Her light through thy sole aperture; to those  
 Who worship, here are altars for their beads;  
 And they who feel for genius may repose  
 Their eyes on honored forms, whose busts around  
 them close.

BYRON.

## A DAY IN THE PAMFILI DORIA.

ROME.

THOUGH the hills are cold and snowy,  
 And the wind drives chill to-day,  
 My heart goes back to a spring-time,  
 Far, far in the past away.

And I see a quaint old city,  
 Weary and worn and brown,  
 Where the spring and the birds are so early,  
 And the sun in such light goes down.

I remember that old-times villa  
 Where our afternoons went by,  
 Where the suns of March flushed warmly,  
 And spring was in earth and sky.

Out of the mouldering city, —  
 Mouldering, old, and gray, —  
 We sped, with a lightsome heart-thrill,  
 For a sunny, gladsome day, —

For a revel of fresh spring verdure,  
 For a race mid springing flowers,  
 For a vision of plashing fountains,  
 Of birds and blossoming bowers.

There were violet banks in the shadows,  
 Violets white and blue;  
 And a world of bright anemones,  
 That over the terrace grew, —

Blue and orange and purple,  
 Rosy and yellow and white,  
 Rising in rainbow bubbles,  
 Streaking the lawns with light.

And down from the old stone-pine trees,  
 Those far-off islands of air,  
 The birds are flinging the tidings  
 Of a joyful revel up there.

And now for the grand old fountains,  
 Tossing their silvery spray, —  
 Those fountains, so quaint and so many,  
 That are leaping and singing all day.

Those fountains of strange weird sculpture,  
 With lichens and moss o'ergrown,  
 Are they marble greening in moss-wreaths,  
 Or moss-wreaths whitening to stone?

Down many a wild, dim pathway  
 We ramble from morning till noon;  
 We linger, unheeding the hours,  
 Till evening comes all too soon.

And from out the ilex alleys,  
 Where lengthening shadows play,

We look on the dreamy Campagna,  
All glowing with setting day, —

All melting in bands of purple,  
In swathings and foldings of gold,  
In ribbons of azure and lilac,  
Like a princely banner unrolled.

And the smoke of each distant cottage,  
And the flash of each villa white,  
Shines out with an opal glimmer,  
Like gems in a casket of light.

And the dome of old St. Peter's  
With a strange translucence glows,  
Like a mighty bubble of amethyst  
Floating in waves of rose.

In a trance of dreamy vagueness,  
We, gazing and yearning, behold  
That city beheld by the prophet,  
Whose walls were transparent gold.

And, dropping all solemn and slowly,  
To hallow the softening spell,  
There falls on the dying twilight  
The Ave Maria bell.

With a mournful, motherly softness,  
With a weird and weary care,  
That strange and ancient city  
Seems calling the nations to prayer.

And the words that of old the angel  
To the mother of Jesus brought  
Rise like a new evangel,  
To hallow the trance of our thought.

With the smoke of the evening incense  
Our thoughts are ascending, then,  
To Mary, the mother of Jesus,  
To Jesus, the Master of men.

O city of prophets and martyrs !  
O shrines of the sainted dead !  
When, when shall the living day-spring  
Once more on your towers be spread ?

When He who is meek and lowly  
Shall rule in those lordly halls,  
And shall stand and feed as a shepherd  
The flock which his mercy calls, —

O, then to those noble churches,  
To picture and statue and gem,  
To the pageant of solemn worship,  
Shall the *meaning* come back again.

And this strange and ancient city,  
In that reign of his truth and love,  
Shall be what it *seems* in the twilight,  
The type of that City above.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

### ROMAN GIRL'S SONG.

"Roma, Roma, Roma!  
Non è più come era prima."

ROME, Rome ! thou art no more  
As thou hast been !  
On thy seven hills of yore  
Thou sat'st a queen.

Thou hadst thy triumphs then  
Purpling the street,  
Leaders and sceptred men  
Bowed at thy feet.

They that thy mantle wore,  
As gods were seen, —  
Rome, Rome ! thou art no more  
As thou hast been !

Rome ! thine imperial brow  
Never shall rise :  
What hast thou left thee now ?—  
Thou hast thy skies !

Blue, deeply blue, they are,  
Gloriously bright !  
Veiling thy wastes afar  
With colored light.

Thou hast the sunset's glow  
Rome, for thy dower,  
Flushing tall cypress bough,  
Temple and tower !

And all sweet sounds are thine  
Lovely to hear,  
While night, o'er tomb and shrine,  
Rests darkly clear.

Many a solemn hymn,  
By starlight sung,  
Sweeps through the arches dim,  
Thy wrecks among.

Many a flute's low swell  
On thy soft air  
Lingers, and loves to dwell  
With summer there.

Thou hast the south's rich gift  
Of sudden song, —  
A charmed fountain, swift,  
Joyous, and strong.

Thou hast fair forms that move  
With queenly tread ;  
Thou hast proud fanes above  
Thy mighty dead.

Yet wears thy Tiber's shore  
A mournful mien : —  
Rome, Rome ! thou art no more  
As thou hast been !

FELICIA HEMANS.

## NAPLES.

THIS region, surely, is not of the earth.  
 Was it not dropt from heaven? Not a grove,  
 Citron, or pine, or cedar, not a grot  
 Sea-worn and mantled with the gadding vine,  
 But breathes enchantment. Not a cliff but flings  
 On the clear wave some image of delight,  
 Some cabin-roof glowing with crimson flowers,  
 Some ruined temple or fallen monument,  
 To muse on as the bark is gliding by,  
 And be it mine to muse there, mine to glide,  
 From daybreak, when the mountain pales his fire  
 Yet more and more, and from the mountain-top,  
 Till then invisible, a smoke ascends,  
 Solemn and slow, as erst from Ararat,  
 When hē, the Patriarch, who escaped the Flood,  
 Was with his household sacrificing there, —  
 From daybreak to that hour, the last and best,  
 When, one by one, the fishing-boats come forth,  
 Each with its glimmering lantern at the prow,  
 And, when the nets are thrown, the evening hymn  
 Steals o'er the trembling waters.

Everywhere  
 Fable and Truth have shed, in rivalry,  
 Each her peculiar influence. Fable came,  
 And laughed and sung, arraying Truth in flowers,  
 Like a young child her grandam. Fable came;  
 Earth, sea and sky reflecting, as she flew,  
 A thousand, thousand colors not their own:  
 And at her bidding, lo! a dark descent  
 To Tartarus, and those thrice happy fields,  
 Those fields with ether pure and purple light  
 Ever invested, scenes by him described  
 Who here was wont to wander, record  
 What they revealed, and on the western shore  
 Sleeps in a silent grove, o'erlooking thee,  
 Beloved Parthenope.

Yet here, methinks,  
 Truth wants no ornament, in her own shape  
 Filling the mind by turns with awe and love,  
 By turns inclining to wild ecstasy  
 And soberest meditation.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

FROM "THE TRAVELLER."

. . . My genius spreads her wing,  
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring;  
 Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,  
 And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide;  
 There all around the gentlest breezes stray,  
 There gentle music melts on every spray;  
 Creation's mildest charms are there combined,  
 Extremes are only in the master's mind!  
 Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,

With daring aims irregularly great;  
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,  
 I see the lords of human-kind pass by;  
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,  
 By forms unfashioned, fresh from Nature's hand,  
 Fierce in their native hardness of soul,  
 True to imagined right, above control,  
 While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,  
 And learns to venerate himself as man.  
 Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,  
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

## THE LEPER.

"Room for the leper! Room!" And as he came  
 The cry passed on, — "Room for the leper!  
 Room!"

And aside they stood,  
 Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood, — all  
 Who met him on his way, — and let him pass.  
 And onward through the open gate he came  
 A leper with the ashes on his brow,  
 Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip  
 A covering, stepping painfully and slow,  
 And with a difficult utterance, like one  
 Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,  
 Crying, — "Unclean! unclean!"

Day was breaking  
 When at the altar of the temple stood  
 The holy priest of God. The incense-lamp  
 Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant  
 Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof,  
 Like an articulate wail, and there, alone,  
 Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.  
 The echoes of the melancholy strain  
 Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,  
 Struggling with weakness, and bowed down his  
 head

Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off  
 His costly raiment for the leper's garb,  
 And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip  
 Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still,  
 Waiting to hear his doom: —

"Depart! depart, O child  
 Of Israel, from the temple of thy God,  
 For he has smote thee with his chastening rod,  
 And to the desert wild  
 From all thou lov'st away thy feet must flee,  
 That from thy plague his people may be free.

"Depart! and come not near  
 The busy mart, the crowded city, more;  
 Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er;  
 And stay thou not to hear

Voices that call thee in the way ; and fly  
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

“ Wet not thy burning lip  
In streams that to a human dwelling glide ;  
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide,  
Nor kneel thee down to dip  
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,  
By desert well, or river's grassy brink.

“ And pass not thou between  
The weary traveller and the cooling breeze,  
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees  
Where human tracks are seen ;  
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,  
Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain.

“ And now depart ! and when  
Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,  
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him  
Who, from the tribes of men,  
Selected thee to feel his chastening rod.  
Depart ! O leper ! and forget not God !”

And he went forth — alone ! not one of all  
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name  
Was woven in the fibres of the heart  
Breaking within him now, to come and speak  
Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way,  
Sick and heart-broken, and alone, — to die !  
For God had cursed the leper !

It was noon,  
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool  
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,  
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched  
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,  
Praying that he might be so blest, — to die !  
Footsteps approached, and with no strength to flee,  
He drew the covering closer on his lip,  
Crying, “ Unclean ! unclean !” and in the folds  
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,  
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.  
Nearer the stranger came, and bending o'er  
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name.  
— “ Helon !” — the voice was like the master-  
tone  
Of a rich instrument, — most strangely sweet ;  
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,  
And for a moment beat beneath the hot  
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.  
“ Helon ! arise !” and he forgot his curse,  
And rose and stood before him.

Love and awe  
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye  
As he beheld the stranger. He was not  
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow  
The symbol of a princely lineage wore ;

No followers at his back, nor in his hand  
Buckler, or sword, or spear, — yet in his mien  
Command sat throned serene, and if he smiled,  
A kingly condescension graced his lips,  
The lion would have crouched to in his lair.  
His garb was simple, and his sandals worn ;  
His stature modelled with a perfect grace ;  
His countenance, the impress of a God,  
Touched with the open innocence of a child ;  
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky  
In the serenest noon ; his hair unshorn  
Fell to his shoulders ; and his curling beard  
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.  
He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,  
As if his heart was moved, and, stooping down,  
He took a little water in his hand  
And laid it on his brow, and said, “ Be clean !”  
And lo ! the scales fell from him, and his blood  
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,  
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow  
The dewy softness of an infant's stole.  
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down  
Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshipped him.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

### THE MINSTREL.

FROM “ THE MINSTREL EDWIN.”

THERE lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,  
A shepherd swain, a man of low degree ;  
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairy-land might  
dwell,  
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady ;  
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie, —  
A nation famed for song, and beauty's charms ;  
Zealous, yet modest ; innocent, though free ;  
Patient of toil ; serene amidst alarms ;  
Inflexible in faith ; invincible in arms.

The shepherd swain, of whom I mention made,  
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock ;  
The sickle, scythe, or plough he never swayed ;  
An honest heart was almost all his stock ;  
His drink the living water from the rock ;  
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent  
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock ;  
And he, though oft with dust and sweat bes-  
prent,  
Did' guide and guard their wanderings, where-  
so'er they went.

From labor health, from health contentment  
springs ;  
Contentment opens the source of every joy.  
He envied not, he never thought of, kings ;  
Nor from those appetites sustained annoy,  
That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy :

Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled ;  
Hemourned no recreant friend nor mistress coy,  
For on his vows the blameless Phebe smiled,  
And he alone he loved, and loved her from a child.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,  
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife ;  
Each season looked delightful, as it passed,  
To the fond husband and the faithful wife.  
Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life  
They never roamed ; secure beneath the storm  
Which in Ambition's lofty land is rife,  
Where peace and love are cankered by the  
worm  
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

The wight, whose tale these artless lines unfold,  
Was all the offspring of this humble pair ;  
His birth no oracle or seer foretold ;  
No prodigy appeared in earth or air,  
Nor aught that might a strange event declare.  
You guess each circumstance of Edwin's birth ;  
The parent's transport and the parent's care ;  
The gossip's prayer for wealth and wit and  
worth ;  
And one long summer day of indolence and mirth.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy ;  
Deep thought oft seemed to fix his infant eye.  
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,  
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy ;  
Silent when glad ; affectionate though shy ;  
And now his look was most demurely sad ;  
And now he laughed aloud, yet none knew why.  
The neighbors stared and sighed, yet blessed  
the lad :  
Some deemed him wondrous wise, and some be-  
lieved him mad.

But why should I his childish feats display ?  
Concourse and noise and toil he ever fled ;  
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray  
Of squabbling imps ; but to the forest sped,  
Or roamed at large the lonely mountain's head,  
Or, where the maze of some bewildered stream  
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,  
There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,  
Shot from the western cliff, released the weary  
team.

The exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,  
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring ;  
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would  
bleed  
To work the woe of any living thing,  
By trap or net, by arrow or by sling ;  
These he detested ; those he scorned to wield ;  
He wished to be the guardian, not the king,

Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field ;  
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might  
yield.

Lo ! where the stripling, rapt in wonder, roves  
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine ;  
And sees, on high, amidst the encircling groves,  
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine,  
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert  
join,  
And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.  
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign  
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies ?  
Ah ! no : he better knows great Nature's charms  
to prize.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,  
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,  
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain  
gray,  
And lake, dim gleaming on the smoky lawn :  
Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,  
While twilight loves to linger for a while ;  
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,  
And villager abroad at early toil.  
But, lo ! the Sun appears ! and heaven, earth,  
ocean, smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,  
When all in mist the world below was lost.  
What dreadful pleasure ! there to stand sub-  
lime,  
Like shipwrecked mariner on desert coast,  
And view the enormous waste of vapor, tossed  
In billows, lengthening to the horizon round,  
Now scooped in gulfs, with mountains now  
embossed !  
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,  
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar pro-  
found !

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,  
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene.  
In darkness and in storm he found delight ;  
Nor less, than when on ocean wave serene  
The southern sun diffused his dazzling shene.\*  
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul ;  
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,  
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,  
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wished not to control.

JAMES BEATTIE.

## THE BELLS.

### I.

HEAR the sledges with the bells, —  
Silver bells, —  
What a world of merriment their melody foretells !  
\* Brightness, splendor. The word is used by some late  
writers, as well as by Milton.

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
 In the icy air of night !  
 While the stars that oversprinkle  
 All the heavens seem to twinkle  
 With a crystalline delight, —  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells  
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
 Bells, bells, bells, —  
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

## II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells, —  
 Golden bells !  
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !  
 Through the balmy air of night  
 How they ring out their delight !  
 From the molten-golden notes,  
 And all in tune,  
 What a liquid ditty floats  
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats  
 On the moon !  
 O, from out the sounding cells,  
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !  
 How it swells !  
 How it dwells  
 On the Future ! how it tells  
 Of the rapture that impels  
 To the swinging and the ringing  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
 Bells, bells, bells, —  
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

## III.

Hear the loud alarum bells, —  
 Brazen bells !  
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells !  
 In the startled ear of night  
 How they scream out their affright !  
 Too much horrified to speak,  
 They can only shriek, shriek,  
 Out of tune,  
 In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,  
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic  
 fire  
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
 With a desperate desire,  
 And a resolute endeavor,  
 Now — now to sit or never,  
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.  
 O the bells, bells, bells,  
 What a tale their terror tells  
 Of despair !  
 How they clang and clash and roar !  
 What a horror they outpour  
 On the bosom of the palpitating air !

Yet the ear it fully knows,  
 By the twanging,  
 And the clanging,  
 How the danger ebbs and flows ;  
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
 In the jangling,  
 And the wrangling,  
 How the danger sinks and swells,  
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the  
 bells, —  
 Of the bells, —  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
 Bells, bells, bells, —  
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells !

## IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells, —  
 Iron bells !  
 What a world of solemn thought their monody  
 compels !  
 In the silence of the night,  
 How we shiver with affright  
 At the melancholy menace of their tone !  
 For every sound that floats  
 From the rust within their throats  
 Is a groan.  
 And the people, — ah, the people, —  
 They that dwell up in the steeple,  
 All alone,  
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,  
 In that muffled monotone,  
 Feel a glory in so rolling  
 On the human heart a stone, —  
 They are neither man nor woman, —  
 They are neither brute nor human, —  
 They are ghouls :  
 And their king it is who tolls ;  
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,  
 Rolls,  
 A pæan from the bells !  
 And his merry bosom swells  
 With the pæan of the bells !  
 And he dances and he yells ;  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
 To the pæan of the bells, —  
 Of the bells :  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
 To the throbbing of the bells, —  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, —  
 To the sobbing of the bells ;  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 As he knells, knells, knells,  
 In a happy Runic rhyme,  
 To the rolling of the bells, —  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, —  
 To the tolling of the bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, —  
 Bells, bells, bells, —  
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

Sabbata pango ;  
 Funera plango ;  
 Solemnia clango.

INSCRIPTION ON AN OLD BELL.

WITH deep affection  
 And recollection  
 I often think of  
 Those Shandon bells,  
 Whose sounds so wild would,  
 In the days of childhood,  
 Fling round my cradle  
 Their magic spells.

On this I ponder  
 Where'er I wander,  
 And thus grow fonder,  
 Sweet Cork, of thee, —  
 With thy bells of Shandon,  
 That sound so grand on  
 The pleasant waters  
 Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming  
 Full many a clime in,  
 Tolling sublime in  
 Cathedral shrine,  
 While at a glibe rate  
 Brass tongues would vibrate ;  
 But all their music  
 Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling  
 On each proud swelling  
 Of thy belfry, knelling  
 Its bold notes free,  
 Made the bells of Shandon  
 Sound far more grand on  
 The pleasant waters  
 Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling  
 Old Adrian's Mole in,  
 Their thunder rolling  
 From the Vatican, —  
 And cymbals glorious  
 Swinging uproarious  
 In the gorgeous turrets  
 Of Notre Dame ;

But thy sounds were sweeter  
 Than the dome of Peter

Flings o'er the Tiber,  
 Pealing solemnly.  
 Oh ! the bells of Shandon  
 Sound far more grand on  
 The pleasant waters  
 Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow ;  
 While on tower and kiosk O  
 In St. Sophia  
 The Turkman gets,  
 And loud in air  
 Calls men to prayer,  
 From the tapering summit  
 Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom  
 I freely grant them ;  
 But there's an anthem  
 More dear to me, —  
 'T is the bells of Shandon,  
 That sound so grand on  
 The pleasant waters  
 Of the river Lee.

FATHER PROUT (Francis Mahony).

THE GREAT BELL ROLAND.

TOLL ! Roland, toll !  
 — High in St. Bavon's tower,  
 At midnight hour,  
 The great bell Roland spoke,  
 And all who slept in Ghent awoke.  
 — What meant its iron stroke ?  
 Why caught each man his blade ?  
 Why the hot haste he made ?  
 Why echoed every street  
 With tramp of thronging feet, —  
 All flying to the city's wall ?  
 It was the call,  
 Known well to all,  
 That Freedom stood in peril of some foe ;  
 And even timid hearts grew bold,  
 Whenever Roland tolled,  
 And every hand a sword could hold ; —  
 For men  
 Were patriots then,  
 Three hundred years ago !

Toll ! Roland, toll !  
 Bell never yet was hung,  
 Between whose lips there swung  
 So true and brave a tongue !  
 — If men be patriots still,  
 At thy first sound  
 True hearts will bound,  
 Great souls will thrill, —  
 Then toll ! and wake the test



In each man's breast,  
And let him stand confessed !

Toll ! Roland, toll !

— Not in St. Bavon's tower,  
At midnight hour, —  
Nor by the Scheldt, nor far off Zuyder Zee ;  
But here, — this side the sea ! —  
And here, in broad, bright day !

Toll ! Roland, toll !

For not by night awaits  
A brave foe at the gates,  
But Treason stalks abroad — inside ! — at noon !  
Toll ! Thy alarm is not too soon !  
To arms ! Ring out the Leader's call !  
Re-echo it from east to west,  
Till every dauntless breast  
Swell beneath plume and crest !  
Till swords from scabbards leap !  
— What tears can widows weep  
Less bitter than when brave men fall ?

Toll ! Roland, toll !

Till cottager from cottage wall  
Snatch pouch and powder-horn and gun, —  
The heritage of sire to son,  
Ere half of Freedom's work was done !

Toll ! Roland, toll !

Till son, in memory of his sire,  
Once more shall load and fire !

Toll ! Roland, toll !

Till volunteers find out the art  
Of aiming at a traitor's heart !

Toll ! Roland, toll !

— St. Bavon's stately tower  
Stands to this hour, —  
And by its side stands Freedom yet in Ghent ;  
For when the bells now ring,  
Men shout, " God save the king ! "

Until the air is rent !  
— Amen ! — So let it be ;  
For a true king is he  
Who keeps his people free.

Toll ! Roland, toll !

This side the sea !  
No longer they, but we,  
Have now such need of thee !

Toll ! Roland, toll !

And let thy iron throat  
Ring out its warning note,  
Till Freedom's perils be outbraved,  
And Freedom's flag, wherever waved,  
Shall overshadow none enslaved !  
Toll ! till from either ocean's strand  
Brave men shall clasp each other's hand,  
And shout, " God save our native land ! "  
— And love the land which God hath saved !

Toll ! Roland, toll !

THEODORE TILTON.

TOLL, THEN, NO MORE !

TOLL for the dead, toll, toll !

No, no ! Ring out, ye bells, ring out and shout.  
For the pearly gates they have entered in,  
And they no more shall sin, —  
Ring out, ye bells, ring, ring !

Toll for the living, toll !

No, no ! Ring out, ye bells, ring out and shout,  
For they do His work midst toil and din,  
They, too, the goal shall win, —  
Ring out, ye bells, ring, ring !

Toll for the coming, toll !

No, no ! Ring out, ye bells, ring out and shout,  
For it is theirs to conquer, theirs to win  
The final entering in, —  
Ring out, ye bells, ring, ring !

Toll, then, no more, ye bells !

No, no ! Ring out, O bells, ring out and shout :  
The Was, the Is, the Shall Be, and all men  
Are in His hand ! Amen !  
Ring out, ye bells, ring, ring !

R. R. BOWKER.

### CITY BELLS.

FROM THE LAY OF ST. ALOYS.

LOUD and clear  
From the St. Nicholas' tower, on the listening ear,  
With solemn swell,  
The deep-toned bell  
Flings to the gale a funeral knell ;  
And hark ! — at its sound,  
As a cunning old hound,  
When he opens, at once causes all the young whelps  
Of the cry to put in their less dignified yelps,  
So — the little bells all,  
No matter how small,  
From the steeples both inside and outside the wall,  
With bell-metal throat  
Respond to the note,  
And join the lament that a prelate so pious is  
Forced thus to leave his disconsolate diocese,  
Or, as Blois' Lord May'r  
Is heard to declare,  
" Should leave this here world for to go to that  
there."

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

### SEVEN TIMES TWO.

ROMANCE.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your  
changes,  
How many soever they be,

And let the brown meadow-lark's note as heranges  
Come over, come over to me.

Yet birds' clearest carol by fall or by swelling  
No magical sense conveys,  
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling  
The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang cheerily  
While a boy listened alone :  
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily  
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells ! I forgive you ; your good days are  
over,  
And mine, they are yet to be ;  
No listening, no longing, shall aught, aught discover :  
You leave the story to me.

JEAN INGELOW.

### OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT.

I MET a traveller from an antique land  
Who said : Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown  
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mocked them and the heart that  
fed ;

And on the pedestal these words appear :  
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings :  
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair !"  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

### ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY AT BEL- ZONI'S EXHIBITION.

AND thou hast walked about, (how strange a  
story !)

In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,  
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,  
And time had not begun to overthrow  
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,  
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted dummy ;  
Thou hast a tongue, — come, let us hear its  
tune ;

Thou 'rt standing on thy legs, above ground,  
mummy !

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon, —

Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,  
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and  
features.

Tell us — for doubtless thou canst recollect —  
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame ?  
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect  
Of either pyramid that bears his name ?  
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer ?  
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden  
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade, —  
Then say what secret melody was hidden  
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played ?  
Perhaps thou wert a priest, — if so, my struggles  
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perhaps that very hand, now pinioned flat,  
Hashob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass ;  
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat ;  
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass ;  
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,  
A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,  
Has any Roman soldier manled and knuckled ;  
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,  
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :  
Antiquity appears to have begun  
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop — if that withered tongue  
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have  
seen —

How the world looked when it was fresh and  
young,

And the great deluge still had left it green ;  
Or was it then so old that history's pages  
Contained no record of its early ages ?

Still silent ! incommunicative elf !

Art sworn to secrecy ? then keep thy vows ;  
But prithee tell us something of thyself, —

Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house ;  
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slum-  
bered, —

What hast thou seen, — what strange adventures  
numbered ?

Since first thy form was in this box extended

We have, above ground, seen some strange  
mutations ;

The Roman empire has begun and ended, —

New worlds have risen, — we have lost old na-  
tions ;

And countless kings have into dust been humbled,  
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,  
 When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,  
 Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering  
 tread, —  
 O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis ;  
 And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,  
 When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,  
 The nature of thy private life unfold :  
 A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern  
 breast,  
 And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled ;  
 Have children climb'd those knees, and kissed  
 that face ?  
 What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh, — immortal of the dead !  
 Imperishable type of evanescence !  
 Posthumous man, — who quit'st thy narrow bed,  
 And standest undecayed within our presence !  
 Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,  
 When the great trump shall thrill thee with its  
 warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,  
 If its undying guest be lost forever ?  
 O, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure  
 In living virtue, — that when both must sever,  
 Although corruption may our frame consume,  
 The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom !

HORACE SMITH.

#### ANSWER OF THE MUMMY AT BELZO- NI'S EXHIBITION.

CHILD of the later days ! thy words have broken  
 A spell that long has bound these lungs of clay,  
 For since this smoke-dried tongue of mine hath  
 spoken

Three thousand tedious years have rolled away.  
 Unswathed at length, I "stand at ease" before ye.  
 List, then, O list, while I unfold my story.

Thebes was my birthplace, — an unrivalled city  
 With many gates, — but here I might declare  
 Some strange, plain truths, except that it were pity  
 To blow a poet's fabric into air ; —  
 O, I could read you quite a Theban lecture,  
 And give a deadly finish to conjecture.

But then you would not have me throw discredit  
 On grave historians, — or on him who sung  
 The Iliad, — true it is I never read it,  
 But heard it read, when I was very young.  
 An old blind minstrel for a trifling profit  
 Recited parts, — I think the author of it.

All that I know about the town of Homer  
 Is that they scarce would own him in his day,  
 Were glad, too, when he proudly turned a roamer,  
 Because by this they saved their parish pay.  
 His townsmen would have been ashamed to flout  
 him,  
 Had they foreseen the fuss since made about him.

One blunder I can fairly set at rest :  
 He says that men were once more big and bony  
 Than now, which is a bouncer at the best ;  
 I'll just refer you to our friend Belzoni,  
 Near seven feet high ; in truth a lofty figure.  
 Now look at me, — and tell me, — am I bigger ?

Not half the size, but then I'm sadly dwindled,  
 Three thousand years with that embalming glue  
 Have made a serious difference, and have swindled  
 My face of all its beauty ; there were few  
 Egyptian youths more gay, — behold the sequel.  
 Nay, smile not ; you and I may soon be equal.

For this lean hand did one day hurl the lance  
 With mortal aim ; this light, fantastic toe  
 Threaded the mystic mazes of the dance ;  
 This heart has throbb'd at tales of love and woe ;  
 These shreds of raven hair once set the fashion ;  
 This withered form inspired the tender passion.

In vain ; the skilful hand and feelings warm,  
 The foot that figured in the bright quadrille,  
 The palm of genius and the manly form,  
 All bowed at once to Death's mysterious will,  
 Who sealed me up where mummies sound are  
 sleeping,

In cerecloth and in tolerable keeping ;

Where cows and monkeys squat in rich brocade,  
 And well-dressed crocodiles in painted cases,  
 Rats, bats, and owls, and cats in masquerade,  
 With scarlet flouncés, and with varnished faces ;  
 Then birds, brutes, reptiles, fish, all crammed  
 together,  
 With ladies that might pass for well-tanned  
 leather ;

Where Rameses and Sabacon lie down,  
 And splendid Psammis in his hide of crust,  
 Princes and heroes, — men of high renown,  
 Who in their day kicked up a mighty dust.  
 Their swarthy mummies kicked up dust in num-  
 ber,  
 When huge Belzoni came to scare their slumber.

Who'd think these rusty hams of mine were seated  
 At Dido's table, when the wondrous tale  
 Of "Juno's hatred" was so well repeated ?  
 And ever and anon the Queen turned pale.  
 Meanwhile the brilliant gaslights hung above her  
 Threw a wild glare upon her shipwrecked lover.

Ay, gaslights ! Mock me not, — we men of yore  
Were versed in all the knowledge you can men-  
tion ;

Who hath not heard of Egypt's peerless lore,  
Her patient toil, acuteness of invention ?  
Survey the proofs, — the pyramids are thriving,  
Old Memnon still looks young, and I'm surviving.

A land in arts and sciences prolific,  
O block gigantic, building up her fame,  
Crowded with signs and letters hieroglyphic,  
Temples and obelisks her skill proclaim !  
Yet though her art and toil unearthly seem,  
Those blocks were brought on railroads and by  
steam !

How, when, and why our people came to rear  
The pyramid of Cheops, — mighty pile ? —  
This, and the other secrets, thou shalt hear ;  
I will unfold, if thou wilt stay awhile,  
The history of the Sphinx, and who began it,  
Our mystic works, and monsters made of granite.

Well, then, in grievous times, when King Ce-  
phrenes,  
But ah ! — What's this ! the shades of bards  
and kings

Press on my lips their fingers ! What they mean is,  
I am not to reveal these hidden things.  
Mortal, farewell ! Till Science' self unbind them,  
Men must e'en take these secrets as they find them.  
ANONYMOUS.

#### ADDRESS TO THE ALABASTER SAR- COPHAGUS

LATELY DEPOSITED IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Thou alabaster relic ! while I hold  
My hand upon thy sculptured margin thrown,  
Let me recall the scenes thou couldst unfold,  
Mightst thou relate the changes thou hast  
known,  
For thou wert primitive in thy formation,  
Launched from the Almighty's hand at the Crea-  
tion.

Yes, — thou wert present when the stars and skies  
And worlds unnumbered rolled into their places ;  
When God from Chaos bade the spheres arise,  
And fixed the blazing sun upon its basis,  
And with his finger on the bounds of space  
Marked out each planet's everlasting race.

How many thousand ages from thy birth  
Thou slept'st in darkness, it were vain to ask,  
Till Egypt's sons upheaved thee from the earth,  
And year by year pursued their patient task ;

Till thou wert carved and decorated thus,  
Worthy to be a king's sarcophagus.

What time Elijah to the skies ascended,  
Or David reigned in holy Palestine,  
Some ancient Theban monarch was extended  
Beneath the lid of this emblazoned shrine,  
And to that subterranean palace borne  
Which toiling ages in the rock had worn.

Thebes from her hundred portals filled the plain  
To see the car on which thou wert upheld : —  
What funeral pomps extended in thy train,  
What banners waved, what mighty music  
swelled,  
As armies, priests, and crowds bewailed in choru  
Their King, — their God, — their Serapis, — their  
Orus !

Thus to thy second quarry did they trust  
Thee and the Lord of all the nations round.  
Grim King of Silence ! Monarch of the Dust !  
Embalmed, anointed, jewelled, sceptred,  
crowned,  
Here did he lie in state, cold, stiff, and stark,  
A leathern Pharaoh grinning in the dark.

Thus ages rolled, but their dissolving breath  
Could only blacken that imprisoned thing  
Which wore a ghastly royalty in death,  
As if it struggled still to be a king ;  
And each revolving century, like the last,  
Just dropped its dust upon thy lid — and passed.

The Persian conqueror o'er Egypt poured  
His devastating host, — a motley crew ;  
The steel-clad horseman, — the barbarian horde, —  
Music and men of every sound and hue, —  
Priests, archers, eunuchs, concubines, and brutes, —  
Gongs, trumpets, cymbals, dulcimers, and lutes.

Then did the fierce Cambyses tear away  
The ponderous rock that sealed the sacred tomb ;  
Then did the slowly penetrating ray  
Redeem thee from long centuries of gloom,  
And lowered torches flashed against thy side  
As Asia's king thy blazoned trophies eyed.

Plucked from his grave, with sacrilegious taunt,  
The features of the royal corpse they scanned : —  
Dashing the diadem from his temple gaunt,  
They tore the sceptre from his graspleas hand,  
And on those fields, where once his will was law,  
Left him for winds to waste and beasts to gnaw.

Some pious Thebans, when the storm was past,  
Unclosed the sepulchre with cunning skill,  
And nature, aiding their devotion, cast  
Over its entrance a concealing rill.  
Then thy third darkness came, and thou didst sleep  
Twenty-three centuries in silence deep.

But he from whom nor pyramid nor Sphinx  
Can hide its secrecies, Belzoni, came ;  
From the tomb's mouth unloosed the granite links,  
Gave thee again to light and life and fame.  
And brought thee from the sands and desert forth  
To charm the pallid children of the North.

Thou art in London, which, when thou wert new,  
Was, what Thebes is, a wilderness and waste,  
Where savage beasts more savage men pursue, —  
A scene by nature cursed, — by man disgraced.  
Now — 't is the world's metropolis — the high  
Queen of arms, learning, arts, and luxury.

Here, where I hold my hand, 't is strange to think  
What other hands perchance preceded mine ;  
Others have also stood beside thy brink,  
And vainly conned the moralizing line.  
Kings, sages, chiefs, that touched this stone, like  
me,  
Where are ye now? — where all must shortly be !

All is mutation ; — he within this stone  
Was once the greatest monarch of the hour : —  
His bones are dust, — his very name unknown.  
Go, — learn from him the vanity of power :  
Seek not the frame's corruption to control,  
But build a lasting mansion for thy soul.

HORACE SMITH.

### THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,  
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring  
swain,

Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed.  
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,  
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,  
Where humble happiness endeared each scene !  
How often have I paused on every charm,  
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,  
The never-falling brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church that topped the neighboring  
hill,

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers made !  
How often have I blessed the coming day,  
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,  
And all the village train, from labor free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,  
While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
The young contending as the old surveyed ;  
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,  
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round ;  
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,  
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired ;

The dancing pair that simply sought renown,  
By holding out, to tire each other down ;  
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,  
While secret laughter tittered round the place ;  
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,  
The matron's glance that would those looks re-  
prove, —

These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like  
these,

With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please ;  
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence  
shed,

These were thy charms, — but all these charms  
are fled !

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,  
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;  
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
And desolation saddens all thy green ;  
One only master grasps the whole domain,  
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain ;  
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,  
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way ;  
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ;  
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's lapwing flies,  
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.  
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,  
And the long grass o'er-tops the mouldering wall,  
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,  
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay :  
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made ;  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
When every rood of ground maintained its man ;  
For him light Labor spread her wholesome store,  
Just gave what life required, but gave no more :  
His best companions, innocence and health ;  
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered ; trade's unfeeling train  
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain ;  
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,  
Unwieldy wealth and cumberous pomp repose,  
And every want to luxury allied,  
And every pang that folly pays to pride.  
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,  
Those calm desires that asked but little room,  
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful  
scene,

Lived in each look, and brightened all the green, —  
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,  
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's  
close,

Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;  
 There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,  
 The mingling notes came softened from below ;  
 The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,  
 The sober herd that lowed to meet their young ;  
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
 The playful children just let loose from school ;  
 The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering  
 wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind, —  
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
 And filled each pause the nightingale had made.  
 But now the sounds of population fail,  
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,  
 No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,  
 But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.  
 All but yon widowed, solitary thing,  
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;  
 She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,  
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,  
 To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,  
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;  
 She only left of all the harmless train,  
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden  
 smiled,

And still where many a garden-flower grows wild ;  
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
 A man he was to all the country dear,  
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;  
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his  
 place ;

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,  
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;  
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.  
 His house was known to all the vagrant train.  
 Hechid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;  
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest,  
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast.  
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;  
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
 Sate by his fire, and talked the night away ;  
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,  
 Shouldered his crutch, and showed 'how fields  
 were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to  
 glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;  
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
 And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side ;  
 But in his duty prompt at every call,  
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all ;

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,  
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
 He Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,  
 The reverend champion stood. At his control,  
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;  
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
 And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
 His looks adorned the venerable place ;  
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.  
 The service past, around the pious man,  
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;  
 E'en children followed with endearing wile,  
 And plucked his gown, to share the good man's  
 smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,  
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares dis-  
 tressed ;

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.  
 As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,  
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are  
 spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,  
 With blossomed furze unprofitable gay,  
 There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,  
 The village master taught his little school ;  
 A man severe he was, and stern to view,  
 I knew him well, and every truant knew ;  
 Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace  
 The day's disasters in his morning face ;  
 Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee  
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;  
 Full well the busy whisper circling round  
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned ;  
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,  
 The love he bore to learning was in fault.  
 The village all declared how much he knew,  
 'T was certain he could write, and cipher too ;  
 Lands he could measure, times and tides presage,  
 And e'en the story ran that he could gauge ;  
 In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,  
 For, e'en though vanquished, he could argue still,  
 While words of learned length and thundering  
 sound

Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;  
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew  
 That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot  
 Where many a time he triumphed is forgot,  
 Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,  
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye.

Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts  
inspired,

Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,  
Where village statesmen talked with looks pro-  
found,

And news much older than their ale went round.  
Imagination fondly stoops to trace

The parlor splendors of that festive place, —  
The whitewashed wall; the nicely sanded floor;  
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;  
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;  
The pictures placed for ornament and use;  
The twelve good rules; the royal game of goose;  
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,  
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay;  
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,  
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row,

As some fair female unadorned and plain,  
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,  
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,  
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes,  
But when those charms are past, — for charms are  
frail, —

When time advances, and when lovers fail,  
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,  
In all the glaring impotence of dress;  
Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed,  
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,  
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,  
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;  
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,  
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;  
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,  
The country blooms, — a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,  
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?  
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed  
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,  
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,  
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped, — what waits him there?  
To see profusion that he must not share;  
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined  
To pamper luxury and thin mankind;  
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know  
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.  
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,  
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;  
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps  
display,

There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.  
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight  
reign,

Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train:  
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,  
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.

Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!  
Sure these denote one universal joy!  
Are these thy serious thoughts? — Ah, turn thine  
eyes

Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.  
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,  
Has wept at tales of innocence distress;  
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn,  
Now lost to all: her friends, her virtue fled,  
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,  
And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the  
shower, .

With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,  
When idly first, ambitious of the town,  
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.  
Do thine, sweet AUBURN, thine, the loveliest  
train,

Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?  
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,  
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,  
Where half the convex world intrudes between,  
Through torrid tracks with fainting steps they go,  
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.  
Far different there from all that charmed before,  
The various terrors of that horrid shore, —  
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,  
And fiercely shed intolerable day;  
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,  
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;  
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance  
crowned,

Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;  
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake  
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;  
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,  
And savage men more murderous still than they;  
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,  
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.  
Far different these from every former scene,  
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,  
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,  
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that  
parting day

That called them from their native walks away;  
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,  
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their  
last,

And took a long farewell, and wished in vain  
For seats like these beyond the western main;  
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,  
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.  
The good old sire, the first prepared to go  
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;  
But for himself in conscious virtue brave,  
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.

His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,  
The fond companion of his helpless years,  
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,  
And left a lover's for her father's arms.  
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,  
And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose ;  
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a  
tear,  
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear ;  
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief  
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury ! thou curst by Heaven's decree,  
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee !  
How do thy potions with insidious joy  
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !  
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,  
Boast of a florid vigor not their own.  
At every draught more large and large they grow,  
A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe ;  
Till sapped their strength, and every part un-  
sound,

Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,  
And half the business of destruction done ;  
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,  
I see the rural virtues leave the land.  
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,  
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,  
Downward they move, a melancholy band,  
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.  
Contented toil, and hospitable care,  
And kind connubial tenderness, are there ;  
And piety, with wishes placed above,  
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

### ENGLAND.

FROM "THE TRAVELLER."

THAT independence Britons prize too high  
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie :  
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,  
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown ;  
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,  
Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled.  
Ferments arise, imprisoned factions roar,  
Repressed ambition struggles round her shore,  
Till, overwrought, the general system feels,  
Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,  
As duty, love, and honor, fail to sway,  
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,  
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.  
Hence all obedience bows to thee alone,  
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown :  
Till time may come, when, stripped of all her  
charms,  
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,

Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,  
Where kings have toiled, and poets wrote for fame,  
One sink of level avarice shall lie,  
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonored die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,  
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great ;  
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,  
Far from my bosom drive the low desire ;  
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel  
The rabble's rage and tyrant's angry steel ;  
Thou transitory flower, alike undone  
By proud contempt or favor's fostering sun,  
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure.  
I only would repress them to secure ;  
For just experience tells, in every soil,  
That those that think must govern those that toil ;  
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,  
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.  
Hence, should one order disproportioned grow,  
Its double weight must ruin all below.

Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,  
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore ?  
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,  
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste ;  
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,  
Lead stern depopulation in her train,  
And over fields where scattered hamlets rose,  
In barren solitary pomp repose ?  
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,  
The smiling long-frequented village fall ?  
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed.  
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,  
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,  
To traverse elimes beyond the western main,  
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamp around,  
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound ?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays,  
Through tangled forests and through dangerous  
ways ;

Where beasts with man divided empire claim,  
And the brown Indian marks with murderous  
aim, —

There, while above the giddy tempest flies,  
And all around distressful yells arise,  
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,  
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,  
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,  
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

### PEACE IN ACADIE.

FROM "EVANGELINE."

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring  
pines and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, in-  
distinct in the twilight,



Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.

Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval ; but where are the hearts that beneath it

Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman ?

Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers, —

Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,

Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven ?

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,

Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré

Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,

Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.

Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,

Shut out the turbulent tides ; but at stated seasons the flood-gates

Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.

West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields

Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain ; and away to the northward

Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains

Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic

Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.

Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,

Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows ; and gables projecting

Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles

Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden

Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors

Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children

Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.

Reverend walked he among them ; and up rose matrons and maidens,

Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.

Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry

Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village

Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,

Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.

Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers, —

Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from

Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.

Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows ;

But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners ;

There the richest were poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,

Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,

Dwelt on his goodly acres ; and with him, directing his household,

Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.

Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters ;

Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes ;

White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.

Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses !

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that  
 feed in the meadows,  
 When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers  
 at noontide  
 Flagon of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was  
 the maiden.  
 Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the  
 bell from its turret  
 Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest  
 with his hyssop  
 Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings  
 upon them,  
 Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet  
 of beads and her missal,  
 Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue,  
 and the ear-rings,  
 Brought in the olden time from France, and since,  
 as an heirloom,  
 Handed down from mother to child, through long  
 generations.  
 But a celestial brightness, a more ethereal beauty,  
 Shone on her face and encircled her form, when,  
 after confession,  
 Homeward serenely she walked with God's bene-  
 diction upon her.  
 When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing  
 of exquisite music.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### EVANGELINE ON THE PRAIRIE.

BEAUTIFUL was the night. Behind the black  
 wall of the forest,  
 Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon.  
 On the river  
 Fell here and there through the branches a tremu-  
 lous gleam of the moonlight,  
 Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened  
 and devious spirit.  
 Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers  
 of the garden  
 Poured out their souls in odors, that were their  
 prayers and confessions  
 Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent  
 Carthusian.  
 Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with  
 shadows and night-dews,  
 Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and  
 the magical moonlight  
 Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable  
 longings,  
 As, through the garden gate, and beneath the  
 shade of the oak-trees,  
 Passed she along the path to the edge of the meas-  
 ureless prairie.  
 Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-  
 flies

Gleaming and floating away in mingled and in-  
 finite numbers.  
 Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in  
 the heavens,  
 Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to mar-  
 vel and worship,  
 Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls  
 of that temple,  
 As if a hand had appeared and written upon them,  
 "Upharsin."  
 And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and  
 the fire-flies,  
 Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O  
 my beloved!  
 Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot he-  
 hold thee?  
 Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does  
 not reach me?  
 Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the  
 prairie!  
 Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the  
 woodlands around me!  
 Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from  
 labor,  
 Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me  
 in thy slumbers.  
 When shall these eyes behold, these arms be fold-  
 ed about thee?"  
 Loud and sudden and near the note of a whip-  
 poorwill sounded  
 Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the  
 neighboring thickets,  
 Farther and farther away it floated and dropped  
 into silence.  
 "Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular  
 caverns of darkness;  
 And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded,  
 "To-morrow!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

#### WEEHAWKEN AND THE BAY OF NEW YORK.

FROM "FANNY."

WEEHAWKEN! In thy mountain scenery yet,  
 All we adore of Nature in her wild  
 And frolic hour of infancy is met;  
 And never has a summer's morning smiled  
 Upon a lovelier scene than the full eye  
 Of the enthusiast revels on, — when high  
 Amid thy forest solitudes he climbs  
 O'er crags that proudly tower above the deep,  
 And knows that sense of danger which sublimates  
 The breathless moment, — when his daring step

Is on the verge of the cliff, and he can hear  
The low dash of the wave with startled ear,

Like the death-music of his coming doom,  
And clings to the green turf with desperate force,  
As the heart clings to life; and when resume  
The currents in his veins their wonted course,  
There lingers a deep feeling, — like the moan  
Of wearied ocean when the storm is gone.

In such an hour he turns, and on his view,  
Ocean and earth and heaven burst before him;  
Clouds slumbering at his feet, and the clear blue  
Of summer's sky in beauty bending o'er him, —  
The city bright below; and far away,  
Sparkling in golden light, his own romantic bay.

Tall spire, and glittering roof, and battlement,  
And banners floating in the sunny air;  
And white sails o'er the calm blue waters bent,  
Green isle, and circling shore, are blended there  
In wild reality. When life is old,  
And many a scene forgot, the heart will hold

Its memory of this; nor lives there one  
Whose infant breath was drawn, or boyhood's  
days  
Of happiness were passed beneath that sun,  
That in his manhood's prime can calmly gaze  
Upon that bay, or on that mountain stand,  
Nor feel the prouder of his native land.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

### THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

[Francois de Bonnard was born 1496, and was educated for the church. He stood forward in the defence of Geneva against the Duke of Savoy and the Bishop. He was imprisoned for two years (1519-21) at Grôlée, and again at the Château of Chillon, 1530-36. He was much honored by his townsmen, the Genevese, and died in 1570. The castle stands on the margin of the Lake of Geneva.]

#### I.

My hair is gray, but not with years,  
Nor grew it white  
In a single night,  
As men's have grown from sudden fears:  
My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,  
But rusted with a vile repose,  
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,  
And mine has been the fate of those  
To whom the goodly earth and air  
Are banned, and barred, — forbidden fare;  
But this was for my father's faith  
I suffered chains and courted death;  
That father perished at the stake  
For tenets he would not forsake;

And for the same his lineal race  
In darkness found a dwelling-place;  
We were seven, — who now are one,  
Six in youth, and one in age,  
Finished as they had begun,  
Proud of Persecution's rage;  
One in fire, and two in field,  
Their belief with blood have sealed!  
Dying as their father died,  
For the God their foes denied;  
Three were in a dungeon cast,  
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

#### II.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould  
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,  
There are seven columns, massy and gray,  
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray, —  
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,  
And through the crevice and the cleft  
Of the thick wall is fallen and left,  
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,  
Like a marsh's meteor lamp, —  
And in each pillar there is a ring,  
And in each ring there is a chain;  
That iron is a cankering thing,  
For in these limbs its teeth remain  
With marks that will not wear away,  
Till I have done with this new day,  
Which now is painful to these eyes,  
Which have not seen the sun to rise  
For years, — I cannot count them o'er,  
I lost their long and heavy score  
When my last brother drooped and died,  
And I lay living by his side.

#### III.

They chained us each to a column stone,  
And we were three, yet each alone;  
We could not move a single pace,  
We could not see each other's face,  
But with that pale and livid light  
That made us strangers in our sight;  
And thus together, yet apart,  
Fettered in hand, but pined in heart;  
'T was still some solace, in the dearth  
Of the pure elements of earth,  
To hearken to each other's speech,  
And each turn comforter to each  
With some new hope, or legend old,  
Or song heroically bold;  
But even these at length grew cold.  
Our voices took a dreary tone,  
An echo of the dungeon-stone,  
A grating sound, — not full and free  
As they of yore were wont to be;  
It might be fancy, — but to me  
They never sounded like our own.

## IV.

I was the eldest of the three,  
 And to uphold and cheer the <sup>rust</sup>  
 I ought to do — and did — my best,  
 And each did well in his degree.  
 The youngest, whom my father loved,  
 Because our mother's brow was given  
 To him, with eyes as blue as heaven, —  
 For him my soul was sorely moved ;  
 And truly might it be distrest  
 To see such bird in such a nest ;  
 For he was beautiful as day .  
 (When day was beautiful to me  
 As to young eagles, being free), —  
 A polar day, which will not see  
 A sunset till its summer 's gone,  
 Its sleepless summer of long light,  
 The snow-clad offspring of the sun ;  
 And thus he was as pure and bright,  
 And in his natural spirit gay,  
 With tears for naught but others' ills,  
 'And then they flowed like mountain rills,  
 Unless he could assuage the woe  
 Which he abhorred to view below.

## V.

The other was as pure of mind,  
 But formed to combat with his kind ;  
 Strong in his frame, and of a mood  
 Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,  
 And perished in the foremost rank  
 With joy ; — but not in chains to pine ;  
 His spirit withered with their clank,  
 I saw it silently decline, —  
 And so perchance in sooth did mine ;  
 But yet I forced it on to cheer  
 Those relics of a home so dear.  
 He was a hunter of the hills,  
 Had followed there the deer and wolf ;  
 To him this dungeon was a gulf  
 And fettered feet the worst of ills.

## VI.

Lake Lemán lies by Chillon's walls :  
 A thousand feet in depth below  
 Its massy waters meet and flow ;  
 Thus much the fathom-line was sent  
 From Chillon's snow-white battlement,  
 Which round about the wave intrhalls ;  
 A double dungeon wall and wave  
 Have made, — and like a living grave.  
 Below the surface of the lake  
 The dark vault lies wherein we lay,  
 We heard it ripple night and day ;  
 Sounding o'er our heads it knocked ;  
 And I have felt the winter's spray  
 Wash through the bars when winds were high  
 And wanton in the happy sky ;

And then the very rock hath rooked,  
 And I have felt it shake, unshocked,  
 Because I could have smiled to see  
 The death that would have set me free.

## VII.

I said my nearer brother pined,  
 I said his mighty heart declined,  
 He loathed and put away his food ;  
 It was not that 't was coarse and rude,  
 For we were used to hunter's fare,  
 And for the like had little care ;  
 The milk drawn from the mountain goat  
 Was changed for water from the moat.  
 Our bread was such as captives' tears  
 Have moistened many a thousand years,  
 Since man first pent his fellow-men  
 Like brutes within an iron den ;  
 But what were these to us or him ?  
 These wasted not his heart or limb ;  
 My brother's soul was of that mould  
 Which in a palace had grown cold,  
 Had his free breathing been denied  
 The range of the steep mountain's side ;  
 But why delay the truth ? — he died.  
 I saw, and could not hold his head,  
 Nor reach his dying hand, — nor dead, —  
 Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,  
 To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.  
 He died, — and they unlocked his chain,  
 And scooped for him a shallow grave  
 Even from the cold earth of our cave.  
 I begged them, as a boon, to lay  
 His corse in dust whereon the day  
 Might shine, — it was a foolish thought,  
 But then within my brain it wrought,  
 That even in death his freeborn breast  
 In such a dungeon could not rest.  
 I might have spared my idle prayer, —  
 They coldly laughed, and laid him there.  
 The flat and turfless earth above  
 The being we so much did love ;  
 His empty chain above it leant,  
 Such murder's fitting monument !

## VIII.

But he, the favorite and the flower,  
 Most cherished since his natal hour,  
 His mother's image in fair face,  
 The infant love of all his race,  
 His martyred father's dearest thought,  
 My latest care, for whom I sought  
 To hoard my life, that his might be  
 Less wretched now, and one day free ;  
 He, too, who yet had held untired  
 A spirit natural or inspired, —  
 He, too, was struck, and day by day  
 Was withered on the stalk away.  
 O God ! it is a fearful thing

To see the human soul take wing  
 In any shape, in any mood : —  
 I've seen it rushing forth in blood,  
 I've seen it on the breaking ocean  
 Strive with a swollen convulsive motion,  
 I've seen the sick and ghastly bed  
 Of Sin delirious with its dread :  
 But these were horrors, — this was woe  
 Unmixed with such, — but sure and slow :  
 He faded, and so calm and meek,  
 So softly worn, so sweetly weak,  
 So tearless, yet so tender, — kind,  
 And grieved for those he left behind ;  
 With all the while a cheek whose bloom  
 Was as a mockery of the tomb,  
 Whose tints as gently sunk away  
 As a departing rainbow's ray, —  
 An eye of most transparent light,  
 That almost made the dungeon bright,  
 And not a word of murmur, — not  
 A groan o'er his untimely lot, —  
 A little talk of better days,  
 A little hope my own to raise,  
 For I was sunk in silence, — lost  
 In this last loss, of all the most ;  
 And then the sighs he would suppress  
 Of fainting nature's feebleness,  
 More slowly drawn, grew less and less :  
 I listened, but I could not hear, —  
 I called, for I was wild with fear ;  
 I knew 't was hopeless, but my dread  
 Would not be thus admonished ;  
 I called, and thought I heard a sound, —  
 I burst my chain with one strong bound,  
 And rushed to him : — I found him not,  
 I only stirred in this black spot,  
 I only lived, — I only drew  
 The accurséd breath of dungeon-dew ;  
 The last — the sole — the dearest link  
 Between me and the eternal brink,  
 Which bound me to my failing race,  
 Was broken in this fatal place.  
 One on the earth, and one beneath, —  
 My brothers — both had ceased to breathe.  
 I took that hand which lay so still,  
 Alas ! my own was full as chill ;  
 I had not strength to stir or strive,  
 But felt that I was still alive, —  
 A frantic feeling when we know  
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.  
     I know not why  
     I could not die,  
 I had no earthly hope, — but faith,  
 And that forbade a selfish death.

## IX.

What next befell me then and there  
 I know not well, — I never knew.

First came the loss of light and air,  
 And then of darkness too ;  
 I had no thought, no feeling, — none, —  
 Among the stones I stood a stone,  
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,  
 As shrubless crags within the mist ;  
 For all was blank and bleak and gray,  
 It was not night, — it was not day,  
 It was not even the dungeon-light,  
 So hateful to my heavy sight,  
 But vacancy absorbing space,  
 And fixedness, — without a place :  
 There were no stars — no earth — no time —  
 No check — no change — no good — no crime ;  
 But silence, and a stirless breath  
 Which neither was of life nor death :  
 A sea of stagnant idleness,  
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless !

## X.

A light broke in upon my brain, —  
 It was the carol of a bird ;  
 It ceased, and then it came again,  
 The sweetest song ear ever heard,  
 And mine was thankful till my eyes  
 Ran over with the glad surprise,  
 And they that moment could not see  
 I was the mate of misery ;  
 But then by dull degrees came back  
 My senses to their wonted track,  
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor  
 Close slowly round me as before,  
 I saw the glimmer of the sun  
 Creeping as it before had done,  
 But through the crevice where it came  
 That bird was perched, as fond and tame,  
 And tamer than upon the tree ;  
 A lovely bird, with azure wings,  
 And song that said a thousand things,  
 And seemed to say them all for me !  
 I never saw its like before,  
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more.  
 It seemed, like me, to want a mate,  
 But was not half so desolate,  
 And it was come to love me when  
 None lived to love me so again,  
 And cheering from my dungeon's brink,  
 Had brought me back to feel and think.  
 I know not if it late were free,  
 Or broke its cage to perch on mine,  
 But knowing well captivity,  
 Sweet bird ! I could not wish for thine !  
 Or if it were, in wingéd guise,  
 A visitant from Paradise :  
 For — Heaven forgive that thought ! the while  
 Which made me both to weep and smile —  
 I sometimes deemed that it might be  
 My brother's soul come down to me ;

But then at last away it flew,  
 And then 't was mortal, — well I knew,  
 For he would never thus have flown,  
 And left me twice so doubly lone, —  
 Lone — as the corpse within its shroud,  
 Lone — as a solitary cloud,

A single cloud on a sunny day,  
 While all the rest of heaven is clear,  
 A frown upon the atmosphere,  
 That hath no business to appear  
 When skies are blue and earth is gay.

## XI.

A kind of change came in my fate,  
 My keepers grew compassionate ;  
 I know not what had made them so,  
 They were inured to sights of woe,  
 But so it was : — my broken chain  
 With links unfastened did remain,  
 And it was liberty to stride  
 Along my cell from side to side,  
 And up and down, and then athwart,  
 And tread it over every part ;  
 And round the pillars one by one,  
 Returning where my walk begun,  
 Avoiding only, as I trod,  
 My brothers' graves without a sod ;  
 For if I thought with heedless tread  
 My step profaned their lowly bed,  
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,  
 And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

## XII.

I made a footing in the wall,  
 It was not therefrom to escape,  
 For I had buried one and all  
 Who loved me in a human shape :  
 And the whole earth would henceforth be  
 A wider prison unto me :  
 No child, — no sire, — no kin had I,  
 No partner in my misery ;  
 I thought of this and I was glad,  
 For thought of them had made me mad ;  
 But I was curious to ascend  
 To my barred windows, and to bend  
 Once more, upon the mountains high,  
 The quiet of a loving eye.

## XIII.

I saw them, — and they were the same,  
 They were not changed like me in frame ;  
 I saw their thousand years of snow  
 On high, — their wide long lake below,  
 And the blue Rhone in fullest flow ;  
 I heard the torrents leap and gush  
 O'er channelled rock and broken bush ;

I saw the white-walled distant town,  
 And whiter sails go skimming down ;  
 And then there was a little isle,  
 Which in my very face did smile,

The only one in view ;  
 A small green isle, it seemed no more,  
 Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,  
 But in it there were three tall trees,  
 And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,  
 And by it there were waters flowing,  
 And on it there were young flowers growing,  
 Of gentle breath and hue.

The fish swam by the castle wall,  
 And they seemed joyous each and all ;  
 The eagle rode the rising blast,  
 Methought he never flew so fast  
 As then to me he seemed to fly,  
 And then new tears came in my eye,  
 And I felt troubled, — and would fain  
 I had not left my recent chain ;  
 And when I did descend again,  
 The darkness of my dim abode  
 Fell on me as a heavy load ;  
 It was as in a new-dug grave  
 Closing o'er one we sought to save,  
 And yet my glance, too much oppressed,  
 Had almost need of such a rest.

## XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days,  
 I kept no count, — I took no note,  
 I had no hope my eyes to raise,  
 And clear them of their dreary mote ;  
 At last men came to set me free,  
 I asked not why and recked not where,  
 It was at length the same to me,  
 Fettered or fetterless to be,  
 I learned to love despair.  
 And thus when they appeared at last,  
 And all my bonds aside were cast,  
 These heavy walls to me had grown  
 A hermitage, and all my own !  
 And half I felt as they were come  
 To tear me from a second home ;  
 With spiders I had friendship made,  
 And watched them in their sullen trade,  
 Had seen the mice by moonlight play,  
 And why should I feel less than they ?  
 We were all inmates of one place,  
 And I, the monarch of each race,  
 Had power to kill, — yet, strange to tell !  
 In quiet we had learned to dwell, —  
 My very chains and I grew friends,  
 So much a long communion tends  
 To make us what we are : — even I  
 Regained my freedom with a sigh.

BYRON.

## LAMBRO'S RETURN.

FROM "DON JUAN."

LAMBRO, our sea-solicitor, who had  
 Much less experience of dry land than ocean,  
 On seeing his own chimney-smoke, felt glad ;  
 But, not knowing metaphysics, had no notion  
 Of the true reason of his not being sad,  
 Or that of any other strong emotion ;  
 He loved his child, and would have wept the loss  
 of her,  
 But knew the cause no more than a philosopher.

He saw his white walls shining in the sun,  
 His garden trees all shadowy and green ;  
 He heard his rivulet's light bubbling run,  
 The distant dog-bark ; and perceived, between  
 The umbrage of the wood, so cool and dun,  
 The moving figures, and the sparkling sheen  
 Of arms (in the East all arm), — and various dyes  
 Of colored garbs, as bright as butterflies.

And as the spot where they appear he nears,  
 Surprised at these unwonted signs of idling,  
 He hears — alas ! no music of the spheres,  
 But an unhallowed earthly sound of fiddling !  
 A melody which made him doubt his ears,  
 The cause being past his guessing or unriddling ;  
 A pipe, too, and a drum, and, shortly after,  
 A most unoriental roar of laughter.

Old Lambro passed unseen a private gate,  
 And stood within his hall at eventide ;  
 Meantime the lady and her lover sate  
 At wassail in their beauty and their pride :  
 An ivory inlaid table spread with state  
 Before them, and fair slaves on every side ;  
 Gems, gold, and silver formed the service mostly,  
 Mother-of-pearl and coral the less costly.

Haidee and Juan carpeted their feet  
 On crimson satin, hordered with pale blue ;  
 Their sofa occupied three parts complete  
 Of the apartment, — and appeared quite new ;  
 The velvet cushions (for a throne more meet)  
 Were scarlet, from whose glowing centre grew  
 A sun embossed in gold, whose rays of tissue,  
 Meridian-like, were seen all light to issue.

Of all the dresses I select Haidee's ;  
 She wore two jellicks, — one was of pale yellow ;  
 Of azure, pink, and white was her chemise, —  
 'Neath which her breast heaved like a little bil-  
 low ;

With buttons formed of pearls as large as peas,  
 All gold and crimson shone her jellick's fellow ;  
 And the striped white gauze baracan that bound  
 her,  
 Like fleecy clouds about the moon, flowed round  
 her.

One large gold bracelet clasped each lovely arm,  
 Lockless, — so pliable from the pure gold  
 That the hand stretched and shut it without harm,  
 The limb which it adorned its only mould :  
 So beautiful, — its very shape would charm,  
 And clinging as if loath to lose its hold,  
 The purest ore enclosed the whitest skin  
 That e'er by precious metal was held in.

Around, as princess of her father's land,  
 A like gold bar, above her instep rolled,  
 Announced her rank ; twelve rings were on her  
 hand ;  
 Her hair was starred with gems ; her veil's fine  
 fold

Below her breast was fastened with a band  
 Of lavish pearls, whose worth could scarce be told ;  
 Her orange-silk full Turkish trousers furled  
 Above the prettiest ankle in the world.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life,  
 The very air seemed lighter from her eyes,  
 They were so soft and beautiful, and rife  
 With all we can imagine of the skies.  
 And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife, —  
 Too pure even for the purest human ties ;  
 Her overpowering presence made you feel  
 It would not be idolatry to kneel.

Juan had on a shawl of black and gold,  
 But a white baracan, and so transparent,  
 The sparkling gems beneath you might behold,  
 Like small stars through the Milky Way ap-  
 parent ;  
 His turban, furled in many a graceful fold,  
 An emerald aigrette, with Haidee's hair in't  
 Surmounted ; at its clasp a glowing crescent,  
 Whose rays shone ever trembling, but incessant.

They were alone once more ; for them to be  
 Thus was another Eden : they were never  
 Weary, unless when separate : the tree  
 Cut from its forest root of years, the river  
 Dammed from its fountain, the child from the knee  
 And breast maternal weaned at once forever,  
 Would wither less than these two torn apart ;  
 Alas ! there is no instinct like the heart.

They gazed upon the sunset ; 't is an hour  
 Dear unto all, but dearest to *their* eyes,  
 For it had made them what they were : the power  
 Of love had first o'erwhelmed them from such  
 skies,

When happiness had been their only dower,  
 And twilight saw them linked in passion's ties ;  
 Charmed with each other, all things charmed that  
 brought

The past still welcome as the present thought.

Now pillowed cheek to cheek, in loving sleep,  
 Haidee and Juan their siesta took, —  
 A gentle slumber, but it was not deep,  
 For ever and anon a something shook  
 Juan, and shuddering o'er his frame would creep ;  
 And Haidee's sweet lips murmured like a brook,  
 A wordless music, and her face so fair  
 Stirred with her dream, as rose-leaves with the air.

She dreamed of being alone on the sea-shore  
 Chained to a rock : she knew not how, but stir  
 She could not from the spot, and the loud roar  
 Grew, and each wave rose roughly, threatening  
 her ;

And o'er her upper lip they seemed to pour  
 Until she sobbed for breath, and soon they were  
 Foaming o'er her lone head, so fierce and high, —  
 Each broke to drown her, yet she could not die.

And wet and cold and lifeless at her feet,  
 Pale as the foam that frothed on his dead brow,  
 Which she essayed in vain to clear, (how sweet  
 Were once her cares, how idle seemed they now !)  
 Lay Juan, nor could aught renew the beat  
 Of his quenched heart ; and the sea-dirges low  
 Rang in her sad ears like a mermaid's song,  
 And that brief dream appeared a life too long.

And gazing on the dead, she thought his face  
 Faded, or altered into something new, —  
 Like to her father's features, till each trace  
 More like and like to Lambro's aspect grew, —  
 With all his keen worn look and Grecian grace ;  
 And, starting, she awoke, and what to view ?  
 O powers of heaven ! what dark eye meets she there ?  
 'Tis — 't is her father's — fixed upon the pair !

Then shrieking, she arose, and shrieking fell,  
 With joy and sorrow, hope and fear, to see  
 Him whom she deemed a habitant where dwell  
 The ocean-buried, risen from death to be  
 Perchance the death of one she loved too well :  
 Dear as her father had been to Haidee,  
 It was a moment of that awful kind, —  
 I have seen such, — but must not call to mind.

Up Juan sprung to Haidee's bitter shriek,  
 And caught her falling, and from off the wall  
 Snatched down his sabre, in hot haste to wreak  
 Vengeance on him who was the cause of all :  
 Then Lambro, who till now forbore to speak,  
 Smiled scornfully, and said, " Within my call,  
 A thousand scimitars await the word ;  
 Put up, young man, put up your silly sword."

And Haidee clung around him : " Juan, 't is —  
 'Tis Lambro, — 't is my father ! Kneel with me, —  
 He will forgive us, — yes, — it must be, — yes.  
 O dearest father, in this agony

Of pleasure and of pain, — even while I kiss  
 Thy garment's hem with transport, can it be  
 That doubt should mingle with my filial joy ?  
 Deal with me as thou wilt, but spare this boy."

High and inscrutable the old man stood,  
 Calm in his voice, and calm within his eye, —  
 Not always signs with him of calmest mood :  
 He looked upon her, but gave no reply ;  
 Then turned to Juan, in whose cheek the blood  
 Oft came and went, as there resolved to die,  
 In arms, at least, he stood in act to spring  
 On the first foe whom Lambro's call might bring.

" Youngman, your sword " ; so Lambro once more  
 said :

Juan replied, " Not while this arm is free."  
 The old man's cheek grew pale, but not with dread,  
 And drawing from his belt a pistol, he  
 Replied, " Your blood be then on your own head."  
 Then looked close at the flint, as if to see  
 'T was fresh, — for he had lately used the lock, —  
 And next proceeded quietly to cock.

Lambro presented, and one instant more  
 Had stopped this canto, and Don Juan's breath,  
 When Haidee threw herself her boy before ;  
 Stern as her sire : " On me," she cried, " let death  
 Descend, — the fault is mine ; this fatal shore  
 He found, — but sought not. I have pledged  
 my faith ;  
 I love him, — I will die with him : I knew  
 Your nature's firmness, — know your daughter's  
 too."

A minute past, and she had been all tears  
 And tenderness and infancy ; but now  
 She stood as one who championed human fears, —  
 Pale, statue-like, and stern, she wooed the blow ;  
 And tall beyond her sex, and their compeers,  
 She drew up to her height, as if to show  
 A fairer mark ; and with a fixed eye, scanned  
 Her father's face, — but never stopped his hand.

The father paused a moment, then withdrew  
 His weapon, and replaced it ; but stood still,  
 And looking on her, as to look her through :  
 " Not I," he said, " have sought this stranger's  
 ill ;

Not I have made this desolation : few  
 Would bear such outrage, and forbear to kill ;  
 But I must do my duty, — how thou hast  
 Done thine, the present vouches for the past.

" Let him disarm ; or, by my father's head,  
 His own shall roll before you like a ball !"  
 He raised his whistle, as the word he said,  
 And blew ; another answered to the call,  
 And, rushing in disorderly, though led,  
 And armed from boot to turban, one and all,



Some twenty of his train came, rank on rank ;  
He gave the word, — " Arrest, or slay, the Frank . "

Then, with a sudden movement, he withdrew  
His daughter ; while compressed within his  
clasp,

" Twixt her and Juan interposed the crew ;  
In vain she struggled in her father's grasp, —  
His arms were like a serpent's coil : then flew  
Upon their prey, as darts an angry asp,  
The file of pirates ; save the foremost, who,  
Had fallen, with his right shoulder half cut  
through.

The second had his cheek laid open ; but  
The third, a wary, cool, old swordsman, took  
The blows upon his cutlass, and then put  
His own well in : so well, ere you could look,  
His man was felled, and helpless, at his foot,  
With the blood running, like a little brook,  
From two smart sabre-gashes, deep and red, —  
One on the arm, the other on the head.

And then they bound him where he fell, and bore  
Juan from the apartment : with a sign,  
Old Lambro bade them take him to the shore,  
Where lay some ships which were to sail at nine.  
They laid him in a boat, and plied the oar  
Until they reached some galliots, placed in line ;  
On board of one of these, and under hatches,  
They stowed him, with strict orders to the watches.

The last sight Haidee saw was Juan's gore,  
And he himself o'er-mastered and cut down :  
His blood was running on the very floor,  
Where late he trod, her beautiful, her own ;  
Thus much she viewed an instant and no more, —  
Her struggles ceased with one convulsive groan ;  
On her sire's arm, which until now scarce held  
Her, writhing, fell she, like a cedar felled.

A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyes  
Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran  
o'er ;  
And her head drooped, as when the lily lies  
O'er-charged with rain : her summoned hand-  
maids bore

Their lady to her couch, with gushing eyes ;  
Of herbs and cordials they produced their store,  
But she defied all means they could employ,  
Like one life could not hold, nor death destroy.

Days lay she in that state, unchanged, though  
chill,

With nothing livid, still her lips were red ;  
She had no pulse, but death seemed absent still ;  
No hideous sign proclaimed her surely dead ;  
Corruption came not, in each mind to kill  
All hope ; to look upon her sweet face bred

New thoughts of life, for it seemed full of soul, —  
She had so much, earth could not claim the whole.

She woke at length, but not as sleepers wake,  
Rather the dead, for life seemed something new,  
A strange sensation which she must partake  
Perforce, since whatsoever met her view  
Struck not her memory, though a heavy ache  
Lay at her heart, whose earliest beat, still true,  
Brought back the sense of pain without the cause,  
For, for a while, the furies made a pause.

She looked on many a face with vacant eye,  
On many a token without knowing what ;  
She saw them watch her without asking why ;  
And recked not who around her pillow sat ;  
Not speechless, though she spoke not ; not a sigh  
Relieved her thoughts ; dull silence and quick  
chat  
Were tried in vain by those who served ; she gave  
No sign, save breath, of having left the grave.

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not ;  
Her father watched, she turned her eyes away ;  
She recognized no being, and no spot,  
However dear, or cherished in their day ;  
They changed from room to room, but all forgot,  
Gentle, but without memory, she lay ;  
At length those eyes, which they would fain be  
weaning  
Back to old thoughts, waxed full of fearful mean-  
ing.

And then a slave bethought her of a harp ;  
The harper came, and tuned his instrument ;  
At the first notes, irregular and sharp,  
On him her flashing eyes a moment bent,  
Then to the wall she turned, as if to warp  
Her thoughts from sorrow, through her heart  
re-sent ;  
And he began a long low island-song  
Of ancient days, ere tyranny grew strong.

Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall,  
In time to his old tune ; he changed the theme,  
And sung of love ; the fierce name struck through  
all  
Her recollection ; on her flashed the dream  
Of what she was, and is, if ye could call  
To be so being ; in a gushing stream  
The tears rushed forth from her o'erclouded brain,  
Like mountain mists at length dissolved in rain.

Short solace, vain relief ! — thought came too  
quick,  
And whirled her brain to madness ; she arose,  
As one who ne'er had dwelt among the sick,  
And slew at all she met, as on her foes ;

But no one ever heard her speak or shriek,  
Although her paroxysm drew towards its  
close ; —

Hers was a frenzy which disdained to rave,  
Even when they smote her, in the hope to save.

Yet she betrayed at times a gleam of sense ;  
Nothing could make her meet her father's face,  
Though on all other things with looks intense  
She gazed, but none she ever could retrace ;  
Food she refused, and raiment ; no pretence  
Availed for either ; neither change of place,  
Nor time, nor skill, nor remedy, could give her  
Senses to sleep, — the power seemed gone forever.

Twelve days and nights she withered thus ; at last,  
Without a groan or sigh or glance to show  
A parting pang, the spirit from her past ;  
And they who watched her nearest could not  
know

The very instant, till the change that cast  
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,  
Glazed o'er her eyes, — the beautiful, the black, —  
O, to possess such lustre, — and then lack !

She died, but not alone ; she held within  
A second principle of life, which might  
Have dawned a fair and sinless child of sin ;  
But closed its little being without light,  
And went down to the grave unborn, wherein  
Blossom and bough lie withered with one  
blight ;

In vain the dews of heaven descend above  
The bleeding flower and blasted fruit of love.

Thus lived, thus died she ; nevermore on her,  
Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not made  
Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,  
Which colder hearts endure till they are laid  
By age in earth ; her days and pleasures were  
Brief, but delightful, — such as had not stayed  
Long with her destiny ; but she sleeps well  
By the sea-shore, whereon she loved to dwell.

That isle is now all desolate and bare,  
Its dwellings down, its tenants passed away ;  
None but her own and father's grave is there,  
And nothing outward tells of human clay ;  
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair,  
No stone is there to show, no tongue to say,  
What was ; no dirge, except the hollow sea's,  
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

BYRON.

◆  
CLEOPATRA.

FROM "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA."

ENOBARBUS. The barge she sat in, like a bur-  
nished throne,  
Burned on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;

Purple the sails, and so perfuméd, that  
The winds were love-sick with them ; the oars  
were silver ;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggared all description : she did lie  
In her pavilion (cloth of gold of tissue),  
O'erpicturing that Venus, where we see,  
The fancy out-york nature ; on each side her  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With divers-colored fans, whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
And what they undid, did.

AGRIPPA. O, rare for Antony !

ENO. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,  
So many mermaids, tendered her i' the eyes,  
And made their bends adornings : at the helm  
A seeming mermaid steers : the silken tackle  
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,  
That yarely frame the office. From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
Her people out upon her ; and Antony,  
Enthronéd i' the market-place, did sit alone,  
Whistling to the air ; which, but for vacancy,  
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
And made a gap in nature.

AGR. Rare Egyptian !

ENO. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,  
Invited her to supper : she replied,  
It should be better he became her guest ;  
Which she entreated : our courteous Antony,  
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard  
speak,

Being barbered ten times o'er, goes to the feast ;  
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart  
For what his eyes eat only.

AGR. Royal wench !

MECENAS. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

ENO. Never ; he will not :

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety : other women cloy  
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry  
Where most she satisfies : for vilest things  
Become themselves in her ; that the holy priests  
Bless her when she is riggish.

SHAKESPEARE.

◆  
GODIVA.

NOR only we, the latest seed of Time,  
New men, that in the flying of a wheel  
Cry down the past ; not only we, that prate  
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,  
And loathed to see them overtaxed ; but she  
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,

The woman of a thousand summers back,  
 Godiva, wife to that grim Earl who ruled  
 In Coventry : for when he laid a tax  
 Upon his town, and all the mothers brought  
 Their children, clamoring, "If we pay, we  
 starve !"

Shesought her lord, and found him, where he strode  
 About the hall, among his dogs, alone,  
 His beard a foot before him, and his hair  
 A yard behind. She told him of their tears,  
 And prayed him, "If they pay this tax, they  
 starve."

Whereat he stared, replying, half amazed,  
 "You would not let your little finger ache  
 For such as *these*?" — "But I would die," said  
 she.

He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul :  
 Then filiped at the diamond in her ear ;  
 "O, ay, ay, ay, you talk !" — "Alas !" she said,  
 "But prove me what it is I would not do."

And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,  
 He answered, "Ride you naked through the town,  
 And I repeat it" ; and nodding, as in scorn,  
 He parted, with great strides among his dogs.

So left alone, the passions of her mind,  
 As winds from all the compass shift and blow,  
 Made war upon each other for an hour,  
 Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,  
 And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all  
 The hard condition ; but that she would loose  
 The people : therefore, as they loved her well,  
 From then till noon no foot should pace the street,  
 No eye look down, she passing ; but that all  
 Should keep within, door shut and window barred.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there  
 Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,  
 The grim Earl's gift ; but ever at a breath  
 She lingered, looking like a summer moon  
 Half dipt in cloud : anon she shook her head,  
 And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee ;  
 Unclad herself in haste ; and down the stair  
 Stole on ; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid  
 From pillar unto pillar, until she reached  
 The gateway ; there she found her palfrey trapt  
 In purple blazoned with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity :  
 The deep air listened round her as she rode,  
 And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.  
 The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout  
 Had cunning eyes to see : the barking eur  
 Made her cheek flame : her palfrey's footfall shot  
 Light horrors through her pulses : the blind  
 walls

Were full of chinks and holes ; and overhead  
 Fantastic gables, crowding, stared : but she  
 Not less through all bore up, till, last, she saw  
 The white-flowered elder-thicket from the field  
 Gleam through the Gothic archways in the wall.

Then she rode baek, clothed on with chastity :  
 And one low ehurl, compact of thankless earth,  
 The fatal byword of all years to come,  
 Boring a little auger-hole in fear,  
 Peeped — but his eyes, before they had their  
 will,

Were shrivelled into darkness in his head,  
 And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait  
 On noble deeds, cancelled a sense misused ;  
 And she, that knew not, passed : and all at once,  
 With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless  
 noon

Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers,  
 One after one : but even then she gained  
 Her bower ; whence re-issuing, robed and crowned,  
 To meet her lord, she took the tax away,  
 And built herself an everlasting name.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

THERE also was a NUN, a Prioress,  
 That in her smiling was full simple and coy ;  
 Her greatest oath was but by Saint Eloy ;  
 And she was eleeped Madame Eglantine.  
 Full well she sang the service diviue,  
 Entuned in her nose full sweetly ;  
 And French she spake full faire and fetisly,  
 After the school of Stratford at Bow,  
 For French of Paris was to her unknowe.  
 At meat was she well ytaught withall ;  
 She let no morsel from her lips fall,  
 Nor wet her fingers in her sauce deep ;  
 Well could she carry a morsel, and well keep,  
 That no drop neer fell upon her breast.  
 In courtesie was set full much her lest.

And certainly she was of great disport,  
 And full pleasant, and amiable of port,

And took much pains to imitate the air  
 Of court, and hold a stately manner,  
 And to be thoughten high of reverence.  
 But for to speaken of her conscience,  
 She was so charitable and so piteous,  
 She would weep if that she saw a mouse  
 Caught in a trap, if it were dead or bled ;  
 Two small hounds had she that she fed  
 With roasted flesh, and milk, and wasted bread,  
 But sore she wept if one of them were dead,  
 Or if men smote it with a staff smarte :  
 She was all conscience and tender heart.

Full seemly her wimple pinched was ;  
 Her nose was strait ; her eyes were grey as  
 glass,  
 Her mouth full small, and thereto soft and red ;  
 But certainly she had a fair forehead.

It was almost a span broad I trow,  
For certainly she was not undergrowne.

Full handsome was her cloak, as I was 'ware  
Of small coral about her arm she bare  
A pair of beads, ganded all with green ;  
And thereon hung a broach of gold full shene,  
On which was first ywritten a crowned A,  
And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.

Another NUN also with her had she  
That was her chaplain, and of PRIESTS thrice.

A good man there was of religion,  
That was a poor PARSONE of a town ;  
But rich he was in holy thought and work,  
He was also a learned man, a clerk,  
That Christ's gospel truly would preach.  
His parishens devoutly would he teach,  
Benigne he was and wondrous diligent,  
And in adversity full patient :  
And such he was yproved often times ;  
Full loth were he to cursen for his tithes,  
But rather would he given, out of doubt,  
Unto his poor parishioners about,  
Of his offering, and eke of his substance ;  
He could in little thing have suffisance.  
Wide was his parish, and houses far asunder,  
But he nor felt nor thought of rain or thunder,  
In sickness and in mischief to visit  
The farthest in his parish, much and oft,  
Upon his feet, and in his hand a staff.  
This noble ensample to his sheep he gave.  
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught,  
Out of the gospel he the words caught,  
And this figure he added yet thereto,  
That if gold rust, what should iron do ?  
And if a priest be foul, on whom we trust,  
No wonder if a common man do rust ;  
Well ought a priest ensample for to give,  
By his cleanness, how his sheep should live.

He set not his benefice to hire,  
Or left his sheep bewildered in the mire,  
And ran unto London, unto Saint Paul's,  
To seeken him a chanterie for souls,  
Or with a brotherhood to be withhold :  
But dwelt at home, and kept well his fold,  
So that the wolf ne made it not miscarry.  
He was a shepherd and no mercenarie,  
And though he holy were, and virtuous,  
He was to sinful men not dispiteous,  
Nor of his speech dangerous nor high,  
But in his teaching discrete and benigne.  
To draw his folk to heaven, with fairness,  
By good ensample, was his business :  
But if were any person obstinate,  
Whether he were of high or low estate,  
Him would he reprove sharply for the nones,  
A better priest I trow that nowhere is.  
He waited after neither pomp ne reverence,

Nor maked him no spieced conscience,  
But Christ's lore and his Apostles twelve  
He taught, but first he followed it himselfe.

CHAUCER.

### THE VICAR.

SOME years ago, ere time and taste  
Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,  
When Darnel park was Darnel waste,  
And roads as little known as scurvey,  
The man who lost his way between  
St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket  
Was always shown across the green,  
And guided to the parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath ;  
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,  
Led the lorn traveller up the path,  
Through clean-elipt rows of box and myrtle ;  
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,  
Upon the parlor steps collected,  
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say,  
"Our master knows you ; you're expected."

Up rose the reverend Doctor Brown,  
Up rose the doctor's "winsome marrow" ;  
The lady laid her knitting down,  
Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow.  
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,  
Pundit or papist, saint or sinner,  
He found a stable for his steed,  
And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,  
And warmed himself in court or college,  
He had not gained an honest friend,  
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge ;  
If he departed as he came,  
With no new light on love or liquor,  
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,  
And not the vicarage or the vicar.

His talk was like a stream which runs  
With rapid change from rocks to roses ;  
It slipped from politics to puns ;  
It passed from Mahomet to Moses ;  
Beginning with the laws which keep  
The planets in their radiant courses,  
And ending with some precept deep  
For dressing eels or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound divine,  
Of loud dissent the mortal terror ;  
And when, by dint of page and line,  
He 'stablished truth or startled error,  
The Baptist found him far too deep ;  
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow,  
And the lean Levite went to sleep  
And dreamt of eating pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or showed  
 That earth is foul, that heaven is gracious,  
 Without refreshment on the road,  
 From Jerome or from Athanasius ;  
 And sure a righteous zeal inspired  
 The hand and head that penned and planned  
 them,  
 For all who understood admired,  
 And some who did not understand them.

He wrote too, in a quiet way,  
 Small treatises, and smaller verses,  
 And sage remarks on chalk and clay,  
 And hints to noble lords and nurses ;  
 True histories of last year's ghost ;  
 Lines to a ringlet or a turban ;  
 And trifles for the "Morning Post" ;  
 And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,  
 Although he had a knack of joking ;  
 He did not make himself a bear,  
 Although he had a taste for smoking ;  
 And when religious sects ran mad,  
 He held, in spite of all his learning,  
 That if a man's belief is bad,  
 It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit  
 In the low hut or garnished cottage,  
 And praise the farmer's homely wit,  
 And share the widow's homelier pottage.  
 At his approach complaint grew mild,  
 And when his hand unbarred the shutter  
 The clammy lips of fever smiled  
 The welcome that they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me  
 Of Julius Cæsar or of Venus ;  
 From him I learned the rule of three,  
 Cat's-cradle, leap-frog, and *Quæ genus*.  
 I used to singe his powdered wig,  
 To steal the staff he put such trust in,  
 And make the puppy dance a jig  
 When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack, the change ! In vain I look  
 For haunts in which my boyhood trifled ;  
 The level lawn, the trickling brook,  
 The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled !  
 The church is larger than before,  
 You reach it by a carriage entry ;  
 It holds three hundred people more,  
 And pews are fitted for the gentry.

Sit in the vicar's seat ; you'll hear  
 The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,  
 Whose hand is white, whose voice is clear,  
 Whose tone is very Ciceronian.

Where is the old man laid ? Look down  
 And construe on the slab before you, —  
 " *Hic jacet Gulielmus Brown,*  
*Vir nullâ non donandus lauro.*"

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

### FORTUNE-TELLER.

FROM "THE COMEDY OF ERRORS."

A HUNGRY lean-faced villain,  
 A mere anatomy, a mountebank,  
 A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,  
 A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,  
 A living dead man. This pernicious slave,  
 Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer ;  
 And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,  
 And with no face, as 't were, outfacing me,  
 Cries out, I was possessed.

SHAKESPEARE.

### SWAGGER.

FROM "MERCHANT OF VENICE."

I 'LL hold thee any wager,  
 When we are both accounted like young men,  
 I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,  
 And wear my dagger with the braver grace ;  
 And speak between the change of man and boy,  
 With a reed voice ; and turn two mincing steps  
 Into a manly stride ; and speak of frays,  
 Like a fine bragging youth ; and tell quaint lies,  
 How honorable ladies sought my love,  
 Which I denying, they fell sick and died, —  
 I could not do withal ; — then I 'll repent,  
 And wish, for all that, that I had not killed them :  
 And twenty of these puny lies I 'll tell ;  
 That men shall swear I have discontinued school  
 Above a twelvemonth : I have within my mind  
 A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,  
 Which I will practise.

SHAKESPEARE.

### THE TOILET.

FROM "THE RAPE OF THE LOCK."

AND NOW, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,  
 Each silver vase in mystic order laid.  
 First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,  
 With head uncoervered, the cosmetic powers.  
 A heavenly image in the glass appears,  
 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears ;  
 The inferior priestess, at her altar's side  
 Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.  
 Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here  
 The various offerings of the world appear ;

From each she nicely culls with curious toil,  
 And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.  
 This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,  
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.  
 The tortoise here and elephant unite,  
 Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white.  
 Herc files of pins extend their shining rows,  
 Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billets-doux.  
 Now awful beauty puts on all its arms ;  
 The fair each moment rises in her charms,  
 Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,  
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face ;  
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,  
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.  
 The busy sylphs surround their darling care,  
 These set the head, and those divide the hair,  
 Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown ;  
 And Betty's praised for labors not her own.

ALEXANDER POPE.

## A RECEIPT FOR SALAD.

To make this condiment your poet begs  
 The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs ;  
 Two boiled potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,  
 Smoothness and softness to the salad give ;  
 Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,  
 And, half suspected, animate the whole ;  
 Of mordent mustard add a single spoon,  
 Distrust the condiment that bites so soon ;  
 But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault  
 To add a double quantity of salt ;  
 Four times the spoon with oil from Lucca crown,  
 And twice with vinegar, procured from town ;  
 And lastly, o'er the flavored compound toss  
 A magic soupçon of anchovy sauce.  
 O green and glorious ! O herbaeous treat !  
 'T would tempt the dying anchorite to eat ;  
 Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,  
 And plunge his fingers in the salad-bowl ;

Serenely full, the epicure would say,  
 " Fate cannot harm me, — I have dined to-day."  
 SYDNEY SMITH.

## THE PEDLER'S PACK.

FROM "THE WINTER'S TALE."

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.*

LAWN as white as driven snow ;  
 Cyprus black as e'er was crow ;  
 Gloves as sweet as damask roses ;  
 Masks for faces and for noses ;  
 Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber,  
 Perfume for a lady's chamber :  
 Golden quoifs and stomachers,  
 For my lads to give their dears ;  
 Pins and poking-sticks of steel,  
 What maids lack from head to heel :  
 Come buy of me, come ; come my, come buy ;  
 Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry :  
 Come buy.

SHAKESPEARE.

## METRICAL FEET.

TROCHEE trips from long to short ;  
 From long to long in solemn sort  
 Slow Spondee stalks ; strong foot ! yet ill able  
 Ever to come up with Dactyl trisyllable.  
 Iambics march from short to long ; —  
 With a leap and a bound the swift Anapæsts  
 throng ;  
 One syllable long, with one short at each side,  
 Amphibrachys hastes with a stately stride ; —  
 First and last being long, middle short, Amphimacer  
 Strikes his thundering hoofs like a proud high-  
 bred racer.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.



POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.



Myi - but they do by trying play  
to find of J. E. if we farming,  
Let them cheer the living brave today,  
They may wait the blend to name,

W. Gilmore  
H. K. K.

'I was ever this! - Such horns that came,  
Still unremitted, brought.  
Some newer form of grief or shame,  
Some newer care for thought.

W. Gilmore Simons.



# POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND REFLECTION.

## THE NOBLE NATURE.

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

BEN JONSON.

## MY MINDE TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

My minde to me a kingdom is ;  
    Such perfect joy therein I finde  
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse  
    That God or nature hath assignde ;  
Though much I want that most would have,  
Yet still my minde forbids to crave.  
Content I live ; this is my stay, —  
    I seek no more than may suffice.  
I presse to beare no haughtie sway ;  
    Look, what I lack my mind supplies.  
Loe, thus I triumph like a king,  
Content with that my mind doth bring.  
I see how plentie surfets oft,  
    And hastie clymbers soonest fall ;  
I see that such as sit aloft  
    Mishap doth threaten most of all.  
These get with toile, and keepe with feare ;  
Such cares my mind could never beare.  
No princely pompe nor welthie store,  
    No force to win the victorie,  
No wylie wit to salve a sore,  
    No shape to winne a lover's eye, —  
To none of these I yeold as thrall ;  
For why, my mind despiseth all.  
Some have too much, yet still they crave ;  
    I little have, yet seek no more.

They are but poore, though much they have,  
    And I am rich with little store.  
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;  
They lacke, I lend ; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's losse,  
    I grudge not at another's gaine ;  
No worldly wave my mind can tosse ;  
    I brooke that is another's bane.  
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend ;  
I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse ;  
    I weigh not Cresus' wealth a straw ;  
For care, I care not what it is ;  
    I feare not fortune's fatal law ;  
My mind is such as may not move  
For beautie bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will ;  
    I wander not to seeke for more ;  
I like the plaine, I clime no hill ;  
    In greatest stormes I sitte on shore,  
And laugh at them that toile in vaine  
To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill ;  
    I feigne not love where most I hate ;  
I breake no sleepe to winne my will ;  
    I wayte not at the mightie's gate.  
I scorne no poore, I feare no rich ;  
I feele no want, nor have too much.

The court ne cart I like ne loath, —  
    Extreames are counted worst of all ;  
The golden meane betwixt them both  
    Doth surest sit, and feares no fall ;  
This is my choyce ; for why, I finde  
No wealth is like a quiet minde.

My wealth is health and perfect ease ;  
    My conscience clere my chiefe defence ;  
I never seeke by bribes to please,  
    Nor by desert to give offence.  
Thus do I live, thus will I die ;  
Would all did so as well as I !

WILLIAM BYRD.

## BEAUTY.

'T is much immortal beauty to admire,  
 But more immortal beauty to withstand ;  
 The perfect soul can overcome desire,  
 If beauty with divine delight be scanned.  
 For what is beauty but the blooming child  
 Of fair Olympus, that in night must end,  
 And be forever from that bliss exiled,  
 If admiration stand too much its friend ?  
 The wind may be enamored of a flower,  
 The ocean of the green and laughing shore,  
 The silver lightning of a lofty tower, —  
 But must not with too near a love adore ;  
 Or flower and margin and cloud-capped tower  
 Love and delight shall with delight devour !

LORD THURLOW.

## THOUGHT.

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,  
 Feeling deeper than all thought ;  
 Souls to souls can never teach  
 What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils ;  
 Man by man was never seen ;  
 All our deep communing fails  
 To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known ;  
 Mind with mind did never meet ;  
 We are columns left alone  
 Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,  
 Far apart though seeming near,  
 In our light we scattered lie ;  
 All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company  
 But a babbling summer stream ?  
 What our wise philosophy  
 But the glancing of a dream ?

Only when the sun of love  
 Melts the scattered stars of thought,  
 Only when we live above  
 What the dim-eyed world hath taught.

Only when our souls are fed  
 By the fount which gave them birth,  
 And by inspiration led  
 Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,  
 Swelling till they meet and run,  
 Shall be all absorbed again,  
 Melting, flowing into one.

CHRISTOPHER PHARSE CRANCH.

## PRELUDE TO THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

PLEASANT it was, when woods were green,  
 And winds were soft and low,  
 To lie amid some sylvan scene,  
 Where, the long drooping boughs between,  
 Shadows dark and sunlight sheen  
 Alternate come and go ;

Or where the denser grove receives  
 No sunlight from above,  
 But the dark foliage interweaves  
 In one unbroken roof of leaves,  
 Underneath whose sloping eaves  
 The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree  
 I lay upon the ground ;  
 His hoary arms uplifted he,  
 And all the broad leaves over me  
 Clapped their little hands in glee,  
 With one continuous sound ; —

A slumberous sound, a sound that brings  
 The feelings of a dream,  
 As of innumerable wings,  
 As, when a bell no longer swings,  
 Faint the hollow murmur rings  
 O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,  
 Bright visions, came to me,  
 As lapped in thought I used to lie,  
 And gaze into the summer sky,  
 Where the sailing clouds went by,  
 Like ships upon the sea ;

Dreams that the soul of youth engage  
 Ere Fancy has been quelled ;  
 Old legends of the monkish page,  
 Traditions of the saint and sage,  
 Tales that have the rime of age,  
 And chronicles of eld.

And, loving still these quaint old themes,  
 Even in the city's throng  
 I feel the freshness of the streams  
 That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,  
 Water the green land of dreams,  
 The holy land of song.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## THE INNER VISION.

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes  
 To pace the ground, if path there be or none,  
 While a fair region round the Traveller lies  
 Which he forbears again to look upon ;

Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,  
The work of Fancy, or some happy tone  
Of meditation, slipping in between  
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.

If Thought and Love desert us, from that day  
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse :  
With Thought and Love companions of our way, —

Whate'er the senses take or may refuse, —  
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews  
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### THE POET'S REWARD.

FROM "SNOW-BOUND."

THANKS untraced to lips unknown  
Shall greet me like the odors blown  
From unseen meadows newly mown,  
Or lilies floating in some pond,  
Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond ;  
The traveller owns the grateful sense  
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,  
And, pausing, takes with forehead bare  
The benediction of the air.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

### IMAGINATION.

FROM "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

THESEUS. More strange than true : I never may  
believe

These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.  
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,  
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend  
More than cool reason ever comprehends.  
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet  
Are of imagination all compact :  
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold, —  
That is, the madman ; the lover, all as frantic,  
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt ;  
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to  
heaven ;

And, as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.

SHAKESPEARE.

### CONTENTMENT.

I WEIGH not fortune's frown or smile ;  
I joy not much in earthly joys ;  
I seek not state, I reck not style ;  
I am not fond of fancy's toys :

I rest so pleased with what I have  
I wish no more, no more I crave.

I quake not at the thunder's crack ;  
I tremble not at news of war ;  
I swoond not at the news of wrack ;  
I shrink not at a blazing star ;  
I fear not loss, I hope not gain,  
I envy none, I none disdain.

I see ambition never pleased ;  
I see some Tantalus starved in store :  
I see gold's dropsy seldom eased ;  
I see even Midas gape for more ;  
I neither want nor yet abound, —  
Enough 's a feast, content is crowned.

I feign not friendship where I hate ;  
I fawn not on the great (in show) ;  
I prize, I praise a mean estate, —  
Neither too lofty nor too low :  
This, this is all my choice, my cheer, —  
A mind content, a conscience clear.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

### THE WANTS OF MAN.

"MAN wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long."  
'T is not with *me* exactly so ;  
But 't is so in the song.  
*My* wants are many and, if told,  
Would muster many a score ;  
And were each wish a mint of gold,  
I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread —  
And canvas-backs — and wine —  
And all the realms of nature spread  
Before me, when I dine.  
Four courses scarcely can provide  
My appetite to quell ;  
With four choice cooks from France beside,  
To dress my dinner well.

What next I want, at princely cost,  
Is elegant attire :  
Black sable furs for winter's frost,  
And silks for summer's fire,  
And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace  
My bosom's front to deck, —  
And diamond rings my hands to grace,  
And rubies for my neck.

I want (who does not want?) a wife, —  
Affectionate and fair ;  
To solace all the woes of life,  
And all its joys to share.

Of temper sweet, of yielding will,  
Of firm, yet placid mind, —  
With all my faults to love me still  
With sentiment refined.

And as Time's car incessant runs,  
And Fortune fills my store,  
I want of daughters and of sons  
From eight to half a score.  
I want (alas ! can mortal dare  
Such bliss on earth to crave ?)  
That all the girls be chaste and fair, —  
The boys all wise and brave.

I want a warm and faithful friend,  
To cheer the adverse hour ;  
Who ne'er to flatter will descend,  
Nor bend the knee to power, —  
A friend to chide me when I 'm wrong,  
My inmost soul to see ;  
And that my friendship prove as strong  
For him as his for me.

I want the seals of power and place,  
The ensigns of command ;  
Charged by the People's unbought grace  
To rule my native land.  
Nor crown nor sceptre would I ask  
But from my country's will,  
By day, by night, to ply the task  
Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise  
To follow me behind,  
And to be thought in future days  
The friend of human-kind,  
That after ages, as they rise,  
Exulting may proclaim  
In choral union to the skies  
Their blessings on my name.

These are the *Wants* of mortal *Man*, —  
I cannot want them long,  
For life itself is but a span,  
And earthly bliss — a song.  
My last great *Want* — absorbing all —  
Is, when beneath the sod,  
And summoned to my final call,  
The *Mercy* of my *God*.

WASHINGTON, August 31, 1841.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

### CONTENTMENT.

"Man wants but little here below."

LITTLE I ask ; my wants are few ;  
I only wish a hut of stone,  
(A *very plain* brown stone will do,) —  
That I may call my own ;

And close at hand is such a one,  
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me ;  
Three courses are as good as ten ; —  
If nature can subsist on three,  
Thank Heaven for three. Amen !  
I always thought cold victual nice ; —  
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land ; —  
Give me a mortgage here and there, —  
Some good bank-stock, — some note of hand,  
Or trifling railroad share, —  
I only ask that Fortune send  
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,  
And titles are but empty names ;  
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo, —  
But only near St. James ;  
I 'm very sure I should not care  
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are bawbles ; 't is a sin  
To care for such unfruitful things ; —  
One good-sized diamond in a pin, —  
Some, *not so large*, in rings, —  
A ruby, and a pearl or so,  
Will do for me ; — I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire ;  
(Good heavy silks are never dear ; ) —  
I own perhaps I *might* desire  
Some shawls of true Cashmere, —  
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,  
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive  
So fast that folks must stop and stare ;  
An easy gait, — two, forty-five, —  
Suits me ; I do not care ; —  
Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,  
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own \*  
Titians and Raphaels three or four, —  
I love so much their style and tone, —  
One Turner, and no more,  
(A landscape, — foreground golden dirt, —  
The sunshine painted with a squirt.)

Of books but few, — some fifty score  
For daily use, and bound for wear ;  
The rest upon an upper floor ; —  
Some *little* luxury *there*  
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,  
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems, — such things as these,  
Which others often show for pride,  
*I* value for their power to please,  
And selfish churls deride ; —  
*One* Stradivarius, I confess,  
*Two* Meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,  
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool ; —  
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,  
But *all* must be of buhl ?  
Give grasping pomp its double share, —  
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,  
Nor long for Midas' golden touch ;  
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,  
I shall not miss them *much*, —  
Too grateful for the blessing lent  
Of simple tastes and mind content !  
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

### CONTENTATION.

DIRECTED TO MY DEAR FATHER, AND MOST WORTHY  
FRIEND, MR. ISAAC WALTON.

HEAVEN, what an age is this ! what race  
Of giants are sprung up, that dare  
Thus fly in the Almighty's face,  
And with his providence make war !

I can go nowhere but I meet  
With malecontents and mutineers,  
As if in life was nothing sweet,  
And we must blessings reap in tears.

O senseless man ! that murmurs still  
For happiness, and does not know,  
Even though he might enjoy his will,  
What he would have to make him so.

Is it true happiness to be  
By undiscerning Fortune placed  
In the most eminent degree,  
Where few arrive, and none stand fast ?

Titles and wealth are Fortune's toils,  
Wherewith the vain themselves insnare :  
The great are proud of borrowed spoils,  
The miser's plenty breeds his care.

The one supinely yawns at rest,  
The other eternally doth toil ;  
Each of them equally a beast,  
A pampered horse, or laboring moil :

The titulados oft disgraced  
By public hate or private frown,

And he whose hand the creature raised  
Has yet a foot to kick him down.

The drudge who would all get, all save,  
Like a brute beast, both feeds and lies ;  
Prono to the earth, he digs his grave,  
And in the very labor dies.

Excess of ill-got, ill-kept pelf  
Does only death and danger breed ;  
Whilst one rich worldling starves himself  
With what would thousand others feed.

By which we see that wealth and power,  
Although they make men rich and great,  
The sweets of life do often sour,  
And gull ambition with a cheat.

Nor is he happier than these,  
Who, in a moderate estate,  
Where he might safely live at ease,  
Has lusts that are immoderate.

For he, by those desires misled,  
Quits his own vine's securing shade,  
To expose his naked, empty head  
To all the storms man's peace invade.

Nor is he happy who is trim,  
Tricked up in favors of the fair,  
Mirrors, with every breath made dim,  
Birds, caught in every wanton snare.

Woman, man's greatest woe or bliss,  
Does oftener far than serve, enslave  
And with the magic of a kiss  
Destroys whom she was made to save.

O fruitful grief, the world's disease !  
And vainer man, to make it so,  
Who gives his miseries increase  
By cultivating his own woe.

There are no ills but what we make  
By giving shapes and names to things, —  
Which is the dangerous mistake  
That causes all our sufferings.

We call that sickness which is health,  
That persecution which is grace,  
That poverty which is true wealth,  
And that dishonor which is praise.

Alas ! our time is here so short  
That in what state soe'er 't is spent,  
Of joy or woe, does not import,  
Provided it be innocent.

But we may make it pleasant too,  
If we will take our measures right,

And not what Heaven has done undo  
By an unruly appetite.

The world is full of beaten roads,  
But yet so slippery withal,  
That where one walks secure 't is odds  
A hundred and a hundred fall.

Untrodden paths are then the best,  
Where the frequented are unsure ;  
And he comes soonest to his rest  
Whose journey has been most secure.

It is content alone that makes  
Our pilgrimage a pleasure here ;  
And who buys sorrow cheapest takes  
An ill commodity too dear.

CHARLES COTTON.

### THE REAPER.

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

No nightingale did ever chaunt  
More welcome notes to weary bands  
Of travellers in some shady haunt  
Among Arabian sands ;  
No sweeter voice was ever heard  
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

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

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang  
As if her song could have no ending ;  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending ;  
I listened till I had my fill ;  
And as I mounted up the hill  
The music in my heart I bore  
Long after it was heard no more.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### THE PEASANT.

FROM "THE PARISH REGISTER."

A NOBLE peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.  
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,  
His truth unquestioned and his soul serene.  
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid ;  
At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed ;  
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace ;  
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face ;  
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,  
Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved ;  
To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,  
And with the firmest had the fondest mind ;  
Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,  
And gave allowance where he needed none ;  
Good he refused with future ill to buy,  
Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh ;  
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast  
No envy stung, no jealousy distressed ;  
(Bane of the poor ! it wounds their weaker mind  
To miss one favor which their neighbors find ;)  
Yet far was he from Stoic pride removed ;  
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved.  
I marked his action, when his infant died,  
And his old neighbor for offence was tried ;  
The still tears, stealing down that furrowed cheek,  
Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.  
If pride were his, 't was not their vulgar pride  
Who in their base contempt the great deride ;  
Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,  
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed ;  
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew  
None his superior, and his equals few ; —  
But if that spirit in his soul had place,  
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace ;  
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gained  
In sturdy boys to virtuous labors trained ;  
Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,  
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast ;  
Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied, —  
In fact, a noble passion misnamed pride.

GEORGE CRABBE.

### THE HAPPY MAN.

FROM "THE WINTER WALK AT NOON."

HE is the happy man whose life even now  
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come ;  
Who, doomed to an obscure but tranquil state,  
Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,  
Would make his fate his choice ; whom peace,  
the fruit  
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,  
Prepare for happiness ; bespeak him one  
Content indeed to sojourn while he must  
Below the skies, but having there his home.

The world o'erlooks him in her busy search  
 Of objects, more illustrious in her view ;  
 And, occupied as earnestly as she,  
 Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.  
 She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not ;  
 He seeks not hers, for he has proved them vain.  
 He cannot skim the ground like summer birds  
 Pursuing gilded flies ; and such he deems  
 Her honors, her emoluments, her joys.  
 Therefore in contemplation is his bliss,  
 Whose power is such that whom she lifts from earth  
 She makes familiar with a heaven unseen,  
 And shows him glories yet to be revealed.  
 Not slothful he, though seeming unemployed,  
 And censured oft as useless. Stillest streams  
 Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird  
 That flutters least is longest on the wing.

WILLIAM COWPER.

## HAPPINESS.

FROM THE "ESSAY ON MAN."

O HAPPINESS ! our being's end and aim !  
 Good, pleasure, ease, content ! whate'er thy name :  
 That something still which prompts the eternal  
 sigh

For which we bear to live or dare to die,  
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,  
 O'erlooked, seen double, by the fool, and wise.  
 Plant of celestial seed ! if dropped below,  
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow ?  
 Fair opening to some court's propitious shrine,  
 Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine ?  
 Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,  
 Or reaped in iron harvests of the field ?  
 Where grows ? — where grows it not ? If vain  
 our toil,

We ought to blame the culture, not the soil :  
 Fixed to no spot is happiness sincere,  
 'T is nowhere to be found, or everywhere :  
 'T is never to be bought, but always free,  
 And fled from monarchs, St. John ! dwells with  
 thee.

Ask of the learned the way ? The learned are  
 blind ;

This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind ;  
 Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,  
 Those call it pleasure, and contentment these ;  
 Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain ;  
 Some, swelled to gods, confess even virtue vain !  
 Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall, —  
 To trust in everything, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less  
 Than this, that happiness is happiness ?

Take nature's path, and mad opinion's leave ;  
 All states ean reach it, and all heads conceive ;

Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell ;  
 There needs but thinking right and meaning well ;  
 And mourn our various portions as we please,  
 Equal is common sense and common ease.

ALEXANDER POPE.

## A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught  
 That serveth not another's will ;  
 Whose armor is his honest thought,  
 And simple truth his utmost skill !

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

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

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

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

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

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

## THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,  
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,  
 When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,  
 And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove,  
 'T was thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,  
 While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began ;  
 No more with himself or with nature at war,  
 He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man :

" Ah ! why, all abandoned to darkness and woe,  
 Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall ?  
 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,  
 And sorrow no longer thy bosom intrall.  
 But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay, —  
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to  
 mourn !

O, soothe him whose pleasures like thine pass away !  
 Full quickly they pass, — but they never return.

"Now, gliding remote on the verge of the sky,  
The moon, half extinguished, her crescent dis-  
plays ;

But lately I marked when majestic on high  
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.  
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue  
The path that conducts thee to splendor again !  
But man's faded glory what change shall renew ?  
Ah, fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

"T is night, and the landscape is lovely no more.  
I mourn, —but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;  
For morn is approaching your charms to restore,  
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering  
with dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn, —  
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save ;  
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn ?  
O, when shall day dawn on the night of the grave ?

"T was thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,  
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,  
My thoughts wont to roam from shade onward to  
shade,

Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.  
'O pity, great Father of light,' then I cried,  
'Thy creature, who fain would not wander from  
thee !

Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride ;  
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst  
free.'

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away ;  
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.  
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,  
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.  
See truth, love, and mercy in triumph descending,  
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !  
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are  
blending,

And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

JAMES BEATTIE.

### THE CROWDED STREET.

LET me move slowly through the street,  
Filled with an ever-shifting train,  
Amid the sound of steps that beat  
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

How fast the flitting figures come !  
The mild, the fierce, the stony faee, —  
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some  
Where secret tears have left their trace.

They pass — to toil, to strife, to rest ;  
To halls in which the feast is spread ;  
To chambers where the funeral guest  
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,  
Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,  
With mute caresses shall declare  
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,  
Shall shudder as they reach the door  
Where one who made their dwelling dear,  
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,  
And dreams of greatness in thine eye !  
Go'st thou to build an early name,  
Or early in the task to die ?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow !  
Who is now fluttering in thy snare ?  
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,  
Or melt the glittering spires in air ?

Who of this crowd to-night shall tread  
The dance till daylight glean again ?  
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead ?  
Who writhe in throes of mortal pain ?

Some, famine-struck, shall think how long  
The cold, dark hours, how slow the light ;  
And some, who flaunt amid the throng,  
Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.

Each where his tasks or pleasures call,  
They pass, and heed each other not.  
There is who heeds, who holds them all  
In His large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life, that seem  
In wayward, aimless course to tend,  
Are eddies of the mighty stream  
That rolls to its appointed end.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### RETIREMENT.

FAREWELL, thou busy world, and may  
We never meet again ;  
Here I can eat and sleep and pray,  
And do more good in one short day  
Than he who his whole age outwears  
Upon the most conspicuous theatres,  
Where naught but vanity and vice appears.

Good God ! how sweet are all things here !  
How beautiful the fields appear !  
How cleanly do we feed and lie !  
Lord ! what good hours do we keep !  
How quietly we sleep !  
What peace, what unanimity !  
How innocent from the lewd fashion  
Is all our business, all our recreation.



O, how happy here 's our leisure !  
 O, how innocent our pleasure !  
 O ye valleys ! O ye mountains !  
 O ye groves and crystal fountains !  
 How I love, at liberty,  
 By turns to come and visit ye !

Dear solitude, the soul's best friend,  
 That man acquainted with himself dost make,  
 And all his Maker's wonders to intend,  
     With thee I here converse at will,  
     And would be glad to do so still,  
 For is it thou alone that keep'st the soul awake.

How calm and quiet a delight  
 Is it, alone  
 To read and meditate and write,  
     By none offended, and offending none !  
 To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own case ;  
 And, pleasing a man's self, none other to displeas.

O my beloved nymph, fair Dove,  
 Princess of rivers, how I love  
     Upon thy flowery banks to lie,  
 And view thy silver stream,  
 When gilded by a summer's beam !  
     And in it all thy wanton fry  
     Playing at liberty,  
 And with my angle upon them  
     The all of treachery  
 I ever learned industriously to try !

Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show,  
 The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po ;  
 The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine,  
 Are puddle-water, all, compared with thine ;  
 And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are  
 With thine, much purer, to compare ;  
 The rapid Garonne and the winding Seine

Are both too mean,  
 Beloved Dove, with thee  
 To vie priority ;

Nay, Tame and Isis, when conjoined, submit,  
 And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

O my beloved rocks, that rise  
 To awe the earth and brave the skies !  
 From some aspiring mountain's crow  
     How dearly do I love,  
 Giddy with pleasure, to look down,  
 And from the vales to view the noble heights  
     above !

O my beloved caves ! from dog-star's heat,  
 And all anxieties, my safe retreat ;  
 What safety, privacy, what true delight,  
     In the artificial night

Your gloomy entrails make,  
 Have I taken, do I take !

How oft, when grief has made me fly,  
 To hide me from society

E'en of my dearest friends, have I,  
     In your recesses' friendly shade,  
     All my sorrows open laid,  
 And my most secret woes intrusted to your  
     privacy !

Lord ! would men let me alone,  
 What an over-happy one  
     Should I think myself to be, —  
 Might I in this desert place,  
 (Which most men in discourse disgrace,)  
     Live but undisturbed and free !

Here in this despised recess,  
     Would I, maugre winter's cold  
 And the summer's worst excess,  
 Try to live out to sixty full years old ;  
     And, all the while,  
     Without an envious eye  
 On any thriving under Fortune's smile,  
 Contented live, and then contented die.

CHARLES COTTON.

#### VERSES

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK,  
 DURING HIS SOLITARY ABODE IN THE ISLAND OF  
 JUAN FERNANDEZ.

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

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

Society, friendship, and love,  
 Divinely bestowed upon man !  
 O, had I the wings of a dove,  
 How soon would I taste you again !  
 My sorrows I then might assuage  
 In the ways of religion and truth, —  
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
 And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold  
 Resides in that heavenly word ! —  
 More precious than silver and gold,  
 Or all that this earth can afford ;

But the sound of the church-going bell  
 These valleys and rocks never heard,  
 Never sighed at the sound of a knell,  
 Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.

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

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

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

WILLIAM COWPER.

### THE GOOD GREAT MAN.

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits  
 Honor and wealth, with all his worth and pains !  
 It seems a story from the world of spirits  
 When any man obtains that which he merits,  
 Or any merits that which he obtains.

For shame, my friend ! renounce this idle strain !  
 What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain ?

Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,  
 Or heap of corses which his sword hath slain ?  
 Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.

Hath he not always treasures, always friends,  
 The good good man ? Three treasures, — love,  
 and light,

And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath ;  
 And three fast friends, more sure than day or  
 night, —

Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

### EXAMPLE.

WE scatter seeds with careless hand,  
 And dream we ne'er shall see them more ;  
 But for a thousand years  
 Their fruit appears,  
 In weeds that mar the land,  
 Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say, —  
 Into still air they seem to fleet,  
 We count them ever past ;  
 But they shall last, —  
 In the dread judgment they  
 And we shall meet !

I charge thee by the years gone by,  
 For the love's sake of brethren dear,  
 Keep thou the one true way,  
 In work and play,  
 Lest in that world their cry  
 Of woe thou hear.

JOHN KEBLE.

### MERCY.

FROM "MERCHANT OF VENICE."

THE quality of mercy is not strained, —  
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
 Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed, —  
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :  
 'T is mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes  
 The thronéd monarch better than his crown ;  
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
 The attribute to awe and majesty,  
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings :  
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway, —  
 It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,  
 It is an attribute to God himself ;  
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
 When mercy seasons justice.

SHAKESPEARE.

### THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a  
 royal sport,  
 And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on  
 the court.  
 The nobles filled the benches, with the ladies in  
 their pride,  
 And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with  
 one for whom he sighed :  
 And truly 't was a gallant thing to see that  
 growing show,  
 Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal  
 beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws ;  
 They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws ;  
 With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled on one another,  
 Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous smother ;  
 The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the air ;  
 Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beauteous lively dame,  
 With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed the same ;  
 She thought, The Count my lover is brave as brave can be ;  
 He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me ;  
 King, ladies, lovers, all look on ; the occasion is divine ;  
 I'll drop my glove, to prove his love ; great glory will be mine.

She dropped her glove, to prove his love, then looked at him and smiled ;  
 He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild ;  
 The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regained his place,  
 Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.  
 "By Heaven," said Francis, "rightly done !" and he rose from where he sat ;  
 "No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."

LEIGH HUNT.

## PERFECTION.

FROM "KING JOHN."

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
 To throw a perfume on the violet,  
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,  
 Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

SHAKESPEARE.

## REPUTATION.

FROM "OTHELLO."

Good-name in man and woman, dear my lord,  
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls :

Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 't is something, nothing ;  
 'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands ;  
 But he that filches from me my good name  
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
 And makes me poor indeed.

SHAKESPEARE.

## SLEEP.

WEEP ye no more, sad fountains !  
 What need you flow so fast ?  
 Look how the snowy mountains  
 Heaven's sun doth gently waste.  
 But my sun's heavenly eyes  
 View not your weeping,  
 That now lies sleeping  
 Softly, now softly lies  
 Sleeping

Sleep is a reconciling, --  
 A rest that peace begets ;  
 Doth not the sun rise smiling,  
 When fair at even he sets ?  
 Rest you then, rest, sad eyes, --  
 Melt not in weeping,  
 While she lies sleeping  
 Softly, now softly lies  
 Sleeping.

JOHN DOWLAND

## INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

COME, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving  
 Lock me in delight awhile ;  
 Let some pleasing dreams beguile  
 All my fancies, that from thence  
 I may feel an influence,  
 All my powers of care bereaving !

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,  
 Let me know some little joy !  
 We that suffer long annoy  
 Are contented with a thought,  
 Through an idle fancy wrought :  
 O, let my joys have some abiding !

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

## SLEEP.

COME, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,  
 The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,  
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,  
 The indifferent judge between the high and low,

With shield of proof shield me from out the prease  
 Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw ;  
 O, make in me those civil wars to cease :  
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.  
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed ;  
 A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light ;  
 A rosy garland, and a weary head.  
 And if these things, as being thine by right,  
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me  
 Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

## SLEEP.

Of all the thoughts of God that are  
 Borne inward unto souls afar,  
 Among the Psalmist's music deep,  
 Now tell me if that any is  
 For gift or grace surpassing this, —  
 "He giveth his beloved sleep" ?

What would we give to our beloved ?  
 The hero's heart, to be unmoved, —  
 The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep, —  
 The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse, —  
 The monarch's crown, to light the brows ?  
 "He giveth his beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved ?  
 A little faith, all undisproved, —  
 A little dust, to overweep, —  
 And bitter memories, to make  
 The whole earth blasted for our sake,  
 "He giveth his beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved !" we sometimes say,  
 But have no tune to charm away  
 Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep ;  
 But never doleful dream again  
 Shall break the happy slumber when  
 "He giveth his beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises !  
 O men, with wailing in your voices !  
 O delv'd gold the wailers heap !  
 O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall !  
 God strikes a silence through you all,  
 And "giveth his beloved sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,  
 His cloud above it saileth still,  
 Though on its slope men sow and reap ;  
 More softly than the dew is shed,  
 Or cloud is floated overhead,  
 "He giveth his beloved sleep."

For me, my heart, that erst did go  
 Most like a tired child at a show,

That sees through tears the mummers leap,  
 Would now its wearied vision close,  
 Would childlike on His love repose  
 Who "giveth his beloved sleep."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

## SLEEP.

FROM "SECOND PART OF HENRY IV."

KING HENRY. How many thousand of my  
 poorest subjects  
 Are at this hour asleep ! — O sleep ! O gentle  
 sleep !

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?  
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
 And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy  
 slumber,

Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,  
 Under the canopies of costly state,  
 And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody ?  
 O thou dull god ! why liest thou with the vile,  
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,  
 A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell ?  
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge,  
 And in the visitation of the winds,  
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
 With deafening clamors in the slippery clouds,  
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?  
 Canst thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose  
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;  
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
 With all appliances and means to boot,  
 Deny it to a king ? Then, happy low, lie down,  
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

FROM "FIRST PART OF HENRY IV."

GLENDOWER. She bids you on the wanton  
 rushes lay you down,  
 And rest your gentle head upon her lap,  
 And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,  
 And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,  
 Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness ;  
 Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,  
 As is the difference betwixt day and night,  
 The hour before the heavenly-harnessed team  
 Begins his golden progress in the east.

FROM "CYMBELINE."

Weariness  
 Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth  
 Finds the down pillow hard.

FROM "MACBETH."

Macbeth does murder sleep, — the innocent sleep,  
 Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,  
 The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,  
 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
 Chief nourisher in life's feast.

FROM "THE TEMPEST."

We are such stuff  
 As dreams are made of, and our little life  
 Is rounded with a sleep.

SHAKESPEARE.

## IANTHE, SLEEPING.

How wonderful is Death !  
 Death and his brother Sleep !  
 One, pale as yonder waning moon,  
 With lips of lurid blue ;  
 The other, rosy as the morn  
 When, throned on ocean's wave,  
 It blushes o'er the world :  
 Yet both so passing wonderful !

Hath then the gloomy Power  
 Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres  
 Seized on her sinless soul ?  
 Must then that peerless form  
 Which love and admiration cannot view  
 Without a beating heart, those azure veins  
 Which steal like streams along a field of snow,  
 That lovely outline which is fair  
 As breathing marble, perish ?  
 Must putrefaction's breath  
 Leave nothing of this heavenly sight  
 But loathsomeness and ruin ?  
 Spare nothing but a gloomy theme,  
 On which the lightest heart might moralize ?  
 Or is it only a sweet slumber  
 Stealing o'er sensation,  
 Which the breath of roseate morning  
 Chaseth into darkness ?  
 Will lanthe wake again,  
 And give that faithful bosom joy,  
 Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch  
 Light, life, and rapture from her smile ?

Yes ! she will wake again,  
 Although her glowing limbs are motionless,  
 And silent those sweet lips,  
 Once breathing eloquence  
 That might have soothed a tiger's rage,  
 Or thawed the cold heart of a conqueror.  
 Her dewy eyes are closed,  
 And on their lids, whose texture fine

Scarce hides the dark blue orbs beneath,  
 The baby Sleep is pillowed :  
 Her golden tresses shade  
 The bosom's stainless pride,  
 Curling like tendrils of the parasite  
 Around a marble column.

A gentle start convulsed Ianthe's frame :  
 Her veiny eyelids quietly unclosed ;  
 Moveless awhile the dark blue orbs remained.  
 She looked around in wonder, and beheld  
 Henry, who kneeled in silence by her couch,  
 Watching her sleep with looks of speechless love,  
 And the bright-beaming stars  
 That through the casement shone.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

## SLEEPLESSNESS.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by  
 One after one ; the sound of rain, and bees  
 Murmuring ; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,  
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky ;

I've thought of all by turns, and still I lie  
 Sleepless ; and soon the small birds' melodies  
 Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees,  
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.

Even thus last night, and two nights more I lay,  
 And could not win thee, Sleep ! by any stealth :  
 So do not let me wear to-night away :  
 Without thee what is all the morning's wealth ?  
 Come, blessed barrier between day and day,  
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## CARILLON.

IN the ancient town of Bruges,  
 In the quaint old Flemish city,  
 As the evening shades descended,  
 Low and loud and sweetly blended,  
 Low at times and loud at times,  
 And changing like a poet's rhymes,  
 Rang the beautiful wild chimes  
 From the Belfry in the market  
 Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangor  
 Calmly answering their sweet anger,  
 When the wrangling bells had ended,  
 Slowly struck the clock eleven,  
 And, from out the silent heaven,  
 Silence on the town descended.  
 Silence, silence everywhere,

On the earth and in the air,  
Save that footsteps here and there  
Of some burgher home returning,  
By the street lamps faintly burning,  
For a moment woke the echoes  
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers  
Still I heard those magic numbers,  
As they loud proclaimed the flight  
And stole marches of the night ;  
Till their chimes in sweet collision  
Mingled with each wandering vision,  
Mingled with the fortune-telling  
Gypsy-bands of dreams and fancies,  
Which amid the waste expanses  
Of the silent land of frances  
Have their solitary dwelling ;  
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,  
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes  
Are the poet's airy rhymes,  
All his rhymes and roundelays,  
His conceits, and songs, and ditties,  
From the belfry of his brain,  
Scattered downward, though in vain,  
On the roofs and stones of cities !  
For by night the drowsy ear  
Under its curtains cannot hear,  
And by day men go their ways,  
Hearing the music as they pass,  
But deeming it no more, alas !  
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,  
Lodging at some humble inn  
In the narrow lanes of life,  
When the dusk and hush of night  
Shut out the incessant din  
Of daylight and its toil and strife,  
May listen with a calm delight  
To the poet's melodies,  
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,  
Intermingled with the song,  
Thoughts that he has cherished long ;  
Hears amid the chime and singing  
The bells of his own village ringing,  
And wakes, and finds his slumberous eyes  
Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay  
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,  
Listening with a wild delight  
To the chimes that, through the night,  
Rang their changes from the Belfry  
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## THE DREAM OF CLARENCE.

FROM "RICHARD III."

CLARENCE. O, I have passed a miserable night !  
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,  
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,  
I would not spend another such a night,  
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days, —  
So full of dismal terror was the time !  
Methought that I had broken from the Tower,  
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy,  
And, in my company, my brother Gloster,  
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
Upon the hatches ; thence we looked toward  
England,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,  
During the wars of York and Lancaster,  
That had befallen us. As we paced along  
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
Methought that Gloster stumbled ; and, in fall-

ing,

Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,

Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord ! methought what pain it was to drown !

What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !

What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;

A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon ;

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,

All scattered in the bottom of the sea :

Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept

(As 't were in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,

That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,

And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

BRACKENBURY. Had you such leisure, in the

time of death,

To gaze upon these secrets of the deep ?

CLAR. Methought I had ; and often did I strive

To yield the ghost ; but still the envious flood

Stopt in my soul, and would not let it forth

To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air ;

But smothered it within my panting bulk,

Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

BRAC. Awaked you not with this sore agony ?

CLAR. No, no, my dream was lengthened after

life ;

O, then began the tempest to my soul !

I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,

With that grim ferryman which poets write of,

Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul

Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;

Who cried aloud, "What scourge for perjury

Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ?"

And so he vanished : then came wandering by

A shadow like an angel, with bright hair

Dabbled in blood ; and he shrieked out aloud,  
 "Clarence is come, — false, fleeting, perjured  
 Clarence, —

That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury ; —  
 Seize on him, Furies ! take him to your torments !"  
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends  
 Environed me, and howled in mine ears  
 Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,  
 I trembling waked, and, for a season after,  
 Could not believe but that I was in hell, —  
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

SHAKESPEARE.

## THE DREAM.

## I.

OUR life is twofold ; sleep hath its own world,  
 A boundary between the things misnamed  
 Death and existence : sleep hath its own world,  
 And a wide realm of wild reality,  
 And dreams in their development have breath,  
 And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy ;  
 They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,  
 They take a weight from off waking toils,  
 They do divide our being ; they become  
 A portion of ourselves as of our time,  
 And look like heralds of eternity ;  
 They pass like spirits of the past, — they speak  
 Like sibyls of the future ; they have power, —  
 The tyranny of pleasure and of pain ;  
 They make us what we were not, — what they  
 will,

And shake us with the vision that's gone by,  
 The dread of vanished shadows. — Are they so ?  
 Is not the past all shadow ? What are they ?  
 Creations of the mind ? — The mind can make  
 Substances, and people planets of its own  
 With beings brighter than have been, and give  
 A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.  
 I would recall a vision which I dreamed  
 Perchance in sleep, — for in itself a thought,  
 A slumbering thought, is capable of years,  
 And curdles a long life into one hour.

## II.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth  
 Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,  
 Green and of a mild declivity, the last  
 As 't were the cape of a long ridge of such,  
 Save that there was no sea to lave its base,  
 But a most living landscape, and the wave  
 Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men  
 Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke  
 From such rustic roofs ; the hill  
 Was crowned with a peculiar diadem  
 Of trees, in circular array, so fixed,

Not by the sport of nature, but of man :  
 These two, a maiden and a youth, were there  
 Gazing, — the one on all that was beneath  
 Fair as herself, — hut the boy gazed on her ;  
 And both were young, and one was beautiful :  
 And both were young, — yet not alike in youth.  
 As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,  
 The maid was on the eve of womanhood ;  
 The boy had fewer summers, but his heart  
 Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye  
 There was but one beloved face on earth,  
 And that was shining on him ; he had looked  
 Upon it till it could not pass away ;  
 He had no breath, no being, but in hers ;  
 She was his voice ; he did not speak to her,  
 But trembled on her words ; she was his sight,  
 For his eye followed hers, and saw with hers,  
 Which colored all his objects ; — he had ceased  
 To live within himself : she was his life,  
 The ocean to the river of his thoughts,  
 Which terminated all ; upon a tone,  
 A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,  
 And his cheek change tempestuously, — his heart  
 Unknowing of its cause of agony.  
 But she in these fond feelings had no share :  
 Her sighs were not for him ; to her he was  
 Even as a brother, — but no more ; 't was much,  
 For brotherless she was, save in the name  
 Her infant friendship had bestowed on him ;  
 Herself the solitary scion left  
 Of a time-honored race. It was a name  
 Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not, —  
 and why ?

Time taught him a deep answer — when she loved  
 Another ; even *now* she loved another,  
 And on the summit of that hill she stood  
 Looking afar if yet her lover's steed  
 Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

## III.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
 There was an ancient mansion, and before  
 Its walls there was a steed caparisoned ;  
 Within an antique oratory stood  
 The boy of whom I spake ; — he was alone,  
 And pale, and pacing to and fro : anon  
 He sat him down, and seized a pen, and traced  
 Words which I could not guess of ; then he leaned  
 His bowed head on his hands and shook, as 't  
 were  
 With a convulsion, — then rose again,  
 And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear  
 What he had written, but he shed no tears.  
 And he did calm himself, and fix his brow  
 Into a kind of quiet ; as he paused,  
 The lady of his love re-entered there ;  
 She was serene and smiling then, and yet  
 She knew she was by him beloved ; she knew —

For quickly comes such knowledge, that his  
heart

Was darkened with her shadow, and she saw  
That he was wretched, but she saw not all.  
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp  
He took her hand ; a moment o'er his face  
A tablet of unutterable thoughts  
Was traced, and then it faded, as it came ;  
He dropped the hand he held, and with slow steps  
Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,  
For they did part with mutual smiles ; he passed  
From out the massy gate of that old Hall.  
And mounting on his steed he went his way ;  
And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold more.

## IV.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
The boy was sprung to manhood ; in the wilds  
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,  
And his soul drank their sunbeams ; he was girt  
With strange and dusky aspects ; he was not  
Himself like what he had been ; on the sea  
And on the shore he was a wanderer ;  
There was a mass of many images  
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was  
A part of all ; and in the last he lay  
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,  
Couched among fallen columns, in the shade  
Of ruined walls that had survived the names  
Of those who reared them ; by his sleeping side  
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds  
Were fastened near a fountain ; and a man,  
Clad in a flowing garb, did watch the while,  
While many of his tribe slumbered around :  
And they were canopied by the blue sky,  
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,  
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

## V.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
The lady of his love was wed with one  
Who did not love her better : in her home,  
A thousand leagues from his, — her native home,  
She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy,  
Daughters and sons of beauty, — but behold !  
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,  
The settled shadow of an inward strife,  
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,  
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.  
What could her grief be ? — she had all she loved,  
And he who had so loved her was not there  
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,  
Or ill-repressed affliction, her pure thoughts.  
What could her grief be ? — she had loved him  
not,  
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved,  
Nor could he be a part of that which preyed  
Upon her mind — a spectre of the past.

## VI.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
The wanderer was returned. — I saw him stand  
Before an altar — with a gentle bride ;  
Her face was fair, but was not that which made  
The starlight of his boyhood ; — as he stood  
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came  
The selfsame aspect and the quivering shock  
That in the antique oratory shook  
His bosom in its solitude ; and then —  
As in that hour — a moment o'er his face  
The tablet of unutterable thoughts  
Was traced, — and then it faded as it came,  
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke  
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,  
And all things reeled around him ; he could see  
Not that which was, nor that which should have  
been, —

But the old mansion, and the accustomed hall,  
And the remembered chambers, and the place,  
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,  
All things pertaining to that place and hour,  
And her who was his destiny, came back  
And thrust themselves between him and the light ;  
What business had they there at such a time ?

## VII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
The lady of his love ; — O, she was changed,  
As by the sickness of the soul ! her mind  
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes,  
They had not their own lustre, but the look  
Which is not of the earth ; she was become  
The queen of a fantastic realm ; her thoughts  
Were combinations of disjointed things ;  
And forms impalpable and unperceived  
Of others' sight familiar were to hers.  
And this the world calls frenzy ; but the wise  
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance  
Of melancholy is a fearful gift ;  
What is it but the telescope of truth ?  
Which strips the distance of its fantasies,  
And brings life near in utter nakedness,  
Making the cold reality too real !

## VIII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
The wanderer was alone as heretofore,  
The beings which surrounded him were gone,  
Or were at war with him ; he was a mark  
For blight and desolation, compassed round  
With hatred and contention ; pain was mixed  
In all which was served up to him, until,  
Like to the Pontiac monarch of old days,  
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,  
But were a kind of nutriment ; he lived  
Through that which had been death to many men.



And made him friends of mountains ; with the  
stars

And the quick Spirit of the universe  
He held his dialogues : and they did teach  
To him the magic of their mysteries ;  
To him the book of Night was opened wide,  
And voices from the deep abyss revealed  
A marvel and a secret. — Be it so.

## IX.

My dream was past ; it had no further change.  
It was of a strange order, that the doom  
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out  
Almost like a reality, — the one  
To end in madness, — both in misery.

BYRON.

## YUSSOUF.

A STRANGER came one night to Yussouf's tent,  
Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,  
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,  
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head ;  
I come to thee for shelter and for food,  
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes 'The  
Good.'"

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more  
Than it is God's ; come in, and be at peace ;  
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store  
As I of His who buildeth over these  
Our tents his glorious roof of night and day,  
And at whose door none ever yet heard Nay."

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,  
And, waking him ere day, said : "Here is gold,  
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight,  
Depart before the prying day grow bold."  
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,  
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,  
Which shines from all self-conquest ; kneeling low,  
He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,  
Sobbing : "O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so ;  
I will repay thee ; all this thou hast done  
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son !"

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, "for with  
thee

Into the desert, never to return,  
My one black thought shall ride away from me ;  
First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,  
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees ;  
Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace !"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## JAFFAR.

JAFFAR, the Barmecide, the good vizier,  
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,  
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust ;  
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust  
Of what the good, and e'en the bad, might say,  
Ordained that no man living from that day  
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.  
All Araby and Persia held their breath ;

All but the brave Mondeer : he, proud to show  
How far for love a grateful soul could go,  
And facing death for very scorn and grief  
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),  
Stood forth in Bagdad daily, in the square  
Where once had stood a happy house, and there  
Harangued the tremblers at the scymitar  
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried ; the man  
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began  
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords,"  
cried he ;

"From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me ;  
From wants, from shames, from loveless house-  
hold fears ;

Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears ;  
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par  
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar ?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this  
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,  
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate  
Might smile upon another half as great.

He said, "Let worth grow frenzied if it will ;  
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.

Go, and since gifts so move thee, take this gem,  
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,

And hold the giver as thou deemest fit !"

"Gifts !" cried the friend ; he took, and hold-  
ing it

High toward the heavens, as though to meet his  
star,

Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar !"

LEIGH HUNT.

## HARMOSAN.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian  
throne was done,  
And the Moslem's fiery valor had the crowning  
victory won.

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to  
defy,  
Captive, overborne by numbers, they were bring-  
ing forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble captive: "Lo, I perish in my thirst;  
Give me but one drink of water, and let then arrive the worst!"

In his hand he took the goblet; but awhile the draught forbore,  
Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foeman to explore.

Well might then have paused the bravest, — for, around him, angry foes  
With a hedge of naked weapons did that lonely man enclose.

"But what fear'st thou?" cried the caliph; "is it, friend, a secret blow?  
Fear it not! our gallant Moslems no such treacherous dealing know.

"Thou mayst quench thy thirst securely, for thou shalt not die before  
Thou hast drunk that cup of water, — this reprieve is thine — no more!"

Quick the satrap dashed the goblet down to earth with ready hand,  
And the liquid sank forever, lost amid the burning sand.

"Thou hast said that mine my life is, till the water of that cup  
I have drained; then bid thy servants that spilled water gather up!"

For a moment stood the caliph as by doubtful passions stirred;  
Then exclaimed, "Forever sacred must remain a monarch's word.

"Bring another cup, and straightway to the noble Persian give:  
Drink, I said before, and perish, — now I bid thee drink and live!"

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

#### ABOUT BEN ADHEM.

ABOUT BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold:  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the presence in the room he said,  
"What writest thou?" — The vision raised its head,  
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,  
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"

Replied the angel. — Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night  
It came again, with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed, —

And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!  
LEIGH HUNT.

#### A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream!  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us further than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
Act, — act in the living Present!  
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time; —

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## FROM PHILASTER.

I FOUND him sitting by a fountain-side,  
 Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,  
 And paid the nymph again as much in tears.  
 A garland lay him by, made by himself,  
 Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,  
 Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness  
 Delighted me : but ever when he turned  
 His tender eyes upon them he would weep,  
 As if he meant to make them grow again.  
 Seeing such pretty helpless innocence  
 Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story.  
 He told me that his parents gentle died,  
 Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,  
 Which gave him roots ; and of the crystal springs,  
 Which did not stop their courses ; and the sun,  
 Which still, he thanked him, yielded him his light.  
 Then took he up his garland, and did show  
 That every flower, as country people hold,  
 Did signify ; and how all, ordered thus,  
 Expressed his grief ; and to my thoughts did read  
 The prettiest lecture of his country art  
 That could be wished ; so that methought I could  
 Have studied it. I gladly entertained him,  
 Who was as glad to follow.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

## WHY THUS LONGING ?

WHY thus longing, thus forever sighing,  
 For the far-off, unattained and dim,  
 While the beautiful, all round thee lying,  
 Offers up its low, perpetual hymn ?  
 Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,  
 All thy restless yearnings it would still ;  
 Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching  
 Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.  
 Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee  
 Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw,  
 If no silken cord of love hath bound thee  
 To some little world through weal and woe ;  
 If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten, —  
 No fond voices answer to thine own ;  
 If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,  
 By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

HARRIET WINSLOW.

## 'T IS SWEET.

FROM "DON JUAN."

... 'T is sweet to hear,  
 At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep,  
 The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,  
 By distance mellowed, o'er the waters sweep ;

'T is sweet to see the evening star appear ;

'T is sweet to listen as the night-winds creep  
 From leaf to leaf ; 't is sweet to view on high  
 The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

'T is sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark  
 Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near  
 home ;

'T is sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come ;

'T is sweet to be awakened by the lark,  
 Or lulled by falling waters ; sweet the hum  
 Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,  
 The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering grapes  
 In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,  
 Purple and gushing : sweet are our escapes  
 From civic revelry to rural mirth ;  
 Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps ;  
 Sweet to the father is his first-born's birth ;  
 Sweet is revenge, — especially to women,  
 Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

'T is sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels,  
 By blood or ink ; 't is sweet to put an end  
 To strife ; 't is sometimes sweet to have our  
 quarrels,

Particularly with a tiresome friend ;  
 Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels ;  
 Dear is the helpless creature we defend  
 Against the world ; and dear the school-boy spot  
 We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,  
 Is first and passionate love, — it stands alone,  
 Like Adam's recollection of his fall ;  
 The tree of knowledge has been plucked, — all's  
 known, —

And life yields nothing further to recall  
 Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,  
 No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven  
 Fire which Prometheus filched for us from heaven.

BYRON.

## L' ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,  
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born !  
 In Stygian cave forlorn,  
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights  
 unholy,  
 Find out some uncouth cell,  
 Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous  
 wings,  
 And the night-raven sings ;  
 There under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks,

As ragged as thy locks,

In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou goddess fair and free,

In heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,

And, by men, heart-easing Mirth !

Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,

With two sister Graces more,

To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore ;

Or whether (as some sages sing)

The frolic wind that breathes the spring,

Zephyr, with Aurora playing, —

As he met her once a-Maying, —

There, on beds of violets blue

And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,

Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,

So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee

Jest, and youthful Jollity, —

Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,

Nods and becks and wreathéd smiles,

Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,

And love to live in dimple sleek, —

Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,

And Laughter, holding both his sides.

Come ! and trip it, as you go,

On the light fantastic toe ;

And in thy right hand lead with thee

The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;

And if I give thee honor due,

Mirth, admit me of thy crew,

To live with her, and live with thee,

In unprovéd pleasures free, —

To hear the lark begin his flight,

And singing startle the dull Night,

From his watch-tower in the skies,

Till the dappled Dawn doth rise ;

Then to come, in spite of Sorrow,

And at my window bid good morrow,

Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,

Or the twisted eglantine ;

While the cock with lively din

Scatters the rear of darkness thin,

And to the stack, or the barn door,

Stoutly struts his dames before ;

Oft listening how the hounds and horn

Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,

From the side of some hoar hill

Through the high wood echoing shrill ;

Sometime walking, not unseen,

By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,

Right against the eastern gate,

Where the great sun begins his state,

Robed in flames, and amber light,

The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;

While the ploughman near at hand

Whistles o'er the furrowed land,

And the milkmaid singeth blithe,

And the mower whets his scythe,

And every shepherd tells his tale

Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,

Whilst the landscape round it measures

Russet lawns, and fallows gray,

Where the nibbling flocks do stray, —

Mountains, on whose barren breast

The laboring clouds do often rest, —

Meadows trim with daisies pied,

Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.

Towers and battlements it sees

Bosomed high in tufted trees,

Where perhaps some beauty lies,

The cynosure of neighboring eyes.

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes

From betwixt two aged oaks,

Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,

Are at their savory dinner set

Of herbs, and other country messes,

Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;

And then in haste her bower she leaves,

With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;

Or, if the earlier season lead,

To the tanned haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight

The upland hamlets will invite,

When the merry bells ring round,

And the jocund rebecks sound

To many a youth, and many a maid, \*

Dancing in the checkered shade ;

And young and old come forth to play

On a sunshine holiday,

Till the livelong daylight fail ;

Then to the spicy nut-brown ale

With stories told of many a feat :

How fairy Mab the junkets eat, —

She was pinched and pulled, she said,

And he, by friar's lantern led ;

Tells how the drudging goblin sweat

To earn his cream-bowl duly set,

When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,

His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn

That ten day-laborers could not end ;

Then lies him down the lubber fiend,

And, stretched out all the chimney's length,

Basks at the fire his hairy strength,

And, erop-full, out of doors he flings

Ere the first cock his matin rings.

Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,

By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

Towered cities please us then,

And the busy hum of men,

Where throngs of knights and barons bold

In weeds of peace high triumphs hold, —

With store of ladies, whose bright eyes

Rain influence, and judge the prize

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

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

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

JOHN MILTON.

### MUSIC.

FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT."

DUKE. IF music be the food of love, play on ;  
 Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
 The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
 That strain again ; — it had a dying fall :  
 O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,  
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
 Stealing, and giving odor.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE soul of music slumbers in the shell,  
 Till waked and kindled by the master's spell ;  
 And feeling hearts — touch them but rightly —  
 pour  
 A thousand melodies unheard before !

SAMUEL ROGERS.

FROM "MERCHANT OF VENICE."

LORENZO. How sweet the moonlight sleeps  
 upon this bank !  
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music

Creep in our ears : soft stillness, and the night,  
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
 Sit, Jessica : look, how the floor of heaven  
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold :  
 There's not the smallest orb which thou be-  
 hold'st,

But in his motion like an angel sings,  
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins ;  
 Such harmony is in immortal souls :  
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

JESSICA. I am never merry when I hear sweet  
 music.

LOL. The reason is your spirits are attentive.

Therefore the poet  
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and  
 floods ;

Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
 But music for the time doth change his nature.  
 The man that hath no music in himself,  
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;  
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
 And his affections dark as Erebus :  
 Let no such man be trusted.

SHAKESPEARE.

MUSIC, when soft voices die,  
 Vibrates in the memory, —  
 Odors, when sweet violets sicken,  
 Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,  
 Are heaped for the beloved's bed ;  
 And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
 Love itself shall slumber on.

SHELLEY.

WHERE music dwells  
 Lingering, and wandering on, as loath to die,  
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof  
 That they were born for immortality.

WORDSWORTH.

MUSIC hath charms to soothe the savage breast,  
 To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.

CONGREVE.

### ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE.

'T WAS at the royal feast, for Persia won  
 By Philip's warlike son :  
 Aloft in awful state  
 The godlike hero sate

On his imperial throne :  
 His valiant peers were placed around,  
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound ;  
 (So should desert in arms be crowned.)  
 The lovely Thais, by his side,  
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride  
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.  
 Happy, happy, happy pair !  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

*Happy, happy, happy pair !  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave deserves the fair.*

Timotheus, placed on high  
 Amid the tuneful choir,  
 With flying fingers touched the lyre ;  
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
 And heavenly joys inspire.  
 The song began from Jove,  
 Who left his blissful seats above,  
 (Such is the power of mighty love.)  
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god ;  
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,  
 When he to fair Olympia pressed ;  
 And while he sought her snowy breast ;  
 Then round her slender waist he curled,  
 And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign  
 of the world.  
 The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,  
 A present deity ! they shout around ;  
 A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound.  
 With ravished ears  
 The monarch hears,  
 Assumes the god,  
 Affects to nod,  
 And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

*With ravished ears  
 The monarch hears,  
 Assumes the god,  
 Affects to nod,  
 And seems to shake the spheres.*

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician  
 sung,  
 Of Bacchus — ever fair and ever young :  
 The jolly god in triumph comes ;  
 Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums :  
 Flushed with a purple grace  
 He shows his honest face :  
 Now give the hautboys breath. He comes ! he  
 comes !  
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
 Drinking joys did first ordain ;

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;  
 Rich the treasure,  
 Sweet the pleasure,  
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

*Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;  
 Rich the treasure,  
 Sweet the pleasure,  
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.*

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain ;  
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;  
 And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he  
 slew the slain.  
 The master saw the madness rise ;  
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;  
 And, while he heaven and earth defied,  
 Changed his hand, and checked his pride.  
 He chose a mournful muse  
 Soft pity to infuse :  
 He sung Darius, great and good ;  
 By too severe a fate,  
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
 Fallen from his high estate,  
 And weltering in his blood ;  
 Deserted, at his utmost need,  
 By those his former bounty fed ;  
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,  
 With not a friend to close his eyes.  
 With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,  
 Revolving in his altered soul  
 The various turns of chance below ;  
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;  
 And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

*Revolving in his altered soul  
 The various turns of chance below ;  
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;  
 And tears began to flow.*

The mighty master smiled, to see  
 That love was in the next degree ;  
 'T was but a kindred sound to move,  
 For pity melts the mind to love.  
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,  
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.  
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;  
 Honor, but an empty bubble ;  
 Never ending, still beginning,  
 Fighting still, and still destroying :  
 If the world be worth thy winning,  
 Think, O, think it worth enjoying !  
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
 Take the good the gods provide thee.

The many rend the skies with loud applause ;  
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
Gazed on the fair

Who caused his care,

And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,  
Sighed and looked, and sighed again :

At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,  
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

## CHORUS.

*The prince, unable to conceal his pain,*

*Gazed on the fair*

*Who caused his care,*

*And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,*

*Sighed and looked, and sighed again :*

*At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,*

*The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.*

Now strike the golden lyre again :

A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.

Break his bands of sleep asunder,

And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound

Has raised up his head ;

As awaked from the dead,

And amazed, he stares around.

Revenge ! revenge ! Timotheua cries,

See the furies arise !

See the anakes that they rear,

How they hiss in their hair !

And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !

Behold a ghastly band,

Each a torch in his hand !

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,

And unburied remain,

Inglorious on the plain :

Give the vengeance due

To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,

How they point to the Persian abodes,

And glittering temples of their hostile gods.

The princes applaud with a furious joy ;

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;

Thais led the way,

To light him to his prey,

And, like another Helen, fired another Troy !

## CHORUS.

*And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;*

*Thais led the way,*

*To light him to his prey,*

*And, like another Helen, fired another Troy !*

Thus long ago,

Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,

While organs yet were mute ;

Timotheus, to his breathing flute,

And sounding lyre,  
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

At last divine Cecilia came,

Inventress of the vocal frame ;

The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,

Enlarged the former narrow bounds,

And added length to solemn sounds,

With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown  
before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,

Or both divide the crown ;

He raised a mortal to the skies.

She drew an angel down.

## GRAND CHORUS.

*At last divine Cecilia came,*

*Inventress of the vocal frame ;*

*The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,*

*Enlarged the former narrow bounds,*

*And added length to solemn sounds,*

*With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown  
before.*

*Let old Timotheus yield the prize,*

*Or both divide the crown ;*

*He raised a mortal to the skies,*

*She drew an angel down.*

JOHN DRYDEN.

## THE PASSIONS.

## AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,  
While yet in early Greece she sung,  
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,  
Thronged around her magic cell, —  
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting, —  
Possess beyond the muse's painting ;  
By turns they felt the glowing mind  
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined ;  
Till once, 't is said, when all were fired,  
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,  
From the supporting myrtles round  
They snatched her instruments of sound ;  
And, as they oft had heard apart  
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
Each (for madness ruled the hour)  
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,

Amid the cords bewildered laid,

And back recoiled, he knew not why,

E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed ; his eyes, on fire,

In lightnings owned his secret stings :

In one rude clash he struck the lyre,

And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair,  
 Low, sullen sounds, his grief beguiled, —  
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;  
 'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair, —  
 What was thy delightful measure ?  
 Still it whispered promised pleasure,  
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !  
 Still would her touch the strain prolong ;  
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,  
 She called on Echo still, through all the song ;  
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,  
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;  
 And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her  
 golden hair.  
 And longer had she sung — but, with a frown,  
 Revenge impatient rose ;  
 Hethrew his blood-stained sword in thunder down ;  
 And, with a withering look,  
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe !  
 And ever and anon he beat  
 The doubling drum with furious heat ;  
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,  
 Dejected Pity, at his side,  
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,  
 Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien,  
 While each strained ball of sight seemed hursting  
 from his head.

Thynumbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed, —  
 Sad proof of thy distressful state ;  
 Of differing themes the veering song was mixed ;  
 And now it courted love, — now, raving,  
 called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,  
 Pale Melancholy sate retired ;  
 And from her wild sequestered seat,  
 In notes by distance made more sweet,  
 Poured through the mellow horn her pensive  
 soul ;  
 And, dashing soft from rocks around,  
 Bubbling runnels joined the sound ;  
 Through glades and glooms the mingled meas-  
 ure stole ;  
 Or o'ersome haunted stream, with fond delay,  
 Round an holy calm diffusing,  
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,  
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But O, how altered was its sprightlier tone  
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,  
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,  
 Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,  
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung, —  
 The hunter's call, to faun and dryad known !

The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed  
 queen,  
 Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen  
 Peeping from forth their alleys green ;  
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear ;  
 And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechenspear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :  
 He, with viny crown advancing,  
 First to the lively pipe his hand address ;  
 But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,  
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best ;  
 They would have thought who heard the strain,  
 They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,  
 Amidst the festal-sounding shades,  
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,  
 While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,  
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round :  
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;  
 And he, amidst his frolic play,  
 As if he would the charming air repay,  
 Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,  
 Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid !  
 Why, goddess ! why, to us denied,  
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?  
 As, in that loved Athenian bower,  
 You learned an all-commanding power,  
 Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,  
 Can well recall what then it heard ;  
 Where is thy native simple heart,  
 Devote to virtue, fancy, art ?  
 Arise, as in that elder time,  
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !  
 Thy wonders, in that godlike age,  
 Fill thy recording sister's page ;  
 'T is said — and I believe the tale —  
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,  
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,  
 Than all which charms this laggard age, —  
 E'en all at once together found, —  
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound.  
 O, bid our vain endeavors cease ;  
 Revive the just designs of Greece !  
 Return in all thy simple state, —  
 Confirm the tales her sons relate !

WILLIAM COLLINS.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
 This universal frame began ;  
 When Nature underneath a heap  
 Of jarring atoms lay,  
 And could not heave her head,



The tuneful voice was heard from high,  
 Arise, ye more than dead !  
 Then cold and hot and moist and dry  
 In order to their stations leap,  
 And Music's power obey.  
 From harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
 This universal frame began :  
 From harmony to harmony,  
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,  
 The diapason closing full in man.

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

The trumpet's loud clangor  
 Excites us to arms,  
 With shrill notes of anger,  
 And mortal alarms,  
 The double double beat  
 Of the thundering drum  
 Cries, hark ! the foes come ;  
 Charge, charge, 't is too late to retreat.

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

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

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

Orpheus could lead the savage race ;  
 And trees uprooted left their place,  
 Sequacious of the lyre ;  
 But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher ;  
 When to her organ vocal breath was given,  
 An angel heard, and straight appeared  
 Mistaking earth for heaven.

## GRAND CHORUS.

*As from the power of sacred lays  
 The spheres began to move,*

*And sung the great Creator's praise  
 To all the blessed above ;  
 So when the last and dreadful hour  
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,  
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,  
 The dead shall live, the living die,  
 And Music shall untune the sky.*

JOHN DRYDEN.

## MAN.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,  
 How complicate, how wonderful, is man !  
 How passing wonder He who made him such !  
 Who centred in our make such strange extremes,  
 From different natures marvellously mixed,  
 Connection exquisite of distant worlds !  
 Distinguished link in being's endless chain !  
 Midway from nothing to the Deity !  
 A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorpt !  
 Though sullied and dishonored, still divine !  
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute !  
 An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !  
 Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !  
 A worm ! a God ! — I tremble at myself,  
 And in myself am lost. At home, a stranger,  
 Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,  
 And wondering at her own. How reason reels !  
 O, what a miracle to man is man !  
 Triumphantly distressed ! What joy ! what dread !  
 Alternately transported and alarmed !  
 What can preserve my life ? or what destroy ?  
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;  
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.

DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

## MAN — WOMAN.

*Man's home is everywhere.* On ocean's flood,  
 Where the strong ship with storm-defying tether  
 Doth link in stormy brotherhood  
 Earth's utmost zones together,  
 Where'er the red gold glows, the spice-trees wave,  
 Where the rich diamond ripens, mid the flame  
 Of vertic suns that ope the stranger's grave,  
 He with bronzed cheek and daring step doth  
 rove ;  
 He with short pang and slight  
 Doth turn him from the checkered light  
 Of the fair moon through his own forests dancing,  
 Where music, joy, and love  
 Were his young hours entrancing ;  
 And where ambition's thunder-claim  
 Points out his lot,  
 Or fitful wealth allures to roam,  
 There doth he make his home,  
 Repining not.

*It is not thus with Woman.* The far halls,  
 Though ruinous and lone,  
 Where first her pleased ear drank a nursing-  
 mother's tone ;  
 The home with humble walls,  
 Where breathed a parent's prayer around her  
 bed ;  
 The valley where, with playmates true,  
 She culled the strawberry, bright with dew ;  
 The bower where Love her timid footsteps led ;  
 The hearthstone where her children grew ;  
 The damp soil where she cast  
 The flower-seeds of her hope, and saw them bide  
 the blast, —  
 Affection with unfading tint recalls,  
 Lingerings round the ivied walls,  
 Where every rose bath in its cup a bee,  
 Making fresh honey of remembered things,  
 Each rose without a thorn, each bee bereft of  
 stings.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

#### MAN — WOMAN.

FROM "DON JUAN."

"MAN's love is of man's life a thing apart ;  
 'T is woman's whole existence. Man may range  
 The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart,  
 Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange  
 Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,  
 And few there are whom these cannot estrange :  
 Men have all these resources, we but one, —  
 To love again, and be again undone."

BYRON.

#### TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

ART thou a thing of mortal birth  
 Whose happy home is on our earth ?  
 Does human blood with life imbue  
 Those wandering veins of heavenly blue  
 That stray along thy forehead fair,  
 Lost mid a gleam of golden hair ?  
 O, can that light and airy breath  
 Steal from a being doomed to death ?  
 Those features to the grave be sent  
 In sleep thus mutely eloquent ?  
 Or art thou, what thy form would seem,  
 The phantom of a blessed dream ?  
 A human shape I feel thou art  
 I feel it at my beating heart,  
 Those tremors both of soul and sense  
 Awoke by infant innocence !  
 Though dear the forms by fancy wove,  
 We love them with a transient love ;  
 Thoughts from the living world intrude  
 Even on our deepest solitude ;

But, lovely child ! thy magic stole  
 At once into my inmost soul,  
 With feelings as thy beauty fair,  
 And left no other vision there.

To me thy parents are unknown ;  
 Glad would they be their child to own !  
 And well they must have loved before,  
 If since thy birth they loved not more.  
 Thou art a branch of noble stem,  
 And seeing thee I figure them.  
 What many a childless one would give,  
 If thou in their still home wouldst live,  
 Though in thy face no family-line  
 Might sweetly say, "This babe is mine" !  
 In time thou wouldst become the same  
 As their own child, — all but the name !

JOHN WILSON.

#### MOTHER AND CHILD.

THE wind blew wide the casement, and within —  
 It was the loveliest picture ! — a sweet child .  
 Lay in its mother's arms, and drew its life,  
 In pauses, from the fountain, — the white round  
 Part shaded by loose tresses, soft and dark,  
 Concealing, but still showing, the fair realm  
 Of so much rapture, as green shadowing trees  
 With beauty shroud the brooklet. The red lips  
 Were parted, and the cheek upon the breast  
 Lay close, and, like the young leaf of the flower,  
 Wore the same color, rich and warm and fresh : —  
 And such alone are beautiful. Its eye,  
 A full blue gem, most exquisitely set,  
 Looked archly on its world, — the little imp,  
 As if it knew even then that such a wreath  
 Were not for all ; and with its playful hands  
 It drew aside the robe that hid its realm,  
 And peeped and laughed aloud, and so it laid  
 Its head upon the shrine of such pure joys,  
 And, laughing, slept. And while it slept, the tears  
 Of the sweet mother fell upon its cheek, —  
 Tears such as fall from April skies, and bring  
 The sunlight after. They were tears of joy ;  
 And the true heart of that young mother then  
 Grew lighter, and she sang unconsciously  
 The silliest ballad-song that ever yet  
 Subdued the nursery's voices, and brought sleep  
 To fold her sabbath wings above its couch.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

#### FORTUNE.

FRAGMENT FROM "FANNY."

BUT Fortune, like some others of her sex,  
 Delights in tantalizing and tormenting.

One day we feed upon their smiles, — the next  
Is spent in swearing, sorrowing, and repenting.

Eve never walked in Paradise more pure  
Than on that morn when Satan played the devil  
With her and all her race. A lovesick wooer  
Ne'er asked a kinder maiden, or more civil,  
Than Cleopatra was to Antony  
The day she left him on the Ionian sea.

The serpent — loveliest in his coiled ring,  
With eye that charms, and beauty that outvies  
The tints of the rainbow — bears upon his sting  
The deadliest venom. Ere the dolphin dies  
Its hues are brightest. Like an infant's breath  
Are tropic winds before the voice of death

Is heard upon the waters, summoning  
The midnight earthquake from its sleep of years  
To do its task of woe. The clouds that fling  
The lightning brighten ere the bolt appears;  
The pantings of the warrior's heart are proud  
Upon that battle-morn whose night-dews wet his  
shroud ;

The sun is loveliest as he sinks to rest ;  
The leaves of Autumn smile when fading fast ;  
The swan's last song is sweetest.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

### FORTUNE.

ENID'S SONG.

TURN, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the  
proud ;  
Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm,  
and cloud ;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or  
frown ;  
With that wild wheel we go not up or down ;  
Our heard is little, but our hearts are great.

Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands ;  
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands ;  
For man is man and master of his fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd ;  
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud ;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

### THE GIFTS OF GOD.

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

So strength first made a way ;  
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honor, pleasure :  
When almost all was out, God made a stay,  
Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,  
Rest in the bottom lay.

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

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

GEORGE HERBERT.

### ENIGMA.

THE LETTER "H."

'T WAS whispered in heaven, and muttered in hell,  
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell ;  
On the confines of earth 't was permitted to rest,  
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed ;  
'T was seen in the lightning, and heard in the  
thunder ;

'T will be found in the spheres, when riven  
asunder ;

'T was given to man with his earliest breath,  
Assists at his birth, and attends him in death ;  
Presides o'er his happiness, honor, and health,  
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.

It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,  
And though unassuming, with monarchs is  
crowned.

In the heaps of the miser 't is hoarded with care,  
But is sure to be lost in his prodigal heir.  
Without it the soldier and sailor may roam,  
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home !  
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,  
Nor e'er in the whirlwind of passion be drowned.  
It softens the heart ; and, though deaf to the ear,  
It will make it acutely and instantly hear.  
But in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower, —  
O, breathe on it softly ; it dies in an hour.

MISS FANSHAWE.

### FATHER LAND AND MOTHER TONGUE.

OUR Father Land ! and wouldst thou know  
Why we should call it Father Land ?  
It is that Adam here below  
Was made of earth by Nature's hand.

And he, our father made of earth,  
Hath peopled earth on every hand;  
And we, in memory of his birth,  
Do call our country Father Land.

At first in Eden's bowers, they say,  
No sound of speech had Adam caught,  
But whistled like a bird all day, —  
And maybe 't was for want of thought.  
But Nature, with resistless laws,  
Made Adam soon surpass the birds;  
She gave him lovely Eve because  
If he'd a wife they must *have words*.

And so the native land, I hold,  
By male descent is proudly mine;  
The language, as the tale hath told,  
Was given in the female line.  
And thus we see on either hand  
We name our blessings whence they've sprung;  
We call our country Father Land,  
We call our language Mother Tongue.

SAMUEL LOVER.

#### SMALL BEGINNINGS.

A TRAVELLER through a dusty road strewed  
acorns on the lea;  
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew  
into a tree.  
Love sought its shade, at evening time, to breathe  
its early vows;  
And age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask  
beneath its boughs;  
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds  
sweet music bore;  
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass  
and fern,  
A passing stranger scooped a well, where weary  
men might turn;  
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at  
the brink;  
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged  
that toil might drink.  
He passed again, and lo! the well, by summers  
never dried,  
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and  
saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought; 't was  
old, and yet 't was new;  
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being  
true.  
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light  
became  
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame.

The thought was small; its issue great; a watch-  
fire on the hill;  
It sheds its radiance far adown, and cheers the  
valley still!

A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged  
the daily mart,  
Let fall a word of Hope and Love, unstudied,  
from the heart;  
A whisper on the tumult thrown, — a transitory  
breath, —  
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a  
soul from death.  
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought  
at random cast!  
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the  
last.

CHARLES MACKAY.

#### RAIN ON THE ROOF.

WHEN the showery vapors gather over all the  
starry spheres,  
And the melancholy darkness gently weeps in  
rainy tears,  
'T is a joy to press the pillow of a cottage cham-  
ber bed,  
And listen to the patter of the soft rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles has an echo in the  
heart,  
And a thousand dreary fancies into busy being  
start;  
And a thousand recollections weave their bright  
hues into woof,  
As I listen to the patter of the soft rain on the roof.

There in fancy comes my mother, as she used to  
years ago,  
To survey the infant sleepers ere she left them  
till the dawn.  
I can see her bending o'er me, as I listen to the  
strain  
Which is played upon the shingles by the patter  
of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister, with her wings and  
waving hair,  
And her bright-eyed cherub brother, — a serene,  
angelic pair, —  
Glide around my wakeful pillow with their praise  
or mild reproof,  
As I listen to the murmur of the soft rain on the  
roof.

And another comes to thrill me with her eyes'  
delicious blue.  
I forget, as gazing on her, that her heart was all  
untrue;





A SUMMER EVENING.

*"Long had I watched the glory moving on  
O'er the still radiance of the lake below."*







I remember that I loved her as I ne'er may love  
again,  
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate to the patter  
of the rain.

There is naught in art's bravuras that can work  
with such a spell,  
In the spirit's pure, deep fountains, whence the  
holy passions swell,  
As that melody of nature, — that subdued, sub-  
duing strain,  
Which is played upon the shingles by the patter  
of the rain.

COATES KINNEY.

### THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,  
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow ;  
Long had I watched the glory moving on  
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.  
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow !  
Even in its very motion there was rest ;  
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow  
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.  
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul !  
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given  
And by the breath of mercy made to roll  
Right onwards to the golden gates of heaven,  
Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,  
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

JOHN WILSON.

### INSIGNIFICANT EXISTENCE.

THERE are a number of us creep  
Into this world, to eat and sleep ;  
And know no reason why we 're born,  
But only to consume the corn,  
Devour the cattle, fowl, and fish,  
And leave behind an empty dish.  
The crows and ravens do the same,  
Unlucky birds of hateful name ;  
Ravens or crows might fill their place,  
And swallow corn and carcasses,  
Then if their tombstone, when they die,  
Be n't taught to flatter and to lie,  
There 's nothing better will be said  
Than that " they 've eat up all their bread,  
Drunk up their drink, and gone to bed."

ISAAC WATTS.

### AFFECTATION.

FROM "THE TIMEPIECE."

IN man or woman, but far most in man,  
And most of all in man that ministers

And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe  
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn ;  
Object of my implacable disgust.  
What ! — will a man play tricks, will he indulge  
A silly fond conceit of his fair form  
And just proportion, fashionable mien,  
And pretty face, in presence of his God ?  
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,  
As with the diamond on his lily hand,  
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,  
When I am hungry for the bread of life ?  
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames  
His noble office, and, instead of truth,  
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.  
Therefore avaunt all attitude, and stare,  
And start theatric, practised at the glass !  
I seek divine simplicity in him

Who handles things divine ; and all besides,  
Though learned with labor, and though much  
admired

By curious eyes and judgments ill-informed,  
To me is odious as the nasal twang  
Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,  
Misled by custom, strain celestial themes  
Through the pressed nostril, spectacle-bestridden.

WILLIAM COWPER.

### FREEDOM IN DRESS.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,  
As you were going to a feast ;  
Still to be powdered, still perfumed, —  
Lady, it is to be presumed,  
Though art's hid causes are not found,  
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,  
That makes simplicity a grace ;  
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free, —  
Such sweet neglect more taketh me  
Than all the adulteries of art ;  
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

BEN JONSON.

### A SWEET DISORDER IN THE DRESS —

A SWEET disorder in the dress  
Kindles in clothes a wantonness :  
A lawn about the shoulders thrown  
Into a fine distraction ;  
An erring lace, which here and there  
Inthralls the crimson stomacher ;  
A cuff neglectful, and thereby  
Ribbons to flow confusedly ;  
A winning wave, deserving note,  
In the tempestuous petticoat ;

A careless shoe-string, in whose tie  
I see a wild civility, —  
Do more bewitch me than when art  
Is too precise in every part.

ROBERT HERRICK.

### CONTRADICTION.

FROM "CONVERSATION."

YE powers who rule the tongue, if such there  
are,

And make colloquial happiness your care,  
Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate,  
A duel in the form of a debate.  
The clash of arguments and jar of words,  
Worse than the mortal blunt of rival swords,  
Decide no question with their tedious length,  
For opposition gives opinion strength.  
Divert the champions prodigal of breath;  
And put the peaceably disposed to death.  
O, thwart me not, Sir Soph, at every turn,  
Nor carp at every flaw you may discern!  
Though syllogisms hang not on my tongue,  
I am not surely always in the wrong;  
'T is hard if all is false that I advance,  
A fool must now and then be right by chance.  
Not that all freedom of dissent I blame;  
No, — there I grant the privilege I claim.  
A disputable point is no man's ground;  
Rove where you please, 't is common all around.  
Discourse may want an animated No  
To brush the surface, and to make it flow;  
But still remember, if you mean to please,  
To press your point with modesty and ease.  
The mark at which my juster aim I take,  
Is contradiction for its own dear sake.  
Set your opinion at whatever pitch,  
Knots and impediments make something hitch;  
Adopt his own, 't is equally in vain,  
Your thread of argument is snapped again.  
The wrangler, rather than accord with you,  
Will judge himself deceived and prove it too.  
Vociferated logic kills me quite,  
A noisy man is always in the right.  
I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,  
Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,  
And, when I hope his blunders are all out,  
Reply discretely, — To be sure — no doubt!

WILLIAM COWPER.

### OATHS.

FROM "CONVERSATION."

OATHS terminate, as Paul observes, all strife, —  
Some men have surely then a peaceful life.  
Whatever subject occupy discourse,  
The feats of Vestris, or the naval force,

Asseveration blustering in your face  
Makes contradiction such a hopeless case;  
In every tale they tell, or false or true,  
Well known, or such as no man ever knew,  
They fix attention, heedless of your pain,  
With oaths like rivets forced into the brain;  
And even when sober truth prevails throughout,  
They swear it, till affirmance breeds a doubt.  
A Persian, humble servant of the sun,  
Who, though devout, yet bigotry had none,  
Hearing a lawyer, grave in his address,  
With adjurations every word impress,  
Supposed the man a bishop, or, at least,  
God's name so much upon his lips, a priest;  
Bowed at the close with all his graceful airs,  
And begged an interest in his frequent prayers.

WILLIAM COWPER.

### FAME.

FROM THE "ESSAY ON MAN."

WHAT's fame? — a fancied life in others' breath,  
A thing beyond us, e'en before our death.  
Just what you hear, you have, and what's un-  
known

The same (my lord) if Tully's, or your own.  
All that we feel of it begins and ends  
In the small circle of our foes or friends;  
To all beside as much an empty shade  
A Eugene living as a Cæsar dead;  
Alike or when or where they shone or shine,  
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.  
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;  
An honest man's the noblest work of God.  
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,  
As justice tears his body from the grave;  
When what to oblivion better were resigned  
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.  
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;  
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:  
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs  
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas;  
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels  
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

ALEXANDER POPE.

### GREATNESS.

FROM THE "ESSAY ON MAN."

HONOR and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.  
Fortune in men has some small difference made,  
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;  
The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,  
The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.

"What differ more (you cry) than crown and  
cowl?"

I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.  
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,  
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,  
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;  
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with  
strings,

That thou mayst be by kings, or whores of kings;  
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,  
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece;  
But by your fathers' worth if yours you rate,  
Count me those only who were good and great.  
Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood  
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the  
flood.

Go! and pretend your family is young,  
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.  
What can ennoble sots or slaves or cowards?  
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness! say where greatness  
lies?

"Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"  
Heroes are much the same, the point 's agreed,  
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;  
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find  
Or make an enemy of all mankind!

Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,  
Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.  
No less alike the politic and wise;  
All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes:  
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,  
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.  
But grant that those can conquer, these can  
cheat;

'T is phrase absurd to call a villain great:  
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,  
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.  
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,  
Or, failing, smiles in exile or in chains,  
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed  
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

ALEXANDER POPE.

### OPPORTUNITY.

FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR."

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat;  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

SHAKESPEARE.

### REASON AND INSTINCT.

FROM THE "ESSAY ON MAN."

WHETHER with reason or with instinct blest,  
Know all enjoy that power which suits them best;  
To bliss alike by that direction tend,  
And find the means proportioned to their end.  
Say, where full instinct is the unerring guide,  
What pope or council can they need beside?  
Reason, however able, cool at best,  
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,  
Stays till we call, and then not often near;  
But honest instinct comes a volunteer,  
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;  
While still too wide or short is human wit,  
Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,  
Which heavier reason labors at in vain.  
This too serves always, reason never long;  
One must go right, the other may go wrong.  
See then the acting and comparing powers  
One in their nature, which are two in ours;  
And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,  
In this 't is God directs, in that 't is man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood  
To shun their poison and to choose their food?  
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,  
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?  
Who made the spider parallels design,  
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?  
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore  
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?  
Who calls the council, states the certain day,  
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

ALEXANDER POPE.

### ABUSE OF AUTHORITY.

FROM "MEASURE FOR MEASURE."

ISABEL. Oh! it is excellent  
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous  
To use it like a giant.  
Could great men thunder  
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;  
For every pelting, petty officer  
Would use his heaven for thunder,—  
Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heaven!  
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,  
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,  
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man!  
Drest in a little brief authority,—  
Most ignorant of what he 's most assured,  
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,  
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,  
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

SHAKESPEARE.

## ENVY.

FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR."

CASSIUS. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,  
As well as I do know your outward favor.  
Well, honor is the subject of my story. →  
I cannot tell what you think of other men  
Think of this life ; but for my single self,  
I had as lief not be, as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :  
We both have fed as well ; and we can both  
Endure the winter's cold as well as he :  
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,  
Cæsar said to me, " Dar'st thou, Cassius, now  
Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
And swim to yonder point ? " Upon the word,  
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,

And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.  
The torrent roared ; and we did buffet it  
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,  
And stemming it, with hearts of controversy :  
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,  
Cæsar cried, " Help me, Cassius, or I sink " :  
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber  
Did I the tired Cæsar : and this man  
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is  
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,  
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark  
How he did shake : 't is true, this god did shake :  
His coward lips did from their color fly ;  
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,  
Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :  
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans  
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
Alas, it cried, " Give me some drink, Titinius,"  
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world,  
And bear the palm alone.

Why, man, he doth stride the narrow world,  
Like a Colossus ; and we petty men  
Walk under h's huge legs, and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.  
Men at some time are masters of their fates :  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
Brutus, and Cæsar : what should be in that Cæsar ?  
Why should that name be sounded more than  
yours ?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;  
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;  
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.  
Now in the names of all the gods at once,  
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed !  
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !  
When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
But it was famed with more than with one man ?  
When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,  
That her wide walks encompassed but one man ?  
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,  
When there is in it but one only man.  
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,  
There was a Brutus once, that would have brooked  
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,  
As easily as a king.

SHAKESPEARE.

## SCANDAL.

FROM THE "PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES."

CURSED be the verse, how well so'er it flow,  
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,  
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,  
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear !  
But he who hurts a harmless neighbor's peace,  
Insults fallen worth, or beauty in distress,  
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,  
Who writes a libel, or who copies out ;  
That fop whose pride affects a patron's name,  
Yet absent wounds an author's honest fame :  
Who can your merit selfishly approve,  
And show the sense of it without the love ;  
Who has the vanity to call you friend,  
Yet wants the honor, injured, to defend ;  
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,  
And, if he lie not, must at least betray ;  
Who to the Dean and silver bell can swear,  
And sees at Canons what was never there ;  
Who reads but with a lust to misapply,  
Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie ;  
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,  
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

ALEXANDER POPE.

FROM "ELAINE."

THESE are slanders : never yet  
Was noble man but made ignoble talk.  
He makes no friend who never made a foe.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## PROFUSION.

TIMON.

FROM "MORAL ESSAYS."

At Timon's villa let us pass a day,  
Where all cry out, " What sums are thrown  
away ! "

So proud, so grand ; of that stupendous air,  
Soft and agreeable come never there.  
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught  
As brings all Brobdingnag before your thought.  
To compass this, his building is a town,  
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down :  
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,  
A puny insect, shivering at a breeze !  
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around !  
The whole, a labored quarry above ground.  
Two Cupids squirt before : a lake behind  
Improves the keenness of the northern wind.  
His gardens next your admiration call,  
On every side you look, behold the wall !  
No pleasing intricacies intervene,  
No artful wildness to perplex the scene ;  
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,  
And half the platform just reflects the other.  
The suffering eye inverted nature sees,  
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees ;  
With here a fountain, never to be played ;  
And there a summer-house, that knows no shade ;  
Here Amphitrite sails through myrtle bowers ;  
There gladiators fight, or die in flowers ;  
Unwatered see the drooping sea-horse mourn,  
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.

My lord advances with majestic mien,  
Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen ;  
But soft — by regular approach — not yet —  
First through the length of yon hot terrace sweat ;  
And when up ten steep slopes you've dragged  
your thighs,

Just at his study door he'll bless your eyes.  
His study ! with what authors is it stored ?  
In books, not authors, curious is my lord ;  
To all their dated backs he turns you round ;  
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound !  
Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good  
For all his lordship knows, but they are wood.  
For Locke or Milton 't is in vain to look,  
These shelves admit not any modern book.

And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,  
That summons you to all the pride of prayer :  
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,  
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.  
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,  
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,  
On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,  
And bring all paradise before your eye.  
To rest the cushion and soft dean invite,  
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.

But hark ! the chiming clocks to dinner call ;  
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall :  
The rich buffet well-colored serpents grace,  
And gaping Tritons spue to wash your face.  
Is this a dinner ? this a genial room ?  
No, 't is a temple, and a hecatomb.  
A solemn sacrifice, performed in state,

You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.  
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear  
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.  
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,  
From soup to sweet wine, and God bless the king.  
In plenty starving, tantalized in state,  
And complaisantly helped to all I hate,  
Treated, caressed, and tired, I take my leave,  
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve ;  
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,  
And swear no day was ever passed so ill.

ALEXANDER POPE.

## THE WOUNDED STAG.

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT."

DUKE S. Come, shall we go and kill us veni-  
son ?

And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,  
Being native burghers of this desert city,  
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads  
Have their round haunches gored.

1 LORD. Indeed, my lord,  
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that ;  
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp  
Than doth your brother that hath banished you.  
To-day my lord of Amiens and myself,  
Did steal behind him, as he lay along  
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood :  
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,  
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,  
Did come to languish ; and, indeed, my lord,  
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,  
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears  
Coursed one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase ; and thus the hairy fool,  
Much mark'd of the melancholy Jaques,  
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,  
Augmenting it with tears.

DUKE S. But what said Jaques ?  
Did he not moralize this spectacle !

1 LORD. O yes, into a thousand similes.  
First, for his weeping into the needless stream ;  
"Poor deer," quoth he, " thou mak'st a testament  
As wordlings do, giving thy sum of more  
To that which had too much " : then being there  
alone,

Left and abandoned of his velvet friends ;  
" 'T is right," quoth he, " thus misery doth part  
The flux of company " : anon, a careless herd,  
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,  
And never stays to greet him ; " Ay," quoth  
Jaques,  
" Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;  
'T is just the fashion : wherefore do you look

Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?"  
Thus most invectively he pierceth through  
The body of the country, city, court,  
Yea, and of this our life ; swearing that we  
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what 's worse,  
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,  
In their assigned and native dwelling-place.

SHAKESPEARE.

◆

### HUMANITY.

FROM "THE WINTER WALK AT NOON."

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends  
(Though<sup>4</sup> graced with polished manners and fine  
sense,

Yet wanting sensibility) the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.  
An inadvertent step may crush the snail  
That crawls at evening in the public path ;  
But he that has humanity, forewarned,  
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.  
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,  
And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,  
A visitor unwelcome, into scenes  
Sacred to neatness and repose, the alcove,  
The chamber, or refectory, may die :  
A necessary act incurs no blame.  
Not so when, held within their proper bounds,  
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,  
Or take their pastime in the spacious field :  
There they are privileged ; and he that hunts  
Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,  
Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,  
Who, when she formed, designed them an abode  
The sum is this : If man's convenience, health,  
Or safety interfere, his rights and claims  
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.  
Else they are all — the meanest things that are —  
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,  
As God was free to form them at the first,  
Who in his sovereign wisdom made them all.  
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons  
To love it too.

WILLIAM COWPER.

◆

### OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

SHAME upon thee, savage monarch-man, proud  
monopolist of reason ;  
Shame upon creation's lord, the fierce ensanguined  
despot :  
What, man ! are there not enough, hunger and  
diseases and fatigue, —  
And yet must thy goad or thy thong add another  
sorrow to existence ?  
What ! art thou not content thy sin hath dragged  
down suffering and death

On the poor dumb servants of thy comfort, and  
yet must thou rack them with thy spite ?  
The prodigal heir of creation hath gambled away  
his all, —  
Shall he add torment to the bondage that is galling  
his forfeit serfs ?  
The leader in nature's pæan himself hath marred  
her psaltery,  
Shall he multiply the din of discord by over-  
straining all the strings ?  
The rebel hath fortified his stronghold, shutting  
in his vassals with him, —  
Shall he aggravate the woes of the besieged by  
oppression from within ?  
Thou twice-deformed image of thy Maker, thou  
hateful representative of Love,  
For very shame be merciful, be kind unto the  
creatures thou hast ruined ;  
Earth and her million tribes are cursed for thysake,  
Earth and her million tribes still writhe beneath  
thy cruelty :  
Liveth there but one among the million that shall  
not bear witness against thee,  
A pensioner of land or air or sea that hath not  
whereof it will accuse thee ?  
From the elephant toiling at a launch, to the  
shrew-mouse in the harvest-field,  
From the whale which the harpooner hath stricken,  
to the minnow caught upon a pin,  
From the albatross wearied in its flight, to the  
wren in her covered nest,  
From the death-moth and lace-winged dragon-fly,  
to the lady-bird and the gnat,  
The verdict of all things is unanimous, finding  
their master cruel :  
The dog, thy humble friend, thy trusting, honest  
friend ;  
The ass, thine uncomplaining slave, drudging  
from morn to even ;  
The lamb, and the timorous hare, and the labor-  
ing ox at plough ;  
The speckled trout basking in the shallow, and  
the partridge gleaming in the stubble,  
And the stag at bay, and the worm in thy path,  
and the wild bird pining in captivity,  
And all things that minister alike to thy life and  
thy comfort and thy pride,  
Testify with one sad voice that man is a cruel  
master.

Verily, they are all thine : freely mayst thou  
serve thee of them all :  
They are thine by gift for thy needs, to be used  
in all gratitude and kindness ;  
Gratitude to their God and thine, — their Father  
and thy Father,  
Kindness to them who toil for thee, and help  
thee with their all :

For meat, but not by wantonness of slaying : for  
burden, but with limits of humanity ;  
For luxury, but not through torture : for draught,  
but according to the strength :  
For a dog cannot plead his own right, nor render  
a reason for exemption,  
Nor give a soft answer unto wrath, to turn aside  
the undeserved lash ;  
The galled ox cannot complain, nor supplicate a  
moment's respite ;  
The spent horse hideth his distress, till he panteth  
out his spirit at the goal ;  
Also, in the winter of life, when worn by constant  
toil,  
If ingratitude forget his services, he cannot bring  
them to remembrance ;  
Behold, he is faint with hunger ; the big tear  
standeth in his eye ;  
His skin is sore with stripes, and he tottereth  
beneath his burden ;  
His limbs are stiff with age, his sinews have lost  
their vigor,  
And pain is stamped upon his face, while he  
wrestleth unequally with toil ;  
Yet once more mutely and meekly endureth he  
the crushing blow ;  
That struggle hath cracked his heart-strings, —  
the generous brute is dead !  
Liveth there no advocate for him ? no judge to  
avenge his wrongs ?  
No voice that shall be heard in his defence ? no  
sentence to be passed on his oppressor ?  
Yea, the sad eye of the tortured pleadeth patheti-  
cally for him ;  
Yea, all the justice in heaven is roused in indig-  
nation at his woes ;  
Yea, all the pity upon earth shall call down a  
curse upon the cruel ;  
Yea, the burning malice of the wicked is their  
own exceeding punishment.  
The Angel of Mercy stoppeth not to comfort, but  
passeth by on the other side,  
And hath no tear to shed, when a cruel man is  
damned.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

## PLEA FOR THE ANIMALS.

FROM "THE SEASONS."

. . . . ENSANGUINED man

Is now become the lion of the plain,  
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold  
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her  
milk,  
Nor wore her warming fleece ; nor has the steer,  
At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,

E'er ploughed for him. They too are tempered  
high,

With hunger stung and wild necessity ;  
Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.  
But man, whom Nature formed of milder clay,  
With every kind emotion in his heart,  
And taught alone to weep, — while from her lap  
She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,  
And fruits as numerous as the drops of rain  
Or beams that gave them birth, — shall he, fair  
form !

Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on heaven,  
E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,  
And dip his tongue in gore ? The beast of prey,  
Blood-stained, deserves to bleed ; but you, ye  
flocks,

What have ye done ? ye peaceful people, what,  
To merit death ? you who have given us milk  
In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat  
Against the winter's cold ? And the plain ox,  
That harmless, honest, guileless animal,  
In what has he offended ? he whose toil,  
Patient and ever-ready, clothes the land  
With all the pomp of harvest, — shall he bleed,  
And struggling groan beneath the cruel hand,  
Even of the clown he feeds ? and that, perhaps,  
To swell the riot of the autumnal feast,  
Won by his labor ?

JAMES THOMSON.

## DUELLING.

FROM "CONVERSATION."

The point of honor has been deemed of use,  
To teach good manners, and to curb abuse ;  
Admit it true, the consequence is clear,  
Our polished manners are a mask we wear,  
And, at the bottom, barbarous still and rude,  
We are restrained, indeed, but not subdued.  
The very remedy, however sure,  
Springs from the mischief it intends to cure,  
And savage in its principle appears,  
Tried, as it should be, by the fruit it bears.  
'T is hard, indeed, if nothing will defend  
Mankind from quarrels but their fatal end ;  
That now and then a hero must decrease,  
That the surviving world may live in peace.  
Perhaps at last close scrutiny may show  
The practice dastardly and mean and low ;  
That men engage in it compelled by force,  
And fear, not courage, is its proper source ;  
The fear of tyrant custom, and the fear  
Lest fops should censure us, and fools should sneer ;  
At least, to trample on our Maker's laws,  
And hazard life for any or no cause,  
To rush into a fixed eternal state  
Out of the very flames of rage and hate,

Or send another shivering to the bar  
 With all the guilt of such unnatural war,  
 Whatever Use may urge, or Honor plead,  
 On Reason's verdict is a madman's deed.  
 Am I to set my life upon a throw  
 Because a hear is rude and surly? No, —  
 A moral, sensible, and well-bred man  
 Will not affront me; and no other can.  
 Were I empowered to regulate the lists,  
 They should encounter with well-loaded fists;  
 A Trojan combat would be something new,  
 Let *Dares* beat *Entellus* black and blue;  
 Then each might show, to his admiring friends,  
 In honorable bumps his rich amends,  
 And carry, in contusions of his skull,  
 A satisfactory receipt in full.

WILLIAM COWPER.

## GOLD.

GOLD! gold! gold! gold!  
 Bright and yellow, hard and cold,  
 Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;  
 Heavy to get, and light to hold;  
 Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,  
 Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled:  
 Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old  
 To the very verge of the churchyard mould;  
 Price of many a crime untold:  
 Gold! gold! gold! gold!  
 Good or bad a thousand-fold!  
 How widely its agencies vary, —  
 To save, — to ruin, — to curse, — to bless, —  
 As even its minted coins express,  
 Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,  
 And now of a Bloody Mary.

THOMAS HOOD.

## LAW.

LAWs, as we read in ancient sages,  
 Have been like cobwebs in all ages.  
 Cobwebs for little flies are spread,  
 And laws for little folks are made;  
 But if an insect of renown,  
 Hornet or beetle, wasp or drone,  
 Be caught in quest of sport or plunder,  
 The flimsy fetter flies in sunder.

JAMES BEATTIE.

## QUACK MEDICINES.

FROM "THE BOROUGH."

BUT now our Quacks are gamesters, and they  
 play  
 With craft and skill to ruin and betray;

With monstrous promise they delude the mind,  
 And thrive on all that tortures human-kind.

Void of all honor, avaricious, rash,  
 The daring tribe compound their boasted trash, —  
 Tincture or syrup, lotion, drop or pill;  
 All tempt the sick to trust the lying bill;  
 And twenty names of cobblers turned to squires  
 Aid the bold language of these blushless liars.  
 There are among them those who cannot read,  
 And yet they'll buy a patent, and succeed;  
 Will dare to promise dying sufferers aid,  
 For who, when dead, can threaten or upbraid?  
 With cruel avarice still they recommend  
 More draughts, more syrup, to the journey's end.  
 "I feel it not." — "Then take it every hour."  
 "It makes me worse." — "Why, then it shows  
 its power."

"I fear to die." — "Let not your spirits sink,  
 You're always safe while you believe and drink."

How strange to add, in this nefarious trade,  
 That men of parts are dupes by dunces made:  
 That creatures nature meant should clean our  
 streets

Have purchased lands and mansions, parks and  
 seats:

Wretches with conscience so obtuse, they leave  
 Their untought sons their parents to deceive;  
 And when they're laid upon their dying bed,  
 No thought of murder comes into their head;

And then in many a paper through the year,  
 Must cures and cases, oaths and proofs, appear;  
 Men snatched from graves as they were dropping  
 in,

Their lungs coughed up, their bones pierced  
 through their skin;

Their liver all one scirrhus, and the frame  
 Poisoned with evils which they dare not name;  
 Men who spent all upon physicians' fees,  
 Who never slept, nor had a moment's ease,  
 Are now as roaches sound, and all as brisk as  
 bees.

Troubled with something in your bile or blood,  
 You think your doctor does you little good;  
 And, grown impatient, you require in haste  
 The nervous cordial, nor dislike the taste;  
 It comforts, heals, and strengthens; nay, you  
 think

It makes you better every time you drink;  
 Who tipples brandy will some comfort feel,  
 But will he to the medicine set his seal?

No class escapes them — from the poor man's  
 pay

The nostrum takes no trifling part away;  
 See! those square patent bottles from the shop  
 Now decoration to the cupboard's top;



And there a favorite hoard you 'll find within,  
Companions meet ! the julep and the gin.

Suppose the case surpasses human skill,  
There comes a quack to flatter weakness still ;  
What greater evil can a flatterer do,  
Than from himself to take the sufferer's view ?  
To turn from sacred thoughts his reasoning  
powers,

And rob a sinner of his dying hours ?  
Yet this they dare, and, craving to the last,  
In hope's strong bondage hold their victim  
fast :

For soul or body no concern have they,  
All their inquiry, " Can the patient pay ?  
And will he swallow draughts until his dying  
day ? "

Observe what ills to nervous females flow,  
When the heart flutters and the pulse is low ;  
If once induced these cordial sips to try,  
All feel the ease, and few the danger fly ;  
For, while obtained, of drams they've all the  
force,

And when denied, then drams are the resource.

Who would not lend a sympathizing sigh,  
To hear yon infant's pity-moving cry ?  
Then the good nurse (who, had she borne a  
brain,

Had sought the cause that made her babe com-  
plain)

Has all her efforts, loving soul ! applied  
To set the cry, and not the cause, aside ;  
She gave her powerful sweet without remorse,  
*The sleeping cordial*, — she had tried its force,  
Repeating oft ; the infant, freed from pain,  
Rejected food, but took the dose again,  
Sinking to sleep, while she her joy expressed,  
That her dear charge could sweetly take his rest.  
Soon may she spare her cordial ; not a doubt  
Remains but quickly he will rest without.

What then our hopes ? — perhaps there may  
by law

Be method found these pests to curb and awe ;  
Yet, in this land of freedom, law is slack  
With any being to commence attack :  
Then let us trust to science, — there are those  
Who can their falsehoods and their frauds dis-  
close,

All their vile trash detect, and their low tricks  
expose.

Perhaps their numbers may in time confound  
Their arts, — as scorpions give themselves the  
wound ;

For when these curers dwell in every place,  
While of the cured we not a man can trace,  
Strong truth may then the public mind persuade,  
And spoil the fruits of this nefarious trade.

GEORGE CRABBE.

## THE RULING PASSION.

FROM "MORAL ESSAYS."

IN this one passion man can strength enjoy,  
As fits give vigor just when they destroy.  
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,  
Yet tames not this ; it sticks to our last sand.  
Consistent in our follies and our sins,  
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,  
And totter on in business to the last ;  
As weak, as earnest ; and as gravely out,  
As sober Lancs'row dancing in the gout.

Behold a reverend sire, whom want of grace  
Has made the father of a nameless race,  
Shoved from the wall perhaps, or rudely pressed  
By his own son, that passes by unblest :  
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,  
And envies every sparrow that he sees.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate.  
The doctor called, declares all help too late.  
" Mercy ! " cries Helluo, " mercy on my soul ;  
Is there no hope ? — Alas ! — then bring the jowl. "

The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,  
Still tries to save the hallowed taper's end,  
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,  
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.

" Odious ! in woollen ! 't would a saint pro-  
voke, "

(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke ;)  
" No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace  
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face :  
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's  
dead, —

And — Betty — give this cheek a little red. "

The courtiersmooth, who forty years had shined  
An humble servant to all human-kind,  
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue  
could stir,

" If — where I'm going — I could serve you, sir ? "

" I give and I devise " (old Euclio said,  
And sighed) " my lands and tenements to Ned. "  
Your money, sir ? " My money, sir ! what, all ?  
Why — if I must — (then wept) I give it Paul. "  
The manor, sir ? " The manor ! hold, " he cried,  
" Not that, — I cannot part with that, " — and  
died.

ALEXANDER POPE.

## THE FICKLE MOB.

FROM "CORIOLANUS."

CAIUS MARCIUS. What would you have, you  
curs,  
That like not peace, nor war ? the one affrights you,  
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,  
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares ; ;

Where foxes, geese : you are no surer, no,  
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,  
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,  
To make him worthy whose offence subdues  
him,

And curse that justice did it. Who deserves great-  
ness,

Deserves your hate ; and your affections are  
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
Which would increase his evil. He that depends  
Upon your favors swims with fins of lead,  
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye !  
Trust ye ?

With every minute you do change a mind ;  
And call him noble that was now your hate,  
Him vile that was your garland. What's the  
matter,

That in these several places of the city  
You cry against the noble senate, who,  
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else  
Would feed on one another ?

CORIOLANUS. You common cry of curs ! whose  
breath I hate

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize  
As the dead carcasses of unburied men  
That do corrupt my air, — I banish you ;  
And here remain with your uncertainty !  
Let every feeble rumor shake your hearts !  
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,  
Fan you into despair ! Have the power still  
To banish your defenders ; till at length,  
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)  
Making but reservation of yourselves,  
(Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most  
Abated captives, to some nation  
That won you without blows ! Despising,  
For you, the city, thus I turn my back :  
There is a world elsewhere.

SHAKESPEARE.

#### ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE.

My curse upon thy venom'd stang,  
That shoots my tortured gums along ;  
An' through my lugs gies mony a twang,  
Wi' gnawing vengeance !  
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,  
Like racking engines.

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,  
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholick squeezes ;  
Our neighbor's sympathy may ease us,  
Wi' pitying moan ;  
But thee, — thou hell o' a' diseases,  
Aye mocks our groan.

Adown my beard the slavers trickle ;  
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,  
As round the fire the giglets keekle  
To see me loup ;  
While, raving mad, I wish a heckle  
Were in their doup.

O' a' the numerous human dools,  
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty-stools,  
Or worthy friends raked i' the mools,  
Sad sight to see !  
The tricks o' knaves or fash o' fools,  
Thou bear'st the gree.

ROBERT BURNS.

#### THE AUTHOR'S MISERIES.

FROM THE "PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES."

SHUT, shut the door, good John ! fatigued I said,  
Tie up the knocker, say I 'm sick, I 'm dead.  
The Dog-star rages ! nay, 't is past a doubt,  
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out :  
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,  
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.  
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide ?  
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they  
glide,  
By land, by water, they renew the charge,  
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.  
No place is sacred, not the church is free,  
Even Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me :  
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,  
Happy ! to catch me, just at dinner-time.

Is there a parson much be-mused in beer,  
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,  
A clerk, foredoomed his father's soul to cross,  
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross ?  
Is there, who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls  
With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls ?  
All fly to TWIC'NAM, and in humble strain  
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.  
A dire dilemma ! either way I 'm sped,  
If foes, they write, — if friends, they read me dead.  
Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I !  
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie :  
To laugh were want of goodness and of grace,  
And to be grave exceeds all power of face.  
I sit with sad civility, I read  
With honest anguish and an aching head ;  
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,  
Thissaving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."  
"Nine years !" cries he who high in Drury Lane,  
Lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,  
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term ends,  
Obliged by hunger, and request of friends, —  
"The piece, you think, is incorrect ? why, take it,

I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modest wishes bound,  
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his Grace,  
I want a patron; ask him for a place."

Pitholeon libelled me — "But here 's a letter  
Informs you, sir, 't was when he knew no better.

Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine,  
He 'll write a *journal*, or he 'll turn divine."

Bless me! a packet. — "T is a stranger sues,  
A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse."

If I dislike it, "Furies, death, and rage!"

If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,  
The players and I are, luckily, no friends.

Fired that the house reject him, "'Sdeath, I 'll  
print it,

And shame the fools. — Your interest, sir, with  
Lintot."

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:  
"Not, sir, if you revise it, and retouch."

All my demurs but double his attacks;

At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks."

Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,

Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb  
through,

He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:

Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,

The creature 's at his dirty work again,

Throned in the centre of his thin designs,

Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!

Of all mad creatures, if the learned are right,

It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.

A fool quite angry is quite innocent,  
Alas! 't is ten times worse when they *repent*.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,

And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:

One from all Grub Street will my fame defend,

And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.

This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,

And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."

There are, who to my person pay their court:

I cough like *Horace*, and, though lean, am short;

*Ammon*'s great son one shoulder had too high,

Such *Ovid*'s nose, and "Sir! you have an eye." —

Go on, obliging creatures, make me see,

All that disgraced my betters met in me.

Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,

"Just so immortal *Maro* held his head":

And when I die, be sure you let me know

Great *Homer* died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown

Dipped me in ink, — my parents', or my own?

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,

I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

I left no calling for this idle trade,

No duty broke, no father disobeyed.

The muse but served to ease some friend, not  
wife,

To help me through this long disease, my life.

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence

While pure description held the place of sense?

Like gentle *Fanny*'s was my flowery theme,

A painted mistress, or a purling stream.

Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;

I wished the man a dinner, and sate still.

Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;

I never answered, I was not in debt.

Did some more sober critic come abroad;

If wrong, I smiled; if right, I kissed the rod

Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,

And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.

Commas and points they set exactly right,

And 't were a sin to rob them of their mite.

Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced these ribalds,

From slashing *Bentley* down to piddling *Tibbalds*:

Each wight who reads not, and but scans and  
spells,

Each word-catcher that lives on syllables,

Even such small critics some regard may claim,

Preserved in *Milton*'s or in *Shakespeare*'s name.

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms

Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!

The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,

But wonder how the devil they got there.

The bard whom pilfered pastorals renown,

Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,

Just writes to make his barrenness appear,

And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines  
a year;

He who still wanting, though he lives on theft,

Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left;

And he who now to sense, now nonsense, lean-  
ing,

Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:

And he whose fustian 's so sublimely bad,

It is not poetry, but prose run mad:

All these my modest satire bade translate,

And owned that nine such Poets made a Tate.

Peace to all such! but were there one whose  
fires

True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;

Blest with each talent and each art to please,

And born to write, converse, and live with ease:

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,

Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,

View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,

And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,

And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike;

Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;

Alike reserved to blame or to commend,

A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend.

ALEXANDER POPE.

## RHYMERS.

FROM "FIRST PART OF HENRY IV."

I HAD rather be a kitten, and cry, mew,  
 Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers ;  
 I had rather hear a brazen canstick turned,  
 Or a dry wheel grate on an axletree ;  
 And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,  
 Nothing so much as mincing poetry :  
 'T is like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

SHAKESPEARE.

## TO THE UNCO GUID.

"My son, these maxims make a rule  
 And lump them aye thegither :  
 The Rigid Righteous is a fool,  
 The Rigid Wise anither ;  
 The cleanest corn that e'er was dight  
 May hae some pyles o' caff in ;  
 Sae ne'er a fellow-creature slight  
 For random fits o' daffin."

SOLOMON. — *Eccles.* vii. 16.

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel'  
 Sae pious and sae holy,  
 Ye've nought to do but mark and tell  
 Your neebor's fauts and folly : —  
 Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,  
 Supplied wi' store o' water,  
 The heapéd happer 's ebbing still,  
 And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable core,  
 As counsel for poor mortals,  
 That frequent pass dounce Wisdom's door  
 For glaikit Folly's portals !  
 I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,  
 Would here propone defences,  
 Their donsic tricks, their black mistakes,  
 Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,  
 And shudder at the niffer ;  
 But cast a moment's fair regard,  
 What maks the mighty differ ?  
 Discount what scant occasion gave  
 That purity ye pride in,  
 And (what 's aft mair than a' the lave)  
 Your better art o' hidin'.

Think, when your castigated pulse  
 Gies now and then a wallop,  
 What ragings must his veins convulse,  
 That still eternal gallop :  
 Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,  
 Right on ye scud your sea-way ;  
 But in the teeth o' baith to sail,  
 It makes an unco leeway.

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,  
 Tied up in godly laces,  
 Before ye gie poor Frailty names,  
 Suppose a change o' cases ;  
 A dear-loved lad, convenience snug,  
 A treacherous inclination, —  
 But, let me whisper i' your lug,  
 Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,  
 Still gentler sister woman ;  
 Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,  
 To step aside is human.  
 One point must still be greatly dark,  
 The moving why they do it ;  
 And just as lamely can ye mark  
 How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 't is He alone  
 Decidedly can try us ;  
 He knows each chord, — its various tone,  
 Each spring, — its various bias :  
 Then at the balance let's be mute,  
 We never can adjust it ;  
 What's done we partly may compute,  
 But know not what's resisted.

ROBERT BURNS.

## IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,  
 The brood of Folly without father bred !  
 How little you bestead,  
 Or fill the fixé mind with all your toys !  
 Dwell in some idle brain,  
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
 As thick and numberless  
 As the gay motes that people the sunbeams, —  
 Or likest hovering dreams,  
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.  
 But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy !  
 Hail, divinest Melancholy !  
 Whose saintly visage is too bright  
 To hit the sense of human sight,  
 And therefore, to our weaker view,  
 O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue, —  
 Black, but such as in esteem  
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,  
 Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove  
 To set her beauty's praise above  
 The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended.  
 Yet thou art higher far descended ;  
 Thee bright-haired Vesta, long of yore,  
 To solitary Saturn bore, —  
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign  
 Such mixture was not held a stain).  
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades

He met her, and in secret shades  
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
 While yet there was no fear of Jove.  
 Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,  
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,  
 All in a robe of darkest grain  
 Flowing with majestic train  
 And sable stole of cyprus lawn  
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn !  
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
 With even step, and musing gait,  
 And looks commercing with the skies,  
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes ;  
 There held in holy passion still,  
 Forget thyself to marble, till  
 With a sad, leaden, downward cast  
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast ;  
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet, —  
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
 And hears the Muses in a ring  
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing.  
 And add to these retired Leisure,  
 That in frim gardens takes his pleasure ;  
 But first and chiefest, with thee bring  
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne, —  
 The cherub Contemplation ;  
 And the mute Silence hist along,  
 'Less Philomel will deign a song  
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,  
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke  
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak.  
 Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly, —  
 Most musical, most melancholy !  
 Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,  
 I woo, to hear thy even-song :  
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen  
 On the dry, smooth-shaven green,  
 To behold the wandering moon  
 Riding near her highest noon,  
 Like one that had been led astray  
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way ;  
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,  
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,  
 I hear the far-off curfew sound  
 Over some wide-watered shore,  
 Swinging slow with sullen roar ;  
 Or if the air will not permit,  
 Some still removéd place will fit,  
 Where glowing embers through the room  
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, —  
 Far from all resort of mirth,  
 Save the cricket on the hearth,  
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,  
 To bless the doors from nightly harm ;  
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour

Be seen in some high lonely tower,  
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear  
 With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere  
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
 What worlds or what vast regions hold  
 The immortal mind that hath forsook  
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook ;  
 And of those demons that are found  
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
 Whose power hath a true consent  
 With planet or with element.  
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy  
 In sceptred pall come sweeping by,  
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
 Or the tale of Troy divine,  
 Or what (though rare) of later age  
 Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

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

Thus, Night, oft sec me in thy pale career,  
 Till civil-suited Morn appear, —  
 Not tricked and frownced, as she was wont  
 With the Attic boy to hunt,  
 But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,  
 While rocking winds are piping loud,  
 Or ushered with a shower still  
 When the gust hath blown his fill,  
 Ending on the rustling leaves,  
 With minute drops from off the caves.  
 And when the sun begins to fling  
 His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring  
 To archéd walks of twilight groves,  
 And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,  
 Of pine, or monumental oak,  
 Where the rude axe with heavéd stroke  
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,  
 Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.  
 There in close covert by some brook,  
 Where no profaner eye may look,  
 Hide me from day's garish eye,

While the bee with honeyed thigh,  
That at her flowery work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring  
With such consort as they keep,  
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep;  
And let some strange mysterious dream  
Wave at his wings, in airy stream  
Of lively portraiture displayed,  
Softly on my eyelids laid;  
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
Or the unseen genius of the wood.

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

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

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

JOHN MILTON.

#### HALLOWED GROUND.

WHAT's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod  
Its Maker meant rot should be trod  
By man, the image of his God,  
Erect and free,  
Uncourged by Superstition's rod  
To bow the knee?

That's hallowed ground — where, mourned and  
missed,  
The lips repose our love has kissed; —  
But where's their memory's mansion? Is't  
Yon churchyard's bowers?  
No! in ourselves their souls exist,  
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground  
Where mated hearts are mutual bound:  
The spot where love's first links were wound,  
That ne'er are riven,  
Is hallowed down to earth's profound,  
And up to heaven!

For time makes all but true love old;  
The burning thoughts that then were told  
Run molten still in memory's mould;  
And will not cool,  
Until the heart itself be cold  
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?  
'T is not the sculptured piles you heap!  
In dews that heavens far distant weep  
Their turf may bloom;  
Or Genii twine beneath the deep  
Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind  
Whose sword or voice has served mankind,  
And is he dead, whose glorious mind  
Lifts thine on high?  
To live in hearts we leave behind  
Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?  
He's dead alone that lacks her light!  
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight  
The sword he draws: —  
What can alone ennoble fight?  
A noble cause!

Give that! and welcome War to brace  
Her drums! and rend heaven's reeking space!  
The colors planted face to face,  
The charging cheer,  
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,  
Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel  
To Heaven! — but Heaven rebukes my zeal!  
The cause of Truth and human weal,  
O God above!  
Transfer it from the sword's appeal  
To Peace and Love.

Peace, Love! the cherubim, that join  
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine,  
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,  
Where they are not, —  
The heart alone can make divine  
Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,  
And pompous rites in domes august?

See mouldering stones and metal's rust  
 Belie the vault,  
 That man can bless one pile of dust.  
 With chime or chant.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man !  
 Thy temples, — creeds themselves grow wan !  
 But there 's a dome of nobler span,  
 A temple given  
 Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban, —  
 Its space is heaven !

Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,  
 Where trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,  
 And God himself to man revealing,  
 The harmonious spheres  
 Make music, though unheard their pealing  
 By mortal ears.

Fair stars ! are not your beings pure ?  
 Can sin, can death, your worlds obscure ?  
 Else why so swell the thoughts at your  
 Aspect above ?  
 Ye must be heavens that make us sure  
 Of heavenly love !

And in your harmony sublime  
 I read the doom of distant time ;  
 That man's regenerate soul from crime  
 Shall yet be drawn,  
 And reason on his mortal clime  
 Immortal dawn.

What 's hallowed ground ? 'T is what gives birth  
 To sacred thoughts in souls of worth ! —  
 Peace ! Independence ! Truth ! go forth  
 Earth's compass round ;  
 And your high-priesthood shall make earth  
*All hallowed ground.*

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

#### A TEAR.

O THAT the chemist's magic art  
 Could crystallize this sacred treasure !  
 Long should it glitter near my heart,  
 A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,  
 Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye ;  
 Then, trembling, left its coral cell, —  
 The spring of Sensibility !

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light !  
 In thee the rays of Virtue shine,  
 More calmly clear, more mildly bright,  
 Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul !  
 Who ever fliest to bring relief,  
 When first we feel the rude control  
 Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,  
 In every clime, in every age,  
 Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,  
 In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,  
 And bids it trickle from its source,  
 That law preserves the earth a sphere,  
 And guides the planets in their course.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

#### THE GARDEN OF LOVE.

I WENT to the garden of love,  
 And saw what I never had seen ;  
 A chapel was built in the midst,  
 Where I used to play on the green.

And the gate of this chapel was shut,  
 And "thou shalt not" writ over the door ;  
 So I turned to the garden of love,  
 That so many sweet flowers bore.

And I saw it was filled with graves,  
 And tombstones where flowers should be ;  
 And priests in black gowns were walking their  
 rounds,  
 And binding with briars my joys and desires.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

#### SIGH NO MORE, LADIES.

FROM "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,  
 Men were deceivers ever ;  
 One foot in sea, and one on shore,  
 To one thing constant never :  
 Then sigh not so,  
 But let them go,  
 And be you blithe and bonny ;  
 Converting all your sounds of woe  
 Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo  
 Of dumps so dull and heavy ;  
 The fraud of men was ever so,  
 Since summer first was leavy :  
 Then sigh not so,  
 But let them go,  
 And be you blithe and bonny ;  
 Converting all your sounds of woe  
 Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

SHAKESPEARE.

## IF WOMEN COULD BE FAIR.

FROM BYRD'S "SONGS AND SONNETS," 1588.

If women could be fair and never fond,  
 Or that their beauty might continue still,  
 I would not marvel though they made men bond,  
 By service long to purchase their good-will ;  
 But when I see how frail these creatures are,  
 I laugh that men forget themselves so far.

To mark what choice they make, and how they  
 change,

How, leaving best, the worst they choose out  
 still,

And how, like haggards, wild about they range,  
 Scorning the reason to follow after will ;  
 Who would not shake such buzzards from the fist,  
 And let them fly, fair fools, what way they list ?

Yet for our sport we fawn and flatter both,  
 To pass the time when nothing else can please,  
 And train them on to yield, by subtle oath,  
 The sweet content that gives such humor ease ;  
 And then we say, when we their follies try,  
 To play with fools, O, what a fool was I !

ANONYMOUS.

## THE ONE GRAY HAIR.

The wisest of the wise  
 Listen to pretty lies,  
 And love to hear them told ;  
 Doubt not that Solomon  
 Listened to many a one, —

Some in his youth, and more when he grew old.

I never sat among  
 The choir of wisdom's song,  
 But pretty lies loved I  
 As much as any king, —  
 When youth was on the wing,  
 And (must it then be told ?) when youth had quite  
 gone by.

Alas ! and I have not  
 The pleasant hour forgot,  
 When one pert lady said, —  
 " O Landor ! I am quite  
 Bewildered with affright ;  
 I see (sit quiet now !) a white hair on your head ! "

Another, more benign,  
 Drew out that hair of mine,  
 And in her own dark hair  
 Pretended she had found  
 That one, and twirled it round. —  
 Fair as she was, she never was so fair.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE  
EYES.

FROM "THE FOREST."

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,  
 And I will pledge with mine ;  
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,  
 And I 'll not look for wine.  
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise  
 Doth ask a drink divine ;  
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
 Not so much honoring thee  
 As giving it a hope that there  
 It could not withered be ;  
 But thou thereon didst only breathe  
 And sent'st it back to me ;  
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,  
 Not of itself but thee !

PHILOSTRATUS (Greek). Trans-  
lation of BEN JONSON.

## THE MAHOGANY-TREE.

CHRISTMAS is here ;  
 Winds whistle shrill,  
 Icy and chill,  
 Little care we ;  
 Little we fear  
 Weather without,  
 Sheltered about  
 The mahogany-tree.

Once on the boughs  
 Birds of rare plume  
 Sang, in its bloom ;  
 Night-birds are we ;  
 Here we carouse,  
 Singing, like them,  
 Perched round the stem  
 Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,  
 Boys, as we sit, —  
 Laughter and wit  
 Flashing so free.  
 Life is but short, —  
 When we are gone,  
 Let them sing on,  
 Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,  
 Happy as this ;  
 Faces we miss,  
 Pleasant to see.



Kind hearts and true,  
Gentle and just,  
Peace to your dust !  
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,  
Lurks at the gate :  
Let the dog wait ;  
Happy we 'll be !  
Drink, every one ;  
Pile up the coals ;  
Fill the red bowls,  
Round the old tree !

Drain we the cup. —  
Friend, art afraid ?  
Spirits are laid  
In the Red Sea.  
Mantle it up ;  
Empty it yet ;  
Let us forget,  
Round the old tree !

Sorrows, begone !  
Life and its ills,  
Duns and their bills,  
Bid we to flee.  
Come with the dawn,  
Blue-devil sprite ;  
Leave us to-night,  
Round the old tree !

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

### THE OLD FOGY.

OLD WINE TO DRINK, OLD WOOD TO BURN, OLD BOOKS  
TO READ, AND OLD FRIENDS TO CONVERSE WITH.

#### I.

OLD wine to drink ! —  
Ay, give the slippery juice  
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose  
Within the tun ;  
Plucked from beneath the cliff  
Of sunny-sided Tencraffe,  
And ripened 'neath the blink  
Of India's sun !  
Peat whiskey hot,  
Tempered with well-boiled water !  
These make the long night shorter, —  
Forgetting not  
Good stout old English porter.

#### II.

Old wood to burn ! —  
Ay, bring the hillside beech  
From where the owlets meet and screech,  
And ravens croak ;

The crackling pine, and cedar sweet ;  
Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,  
Dug 'neath the fern ;  
The knotted oak,  
A fagot too, perhaps,  
Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,  
Shall light us at our drinking ;  
While the oozing sap  
Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

#### III.

Old books to read ! —  
Ay, bring those nodes of wit,  
The brazen-clasped, the vellum writ,  
Time-honored tomes !  
The same my sire scanned before,  
The same my grandsire thumb'd o'er,  
The same his sire from college bore,  
The well-earned meed  
Of Oxford's domes ;  
Old Homer blind,  
Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by  
Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie ;  
Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie,  
Quaint Burton, quaint Spenser, ay !  
And Gervase Markham's venerie, —  
Nor leave behind  
The Holy Book by which we live and die.

#### IV.

Old friends to talk ! —  
Ay, bring those chosen few,  
The wise, the courtly, and the true,  
So rarely found ;  
Him for my wine, him for my stud,  
Him for my easel, distich, bud  
In mountain walk !  
Bring Walter good :  
With soulful Fred ; and learned Will,  
And thee, my *alter ego* (dearer still  
For every mood).

ROBERT HINCHLEY MESSENGER.

### AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to min' ?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days o' lang syne ?

#### CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We 'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,  
And pou'd the gowans fine ;  
But we've wandered mony a weary foot  
Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld, etc.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,  
Frae mornin' sun till dine ;  
But seas between us braid hae roared  
Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld, etc.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,  
And gie's a hand o' thine ;  
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught  
For auld lang syne.

For auld, etc.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,  
And surely I'll be mine ;  
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet  
For auld lang syne.

For auld, etc.

ROBERT BURNS.

LIFE.

I MADE a posie, while the day ran by :  
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie  
My life within this band.  
But time did beckon to the flowers, and they  
By noon most cunningly did steal away,  
And withered in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart ;  
I took, without more thinking, in good part  
Time's gentle admonition ;  
Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,  
Making my minde to smell my fatal day,  
Yet sugring the suspicion.

Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time ye spent,  
Fit, while ye lived, for small or ornament,

And after death for cures.

I follow straight without complaints or grief,  
Since, if my scent be good, I care not, if

It be as short as yours.

GEORGE HERBERT.

LIFE.

My life is like the summer rose  
That opens the morning sky,  
But, ere the shades of evening close,  
Is scattered on the ground, — to die !  
Yet on the rose's humble bed  
The sweetest dews of night are shed,

As if she wept the waste to see, —  
But none shall weep a tear for me !

My life is like the autumn leaf  
That trembles in the moon's pale ray ;  
Its hold is frail, — its date is brief,  
Restless, — and soon to pass away !  
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,  
The parent tree will mourn its shade,  
The winds bewail the leafless tree, —  
But none shall breathe a sigh for me !

My life is like the prints which feet  
Have left on Tampa's desert strand ;  
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,  
All trace will vanish from the sand ;  
Yet, as if grieving to efface  
All vestige of the human race,  
On that lone shore loud moans the sea, —  
But none, alas ! shall mourn for me !

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."

O, DEEM not they are blest alone  
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;  
The Power who pities man has shown  
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again  
The lids that overflow with tears ;  
And weary hours of woe and pain  
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest  
For every dark and troubled night ;  
And grief may bide an evening guest,  
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier,  
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,  
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere  
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,  
Though life its common gifts deny, —  
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,  
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day  
And numbered every secret tear,  
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay  
For all his children suffer here.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## LIFE.

THIS life, sae far 's I understand,  
Is a' enchanted fairy land,  
Where Pleasure is the magic wand,  
That, wielded right,  
Maks hours like minutes, hand in hand,  
Dance by fu' light.

The magic wand then let us wield ;  
For, ance that five-an'-forty 's speeled,  
See crazy, weary, joyless eild,  
Wi' wrinkled face,  
Comes hostin', hirplin', owre the field,  
Wi' creepin' pace.

When ance life's day draws near the gloamin',  
Then fareweel vacant careless roamin' ;  
An' fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin',  
An' social noise ;  
An' fareweel dear, deluding woman !  
The joy of joys !

O Life ! how pleasant in thy morning,  
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !  
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,  
We frisk away,  
Like school-boys, at the expected warning,  
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,  
We eye the rose upon the brier,  
Unmindful that the thorn is near,  
Amang the leaves :  
And though the puny wound appear,  
Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flowery spot,  
For which they never toiled nor swat ;  
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,  
But care or pain ;  
And, haply, eye the barren hut  
With high disdain.

With steady aim some Fortune chase ;  
Keen Hope does every sinew brace ;  
Through fair, through foul, they urge the race,  
And seize the prey :  
Then cannie, in some cozie place,  
They close the day.

An' others, like your humble servan',  
Poor wights ! nae rules nor roads observin',  
To right or left, eternal swervin',  
They zig-zag on ;  
Till <sup>N</sup>urst wi' age, obscure an' starvin',  
They aften groan.

ROBERT BURNS.

## THE RIVER OF LIFE.

THE more we live, more brief appear  
Our life's succeeding stages ;  
A day to childhood seems a year,  
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,  
Ere passion yet disorders,  
Steals lingering like a river smooth  
Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,  
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,  
Ye stars, that measure life to man,  
Why seem your courses quicker ?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,  
And life itself is vapid,  
Why, as we near the Falls of Death,  
Feel we its tide more rapid ?

It may be strange, — yet who would change  
Time's course to slower speeding,  
When one by one our friends have gone  
And left our bosoms bleeding ?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength  
Indemnifying fleetness ;  
And those of youth, a seeming length,  
Proportioned to their sweetness.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A MEDITATION ON THE FRAILTY OF  
THIS LIFE.

O TRIFLING toys that toss the brains  
While loathsome life doth last ;  
O wished wealth, O sngared joys,  
O life when death is past !  
Who loathes exchange of loss with gain ?  
Yet loathe we death as hell:  
What woful wight would wish his woe ?  
Yet wish we here to dwell.  
O Fancy frail, that feeds on earth,  
And stays on slippery joys !  
O noble mind, O happy man,  
That can contemn such toys !

Such toys as neither perfect are,  
And cannot long endure ;  
Our greatest skill, our sweetest joy,  
Uncertain and unsure.  
For life is short, and learning long,  
All pleasure mixt with woe ;  
Sickness and sleep steal time unseen,  
And joys do come and go.

Thus learning is but learned by halves,  
 And joy enjoyed no while ;  
 That serves to show thee what thou want'st,  
 This helps thee to beguile.

But after death is perfect skill,  
 And joy without decay ;  
 When sin is gone, that blinds our eyes,  
 And steals our joys away.

No crowing cock shall raise us up  
 To spend the day in vain ;  
 No weary labor shall us drive  
 To go to bed again.

But — for we feel not what we want,  
 Nor know not what we have —  
 We love to keep the body's life,  
 We loathe the soul to save.

ANONYMOUS.

### THE EBB-TIDE.

SLOWLY thy flowing tide  
 Came in, old Avon ! Scarcely did mine eyes,  
 As watchfully I roamed thy greenwood side,  
 Perceive its gentle rise.

With many a stroke and strong  
 The laboring boatmen upward plied their oars ;  
 Yet little way they made, though laboring long  
 Between thy winding shores.

Now down thine ebbing tide  
 The unlabored boat falls rapidly along ;  
 The solitary helmsman sits to guide,  
 And sings an idle song.

Now o'er the rocks that lay  
 So silent late the shallow current roars ;  
 Fast flow thy waters on their seaward way,  
 Through wider-spreading shores.

Avon, I gaze and know  
 The Jesson emblem'd in thy varying way ;  
 It speaks of human joys that rise so slow,  
 So rapidly decay.

Kingdoms which long have stood  
 And slow to strength and power attained at last,  
 Thus from the summit of high Fortune's flood,  
 They ebb to ruin fast.

Thus like thy flow appears  
 Time's tardy course to manhood's envied stage.  
 Alas ! how hurryingly the ebbing years  
 Then hasten to old age !

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

### BUSY, CURIOUS, THIRSTY FLY.

[Last verse added by Rev. J. Plumtree.]

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,  
 Drink with me, and drink as I ;  
 Freely welcome to my cup,  
 Couldst thou sip and sip it up.  
 Make the most of life you may ;  
 Life is short, and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,  
 Hastening quick to their decline ;  
 Thine's a summer, mine no more,  
 Though repeated to threescore.  
 Threescore summers, when they're gone,  
 Will appear as short as one.

Yet this difference we may see  
 'Twixt the life of man and thee, —  
 Thou art for this life alone,  
 Man seeks another when 't is gone ;  
 And though allowed its joys to share,  
 Tries virtue here, hopes pleasure there.

VINCENT BOURNE.

### THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

FALSE world, thou ly'st : thou canst not lend  
 The least delight :

Thy favors cannot gain a friend,  
 They are so slight :

Thy morning pleasures make an end  
 To please at night :

Poor are the wants that thou supply'st,  
 And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st  
 With heaven ; fond earth, thou boasts ; false  
 world, thou ly'st.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales  
 Of endless treasure ;

Thy bounty offers easy sales  
 Of lasting pleasure ;

Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails,  
 And swear'st to ease her ;

There's none can want where thou supply'st :  
 There's none can give where thou deny'st.  
 Alas ! fond world, thou boasts ; false world, thou  
 ly'st.

What well-advised ear regards  
 What earth can say ?

Thy words are gold, but thy rewards  
 Are painted clay :

Thy cunning can but pack the cards,  
 Thou canst not play :

Thy game at weakest, still thou vy'st ;  
 If seen, and then revy'd, deny'st :

Thou art not what thou seem'st ; false world,  
 thou ly'st.

Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint  
 Of new-coined treasure ;  
 A paradise, that has no stint,  
     No change, no measure ;  
 A painted cask, but nothing in 't,  
     Nor wealth, nor pleasure :  
 Vain earth ! that falsely thus comply'st  
 With man ; vain man ! that thou rely'st  
 On earth ; vain man, thou dot'st ; vain earth,  
     thou ly'st.

What mean dull souls, in this high measure,  
     To haberdash  
 In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure  
     Is dross and trash ?  
 The height of whose enchanting pleasure  
     Is but a flash ?  
 Are these the goods that thou supply'st  
 Us mortals with ? Are these the high'st ?  
 Can these bring cordial peace ? false world, thou  
     ly'st.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

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#### THE NEVERMORE.

Look in my face ; my name is Might-have-been ;  
 I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell ;  
 Unto thine ear I hold the dead-sea shell  
 Cast up thy Life's foam-fretted feet between ;  
 Unto thine eyes the glass where that is seen  
     Which had Life's form and Love's, but by my  
     spell  
 Is now a shaken shadow intolerable,  
 Of ultimate things unuttered the frail screen.

Mark me, how still I am ! But should there dart  
 One moment through my soul the soft surprise  
 Of that winged Peace which lulls the breath of  
     sighs, —

Then shalt thou see me smile, and turn apart  
 Thy visage to mine ambush at thy heart  
     Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

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#### THE GENIUS OF DEATH.

WHAT is death ? 'T is to be free,  
 No more to love or hope or fear,  
 To join the great equality ;  
     All, all alike are humbled there.  
     The mighty grave  
     Wraps lord and slave ;  
 Nor pride nor poverty dares eome  
 Within that refuge-house, — the tomb.

Spirit with the drooping wing  
 And the ever-weeping eye,

Thou of all earth's kings art king ;  
 Empires at thy footstool lie ;  
     Beneath thee strewed,  
     Their multitude  
 Sink like waves upon the shore ;  
 Storms shall never raise them more.

What 's the grandeur of the earth  
 To the grandeur round thy throne ?  
 Riches, glory, beauty, birth,  
 To thy kingdom all have gone.  
     Before thee stand  
     The wondrous band, —  
 Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,  
 Who darkened nations when they died.

Earth has hosts, but thou canst show  
 Many a million for her one ;  
 Through thy gates the mortal flow  
 Hath for countless years rolled on.

Back from the tomb  
 No step has come,  
 There fixed till the last thunder's sound  
 Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound.

GEORGE CROLY.

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#### LINES

WRITTEN BY ONE IN THE TOWER, BEING YOUNG AND  
CONDEMNED TO DIE.

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares ;  
 My feast of joy is but a dish of pain ;  
 My crop of eorn is but a field of tares ;  
 And all my good is but vain hope of gain :  
 The day is [fled], and yet I saw no sun ;  
 And now I live, and now my life is done !

The spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung ;  
 The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green ;  
 My youth is gone, and yet I am but young ;  
 I saw the world, and yet I was not seen :  
 My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun ;  
 And now I live, and now my life is done !

I sought my death, and found it in my womb ;  
 I looked for life, and saw it was a shade ;  
 I trod the earth, and knew it was my tomb ;  
 And now I die, and now I am but made ;  
 The glass is full, and now my glass is run ;  
 And now I live, and now my life is done !

CHIDDOCK TYCHBORN.

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#### LINES

WRITTEN THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS EXECUTION.

E'EN such is time ; which takes on trust  
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
 And pays us but with earth and dust ;  
 Which in the dark and silent grave,

When we have wandered all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days :  
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE LIE.

Go, soul, the body's guest,  
Upon a thankless errand ;  
Fear not to touch the best,  
The truth shall be thy warrant :  
Go, since I needs must die,  
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows  
And shines like rotten wood ;  
Go, tell the church it shows  
What 's good, and doth no good.  
If church and court reply,  
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live  
Acting by others' action,  
Not loved unless they give,  
Not strong but by a faction.  
If potentates reply,  
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition  
That rule affairs of state,  
Their purpose is ambition,  
Their practice only hate.  
And if they once reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,  
They beg for more by spending,  
Who in their greatest cost,  
Seek nothing but commending.  
And if they make reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,  
Tell love it is but lust,  
Tell time it is but motion,  
Tell flesh it is but dust ;  
And wish them not reply,  
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth,  
Tell honor how it alters,  
Tell beauty how she blasteth,  
Tell favor how it falters.  
And as they shall reply,  
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles  
In tickle points of niceness ;  
Tell wisdom she entangles  
Herself in over-wiseness.  
And when they do reply,  
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness,  
Tell skill it is pretension,  
Tell charity of coldness,  
Tell law it is contention.  
And as they do reply,  
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,  
Tell nature of decay,  
Tell friendship of unkindness,  
Tell justice of delay.  
And if they will reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,  
But vary by esteeming ;  
Tell schools they want profoundness,  
And stand too much on seeming.  
If arts and schools reply,  
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it fled the city ;  
Tell how the country erreth ;  
Tell, manhood shakes off pity ;  
Tell, virtue least preferreth.  
And if they do reply,  
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I  
Commanded thee, done blabbing,  
Although to give the lie  
Deserves no less than stabbing,  
Yet, stab at thee who will,  
No stab the soul can kill.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

LETTERS.

EVERY day brings a ship,  
Every ship brings a word ;  
Well for those who have no fear,  
Looking seaward well assured  
That the word the vessel brings  
Is the word they wish to hear.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

BRAHMA.

IF the red slayer think he slays,  
Or if the slain think he is slain,  
They know not well the subtle ways  
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near ;  
 Shadow and sunlight are the same ;  
 The vanished gods to me appear ;  
 And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out ;  
 When me they fly, I am the wings ;  
 I am the doubter and the doubt,  
 And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,  
 And pine in vain the sacred Seven ;  
 But thou, meek lover of the good !  
 Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.  
 RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

### RETribUTION.

THOUGH the mills of God grind slowly,  
 Yet they grind exceeding small ;  
 Though with patience he stands waiting,  
 With exactness grinds he all.  
 HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

### THE FUTURE.

FROM THE "ESSAY ON MAN."

HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of fate,  
 All but the page prescribed, their present state :  
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits  
 know :

Or who could suffer being here below ?  
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,  
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?  
 Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,  
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.  
 O blindness to the future ! kindly given,  
 That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven :  
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,  
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall ;  
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,  
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions  
 soar ;

Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.  
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,  
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.  
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast :  
 Man never is, but always to be blest.  
 The soul, uneasy and confined from home,  
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutored mind  
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;  
 His soul, proud science never taught to stray  
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;

Yet simple nature to his hope has given,  
 Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven ;  
 Some safer world, in depth of woods embraced,  
 Some happier island in the watery waste,  
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,  
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold :  
 To be, contents his natural desire,  
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;  
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

ALEXANDER POPE.

### SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT."

ALL the world 's a stage,  
 And all the men and women merely players :  
 They have their exits and their entrances ;  
 And one man in his time plays many parts,  
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
 Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
 Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern instances ;  
 And so he plays his part : the sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloen,  
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;  
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion, —  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.  
 SHAKESPEARE.

### PROCRASTINATION.

BE wise to-day ; 't is madness to defer ;  
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;  
 Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.  
 Procrastination is the thief of time ;  
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,  
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves  
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears  
 The palm, "That all men are about to live,"

Forever on the brink of being born.  
 All pay themselves the compliment to think  
 They one day shall not drivel : and their pride  
 On this reversion takes up ready praise :  
 At least their own ; their future selves applaud :  
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead !  
 Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's veils ;  
 That lodged in Fate's to wisdom they consign ;  
 The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone :  
 'T is not in folly not to scorn a fool,  
 And scarce in human wisdom to do more.  
 All promise is poor dilatory man,  
 And that through every stage. When young,  
 indeed,

In full content we sometimes nobly rest,  
 Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,  
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.  
 At thirty man suspects himself a fool ;  
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;  
 At fifty chides his infamous delay,  
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;  
 In all the magnanimity of thought  
 Resolves, and re-resolves ; then dies the same.

And why ? Because he thinks himself immortal.  
 All men think all men mortal but themselves ;  
 Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate  
 Strikes through their wounded hearts the sud-  
 den dread ;

But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,  
 Soon close ; where passed the shaft no trace is  
 found.

As from the wing no scar the sky retains,  
 The parted wave no furrow from the keel,  
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death ;  
 Even with the tender tears which Nature sheds  
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

DEFER not till to-morrow to be wise,  
 To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.  
 CONGREVE.

### TIME.

THE bell strikes one : we take no note of time,  
 But from its loss. To give it, then, a tongue,  
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,  
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,  
 It is the knell of my departed hours :  
 Where are they ? with the years beyond the flood ?  
 It is the signal that demands despatch ;  
 How much is to be done ! my hopes and fears  
 Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge  
 Look down — on what ? a fathomless abyss ;  
 A dread eternity ! how surely mine !  
 And can eternity belong to me,  
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour ?

Time the supreme ! — Time is eternity ;  
 Pregnant with all eternity can give ;  
 Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile.  
 Who murders time, he crushes in the birth  
 A power ethereal, only not adored.

Ah ! how unjust to nature and himself,  
 Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man !  
 Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,  
 We censure nature for a span too short :  
 That span too short, we tax as tedious too ;  
 Torture invention, all expedients tire,  
 To lash the lingering moments into speed,  
 And whirl us (happy riddance !) from ourselves.  
 Art, brainless art ! our furious charioteer  
 (For nature's voice, unstilled, would recall)  
 Drives headlong towards the precipice of death !  
 Death, most our dread ; death, thus more dread-  
 ful made :

O, what a riddle of absurdity !  
 Leisure is pain ; takes off our chariot wheels :  
 How heavily we drag the load of life !  
 Blessed leisure is our curse : like that of Cain,  
 It makes us wander ; wander earth around  
 To fly that tyrant, thought. As Atlas groaned  
 The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.  
 We cry for mercy to the next amusement :  
 The next amusement mortgages our fields ;  
 Slight inconvenience ! prisons hardly frown,  
 From hateful time if prisons set us free.  
 Yet when Death kindly tenders us relief,  
 We call him cruel ; years to moments shrink,  
 Ages to years. The telescope is turned.  
 To man's false optics (from his folly false)  
 Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,  
 And seems to creep, decrepit with his age ;  
 Behold him when passed by ; what then is  
 seen

But his broad pinions, swifter than the winds ?  
 And all mankind, in contradiction strong,  
 Rueful, aghast ! cry out on his career.

Ye well arrayed ! ye lilies of our land !  
 Ye lilies male ! who neither toil nor spin ;  
 (As sister-lilies might ;) if not so wise  
 As Solomon, more sumptuous to the sight !  
 Ye delicate ; who nothing can support,  
 Yourselves most insupportable ! for whom  
 The winter rose must blow, the sun put on  
 A brighter beam in Leo ; silky-soft  
 Favonius ! breathe still softer, or be chid ;  
 And other worlds send odors, sauce, and song,  
 And robes, and notions, framed in foreign looms !  
 O ye Lorenzos of our age ! who deem  
 One moment unamused a misery  
 Not made for feeble man ! who call aloud  
 For every bawble drivelled o'er by sense ;  
 For rattles and conceits of every cast,  
 For change of follies and relays of joy,



To drag you patient through the tedious length  
Of a short winter's day, — say, sages ! say,  
Wit's oracles ! say, dreamers of gay dreams !  
How will you weather an eternal night  
Where such expedients fail ?

DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light ;  
The year is dying in the night ;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new ;  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow ;  
The year is going, let him go ;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more ;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife ;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite ;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

WHEN I DO COUNT THE CLOCK.

SONNET.

WHEN I do count the clock that tells the time,  
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night ;  
When I behold the violet past prime,  
And sable curls all silvered o'er with white ;  
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,  
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
And summer's green, all girded up in sheaves,  
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard ;  
Then of thy beauty do I question make,

That thou among the wastes of time must go,  
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,  
And die as fast as they see others grow ;  
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make  
defence,  
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee  
hence.

SHAKESPEARE.

TIME.

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

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,  
The higher he 's a getting,  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he 's to setting.

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

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

ROBERT HERRICK.

TOO LATE I STAYED.

Too late I stayed, — forgive the crime !  
Unheeded flew the hours :  
How noiseless falls the foot of Time  
That only treads on flowers !

And who, with clear account, remarks  
The ebbings of his glass,  
When all its sands are diamond sparks,  
That dazzle as they pass ?

O, who to sober measurement  
Time's happy swiftness brings,  
When birds of paradise have lent  
Their plumage to his wings ?

WILLIAM R. SPENCER.

WHAT IS TIME ?

I ASKED an aged man, with hoary hairs,  
Wrinkled and curved with worldly cares :  
"Time is the warp of life," said he ; "O, tell  
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well !"

I asked the ancient, venerable dead,  
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled :  
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,  
"Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode !"  
I asked a dying sinner, ere the tide  
Of life had left his veins : "Time !" he replied ;  
"I've lost it ! ah, the treasure !" — and he died.  
I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,  
Those bright chronometers of days and years :  
They answered, "Time is but a meteor glare,"  
And bade me for eternity prepare.  
I asked the Seasons, in their annual round,  
Which beautify or desolate the ground ;  
And they replied (no oracle more wise),  
"Tis Folly's blank, and Wisdom's highest prize !"  
I asked a spirit lost, — but O the shriek  
That pierced my soul ! I shudder while I speak.  
It cried, "A particle ! a speck ! a mite  
Of endless years, duration infinite !"  
Of things inanimate my dial I  
Consulted, and it made me this reply, —  
"Time is the season fair of living well,  
The path of glory or the path of hell."  
I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,  
"Time is the present hour, the past has fled ;  
Live ! live to-day ! to-morrow never yet  
On any human being rose or set."  
I asked old Father Time himself at last ;  
But in a moment he flew swiftly past,  
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind  
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.  
I asked the mighty angel who shall stand  
One foot on sea and one on solid land :  
"Mortal !" he cried, "the mystery now is o'er ;  
Time was, Time is, but Time shall be no more !"  
MARSDEN.

### FOOL MORALIZING ON TIME.

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT,"

JAQUES. "Good morrow, fool," quoth I.  
"No, sir," quoth he,  
"Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune."  
And then he drew a dial from his poke,  
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,  
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock :  
Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world wags :  
'T is but an hour ago since it was nine ;  
And after one hour more 't will be eleven ;  
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,  
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot ;  
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear  
The motley fool thus moral on the time,  
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,  
That fools should be so deep contemplative ;

And I did laugh, sans intermission,  
An hour by his dial. — O noble fool !  
A worthy fool ! — Motley's the only wear.  
DUKE S. What fool is this ?  
JAQUES. O worthy fool ! — One that hath been  
a courtier ;  
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,  
They have the gift to know it : and in his brain —  
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit  
After a voyage — he hath strange places crammed  
With observation, the which he vents  
In mangled forms.

SHAKESPEARE.

### THE JESTER'S SERMON.

THE Jester shook his hood and bells, and leaped  
upon a chair,  
The pages laughed, the women screamed, and  
tossed their scented hair ;  
The falcon whistled, staghounds bayed, the lap-  
dog barked without,  
The scullion dropped the pitcher brown, the cook  
rallied at the lout !  
The steward, counting out his gold, let pouch and  
money fall,  
And why ? because the Jester rose to say grace in  
the hall !  
The page played with the heron's plume, the  
steward with his chain,  
The butler drummed upon the board, and laughed  
with might and main ;  
The grooms beat on their metal cans, and roared  
till they were red,  
But still the Jester shut his eyes and rolled his  
witty head ;  
And when they grew a little still, read half a yard  
of text,  
And, waving hand, struck on the desk, then  
frowned like one perplexed.  
"Dear sinners all," the fool began, "man's life  
is but a jest,  
A dream, a shadow, bubble, air, a vapor at the best,  
In a thousand pounds of law I find not a single  
ounce of love ;  
A blind man killed the parson's cow in shooting  
at the dove ;  
The fool that eats till he is sick must fast till he  
is well ;  
The wooer who can flatter most will bear away  
the belle.  
"Let no man halloo he is safe till he is through  
the wood ;  
He who will not when he may, must tarry when  
he should.

He who laughs at crooked men should need walk  
very straight ;  
O, he who once has won a name may lie abed  
till eight !  
Make haste to purchase house and land, be very  
slow to wed ;  
True coral needs no painter's brush, nor need be  
daubed with red.

“The friar, preaching, cursed the thief (the pud-  
ding in his sleeve).  
To fish for sprats with golden hooks is foolish, by  
your leave, —  
To travel well, — an ass's ears, ape's face, hog's  
mouth, and ostrich legs.  
He does not care a pin for thieves who limps  
about and begs.  
Be always first man at a feast and last man at a  
fray ;  
The short way round, in spite of all, is still the  
longest way.  
When the hungry curate licks the knife, there's  
not much for the clerk ;  
When the pilot, turning pale and sick, looks up  
— the storm grows dark.”

Then loud they laughed, the fat cook's tears ran  
down into the pan :  
The steward shook, that he was forced to drop  
the brimming can ;  
And then again the women screamed, and every  
staghound bayed, —  
And why ? because the motley fool so wise a  
sermon made.

G. W. THORNBURY.

#### THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,  
And the winter winds are wearily sighing :  
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,  
And tread softly and speak low,  
For the old year lies a-dying.  
Old year, you must not die ;  
You came to us so readily,  
You lived with us so steadily,  
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still : he doth not move :  
He will not see the dawn of day.  
He hath no other life above.  
He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,  
And the New-year will take 'em away.  
Old year, you must not go ;  
So long as you have been with us,  
Such joy as you have seen with us,  
Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim ;  
A jollier year we shall not see.  
But though his eyes are waxing dim,  
And though his foes speak ill of him,  
He was a friend to me.  
Old year, you shall not die ;  
We did so laugh and cry with you,  
I've half a mind to die with you,  
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,  
But all his merry quips are o'er.  
To see him die across the waste  
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,  
But he'll be dead before.  
Every one for his own. —  
The night is starry and cold, my friend,  
And the New-year blithe and bold, my friend,  
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes ! over the snow  
I heard just now the crowing cock.  
The shadows flicker to and fro :  
The cricket chirps : the light burns low :  
'T is nearly twelve o'clock.  
Shake hands before you die.  
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you :  
What is it we can do for you ?  
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.  
Alack ! our friend is gone,  
Close up his eyes : tie up his chin :  
Step from the corpse, and let him in  
That standeth there alone,  
And waiteth at the door.  
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,  
And a new face at the door, my friend,  
A new face at the door.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

#### THE DOORSTEP.

THE conference-meeting through at last,  
We boys around the vestry waited  
To see the girls come tripping past  
Like snowbirds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall  
By level musket-flashes litten,  
Than I, who stepped before them all,  
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no ; she blushed, and took my arm !  
We let the old folks have the highway,  
And started toward the Maple Farm  
Along a kind of lover's by-way.

I can't remember what we said,  
 'T was nothing worth a song or story ;  
 Yet that rude path by which we sped  
 Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,  
 The moon was full, the fields were gleaming ;  
 By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,  
 Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff —  
 O sculptor, if you could but mould it !—  
 So lightly touched my jacket-euff, . . .  
 To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone, —  
 'T was love and fear and triumph blended.  
 At last we reached the foot-worn stone  
 Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home ;  
 Her dimpled hand the latches fingered,  
 We heard the voices nearer come,  
 Yet on the doorstep still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,  
 And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled,  
 But yet I knew she understood  
 With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,  
 The moon was slyly peeping through it,  
 Yet hid its face, as if it said,  
 "Come, now or never ! do it ! *do it !*"

My lips till then had only known  
 The kiss of mother and of sister,  
 But somehow, full upon her own  
 Sweet, rosy, darling mouth — I kissed her !

Perhaps 't was boyish love, yet still,  
 O listless woman, weary lover !  
 To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill  
 I'd give — But who can live youth over ?  
 EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

#### THE OLD MAID.

WHY sits she thus in solitude ? Her heart  
 Seems melting in her eyes' delicious blue ;  
 And as it heaves, her ripe lips lie apart,  
 As if to let its heavy throbbings through ;  
 In her dark eye a depth of softness swells,  
 Deeper than that her careless girlhood wore ;  
 And her cheek crimson with the hue that tells  
 The rich, fair fruit is ripened to the core.

It is her thirtieth birthday ! With a sigh  
 Her soul hath turned from youth's luxuriant  
 bowers,  
 And her heart taken up the last sweet tie  
 That measured out its links of golden hours !  
 She feels her inmost soul within her stir  
 With thoughts too wild and passionate to  
 speak ;  
 Yet her full heart — its own interpreter —  
 Translates itself in silence on her cheek.

Joy's opening buds, affection's glowing flowers,  
 Once lightly sprang within her beaming track ;  
 O, life was beautiful in those lost hours !  
 And yet she does not wish to wander back ;  
 No ! she but loves in loneliness to think  
 On pleasures past, though nevermore to be ;  
 Hope links her to the future, — but the link  
 That binds her to the past is memory.

AMELIA B. WELBY.

#### THE TWO BRIDES.

I SAW two maids at the kirk,  
 And both were fair and sweet, —  
 One in her wedding robe,  
 And one in her winding-sheet.

The choristers sang the hymn, —  
 The sacred rites were read ;  
 And one for life to life,  
 And one to death, was wed.

They were borne to their bridal beds  
 In loveliness and bloom, —  
 One in a merry eastle,  
 The other a solemn tomb.

One on the morrow woke  
 In a world of sin and pain ;  
 But the other was happier far,  
 And never awoke again !

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

#### PROUD MAISIE IS IN THE WOOD.

PROUD Maisie is in the wood,  
 Walking so early ;  
 Sweet Robin sits on the bush,  
 Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,  
 When shall I marry me ?"  
 "When six braw gentlemen  
 Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed,  
Birdie, say truly?"

"The gray-headed sexton  
That delves the grave duly.

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone  
Shall light thee steady;  
The owl from the steeple sing  
'Welcome, proud lady.'"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### THANATOPSIS.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language: for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides  
Into his darker musings with a mild  
And gentle sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,  
Go forth under the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —  
Comes a still voice, — Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
To mix forever with the elements;  
To be a brother to the insensible rock,  
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak  
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place  
Shalt thou retire alone, — nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world, — with kings,  
The powerful of the earth, — the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,  
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
The venerable woods; rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,  
That make the meadows green; and, poured  
round all,  
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —  
Are but the solemn decorations all

Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,  
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings  
Of morning, traverse Barea's desert sands,  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound  
Save his own dashings, — yet the dead are there!  
And millions in those solitudes, since first  
The flight of years began, have laid them down  
In their last sleep, — the dead reign there alone!  
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw  
In silence from the living, and no friend  
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe  
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase  
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave  
Their mirth and their employments, and shall  
come

And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
Of ages glide away, the sons of men —  
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,  
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man —  
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side  
By those who in their turn shall follow thee.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and  
soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,  
A hundred years to come?  
Who'll tread yon church with willing feet,  
A hundred years to come?  
Pale, trembling age and fiery youth,  
And childhood with his brow of truth,  
The rich and poor, on land, on sea,  
Where will the mighty millions be,  
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep,  
A hundred years to come;  
No living soul for us will weep,  
A hundred years to come.

But other men our land will till,  
And others then our streets will fill,  
And other words will sing as gay,  
And bright the sunshine as to-day,  
A hundred years to come.

ANONYMOUS.

## TO A SKULL.

REMOVE yon skull from out the scattered heaps;  
Is that a temple where a God may dwell?  
Why even the worm at last disdains her shattered  
cell!

Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,  
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:  
Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall,  
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul;  
Behold through each lack-lustre eyeless hole  
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,  
And passion's port, that never brooked control.  
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ  
People this lonely tower, this tenement fit?

BYRON.

## TO A SKELETON.

The MSS. of this poem, which appeared during the first quarter of the present century, was said to have been found in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London, near a perfect human skeleton, and to have been sent by the curator to the Morning Chronicle for publication. It excited so much attention that every effort was made to discover the author, and a responsible party went so far as to offer a reward of fifty guineas for information that would discover its origin. The author preserved his *incognito*, and, we believe, has never been discovered.]

BEHOLD this ruin! 'T was a skull  
Once of ethereal spirit full.  
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,  
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.  
What beauteous visions filled this spot,  
What dreams of pleasure long forgot?  
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,  
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy  
Once shone the bright and busy eye,  
But start not at the dismal void, —  
If social love that eye employed,  
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,  
But through the dews of kindness beamed,  
That eye shall be forever bright  
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung  
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;  
If Falsehood's honey it disdained,  
And when it could not praise was chained;  
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,  
Yet gentle concord never broke, —  
This silent tongue shall plead for thee  
When Time unveils Eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?  
Or with the envied rubies shine?  
To hew the rock or wear a gem  
Can little now avail to them.  
But if the page of Truth they sought,  
Or comfort to the mourner brought,  
These hands a richer meed shall claim  
Than all that wait on Wealth and Fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod  
These feet the paths of duty trod?  
If from the howers of Ease they fled,  
To seek Affliction's humble shed;  
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,  
And home to Virtue's cot returned, —  
These feet with angel wings shall vie,  
And tread the palace of the sky!

ANONYMOUS.

## ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS  
OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight,  
To me did seem  
Apparelled in celestial light, —  
The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
It is not now as it hath been of yore:  
Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
By night or day,  
The things which I have seen I now can see no  
more.

II.

The rainbow comes and goes,  
And lovely is the rose;  
The moon doth with delight  
Look round her when the heavens are bare;  
Waters on a starry night  
Are beautiful and fair;  
The sunshine is a glorious birth;  
But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
And while the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound,  
To me alone there came a thought of grief;  
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
And I again am strong.  
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the  
steep, —  
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong.  
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng;  
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,  
And all the earth is gay;  
Land and sea  
Give themselves up to jollity;

And with the heart of May  
Doth every beast keep holiday ; —  
Thou child of joy,  
Shout found me, let me hear thy shouts, thou  
happy shepherd boy !

## IV.

Ye blesséd creatures ! I have heard the call  
Ye to each other make ; I see  
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;  
My heart is at your festival,  
My head hath its coronal, —  
The fulness of your bliss, I feel, I feel it all.  
O evil day ! if I were sullen  
While earth herself is adorning,  
This sweet May morning,  
And the children are culling  
On every side,  
In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,  
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm, —  
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear ! —  
But there 's a tree, of many one,  
A single field which I have looked upon, —  
Both of them speak of something that is gone ;  
The pansy at my feet  
Doth the same tale repeat.  
Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?  
Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

## V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;  
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar.  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come  
From God, who is our home.  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !  
Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
Upon the growing boy ;  
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows, —  
He sees it in his joy.  
The youth who daily farther from the east  
Must travel, still is nature's priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended :  
At length the man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.

## VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own.  
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind ;  
And even with something of a mother's mind,  
And no unworthy aim,  
The homely nurse doth all she can  
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,

Forget the glories he hath known,  
And that imperial palace whence he came.

## VII.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses, —  
A six years' darling of a pygmy size !  
See, where mid work of his own hand he lies,  
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
With light upon him from his father's eyes !  
See at his feet some little plan or chart,  
Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
Shaped by himself with newly learned art, —  
A wedding or a festival,  
A mourning or a funeral, —  
And this hath now his heart,  
And unto this he frames his song.  
Then will he fit his tongue  
To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;  
But it will not be long  
Ere this he thrown aside,  
And with new joy and pride  
The little actor cons another part, —  
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"  
With all the persons, down to palsied age,  
That life brings with her in her equipage ;  
As if his whole vocation  
Were endless imitation.

## VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
Thy soul's immensity !  
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep  
Thy heritage ! thou eye among the blind,  
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,  
Haunted forever by the eternal mind ! —  
Mighty prophet ! Seer blest,  
On whom those truths do rest  
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave !  
Thou over whom thy immortality  
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,  
A presence which is not to be put by !  
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might  
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,  
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?  
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,  
And custom lie upon thee with a weight  
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

## IX.

O joy ! that in our embers  
Is something that doth live,  
That nature yet remembers  
What was so fugitive !  
The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
Perpetual benediction : not, indeed,  
For that which is most worthy to be blest, —

Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his  
breast, —

Not for these I raise  
The song of thanks and praise ;  
But for those obstinate questionings  
Of sense-and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings,  
Blank misgivings of a creature

Moving about in worlds not realized,  
High instincts, before which our mortal nature  
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised, —

But for those first affections,  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,

Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,  
Are yet a master light of all our seeing,  
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal silence : truths that wake,

To perish never, —  
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,  
Nor man nor boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy !  
Hence in a season of calm weather,  
Though inland far we be,

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea,  
Which brought us hither, —

Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

## x.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !  
And let the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound !

We in thought will join your throng,  
Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
Ye that through your hearts to-day  
Feel the gladness of the May !

What though the radiance which was once so  
bright

Be now forever taken from my sight,  
Though nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower, —

We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind ;  
In the primal sympathy  
Which, having been, must ever be ;  
In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering ;

In the faith that looks through death,  
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

## xi.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,  
Forebode not any severing of our loves.

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;  
I only have relinquished one delight  
To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,  
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ;  
The innocent brightness of a new-born day

Is lovely yet ;  
The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober coloring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;  
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears, —  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## SOLILOQUY : ON IMMORTALITY.

SCENE. — CATO sitting in a thoughtful posture, with Plato's book  
on the Immortality of the Soul in his hand, and a drawn sword  
on the table by him.

It must be so. — Plato, thou reasonest well !  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality ?  
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,  
Of falling into naught ? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?  
'T is the divinity that stirs within us ;  
'T is Heaven itself, that points out a hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity ! — thou pleasing, dreadful thought !  
Through what variety of untried being,  
Through what new scenes and changes must we  
pass !

The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me ;  
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.  
Here will I hold. If there 's a Power above us  
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud  
Through all her works), he must delight in virtue ;  
And that which he delights in must be happy.  
But when ? or where ? This world was made for  
Cæsar.

I 'm weary of conjectures, — this must end them.

[Laying his hand on his sword.

Thus am I doubly armed : my death and life,  
My bane and antidote, are both before me.  
This in a moment brings me to an end ;  
But this informs me I shall never die.  
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles  
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years ;  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amid the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds !

JOSEPH ADDISON.



## QUATRAINS AND FRAGMENTS.

FROM R. W. EMERSON.  
NORTHMAN.

THE gale that wrecked you on the sand,  
It helped my rowers to row ;  
The storm is my best galley-hand,  
And drives me where I go.

POET.

To clothe the fiery thought  
In simple words succeeds,  
For still the craft of genius is  
To mask a king in weeds.

JUSTICE.

WHOEVER fights, whoever falls,  
Justice conquers evermore,  
Justice after as before, —  
And he who battles on her side,  
God, though he were ten times slain,  
Crowns him victor glorified, —  
Victor over death and pain,  
Forever.

HEROISM.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So near is God to man,  
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*  
The youth replies, *I can.*

THE SEA.

BEHOLD the Sea,  
The opaline, the plentiful and strong,  
Yet beautiful as is the rose in June,  
Fresh as the trickling rainbow of July :  
Sea full of food, the nourisher of kinds,  
Purger of earth, and medicine of men ;  
Creating a sweet climate by my breath,  
Washing out harms and griefs from memory,  
And, in my mathematic ebb and flow,  
Giving a hint of that which changes not.  
Rich are the sea-gods : — who gives gifts but they ?  
They gropethe sea for pearls, but more than pearls :  
They pluck Force thence, and give it to the wise.  
For every wave is wealth to Dædalus,  
Wealth to the unning artist who can work  
This matchless strength. Where shall he find,  
O waves !

A load your Atlas shoulders cannot lift ?

I with my hammer pounding evermore  
The rocky coast, smite Andes into dust,  
Strewing my bed, and, in another age,  
Rebuild a continent of better men.  
Then I unbar the doors : my paths lead out  
The exodus of nations : I disperse  
Men to all shores that front the hoary main.

## BORROWING.

FROM THE FRENCH.

SOME of your hurts you have cured,  
And the sharpest you still have survived,  
But what torments of grief you endured  
From evils which never arrived !

HERI, CRAS, HODIE.

SHINES the last age, the next with hope is seen,  
To-day slinks poorly off unmarked between ;  
Future or Past no richer secret folds,  
O friendless Present ! than thy bosom holds.

## LINES AND COUPLETS.

FROM POPE.

WHAT, and how great the virtue and the art,  
To live on little with a cheerful heart.

Between excess and famine lies a mean,  
Plain, but not sordid, though not splendid, clean.

Its proper power to hurt each creature feels :  
Bulls aim their horns, and asses kick their heels.

Here Wisdom calls, " Seek virtue first, be bold ;  
As gold to silver, virtue is to gold."

Let lands and houses have what lords they will,  
Let us be fixed and our own masters still.

'T is the first virtue vices to abhor,  
And the first wisdom to be fool no more.

Long as to him who works for debt, the day.

Not to go back is somewhat to advance,  
And men must walk, at least, before they dance.

True, conscious honor is to feel no sin ;  
He's armed without that's innocent within.

For virtue's self may too much zeal be had,  
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.

If wealth alone can make and keep us blest,  
Still, still be getting ; never, never rest.

That God of nature who within us still  
Inclines our actions, not constrains our will.

It is not poetry, but prose run mad.

Pretty in amber to observe the forms  
Of hair, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms :  
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,  
But wonder how the mischief they got there !

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,  
That tends to make one honest man my foe.

Who shames a scribbler? Break one cobweb  
through,

He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew;  
Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,  
The creature's at his dirty work again,  
Throned in the centre of his thin designs,  
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines.

He who, still wanting, though he lives on theft,  
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left.

What future bliss He gives thee not to know,  
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee,  
All chance, direction which thou canst not see.

'T is education forms the common mind;  
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,  
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.

That secret rare between the extremes to move,  
Of mad good-nature and of mean self-love.

Ye little stars, hide your diminished rays.

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,  
Will never mark the marble with his name.

'T is strange the music should his cares employ  
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy.

Something there is more needful than expense,  
And something previous e'en to taste, — 't is sense.

In all let Nature never be forgot,  
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,  
Not over-dress nor leave her wholly bare;  
Let not each beauty everywhere be spied,  
Where half the skill is decently to hide.

Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,  
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.

'T is use alone that sanctifies expense,  
And splendor borrows all her rays from sense.

To rest the cushion and soft dean invite,  
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.

And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,  
All end, — in love of God and love of man.

Know then this truth, enough for man to know,  
Virtue alone is happiness below.

Happier as kinder in whate'er degree,  
And height of bliss but height of charity.

If then to all men happiness was meant,  
God in externals could not place content.

Order is Heaven's first law, and, this confest,  
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,  
Lie in three words, — health, peace, and competence.

But health consists with temperance alone,  
And peace, O Virtue! peace is all thine own.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,  
And these be happy called, unhappy those;  
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,  
When those are placed in *hope*, and these in *fear*.

"But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed";  
"What then, is the reward of virtue, — bread?  
That vice may merit, 't is the price of toil,  
The knave deserves it when he tills the soil."

What nothing earthly gives or can destroy, —  
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,  
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.

Who noble ends by noble means obtains,  
Or, failing, smiles in exile or in chains,  
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed  
Like Soerates, that man is great indeed.

What's fame? A fancied life in others' breath.

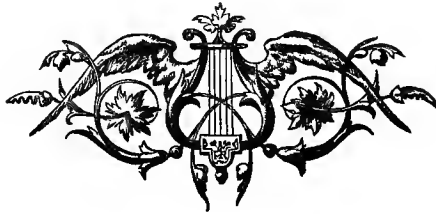
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs  
Of stupid starrers and of loud huzzas.

As heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

Lust through some certain strainers well refined  
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind.

Vice is a monster of such hideous mien  
That to be hated needs but to be seen;  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,  
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;  
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,  
A little louder, but as empty quite.



POEMS OF FANCY.



An angel face; - its sunny wealth of hair  
In radiant ripples bathed the graceful throat  
and dimpled shoulders; round the rosy curve  
Of the sweet mouth a smile seemed wandering over;  
While in the depths of azure fire that gleamed  
Beneath the drooping lashes, slept a world  
Of eloquent meaning, passionate yet pure -  
Dreamy - subdued - but oh, how beautiful!

Eggar A. J. Coe.

# POEMS OF FANCY.

## FANCY.

FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

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

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

SHAKESPEARE.

## THE REALM OF FANCY.

EVER let the Fancy roam!  
Pleasure never is at home:  
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,  
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;  
Then let wingéd Fancy wander  
Through the thought still spread beyond her:  
Open wide the mind's cage-door,  
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.  
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;  
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,  
And the enjoying of the spring  
Fades as does its blossoming;  
Autumn's red-lipped fruitage too,  
Blushing through the mist and dew,  
Cloys with tasting: What do then?  
Sit thee by the ingle, when  
The sear fagot blazes bright,  
Spirit of a winter's night;  
When the soundless earth is muffled,  
And the cakéd snow is shuffled  
From the plough-boy's heavy shoon;  
When the Night doth meet the Noon  
In a dark conspiracy  
To banish Even from her sky.  
Sit thee there, and send abroad  
With a mind self-overawed

Fancy, high-commissioned; — send her!  
She has vassals to attend her;  
She will bring, in spite of frost,  
Beauties that the earth hath lost;  
She will bring thee, all together,  
All delights of summer weather;  
All the buds and bells of May  
From dewy sward or thorny spray;  
All the heapéd autumn's wealth,  
With a still, mysterious stealth;  
She will mix these pleasures up  
Like three fit wines in a cup,  
And thou shalt quaff it; — thou shalt hear  
Distant harvest-carols clear;  
Rustle of the reapéd corn;  
Sweet birds antheming the morn;  
And in the same moment — hark!  
'T is the early April lark,  
Or the rooks, with busy caw,  
Foraging for sticks and straw.  
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold  
The daisy and the marigold;  
White-plumed lilies, and the first  
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;  
Shaded hyacinth, alway  
Sapphire queen of the mid-May;  
And every leaf and every flower  
Pearléd with the self-same shower.  
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep  
Meagre from its celléd sleep;  
And the snake all winter-thin  
Cast on sunny bank its skin;  
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see  
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,  
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest  
Quiet on her mossy nest;  
Then the hurry and alarm  
When the beehive casts its swarm;  
Acorns ripe down-pattering  
While the autumn breezes sing.

O sweet Fancy! let her loose;  
Everything is spoilt by use:  
Where's the cheek that doth not fade,  
Too much gazed at? Where's the maid

Whose lip mature is ever new ?  
 Where 's the eye, however blue,  
 Doth not weary ? Where 's the face  
 One would meet in every place ?  
 Where 's the voice, however soft,  
 One would hear so very oft ?  
 At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth  
 Like to bubbles when rain melteth.  
 Let then wingéd Fancy find  
 Thee a mistress to thy mind ;  
 Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,  
 Ere the God of Torment taught her  
 How to frown and how to chide ;  
 With a waist and with a side  
 White as Hebe's, when her zone  
 Slipt its golden elasp, and down  
 Fell her kirtle to her feet,  
 While she held the goblet sweet,  
 And Jove grew languid. — Break the mesh  
 Of the Fancy's silken leash ;  
 Quickly break her prison-string,  
 And such joys as these she 'll bring :  
 Let the wingéd Fancy roam !  
 Pleasure never is at home.

JOHN KEATS.

## IMAGINATION.

FROM "PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION."

O BLEST of heaven, whom not the languid  
 songs

Of luxury, the siren ! not the bribea  
 Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils  
 Of pageant honor, can seduce to leave  
 Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store  
 Of nature fair imagination culls  
 To charm the enlivened soul ! What though not  
 all

Of mortal offspring can attain the heights  
 Of envied life ; though only few possess  
 Patrician treasures or imperial state ;  
 Yet nature's care, to all her children just,  
 With richer treasures and an ampler state,  
 Endows at large whatever happy man  
 Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,  
 The rural honors his. Whate'er adorns  
 The princely dome, the column and the arch,  
 The breathing marble and the sculptured gold  
 Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,  
 His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the Spring  
 Distils her dews, and from the silken gem  
 Its lucid leaves unfolds ; for him the hand  
 Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch  
 With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.  
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings ;  
 And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,  
 And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze

Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes  
 The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain  
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade  
 Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake  
 Fresh pleasure, unproved. Nor thence partakes  
 Fresh pleasure only ; for the attentive mind,  
 By this harmonious action on her powers,  
 Becomes herself harmonious : wont so oft  
 On outward things to meditate the charm  
 Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home  
 To find a kindred order, to exert  
 Within herself this elegance of love,  
 This fair-inspired delight : her tempered powers  
 Refine at length, and every passion wears  
 A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.

MARK AKENSIDE.

## A DREAM OF THE UNKNOWN.

I DREAMED that as I wandered by the way  
 Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,  
 And gentle odors led my steps astray,  
 Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring  
 Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay  
 Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling  
 Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,  
 But kissed it and then fled, as Thou mightest in  
 dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,  
 Daisies, those pearly Arcturi of the earth,  
 The constellated flower that never sets ;  
 Faint ox-lips ; tender bluebells, at whose birth  
 The sod scarce heaved ; and that tall flower that  
 wets  
 Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,  
 When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,  
 Green cow-bind and the moonlight-colored May,  
 And cherry-blossoma, and white cups, whose wine  
 Was the bright dew yet drained not by the day ;  
 And wild roses, and ivy serpentine  
 With its dark buds and leaves, wandering  
 astray ;  
 And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold,  
 Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge  
 There grew broad flag-flowers, purple pranked  
 with white,  
 And starry river-buds among the sedge,  
 And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,  
 Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge  
 With moonlight beams of their own watery  
 light ;  
 And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green  
 As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers  
 I made a nosegay, bound in such a way  
 That the same hues, which in their natural bowers  
 Were mingled or opposed, the like array  
 Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours  
 Within my hand, — and then, elate and gay,  
 I hastened to the spot whence I had come  
 That I might there present it — Oh! to Whom?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

— ◆ —  
 DRIFTING.

My soul to-day  
 Is far away,  
 Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;  
 My wingéd boat,  
 A bird afloat,  
 Swims round the purple peaks remote: —

Round purple peaks  
 It sails, and seeks  
 Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,  
 Where high rocks throw,  
 Through deeps below,  
 A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim  
 The mountains swim;  
 While on Vesuvius' misty brim,  
 With outstretched hands,  
 The gray smoke stands  
 O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles  
 O'er liquid miles;  
 And yonder, bluest of the isles,  
 Calm Capri waits,  
 Her sapphire gates  
 Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if  
 My rippling skiff  
 Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff; —  
 With dreamful eyes  
 My spirit lies  
 Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls  
 Where swells and falls  
 The Bay's deep breast at intervals  
 At peace I lie,  
 Blown softly by,  
 A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,  
 Is Heaven's own child,  
 With Earth and Ocean reconciled; —

The airs I feel  
 Around me steal  
 Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail  
 My hand I trail  
 Within the shadow of the sail,  
 A joy intense,  
 The cooling sense  
 Glides down my drowsy indolence.

Her children, hid  
 The cliffs amid,  
 Are gambolling with the gambolling kid;  
 Or down the walls,  
 With tipsy calls,  
 Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,  
 With tresses wild,  
 Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,  
 With glowing lips  
 Sings as she skips,  
 Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes  
 Where Traffic blows,  
 From lands of sun to lands of snows; —  
 This happier one,  
 Its course is run  
 From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,  
 To rise and dip,  
 With the blue crystal at your lip!  
 O happy crew,  
 My heart with you  
 Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more  
 The worldly shore  
 Upbraids me with its loud uproar!  
 With dreamful eyes  
 My spirit lies  
 Under the walls of Paradise!

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

— ◆ —  
 LITTLE BELL.

PIPED the blackbird on the beechwood spray,  
 "Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,  
 What's your name?" quoth he, —  
 "What's your name? O, stop and straight unfold,  
 Pretty maid with showery curls of gold." —  
 "Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,  
 Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks, —

"Bonny bird," quoth she,  
 "Sing me your best song before I go."  
 "Here 's the very finest song I know,  
 Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped ; you never heard  
 Half so gay a song from any bird, —  
 Full of quips and wiles,  
 Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,  
 All for love of that sweet face below,  
 Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour  
 His full heart freely o'er and o'er  
 'Neath the morning skies,  
 In the little childish heart below  
 All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,  
 And shine forth in happy overflow  
 From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped and through the glade,  
 Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,  
 And from out the tree  
 Swung, and leaped, and frolicked, void of fear ;  
 While bold blackbird piped that all might hear, —  
 "Little Bell," piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern, —  
 "Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return ;  
 Bring me nuts," quoth she.  
 Up away the frisky squirrel hies, —  
 Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes, —  
 And adown the tree  
 Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,  
 In the little lap dropped one by one.  
 Hark, how blackbird pipes to see the fun !  
 "Happy Bell," pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade, —  
 "Squirrel, squirrel, if you're not afraid,  
 Come and share with me !"  
 Down came squirrel eager for his fare,  
 Down came bonny blackbird, I declare ;  
 Little Bell gave each his honest share, —  
 Ah the merry three !  
 And the while these frolic playmates twain  
 Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,  
 'Neath the morning skies,  
 In the little childish heart below  
 All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,  
 And shine out in happy overflow  
 From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day,  
 Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray ;  
 Very calm and clear  
 Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,  
 In blue heaven, an angel shape serene

Paused awhile to hear.  
 "What good child is this," the angel said,  
 "That with happy heart beside her bed  
 Prays so lovingly ?"  
 Low and soft, O, very low and soft,  
 Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,  
 "Bell, dear Bell !" crooned he.

"Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair  
 Murmured, "God doth bless with angels' care ;  
 Child, thy bed shall be  
 Folded safe from harm. Love, deep and kind,  
 Shall watch around and leave good gifts behind,  
 Little Bell, for thee !"

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

### A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'T WAS the night before Christmas, when all  
 through the house  
 Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse ;  
 The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
 In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there :  
 The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
 While visions of sugar-plums danced in their  
 heads ;  
 And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,  
 Had just settled our brains for a long winter's  
 nap, —  
 When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
 I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.  
 Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
 Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.  
 The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow  
 Gave a lustre of midday to objects below ;  
 When, what to my wondering eyes should ap-  
 pear,  
 But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,  
 With a little old driver, so lively and quick  
 I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.  
 More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
 And he whistled and shouted, and called them  
 by name :  
 "Now, Dasher ! now, Dancer ! now, Prancer  
 and Vixen !  
 On, Comet ! on, Cupid ! on, Donner and  
 Blitzen !  
 To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall !  
 Now dash away, dash away, dash away all !"  
 As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
 When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the  
 sky,  
 So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,  
 With the sleigh full of toys, — and St. Nicholas  
 too.  
 And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof  
 The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.



As I drew in my head, and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a  
bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his  
foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes  
and soot ;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.  
His eyes how they twinkled ! his dimples how  
merry !

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry ;  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard on his chin was as white as the  
snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.  
He had a broad face and a little round belly  
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of  
jelly.

He was chubby and plump, — a right jolly old elf ;  
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of my-  
self.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.  
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his  
work,  
And filled all the stockings ; then turned with a  
jerk,

And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.  
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle ;  
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,  
" Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night ! "

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

### THE FROST.

THE Frost looked forth, one still, clear night,  
And he said, " Now I shall be out of sight ;  
So through the valley and over the height  
In silence I 'll take my way.

I will not go like that blustering train,  
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,  
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,  
But I 'll be as busy as they ! "

Then he went to the mountain, and powdered its  
crest,  
He climbed up the trees, and their boughs he  
dressed

With diamonds and pearls, and over the breast  
Of the quivering lake he spread

A coat of mail, that it need not fear  
The downward point of many a spear  
That he hung on its margin, far and near,  
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,  
And over each pane like a fairy crept,  
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,  
By the light of the moon were seen  
Most beautiful things. There were flowers and  
trees,

There were be vies of birds and swarms of bees,  
There were cities, thrones, temples, and towers,  
and these  
All pictured in silver sheen !

But he did one thing that was hardly fair, —  
He peeped in the cupboard, and, finding there  
That all had forgotten for him to prepare, —

" Now, just to set them a thinking,  
I 'll bite this basket of fruit," said he ;  
" This costly pitcher I 'll burst in three,  
And the glass of water they 've left for me  
Shall ' *chick* ! ' to tell them I 'm drinking." MISS GOULD.

### 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 orbéd 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 river, 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 the 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 rise and upbuild it again.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

### FANCY IN NUBIBUS.

O, IT is pleasant, with a heart at ease,  
 Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,  
 To make the shifting clouds be what you please,  
 Or let the easily persuaded eyes  
 Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould  
 Of a friend's fancy ; or, with head bent low,  
 And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold,  
 'Twixt crimson banks ; and then a traveller go  
 From mount to mount, through Cloudland, gor-  
 geous land !

Or, listening to the tide with closéd sight,  
 Be that blind Bard, who on the Chian strand,  
 By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,  
 Beheld the Iliad and the Odysse  
 Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

### ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

THOU still unravished bride of quietness !  
 Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,  
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme :  
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape  
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady ?  
 What men or gods are these ? What maidens  
 loath ?

What mad pursuit ? What struggles to escape ?  
 What pipes and timbrels ? What wild ecstasy ?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
 Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;  
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,  
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.

Fair youth beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare.

Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
 Though winning near the goal, — yet do not grieve :  
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy  
 bliss ;

Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed  
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu ;  
 And happy melodist, unwearied,

Forever piping songs forever new ;  
 More happy love ! more happy, happy love !

Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,  
 Forever panting and forever young ;  
 All breathing human passion far above,  
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,  
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

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

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

JOHN KEATS.

## THE 'SUNKEN CITY.

HARK ! the faint bells of the sunken city  
 Peal once more their wonted evening chime !  
 From the deep abysses floats a ditty,  
 Wild and wondrous, of the olden time.

Temples, towers, and domes of many stories  
 There lie buried in an ocean grave, —  
 Undescried, save when their golden glories  
 Gleam, at sunset, through the lighted wave.

And the mariner who had seen them glisten,  
 In whose ears those magic bells do sound,  
 Night by night bides there to watch and listen,  
 Though death lurks behind each dark rock  
 round.

So the bells of memory's wonder-city  
 Peal for me their old melodious chime ;  
 So my heart pours forth a changeful ditty,  
 Sad and pleasant, from the bygone time.

Domes and towers and castles, fancy-built,  
 There lie lost to daylight's garish beams, —  
 There lie hidden till unveiled and gilded,  
 Glory-gilded, by my nightly dreams !

And then hear I music sweet upknelling  
 From many a well-known phantom band,  
 And, through tears, can see my natural dwelling  
 Far off in the spirit's luminous land !

WILHELM MUELLER (German). Translation  
 of JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

## THE BOWER OF BLISS.

FROM THE "FAERIE QUEENE."

THERE the most daintie paradise on ground  
 Itselfe doth offer to his sober eye,  
 In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,  
 And none does others happinesse envye ;  
 The painted flowres ; the trees upshooting hye ;  
 The dales for shade ; the hilles for breathing  
 space ;  
 The trembling groves ; the christall running by ;  
 And, that which all faire workes doth most  
 aggrace,  
 The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no  
 place.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude  
 And scorned partes were mingled with the fine)  
 That Nature had for wantonnesse ensude  
 Art, and that Art at Nature did repine ;  
 So striving each th' other to undermine,  
 Each did the others worke more beautify ;  
 So diff'ring both in willes agreed in fine :  
 So all agreed, through sweete diversity,  
 This garden to adorne with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood,  
 Of richest substance that on earth might bee,  
 So pure and shiny that the silver flood  
 Through every channell running one might see ;  
 Most goodly it with curious ymagere  
 Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,  
 Of which some seemed with lively iollitee  
 To fly about, playing their wanton toys,  
 Whylest others did themselves embay in liquid  
 ioyes.

And over all of purest gold was spred  
 A trayle of yvie in his native hew ;  
 For the rich metall was so coloured,  
 That wight, who did not well avis'd it vew,  
 Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew :  
 Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,  
 That, themselves dipping in the silver dew  
 Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,  
 Which drops of christall seemed for wantones to  
 weep.

Infinit streames continually did well  
 Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,  
 The which into an ample laver fell,  
 And shortly grew to so great quantitie,  
 That like a little lake it seemd to bee ;  
 Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,  
 That through the waves one might the bottom  
 see,  
 All pay'd beneath with iasper shining bright,  
 That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle  
 upright.

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,  
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,  
Such as attonce might not on living ground,  
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere :  
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,  
To read what manner musicke that mote bee ;  
For all that pleasing is to living eare,  
Was there consorted in one harmonee ;  
Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all  
agree :

The ioyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,  
Their notes unto the voice attempted sweet ;  
Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made  
To th' instruments divine responsiveness meet ;  
The silver-sounding instruments did meet  
With the base murmure of the waters fall ;  
The waters fall, with difference discreet,  
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;  
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

EDMUND SPENSER.

### THE CAVE OF SLEEP.

FROM THE "FAERIE QUEENE."

HE, making speedy way through spersed ayre,  
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,  
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire,  
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,  
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,  
His dwelling is ; there Tethys his wet bed  
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe  
In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed,  
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth  
spred.

And, more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,  
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling  
downe,  
And ever-drizzling raine upon the loft,  
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the  
sowne  
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.  
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cries,  
As still are wont t' annoy the walled towne,  
Might there be heard ; but carelesse Quiet lyes  
Wrapt in eternall silence, farre from enmyes.

EDMUND SPENSER.

### SIR CALEPINE RESCUES SERENA.

FROM THE "FAERIE QUEENE."

THO, when as all things readie were aright,  
The damzell was before the altar set,  
Being already dead with fearefull fright :  
To whom the priest with naked armes full net

Approching nigh, and murtherous knife well whet,  
Gan mutter close a certaine secret charme,  
With other divelish ceremonies met :  
Which doen, he gan aloft t' advance his arme,  
Wherewith he shouted all, and made a loud alarme.

Then gan the bagpipes and the hornes to shrill  
And shriek aloud, that, with the people's voyce  
Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,  
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce :  
The whyles shewayld, the more they did reioyce.  
Now mote ye understand that to this grove  
Sir Calepine, by chance more then by choyce,  
The selfe same evening fortune hether drove,  
As he to seeke Serena through the woods did rove.

Long had he sought her, and through many a  
soyle

Had traveld still on foot in heavie armes,  
Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyle,  
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes :  
And now, all wectlesse of the wretched stormes  
In which his love was lost, he slept full fast ;  
Till, being waked with these loud alarmes,  
He lightly started up like one aghast,  
And, catching up his armes, straight to the noise  
forth past.

There by th' uncertaine glims of starry night,  
And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,  
He mote perceive a litle dawning sight  
Of all which there was doing in that quire :  
Mongst whom a woman spoyled of all attire  
He spyde, lamenting her unluckie strife,  
And groning sore from grieved hart entire :  
Eftsoones he saw one with a naked knife  
Readie to launch her brest, and let out loved life.

With that he thrusts into the thickest throng ;  
And, even as his right hand adowne descends,  
He him preventing layes on earth along,  
And sacrificeth to th' infernall feends :  
Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends ;  
Of whom he makes such havocke and such hew,  
That swarmes of damned soules to hell hesends :  
The rest, that scape his sword and deatheschew,  
Fly like a flocke of doves before a faulcons vew.

From them returning to that ladie backe,  
Whom by the altar he doth sitting find  
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke  
Of clothes to cover what they ought by kind ;  
He first her hands beginneth to unbind,  
And then to question of her present woe ;  
And afterwards to cheare with speaches kind :  
But she, for nought that he could say or doc,  
One word durst speake, or answer him a whit  
thereto.

So inward shame of her uncomely case  
 She did conceive, through care of womanhood,  
 That though the night did cover her disgrace,  
 Yet she in so unwomanly a mood  
 Would not bewray the state in which she stood :  
 So all that night to him unknown she past :  
 But day, that doth discover bad and good,  
 Ensewing, made her known to him at last :  
 The end whereof Ile keepe untill another cast.

EDMUND SPENSER.

### UNA AND THE LION.

FROM THE "FAERIE QUEENE."

ONE day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,  
 From her unhastie beast she did alight ;  
 And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay  
 In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight ;  
 From her fayre head her fillet she undight,  
 And layd her stole aside. Her angels face,  
 As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,  
 And made a sunshine in the shady place ;  
 Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortun'd, out of the thickest wood  
 A ramping lyon rushed suddainly,  
 Hunting full greedy after salvage blood :  
 Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,  
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,  
 To have attonce devourd her tender corse ;  
 But to the pray whenas he drew more ny,  
 His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,  
 And, with the sight amazd, forgat his furious forse.

Instead thereof, he kist her wearie feet,  
 And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong ;  
 As he her wronged innocence did weat.  
 O how can beantie maister the most strong,  
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong !  
 Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,  
 Still dreading death, when she had marked long,  
 Her hart gan melt in great compassion ;  
 And drizzling teares did shed for pure affection.

"The Lyon, lord of everie beast in field,  
 Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,  
 And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,  
 Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late  
 Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate : —  
 But he, my lyon, and my noble lord,  
 How does he find in cruell hart to hate  
 Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adord  
 As the god of my life ? why hath he me abhord ?"

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,  
 Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood ;  
 And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,  
 The kingly beast upon her gazing stood ;

With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.  
 At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,  
 Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,  
 And to her snowy palfrey got agayne,  
 To seeke her strayed champion if she might attayne.

The lyon would not leave her desolate,  
 But with her went along, as a strong gard  
 Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate  
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard :  
 Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and  
 ward ;

And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,  
 With humble service to her will prepar'd ;  
 From her fayre eyes he took commandément,  
 And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

EDMUND SPENSER.

### SCENES FROM "COMUS."

#### THE LADY LOST IN THE WOOD.

THIS way the noise was, if mine ear be true,  
 My best guide now ; methought it was the sound  
 Of riot and ill-managed merriment,  
 Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe  
 Stirs up amongst the loose, unlettered hinds,  
 When for their teeming flocks and granges full  
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,  
 And thank the gods amiss. I should be loath  
 To meet the rudeness and swilled insolence  
 Of such late wassailers ; yet O, where else  
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet  
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood ?  
 My brothers, when they saw me wearied out  
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge  
 Under the spreading favor of these pines,  
 Stepped, as they said, to the next thicket side  
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit  
 As the kind, hospitable woods provide.  
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded even,  
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,  
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.  
 But where they are, and why they came not back,  
 Is now the labor of my thoughts : 't is likeliest  
 They had engaged their wandering steps too far,  
 And envious darkness, ere they could return,  
 Had stole them from me ; else, O thievish night,  
 Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,  
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,  
 That nature hung in heaven, and filled their  
 lamps

With everlasting oil, to give due light  
 To the misled and lonely traveller ?  
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,  
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth  
 Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear,  
 Yet naught but single darkness do I find.

What might this be? A thousand fantasies  
 Begin to throng into my memory,  
 Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,  
 And airy tongues, that syllable men's names  
 On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.  
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound  
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended  
 By a strong siding champion, Conscience.  
 O welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,  
 Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,  
 And thou unblemished form of Chastity;  
 I see you visibly, and now believe  
 That he, the Supreme Good, to whom all things  
 ill

Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,  
 Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,  
 To keep my life and honor unassailed.

#### THE LADY TO COMUS.

IMPOSTOR, do not charge most innocent Nature,  
 As if she would her children should be riotous  
 With her abundance; she, good caterer,  
 Means her provision only to the good,  
 That live according to her sober laws,  
 And holy dictate of spare temperance:  
 If every just man, that now pines with want,  
 Had but a moderate and beseeching share  
 Of that which lewdly pampered luxury  
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,  
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed  
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,  
 And she no whit encumbered with her store;  
 And then the Giver would be better thanked,  
 His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony  
 Ne'er looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,  
 But with besotted, base ingratitude  
 Crams, and blasphemes his Feeder.

MILTON.

#### TAM O'SHANTER.

##### A TALE.

"Of Brownies and of Bogills full is this Buke."  
 GAWIN DOUGLASS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,  
 And drouthy neebors neebors meet,  
 As market-days are wearing late,  
 An' folk begin to tak the gate;  
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,  
 An' getting fou and unco happy,  
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,  
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,  
 That lie between us and our hame,  
 Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,  
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,  
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam O' Shanter,  
 As he, frae Ayr, ae night did capter,  
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,  
 For honest men and bonnie lasses.)

O Tam! hadst thou been but sae wise  
 As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!  
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,  
 A bleth'ring, blust'ring, drunken blellum;  
 That frae November till October,  
 Ae market-day thou was na sober;  
 That ilka melder, wi' the miller,  
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;  
 That every naig was ca'd a shoe on;  
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;  
 That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,  
 T. ou drank wi' Kirten Jean till Monday.  
 She prophesied that, late or soon,  
 Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon;  
 Or catched wi' warlocks in the mirk,  
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet  
 To think how monie counsels sweet,  
 How monie lengthened saga advices,  
 The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night  
 Tam had got planted unco right,  
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,  
 Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;  
 And at his elbow souter Johnny,  
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony, —  
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither, —  
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.  
 The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,  
 And ay the ale was growing better;  
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious,  
 Wi' favors secret, sweet, and precious;  
 The souter tauld his queerest stories;  
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;  
 The storm without might rair and rustle,  
 Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sac happy,  
 E'en drowned himself among the nappy;  
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,  
 The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure;  
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,  
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;  
 Or like the snow-fall in the river,  
 A moment white, — then melts forever;  
 Or like the borealis race,  
 That fit ere you can point their place;  
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form  
 Evanishing amid the storm.

Nae man can tether time or tide;  
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride, —  
 That hour o' night's black arch the keystone,  
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;

And sic a night he takes the road in  
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 't wad blawn its last ;  
The rattling showers rose on the blast ;  
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed ;  
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed ;  
That night a child might understand  
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,  
(A better never lifted leg,)

Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,  
Despising wind and rain and fire, —  
Whyles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,  
Whyles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,  
Whyles glowering round wi' prudent cares,  
Lest bogles catch him unawares ;  
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,  
Wheré ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,  
Whare in the snaw the chapman smooored ;  
And past the birks and meikle stane,  
Whare drunken Charlie brak 's neck-bane ;  
And through the whins, and by the cairn,  
Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn ;  
And near the thorn, aboon the well,  
Whare Mungo's mither hanged hersel'.  
Before him Doon pours all his floods ;  
The doubling storm roars through the woods ;  
The lightning's flash from pole to pole ;  
Near and more near the thunders roll ;  
When, glimmering through the groaning trees,  
Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze !  
Through ilka hore the beams were glancing,  
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn !  
What dangers thou canst make us scorn !  
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil ;  
Wi' usquebae we'll face the Devil ! —  
The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,  
Fair play, he cared na Deils a bodle.  
But Maggie stood right sair astonished,  
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,  
She ventured forward on the light ;  
And, wow ! Tam saw an unco sight !  
Warlocks and witches in a dance :  
Nae cotillon brent new frae France,  
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels  
Put life and mettle in their heels.

A winnock-bunker in the east,  
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast, —  
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large, —  
To gie them music was his charge ;  
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl  
Till roof an' rafter a' did dirl.  
Coffins stood round like open presses,  
That shawed the dead in their last dresses ;  
And by some devilish cantrip sleight,  
Each in its cauld hand held a light, —

By which heroic Tam was able  
To note, upon the haly table,  
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns ;  
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns ;  
A thief, new cutted frae a rape,  
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;  
Five tomalawks, wi' bluid red rusted ;  
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted ;  
A garter which a babe had strangled ;  
A knife a father's throat had mangled,  
Whom his ain son o' life bereft, —  
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft ;  
Three lawyers' tongues turned inside out,  
Wi' lies seamed like a beggar's clout ;  
And priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,  
Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk :  
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu'  
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowered, amazed and curious,  
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious ;  
The piper loud and louder blew ;  
The dancers quick and quicker flew ;  
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,  
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,  
And coost her duddies to the wark,  
And linket at it in her sark !

Now Tam, O Tam ! had they been queans,  
A' plump and strapping in their teens :  
Their sarks, instead of ereeshie flannen,  
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen ;  
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,  
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,  
I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies  
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies !

But withered beldams, auld and droll,  
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,  
Lowping an' flinging on a crummock, —  
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie.  
There was ae winsome wench and walie,  
That night inlisted in the core,  
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore !  
For monie a beast to dead she shot,  
And perished monie a bonnie boat,  
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,  
And kept the country-side in fear,)  
Her cutty-sark o' Paisley harn,  
That while a lassie she had worn —  
In longitude though sorely scanty,  
It was her best, and she was vauntie.  
Ah ! little kenned thy reverend grannie  
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie  
Wi' twa pund Scots (twas a' her riches) —  
Wad ever graced a dance o' witches !

But here my Muse her wing maun cower,  
Sic flights are far beyond her power ;  
To sing how Nannie lap and flang  
(A souple jad she was and strang,

And how Tam stood like ane bewitched,  
 And thought his very een enriched.  
 Ev'n Satan glowered, and fidget fu' fain,  
 And hotched and blew wi' might and main ;  
 Till first ae caper, syne anither, —  
 Tam tint his reason a' thegither,  
 And roars out, " Weel done, Cutty-sark !"  
 And in an instant a' was dark ;  
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,  
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,  
 When plundering herds assail their byke ;  
 As open pussie's mortal foes,  
 When, pop ! she starts before their nose ;  
 As eager runs the market-crowd,  
 When *Catch the Thief!* resounds aloud ;  
 So Maggie runs, — the witches follow,  
 Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam ! ah, Tam ! thou 'll get thy fairin' !  
 In hell they 'll roast thee like a herrin !  
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin' —  
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman !  
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
 And win the key-stane of the brig ;  
 There at them thou thy tail may toss, —  
 A running stream they dare na cross.  
 But ere the key-stane she could make,  
 The fiend a tail she had to shake ;  
 For Nannie, far before the rest,  
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,  
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle :  
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle, —  
 Ae spring brought aff her master hale,  
 But left behind her ain gray tail :  
 The carlin claugher her by the rump,  
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
 Ilk man and mother's son take heed ;  
 Whene'er to drink you are inclined,  
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,  
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,  
 Remember Tam O' Shanter's mare.

ROBERT BURNS.

### THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

HAMELIN Town 's in Brunswick,  
 By famous Hanover City ;  
 The river Weser, deep and wide,  
 Washes its wall on the southern side ;  
 A pleasanter spot you never spied ;  
 But when begins my ditty,  
 Almost five hundred years ago,  
 To see the townfolk suffer so  
 From vermin was a pity.

Rats !

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,

And bit the babies in the cradles,  
 And ate the cheeses out of the vats,  
 And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,  
 Split open the kegs of salted sprats,  
 Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,  
 And even spoiled the women's chats,  
 By drowning their speaking  
 With shrieking and squeaking  
 In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body  
 To the Town Hall came flocking :  
 " 'Tis clear," cried they, " our Mayor 's a noddy ;  
 And as for our Corporation, — shocking  
 To think we buy gowns lined with ermine  
 For dolts that can't or won't determine  
 What 's best to rid us of our vermin !  
 At this the Mayor and Corporation  
 Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in counsel, —  
 At length the Mayor broke silence :  
 " For a guilder I 'd my ermine gown sell ;  
 I wish I were a mile hence !  
 It 's easy to bid one rack one's brain, —  
 I 'm sure my poor head aches again.  
 I 've scratched it so, and all in vain.  
 O for a trap, a trap, a trap !"  
 Just as he said this, what should hap  
 At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?  
 " Bless us," cried the Mayor, " what 's that ?"  
 " Come in !" — the Mayor cried, looking bigger,  
 And in did come the strangest figure ;  
 He advanced to the council-table :  
 And, " Please your honors," said he, " I 'm able,  
 By means of a secret charm, to draw  
 All creatures living beneath the sun,  
 That creep or swim or fly or run,  
 After me so as you never saw !

Yet," said he, " poor piper as I am,  
 In Tartary I freed the Cham,  
 Last June, from his huge swarm of gnats ;  
 I eased in Asia the Nizam  
 Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats ;  
 And as for what your brain bewilders, —  
 If I can rid your town of rats,  
 Will you give me a thousand guilders ?"  
 " One ? fifty thousand !" — was the exclamation  
 Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the piper stept,  
 Smiling first a little smile,  
 As if he knew what magic slept  
 In his quiet pipe the while ;  
 Then, like a musical adept,  
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,  
 And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,  
 Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled ;



And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,  
 You heard as if an army muttered ;  
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;  
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;  
 And out of the houses the rats came tumbling .  
 Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,  
 Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,  
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,

Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,  
 Cocking tails and pricking whiskers ;  
 Families by tens and dozens,  
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives, —  
 Followed the piper for their lives.  
 From street to street he piped advancing,  
 And step for step they followed dancing,  
 Until they came to the river Weser,  
 Wherein all plunged and perished  
 Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,  
 Swam across and lived to carry  
 (As he the manuscript he cherished)  
 To Rat-land home his commentary,  
 Which was : " At the first shrill notes of the pipe,  
 I heard a sound as of seraping tripe,  
 And putting apples, wondrous ripe,  
 Into a cider-press's gripe, —

And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,  
 And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,  
 And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,  
 And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks ;  
 And it seemed as if a voice  
 (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery  
 Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice !  
 The world is grown to one vast drysaltery !  
 So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,  
 Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon !  
 And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,  
 All ready staved, like a great sun shone  
 Glorious scarce an inch before me,  
 Just as methought it said, Come, bore me ! —  
 I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people  
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple ;  
 " Go," cried the Mayor, " and get long poles !  
 Poke out the nests and block up the holes !  
 Consult with carpenters and builders  
 And leave in our town not even a trace  
 Of the rats ! " — when suddenly, up the face  
 Of the piper perked in the market-place,  
 With a " First, if you please, my thousand  
 guilders ! "

A thousand guilders ! The Mayor looked blue ;  
 So did the Corporation too.  
 For council-dinners made rare havock  
 With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock ;  
 And half the money would replenish  
 Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.

To pay this sum to a wandering fellow  
 With a gypsy coat of red and yellow !  
 " Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,  
 " Our business was done at the river's brink ;  
 We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,  
 And what 's dead can't come to life, I think.  
 So, friend, we 're not the folks to shrink  
 From the duty of giving you something for drink,  
 And a matter of money to put in your poke ;  
 But as for the guilders, what we spoke  
 Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.  
 Beside, our losses have made us thrifty ;  
 A thousand guilders ! Come, take fifty ! "

The piper's face fell, and he cried,  
 " No trifling ! I can't wait ! beside,  
 I 've promised to visit by dinner time  
 Bagdat, and accept the prime  
 Of the head cook's pottage, all he 's rich in,  
 For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,  
 Of a nest of scorpions no survivor, —  
 With him I proved no bargain-driver ;  
 With you, don't think I 'll bate a stiver !  
 And folks who put me in a passion  
 May find me pipe to another fashion."

" How ? " cried the Mayor, " d' ye think I 'll brook  
 Being worse treated than a cook ?  
 Insulted by a lazy ribald  
 With idle pipe and vesture piebald ?  
 You threaten us, fellow ? Do your worst,  
 Blow your pipe there till you burst ! "

Once more he stepped into the street ;  
 And to his lips again  
 Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane ;  
 And ere he blew three notes (such sweet  
 Soft notes as yet musician's cunning  
 Never gave the enraptured air)

There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling  
 Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling ;  
 Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,  
 Little hands clapping, and little tongues chatter-  
 ing ;

And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is  
 scattering,

Out came the children running :  
 All the little boys and girls,  
 With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,  
 And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,  
 Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after  
 The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood  
 As if they were changed into blocks of wood,  
 Unable to move a step, or cry  
 To the children merrily skipping by, —  
 And could only follow with the eye  
 That joyous crowd at the piper's back.

But how the Mayor was on the rack,  
 And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,  
 As the piper turned from the High Street  
 To where the Weser rolled its waters  
 Right in the way of their sons and daughters !  
 However, he turned from south to west,  
 And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,  
 And after him the children pressed ;  
 Great was the joy in every breast.  
 " He never can cross that mighty top !  
 He 's forced to let the piping drop,  
 And we shall see our children stop ! "  
 When, lo, as they reached the mountain's side,  
 A wondrous portal opened wide,  
 As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed ;  
 And the piper advanced and the children followed ;  
 And when all were in, to the very last,  
 The door in the mountain-side shut fast.  
 Did I say all ? No ! One was lame,  
 And could not dance the whole of the way ;  
 And in after years, if you would blame  
 His sadness, he was used to say, —  
 " It 's dull in our town since my playmates left !  
 I can't forget that I 'm bereft  
 Of all the pleasant sights they see,  
 Which the piper also promised me ;  
 For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,  
 Joining the town and just at hand,  
 Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,  
 And flowers put forth a fairer hue,  
 And everything was strange and new ;  
 The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,  
 And their dogs outran our fallow deer,  
 And honey-bees had lost their stings,  
 And horses were born with eagles' wings ;  
 And just as I became assured  
 My lame foot would be speedily cured,  
 The music stopped and I stood still,  
 And found myself outside the Hill,  
 Left alone against my will,  
 To go now limping as before,  
 And never hear of that country more ! "

ROBERT BROWNING.

## RHÆCUS.

A YOUTH named Rhæcus, wandering in the wood,  
 Saw an old oak just trembling to its fall,  
 And, feeling pity of so fair a tree,  
 He propped its gray trunk with admiring care,  
 And with a thoughtless footstep loitered on.  
 But, as he turned, he heard a voice behind  
 That murmured " Rhæcus ! " " T was as if the  
 leaves,  
 Stirred by a passing breath, had murmured it,  
 And, while he paused bewildered, yet again  
 It murmured " Rhæcus ! " softer than a breeze.

He started and beheld with dizzy eyes  
 What seemed the substance of a happy dream  
 Stand there before him, spreading a warm glow  
 Within the green glooms of the shadowy oak.  
 It seemed a woman's shape, yet all too fair  
 To be a woman, and with eyes too meek  
 For any that were wont to mate with gods.  
 All naked like a goddess stood she there,  
 And like a goddess all too beautiful  
 To feel the guilt-born carthliness of shame.  
 " Rhæcus, I am the Dryad of this tree,"  
 Thus she began, dropping her low-toned words  
 Serene, and full, and clear, as drops of dew,  
 " And with it I am doomed to live and die ;  
 The rain and sunshine are my caterers,  
 Nor have I other bliss than simple life ;  
 Now ask me what thou wilt, that I can give,  
 And with a thankful joy it shall be thine."

Then Rhæcus, with a flutter at the heart,  
 Yet, by the prompting of such beauty, bold,  
 Answered : " What is there that can satisfy  
 The endless craving of the soul but love ?  
 Give me thy love, or but the hope of that  
 Which must be evermore my spirit's goal."  
 After a little pause she said again,  
 But with a glimpse of sadness in her tone,  
 " I give it, Rhæcus, though a perilous gift ;  
 An hour before the sunset meet me here."  
 And straightway there was nothing he could see  
 But the green glooms beneath the shadowy oak,  
 And not a sound came to his straining ears  
 But the low trickling rustle of the leaves,  
 And far away upon an emerald slope  
 The falter of an idle shepherd's pipe.

Young Rhæcus had a faithful heart enough,  
 But one that in the present dwelt too much,  
 And, taking with blithe welcome whatsoever  
 Chance gave of joy, was wholly bound in that,  
 Like the contented peasant of a vale,  
 Deemed it the world, and never looked beyond.  
 So, haply meeting in the afternoon  
 Some comrades who were playing at the dice,  
 He joined them, and forgot all else beside.

The dice were rattling at the merriest,  
 And Rhæcus, who had met but sorry luck,  
 Just laughed in triumph at a happy throw,  
 When through the room there hummed a yellow  
 bee  
 That buzzed about his ear with down-dropped legs  
 As if to light. And Rhæcus laughed and said,  
 Feeling how red and flushed he was with loss,  
 " By Venus ! does he take me for a rose ? "  
 And brushed him off with rough, impatient hand.  
 But still the bee came back, and thrice again  
 Rhæcus did beat him off with growing wrath.

Then through the window flew the wounded bee,  
 And Rhœcus, tracking him with angry eyes  
 Saw a sharp mountain-peak of Thessaly  
 Against the red disk of the setting sun, —  
 And instantly the blood sank from his heart,  
 As if its very walls had caved away.  
 Without a word he turned, and, rushing forth,  
 Ran madly through the city and the gate,  
 And o'er the plain, which now the wood's long  
 shade,

By the low sun thrown forward broad and dim,  
 Darkened wellnigh unto the city's wall.

Quitespent and out of breath he reached the tree,  
 And, listening fearfully, he heard once more  
 The low voice murmur "Rhœcus!" close at hand:  
 Whereat he looked around him, but could see  
 Naught but the deepening glooms beneath the oak.  
 Then sighed the voice, "O Rhœcus! nevermore  
 Shalt thou behold me or by day or night,  
 Me, who would fain have blessed thee with a love  
 More ripe and bounteous than ever yet  
 Filled up with nectar any mortal heart;  
 But thou didst scorn my humble messenger,  
 And sent'st him back to me with bruised wings.  
 We spirits only show to gentle eyes,  
 We ever ask an undivided love.  
 And he who scorns the least of Nature's works  
 Is thenceforth exiled and shut out from all.  
 Farewell! for thou canst never see me more."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

### KUBLA KHAN.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
 A stately pleasure-dome decree  
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,  
 Through caverns measureless to man,  
 Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground  
 With walls and towers were girdled round;  
 And there were gardens, bright with sinuous rills,  
 Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;  
 And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
 Infolding sunny spots of greenery.

But O that deep romantic chasm, which slanted  
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!  
 A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
 By woman wailing for her demon-lover!  
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil  
 seething,

As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
 A mighty fountain momently was forced,  
 Amid whose swift, half-intermitted burst  
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail;

And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
 It flung up momentarily the sacred river.  
 Five miles, meandering with a mazy motion  
 Through wood and dale, the sacred river ran, —  
 Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean,  
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
 Ancestral voices prophesying war.

The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
 Floated midway on the waves  
 Where was heard the mingled measure  
 From the fountain and the caves.

It was a miracle of rare device, —  
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer  
 In a vision once I saw;

It was an Abyssinian maid,  
 And on her dulcimer she played,  
 Singing of Mount Abora.

Could I revive within me  
 Her symphony and song,  
 To such a deep delight 't would win me  
 That, with music loud and long,  
 I would build that dome in air, —

That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
 And all who heard should see them there,  
 And all should cry, Beware! beware  
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
 Weave a circle round him thrice,  
 And close your eyes with holy dread,  
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

### THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

WRITTEN AT NORFOLK IN VIRGINIA.

"They tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said in his ravings that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses." — ANONYMOUS.

The Great Dismal Swamp is ten or twelve miles distant from Norfolk, and the lake in the middle of it (about seven miles long) is called Drummond's Pond.

"THEY made her a grave too cold and damp  
 For a soul so warm and true;  
 And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,  
 Where all night long, by a firefly lamp,  
 She paddles her white canoe.

And her firefly lamp I soon shall see,  
 And her paddle I soon shall hear;  
 Long and loving our life shall be,  
 And I'll hide the maid in a cypress-tree,  
 When the footstep of death is near!"

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds, —  
 His path was rugged and sore,  
 Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,  
 Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,  
 And man never trod before !

And when on the earth he sunk to sleep,  
 If slumber his eyelids knew,  
 He lay where the deadly vine doth weep  
 Its venomous tear, and nightly steep  
 The flesh with blistering dew !

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,  
 And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,  
 Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,  
 "O, when shall I see the dusky Lake,  
 And the white canoe of my dear ?"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright  
 Quick over its surface played, —  
 "Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light !"  
 And the dim shore echoed for many a night  
 The name of the death-cold maid !

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,  
 Which carried him off from shore ;  
 Far he followed the meteor spark,  
 The wind was high and the clouds were dark,  
 And the boat returned no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,  
 This lover and maid so true  
 Are seen, at the hour of midnight damp,  
 To cross the Lake by a firefly lamp,  
 And paddle their white canoe !

THOMAS MOORE.

### THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

[Translation.]

At midnight from his grave  
 The drummer woke and rose,  
 And beating loud the drum,  
 Forth on his errand goes.

Stirred by his fleshless arms,  
 The drumsticks rise and fall ;  
 He beats the loud retreat,  
 Reveillé and roll-call.

So strangely rolls that drum,  
 So deep it echoes round,  
 Old soldiers in their graves  
 To life start at the sound :

Both they in farthest north,  
 Stiff in the ice that lay,

And they who warm repose  
 Beneath Italian clay ;

Below the mud of Nile,  
 And 'neath Arabian sand,  
 Their burial-place they quit,  
 And soon to arms they stand.

And at midnight from his grave  
 The trumpeter arose,  
 And, mounted on his horse,  
 A loud, shrill blast he blows.

On airy coursers then  
 The cavalry are seen, —  
 Old squadrons, erst renowned, —  
 Gory and gashed, I ween.

Beneath the casque their skulls  
 Smile grim ; and proud their air,  
 As in their bony hands  
 Their long sharp swords they bare.

At midnight from his tomb  
 The chief awoke and rose,  
 And, followed by his staff,  
 With slow steps on he goes.

A little hat he wears,  
 A coat quite plain wears he ;  
 A little sword, for arms,  
 At his left side hangs free.

O'er the vast plain the moon  
 A paly lustre threw ;  
 The man with the little hat  
 The troops goes to review.

The ranks present their arms, —  
 Deep rolls the drum the while ;  
 Recovering then, the troops  
 Before the chief defile.

Captains and generals round,  
 In circles formed, appear ;  
 The chief to the first a word  
 Now whispers in his ear.

The word goes round the ranks,  
 Resounds along the line ;  
 That word they give is — *France !*  
 The answer — *St. Hélène !*

'T is there, at midnight hour,  
 The grand review, they say,  
 Is by dead Cæsar held  
 In the Champs-Elysées !

JOSEPH CHRISTIAN VON ZEDLITZ (German).

## RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

## IN SEVEN PARTS.

## PART I.

An ancient mariner meeteth three galleons bidden to a wedding feast, and detaineth one.

It is an ancient mariner,  
And he stoppeth one of three.  
"By thy long gray beard and glittering  
eye,  
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me ?

The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,  
And I am next of kin ;  
The guests are met, the feast is set, —  
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand :  
"There was a ship," quoth he.  
"Hold off! unhand me, graybeard  
loon !" —  
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The wedding-guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye, —  
The wedding-guest stood still ;  
He listens like a three years' child ;  
The mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone, —  
He cannot choose but hear ;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed mariner :

"The ship was cheered, the harbor  
cleared ;  
Merrily did we drop  
Below the kirk, below the hill,  
Below the lighthouse top.

The mariner tells how the ship sailed southward, with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.

The sun came up upon the left,  
Out of the sea came lie ;  
And he shone bright, and on the right  
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,  
Till over the mast at noon —"  
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,  
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The wedding-guest heareth the bridal music ; but the mariner continueth his tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall, —  
Red as a rose is she ;  
Nodding their heads before her goes  
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,  
Yet he cannot choose but hear ;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed mariner :

The ship drawn by a storm toward the south pole.

"And now the storm-blast came, and he  
Was tyrannous and strong ;  
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,  
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow, —  
As who pursued with yell and blow  
Still treads the shadow of his foe,  
And forward bends his head, —  
The ship drove fast ; loud roared the  
blast,  
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,  
And it grew wondrous cold ;  
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,  
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy cliffs  
Did send a dismal sheen ;  
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken, —  
The ice was all between.

The land of ice and of fearful sounds, where no living thing was to be seen.

The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around ;  
It cracked and growled, and roared and  
howled,  
Like noises in a swound !

At length did cross an albatross, —  
Thorough the fog it came ;  
As if it had been a Christian soul,  
We hailed it in God's name.

Till a great sea-bird, called the albatross, came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,  
And round and round it flew.  
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;  
The helmsman steered us through !

And a good south-wind sprung up be-  
hind ;  
The albatross did follow,  
And every day, for food or play,  
Came to the mariners' hollo !

And to the albatross proved a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,  
It perched for vespers nine ;  
While all the night, through fog-smoke  
white,  
Glimmered the white moonshine."

"God save thee, ancient mariner !  
From the fiends that plague thee thus ! —  
Why look'st thou so ?" — "With my  
cross-bow  
I shot the albatross."

The ancient mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

## PART II.

"THE sun now rose upon the right, —  
Out of the sea came he,  
Still hid in mist, and on the left  
Went down into the sea.

And the good south-wind still blew be-  
hind ;  
But no sweet bird did follow,

Nor any day for food or play  
Came to the mariners' hollo.

His ship-  
mates cry  
out against  
the ancient  
mariner, for  
killing the  
bird of good  
luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,  
And it would work 'em woe ;  
For all averred I had killed the bird  
That made the breeze to blow :  
Ah, wretch ! said they, the bird to slay,  
That made the breeze to blow !

But when  
the fog  
cleared off,  
they justify  
the same,  
and thus  
make them-  
selves ac-  
cognophiles  
in the crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head  
The glorious sun uprist ;  
Then all averred I had killed the bird  
That brought the fog and mist :  
'T was right, said they, such birds to slay,  
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair  
breeze con-  
tinues ; the  
ship enters  
the Pacific  
Ocean, and  
sails north-  
ward, even  
till it reaches  
the line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,  
The furrow followed free ;  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.

The ship  
hath been  
suddenly  
becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt  
down, —

'T was sad as sad could be ;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea.

All in a hot and copper sky  
The bloody sun, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, — nor breath nor motion ;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

And the  
albatross  
begins to  
be aven-  
ged.

Water, water everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink ;  
Water, water everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot : O Christ !  
That ever this should be !  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea !

About, about, in reel and rout,  
The death-fires danced at night ;  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

A spirit  
had fol-  
lowed them,  
— one of  
the invis-  
ible inhabi-  
tants of this  
planet,  
neither departed  
souls nor angels ;  
concerning whom the  
learned Jew, Josephus,  
and the Platonic  
Constantinopolitan,  
Michael Psellus,  
may be consulted.  
They are very  
numerous, and there  
is no climate  
or element without  
one or more.

And some in dreams assuréd we  
Of the spirit that plagued us so ;  
Nine fathom deep he had followed us  
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter  
drought,  
Was withered at the root ;  
We could not speak, no more than if  
We had been choked with soot.

Ah ! well-a-day ! what evil looks  
Had I from old and young !  
Instead of the cross, the albatross  
About my neck was hung.

The ship-  
mates, in  
their sore  
distress,  
would fain  
throw the  
whole guilt  
on the an-  
cient mar-  
iner : in sig-  
n whereof  
they hang  
the dead  
sea-bird  
round his  
neck.

## PART III.

THERE passed a weary time. Each throat  
Was parched, and glazed each eye, —  
A weary time ! a weary time !  
How glazed each weary eye ! —  
When, looking westward, I beheld  
A something in the sky.

The an-  
cient mar-  
iner behold-  
eth a sign  
in the ele-  
ment afar  
off.

At first it seemed a little speck,  
And then it seemed a mist ;  
It moved and moved, and took at last  
A certain shape, I wist, —

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !  
And still it neared and neared ;  
As if it dodged a water-sprite,  
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips  
baked,  
We could not laugh nor wail ;  
Through utter drought all dumb we  
stood ;  
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,  
And cried, A sail ! a sail !

At its near-  
er ap-  
proach it  
seemeth  
him to be a  
ship ; and  
at a dear  
ransom he  
freeth his  
speech  
from the  
bonds of  
thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips  
baked,  
Agape they heard me call ;  
Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,  
And all at once their breath drew in,  
As they were drinking all.

A flash of  
joy.

See ! see ! I cried, she tacks no more !  
Hither, to work us weal, —  
Without a breeze, without a tide,  
She steadies with upright keel !

And horror  
follows ;  
for can it  
be a ship  
that comes  
onward  
without  
wind or  
tide ?

The western wave was all aflame ;  
The day was wellnigh done ;  
Almost upon the western wave  
Rested the broad bright sun, —  
When that a trage shape drove suddenly  
Betwixt us and the sun.

And straight the sun was flecked with  
bars,  
(Heaven's a mother send us grace !)

It seemeth  
him but the  
skeleton of  
a ship.

As if through a dungeon grate he peered  
With broad and burning face.

Alas ! thought I — and my heart beat  
loud —  
How fast she nears and nears !  
Are those her sails that glance in the sun  
Like restless gossameres ?

And its ribs  
are seen as  
bars on the  
face of the  
setting sun.  
The spec-  
tre-woman  
and her  
death-  
mate, and  
no other, on  
board the skeleton ship.

Are those her ribs through which the sun  
Did peer, as through a grate ?  
And is that woman all her crew ?  
Is that a Death ? and are there two ?  
Is Death that woman's mate ?

Like ves-  
sel, like  
crew !

Her lips were red, her looks were free,  
Her locks were yellow as gold ;  
Her skin was as white as leprosy :  
The nightmare Life-in-death was she,  
Who thickens man's blood with cold.

Death and  
Life-in-  
Death  
have diced  
for the  
ship's crew,  
and she  
(the latter)  
winneth  
the ancient  
mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came,  
And the twain were casting dice :  
' The game is done ! I've won ! I've  
won !'  
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

No twilight  
within the  
courts  
of the sun.

The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,  
At one stride comes the dark ;  
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea  
Off shot the spectre bark.

At the ris-  
ing of the  
mooon,

We listened, and looked sideways up ;  
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,  
My life-blood seemed to sip ;  
The stars were dim, and thick the  
night, —  
Thesteersman's face by his lamp gleamed  
white ;  
From the sails the dew did drip, —  
Till clomb above the eastern bar  
The hornéd moon, with one bright star  
Within the nether tip.

One after  
another

One after one, by the star-dogged moon,  
Too quick for groan or sigh,  
Each turned his face, with a hastily pang,  
And cursed me with his eye.

His ship-  
mates drop  
down dead ;

Four times fifty living men,  
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan !)  
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  
They dropped down one by one.

But Life-in-  
Death be-  
gins her  
work on  
the ancient  
mariner.

The souls did from their bodies fly, —  
They fled to bliss or woe !  
And every soul it passed me by,  
Like the whiz of my cross-bow !"

PART IV.

" I FEAR thee, ancient mariner !  
I fear thy skinny hand !  
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,  
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

The wed-  
ding-guest  
feareth that  
a spirit is  
talking to  
him ;

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,  
And thy skinny hand so brown."  
" Fearnot, fear not, thou wedding-guest !  
This body dropt not down.

But the an-  
cient mari-  
nereath  
him of his  
bodily life,  
and pro-  
ceedeth to  
relate his  
horrible  
penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide, wide sea !  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful !  
And they all dead did lie ;  
And a thousand thousand slimy things  
Lived on, — and so did I.

He de-  
spiseth the  
creatures of  
the calm ;

I looked upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away ;  
I looked upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

And en-  
vieth that  
they should  
live, and so  
many lie  
dead.

I looked to heaven and tried to pray ;  
But or ever a prayer had gusht  
A wicked whisper came, and made  
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,  
And the balls like pulses beat ;  
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and  
the sky,  
Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their  
limbs, —  
Nor rot nor reek did they ;  
The look with which they looked on me  
Had never passed away.

But the  
curse liveth  
for him in  
the eye of  
the dead  
men.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell  
A spirit from on high ;  
But O, more horrible than that  
Is the curse in a dead man's eye !  
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that  
curse, —  
And yet I could not die.

The moving moon went up the sky,  
And nowhere did abide ;  
Softly she was going up,  
And a star or two beside.

In his  
loneliness  
and fixed-  
ness he  
yeareth  
towards the  
journeying  
moon, and

the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward ; and every-  
where the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest,  
and their native country, and their own natural homes, which they  
enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected ; and yet  
there is a silent joy at their arrival.

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,  
Like April hoar-frost spread ;  
But where the ship's huge shadow lay  
The charmed water burnt always  
A still and awful red.

By the light  
of the moon  
he behold-  
eth God's  
creatures  
of the great  
calm.

Beyond the shadow of the ship  
I watched the water-snakes ;  
They moved in tracks of shining white ;  
And when they reared, the elfish light  
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship  
I watched their rich attire, —  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
They coiled and swam ; and every track  
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beau-  
ty and their  
happiness.

O happy living things ! no tongue  
Their beauty might declare ;  
A spring of love gushed from my heart,  
And I blessed them unaware, —  
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
And I blessed them unaware.

He blesseth  
them in his  
heart.

The spell  
begins to  
break.

The selfsame moment I could pray ;  
And from my neck so free  
The albatross fell off, and sank  
Like lead into the sea.

## PART V.

O SLEEP ! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole !  
To Mary Queen the praise be given !  
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven  
That slid into my soul.

By grace  
of the Holy  
Mother, the  
ancient  
mariner is  
refreshed  
with rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,  
That had so long remained,  
I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;  
And when I woke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,  
My garments all were dank ;  
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,  
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs ;  
I was so light — almost  
I thought that I had died in sleep,  
And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth  
sounds and  
seeth  
strange  
sights and  
commotions  
in the sky  
and the ele-  
ment.

And soon I heard a roaring wind, —  
It did not come anear ;  
But with its sound it shook the sails,  
That were so thin and sear.

The upper air burst into life ;  
And a hundred fire-flags shewn,  
To and fro they were hurried about ;

And to and fro, and in and out,  
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,  
And the sails did sigh like sedge ;  
And the rain poured down from one  
black cloud, —  
The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still  
The moon was at its side ;  
Like waters shot from some high crag,  
The lightning fell with never a jag, —  
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,  
Yet now the ship moved on !  
Beneath the lightning and the moon  
The dead men gave a groan.

The bodies  
of the ship's  
crew are in-  
spired, and  
the ship  
moves on.

They groaned, they stirred, they all  
uprose, —  
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;  
It had been strange, even in a dream,  
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved  
on ;  
Yet never a breeze upblew ;  
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,  
Where they were wont to do ;  
They raised their limbs like lifeless  
tools, —  
'We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son  
Stood by me, knee to knee ;  
The body and I pulled at one rope,  
But he said naught to me."

"I fear thee, ancient mariner !"  
"Be calm, thou wedding-guest !  
'T was not those souls that fled in pain,  
Which to their corses came again,  
But a troop of spirits blest.

But not by  
the souls of  
the men,  
nor by de-  
mons of  
earth or  
middle air,  
but by a  
blessed  
troop of an-  
gelic spirits  
sent down  
by the invo-  
cation of  
the guar-  
dian saint.

For when it dawned they dropped their  
arms,  
And clustered round the mast ;  
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their  
mouths,  
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around flew each sweet sound,  
Then darted to the sun ;  
Slowly the sounds came back again,  
Now mixed, now one by one.



Sometimes, a-dropping from the sky,  
I heard the skylark sing ;  
Sometimes all little birds that are, —  
How they seemed to fill the sea and air  
With their sweet jargoning !

And now 't was like all instruments,  
Now like a lonely flute ;  
And now it is an angel's song,  
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on  
A pleasant noise till noon, —  
A noise like of a hidden brook.  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,  
Yet never a breeze did breathe ;  
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,  
Moved onward from beneath.

The lone-  
some spirit  
from the  
south pole  
carries on  
the ship as  
far as the  
line in obe-  
dience to  
the angelic  
troop ; but  
still requir-  
eth ven-  
geance.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,  
From the land of mist and snow,  
The spirit slid ; and it was he  
That made the ship to go.  
The sails at noon left off their tune,  
And the ship stood still alsó.

The sun, right up above the mast,  
Had fixed her to the ocean ;  
But in a minute she 'gan to stir,  
With a short uneasy motion, —  
Backwards and forwards half her length,  
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,  
She made a sudden bound, —  
It flung the blood into my head,  
And I fell down in a swound.

The polar  
spirit's fel-  
low-de-  
mons, the  
invisible  
inhabitants  
of the ele-  
ment, take  
part in his  
wrong ; and  
two of them  
relate, one  
to the oth-  
er, that  
penance,  
long and  
heavy for  
the ancient  
mariner,  
hath been  
accorded to  
the polar  
spirit, who  
returneth  
southward.

How long in that same fit I lay  
I have not to declare ;  
But ere my living life returned  
I heard, and in my soul discerned,  
Two voices in the air ;

'Is it he ?' quoth one, 'Is this the man ?  
By him who died on cross,  
With his cruel bow he laid full low  
The harmless albatross !

The spirit who bideth by himself  
In the land of mist and snow,  
He loved the bird that loved the man  
Who shot him with his bow.'

The other was a softer voice,  
As soft as honey-dew :  
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,  
And penance more will do.'

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

'BUT tell me, tell me ! speak again,  
Thy soft response renewing, —  
What makes that ship drive on so fast ?  
What is the ocean doing ?'

SECOND VOICE.

'Still as a slave before his lord,  
The ocean hath no blast ;  
His great bright eye most silently  
Up to the moon is cast, —

If he may know which way to go ;  
For she guides him smooth or grim.  
See, brother, see ! how graciously  
She looketh down on him.'

FIRST VOICE.

'But why drives on that ship so fast,  
Without or wave or wind ?'

SECOND VOICE.

'The air is cut away before,  
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !  
Or we shall be belated ;  
For slow and slow that ship will go,  
When the mariner's trancs is abated.'

I woke, and we were sailing on  
As in a gentle weather ;  
'T was night, calm night, — the moon  
was high ;  
'The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,  
For a charnel-dungeon fitter ;  
All fixed on me their stony eyes,  
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they  
died,  
Had never passed away ;  
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,  
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt ; once more  
I viewed the ocean green,  
And looked far forth, yet little saw  
Of what had else been seen, —

Like one that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,

The mar-  
iner hath  
been cast  
into a  
trance ; for  
the angelic  
power caus-  
eth the ves-  
sel to drive  
northward  
faster than  
human  
life could  
endure.

The super-  
natural mo-  
tion is re-  
tarded ; the  
mariner  
awakes,  
and his  
penance  
begins  
anew.

The curse  
is finally  
expiated.

And, having once turned round, walks  
on,  
And turns no more his head ;  
Because he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,  
Nor sound nor motion made ;  
Its path was not upon the sea,  
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek,  
Like a meadow-gale of spring, —  
It mingled strangely with my fears,  
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,  
Yet she sailed softly too ;  
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze, —  
On me alone it blew.

O dream of joy ! is this indeed  
The lighthouse top I see ?  
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?  
Is this mine own countree ?

We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,  
And I with sobs did pray, —  
O, let me be awake, my God !  
Or let me sleep away.

The harbor-bay was clear as glass,  
So smoothly it was strewn !  
And on the bay the moonlight lay,  
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,  
That stands above the rock ;  
The moonlight steeped in silentness  
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,  
Till, rising from the same,  
Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
In crimson colors came.

A little distance from the prow  
Those crimson shadows were ;  
I turned my eyes upon the deck, —  
O Christ ! what saw I there !

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat ;  
And, by the holy rood !  
A man all light, a seraph man,  
On every corse there stood.

This seraph band, each waved his  
hand, —  
It was a heavenly sight !

They stood as signals to the land,  
Each one a lovely light ;

This seraph band each waved his hand ;  
No voice did they impart, —  
No voice ; but O, the silence sank  
Like music on my heart !

But soon I heard the dash of oars,  
I heard the pilot's cheer ;  
My head was turned perforce away,  
And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot and the pilot's boy,  
I heard them coming fast ;  
Dear Lord in heaven ! it was a joy  
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third, — I heard his voice ;  
It is the hermit good !  
He singeth loud his godly hymns  
That he makes in the wood ;  
He'll shrieve my soul, — he'll wash  
away  
The albatross's blood.

## PART VII.

THIS hermit good lives in that wood  
Which slopes down to the sea.  
How loudly his sweet voice he rears !  
He loves to talk with mariners  
That come from a far countree.

The hermit  
of the wood

He kneels at morn and noon and  
eve, —  
He hath a cushion plump ;  
It is the moss that wholly hides  
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared, — I heard them  
talk :

'Why, this is strange, I trow !  
Where are those lights, so many and fair,  
That signal made but now ?'

'Strange, by my faith !' the hermit  
said, —

Approach-  
eth the ship  
with won-  
der.

'And they answered not our cheer !  
The planks looked warped ! and see  
those sails,

How thin they are and sear !  
I never saw aught like to them,  
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag  
My forest-brook along,  
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,

And the  
ancient  
mariner  
beholdeth  
his native  
country.

The angel-  
ic spirits  
leave the  
dead  
bodies,

And ap-  
pear in  
their own  
forms of  
light.

And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,  
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look,'  
The pilot made reply, —  
'I am a-feared.' — 'Push on, push on !'  
Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,  
But I nor spake nor stirred ;  
The boat came close beneath the ship,  
And straight a sound was heard :

The ship  
suddenly  
sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,  
Still louder and more dread ;  
It reached the ship, it split the bay ;  
The ship went down like lead.

The an-  
cient mari-  
ner is saved  
in the  
pilot's boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,  
Which sky and ocean smote,  
Like one that hath been seven days  
drowned,  
My body lay afloat ;  
But, swift as dreams, myself I found  
Within the pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl where sank the ship  
The boat spun round and round ;  
And all was still, save that the hill  
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips, — the pilot shrieked,  
And fell down in a fit ;  
The holy hermit raised his eyes,  
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars ; the pilot's boy,  
Who now doth crazy go,  
Laughed loud and long ; and all the  
while

His eyes went to and fro :  
'Ha ! ha !' quoth he, 'full plain I see,  
The Devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own countree,  
I stood on the firm land !  
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,  
And scarcely he could stand.

The an-  
cient mari-  
ner earnest-  
ly entreat-  
eth the her-  
mit to  
shrieve him ;  
and the  
penance of  
life falls on  
him.

'O, shrieve me, shrieve me, holy  
man !' —

The hermit crossed his brow :  
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee  
say, —

What manner of man art thou ?'

Forthwith this frame of mine was  
wrenched  
With a woful agony,

Which forced me to begin my tale, —  
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,  
That agony returns ;  
And till my ghastly tale is told,  
This heart within me burns.

And ever  
and anon,  
throughout  
his future  
life, an  
agony con-  
straineth  
him to  
travel from  
land to  
land,

I pass, like night, from land to land ;  
I have strange power of speech ;  
That moment that his face I see  
I know the man that must hear me, —  
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door !  
The wedding-guests are there ;  
But in the garden bower the bride  
And bridesmaids singing are ;  
And hark the little vesper bell,  
Which biddeth me to pray !

O wedding-guest ! this soul hath been  
Alone on a wide, wide sea, —  
So lonely 't was, that God himself  
Scarce seeméd there to be.

O, sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
'T is sweeter far to me  
To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company ! —

To walk together to the kirk,  
And all together pray,  
While each to his great Father bends, —  
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,  
And youths and maidens gay !

Farewell ! farewell ! but this I tell  
To thee, thou wedding-guest !  
He prayeth well who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

And to  
teach, by  
his own  
example  
love and  
reverence  
of all  
things  
that God  
made and  
loveth.

He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small ;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

The mariner, whose eye is bright,  
Whose beard with age is hoar,  
Is gone. And now the wedding-guest  
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,  
And is of sense forlorn ;  
A sadder and a wiser man  
He rose the morrow morn.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

## THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,  
 weak and weary,  
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of for-  
 gotten lore, —  
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there  
 came a tapping,  
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my  
 chamber door.  
 " 'T is some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at  
 my chamber door ;  
 Only this, and nothing more. "

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak  
 December,  
 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost  
 upon the floor.  
 Eagerly I wished the morrow ; vainly I had  
 sought to borrow  
 From my books surcease of sorrow, — sorrow for  
 the lost Lenore, —  
 For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels  
 named Lenore, —  
 Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each  
 purple curtain  
 Thrilled me, — filled me with fantastic terrors  
 never felt before ;  
 So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I  
 stood repeating,  
 " 'T is some visitor entreating entrance at my  
 chamber door, —  
 Some late visitor entreating entrance at my  
 chamber door ;  
 That it is, and nothing more. "

Presently my soul grew stronger ; hesitating then  
 no longer,  
 " Sir," said I, " or madam, truly your forgive-  
 ness I implore ;  
 But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you  
 came rapping,  
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my  
 chamber door,  
 That I scarce was sure I heard you " — Here I  
 opened wide the door ;  
 Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood  
 there, wondering, fearing,  
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared  
 to dream before ;  
 But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness  
 gave no token,  
 And the only word there spoken was the whis-  
 pered word " Lenore ! "

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back  
 the word " Lenore ! "  
 Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within  
 me burning,  
 Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder  
 than before.  
 " Surely," said I, " surely that is something at  
 my window-lattice ;  
 Let me see then what there at is, and this  
 mystery explore, —  
 Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery  
 explore ; —  
 'T is the wind, and nothing more. "

Open then I flung the shutter, when, with many  
 a flirt and flutter,  
 In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly  
 days of yore.  
 Not the least obeisance made he ; not an instant  
 stopped or stayed he ;  
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above  
 my chamber door, —  
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my  
 chamber door, —  
 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into  
 smiling,  
 By the grave and stern decorum of the counte-  
 nance it wore,  
 " Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,"  
 I said, " art sure no craven ;  
 Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering  
 from the nightly shore,  
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's  
 Plutonian shore ? "  
 Quoth the raven, " Nevermore ! "

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to liere  
 discourse so plainly,  
 Though its answer little meaning, little rele-  
 vancy bore ;  
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human  
 being  
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his  
 chamber door,  
 Bird or best upon the sculptured bust above his  
 chamber door,  
 With such name as " Nevermore ! "

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust,  
 spoke only  
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word  
 he did outpour.  
 Nothing further then he uttered, — not a feather  
 then he fluttered, —

Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before, —  
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."  
Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,  
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster, till his song one burden bore,  
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore, —  
Of 'Nevermore, — nevermore!'"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door,  
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore —  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore —  
Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;  
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining  
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,  
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er,  
She shall press — ah! nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer,  
Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee, — by these angels he hath sent thee  
Respite, — respite and nepenthe from the memories of Lenore!

Quaff, O, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"  
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil!

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,

Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted, —

On this home by horror haunted, — tell me truly, I implore, —  
Is there — is there balm in Gilead? — tell me, — tell me, I implore!"  
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil!  
By that heaven that bends above us, — by that God we both adore,  
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore, —  
Clasp a fair and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!"  
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting, —  
"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!  
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!  
Leave my loneliness unbroken! — quit the bust above my door!  
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"  
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting  
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,  
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;  
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor  
Shall be lifted — *nevermore!*

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

#### SONG OF THE SEA BY THE ROYAL GARDEN AT NAPLES.

I HAVE swung for ages to and fro;  
I have striven in vain to reach thy feet,  
O Garden of joy! whose walls are low,  
And odors are so sweet.

I palpitate with fitful love;  
I sigh and sing with changing breath;  
I raise my hands to heaven above,  
I smite my shores beneath!

In vain, in vain! while far and fine,  
To curb the madness of my sweep,

Runs the white limit of a line  
I may not overleap.

Once thou wert sleeping on my breast,  
Till fiery Titans lifted thee  
From the fair silence of thy rest,  
Out of the loving sea.

And I swing eternal to and fro ;  
I strive in vain to reach thy feet,  
O Garden of joy ! whose walls are low,  
And odors are so sweet !

ROOSITER W. RAYMOND.

### SONG OF THE LIGHTNING.

" PUCK. I 'll put a girdle round about the earth  
In forty minutes."

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

AWAY ! away ! through the sightless air  
Stretch forth your iron thread !  
For I would not dim my sandals fair  
With the dust ye tamely tread !  
Ay, rear it up on its million piers,  
Let it circle the world around,  
And the journey ye make in a hundred years  
I 'll clear at a single bound !

Though I cannot toil, like the groaning slave  
Ye have fettered with iron skill  
To ferry you over the boundless wave,  
Or grind in the noisy mill,  
Let him sing his giant strength and speed !  
Why, a single shaft of mine  
Would give that monster a flight indeed, —  
To the depths of the ocean's brine !

No ! no ! I 'm the spirit of light and love !  
To my unseen hand 't is given  
To pencil the ambient clouds above  
And polish the stars of heaven !  
I scatter the golden rays of fire  
On the horizon far below,  
And deck the sky where storms expir  
With my red and dazzling glow.

With a glance I cleave the sky in twain ;  
I light it with a glare,  
When fall the boding drops of rain  
Through the darkly curtained air !  
The rock-built towers, the turrets gray,  
The piles of a thousand years,  
Have not the strength of potter's clay  
Beneath my glittering spears.

From the Alps' or the Andes' highest crag,  
From the peaks of eternal snow,  
The blazing folds of my fiery flag  
Illume the world below.

The earthquake heralds my coming power,  
The avalanche bounds away,  
And howling storms at midnight's hour  
Proclaim my kingly sway.

Ye tremble when my legions come, —  
When my quivering sword leaps out  
O'er the hills that echo my thunder drum,  
And rend with my joyous shout.  
Ye quail on the land, or upon the seas  
Ye stand in your fear aghast,  
To see me burn the stalworth trees,  
Or shiver the stately mast.

The hieroglyphs on the Persian wall, —  
The letters of high command, —  
Where the prophet read the tyrant's fall,  
Were traced by my burning hand.  
And oft in fire have I wrote since then  
What angry Heaven decreed ;  
But the sealéd eyes of sinful men  
Were all too blind to read.

At length the hour of light is here,  
And kings no more shall bind,  
Nor bigots crush with craven fear,  
The forward march of mind.  
The words of Truth and Freedom's rays  
Are from my pinions hurled ;  
And soon the light of better days  
Shall rise upon the world.

GEORGE W. CUTLER.

### ORIGIN OF THE OPAL.

A DEW-DROP came, with a spark of flame  
He had caught from the sun's last ray,  
To a violet's breast, where he lay at rest  
Till the hours brought back the day.

The rose looked down, with a blush and frown ;  
But she smiled all at once, to view  
Her own bright form, with its coloring warm,  
Reflected back by the dew.

Then the stranger took a stolen look  
At the sky, so soft and blue ;  
And a leaflet green, with its silver sheen,  
Was seen by the idler too.

A cold north-wind, as he thus reclined,  
Of a sudden raged around ;  
And a maiden fair, who was walking there,  
Next morning, an opal found.

ANONYMOUS.

### THE ORIGIN OF GOLD.

THE Fallen looked on the world and sneered.  
" I can guess," he muttered, " why God is feared,

For the eyes of mortal are fain to shun  
The midnight heaven that hath no sun.  
I will stand on the height of the hills and wait  
Where the day goes out at the western gate,  
And, reaching up to its crown, will tear  
From its plumes of glory the brightest there :  
With the stolen ray I will light the sod,  
And turn the eyes of the world from God."

He stood on the height when the sun went down,  
He tore one plume from the day's bright crown,  
The proud beam stooped till he touched its brow,  
And the print of his fingers are on it now ;  
And the blush of its anger forevermore  
Burns red when it passes the western door.  
The broken feather above him whirled,  
In flames of torture around him curled,  
And he dashed it down on the snowy height,  
In broken flashes of quivering light.  
Ah, more than terrible was the shock  
Where the burning splinters struck wave and rock !  
The green earth shuddered, and shrank and paled,  
The wave sprang up, and the mountain quailed ;  
Look on the hills, let the scars they bear  
Measure the pain of that hour's despair.

The Fallen watched while the whirlwind fanned  
The pulsing splinters that ploughed the sand ;  
Sullen he watched while the hissing waves  
Bore them away to the ocean caves ;  
Sullen he watched while the shining rills  
Throbbled through the hearts of the rocky hills ;  
Loudly he laughed, " Is the world not mine ?  
Proudly the links of its chain shall shine ;  
Lighted with gems shall its dungeon be,  
But the pride of its beauty shall kneel to me."  
That splintered light in the earth grew cold,  
And the diction of mortals hath called it gold.

SARAH E. CARMICHAEL, of Utah.

### FAIRIES' SONG.

WE the fairies blithe and antic,  
Of dimensions not gigantic,  
Though the moonshine mostly keep us,  
Oft in orchards frisk and peep us.

Stolen sweets are always sweeter ;  
Stolen kisses much completer ;  
Stolen looks are nice in chapels ;  
Stolen, stolen be your apples.

When to bed the world are bobbing,  
Then 's the time for orchard-robbing ;  
Yet the fruit were scarce worth peeling  
Were it not for stealing, stealing.

THOMAS RANDOLPH (Latin). Trans-  
lation of LIGH HUNT.

### FAIRY LORE FROM SHAKESPEARE.

#### THE FAIRIES' LULLABY.

FROM "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

*Enter TITANIA, with her train.*

TITANIA. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song ;  
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence ; —  
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds ;  
Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,  
To make my small elves coats ; and some, keep  
back  
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and  
wonders  
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep ;  
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

#### SONG.

1 FAIRY. *You spotted snakes, with double tongue,  
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen ;  
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong ;  
Come not near our fairy queen.*

CHORUS. *Philomel, with melody,  
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby :  
Never harm,  
Nor spell nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh ;  
So, good night, with lullaby.*

2 FAIRY. *Weaving spiders, come not here ;  
Hence, you long-legged spinners,  
hence !  
Beetles black, approach not near ;  
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.*

CHORUS. *Philomel, with melody, etc.*

#### MAIDEN MEDITATION, FANCY FREE.

FROM "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

OBERON. My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou  
remember'st

Since once I sat upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,  
Uttering such a dulcet and harmonious breath,  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,  
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
To hear the sea-maid's music.

PUCK. I remember.

OBE. That very time I saw (but thou couldst  
not),  
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
Cupid all armed : a certain aim he took  
At a fair vestal throned by the west,

And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :  
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
 Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,  
 And the imperial vot'ress passed on,  
 In maiden meditation, fancy free.  
 Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell :  
 It fell upon a little western flower  
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's  
 wound,  
 And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.

## QUEEN MAB.

FROM "ROMEO AND JULIET."

O THEN I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.  
 She is the fairies' midwife ; and she comes  
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
 Drawn with a team of little atomies  
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :  
 Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;  
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;  
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;  
 The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams ;  
 Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film ;  
 Her wagoner, a small gray-coated gnat,  
 Not half so big as a round little worm  
 Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid :  
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,  
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,  
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.  
 And in this state she gallops night by night  
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of  
 love ;  
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies  
 straight ;  
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees ;  
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream, —  
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted  
 are :  
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit ;  
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,  
 Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,  
 Then dreams he of another benefice :  
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
 Of breaches, ambuscades, Spanish blades,  
 Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon  
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes ;  
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,  
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,  
 That plats the manes of horses in the night ;  
 And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,  
 Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes :

This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
 That presses them, and learns them first to bear,  
 Making them women of good carriage.

## WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.

FROM "THE TEMPEST."

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

## COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS.

FROM "THE TEMPEST."

COME unto these yellow sands,  
 And then take hands ;  
 Court'sied when you have, and kissed  
 The wild waves whistle,  
 Foot it featly here and there ;  
 And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.  
 Hark, hark !  
*Bough, wough.*  
 The watch-dogs bark :  
*Bough, wough.*  
 Hark, hark ! I hear  
 The strain of strutting chanticleer  
 Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

## OVER HILL, OVER DALE.

FROM "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

OVER hill, over dale,  
 Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
 Over park, over pale,  
 Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
 I do wander everywhere,  
 Swifter than the moon's sphere ;  
 And I serve the fairy queen,  
 To dew her orbs upon the green :  
 The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;  
 In their gold coats spots you see ;  
 Those be rubies, fairy favours,  
 In those freckles live their savors :  
 I must go seek some dew-drops here,  
 And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

## FULL FATHOM FIVE.

FROM "THE TEMPEST."

FULL fathom five thy father lies ;  
 Of his bones are coral made ;



Those are pearls that were his eyes :  
 Nothing of him that doth fade,  
 But doth suffer a sea-change  
 Into something rich and strange.  
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :  
 Hark ! now I hear them, — ding-dong, bell.

◆

FAIRY SONG.

SHED no tear ! O, shed no tear !  
 The flower will bloom another year.  
 Weep no more ! O, weep no more !  
 Young buds sleep in the root's white core.  
 Dry your eyes ! O, dry your eyes !  
 For I was taught in Paradise  
 To ease my breast of melodies, —  
 Shed no tear.

Overhead ! look overhead !  
 'Mong the blossoms white and red, —  
 Look up, look up ! I flutter now  
 On this fresh pomegranate bough.  
 See me ! 't is this silvery bill  
 Ever cures the good man's ill,  
 Shed no tear ! O, shed no tear !  
 The flower will bloom another year.  
 Adieu, adieu — I fly — adieu !  
 I vanish in the heaven's blue, —  
 Adieu, adieu !

JOHN KEATS.

◆

THE SPICE-TREE.

THE spice-tree lives in the garden green ;  
 Beside it the fountain flows ;  
 And a fair bird sits the boughs between,  
 And sings his melodious woes.

No greener garden e'er was known  
 Within the bounds of an earthly king ;  
 No lovelier skies have ever shone  
 Than those that illumine its constant spring.

That coil-bound stem has branches three ;  
 On each a thousand blossoms grow ;  
 And, old as aught of time can be,  
 The root stands fast in the rocks below.

In the spicy shade ne'er seems to tire  
 The fount that builds a silvery dome ;  
 And flakes of purple and ruby fire  
 Gush out, and sparkle amid the foam.

The fair white bird of flaming crest,  
 And azure wings bedropt with gold,  
 Ne'er has he known a pause of rest,  
 But sings the lament that he framed of old :

" O princess bright ! how long the night  
 Since thou art sunk in the waters clear !  
 How sadly they flow from the depth below, —  
 How long must I sing and thou wilt not hear ?

" The waters play, and the flowers are gay,  
 And the skies are sunny above ;  
 I would that all could fade and fall,  
 And I, too, cease to mourn my love.

" O, many a year, so wakeful and drear,  
 I have sorrowed and watched, beloved, for thee !  
 But there comes no breath from the chambers of  
 death,  
 While the lifeless fount gushes under the tree."

The skies grow dark, and they glare with red ;  
 The tree shakes off its spicy bloom ;  
 The waves of the fount in a black pool spread ;  
 And in thunder sounds the garden's doom.

Down springs the bird with a long shrill cry,  
 Into the sable and angry flood ;  
 And the face of the pool, as he falls from high,  
 Curdles in circling stains of blood.

But sudden again upswells the fount ;  
 Higher and higher the waters flow, —  
 In a glittering diamond arch they mount,  
 And round it the colors of morning glow.

Finer and finer the watery mound  
 Softens and melts to a thin-spun veil,  
 And tones of music circle around,  
 And bear to the stars the fountain's tale.

And swift the eddying rainbow screen  
 Falls in dew on the grassy floor ;  
 Under the spice-tree the garden's queen  
 Sits by her lover, who waits no more.

JOHN STERLING.

◆

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 chip 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.

O, 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 school-boy's merry call ;  
And mid the village hum I hear  
The murmur of the waterfall.

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.

#### THE CULPRIT FAY.

'T is the middle watch of a summer's night, —  
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright ;  
Naught is seen in the vault on high  
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless  
sky,

And the flood which rolls its milky hue,  
A river of light on the welkin blue.  
The moon looks down on old Cronest ;  
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,  
And seems his huge gray form to throw  
In a silver cone on the wave below.  
His sides are broken by spots of shade,  
By the walnut bough and the cedar made ;  
And through their clustering branches dark  
Glimmers and dies the firefly's spark, —  
Like starry twinkles that momentarily break  
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.

The stars are on the moving stream,  
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,  
A burnished length of wavy beam  
In an eel-like, spiral line below ;  
The winds are whist, and the owl is still ;  
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid ;  
And naught is heard on the lonely hill  
But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill  
Of the gauze-winged katydid ;  
And the plaint of the wailing whippoorwill,  
Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings  
Ever a note of wail and woe,  
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,  
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

'T is the hour of fairy ban and spell :  
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well ;  
He has counted them all with click and stroke  
Deep in the heart of the mountain-oak,  
And he has awakened the sentry elfe  
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,  
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,  
And call the fays to their revelry ;  
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell  
('T was made of the white snail's pearly shell) :  
" Midnight comes, and all is well !  
Hither, hither wing your way !  
'T is the dawn of the fairy-day."

They come from beds of lichen green,  
They creep from the mullein's velvet screen ;  
Some on the backs of beetles fly  
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,  
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks  
high,

And rocked about in the evening breeze ;  
Some from the hum-bird's downy nest, —  
They had driven him out by elfin power,  
And, pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,  
Had slumbered there till the charmed hour ;  
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,  
With glittering ising-stars inlaid ;  
And some had opened the four-o'-clock,  
And stole within its purple shade.  
And now they throng the moonlight glade,  
Above, below, on every side, —  
Their little minim forms arrayed  
In the tricky pomp of fairy pride !

They come not now to print the lea,  
In freak and dance around the tree,  
Or at the mushroom board to sup,  
And drink the dew from the buttercup :  
A scene of sorrow waits them now,  
For an ouphe has broken his vestal vow ;  
He has loved an earthly maid,  
And left for her his woodland shade ;  
He has lain upon her lip of dew,

And sunned him in her eye of blue,  
 Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,  
 Played in the ringlets of her hair,  
 And, nestling on her snowy breast,  
 Forgot the lily-king's behest.  
 For this the shadowy tribes of air  
 To the elfin court must haste away :  
 And now they stand expectant there,  
 To hear the doom of the culprit fay.

The throne was reared upon the grass,  
 Of spice-wood and of sassafras ;  
 On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell  
 Hung the burnished canopy, —  
 And o'er it gorgeous curtains fell  
 Of the tulip's crimson drapery.  
 The monarch sat on his judgment-seat,  
 On his brow the crown imperial shone,  
 The prisoner fay was at his feet,  
 And his peers were ranged around the throne.  
 He waved his sceptre in the air,  
 He looked around and calmly spoke ;  
 His brow was grave and his eye severe,  
 But his voice in a softened accent broke :

“Fairy ! fairy ! list and mark :  
 Thou hast broke thine elfin chain ;  
 Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,  
 And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain, —  
 Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity  
 In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye ;  
 Thou hast scorned our dread decree,  
 And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high.  
 But well I know her sinless mind  
 Is pure as the angel forms above,  
 Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind,  
 Such as a spirit well might love.  
 Fairy ! had she spot or taint,  
 Bitter had been thy punishment :  
 Tied to the hornet's shardy wings ;  
 Tossed on the pricks of nettles' stings ;  
 Or seven long ages doomed to dwell  
 With the lazy worm in the walnut-shell ;  
 Or every night to writhe and bleed  
 Beneath the tread of the centipede ;  
 Or bound in a cobweb-dungeon dim,  
 Your jailor a spider, huge and grim,  
 Amid the carrion bodies to lie  
 Of the worm, and the bug, and the murdered fly :  
 These it had been your lot to bear,  
 Had a stain been found on the earthly fair.  
 Now list, and mark our mild decree, —  
 Fairy, this your doom must be :

“Thou shalt seek the beach of sand  
 Where the water bounds the elfin land ;  
 Thou shalt watch the oozy brine  
 Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moonshine,  
 Then dart the glistening arch below,

And catch a drop from his silver bow.  
 The water-sprites will wield their arms  
 And dash around, with roar and rave,  
 And vain are the woodland spirits' charms ;  
 They are the imps that rule the wave.  
 Yet trust thee in thy single might :  
 If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,  
 Thou shalt win the warlock fight.

“If the spray-bead gem be won,  
 The stain of thy wing is washed away ;  
 But another errand must be done  
 Ere thy crime be lost for aye :  
 Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,  
 Thou must reillumine its spark.  
 Mount thy steed, and spur him high  
 To the heaven's blue canopy ;  
 And when thou seest a shooting star,  
 Follow it fast, and follow it far, —  
 The last faint spark of its burning train  
 Shall light the elfin lamp again.  
 Thou hast heard our sentence, fay ;  
 Hence ! to the water-side, away !”

The goblin marked his monarch well ;  
 He spake not, but he bowed him low,  
 Then plucked a crimson colen-bell,  
 And turned him round in act to go.  
 The way is long, he cannot fly,  
 His soiled wing has lost its power,  
 And he winds adown the mountain high,  
 For many a sore and weary hour.  
 Through dreary beds of tangled fern,  
 Through groves of nightshade dark and dorn,  
 Over the grass and through the brake,  
 Where toils the ant and sleeps the snake ;  
 Now o'er the violet's azure flush  
 He skips along in lightsome mood ;  
 And now he thrids the bramble-bush,  
 Till its points are dyed in fairy blood.  
 He has leaped the bog, he has pierced the brier,  
 He has swum the brook, and waded the mire,  
 Till his spirits sank, and his limbs grew weak,  
 And the red waxed fainter in his cheek.  
 He had fallen to the ground outright,  
 For rugged and dim was his onward track,  
 But there came a spotted toad in sight,  
 And he laughed as he jumped upon her back ;  
 He bridled her mouth with a silkweed twist,  
 He lashed her sides with an osier thong ;  
 And now, through evening's dewy mist,  
 With leap and spring they bound along,  
 Till the mountain's magic verge is past,  
 And the beach of sand is reached at last.

Soft and pale is the moony beam,  
 Moveless still the glassy stream ;  
 The wave is clear, the beach is bright

With snowy shells and sparkling stones ;  
 The shore-surge comes in ripples light,  
 In murmurings faint and distant moans ;  
 And ever afar in the silence deep  
 Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's leap,  
 And the bend of his graceful bow is seen, —  
 A glittering arch of silver sheen,  
 Spanning the wave of burnished blue,  
 And dripping with gems of the river-dew.

The elfin cast a glance around,  
 As he lighted down from his courser toad,  
 Then round his breast his wings he wound,  
 And close to the river's brink he strode ;  
 He sprang on a rock, he breathed a prayer,  
 Above his head his arms he threw,  
 Then tossed a tiny curve in air,  
 And headlong plunged in the waters blue.

Up sprung the spirits of the waves  
 From the sea-silk beds in their coral caves ;  
 With snail-plate armor, snatched in haste,  
 They speed their way through the liquid waste ;  
 Some are rapidly borne along  
 On the mailed shrimp or the prickly prong ;  
 Some on the blood-red leeches glide,  
 Some on the stony star-fish ride,  
 Some on the back of the lancet squab,  
 Some on the sideling soldier-crab ;  
 And some on the jellied quarl, that flings  
 At once a thousand streamy stings ;  
 They cut the wave with the living oar,  
 And hurry on to the moonlight shore,  
 To guard their realms and chase away  
 The footsteps of the invading fay.

Fearlessly he skims along,  
 His hope is high, and his limbs are strong ;  
 He spreads his arms like the swallow's wing,  
 And throws his feet with a frog-like fling ;  
 His locks of gold on the waters shine,  
 At his breast the tiny foam-bees rise,  
 His back gleams bright above the brine,  
 And the wake-line foam behind him lies.  
 But the water-sprites are gathering near  
 To check his course along the tide ;  
 Their warriors come in swift career  
 And hem him round on every side ;  
 On his thigh the leech has fixed his hold,  
 The quarl's long arms are round him rolled,  
 The prickly prong has pierced his skin,  
 And the squab has thrown his javelin ;  
 The gritty star has rubbed him raw,  
 And the crab has struck with his giant claw ;  
 He howls with rage, and he shrieks with pain ;  
 He strikes around, but his blows are vain ;  
 Hopeless is the unequal fight,  
 Fairy ! naught is left but flight.

He turned him round, and fled amain,  
 With hurry and dash, to the beach again ;  
 He twisted over from side to side,  
 And laid his cheek to the cleaving tide ;  
 The strokes of his plunging arms are fleet,  
 And with all his might he flings his feet,  
 But the water-sprites are round him still,  
 To cross his path and work him ill.  
 They had the wave before him rise ;  
 They flung the sea-fire in his eyes ;  
 And they stunned his ears with the scallop-stroke,  
 With the porpoise heave and the drum-fish croak.  
 O, but a weary wight was he  
 When he reached the foot of the dogwood-tree.  
 Gashed and wounded, and stiff and sore,  
 He laid him down on the sandy shore ;  
 He blessed the force of the charmed line,  
 And he banned the water-goblins' spite,  
 For he saw around in the sweet moonshine  
 Their little wee faces above the brine,  
 Giggling and laughing with all their might  
 At the piteous hap of the fairy wight.

Soon he gathered the balsam dew  
 From the sorrel-leaf and the henbane bud ;  
 Over each wound the balm he drew,  
 And with cobweb lint he stanch'd the blood.  
 The mild west-wind was soft and low,  
 It cooled the heat of his burning brow ;  
 And he felt new life in his sinews shoot,  
 As he drank the juice of the calamus-root ;  
 And now he treads the fatal shore  
 As fresh and vigorous as before.

Wrapped in musing stands the sprite ;  
 'T is the middle wane of night ;  
 His task is hard, his way is far,  
 But he must do his errand right  
 Ere dawning mounts her beamy car,  
 And rolls her chariot wheels of light ;  
 And vain are the spells of fairy-land, —  
 He must work with a human hand.

He cast a saddened look around ;  
 But he felt new joy his bosom swell,  
 When, glittering on the shadowed ground,  
 He saw a purple muscle-shell ;  
 Thither he ran, and he bent him low,  
 He heaved at the stern and he heaved at the bow,  
 And he pushed her over the yielding sand  
 Till he came to the verge of the haunted land.  
 She was as lovely a pleasure-boat  
 As ever fairy had paddled in,  
 For she glowed with purple paint without,  
 And shone with silvery pearl within ;  
 A sculler's notch in the stern he made,  
 An oar he shaped of the bootle-blade ;  
 Then sprung to his seat with a lightsome leap,  
 And launched afar on the calm, blue deep.

The imps of the river yell and rave.  
 They had no power above the wave ;  
 But they heaved the billow before the prow,  
 And they dashed the surge against her side,  
 And they struck her keel with jerk and blow,  
 Till the gunwale bent to the rocking tide.  
 She whiplashed about to the pale moonbeam,  
 Like a feather that floats on a wind-tossed stream ;  
 And momentarily athwart her track  
 The quarl upreared his island back,  
 And the fluttering scallop behind would float,  
 And patter the water about the boat ;  
 But he bailed her out with his colen-bell,  
 And he kept her trimmed with a wary tread,  
 While on every side, like lightning, fell  
 The heavy strokes of his bootle-blade.

Onward still he held his way,  
 Till he came where the column of moonshine lay,  
 And saw beneath the surface dim  
 The brown-backed sturgeon slowly swim ;  
 Around him were the goblin train, —  
 But he sculled with all his might and main,  
 And followed wherever the sturgeon led,  
 Till he saw him upward point his head ;  
 Then he dropped his paddle-blade,  
 And held his colen-goblet up  
 To catch the drop in its crimson cup.

With sweeping tail and quivering fin  
 Through the wave the sturgeon flew,  
 And, like the heaven-shot javelin,  
 He sprung above the waters blue.  
 Instant as the star-fall light  
 He plunged him in the deep again,  
 But he left an arch of silver bright,  
 The rainbow of the moony main.  
 It was a strange and lovely sight  
 To see the puny goblin there ;  
 He seemed an angel form of light,  
 With azure wing and sunny hair,  
 Throned on a cloud of purple fair,  
 Circled with blue and edged with white,  
 And sitting, at the fall of even,  
 Beneath the bow of summer heaven.

A moment, and its lustre fell ;  
 But ere it met the billow blue  
 He caught within his crimson bell  
 A droplet of its sparkling dew, —  
 Joy to thee, fay ! thy task is done,  
 Thy wings are pure, for the gem is won, —  
 Cheerly ply thy dripping oar,  
 And haste away to the elfin shore.

He turns, and, lo ! on either side  
 The ripples on his path divide ;  
 And the track o'er which his boat must pass  
 Is smooth as a sheet of polished glass.

Around, their limbs the sea-nymphs lave,  
 With snowy arms half swelling out,  
 While on the glossed and gleamy wave  
 Their sea-green ringlets loosely float.  
 They swim around with smile and song ;  
 They press the bark with pearly hand,  
 And gently urge her course along  
 Toward the beach of speckled sand,  
 And, as he lightly leaped to land,  
 They bade adieu with nod and bow ;  
 Then gayly kissed each little hand,  
 And dropped in the crystal deep below.

A moment stayed the fairy there ;  
 He kissed the beach and breathed a prayer ;  
 Then spread his wings of gilded blue,  
 And on to the elfin court he flew.  
 As ever ye saw a bubble rise,  
 And shine with a thousand changing dyes,  
 Till, lessening far, through ether driven,  
 It mingles with the hues of heaven ;  
 As, at the glimpse of morning pale,  
 The lance-fly spreads his silken sail,  
 And gleams with blendings soft and bright  
 Till lost in the shades of fading night, —  
 So rose from earth the lovely fay ;  
 So vanished, far in heaven away !

Up, fairy ! quit thy chickweed bower,  
 The cricket has called the second hour ;  
 Twice again, and the lark will rise  
 To kiss the streaking of the skies, —  
 Up ! thy charmed armor don,  
 Thou 'lt need it ere the night be gone.

He put his acorn helmet on ;  
 It was plumed of the silk of the thistle-down ;  
 The corselet plate that guarded his breast  
 Was once the wild bee's golden vest ;  
 His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,  
 Was formed of the wings of butterflies ;  
 His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,  
 Studs of gold on a ground of green ;  
 And the quivering lance which he brandished  
 bright  
 Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.  
 Swift he bestrode his fiery steed ;  
 He bared his blade of the bent-grass blue ;  
 He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,  
 And away like a glance of thought he flew  
 To skim the heavens, and follow far  
 The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

The moth-fly, as he shot in air,  
 Crept under the leaf, and hid her there ;  
 The katydid forgot his lay,  
 The prowling gnat fled fast away,  
 The fell mosquito checked his drone  
 And folded his wings till the fay was gone,

And the wily beetle dropped his head,  
 And fell on the ground as if he were dead ;  
 They crouched then close in the darksome shade,  
 They quaked all o'er with awe and fear,  
 For they had felt the blue-bent blade,  
 And writhed at the prick of the elfin spear.  
 Many a time, on a summer's night,  
 When the sky was clear, and the moon was bright,  
 They had been roused from the haunted ground  
 By the yelp and bay of the fairy hound ;  
 They had heard the tiny bugle-horn,  
 They had heard the twang of the maize-silk string,  
 When the vine-twig bows were tightly drawn,  
 And the needle-shaft through air was borne,  
 Feathered with down of the hum-bird's wing.  
 And now they deemed the courier ouphe  
 Some hunter-sprite of the elfin ground,  
 And they watched till they saw him mount the roof  
 That anopies the world around ;  
 Then glad they left their covert lair,  
 And freaked about in the midnight air.

Up to the vaulted firmament  
 His path the firefly courser bent,  
 And at every gallop on the wind  
 He flung a glittering spark behind ;  
 He flies like a feather in the blast  
 Till the first light cloud in heaven is past.  
 But the shapes of air have begun their work,  
 And a drizzly mist is round him cast ;  
 He cannot see through the mantle murk ;  
 He shivers with cold, but he urges fast ;  
 Through storm and darkness, sleet and shade,  
 He lashes his steed, and spurs amain, —  
 For shadowy hands have twitched the rein,  
 And flame-shot tongues around him played,  
 And near him many a fiendish eye  
 Glared with a fell malignity,  
 And yells of rage, and shrieks of fear,  
 Came screaming on his startled ear.

His wings are wet around his breast,  
 The plume hangs dripping from his crest,  
 His eyes are blurred with the lightning's glare,  
 And his ears are stunned with the thunder's blare.  
 But he gave a shout, and his blade he drew,  
 He thrust before and he struck behind,  
 Till he pierced their cloudy bodies through,  
 And gashed their shadowy limbs of wind :  
 Howling the misty spectres flew,  
 They rend the air with frightful eries ;  
 For he has gained the welkin blue,  
 And the land of elouds beneath him lies.

Up to the cope careering swift,  
 In breathless motion fast,  
 Fleet as the swallow cuts the drift,  
 Or the sea-roc rides the blast,

The sapphire sheet of eve is shot,  
 The sphered moon is past,  
 The earth but seems a tiny blot  
 On a sheet of azure east.  
 O, it was sweet, in the clear moonlight,  
 To tread the starry plain of even !  
 To meet the thousand eyes of night,  
 And feel the cooling breath of heaven !  
 But the elfin made no stop or stay  
 Till he came to the bunk of the Milky Way ;  
 Then he checked his coursers' foot,  
 And watched for the glimpse of the planet-shoot.

Sudden along the snowy tide  
 That swelled to meet their footsteps' fall,  
 The sylphs of heaven were seen to glide,  
 Attired in sunset's crimson pall ;  
 Around the fay they weave the dance,  
 They skip before him on the plain,  
 And one has taken his wasp-sting lance,  
 And one upholds his bridle-rein ;  
 With warblings wild they lead him on  
 To where, through clouds of amber seen,  
 Studded with stars, resplendent shone  
 The palace of the sylphid queen.  
 Its spiral columns, gleaming bright,  
 Were streamers of the northern light ;  
 Its curtain's light and lovely flush  
 Was of the morning's rosy blush ;  
 And the ceiling fair that rose aboon,  
 The white and feathery fleece of noon.

But, O, how fair the shape that lay  
 Beneath a rainbow bending bright !  
 She seemed to the entranced fay  
 The loveliest of the forms of light ;  
 Her mantle was the purple rolled  
 At twilight in the west afar ;  
 'T was tied with threads of dawning gold,  
 And buttoned with a sparkling star.  
 Her face was like the lily roon  
 That veils the vestal planet's hue ;  
 Her eyes, two beamlets from the moon,  
 Set floating in the welkin blue.  
 Her hair is like the sunny beam,  
 And the diamond gems which round it gleam  
 Are the pure drops of dewy even  
 That ne'er have left their native heaven.

She was lovely and fair to see,  
 And the elfin's heart beat fitfully ;  
 But lovelier far, and still more fair,  
 The earthly form imprinted there ;  
 Naught he saw in the heavens above  
 Was half so dear as his mortal love,  
 For he thought upon her looks so meek,  
 And he thought of the light flush on her cheek.  
 Never again might he bask and lie

On that sweet cheek and moonlight eye ;  
But in his dreams her form to see,  
To clasp her in his revery,  
To think upon his virgin bride,  
Was worth all heaven, and earth beside.

"Lady," he cried, "I have sworn to-night,  
On the word of a fairy knight,  
To do my sentence, task aright ;  
My honor scarce is free from stain, —  
I may not soil its snows again ;  
Betide me weal, betide me woe,  
Its mandate must be answered now."  
Her bosom heaved with many a sigh,  
The tear was in her drooping eye ;  
But she led him to the palace gate,

And called the sylphs who hovered there,  
And bade them fly and bring him straight,  
Of clouds condensed, a sable car.  
With charm and spell she blessed it there,  
From all the fiends of upper air ;  
Then round him cast the shadowy shroud,  
And tied his steed behind the cloud ;  
And pressed his hand as she bade him fly  
Far to the verge of the northern sky,  
For by its wane and wavering light  
There was a star would fall to-night.

Borne afar on the wings of the blast,  
Northward away, he speeds him fast,  
And his courser follows the cloudy wain  
Till the hoof-strokes fall like pattering rain.  
The clouds roll backward as he flies,  
Each flickering star behind him lies,  
And he has reached the northern plain,  
And backed his firefly steed again,  
Ready to follow in its flight  
The streaming of the rocket-light.

The star is yet in the vault of heaven,  
But it rocks in the summer gale ;  
And now 't is fitful and uneven,  
And now 't is deadly pale ;  
And now 't is wrapped in sulphur-smoke,  
And quenched is its rayless beam ;  
And now with a rattling thunder-stroke  
It bursts in flash and flame.  
As swift as the glance of the arrow lance  
That the storm-spirit flings from high,  
The star-shot flew o'er the welkin blue,  
As it fell from the sheeted sky.  
As swift as the wind in its train behind  
The elfin gallops along :  
The fiends of the clouds are bellowing loud,  
But the sylphid charm is strong ;  
He gallops unhurt in the shower of fire,  
While the cloud-fiends fly from the blaze ;  
He watches each flake till its sparks expire,

And rides in the light of its rays.  
But he drove his steed to the lightning's speed,  
And caught a glimmering spark ;  
Then wheeled around to the fairy ground,  
And sped through the midnight dark.

Ouphe and goblin ! imp and sprite !  
Elf of eve ! and starry fay !  
Ye that love the moon's soft light,  
Hither, — hither wend your way ;  
Twine ye in a jocund ring,  
Sing and trip it merrily,  
Hand to hand, and wing to wing,  
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

Hail the wanderer again  
With dance and seng, and lute and lyre ;  
Pure his wing and strong his chain,  
And doubly bright his fairy fire.  
Twine ye in an airy round,  
Brush the dew and print the lea ;  
Skip and gambol, hop and bound,  
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

The beetle guards our holy ground,  
He flies about the haunted place,  
And if mortal there be found,  
He hums in his ears and flaps his face ;  
The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay,  
The owl's eyes our lanterns be ;  
Thus we sing and dance and play  
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

But hark ! from tower to tree-top high,  
The sentry-elf his call has made ;  
A streak is in the eastern sky,  
Shapes of moonlight ! flit and fade !  
The hill-tops gleam in morning's spring,  
The skylark shakes his dappled wing,  
The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,  
The cock has crowed, and the fays are gone.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

### SELLA'S FAIRY SLIPPERS.

"SEE, mother dear," she said, "what I have  
found  
Upon our rivulet's bank ; two slippers, white  
As the midwinter snow, and spangled o'er  
With twinkling points, like stars, and on the edge  
My name is wrought in silver ; read, I pray,  
Sella, the name thy mother, now in heaven,  
Gave at my birth ; and, sure, they fit my feet !"  
"A dainty pair," the prudent matron said,  
"But thine they are not. We must lay them by  
For those whose careless hands have left them  
here ;

Or haply they were placed beside the brook  
To be a snare. I cannot see thy name  
Upon the border, — only characters  
Of mystic look and dim are there, like signs  
Of some strange art ; nay, daughter, wear them  
not.”

Then Sella hung the slippers in the porch  
Of that broad rustic lodge, and all who passed  
Admired their fair contexture, but none knew  
Who left them by the brook. And now, at length,  
May, with her flowers and singing birds, had gone,  
And on bright streams and into deep wells shone  
The high midsummer sun. One day, at noon,  
Sella was missed from the accustomed meal.  
They sought her in her favorite haunts, they looked  
By the great rock, and far along the stream,  
And shouted in the sounding woods her name.  
Night came, and forth the sorrowing household  
went

With torches over the wide pasture-grounds  
To pool and thicket, marsh and briery dell,  
And solitary valley far away.  
The morning came, and Sella was not found.  
The sun climbed high, they sought her still ;  
the noon,

The hot and silent noon, heard Sella's name  
Uttered with a despairing cry to wastes  
O'er which the eagle hovered. As the sun  
Stooped toward the amber west to bring the close  
Of that sad second day, and, with red eyes,  
The mother sat within her home alone,  
Sella was at her side. A shriek of joy  
Broke the sad silence ; glad, warm tears wereshed,  
And words of gladness uttered. “O, forgive,”  
The maiden said, “that I could e'er forget  
Thy wishes for a moment. I just tried  
The slippers on, amazed to see them shaped  
So fairly to my feet, when, all at once,  
I felt my steps upborne and hurried on  
Almost as if with wings. A strange delight,  
Blent with a thrill of fear, o'ermastered me,  
And, ere I knew, my plashing steps were set  
Within the rivulet's pebbly bed, and I  
Was rushing down the current. By my side  
Tripped one as beautiful as ever looked  
From white clouds in a dream ; and, as we ran,  
She talked with musical voice and sweetly laughed.  
Gayly we leaped the crag and swam the pool,  
And swept with dimpling eddies round the rock,  
And glided between shady meadow-banks.  
The streamlet, broadening as we went, became  
A swelling river, and we shot along  
By stately towns, and under leaning masts  
Of gallant barks, nor lingered by the shore  
Of blooming gardens ; onward, onward still,  
The same strong impulse bore me till, at last,  
We entered the great deep, and passed below  
His billows, into boundless spaces, lit

With a greensunshine. Here were mighty groves  
Far down the ocean-valleys, and between  
Lay what might seem fair meadows, softly tinged  
With orange and with crimson. Here arose  
Tall stems, that, rooted in the depths below,  
Swung idly with the motions of the sea ;  
And here were shrubberies in whose mazy screen  
The creatures of the deep made haunt. My friend  
Named the strange growths, the pretty coralline,  
The dulse with crimson leaves, and, streaming far,  
Sea-thong and sea-lace. Here the tangle spread  
Its broad thick fronds, with pleasant bowers be-  
neath ;

And oft we trod a waste of pearly sands,  
Spotted with rosy shells, and thence looked in  
At caverns of the sea whose rock-roofed halls  
Lay in blue twilight. As we moved along,  
The dwellers of the deep, in mighty herds,  
Passed by us, reverently they passed us by,  
Long trains of dolphins rolling through the brine,  
Huge whales, that drew the waters after them,  
A torrent-stream, and hideous hammer-sharks,  
Chasing their prey ; I shuddered as they came ;  
Gently they turned aside and gave us room.”

Hereat broke in the mother, “Sella, dear,  
This is a dream, — the idlest, vainest dream.”

“Nay, mother, nay ; behold this sea-green scarf,  
Woven of such threads as never human hand  
Twined from the distaff. She who led my way  
Through the great waters bade me wear it home,  
A token that my tale is true. ‘And keep,’  
She said, ‘the slippers thou hast found, for thou,  
When shod with them, shalt be like one of us,  
With power to walk at will the ocean-floor,  
Among its monstrous creatures, unafraid,  
And feel no longing for the air of heaven  
To fill thy lungs, and send the warm, red blood  
Along thy veins. But thou shalt pass the hours  
In dances with the sea-nymphs, or go forth,  
To look into the mysteries of the abyss  
Where never plummet reached. And thou shalt  
sleep

Thy weariness away on downy banks  
Of sea-moss, where the pulses of the tide  
Shall gently lift thy hair, or thou shalt float  
On the soft currents that go forth and wind  
From isle to isle, and wander through the sea.’

“So spake my fellow-voyager, her words  
Sounding like wavellets on a summer shore,  
And then we stopped beside a hanging rock  
With a smooth beach of white sands at its foot,  
Where three fair creatures like herself were set  
At their sea-banquet, crisp and juicy stalks,  
Culled from the ocean's meadows, and the sweet  
Midrib of pleasant leaves, and golden fruits  
Dropped from the trees that edge the southern isles,  
And gathered on the waves. Kindly they prayed  
That I would share their meal, and I partook



With eager appetite, for long had been  
My journey, and I left the spot refreshed.

“And then we wandered off amid the groves  
Of coral loffier than the growths of earth ;  
The mightiest cedar lifts no trunk like theirs,  
So lunge, so high, toward heaven, nor overhangs  
Alleys and bowers so dim. We moved between  
Pinnacles of black rock, which, from beneath,  
Molten by inner fires, so said my guide,  
Gushed long ago into the hissing brine,  
That quenched and hardened them, and now they  
stand

Motionless in the currents of the sea  
That part and flow around them. As we went,  
We looked into the hollows of the abyss,  
To which the never-resting waters sweep  
The skeletons of sharks, the long white spines  
Of narwhal and of dolphin, bones of men  
Shipwrecked, and mighty ribs of foundered barks,  
Down the blue pits we looked, and hastened on.

“But beautiful the fountains of the sea  
Sprang upward from its bed ; the silvery jets  
Shot branching far into the azure brine,  
And where they mingled with it, the great deep  
Quivered and shook, as shakes the glimmering air  
Above a furnace. So we wandered through  
The mighty world of waters, till at length  
I wearied of its wonders, and my heart  
Began to yearn for my dear mountain-home.  
I prayed my gentle guide to lead me back  
To the upper air. ‘A glorious realm,’ I said,  
‘Is this thou openest to me, but I stray  
Bewildered in its vastness, these strange sights  
And this strange light oppress me. I must see  
The faces that I love, or I shall die.’

“She took my hand, and, darting through the  
waves,  
Brought me to where the stream, by which we came,  
Rushed into the main ocean. Then began  
A slower journey upward. Wearily  
We breasted the strong current, climbing through  
The rapids tossing high their foam. The night  
Came down, and, in the clear depth of a pool,  
Edged with o’erhanging rock, we took our rest  
Till morning ; and I slept, and dreamed of home,  
And thee. A pleasant sight the mornings showed ;  
The green fields of this upper world, the herds  
That grazed the bank, the light on the red clouds,  
The trees, with all their host of trembling leaves,  
Lifting and lowering to the restless wind  
Their branches. As I woke I saw them all  
From the clear stream ; yet strangely was my heart  
Parted between the watery world and this,  
And as we journeyed upward, oft I thought  
Of marvels I had seen, and stopped and turned,  
And lingered, till I thought of thee again ;  
And then again I turned and clambered up  
The rivulet’s murmuring path, until we came

Beside this cottage door. There tenderly  
My fair conductor kissed me, and I saw  
Her face no more. I took the slippers off.  
O, with what deep delight my lungs drew in  
The air of heaven again, and with what joy  
I felt my blood bound with its former glow !  
And now I never leave thy side again !”

So spoke the maiden Sella, with large tears  
Standing in her mild eyes, and in the porch  
Replaced the slippers.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

### KILMENY.

BONNY Kilmeny gaed up the glen ;  
But it wasna to meet Duneira’s men,  
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,  
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.  
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,  
And pu’ the cress-flower round the spring, —  
The scarlet hypp, and the hind berry,  
And the nut that hung frae the hazel-tree ;  
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.  
But lang may her minny look o’er the wa’,  
And lang may she seek i’ the green-wood shaw ;  
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,  
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame.

When many a day had come and fled,  
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,  
When mass for Kilmeny’s soul had been sung,  
When the bedesman had prayed, and the dead-  
bell rung ;  
Late, late in a gloamin, when all was still,  
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,  
The wood was sear, the moon i’ the wane,  
The reek o’ the cot hung over the plain, —  
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane ;  
When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,  
Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came hame !

“Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been ?  
Lang hae we sought both holt and den, —  
By linn, by ford, and green-wood tree ;  
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.  
Where got you that joup o’ the lily sheen ?  
That bonny snood of the birk sae green ?  
And these roses, the fairest that ever was seen ?  
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been ?”

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,  
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny’s face ;  
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,  
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,  
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.  
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,  
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare.

Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,  
 Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew;  
 But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,  
 And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,  
 When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,  
 And a land where sin had never been, —  
 A land of love, and a land of light,  
 Withouten sun or moon or night;  
 Where the river swa'd a living stream,  
 And the light a pure celestial beam:  
 The land of vision it would seem,  
 A still, an everlasting dream.

In yon green-wood there is a walk,  
 And in that walk there is a wene,  
 And in that wene there is a maikie,  
 That neither has flesh, blood, nor bane;  
 And down in yon green-wood he walks his lane.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,  
 Her bosom happed wi' the flowerets gay;  
 But the air was soft, and the silence deep,  
 And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep;  
 She kend nae mair, nor opened her ee,  
 Till waked by the hymns of a far countrie.

She wakened on a couch of the silk sae slim,  
 All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim;  
 And lovely beings around were rife,  
 Who erst had travelled mortal life;  
 And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer:  
 "What spirit has brought this mortal here?"

"Lang have I journeyed the world wide,"  
 A meek and reverend fere replied;  
 "Baith night and day I have watched the fair  
 Eident a thousand years and mair.  
 Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,  
 Wherever blooms feminity;  
 But sinless virgins, free of stain,  
 In mind and body, fand I nane.  
 Never, since the banquet of time,  
 Found I a virgin in her prime,  
 Till late this bonny maiden I saw,  
 As spotless as the morning snaw.  
 Full twenty years she has lived as free  
 As the spirits that sojourn in this countrie.  
 I have brought her away frae the snares of men,  
 That sin or death she may never ken."

They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair;  
 They kissed her cheek, and they kemed her hair;  
 And round came many a blooming fere,  
 Saying, "Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here;  
 Women are freed of the littand scorn;  
 O, blest be the day Kilmeny was born!  
 Now shall the land of the spirits see,  
 Now shall it ken, what a woman may be!"

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,  
 And she walked in the light of a sunless day;  
 The sky was a dome of crystal bright,  
 The fountain of vision, and fountain of light;  
 The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,  
 And the flowers of everlasting bloom.  
 Then deep in the stream her body they laid,  
 That her youth and beauty never might fade;  
 And they smiled on heaven, when they saw her lie  
 In the stream of life that wandered by.  
 And she heard a song, — she heard it sung,  
 She kend not where; but sae sweetly it rung,  
 It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn, —  
 "O, blest be the day Kilmeny was born!  
 Now shall the land of the spirits see,  
 Now shall it ken, what a woman may be!"

They bore her far to a mountain green,  
 To see what mortal never had seen;  
 And they seated her high on a purple sward,  
 And bade her heed what she saw and heard,  
 And note the changes the spirits wrought;  
 For now she lived in the land of thought. —  
 She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,  
 But a crystal dome of a thousand dies;  
 She looked, and she saw nae land aright,  
 But an endless whirl of glory and light;  
 And radiant beings went and came,  
 Far swifter than wind or the linked flame;  
 She hid her een frae the dazzling view;  
 She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun on a summer sky,  
 And clouds of amber sailing by;  
 A lovely land beneath her lay,  
 And that land had glens and mountains gray;  
 And that land had valleys and hoary piles,  
 And marled seas, and a thousand isles;  
 Its fields were speckled, its forests green,  
 And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,  
 Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay  
 The sun and the sky and the cloulet gray,  
 Which heaved and trembled, and gently swung;  
 On every shore they seemed to be hung;  
 For there they were seen on their downward plaid  
 A thousand times and a thousand again;  
 In winding lake and placid firth, —  
 Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

Kilmeny sighed and seemed to grieve,  
 For she found her heart to that land did cleave;  
 She saw the corn wave on the vale;  
 She saw the deer run down the dale;  
 She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,  
 And the brows that the badge of freedom bore;  
 And she thought she had seen the land before.

Then Kilmeny begged again to see  
 The friends she had left in her own countrie,

To tell of the place where she had been,  
 And the glories that lay in the land unseen ;  
 To warn the living maidens fair,  
 The loved of heaven, the spirits' care,  
 That all whose minds unmeled remain  
 Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,  
 They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep ;  
 And when she awakened, she lay her lane,  
 All happed with flowers in the green-wood wene.  
 When seven long years had come and fled ;  
 When grief was calm, and hope was dead ;  
 When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,  
 Late, late in a gloamin, Kilmeny came hame !  
 And O, her beauty was fair to see,  
 But still and steadfast was her ee !  
 Such beauty bard may never declare,  
 For there was no pride nor passion there ;  
 And the soft desire of maidens' een  
 In that mild face could never be seen.  
 Her seymar was the lily flower,  
 And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower ;  
 And her voice like the distant melodye  
 That floats along the twilight sea.  
 But she loved to raikie the lanely glen,  
 And kepted afar frae the haunts of men ;  
 Her holy hymns unheard to sing,  
 To suck the flowers and drink the spring.  
 But wherever her peaceful form appeared,  
 The wild beasts of the hills were cheered ;  
 The wolf played blythely round the field ;  
 The lordly byson lowed and kneeled ;  
 The dun deer wooed with manner bland,  
 And cowered aneath her lily hand.  
 And when at even the woodlands rung,  
 When hymns of other worlds she sung  
 In ecstacy of sweet devotion,  
 O, then the glen was all in motion !  
 The wild beasts of the forest came,  
 Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,  
 And goved around, charmed and amazed ;  
 Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,  
 And murmured, and looked with anxious pain  
 For something the mystery to explain.  
 The buzzard came with the throstle-cock,  
 The corby left her houf in the rock ;  
 The blackbird along wi' the eagle flew ;  
 The hind came tripping o'er the dew ;  
 The wolf and the kid their raikie began ;  
 And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran ;  
 The hawk and the hern attour them hung,  
 And the merland the mavis forhooyed their young ;  
 And all in a peaceful ring were hurled :  
 It was like an eve in a sinless world !

When a month and day had come and gane,  
 Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene ;

There laid her down on the leaves sae green,  
 And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.  
 But O the words that fell from her mouth  
 Were words of wonder, and words of truth !  
 But all the land were in fear and dread,  
 For they kend na whether she was living or dead.  
 It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain ;  
 She left this world of sorrow and pain,  
 And returned to the land of thought again.

JAMES HOGG.

### THE FAIRIES.

Up the airy mountain,  
 Down the rushy glen,  
 We dare n't go a hunting  
 For fear of little men ;  
 Wee folk, good folk,  
 Trooping all together ;  
 Green jacket, red cap,  
 And white owl's feather !

Down along the rocky shore  
 Some make their home, —  
 They live on crispy pancakes  
 Of yellow tide-foam ;  
 Some in the reeds  
 Of the black mountain-lake,  
 With frogs for their watch-dogs,  
 All night awake.

High on the hill-top  
 The old king sits ;  
 He is now so old and gray  
 He 's nigh lost his wits.  
 With a bridge of white mist  
 Columbkil he crosses,  
 On his stately journeys  
 From Slieveleague to Rosses ;  
 Or going up with music  
 On cold starry nights,  
 To sup with the queen  
 Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget  
 For seven years long ;  
 When she came down again  
 Her friends were all gone.  
 They took her lightly back,  
 Between the night and morrow ;  
 They thought that she was fast asleep,  
 But she was dead with sorrow.  
 They have kept her ever since  
 Deep within the lakes,  
 On a bed of flag-leaves,  
 Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hillside,  
 Through the mosses bare,

They have planted thorn-trees  
 For pleasure here and there.  
 Is any man so daring  
 To dig one up in spite,  
 He shall find the thornies set  
 In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,  
 Down the rushy glen,  
 We dare n't go a hunting  
 For fear of little men ;  
 Wee folk, good folk,  
 Trooping all together ;  
 Green jacket, red cap,  
 And white owl's feather !

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

### THE FAIRY CHILD.

THE summer sun was sinking  
 With a mild light, calm and mellow ;  
 It shone on my little boy's bonnie cheeks,  
 And his loose locks of yellow.

The robin was singing sweetly,  
 And his song was sad and tender ;  
 And my little boy's eyes, while he heard the song,  
 Smiled with a sweet, soft splendor.

My little boy lay on my bosom  
 While his soul the song was quaffing ;  
 The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,  
 And his heart and his eye were laughing.

I sate alone in my cottage,  
 The midnight needle plying ;  
 I feared for my child, for the rnh's light  
 In the socket now was dying !

There came a hand to my lonely latch,  
 Like the wind at midnight moaning ;  
 I knelt to pray, but rose again,  
 For I heard my little boy groaning.

I crossed my brow and I crossed my breast,  
 But that night my child departed, —  
 They left a weakling in his stead,  
 And I am broken-hearted !

O, it cannot be my own sweet boy,  
 For his eyes are dim and hollow ;  
 My little boy is gone — is gone,  
 And his mother soon will follow.

The dirge for the dead will be sung for me,  
 And the mass be chanted meetly,  
 And I shall sleep with my little boy,  
 In the moonlight churchyard sweetly.

JOHN ANSTER.

### SONG OF WOOD-NYMPHS.

COME here, come here, and dwell  
 In forest deep !  
 Come here, come here, and tell  
 Why thou dost weep !  
 Is it for love (sweet pain !)  
 That thus thou dar'st complain  
 Unto our pleasant shades, our summer leaves,  
 Where naught else grieves ?

COME here, come here, and lie  
 By whispering stream !  
 Here no one dares to die  
 For love's sweet dream ;  
 But health all seek, and joy,  
 And shun perverse annoy,  
 And race along green paths till close of day,  
 And laugh — alway !

Or else, through half the year,  
 On rushy floor,  
 We lie by waters clear,  
 While skylarks pour  
 Their songs into the sun !  
 And when bright day is done,  
 We hide 'neath bells of flowers or nodding corn,  
 And dream — till morn !

BARRY CORNWALL.

### THE GREEN GNOME.

A MELODY.

RING, sing ! ring, sing ! pleasant Sabbath bells !  
 Chime, rhyme ! chime, rhyme ! thorough dales  
 and dells !

RHyme, ring ! chime, sing ! pleasant Sabbath  
 bells !

CHime, sing ! rhyme, ring ! over fields and fells !

And I galloped and I galloped on my palfrey  
 white as milk,

My robe was of the sea-green woof, my serk was  
 of the silk ;

My hair was golden yellow, and it floated to my  
 shoe ;

My eyes were like two harebells bathed in little  
 drops of dew ;

My palfrey, never stopping, made a music sweetly  
 blent

With the leaves of autumn dropping all around me  
 as I went ;

And I heard the bells, grown fainter, far behind  
 me peal and play,

Fainter, fainter, fainter, till they seemed to die  
 away ;

And beside a silver ravel, on a little heap of  
 sand,

I saw the green gnome sitting, with his cheek  
upon his hand.

Then he started up to see me, and he ran with  
cry and bound,

And drew me from my palfrey white and set me  
on the ground.

O crimson, crimson were his locks, his face was  
green to see,

But he cried, "O light-haired lassie, you are  
bound to marry me!"

He clasped me round the middle small, he kissed  
me on the cheek,

He kissed me once, he kissed me twice, — I could  
not stir or speak;

He kissed me twice, he kissed me thrice, — but  
when he kissed again,

I called aloud upon the name of Him who died  
for men.

Sing, sing! ring, ring! pleasant Sabbath bells!  
Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! thorough dales  
and dells!

Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath  
bells!

Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!

O faintly, faintly, faintly, calling men and maids  
to pray,

So faintly, faintly, faintly rang the bells far  
away;

And as I named the Blessed Name, as in our  
need we can,

The ugly green green gnome became a tall and  
comely man:

His hands were white, his beard was gold, his  
eyes were black as sloes,

His tunic was of scarlet woof, and silken were his  
hose;

A pensive light from Faëryland still lingered on  
his cheek,

His voice was like the running brook, when he  
began to speak;

"O, you have cast away the charm my step-dame  
put on me,

Seven years I dwelt in Faëryland, and you have  
set me free.

O, I will mount thy palfrey white, and ride to  
kirk with thee,

And, by those little dewy eyes, we twain will  
wedded be!"

Back we galloped, never stopping, he before and  
I behind,

And the autumn leaves were dropping, red and  
yellow, in the wind:

And the sun was shining clearer, and my heart  
was high and proud,

As nearer, nearer, nearer rang the kirk bells  
sweet and loud,

And we saw the kirk before us, as we trotted  
down the fells,  
And nearer, clearer, o'er us, rang the welcome of  
the bells.

Ring, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!  
Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! thorough dales  
and dells!

Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath  
bells!

Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!

ROBERT BUCHANAN

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

"O, WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
Alone and palely loitering?  
The sedge has withered from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

"O, what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
So haggard and so woe-begone?  
The squirrel's granary is full,  
And the harvest 's done.

"I see a lily on thy brow  
With anguish moist and fever-dew,  
And on thy cheeks a fading rose  
Fast withereth too."

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

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

"I set her on my pacing steed,  
And nothing else saw all day long;  
For sidelong would she bend, and sing  
A fairy's song.

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

"She took me to her elfin grot,  
And there she wept, and sighed full sore;  
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes  
With kisses four.

"And there she lulled me asleep,  
And there I dreamed — ah, woe betide! —  
The latest dream I ever dreamed  
On the cold hill's side.

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

"I saw their starved lips in the gloam  
With horrid warning gapéd wide,  
And I awoke and found me here  
On the cold hill's side.

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

JOHN KEATS.

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### THE WATER-FAY.

THE night comes stealing o'er me,  
And clouds are on the sea;  
While the wavelets rustle before me  
With a mystical melody.

A water-maid rose singing  
Before me, fair and pale;  
And snow-white breasts were springing,  
Like fountains, 'neath her veil.

She kissed me and she pressed me,  
Till I wished her arms away:  
"Why hast thou so caressed me,  
Thou lovely water-fay?"

"O, thou need'st not alarm thee,  
That thus thy form I hold;  
For I only seek to warm me,  
And the night is black and cold."

"The wind to the waves is calling,  
The moonlight is fading away;  
And tears down thy cheek are falling,  
Thou beautiful water-fay!"

"The wind to the waves is calling,  
And the moonlight grows dim on the rocks;  
But no tears from mine eyes are falling,  
'T is the water which drips from my locks."

"The ocean is heaving and sobbing,  
The sea-mews scream in the spray;  
And thy heart is wildly throbbing,  
Thou beautiful water-fay!"

"My heart is wildly swelling,  
And it beats in burning truth;  
For I love thee past all telling, —  
Thou beautiful mortal youth."

HENRY HEINE (German). Translation  
of CHARLES G. LELAND.

### THE WATER LADY.

I.

ALAS, that moon should ever beam  
To show what man should never see! —  
I saw a maiden on a stream,  
And fair was she!

II.

I stayed awhile to see her throw  
Her tresses back, that all beset  
The fair horizon of her brow  
With clouds of jet.

III.

I stayed a little while to view  
Her cheek, that wore, in place of red,  
The bloom of water, — tender blue,  
Daintily spread.

IV.

I stayed to watch, a little space,  
Her parted lips, if she would sing;  
The waters closed above her face  
With many a ring.

V.

And still I stayed a little more, —  
Alas! she never comes again!  
I throw my flowers from the shore,  
And watch in vain.

VI.

I know my life will fade away, —  
I know that I must vainly pine;  
For I am made of mortal clay,  
But she's divine!

THOMAS HOOD.

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### THE FISHER.

THE waters purred, the waters swelled, —  
A fisher sat near by,  
And earnestly his line beheld  
With tranquil heart and eye;  
And while he sits and watches there,  
He sees the waves divide,  
And, lo! a maid, with glistening hair,  
Springs from the troubled tide.

She sang to him, she spake to him, —  
"Why lur'st thou from below,  
In cruel mood, my tender brood,  
To die in day's fierce glow?  
Ah! didst thou know how sweetly there  
The little fishes dwell,  
Thou wouldst come down their lot to share,  
And be forever well."

"Bathes not the smiling sun at night —  
The moon too — in the waves?"

Comes he not forth more fresh and bright  
 From ocean's cooling caves?  
 Canst thou unmoved that deep world see,  
 That heaven of tranquil blue,  
 Where thine own face is beckoning thee  
 Down to the eternal dew?

The waters purled, the waters swelled, —  
 They kissed his naked feet;  
 His heart a nameless transport held,  
 As if his love did greet.  
 She spake to him, she sang to him;  
 Then all with him was o'er, —  
 Half drew she him, half sank he in, —  
 He sank to rise no more.

GOETHE. Translation of CHARLES T. BROOKS.

### THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long  
 Had cheered the village with his song,  
 Nor yet at eve his note suspended,  
 Nor yet when eventide was ended,  
 Began to feel — as well he might —  
 The keen demands of appetite;  
 When, looking eagerly around,  
 He spied, far off, upon the ground,  
 A something shining in the dark,  
 And knew the glow-worm by his spark;  
 So, stooping down from hawthorn top,  
 He thought to put him in his crop.  
 The worm, aware of his intent,  
 Harangued him thus, quite eloquent, —  
 "Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,  
 "As much as I your minstrelsy,  
 You would abhor to do me wrong,  
 As much as I to spoil your song;  
 For 't was the self-same Power divine  
 Taught you to sing, and me to shine;  
 That you with music, I with light,  
 Might beautify and cheer the night."  
 The songster heard his short oration,  
 And, warbling out his approbation,  
 Released him, as my story tells,  
 And found a supper somewhere else.

WILLIAM COWPER.

### THE MILKMAID.

A MILKMAID, who poised a full pail on her head,  
 Thus mused on her prospects in life, it is said:  
 "Let me see, — I should think that this milk  
 will procure  
 One hundred good eggs, or fourscore, to be sure.  
 "Well then, — stop a bit, — it must not be for-  
 gotten,

Some of these may be broken, and some may be  
 rotten;  
 But if twenty for accident should be detached,  
 It will leave me just sixty sound eggs to be hatched.

"Well, sixty sound eggs, — no, sound chickens,  
 I mean:

Of these some may die, — we'll suppose seventeen,  
 Seventeen! not so many, — say ten at the most,  
 Which will leave fifty chickens to boil or to roast.

"But then there's their barley: how much will  
 they need?

Why, they take but one grain at a time when  
 they feed, —

So that's a mere trifle; now then, let us see,  
 At a fair market price how much money there'll be.

"Six shillings a pair — five — four — three — and — six,  
 To prevent all mistakes, that low price I will fix;  
 Now what will that make? fifty chickens, I said, —  
 Fifty times three — and — sixpence — I'll ask Brother  
 Ned.

"O, but stop, — three — and — sixpence a pair I  
 must sell 'em;

Well, a pair is a couple, — now then let us tell 'em;  
 A couple in fifty will go (my poor brain!)  
 Why, just a score times, and five pair will remain.

"Twenty-five pair of fowls — now how tiresome  
 it is

That I can't reckon up so much money as this!  
 Well, there's no use in trying, so let's give a  
 guess, —

I'll say twenty pounds, *and it can't be no less.*

"Twenty pounds, I am certain, will buy me a cow,  
 Thirty geese, and two turkeys, — eight pigs and  
 a sow;

Now if these turn out well, at the end of the year,  
 I shall fill both my pockets with guineas, 't is  
 clear."

Forgetting her burden, when this she had said,  
 The maid superciliously tossed up her head;  
 When, alas for her prospects! her milk-pail  
 descended,  
 And so all her schemes for the future were ended.

This moral, I think, may be safely attached, —  
 "Reckon not on your chickens before they are  
 hatched."

JEFFREYS TAYLOR.

### THE TOAD'S JOURNAL

[It is said that Belzoni, the traveller in Egypt, discovered a living  
 toad in a temple, which had been for ages buried in the sand.]

IN a land for antiquities greatly renowned  
 A traveller had dug wide and deep under ground,

A temple for ages entombed, to disclose, —  
When, lo ! he disturbed, in its secret repose,  
A toad, from whose journal it plainly appears  
It had lodged in that mansion some thousands of  
years.

The roll which this reptile's long history records,  
A treat to the sage antiquarian affords :  
The sense by obscure hieroglyphics concealed,  
Deep learning at length, with long labor, revealed.  
The first thousand years as a specimen take, —  
The dates are omitted for brevity's sake :  
"Crawled forth from some rubbish, and winked  
with one eye ;

Half opened the other, but could not tell why ;  
Stretched out my left leg, as it felt rather queer,  
Then drew all together and slept for a year.  
Awakened, felt chilly, — crept under a stone ;  
Was vastly contented with living alone.  
One toe became wedged in the stone like a peg,  
Could not get it away, — had the cramp in my leg ;  
Began half to wish for a neighbor at hand  
To loosen the stone, which was fast in the sand ;  
Pulled harder, then dozed, as I found 't was no  
use ; —

Awoke the next summer, and lo ! it was loose.  
Crawled forth from the stone when completely  
awake ;

Crept into a corner and grinned at a snake.  
Retreated, and found that I needed repose ;  
Curled up my damp limbs and prepared for a doze ;  
Fell sounder to sleep than was usual before,  
And did not awake for a century or more ;  
But had a sweet dream, as I rather believe :  
Methought it was light, and a fine summer's eve ;  
And I in some garden deliciously fed  
In the pleasant moist shade of a strawberry-bed.  
There fine speckled creatures claimed kindred with  
me,

And others that hopped, most enchanting to see.  
Here long I regaled with emotion extreme ; —  
Awoke, — disconcerted to find it a dream ;  
Grew pensive, — discovered that life is a load ;  
Began to get weary of being a toad ;  
Was fretful at first, and then shed a few tears." —  
Here ends the account of the first thousand years.

## MORAL.

It seems that life is all a void,  
On selfish thoughts alone employed ;  
That length of days is not a good,  
Unless their use be understood.

JANE TAYLOR.

## THE PHILOSOPHER TOAD.

Down deep in a hollow, so damp and so cold,  
Where oaks are by ivy o'ergrown,

The gray moss and lichen creep over the mould,  
Lying loose on a ponderous stone.

Now within this huge stone, like a king on his  
throne,

A toad has been sitting more years than is known ;  
And strange as it seems, yet he constantly deems  
The world standing still while he's dreaming  
his dreams, —

Does this wonderful toad, in his cheerful abode  
In the innermost heart of that flinty old stone,  
By the gray-haired moss and the lichen o'ergrown.

Down deep in the hollow, from morning till night,  
Dun shadows glide over the ground,  
Where a watercourse once, as it sparkled with  
light,

Turned a ruined old mill-wheel around :  
Long years have passed by since its bed became  
dry,

And the trees grow so close, scarce a glimpse  
of the sky

Is seen in the hollow, so dark and so damp,  
Where the glow-worm at noonday is trimming  
his lamp,

And hardly a sound from the thicket around,  
Where the rabbit and squirrel leap over the  
ground,

Is heard by the toad in his spacious abode  
In the innermost heart of that ponderous stone,  
By the gray-haired moss and the lichen o'ergrown.

Down deep in that hollow the bees never  
come,

The shade is too black for a flower ;  
And jewel-winged birds, with their musical hum,  
Never flash in the night of that bower ;  
But the cold-blooded snake, in the edge of the  
brake,

Lies amid the rank grass half asleep, half awake ;  
And the ashen-white snail, with the slime in  
its trail,

Moves wearily on like a life's tedious tale,  
Yet disturbs not the toad in his spacious abode,  
In the innermost heart of that flinty old stone,  
By the gray-haired moss and the lichen o'ergrown.

Down deep in a hollow some wiseacres sit

Like the toad in his cell in the stone ;  
Around them in daylight the blind owlets flit,  
And their creeds are with ivy o'ergrown ; —  
Their streams may go dry, and the wheels cease  
to ply,  
And their glimpses be few of the sun and the sky,  
Still they hug to their breast every time-hon-  
ored guest,

And slumber and doze in inglorious rest ;  
For no progress they find in the wide sphere of  
mind,



And the world's standing still with all of their  
kind ;  
Contented to dwell deep down in the well,  
Or move like the snail in the crust of his shell,  
Or live like the toad in his narrow abode,  
With their souls closely wedged in a thick wall  
of stone,  
By the gray weeds of prejudice rankly o'ergrown.  
MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

### THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

A MONK, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,  
In the depth of his cell with his stone-covered floor,  
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,  
Once formed the contrivance we now shall explain;  
But whether by magic's or alchemy's powers  
We know not ; indeed, 't is no business of ours.

Perhaps it was only by patience and care,  
At last, that he brought his invention to bear.  
In youth 't was projected, but years stole away,  
And ere 't was complete he was wrinkled and gray ;  
But success is secure, unless energy fails ;  
And at length he produced THE PHILOSOPHER'S  
SCALES.

"What were they ?" you ask. You shall pres-  
ently see ;  
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea.  
O no ; for such properties wondrous had they,  
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could  
weigh,  
Together with articles small or immense,  
From mountains or planets to atoms of sense.

Naught was there so bulky but there it would lay,  
And naught so ethereal but there it would stay,  
And naught so reluctant but in it must go :  
All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire,  
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there.  
As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,  
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief ;  
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell  
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the cell.

One time he put in Alexander the Great,  
With the garment that Dorcas had made for a  
weight ;  
And though clad in armor from sandals to crown,  
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

A long row of almshouses, amply endowed  
By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,  
Next loaded one scale ; while the other was pressed  
By those mites the poor widow dropped into the  
chest :

Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,  
And down, down the farthing-worth came with  
a bounce.

By further experiments (no matter how)  
He found that ten chariots weighed less than  
one plough ;  
A sword with gilt trapping rose up in the scale,  
Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail ;  
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,  
Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear.

A lord and a lady went up at full sail,  
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale ;  
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,  
Ten counsellors' wigs, full of powder and curl,  
All heaped in one balance and swinging from  
thence,  
Weighed less than a few grains of candor and sense ;  
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,  
Than one good potato just washed from the dirt ;  
Yet not mountains of silver and gold could suffice  
One pearl to outweigh, — 't was THE PEARL OF  
GREAT PRICE.

Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at the  
grate,  
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight,  
When the former sprang up with so strong a re-  
buff  
That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof !  
When balanced in air, it ascended on high,  
And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky ;  
While the scale with the soul in 't so mightily fell  
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.  
JANE TAYLOR.

### THE CALIPH AND SATAN.

VERSIFIED FROM THOLUCK'S TRANSLATION OUT OF THE  
PERSIAN.

IN heavy sleep the Caliph lay,  
When some one called, "Arise, and pray !"

The angry Caliph cried, "Who dare  
Rebuke his king for slighted prayer ?"

Then, from the corner of the room,  
A voice cut sharply through the gloom :

"My name is Satan. Rise ! obey  
Mohammed's law ; awake, and pray."

"Thy words are good," the Caliph said,  
"But their intent I somewhat dread.

For matters cannot well be worse  
Than when the thief says, 'Guard your purse !'

I cannot trust your counsel, friend,  
It surely hides some wicked end."

Said Satan, "Near the throne of God,  
In ages past, we devils trod ;

Angels of light, to us 't was given  
To guide each wandering foot to heaven.

Not wholly lost is that first love,  
Nor those pure tastes we knew above.

Roaming across a continent,  
The Tartar moves his shifting tent,

But never quite forgets the day  
When in his father's arms he lay ;

So we, once bathed in love divine,  
Recall the taste of that rich wine.

God's finger rested on my brow, —  
That magic touch, I feel it now !

I fell, 't is true — O, ask not why,  
For still to God I turn my eye.

It was a chance by which I fell,  
Another takes me back from hell.

'T was but my envy of mankind,  
The envy of a loving mind.

Jealous of men, I could not bear  
God's love with this new race to share.

But yet God's tables open stand,  
His guests flock in from every land ;

Some kind act toward the race of men  
May toss us into heaven again.

A game of chess is all we see, —  
And God the player, pieces we.

White, black — queen, pawn, — 't is all the same,  
For on both sides he plays the game.

Moved to and fro, from good to ill,  
We rise and fall as suits his will."

The Caliph said, "If this be so,  
I know not, but thy guile I know ;

For how can I thy words believe,  
When even God thou didst deceive ?

A sea of lies art thou, — our sin  
Only a drop that sea within."

"Not so," said Satan, "I serve God,  
His angel now, and now his rod.

In tempting I both bless and curse,  
Make good men better, bad men worse.

Good coin is mixed with bad, my brother,  
I but distinguish one from the other."

"Granted," the Caliph said, "but still  
You never tempt to good, but ill.

Tell then the truth, for well I know  
You come as my most deadly foe."

Loud laughed the fiend. "You know me well,  
Therefore my purpose I will tell.

If you had missed your prayer, I knew  
A swift repentance would ensue.

And such repentance would have been  
A good, outweighing far the sin.

I chose this humbleness divine,  
Borne out of fault, should not be thine,

Preferring prayers elate with pride  
To sin with penitence allied."

J. F. C.

#### AIRY NOTHINGS.

FROM "THE TEMPEST."

OUR revels now are ended. These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air ;  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

SHAKESPEARE.



POEMS OF TRAGEDY.



One year, one year one little year  
And so much gone  
And yet the even flow of life  
flows calmly on:

H. B. Howse

---

Hark! to the tolling bells  
In echoes deep and slow,  
White on the breeze our banner floats  
Draped in the weeds of woe.

L. Huntley Sigourney.

# POEMS OF TRAGEDY.

## THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

EXECUTED 1650.

THE morning dawned full darkly,  
The rain came flashing down,  
And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt  
Lit up the gloomy town.  
The thunder crashed across the heaven,  
The fatal hour was come ;  
Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat,  
The 'larum of the drum.  
There was madness on the earth below  
And anger in the sky,  
And young and old, and rich and poor,  
Came forth to see him die.

Ah God ! that ghastly gibbet !  
How dismal 't is to see  
The great tall spectral skeleton,  
The ladder and the tree !  
Hark ! hark ! it is the clash of arms, —  
The bells begin to toll, —  
“ He is coming ! he is coming !  
God's mercy on his soul ! ”  
One last long peal of thunder, —  
The clouds are cleared away,  
And the glorious sun once more looks down  
Amidst the dazzling day.

“ He is coming ! he is coming ! ”  
Like a bridegroom from his room  
Came the hero from his prison  
To the scaffold and the doom.  
There was glory on his forehead,  
There was lustre in his eye,  
And he never walked to battle  
More proudly than to die.  
There was color in his visage,  
Though the cheeks of all were wan ;  
And they marvelled as they saw him pass,  
That great and goodly man !

He mounted up the scaffold,  
And he turned him to the crowd ;  
But they dared not trust the people,

So he might not speak aloud.  
But he looked upon the heavens,  
And they were clear and blue,  
And in the liquid ether  
The eye of God shone through :  
Yet a black and murky battlement  
Lay resting on the hill,  
As though the thunder slept within, —  
All else was calm and still.

The grim Geneva ministers  
With anxious scowl drew near,  
As you have seen the ravens flock  
Around the dying deer.  
He would not deign them word nor sign,  
But alone he bent the knee ;  
And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace  
Beneath the gallows-tree.  
Then, radiant and serene, he rose,  
And cast his cloak away ;  
For he had ta'en his latest look  
Of earth and sun and day.

A beam of light fell o'er him,  
Like a glory round the shriven,  
And he climbed the lofty ladder  
As it were the path to heaven.  
Then came a flash from out the cloud,  
And a stunning thunder-roll ;  
And no man dared to look aloft,  
For fear was on every soul.  
There was another heavy sound,  
A hush, and then a groan ;  
And darkness swept across the sky, —  
The work of death was done !

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

## THE NUN.

FROM “ ITALY.”

’Tis over ; and her lovely cheek is now  
On her hard pillow, — there, alas ! to be  
Nightly, through many and many a dreary hour  
Wan, often wet with tears, and (ere at length

Her place is empty, and another comes)  
In anguish, in the ghastliness of death ;  
Hers nevermore to leave those mournful walls,  
Even on her bier.

'Tis over ; and the rite,  
With all its pomp and harmony, is now  
Floating before her. She arose at home,  
To be the show, the idol of the day ;  
Her vesture gorgeous, and her starry head, —  
No rocket, bursting in the midnight sky,  
So dazzling. When to-morrow she awakes,  
She will awake as though she still was there,  
Still in her father's house ; and lo, a cell  
Narrow and dark, naught through the gloom  
discerned, —

Naught save the crucifix and rosary,  
And the gray habit lying by to shroud  
Her beauty and grace.

When on her knees she fell,  
Entering the solemn place of consecration,  
And from the latticed gallery came a chant  
Of psalms, most saint-like, most angelical,  
Verse after verse sung out, how holly !  
The strain returning, and still, still returning,  
Methought it acted like a spell upon her,  
And she was casting off her earthly dross ;  
Yet was it sad and sweet, and, ere it closed,  
Came like a dirge. When her fair head was shorn,  
And the long tresses in her hands were laid,  
That she might fling them from her, saying, —

“ Thus,  
Thus I renounce the world and worldly things ! ”  
When, as she stood, her bridal ornaments  
Were one by one removed, even to the last,  
That she might say, flinging them from her, —

“ Thus,  
Thus I renounce the world ! ” When all was  
changed,

And as a nun in homeliest guise she knelt,  
Veiled in her veil, crowned with her silver crown,  
Her crown of lilies as the spouse of Christ,  
Well might her strength forsake her, and her knees  
Fail in that hour ! Well might the holy man,  
He at whose foot she knelt, give as by stealth  
( 'T was in her utmost need ; nor, while she lives,  
Will it go from her, fleeting as it was )  
That faint but fatherly smile, that smile of love  
And pity !

Like a dream the whole is fled ;  
And they that came in idleness to gaze  
Upon the victim dressed for sacrifice  
Are mingling with the world ; thou in thy cell  
Forgot, Teresa ! Yet among them all  
None were so formed to love and to be loved,  
None to delight, adorn ; and on thee now  
A curtain, blacker than the night, is dropped  
Forever ! In thy gentle bosom sleep  
Feelings, affections, destined now to die ;

To wither like the blossom in the bud, —  
Those of a wife, a mother ; leaving there  
A cheerless void, a chill as of the grave,  
A languor and a lethargy of soul,  
Death-like, and gathering more and more, till  
Death

Comes to release thee. Ah ! what now to thee,  
What now to thee the treasures of thy youth ?  
As nothing !

SAMUEL ROGERS.

### IPHIGENEIA AND AGAMEMNON.

IPHIGENEIA, when she heard her doom  
At Aulis, and when all beside the king  
Had gone away, took his right hand, and said :  
“ O father ! I am young and very happy.  
I do not think the pious Calchas heard  
Distinctly what the goddess spake ; old age  
Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who knew  
My voice so well, sometimes misunderstood,  
While I was resting on her knee both arms,  
And hitting it to make her mind my words,  
And looking in her face, and she in mine,  
Might not he, also, hear one word amiss,  
Spoken from so far off, even from Olympus ? ”  
The father placed his cheek upon her head,  
And tears dropt down it ; but the king of men  
Replied not. Then the maiden spake once more :  
“ O father ! sayest thou nothing ? Hearest thou  
not

Me, whom thou ever hast, until this hour,  
Listened to fondly, and awakened me  
To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,  
When it was inarticulate as theirs,  
And the down deadened it within the nest ? ”  
He moved her gently from him, silent still ;  
And this, and this alone, brought tears from her,  
Although she saw fate nearer. Then with sighs :  
“ I thought to have laid down my hair before  
Benignant Artemis, and not dimmed  
Her polished altar with my virgin blood ;  
I thought to have selected the white flowers  
To please the nymphs, and to have asked of each  
By name, and with no sorrowful regret,  
Whether, since both my parents willed the change,  
I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipt brow ;  
And ( after these who mind us girls the most )  
Adore our own Athene, that she would  
Regard me mildly with her azure eyes, —  
But, father, to see you no more, and see  
Your love, O father ! go ere I am gone ! ”  
Gently he moved her off, and drew her back,  
Bending his lofty head far over hers ;  
And the dark depths of nature heaved and burst.  
He turned away, — not far, but silent still.  
She now first shuddered ; for in him, so nigh, ●

So long a silence seemed the approach of death,  
 And like it. Once again she raised her voice :  
 " O father ! if the ships are now detained,  
 And all your vows move not the gods above,  
 When the knife strikes me there will be one prayer  
 The less to them ; and purer can there be  
 Any, or more fervent, than the daughter's prayer  
 For her dear father's safety and success ? "  
 A groan that shook him shook not his resolve.  
 An aged man now entered, and without  
 One word stepped slowly on, and took the wrist  
 Of the pale maiden. She looked up, and saw  
 The fillet of the priest and calm, cold eyes.  
 Then turned she where her parent stood, and cried :  
 " O father ! grieve no more ; the ships can sail. "

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

### THE CURSE OF KEHAMA.

I CHARM thy life,  
 From the weapons of strife,  
 From stone and from wood,  
 From fire and from flood,  
 From the serpent's tooth,  
 And the beast of blood.  
 From sickness I charm thee,  
 And time shall not harm thee ;  
 But earth, which is mine,  
 Its fruits shall deny thee ;  
 And water shall hear me,  
 And know thee and flee thee :  
 And the winds shall not touch thee  
 When they pass by thee,  
 And the dews shall not wet thee  
 When they fall nigh thee.  
 And thou shalt seek death,  
 To release thee, in vain ;  
 Thou shalt live in thy pain,  
 While Kehama shall reign,  
 With a fire in thy heart,  
 And a fire in thy brain.  
 And sleep shall obey me,  
 And visit thee never,  
 And the curse shall be on thee  
 Forever and ever.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

### HAMLET REPROACHING THE QUEEN.

FROM "HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK."

HAMLET. Leave wringing of your hands :  
 peace ! sit you down,  
 And let me wring your heart : for so I shall,  
 If it be made of penetrable stuff ;  
 If damnéd custom have not braided it so,  
 That it is proof and buiwark against sense.

QUEEN. What have I done, that thou dar'st  
 wag thy tongue  
 In noise so rude against me ?

HAM. Such an act,  
 That blurs the grace and blush of modesty ;  
 Calls virtue, hypocrite ; takes off the rose  
 From the fair forehead of an innocent love,  
 And sets a blister there ; makes marriage vows  
 As false as dicers' oaths : O, such a deed  
 As from the body of contraction plucks  
 The very soul ; and sweet religion makes  
 A rhapsody of words : Heaven's face doth glow ;  
 Yea, this solidity and compound mass,  
 With trifling visage, as against the doom,  
 Is thought-sick at the act.

QUEEN. Ah me, what act,  
 That roars so loud, and thunders in the index ?

HAM. Look here, upon this picture, and on  
 this, —

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.  
 See, what a grace was seated on this brow ;  
 Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;  
 An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;  
 A station like the herald Mercury  
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;  
 A combination, and a form, indeed,  
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
 To give the world assurance of a man :  
 This was your husband. Look you now, what  
 follows :

Here is your husband ; like a mildewed ear,  
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes ?  
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,  
 And batten on this moor ? Ha ! have you eyes ?  
 You cannot call it love ; for, at your age,  
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,  
 And waits upon the judgment : and what judgment  
 Would step from this to this ? Sense, sure, you  
 have,

Else, could you not have motion : but, sure, that  
 sense

Is apoplexed : for madness would not err ;  
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd  
 But it reserved some quantity of choice,  
 To serve in such a difference. What devil was 't  
 That thus hath cozened you at hoodman-blind ?  
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,  
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,  
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense  
 Could not so mope.

O shame ! where is thy blush ? Rebellious hell,  
 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,  
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,  
 And melt in her own fire : proclaim no shame  
 When the compulsive ardor gives the charge,  
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn,  
 And reason panders will.

QUEEN. O Hamlet, speak no more :

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ;  
And there I see such black and grainéd spots,  
As will not leave their tinct.

O, speak to me no more ;  
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears ;  
No more, sweet Hamlet !

HAM. A murderer, and a villain ;  
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tithe  
Of your precedent lord ; a Vice of kings ;  
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,  
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,  
And put it in his pocket !

QUEEN. No more.

HAM. A king of shreds and patches, —

*Enter Ghost.*

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,  
You heavenly guards ! — What would your gra-  
cious figure ?

QUEEN. Alas, he's mad !

HAM. Do you not come your tardyson to chide,  
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by  
The important acting of your dread command ?  
O, say !

GHOST. Do not forget : this visitation  
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.  
But look, amazement on thy mother sits :  
O, step between her and her fighting soul, —  
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works, —  
Speak to her, Hamlet.

HAM. How is it with you, lady ?

QUEEN. Alas, how is 't with you,  
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,  
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse ?  
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep ;  
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,  
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,  
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,  
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look ?

HAM. On him ! on him ! Look you, how pale  
he glares !

His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,  
Would make them capable. — Do not look upon  
me ;

Lest with this piteous action you convert  
My stern effects : then, what I have to do  
Will want true color ; tears, perchance, for blood.

QUEEN. To whom do you speak this ?

HAM. Do you see nothing there ?

QUEEN. Nothing at all ; yet all, that is, I see.

HAM. Nor did you nothing hear ?

QUEEN. No, nothing, but ourselves.

HAM. Why, look you there ! look, how it steals  
away !

My father, in his habit as he lived !  
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal !  
[*Exit Ghost.*

QUEEN. This is the very coinage of your brain :  
This bodiless creation ecstasy  
Is very cunning in.

HAM. Ecstasy !

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,  
And makes as healthful music : it is not madness  
That I have uttered : bring me to the test  
And I the matter will re-word ; which madness  
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,  
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,  
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks :  
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,  
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,  
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven ;  
Repent what's past ; avoid what is to come ;  
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,  
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue ;  
For in the fatness of these pury times,  
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,  
Yea, curb and woe, for leave to do him good.

QUEEN. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart  
in twain !

HAM. O, throw away the worse part of it,  
And live the purer with the other half.

Good night : but go not to mine uncle's bed ;  
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.

Once more, good night :

And when you are desirous to be blessed,

I'll blessing beg of you.

I must be cruel, only to be kind :

Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

SHAKESPEARE.

### COUNTESS LAURA.

It was a dreary day in Padua.  
The Countess Laura, for a single year  
Fernando's wife, upon her bridal bed,  
Like an uprooted lily on the snow,  
The withered outcast of a festival,  
Lay dead. She died of some uncertain ill,  
That struck her almost on her wedding day,  
And clung to her, and dragged her slowly down,  
Thinning her cheeks and pinching her full lips,  
Till, in her chance, it seemed that with a year  
Full half a century was overpast.  
In vain had Paracelsus taxed his art,  
And feigned a knowledge of her malady ;  
In vain had all the doctors, far and near,  
Gathered around the mystery of her bed,  
Draining her veins, her husband's treasury,  
And physic's jargon, in a fruitless quest  
For causes equal to the dread result.  
The Countess only smiled when they were gone,  
Hugged her fair body with her little hands,  
And turned upon her pillows wearily,  
As though she fain would sleep no common sleep,  
But the long, breathless slumber of the grave.



She hinted nothing. Feeble as she was,  
The rack could not have wrung her secret out.  
The Bishop, when he shrived her, coming forth,  
Cried, in a voice of heavenly ecstasy,  
"O blesséd soul! with nothing to confess  
Save virtues and good deeds, which she mis-  
takes—

So humble is she—for our human sins!"  
Praying for death, she tossed upon her bed  
Day after day; as might a shipwrecked bark  
That rocks upon one billow, and can make  
No onward motion towards her port of hope.  
At length, one morn, when those around her said,  
"Surely the Countess mends, so fresh a light  
Beams from her eyes and beautifies her face,"—  
One morn in spring, when every flower of earth  
Was opening to the sun, and breathing up  
Its votive incense, her impatient soul  
Opened itself, and so exhaled to heaven.  
When the Count heard it, he reeled back a pace;  
Then turned with anger on the messenger;  
Then craved his pardon, and wept out his heart  
Before the menial; tears, ah me! such tears  
As love sheds only, and love only once.  
Then he bethought him, "Shall this wonder die,  
And leave behind no shadow? not a trace  
Of all the glory that environed her,  
That mellow nimbus circling round my star?"  
So, with his sorrow glooming in his face,  
He paced along his gallery of art,  
And strode among the painters, where they stood,  
With Carlo, the Venetian, at their head,  
Studying the Masters by the dawning light  
Of his transcendent genius. Through the groups  
Of gayly-vestured artists moved the Count,  
As some lone cloud of thick and leaden hue,  
Packed with the secret of a coming storm,  
Moves through the gold and crimson evening  
mists,

Deadening their splendor. In a moment still  
Was Carlo's voice, and still the prattling crowd;  
And a great shadow overwhelmed them all,  
As their white faces and their anxious eyes  
Pursued Fernando in his moody walk.  
He paused, as one who balances a doubt,  
Weighing two courses, then burst out with this:  
"Ye all have seen the tidings in my face;  
Or has the dial ceased to register  
The workings of my heart? Then hear the bell,  
That almost cracks its frame in utterance;  
The Countess, — she is dead!" — "Dead!"  
Carlo groaned.

And if a bolt from middle heaven had struck  
His splendid features full upon the brow,  
He could not have appeared more scathed and  
blanched.

"Dead! — dead!" He staggered to his easel-  
frame,

And clung around it, buffeting the air  
With one wild arm, as though a drowning man  
Hung to a spar and fought against the waves.  
The Count resumed: "I came not here to grieve,  
Nor see my sorrow in another's eyes.  
Who'll paint the Countess, as she lies to-night  
In state within the chapel? Shall it be  
That earth must lose her wholly? that no hint  
Of her gold tresses, beaming eyes, and lips  
That talked in silence, and the eager soul  
That ever seemed outbreathing through her clay,  
And scattering glory round it, — shall all these  
Be dull corruption's heritage, and we,  
Poor beggars, have no legacy to show  
That love she bore us? That were shame to love,  
And shame to you, my masters." Carlo stalked  
Forth from his easel stiffly as a thing  
Moved by mechanic impulse. His thin lips,  
And sharpened nostrils, and wan, sunken cheeks,  
And the cold glimmer in his dusky eyes,  
Made him a ghastly sight. The throng drew back  
As though they let a spectre through. Then he,  
Fronting the Count, and speaking in a voice  
Sounding remote and hollow, made reply:  
"Count, I shall paint the Countess. 'Tis my  
fate, —

Not pleasure, — no, nor duty." But the Count,  
Astray in woe, but understood assent,  
Not the strange words that bore it; and he flung  
His arm round Carlo, drew him to his breast,  
And kissed his forehead. At which Carlo shrank:  
Perhaps 't was at the honor. Then the Count,  
A little reddening at his public state, —  
Unseemly to his near and recent loss, —  
Withdrew in haste between the downcast eyes  
That did him reverence as he rustled by.

Night fell on Padua. In the chapel lay  
The Countess Laura at the altar's foot.  
Her coronet glittered on her pallid brows;  
A crimson pall, weighed down with golden work,  
Sown thick with pearls, and heaped with early  
flowers,

Draped her still body almost to the chin;  
And over all a thousand candles flamed  
Against the winking jewels, or streamed down  
The marble aisle, and flashed along the guard  
Of men-at-arms that slowly wove their turns,  
Backward and forward, through the distant gloom.  
When Carlo entered, his unsteady feet  
Scarce bore him to the altar, and his head  
Drooped down so low that all his shining curls  
Poured on his breast, and veiled his countenance.  
Upon his easel a half-finished work,  
The secret labor of his studio,  
Said from the canvas, so that none might err,  
"I am the Countess Laura." Carlo kneeled,  
And gazed upon the picture; as if thus,

Through those clear eyes, he saw the way to heaven.  
Then he arose ; and as a swimmer comes  
Forth from the waves, he shook his locks aside,  
Emerging from his dream, and standing firm  
Upon a purpose with his sovereign will.  
He took his palette, murmuring, "Not yet !"  
Confidingly and softly to the corpse ;  
And as the veriest drudge, who plies his art  
Against his fancy, he addressed himself  
With stolid resolution to his task.  
Turning his vision on his memory,  
And shutting out the present, till the dead,  
The gilded pall, the lights, the pacing guard,  
And all the meaning of that solemn scene  
Became as nothing, and creative Art  
Resolved the whole to chaos, and reformed  
The elements according to her law :  
So Carlo wrought, as though his eye and hand  
Were Heaven's unconscious instruments, and  
worked

The settled purpose of Omnipotence.  
And it was wondrous how the red, the white,  
The ochre, and the umber, and the blue,  
From mottled blotches, hazy and opaque,  
Grew into rounded forms and sensuous lines ;  
How just beneath the lucid skin the blood  
Glimmered with warmth ; the scarlet lips apart  
Bloomed with the moisture of the dew of life ;  
How the light glittered through and underneath  
The golden tresses, and the deep, soft eyes  
Became intelligent with conscious thought,  
And somewhat troubled underneath the arch  
Of eyebrows but a little too intense  
For perfect beauty ; how the pose and poise  
Of the lithe figure on its tiny foot  
Suggested life just ceased from motion ; so  
That any one might cry, in marvelling joy,  
"That creature lives, — has senses, mind, a soul  
To win God's love or dare hell's subtleties !"  
The artist paused. The ratifying "Good !"  
Trembled upon his lips. He saw no touch  
To give or soften. "It is done," he cried, —  
"My task, my duty ! Nothing now on earth  
Can taunt me with a work left unfulfilled !"  
The lofty flame, which bore him up so long,  
Died in the ashes of humanity ;  
And the mere man rocked to and fro again  
Upon the centre of his wavering heart.  
He put aside his palette, as if thus  
He stepped from sacred vestments, and assumed  
A mortal function in the common world.  
"Now for my rights !" he muttered, and ap-  
proached

The noble body. "O lily of the world !  
So withered, yet so lovely ! what wast thou  
To those who came thus near thee — for I stood  
Without the pale of thy half-royal rank —  
When thou wast budding, and the streams of life

Made eager struggles to maintain thy bloom,  
And gladdened heaven dropped down in gracious  
dews

On its transplanted darling ? Hear me now !  
I say this but in justice, not in pride,  
Not to insult thy high nobility,  
But that the poise of things in God's own sight  
May be adjusted ; and hereafter I  
May urge a claim that all the powers of heaven  
Shall sanction, and with clarions blow abroad. —  
Laura, you loved me ! Look not so severe,  
With your cold brows, and deadly, close-drawn  
lips !

You proved it, Countess, when you died for it, —  
Let it consume you in the wearing strife  
It fought with duty in your ravaged heart.  
I knew it ever since that summer day  
I painted Lila, the pale beggar's child,  
At rest beside the fountain ; when I felt —  
O Heaven ! — the warmth and moisture of your  
breath

Blow through my hair, as with your eager soul —  
Forgetting soul and body go as one —  
You leaned across my easel till our cheeks —  
Ah me ! 't was not your purpose, — touched, and  
clung !

Well, grant 't was genius ; and is genius naught ?  
I ween it wears as proud a diadem —  
Here, in this very world — as that you wear.  
A king has held my palette, a grand-duke  
Has picked my brush up, and a pope has begged  
The favor of my presence in his Rome.

I did not go ; I put my fortune by.  
I need not ask you why : you knew too well.  
It was but natural, it was no way strange,  
That I should love you. Everything that saw,  
Or had its other senses, loved you, sweet,  
And I among them. Martyr, holy saint, —  
I see the halo curving round your head, —  
I loved you once ; but now I worship you,  
For the great deed that held my love aloof,  
And killed you in the action ! I absolve  
Your soul from any taint. For from the day  
Of that encounter by the fountain-side  
Until this moment, never turned on me  
Those tender eyes, unless they did a wrong  
To nature by the cold, defiant glare  
With which they chilled me. Never heard I word  
Of softness spoken by those gentle lips ;  
Never received a bounty from that hand  
Which gave to all the world. I know the cause.  
You did your duty, — not for honor's sake,  
Nor to save sin or suffering or remorse,  
Or all the ghosts that haunt a woman's shame,  
But for the sake of that pure, loyal love  
Your husband bore you. Queen, by grace of God,  
I bow before the lustre of your throne !  
I kiss the edges of your garment-hem,

And hold myself ennobled ! Answer me, —  
 If I had wronged you, you would answer me  
 Out of the dusty porches of the tomb : —  
 Is this a dream, a falsehood ? or have I  
 Spoken the very truth ? " The very truth ! "  
 A voice replied ; and at his side he saw  
 A form, half shadow and half substance, stand,  
 Or, rather, rest ; for on the solid earth  
 It had no footing, more than some dense mist  
 That wavers o'er the surface of the ground  
 It scarcely touches. With a reverent look  
 The shadow's waste and wretched face was bent  
 Above the picture ; as though greater awe  
 Subdued its awful being, and appalled,  
 With memories of terrible delight  
 And fearful wonder, its devouring gaze.  
 " You make what God makes, — beauty," said  
 the shape.

" And might not this, this second Eve, console  
 The emptiest heart ? Will not this thing outlast  
 The fairest creature fashioned in the flesh ?  
 Before that figure, Time, and Death himself,  
 Stand baffled and disarmed. What would you ask  
 More than God's power, from nothing to create ? "  
 The artist gazed upon the boding form,  
 And answered : " Goblin, if you had a heart,  
 That were an idle question. What to me  
 Is my creative power, bereft of love ?  
 Or what to God would be that selfsame power,  
 If so bereaved ? " " And yet the love, thus  
 mourned,

You calmly forfeited. For had you said  
 To living Laura — in her burning ears —  
 One half that you professed to Laura dead,  
 She would have been your own. These contraries  
 Sort not with my intelligence. But speak,  
 Were Laura living, would the same stale play  
 Of raging passion tearing out its heart  
 Upon the rock of duty be performed ? "

" The same, O phantom, while the heart I bear  
 Trembled, but turned not its magnetic faith  
 From God's fixed centre. " " If I wake for you  
 This Laura, — give her all the bloom and glow  
 Of that midsummer day you hold so dear, —  
 The smile, the motion, the impulsive soul,  
 The love of genius, — yea, the very love,  
 The mortal, hungry, passionate, hot love,  
 She bore you, flesh to flesh, — would you receive  
 That gift, in all its glory, at my hands ? "  
 A smile of malice curled the tempter's lips,  
 And glittered in the caverns of his eyes,  
 Mocking the answer. Carlo paled and shook ;  
 A woful spasm went shuddering through his  
 frame,

Curdling his blood, and twisting his fair face  
 With nameless torture. But he cried aloud,  
 Out of the clouds of anguish, from the smoke  
 Of very martyrdom, " O God, she is thine !

Do with her at thy pleasure ! " Something grand,  
 And radiant as a sunbeam, touched the head  
 He lent in awful sorrow. " Mortal, see — "  
 " Dare not ! As Christ was sinless, I abjure  
 These vile abominations ! Shall she bear  
 Life's burden twice, and life's temptations twice,  
 While God is justice ? " " Who has made you  
 judge

Of what you call God's good, and what you think  
 God's evil ? One to him, the source of both,  
 The God of good and of permitted ill.  
 Have you no dream of days that might have been,  
 Had you and Laura filled another fate ? —  
 Some cottage on the sloping Apennines,  
 Roses and lilies, and the rest all love ?  
 I tell you that this tranquil dream may be  
 Filled to repletion. Speak, and in the shade  
 Of my dark pinions I shall bear you hence,  
 And land you where the mountain-goat himself  
 Struggles for footing. " He outspread his wings,  
 And all the chapel darkened, as though hell  
 Had swallowed up the tapers ; and the air  
 Grew thick, and, like a current sensible,  
 Flowed round the person, with a wash and dash,  
 As of the waters of a nether sea.

Slowly and calmly through the dense obscure,  
 Dove-like and gentle, rose the artist's voice :  
 " I dare not bring her spirit to that shame !  
 Know my full meaning, — I who neither fear  
 Your mystic person nor your dreadful power.  
 Nor shall I now invoke God's potent name  
 For my deliverance from your toils. I stand  
 Upon the founded structure of his law,  
 Established from the first, and thence defy  
 Your arts, reposing all my trust in that ! " :  
 The darkness eddied off ; and Carlo saw  
 The figure gathering, as from outer space,  
 Brightness on brightness ; and his former shape  
 Fell from him, like the ashes that fall off,  
 And show a core of mellow fire within.

Adown his wings there poured a lambent flood,  
 That seemed as molten gold, which plashing fell  
 Upon the floor, enringing him with flame ;  
 And o'er the tresses of his beaming head  
 Arose a stream of many-colored light,  
 Like that which crowns the morning. Carlo stood  
 Steadfast, for all the splendor, reaching up  
 The outstretched palms of his untainted soul  
 Towards heaven for strength. A moment thus ;  
 then asked,

With reverential wonder quivering through  
 His sinking voice, " Who, spirit, and what, art  
 thou ? "

" I am that blessing which men fly from, —  
 Death. "

" Then take my hand, if so God orders it ;  
 For Laura waits me. " " But, bethink thee, man,  
 What the world loses in the loss of thee !

What wondrous art will suffer with eclipse !  
 What unwon glories arc in store for thee !  
 What fame, outreaching time and temporal shocks,  
 Would shine upon the letters of thy name  
 Graven in marble, or the brazen height  
 Of columns wise with memories of thee ! ”  
 “ Take me ! If I outlived the Patriarchs,  
 I could but paint those features o'er and o'er :  
 Lo ! that is done.” A smile of pity lit  
 The seraph's features, as he looked to heaven,  
 With deep inquiry in his tender eyes.  
 The mandate came. He touched with downy wing  
 The sufferer lightly on his aching heart ;  
 And gently, as the skylark settles down  
 Upon the clustered treasures of her nest,  
 So Carlo softly slid along the prop  
 Of his tall easel, nestling at the foot  
 As though he slumbered ; and the morning broke  
 In silver whiteness over Padua.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER.

### THE IMMOLATION OF CONSTANCE DE BEVERLEY.

FROM “ MARMION.”

THE Abbess was of noble blood,  
 But early took the veil and hood,  
 Ere upon life she cast a look,  
 Or knew the world that she forsook.  
 Fair too she was, and kind had been  
 As she was fair, but ne'er had seen  
 For her a timid lover sigh,  
 Nor knew the influence of her eye.  
 Love, to her ear, was but a name,  
 Combined with vanity and shame ;  
 Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all  
 Bounded within the cloister wall :  
 The deadliest sin her mind could reach  
 Was of monastic rule the breach ;  
 And her ambition's highest aim  
 To emulate Saint Hilda's fame.  
 For this she gave her ample dower  
 To raise the convent's eastern tower ;  
 For this, with carving rare and quaint,  
 She decked the chapel of the saint,  
 And gave the relic-shrine of cost,  
 With ivory and gems embost.  
 The poor her convent's bounty blest,  
 The pilgrim in its halls found rest.

Black was her garb, her rigid rule  
 Reformed on Benedictine school ;  
 Her cheek was pale, her form was spare ;  
 Vigils, and penitence austere,  
 Had early quenched the light of youth,  
 But gentle was the dame, in sooth ;

Though, vain of her religious sway,  
 She loved to see her maids obey ;  
 Yet nothing stern was she in cell,  
 And the nuns loved their Abbess well.  
 Sad was this voyage to the dame ;  
 Summoned to Lindisfarne, she came,  
 There, with Saint Cuthbert's Abbot old,  
 And Tynemouth's Prioress, to hold  
 A chapter of Saint Benedict,  
 For inquisition stern and strict,  
 On two apostates from the faith,  
 And, if need were, to doom to death.

Saint Hilda's nuns would learn,  
 If, on a rock, by Lindisfarne,  
 Saint Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame  
 The sea-born beads that bear his name ;  
 Such tales had Whitby's fishers told,  
 And said they might his shape behold,  
 And hear his anvil sound ;  
 A deadened clang, — a huge dim form,  
 Seen but, and heard, when gathering storm  
 And night were closing round.  
 But this, as tale of idle fame,  
 The nuns of Lindisfarne disclaim.

While round the fire such legends go,  
 Far different was the scene of woe,  
 Where, in a secret aisle beneath,  
 Council was held of life and death.

It was more dark and lone, that vault,  
 Than the worst dungeon cell ;  
 Old Colwulf built it, for his fault  
 In penitence to dwell,  
 When he, for cowl and beads, laid down  
 The Saxon battle-axe and crown.  
 This den which, chilling every sense  
 Of feeling, hearing, sight,  
 Was called the Vault of Penitence,  
 Excluding air and light,  
 Was, by the prelate Sexhelm, made  
 A place of burial for such dead  
 As, having died in mortal sin,  
 Might not be laid the church within.  
 'T was now a place of punishment ;  
 Whence if so loud a shriek were sent  
 As reached the upper air,  
 The hearers blessed themselves, and said,  
 The spirits of the sinful dead  
 Bemoaned their torments there.

But though, in the monastic pile,  
 Did of this penitential aisle  
 Some vague tradition go,  
 Few only, save the Abbot, knew  
 Where the place lay ; and still more few  
 Were those who had from him the clew  
 To that dread vault to go.

Victim and executioner  
 Were blindfold when transported there.  
 In low dark rounds the arches hung,  
 From the rude rock the side-walls sprung ;  
 The gravestones, rudely sculptured o'er,  
 Half sunk in earth, by time half wore,  
 Were all the pavement of the floor ;  
 The mildew-drops fell one by one,  
 With tinkling splash, upon the stone.  
 A cresset, in an iron chain,  
 Which served to light this drear domain,  
 With damp and darkness seemed to strive,  
 As if it scarce might keep alive ;  
 And yet it dimly served to show  
 The awful conclave met below.

There, met to doom in secrecy,  
 Were placed the heads of convents three :  
 All servants of Saint Benedict,  
 The statutes of whose order strict  
 On iron table lay ;  
 In long black dress, on seats of stone,  
 Behind were these three judges shown  
 By the pale cresset's ray :  
 The Abbess of Saint Hilda there  
 Sate for a pace with visage bare,  
 Until, to hide her bosom's swell,  
 And tear-drops that for pity fell,  
 She closely drew her veil.  
 Yon shrouded figure, as I guess,  
 By her proud mien and flowing dress,  
 Is Tynemouth's haughty Prioress,  
 And she with awe looks pale.  
 And he, that Ancient Man, whose sight  
 Has long been quenched by age's night,  
 Upon whose wrinkled brow alone  
 Nor ruth nor mercy's trace is shown,  
 Whose look is hard and stern, —  
 Saint Cuthbert's Abbot is his style ;  
 For sanctity called, through the Isle,  
 The Saint of Lindisfarne.

Before them stood a guilty pair ;  
 But, though an equal fate they share,  
 Yet one alone deserves our care.  
 Her sex a page's dress belied ;  
 The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,  
 Obscured her charms, but could not hide.  
 Her cap down o'er her face she drew ;  
 And, on her doublet breast,  
 She tried to hide the badge of blue,  
 Lord Marmion's falcon crest.  
 But at the Prioress' command,  
 A monk undid the silken band  
 That tied her tresses fair,  
 And raised the bonnet from her head,  
 And down her slender form they spread  
 In ringlets rich and rare.

Constance de Beverley they know,  
 Sister professed of Fontevraud,  
 Whom the church numbered with the dead,  
 For broken vows, and convent fled.

When thus her face was given to view,  
 (Although so pallid was her hue,  
 It did a ghastly contrast bear  
 To those bright ringlets glistening fair,)  
 Her look composed, and steady eye,  
 Bespoke a matchless constancy ;  
 And there she stood so calm and pale  
 That, but her breathing did not fail,  
 And motion slight of eye and head,  
 And of her bosom, warranted  
 That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,  
 You might have thought a form of wax,  
 Wrought to the very life, was there ;  
 So still she was, so pale, so fair.

Her comrade was a sordid soul,  
 Such as does murder for a meed ;  
 Who, but of fear, knows no control,  
 Because his conscience, seared and foul,  
 Feels not the import of his deed :  
 One whose brute feeling ne'er aspires  
 Beyond his own more brute desires.  
 Such tools the tempter ever needs  
 To do the savagest of deeds ;  
 For them no visioned terrors daunt,  
 Their nights no fancied spectres haunt ;  
 One fear with them, of all most base, —  
 The fear of death, — alone finds place.  
 This wretch was clad in frock and cowl,  
 And shamed not loud to mourn and howl,  
 His body on the floor to dash,  
 And crouch, like hound beneath the lash ;  
 While his mute partner, standing near,  
 Waited her doom without a tear.

Yet well the luckless wretch might shriek,  
 Well might her paleness terror speak !  
 For there was seen, in that dark wall,  
 Two niches, narrow, deep, and tall.  
 Who enters at such grisly door,  
 Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.  
 In each a slender meal was laid  
 Of roots, of water, and of bread :  
 By each, in Benedictine dress,  
 Two haggard monks stood motionless,  
 Who, holding high a blazing torch,  
 Showed the grim entrance of the porch :  
 Reflecting back the smoky beam,  
 The dark red walls and arches gleam.  
 Hewn stones and cement were displayed,  
 And building-tools in order laid.

These executioners were chose  
 As men who were with mankind foes,

And, with despite and envy fired,  
 Into the cloister had retired ;  
 Or who, in desperate doubt of grace,  
 Strove, by deep penance, to efface  
 Of some foul crime the stain ;  
 For, as the vassals of her will,  
 Such men the Church selected still,  
 As either joyed in doing ill  
 Or thought more grace to gain,  
 If, in her cause, they wrestled down  
 Feelings their nature strove to own.  
 By strange device were they brought there,  
 They knew not how, and knew not where.

And now that blind old Abbot rose,  
 To speak the Chapter's doom  
 On those the wall was to enclose  
 Alive within the tomb ;  
 But stopped, because that woful maid,  
 Gathering her powers, to speak essayed.  
 Twice she essayed, and twice in vain ;  
 Her accents might no utterance gain ;  
 Naught but imperfect murmurs slip  
 From her convulsed and quivering lip.  
 'Twixt each attempt all was so still,  
 You seemed to hear a distant rill, —  
 'T was ocean's swell and falls ;  
 For though this vault of sin and fear  
 Was to the sounding surge so near,  
 A tempest there you scarce could hear,  
 So massive were the walls.

At length an effort sent apart  
 The blood that curdled to her heart,  
 And light came to her eye,  
 And color dawned upon her cheek,  
 A hectic and a fluttered streak,  
 Like that left on the Cheviot peak  
 By autumn's stormy sky ;  
 And when her silence broke at length,  
 Still as she spoke she gathered strength,  
 And armed herself to bear.  
 It was a fearful sight to see  
 Such high resolve and constancy  
 In form so soft and fair.

"I speak not to implore your grace ;  
 Well know I for one minute's space  
 Successful might I sue.  
 Nor do I speak your prayers to gain ;  
 For if a death of lingering pain  
 To cleanse my sins be penance vain,  
 Vain are your masses too.  
 I listened to a traitor's tale,  
 I left the convent and the veil ;  
 For three long years I howed my pride,  
 A horse-boy in his train to ride ;  
 And well my folly's meed he gave,

Who forfeited, to be his slave,  
 All here, and all beyond the grave.  
 He saw young Clara's face more fair,  
 He knew her of broad lands the heir,  
 Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,  
 And Constance was beloved no more.  
 'T is an old tale, and often told ;  
 But, did my fate and wish agree,  
 Ne'er had been read, in story old,  
 Of maiden true betrayed for gold,  
 That loved, or was avenged, like me.

"The King approved his favorite's aim ;  
 In vain a rival barred his claim,  
 Whose faith with Clare's was plight,  
 For he attains that rival's fame  
 With treason's charge, — and on they came,  
 In mortal lists to fight.  
 Their oaths are said,  
 Their prayers are prayed,  
 Their lances in the rest are laid,  
 They meet in mortal shock ;  
 And, hark ! the throng, with thundering cry,  
 Shout 'Marmion, Marmion, to the sky !  
 De Wilton to the block !'  
 Say ye, who preach Heaven shall decide,  
 When in the lists two champions ride,  
 Say, was Heaven's justice here,  
 When, loyal in his love and faith,  
 Wilton found overthrow or death  
 Beneath a traitor's spear ?  
 How false the charge, how true he fell,  
 This guilty packet best can tell." —  
 Then drew a packet from her breast,  
 Paused, gathered voice, and spoke the rest.

"Still was false Marmion's bridal stayed ;  
 To Whitty's convent fled the maid,  
 The hated match to shun.  
 'Ho ! shifts she thus ?' King Henry cried ;  
 'Sir Marmion, she shall be thy bride,  
 If she were sworn a nun.'  
 One way remained, — the King's command  
 Sent Marmion to the Scottish land ;  
 I lingered here, and rescue planned  
 For Clara and for me.

This catiff monk for gold did swear  
 He would to Whitty's shrine repair,  
 And, by his drugs, my rival fair  
 A saint in heaven should be.  
 But ill the dastard kept his oath,  
 Whose cowardice hath undone us both.

"And now my tongue the secret tells,  
 Not that remorse my bosom swells,  
 But to assure my soul that none  
 Shall ever wed with Marmion.  
 Had fortune my last hope betrayed,  
 This packet, to the King conveyed,

Had given him to the headsman's stroke,  
 Although my heart that instant broke. —  
 Now, men of death, work forth your will,  
 For I can suffer, and be still ;  
 And come he slow, or come he fast,  
 It is but Death who comes at last.

“ Yet dread me, from my living tomb,  
 Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome !  
 If Marmion's late remorse should wake,  
 Full soon such vengeance will he take,  
 That you shall wish the fiery Dane  
 Had rather been your guest again.  
 Behind, a darker hour ascends !  
 The altars quake, the crosier bends,  
 The ire of a despotic king  
 Rides forth upon destruction's wing ;  
 Then shall these vaults, so strong and deep,  
 Burst open to the sea-winds' sweep.  
 Some traveller then shall find my bones  
 Whitening amid disjointed stones,  
 And, ignorant of priests' cruelty,  
 Marvel such relics here should be.”

Fixed was her look, and stern her air,  
 Back from her shoulders streamed her hair ;  
 The locks, that wont her brow to shade,  
 Stared up erectly from her head ;  
 Her figure seemed to rise more high ;  
 Her voice, despair's wild energy  
 Had given a tone of prophecy.  
 Appalled the astonished conclave sate ;  
 With stupid eyes the men of fate  
 Gazed on the light inspired form,  
 And listened for the avenging storm.  
 The judges felt the victim's dread ;  
 No hand was moved, no word was said,  
 Till thus the Abbot's doom was given,  
 Raising his sightless balls to heaven : —  
 “ Sister, let thy sorrows cease ;  
 Sinful brother, part in peace !”

From that dire dungeon, place of doom,  
 Of execution too, and tomb,  
 Paced forth the judges three ;  
 Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell  
 The butcher-work that there befell,  
 When they had glided from the cell  
 Of sin and misery.

An hundred winding steps convey  
 That conclave to the upper day ;  
 But, ere they breathed the fresher air,  
 They heard the shriekings of despair,  
 And many a stifled groan ;  
 With speed their upward way they take  
 (Such speed as age and fear can make),  
 And crossed themselves for terror's sake,  
 As hurrying, tottering on ;

Even in the vesper's heavenly tone  
 They seemed to hear a dying groan,  
 And bade the passing knell to toll  
 For welfare of a parting soul.  
 Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,  
 Northumbrian rocks in answer rung ;  
 To Warkworth eell the echoes rolled,  
 His beads the wakeful hermit told ;  
 The Bamborough peasant raised his head,  
 But slept ere half a prayer he said ;  
 So far was heard the mighty knell,  
 The stag sprung up on Chevlot Fell,  
 Spread his broad nostril to the wind,  
 Listed before, aside, behind,  
 Then couched him down beside the hind,  
 And quaked among the mountain fern,  
 To hear that sound so dull and stern.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.

[Baltimore is a small seaport in the barony of Carbery, in South Munster. It grew up round a castle of O'Driscoll's, and was, after his ruin, colonized by the English. On the 20th of June, 1631, the crew of two Algerine galleys landed in the dead of the night, sacked the town, and bore off into slavery all who were not too old, or too young, or too fierce, for their purpose. The pirates were steered up the intricate channel by one Hackett, a Dungarvan fisherman, whom they had taken at sea for the purpose. Two years after he was convicted, and executed for the crime. Baltimore never recovered from this.]

THE summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's hundred isles,  
 The summer's sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's rough defiles, —  
 Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird ;  
 And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard :  
 The hookers lie upon the beach ; the children cease their play ;  
 The gossips leave the little inn ; the households kneel to pray, —  
 And full of love and peace and rest, — its daily labor o'er, —  
 Upon that cosey creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight there ;  
 No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth or sea or air.  
 The massive capes and ruined towers seem conscious of the calm ;  
 The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy balm.  
 So still the night, these two long barks round Dunashad that glide  
 Must trust their oars — methinks not few — against the ebbing tide, —

O, some sweet mission of true love must urge  
them to the shore, —  
They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in  
Baltimore !

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky  
street,  
And these must be the lover's friends, with gently  
gliding feet.  
A stifled gasp ! a dreamy noise ! "The roof is in  
a flame !"

From out their beds, and to their doors, rush  
maid and sire and dame,  
And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleam-  
ing sabre's fall,  
And o'er each black and bearded face the white  
or crimson shawl ;  
The yell of "Allah !" breaks above the prayer  
and shriek and roar.

O blesséd God, the Algerine is lord of Baltimore !

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the  
shearing sword ;

Then sprung the mother on the brand with which  
her son was gored ;

Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his grand-  
babes clutching wild ;

Then fled the maiden moaning faint, and nestled  
with the child.

But sec, yon pirate strangling lies, and crushed  
with splashing heel,

While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps his  
Syrian steel ;

Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers  
yield their store,

There's *one* hearth well avengéd in the sack of  
Baltimore !

Midsummer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds  
begin to sing ;

They see not now the milking-maids, deserted is  
the spring !

Midsummer day, this gallant rides from distant  
Bandon's town,

These hookers crossed from stormy Skull, that  
skiff from Affadown.

They only found the smoking walls with neigh-  
bors' blood besprent,

And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile  
they wildly went,

Then dashed to sea, and passed Cape Clear, and  
saw, five leagues before,

The pirate-galleys vanishing that ravaged Balti-  
more.

O, some must tug the galley's oar, and some must  
tend the steed, —

This boy will bear a Scheik's chibouk, and that  
a Bey's jerreed.

O, some are for the arsenals by beauteous Dar-  
danelles,

And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells.  
The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen  
for the Dey, —

She's safe, — she's dead, — she stabbed' him in  
the midst of his Serai ;

And when to die a death of fire that noble maid  
they bore,

She only smiled, — O'Driscoll's child, — she  
thought of Baltimore.

'T is two long years since sunk the town beneath  
that bloody band,

And all around its trampled hearths a larger con-  
course stand,

Where high upon a gallows-tree a yelling wretch  
is seen, —

'T is Hackett of Dungarvan, — he who steered  
the Algerine !

He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing  
prayer,

For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hun-  
dred there :

Some muttered of MacMorrogh, who had brought  
the Norman o'er,

Some cursed him with Iscariot, that day in Balti-  
more.

THOMAS DAVIS.

#### GOD'S JUDGMENT ON HATTO.

[Hatto, Archbishop of Mentz, in the year 914 barbarously mur-  
dered a number of poor people to prevent their consuming a por-  
tion of the food during that year of famine. He was afterwards  
devoured by rats in his tower on an island in the Rhine. —  
*Old Legend.*]

THE summer and autumn had been so wet,  
That in winter the corn was growing yet.

'T was a piteous sight to see all around  
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor

They crowded around Bishop Hatto's door ;

For he had a plentiful last-year's store,

And all the neighborhood could tell

His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day

To quiet the poor without delay ;

He had them to his great barn repair,

And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced the tidings good to hear,

The poor folks flocked from far and near ;

The great barn was full as it could hold

Of women and children, and young and old.

Then, when he saw it could hold no more,

Bishop Hatto he made fast the door ;



And whilst for mercy on Christ they call,  
He set fire to the barn, and burnt them all.

“I’ faith ’t is an excellent bonfire!” quoth he;  
“And the country is greatly obliged to me  
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,  
Of rats that only consume the corn.”

So then to his palace returned he,  
And he sate down to supper merrily,  
And he slept that night like an innocent man;  
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning, as he entered the hall,  
Where his picture hung against the wall,  
A sweat like death all over him came,  
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he looked, there came a man from his farm, —  
He had a countenance white with alarm:  
“My lord, I opened your granaries this morn,  
And the rats had eaten all your corn.”

Another came running presently,  
And he was pale as pale could be.  
“Fly! my lord bishop, fly!” quoth he,  
“Ten thousand rats are coming this way, —  
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!”

“I’ll go to my tower in the Rhine,” replied he;  
“T is the safest place in Germany, —  
The walls are high, and the shores a’c steep,  
And the tide is strong, and the water deep.”

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away;  
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,  
And reached his tower in the island, and barred  
All the gates secure and hard.

He laid him down and closed his eyes,  
But soon a scream made him arise;  
He started, and saw two eyes of flame  
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listened and looked, — it was only the cat;  
But the bishop he grew more fearful for that,  
For she sate screaming, mad with fear  
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,  
And they have climbed the shores so steep,  
And now by thousands up they crawl  
To the holes and the windows in the wall.

Down on his knees the bishop fell,  
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,  
As louder and louder, drawing near,  
The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,  
And through the walls, by thousands they pour;

And down from the ceiling and up through the  
floor,  
From the right and the left, from behind and before,  
From within and without, from above and below, —  
And all at once to the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,  
And now they pick the bishop’s bones;  
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,  
For they were sent to do judgment on him!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

### PARRHASIUS.

PARRHASIUS stood, gazing forgetfully  
Upon the canvas. There Prometheus lay,  
Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus,  
The vulture at his vitals, and the links  
Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh;  
And, as the painter’s mind felt through the dim  
Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows forth  
With its far-reaching fancy, and with form  
And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye  
Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl  
Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip,  
Were like the winged god’s breathing from his  
flights.

“Bring me the captive now!  
My hand feels skilful, and the shadows lift  
From my waked spirit airily and swift;  
And I could paint the bow  
Upon the bended heavens, — around me play  
Colors of such divinity to-day.

“Ha! bind him on his back!  
Look! as Prometheus in my picture here;  
Quick, — or he faints! — stand with the cordial  
near!

Now, — bend him to the rack!  
Press down the poisoned links into his flesh!  
And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

“So, — let him writhe! How long  
Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now!  
What a fine agony works upon his brow!  
Ha! gray-haired, and so strong!  
How fearfully he stifles that short moan!  
Gods! could I but paint a dying groan!

“Pity thee! so I do!  
I pity the dumb victim at the altar,  
But does the robed priest for his pity falter?  
I’d rack thee, though I knew  
A thousand lives were perishing in thine;  
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine?”

“ Ah ! there 's a deathless name ! —  
 A spirit that the smothering vaults shall spurn,  
 And, like a steadfast planet, mount and burn ;  
 And though its crown of flame  
 Consumed my brain to ashes as it shone,  
 By all the fiery stars, I 'd bind it on !

“ Ay ! though it bid me rife  
 My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst, —  
 Though every life-strung nerve be maddened  
 first, —  
 Though it should bid me stifle  
 The yearnings in my heart for my sweet child,  
 And taunt its mother till my brain went wild, —

“ All, — I would do it all, —  
 Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot  
 Thrust foully in the earth to be forgot.  
 O Heavens ! — but I appall  
 Your heart, old man ! — forgive — ha ! on your  
 lives  
 Let him not faint ! rack him till he revives !

“ Vain, — vain, — give o'er. His eye  
 Glazes apace. He does not feel you now, —  
 Stand back ! I 'll paint the death-dew on his brow !  
 Gods ! if he do not die,  
 But for one moment — one — till I eclipse  
 Conception with the scorn of those calm lips !

“ Shivering ! Hark ! he mutters  
 Brokenly now, — that was a difficult breath, —  
 Another ? Wilt thou never come, O Death ?  
 Look ! how his temple flutters !  
 Is his heart still ? Aha ! lift up his head !  
 He shudders, — gasps, — Jove help him ! — so, —  
 he 's dead ! ”

How like a mountain devil in the heart  
 Rules the unreined ambition ! Let it once  
 But play the monarch, and its haughty brow  
 Glows with a beauty that bewilders thought  
 And unthrones peace forever. Putting on  
 The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns  
 The heart to ashes, and with not a spring  
 Left in the desert for the spirit's lip,  
 We look upon our splendor, and forget  
 The thirst of which we perish !

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

## SELECTIONS FROM “MACBETH.”

### THE PARLEY.

MACBETH. If it were done, when 't is done,  
 then, 't were well  
 It were done quickly : if the assassination  
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,

With his surcease, success ; that but this blow  
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here.  
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, —  
 We 'd jump the life to come. But in these cases,  
 We still have judgment here ; that we but teach  
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
 To plague the inventor : this even-handed justice  
 Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice  
 To our own lips. He 's here in double trust :  
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
 Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,  
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Dun-  
 can

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
 The deep damnation of his taking-off ;  
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, horsed  
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur  
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,  
 And falls on the other.

We will proceed no farther in this business : —  
 He hath honored me of late ; and I have bought  
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
 Not cast aside so soon.

LADY MACBETH. Was the hope drunk,  
 Wherein you dressed yourself ? hath it slept since ?  
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
 At what it did so freely ? From this time,  
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard  
 To be the same in thine own act and valor,  
 As thou art in desire ? Wouldst thou have that  
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
 And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
 Letting “ I dare not ” wait upon “ I would,”  
 Like the poor cat 'i' the adage ?

MACB. Pr'ythee, peace :  
 I dare do all that may become a man ;  
 Who dares do more is none.

LADY M. What heast was 't, then,  
 That made you break this enterprise to me ?  
 When you durst do it, then you were a man ;  
 And, to be more than what you were, you would  
 Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,  
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :  
 They have made themselves, and that their fit-  
 ness now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know  
 How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me :  
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
 Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,

And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this.

MACB. If we should fail ?

LADY M. We fail !  
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,  
And we'll not fail.

MACB. I am settled, and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.

#### THE MURDER.

MACBETH. Is this a dagger which I see before  
me,  
The handle toward my hand ? Come, let me clutch  
thee :—

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight ? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going ;  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
Or else worth all the rest : I see thee still ;  
And on thy blade, and dudgeon gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing :  
It is the bloody business, which informs  
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleep ; witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's offerings ; and wither'd murder,  
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy  
pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his  
design  
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for  
fear

The very stones prate of my whereabouts,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he  
lives :

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a  
noise ?

LADY MACBETH. I heard the owl scream, and  
the crickets cry.  
Did not you speak ?

MACB. When ?

LADY M. Now.

MACB. As I descended ?

LADY M. Ay.

MACB. Hark !—

Who lies i' the second chamber ?

LADY M. Donalbain.

MACB. [*Looking on his hands.*] This is a sorry  
sight.

LADY M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACB. There's one did laugh in 's sleep, and  
one cried, "murder !"

That they did wake each other : I stood and heard  
them :

But they did say their prayers, and addressed  
them

Again to sleep.

LADY M. There are two lodged together.

MACB. One cried, "God bless us !" and,  
"Amen," the other ;

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.  
Listening their fear, I could not say, "Amen,"  
When they did say, "God bless us."

LADY M. Consider it not so deeply.

MACB. But wherefore could not I pronounce  
"Amen" ?

I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"  
Stuck in my throat.

LADY M. These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways ; so, it will make us mad.

MACB. Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep,  
no more !"

Macbeth does murder sleep,—the innocent sleep,  
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

LADY M. What do you mean ?

MACB. Still it cried, "Sleep no more !" to all  
the house :

"Glamis hath murdered sleep ; and therefore  
Cawdor

Shall sleep no more,—Macbeth shall sleep no  
more !"

LADY M. Who was it that thus cried ? Why,  
worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
So brainsickly of things.—Go, get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—  
Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?  
They must lie there : go carry them ; and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACB. I'll go no more !

I am afraid to think what I have done ;  
Look on't again, I dare not.

LADY M.

Infirm of purpose !  
Give me the daggers : the sleeping, and the dead,  
Are but as pictures : 't is the eye of childhood  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,

I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal ;  
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking heard.*]

MACB. Whence is that knocking ?  
How is 't with me, when every noise appalls me ?  
What hands are here ! Ha ! they pluck out mine  
eyes !  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand ? No ; this my hand will  
rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,  
Making the green — one red.

*Re-enter* LADY MACBETH.

LADY M. My hands are of your color ; but I  
shame  
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking.*] I hear a  
knocking  
At the south entry : — retire we to our chamber :  
A little water clears us of this deed :  
How easy is it, then !

#### THE REMORSE.

LADY MACBETH. Naught 's had, all 's spent,  
Where our desire is got without content :  
'T is safer to be that which we destroy,  
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

*Enter* MACBETH.

How, now, my lord ? why do you keep alone,  
Of sorriest fancies your companions making ;  
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have  
died  
With them they think on ? Things without  
remedy,

Should be without regard : what 's done, is done.

MACB. We have scotched the snake, not killed it :  
She 'll close, and be herself ; whilst our poor malice  
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint,  
Both the worlds suffer,  
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep  
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,  
That shake us nightly : better be with the dead,  
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave ;  
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well ;  
Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,  
Can touch him farther !

LADY M. Come on ;  
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks ;  
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

MACB. So shall I, love ; and so, I pray, be you :  
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo ;  
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue ;  
Unsafe the while, that we  
Must lave our honors in these flattering streams ;

And make our faces vizards to our hearts,  
Disguising what they are.

Come, seeling night,  
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day ;  
And with thy bloody and invisible hand  
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond  
Which keeps me pale ! — Light thickens ; and  
the crow  
Makes wing to the rooky wood :  
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse ;  
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.

Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,  
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal ;  
Ay, and since too, murders have been performed  
Too terrible for the ear : the times have been,  
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end ; but now, they rise again,  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools : this is more strange  
Than such a murder is.

Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder ? You make me strange  
Even to the disposition that I owe,  
When now I think you can behold such sights,  
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,  
When mine are blanched with fear.

Seyton ! — I am sick at heart,  
When I behold — Seyton, I say ! — This push  
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.  
I have lived long enough : my way of life  
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf ;  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,  
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dares not.

How does your patient, doctor ?

DOCTOR. Not so sick, my lord,  
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,  
That keep her from her rest.

MACB. Cure her of that  
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased ;  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;  
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,  
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff,  
Which weighs upon the heart ?

DOCTOR. Therein the patient  
Must minister to himself.

MACB. Throw physic to the dogs, — I'll none  
of it.

What is that noise ? [*A cry within of women.*]

SEYTON. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

MACB. I have almost forgot the taste of fears :  
The time has been, my senses would have cooled  
To hear a night-shriek : and my fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir,  
As life were in't : I have supped full with horrors ;  
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me. — Wherefore was that cry ?

SEY. The queen, my lord, is dead.

MACB. She should have died hereafter ;  
There would have been a time for such a word. —  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time ;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !  
Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more : it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

SHAKESPEARE.

#### LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS'S ORATION OVER THE BODY OF LUCRETIA.

WOULD you know why I summoned you to-  
gether ?

Ask ye what brings me here ? Behold this dagger,  
Clotted with gore ! Behold that frozen corse !  
See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death !  
She was the mark and model of the time,  
The mould in which each female face was formed,  
The very shrine and sacristy of virtue !  
Fairer than ever was a form created

By youthful fancy when the blood strays wild,  
And never-resting thought is all on fire !

The worthiest of the worthy ! Not the nymph  
Who met old Numa in his hallowed walks,  
And whispered in his ear her strains divine,  
Can I conceive beyond her ; — the young choir  
Of vestal virgins bent to her. "Tis wonderful  
Amid the darnel, hemlock, and base weeds,  
Which now spring rife from the luxurious com-  
post

Spread o'er the realm, how this sweet lily rose, —  
How from the shade of those ill-neighboring  
plants

Her father sheltered her, that not a leaf  
Was blighted, but, arrayed in purest grace,  
She bloomed unsullied beauty. Such perfections  
Might have called back the torpid breast of age  
To long-forgotten rapture ; such a mind  
Might have abashed the boldest libertine  
And turned desire to reverential love  
And holiest affection ! O my countrymen !

You all can witness when that she went forth  
It was a holiday in Rome ; old age

Forgot its crutch, labor its task, — all ran,  
And mothers, turning to their daughters, cried,  
"There, there's Lucretia !" Now look ye where  
she lies !

That beauteous flower, that innocent sweet rose,  
Torn up by ruthless violence, — gone ! gone ! gone !

Say, would you seek instruction ? would ye ask  
What ye should do ? Ask ye yon conscious walls,  
Which saw his poisoned brother, —

Ask yon deserted street, where Tullia drove  
O'er her dead father's corse, 't will cry, Revenge !  
Ask yonder senate-house, whose stones are purple  
With human blood, and it will cry, Revenge !  
Go to the tomb where lies his murdered wife,  
And the poor queen, who loved him as her son,  
Their unappeas'd ghosts will shriek, Revenge !  
The temples of the gods, the all-viewing heavens,  
The gods themselves, shall justify the cry,  
And swell the general sound, Revenge ! Revenge !

And we will be revenged, my countrymen !  
Brutus shall lead you on ; Brutus, a name  
Which will, when you're revenged, be dearer to  
him

Than all the noblest titles earth can boast.

Brutus your king ! — No, fellow-citizens !  
If mad ambition in this guilty frame  
Had strung one kingly fibre, yea, but one, —  
By all the gods, this dagger which I hold  
Should rip it out, though it entwined my heart.

Now take the body up. Bear it before us  
To Tarquin's palace ; there we'll light our torches,  
And in the blazing conflagration rear  
A pile, for these chaste relics, that shall send  
Her soul amongst the stars. On ! Brutus leads  
you !

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

#### ANTONY'S ORATION OVER THE BODY OF CÆSAR.

FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR."

ANTONY. Omighty Cæsar ! dost thou lie so low ?  
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
Shrunk to this little measure ? — Fare thee well. —

#### TO THE CONSPIRATORS.

I doubt not of your wisdom.  
Let each man render me his bloody hand :  
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ; —  
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ; —  
Now, Decius Brutus, yours ; — now yours, Metellus ;  
Yours, Cinna ; — and, my valiant Casca, yours ; —  
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Tre-  
bonius.

Gentlemen all, — alas ! what shall I say ?  
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,  
 Either a coward or a flatterer. —  
 That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 't is true :  
 If, then, thy spirit look upon us now,  
 Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,  
 To see thy Antony making his peace,  
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,  
 Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?  
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,  
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,  
 It would become me better, than to close  
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.  
 Pardon me, Julius ! — Here wast thou bayed, brave  
 hart ;  
 Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,  
 Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe.  
 O world, thou wast the forest to this hart ;  
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee. —  
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,  
 Dost thou here lie ?

TO THE PEOPLE.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your  
 ears ;  
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
 The evil that men do lives after them ;  
 The good is oft interred with their bones ;  
 So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus  
 Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :  
 If it was so, it was a grievous fault ;  
 And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.  
 Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,  
 (For Brutus is an honorable man ;  
 So are they all, all honorable men.)  
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me :  
 But Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
 And Brutus is an honorable man.  
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :  
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?  
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :  
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :  
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
 And Brutus is an honorable man.  
 You all did see that on the Lupercal  
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
 Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?  
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
 And, sure, he is an honorable man.  
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
 But here I am to speak what I do know.  
 You all did love him once, — not without cause :  
 What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him ?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
 And men have lost their reason ! — Bear with me ;  
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might  
 Have stood against the world : now lies he there,  
 And none so poor to do him reverence.  
 O masters ! if I were disposed to stir  
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
 Who, you all know, are honorable men :  
 I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose  
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,  
 Than I will wrong such honorable men.  
 But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar, —  
 I found it in his closet, — 't is his will :  
 Let but the commons hear this testament,  
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)  
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;  
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,  
 Unto their issue.

4 CITIZEN. We 'll hear the will : read it, Mark  
 Antony.

CITIZENS. The will, the will ! we will hear  
 Cæsar's will.

ANT. Have patience, gentlefriends, I must not  
 read it ;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.  
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;  
 And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad :  
 'T is good you know not that you are his heirs,  
 For if you should, O, what would come of it !

4 CIT. Read the will ; we 'll hear it, Antony ;  
 You shall read us the will, — Cæsar's will.

ANT. Will you be patient ? Will you stay a  
 while ?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.  
 I fear I wrong the honorable men  
 Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar ; I do fear it.

4 CIT. They were traitors : honorable men !

CIT. The will ! the testament !

2 CIT. They were villains, murderers : the will !  
 read the will !

ANT. You will compel me, then, to read the  
 will ?

Then make a ring about the corse of Cæsar,  
 And let me show you him that made the will.  
 Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

CITIZENS. Come down.

ANT. Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.

CITIZENS. Stand back ; room ; bear back.

ANT. If you have tears, prepare to shed them  
 now.

You all do know this mantle : I remember  
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;  
 'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent ;  
 That day he overcame the Nervii : —  
 Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :  
 See what a rent the envious Casca made :  
 Through this the well-belovéd Brutus stabbed ;  
 And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,  
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,  
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved  
 If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no ;  
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :  
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved  
 him !

This was the most unkindest cut of all ;  
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
 Quite vanquished him : then burst his mighty  
 heart ;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.  
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !  
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
 Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.  
 O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel  
 The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.  
 Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold  
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,  
 Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir  
 you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.  
 They that have done this deed are honorable ; —  
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
 That made them do it ; — they are wise and  
 honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;  
 I am no orator, as Brutus is ;  
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
 That love my friend ; and that they know full  
 well

That gave me public leave to speak of him :  
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
 To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;  
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;  
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb  
 mouths,

And bid them speak for me : but were I Brutus,  
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal : —

To every Roman citizen he gives,  
 To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.  
 2 CIT. Most noble Cæsar ! — we'll revenge his  
 death.

3 CIT. O royal Cæsar !  
 ANT. Hear me with patience.  
 CITIZENS. Peace, ho !

ANT. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
 His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,  
 On this side Tiber ; he hath left them you,  
 And to your heirs forever, — common pleasaures,  
 To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.  
 Here was a Cæsar ! when comes such another ?

1 CIT. Never, never ! — Come away, away !  
 We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
 And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.  
 Take up the body.

SHAKESPEARE.

### BEATRICE CENCL.

FROM "THE CENCL."

BEATRICE. O,  
 My God ! can it be possible I have  
 To die so suddenly ? So young to go  
 Under the obscure, cold, rotting, wormy ground !  
 To be nailed down into a narrow place ;  
 To see no more sweet sunshine ; hear no more  
 Blithe voice of living thing ; muse not again  
 Upon familiar thoughts, sad, yet thus lost, —  
 How fearful !

LUCRETIA. Child, perhaps  
 It will be granted. We may all then live  
 To make these woes a tale for distant years ;  
 O, what a thought ! It gushes to my heart  
 Like the warm blood.

BEATR. Yet both will soon be cold.  
 O, trample out that thought ! Worse than despair,  
 Worse than the bitterness of death, is hope ;  
 It is the only ill which can find place  
 Upon the giddy, sharp, and narrow hour  
 Tottering beneath us. Plead with the swift frost  
 That it should spare the eldest flower of spring ;  
 Plead with awakening earthquake, o'er whose  
 couch

Even now a city stands, fair, strong, and free ;  
 Now stench and blackness yawns, like death.  
 O, plead

With famine, or wind-walking pestilence,  
 Blind lightning, or the deaf sea, not with man !  
 Cruel, cold, formal man ! righteous in words,  
 In deeds a Cain. No, mother, we must die,  
 Since such is the reward of innocent lives,  
 Such the alleviation of worst wrongs.  
 And whilst our murderers live, and hard, cold men,  
 Smiling and slow, walk through a world of tears  
 To death as to life's sleep, 't were just the grave

Were some strange joy for us. Come, obscure  
 Death,  
 And wind me in thine all-embracing arms !  
 Like a fond mother hide me in thy bosom,  
 And rock me to the sleep from which none wake.  
 PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

### OTHELLO'S DESPAIR.

FROM "OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE."

#### THE LAMENTATION.

O, now, forever  
 Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !  
 Farewell the plum'd troop, and the big wars,  
 That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell !  
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
 The royal banner, and all quality,  
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !  
 And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
 The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,  
 Farewell ! Othello's occupation 's gone !

Had it pleased Heaven  
 To try me with affliction ; had he rained  
 All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head ;  
 Steeped me in poverty to the very lips ;  
 Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes ;  
 I should have found in some part of my soul  
 A drop of patience : but, alas, to make me  
 A fixed figure, for the time of scorn  
 To point his slow unmoving finger at ! —  
 Yet could I bear that too ; well, very well :  
 But there, where I have garnered up my heart, —  
 Where either I must live, or bear no life,  
 The fountain from the which my current runs,  
 Or else dries up ; to be discarded thence !

#### THE MURDER.

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul, —  
 Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars ! —  
 It is the cause. — Yet 'll not shed her blood ;  
 Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,  
 And smooth as monumental alabaster.  
 Yet she must die, else she 'll betray more men.  
 Put out the light, and then — Put out the light !  
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
 I can again thy former light restore,  
 Should I repent me : — but once put out thy light,  
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,  
 I know not where is that Promethean heat,  
 That can thy light relume. When I have plucked  
 thy rose,  
 I cannot give it vital growth again,  
 It needs must wither : — 'll smell it on the tree. —  
 [Kissing her.

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade  
 Justice to break her sword ! — One more, one  
 more : —

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,  
 And love thee after : — one more, and this the last :  
 So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,  
 But they are cruel tears : this sorrow 's heavenly ;  
 It strikes, where it doth love.

#### THE REMORSE.

Behold, I have a weapon ;  
 A better never did itself sustain  
 Upon a soldier's thigh : I have seen the day,  
 That, with this little arm and this good sword,  
 I have made my way through more impediments  
 Than twenty times your stop : — but, O vain boast !  
 Who can control his fate ? 't is not so now. —  
 Be not afraid, though you do see me weaponed ;  
 Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,  
 And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.  
 Do you go back dismayed ? 't is a lost fear ;  
 Man but a rush against Othello's breast,  
 And he retires : — where should Othello go ? —  
 Now, how dost thou look now ? O oil-starred wench !  
 Pale as thy smock ! when we shall meet at compt,  
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,  
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl !  
 Even like thy chastity. —  
 O cursed, cursed slave ! — Whip me, ye devils,  
 From the possession of this heavenly sight !  
 Blow me about in winds ! roast me in sulphur !  
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire ! —  
 O Desdemona ! Desdemona ! dead ! Oh ! Oh ! Oh !

#### THE SUICIDE.

Soft you ; a word or two, before you go.  
 I have done the state some service, and they know  
 it ; —  
 No more of that. — I pray you, in your letters,  
 When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
 Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,  
 Nor set down aught in malice : then, must you  
 speak  
 Of one that loved, not wisely, but too well ;  
 Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,  
 Perplexed in the extreme ; of one, whose hand,  
 Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away,  
 Richer than all his tribe ; of one, whose subdued  
 eyes,  
 Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
 Their medicinal gum. Set you down this ;  
 And say, besides, — that in Aleppo once,  
 Where a malignant and a turbaned Turk  
 Beat a Venetian, and traduced the state,  
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,  
 And smote him — thus. [Stabs himself.  
 SHAKESPEARE.



## THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'T was in the prime of summer time,  
 An evening calm and cool,  
 And four-and-twenty happy boys  
 Came bounding out of school ;  
 There were some that ran, and some that leapt  
 Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds  
 And souls untouched by sin ;  
 To a level mead they came, and there  
 They drave the wickets in :  
 Pleasantly shone the setting sun  
 Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,  
 And shouted as they ran,  
 Turning to mirth all things of earth  
 As only boyhood can ;  
 But the usher sat remote from all,  
 A melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart,  
 To catch heaven's blessed breeze ;  
 For a burning thought was in his brow,  
 And his bosom ill at ease ;  
 So he leaned his head on his hands, and read  
 The book between his knees.

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,  
 Nor ever glanced aside, —  
 For the peace of his soul he read that book  
 In the golden eventide ;  
 Much study had made him very lean,  
 And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome ;  
 With a fast and fervent grasp  
 He strained the dusky covers close,  
 And fixed the brazen hasp :  
 " O God ! could I so close my mind,  
 And clasp it with a clasp ! "

Then leaping on his feet upright,  
 Some moody turns he took, —  
 Now up the mead, then down the mead,  
 And past a shady nook, —  
 And, lo ! he saw a little boy  
 That pored upon a book.

" My gentle lad, what is 't you read, —  
 Romance or fairy fable ?  
 Or is it some historic page,  
 Of kings and crowns unstable ? "  
 The young boy gave an upward glance, —  
 " It is 'The Death of Abel.' "

The usher took six hasty strides,  
 As smit with sudden pain, —  
 Six hasty strides beyond the place,  
 Then slowly back again ;  
 And down he sat beside the lad,  
 And talked with him of Cain ;

And, long since then, of bloody men,  
 Whose deeds tradition saves ;  
 And lonely folk cut off unseen,  
 And hid in sudden graves ;  
 And horrid stabs, in groves forlorn ;  
 And murders done in caves ;

And how the sprites of injured men  
 Shriek upward from the sod ;  
 Ay, how the ghostly hand will point  
 To show the burial clod ;  
 And unknown facts of guilty acts  
 Are seen in dreams from God.

He told how murderers walk the earth  
 Beneath the curse of Cain, —  
 With crimson clouds before their eyes,  
 And flames about their brain ;  
 For blood has left upon their souls  
 Its everlasting stain !

" And well," quoth he, " I know for truth  
 Their pangs must be extreme —  
 Woe, woe, unutterable woe ! —  
 Who spill life's sacred stream.  
 For why ? Methought, last night I wrought  
 A murder, in a dream !

" One that had never done me wrong, —  
 A feeble man and old ;  
 I led him to a lonely field, —  
 The moon shone clear and cold :  
 Now here, said I, this man shall die,  
 And I will have his gold !

" Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,  
 And one with a heavy stone,  
 One hurried gash with a hasty knife, —  
 And then the deed was done :  
 There was nothing lying at my feet  
 But lifeless flesh and bone !

" Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,  
 That could not do me ill ;  
 And yet I feared him all the more  
 For lying there so still :  
 There was a manhood in his look  
 That murder could not kill !

" And, lo ! the universal air  
 Seemed lit with ghastly flame, —  
 Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes  
 Were looking down in blame ;  
 I took the dead man by his hand,  
 And called upon his name.

" O God ! it made me quake to see  
 Such sense within the slain ;  
 But, when I touched the lifeless clay,  
 The blood gushed out amain !  
 For every clot a burning spot  
 Was scorching in my brain !

"My head was like an ardent coal,  
My heart as solid ice ;  
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,  
Was at the Devil's price.  
A dozen times I groaned, — the dead  
Had never groaned but twice.

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,  
From the heaven's topmost height,  
I heard a voice, — the awful voice  
Of the blood-avenging sprite :  
'Thou guilty man ! take up thy dead,  
And hide it from my sight !'

"And I took the dreary body up,  
And cast it in a stream, —  
The sluggish water black as ink,  
The depth was so extreme :  
My gentle boy, remember, this  
Is nothing but a dream !

"Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,  
And vanished in the pool ;  
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,  
And washed my forehead cool,  
And sat among the urchins young,  
That evening, in the school.

"O Heaven ! to think of their white souls,  
And mine so black and grim !  
I could not share in childish prayer,  
Nor join in evening hymn ;  
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,  
'Mid holy cherubim !

"And Peace went with them, one and all,  
And each calm pillow spread ;  
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain,  
That lighted me to bed,  
And drew my midnight curtains round  
With fingers bloody red !

"All night I lay in agony,  
In anguish dark and deep ;  
My fevered eyes I dared not close,  
But stared aghast at Sleep ;  
For Sin had rendered unto her  
The keys of hell to keep !

"All night I lay in agony,  
From weary chime to chime ;  
With one besetting horrid hint  
That racked me all the time, —  
A mighty yearning, like the first  
Fierce impulse unto crime, —

"One stern tyrannic thought, that made  
All other thoughts its slave !  
Stronger and stronger every pulse  
Did that temptation crave, —  
Still urging me to go and see  
The dead man in his grave !

"Heavily I rose up, as soon  
As light was in the sky,  
And sought the black accurséd pool  
With a wild, misgiving eye ;  
And I saw the dead in the river-bed,  
For the faithless stream was dry.

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook  
The dew-drop from its wing ;  
But I never marked its morning flight,  
I never heard it sing,  
For I was stooping once again  
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,  
I took him up and ran ;  
There was no time to dig a grave  
Before the day began, —  
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,  
I hid the murdered man !

"And all that day I read in school,  
But my thought was elsewhere ;  
As soon as the midday task was done,  
In secret I was there, —  
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,  
And still the corse was bare !

"Then down I cast me on my face,  
And first began to weep,  
For I knew my secret then was one  
That earth refused to keep, —  
Or land or sea, though he should be  
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

"So wills the fierce avenging spite,  
Till blood for blood atones !  
Ay, though he 's buried in a cave,  
And trodden down with stones,  
And years have rotted off his flesh, —  
The world shall see his bones !

"O God ! that horrid, horrid dream  
Besets me now awake !  
Again — again, with dizzy brain,  
The human life I take ;  
And my red right hand grows raging hot,  
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay  
Will wave or mould allow ;  
The horrid thing pursues my soul, —  
It stands before me now !"  
The fearful boy looked up, and saw  
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep  
The urchin's eyelids kissed,  
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn  
Through the cold and heavy mist ;  
And Eugene Aram walked between,  
With gyves upon his wrist.

THOMAS HOOD.



PERSONAL POEMS.



## The Wants of Mann

"Mann wants but little, here below:

"Nor wants that little long:

It is not with me, exactly so:

But 'tis so, in the long.

My wants are many, and if told,

Would muster many a score:

And were each wish a mint of gold

I still should long for more

Washington 21. August 1841

John Quincy Adams.

# PERSONAL POEMS.

## ANNE HATHAWAY.

TO THE IDOL OF MY EYE AND DELIGHT OF MY HEART,  
ANNE HATHAWAY.

WOULD ye be taught, ye feathered throng,  
With love's sweet notes to grace your song,  
To pierce the heart with thrilling lay,  
Listen to mine Anne Hathaway !  
She hath a way to sing so clear,  
Phœbus might wondering stop to hear.  
To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,  
And nature charm, Anne hath a way ;  
She hath a way,  
Anne Hathaway ;  
To breathe delight Anne hath a way.

When Envy's breath and rancorous tooth  
Do soil and bite fair worth and truth,  
And merit to distress betray,  
To soothe the heart Anne hath a way.  
She hath a way to chase despair,  
To heal all grief, to cure all care,  
Turn foulest night to fairest day.  
Thou know'st, fond heart, Anne hath a way ;  
She hath a way,  
Anne Hathaway ;  
To make grief bliss, Anne hath a way.

Talk not of gems, the orient list,  
The diamond, topaz, amethyst,  
The emerald mild, the ruby gay ;  
Talk of my gem, Anne Hathaway !  
She hath a way, with her bright eye,  
Their various lustræ to defy, —  
The jewels ahe, and the foil they,  
So sweet to look Anne hath a way ;  
She hath a way,  
Anne Hathaway ;  
To shame bright gems, Anne hath a way.

But were it to my fancy given  
To rate her charms, I'd call them heaven ;  
For though a mortal made of clay,  
Angels must love Anne Hathaway ;  
She hath a way so to control,  
To rapture, the imprisoned soul,

And sweetest heaven on earth display,  
That to be heaven Anne hath a way ;  
She hath a way,  
Anne Hathaway ;  
To be heaven's self, Anne hath a way.  
Attributed to SHAKESPEARE.

## UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF JOHN MILTON,

PREFIXED TO "PARADISE LOST."

THREE Poets, in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.  
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed ;  
The next in majesty ; in both the last.  
The force of nature could no further go ;  
To make a third, she joined the former two.  
JOHN DRYDEN.

## TO THE MEMORY OF BEN JONSON.

THE Muse's fairest light in no dark time,  
The wonder of a learned age ; the line  
Which none can pass ; the most proportioned  
wit, —  
To nature, the best judge of what was fit ;  
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen ;  
The voice most echoed by consenting men ;  
The soul which answered best to all well said  
By others, and which most requital made ;  
Tuned to the highest key of ancient Rome,  
Returning all her music with his own ;  
In whom, with nature, study claimed a part,  
And yet who to himself owed all his art :  
Here lies Ben Jonson ! every age will look  
With sorrow here, with wonder on his book.  
JOHN CLEVELAND.

## TO MACAULAY.

THE dreamy rhymer's measured snore  
Falls heavy on our ears no more ;

And by long strides are left behind  
 The dear delights of womankind,  
 Who wage their battles like their loves,  
 In satin waistcoats and kid gloves,  
 And have achieved the crowning work  
 When they have trussed and ekewered a Turk.  
 Another comes with stouter tread,  
 And stalks among the statelier dead.  
 He rushes on, and hails by turns  
 High-crested Scott, broad-breasted Burns ;  
 And shows the British youth, who ne'er  
 Will lag behind, what Romans were  
 When all the Tuscan and their Lars  
 Shouted, and shook the towers of Mars.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

TO H. W. L.,

ON HIS BIRTHDAY, 27TH FEBRUARY, 1867.

I NEED not praise the sweetness of his song,  
 Where limpid verse to limpid verse succeeds  
 Smooth as our Charles, when, fearing lest he  
 WRONG

The new moon's mirrored skiff, he slides along,  
 Full without noise, and whispers in his reeds.

With loving breath of all the winds his name  
 Is blown about the world, but to his friends  
 A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,  
 And Love steals shyly through the loud acclaim  
 To murmur a *God bless you!* and there ends.

As I muse backward up the checkered years  
 Wherein so much was given, so much was lost,  
 Blessings in both kinds, such as cheapen tears, —  
 But hush ! this is not for profaner ears ;  
 Let them drink molten pearls nor dream the  
 cost.

Some suck up poison from a sorrow's core,  
 As naught but nightshade grew upon earth's  
 ground ;  
 Love turned all his to heart's-ease, and the more  
 Fate tried his bastions, she but forced a door,  
 Leading to sweeter manhood and more sound.

Even as a wind-waved fountain's swaying shade  
 Seems of mixed race, a gray wraith shot with  
 sun,  
 So through his trial faith translucent rayed  
 Till darkness, half disnatured so, betrayed  
 A heart of sunshine that would fain o'errun.

Surely if skill in song the shears may stay.  
 And of its purpose cheat the charmed abyss,  
 If our poor life be lengthened by a lay,  
 He shall not go, although his presence may,  
 And the next age in praise shall double this.

Long days be his, and each as lusty-sweet  
 As gracious natures find his song to be ;  
 May Age steal on with softly-ensenced feet  
 Falling in music, as for him were meet  
 Whose choicest verse is harsher-toned than he !

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

### A POET'S DAUGHTER.

"A LADY asks the minstrel's rhyme."  
 A lady asks ? There was a time  
 When musical as play-bell's chime  
 To wearied boy,  
 That sound would summon dreams sublime  
 Of pride and joy.

But now the spell hath lost its sway,  
 Life's first-born fancies first decay,  
 Gone are the plumes and pennons gay  
 Of young Romance ;  
 There linger but her ruins gray,  
 And broken lance.

"T is a new world, — no more to maid,  
 Warrior, or bard is homage paid ;  
 The bay-tree's, laurel's, myrtle's shade  
 Men's thoughts resign ;  
 Heaven placed us here to vote and trade, —  
 Twin tasks divine !

"T is youth, 't is beauty asks ; the green  
 And growing leaves of seventeen  
 Are round her ; and, half hid, half seen,  
 A violet flower,  
 Nursed by the virtues she hath been  
 From childhood's hour."

Blind passion's picture, — yet for this  
 We woo the lifelong bridal kiss,  
 And blend our every hope of bliss  
 With hers we love ;  
 Unmindful of the serpent's hiss  
 In Eden's grove.

Beauty, — the fading rainbow's pride ;  
 Youth, — 't was the charm of her who died  
 At dawn, and by her coffin's side  
 A grandsire stands,  
 Age-strengthened, like the oak storm-tried  
 Of mountain-lands.

Youth's coffin, — hush the tale it tells !  
 Be silent, memory's funeral-bells !  
 Lone in one heart, her home, it dwells  
 Untold till death,  
 And where the grave-mound greenly swells  
 O'er buried faith.

"But what if hers are rank and power,  
Armies her train, a throne her bower,  
A kingdom's gold her marriage-dower,  
Broad seas and lands?  
What if from bannered hall and tower  
A queen commands?"

A queen? Earth's regal moons have set.  
Where perished Marie Antoinette?  
Where's Bordeaux's mother? Where the jet  
' Black Haytian dame?  
And Lusitania's coronet?  
And Angoulême?

Empires to-day are upside-down,  
The castle kneels before the town,  
The monarch fears a printer's frown,  
A brickbat's range;  
Give me, in preference to a crown,  
Five shillings change.

"But she who asks, though first among  
The good, the beautiful, the young,  
The birthright of a spell more strong  
Than these hath brought her;  
She is your kinswoman in song,  
A Poet's daughter."

A Poet's daughter? Could I claim  
The consanguinity of fame,  
Veins of my intellectual frame!  
Your blood would glow  
Proudly to sing that gentlest name  
Of aught below.

A Poet's daughter, — dearer word  
Lip hath not spoke nor listener heard,  
Fit theme for song of bee and bird  
From morn till even,  
And wind-harp by the breathing stirred  
Of starlit heaven.

My spirit's wings are weak, the fire  
Poetic comes but to expire,  
Her name needs not my humble lyre  
To bid it live;  
She hath already from her sire  
All bard can give.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

## TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS HOOD.

TAKE back into thy bosom, earth,  
This joyous, May-eyed morrow,  
The gentlest child that ever mirth  
Gave to be reared by sorrow!  
'T is hard — while rays half green, half gold,  
Through vernal bowers are burning,

And streams their diamond mirrors hold  
To summer's face returning, —  
To say we're thankful that his sleep  
Shall nevermore be lighter,  
In whose sweet-tongued companionship  
Stream, bower, and beam grew brighter!

But all the more intensely true  
His soul gave out each feature  
Of elemental love, — each hue  
And grace of golden nature, —  
The deeper still beneath it all  
Lurked the keen jags of anguish;  
The more the laurels clasped his brow  
Their poison made it languish.  
Seemed it that, like the nightingale  
Of his own mournful singing,  
The tenderer would his song prevail  
While most the thorn was stinging.

So never to the desert-worn  
Did fount bring freshness deeper  
Than that his placid rest this morn  
Has brought the shrouded sleeper.  
That rest may lap his weary head  
Where charnels choke the city,  
Or where, mid woodlands, by his bed  
The wren shall wake its ditty;  
But near or far, while evening's star  
Is dear to hearts regretting,  
Around that spot admiring thought  
Shall hover, unforgetting.

B. SIMMONS.

## BURNS.

## ON RECEIVING A SPRIG OF HEATHER IN BLOSSOM.

No more these simple flowers belong  
To Scottish maid and lover;  
Sown in the common soil of song,  
They bloom the wide world over.

In smiles and tears, in sun and showers,  
The minstrel and the heather,  
The deathless singer and the flowers  
He sang of live together.

Wild heather-bells and Robert Burns!  
The moorland flower and peasant!  
How, at their mention, memory turns  
Her pages old and pleasant!

The gray sky wears again its gold  
And purple of adorning,  
And manhood's noonday shadows hold  
The dews of boyhood's morning.

The dews that washed the dust and soil  
From off the wings of pleasure,

The sky, that flecked the ground of toil  
With golden threads of leisure.

I call to mind the summer day,  
The early harvest mowing,  
The sky with sun and clouds at play,  
And flowers with breezes blowing.

I hear the blackbird in the corn,  
The locust in the haying ;  
And, like the fabled hunter's horn,  
Old tunes my heart is playing.

How oft that day, with fond delay,  
I sought the maple's shadow,  
And sang with Burns the hours away,  
Forgetful of the meadow !

Bees hummed, birds twittered, overhead  
I heard the squirrels leaping ;  
The good dog listened while I read,  
And wagged his tail in keeping.

I watched him while in sportive mood  
I read "The Twa Dogs'" story,  
And half believed he understood  
The poet's allegory.

Sweet day, sweet songs ! — The golden hours  
Grew brighter for that singing,  
From brook and bird and meadow flowers  
A dearer welcome bringing.

New light on home-seen Nature beamed,  
New glory over Woman ;  
And daily life and duty seemed  
No longer poor and common.

I woke to find the simple truth  
Of fact and feeling better  
Than all the dreams that held my youth  
A still repining debtor :

That Nature gives her handmaid, Art,  
The themes of sweet discoursing ;  
The tender idyls of the heart  
In every tongue rehearsing.

Why dream of lands of gold and pearl,  
Of loving knight and lady,  
When farmer boy and barefoot girl  
Were wandering there already ?

I saw through all familiar things  
The romance underlying ;  
The joys and griefs that plume the wings  
Of Fancy skyward flying.

I saw the same blithe day return,  
The same sweet fall of even,  
That rose on wooded Craigie-burn,  
And sank on crystal Devon.

I matched with Scotland's heathery hills  
The sweet-brier and the clover ;  
With Ayr and Doon, my native rills,  
Their wood-hymns chanting over.

O'er rank and pomp, as he had seen,  
I saw the Man uprising ;  
No longer common or unclean,  
The child of God's baptizing.

With clearer eyes I saw the worth  
Of life among the lowly ;  
The Bible at his Cotter's hearth  
Had made my own more holy.

And if at times an evil strain,  
To lawless love appealing,  
Broke in upon the sweet refrain  
Of pure and healthful feeling,

It died upon the eye and ear,  
No inward answer gaining ;  
No heart had I to see or hear  
The discord and the staining.

Let those who never erred forget  
His worth, in vain bewailings ;  
Sweet Soul of Song ! — I own my debt  
Uncancelled by his failings !

Lament who will the ribald line  
Which tells his lapse from duty,  
How kissed the maddening lips of wine,  
Or wanton ones of beauty ;

But think, while falls that shade between  
The erring one and Heaven,  
That he who loved like Magdalen,  
Like her may be forgiven.

Not his the song whose thunderous chime  
Eternal echoes render, —  
The mournful Tuscan's haunted rhyme,  
And Milton's starry splendor ;

But who his human heart has laid  
To Nature's bosom nearer ?  
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid  
To love a tribute dearer ?

Through all his tuneful art, how strong  
The human feeling gushes !  
The very moonlight of his song  
Is warm with smiles and blushes !

Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time,  
So "Bonny Doon" but tarry ;  
Blot out the Epic's stately rhyme,  
But spare his Highland Mary !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



## ROBERT BURNS.

WHAT bird in beauty, flight, or song  
Can with the bard compare,  
Who sang as sweet, and soared as strong  
As ever child of air ?

His plume, his note, his form, could Burns  
For whim or pleasure change ;  
He was not one, but all by turns,  
With transmigration strange :

The blackbird, oracle of spring,  
When flowed his moral lay ;  
The swallow, wheeling on the wing,  
Capriciously at play ;

The humming-bird from bloom to bloom  
Inhaling heavenly balm ;  
The raven, in the tempest's gloom ;  
The halcyon, in the calm ;

In "auld Kirk Alloway," the owl,  
At witching time of night ;  
By "Bonny Doon," the earliest fowl  
That carolled to the light.

He was the wren amidst the grove,  
When in his homely vein ;  
At Bannockburn the bird of Jove,  
With thunder in his train ;

The wood-lark, in his mournful hours ;  
The goldfinch, in his mirth ;  
The thrush, a spendthrift of his powers,  
Enrapturing heaven and earth ;

The swan, in majesty and grace,  
Contemplative and still ;  
But, roused, — no falcon in the chase  
Could like his satire kill.

The linnet in simplicity,  
In tenderness the dove ;  
But more than all beside was he  
The nightingale in love.

O, had he never stooped to shame,  
Nor lent a charm to vice,  
How had devotion loved to name  
That hird of paradise !

Peace to the dead ! — In Scotia's choir  
Of minstrels great and small,  
He sprang from his spontaneous fire,  
The phoenix of them all.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## BURNS.

## A POET'S EPITAPH.

STOP, mortal ! Here thy brother lies, —  
The poet of the poor.  
His books were rivers, woods, and skies,  
The meadow and the moor ;  
His teachers were the torn heart's wail,  
The tyrant, and the slave,  
The street, the factory, the jail,  
The palace, — and the grave !  
Sin met thy brother everywhere !  
And is thy brother blamed ?  
From passion, danger, doubt, and care  
He no exemption claimed.  
The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,  
He feared to scorn or hate ;  
But, honoring in a peasant's form  
The equal of the great,  
He blessed the steward, whose wealth makes  
The poor man's little more ;  
Yet loathed the haughty wretch that takes  
From plundered labor's store.  
A hand to do, a head to plan,  
A heart to feel and dare, —  
Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man  
Who drew them as they are.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

## BURNS.

REAR high thy bleak majestic hills,  
Thy sheltered valleys proudly spread,  
And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,  
And wave thy heath's blossoms red ;  
But, ah ! what poet now shall tread  
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,  
Since he, the sweetest bard, is dead,  
That ever breathed the soothing strain !

As green thy towering pines may grow,  
As clear thy streams may speed along,  
As bright thy summer suns may glow,  
As gayly charm thy feathery throng ;  
But now unheeded is the song,  
And dull and lifeless all around, —  
For his wild harp lies all unstrung,  
And cold the hand that waked its sound.

What though thy vigorous offspring rise, —  
In arts, in arms, thy sons excel ;  
Though beauty in thy daughters' eyes,  
And health in every feature dwell ;  
Yet who shall now their praises tell  
In strains impassioned, fond, and free,  
Since he no more the song shall swell  
To love and liberty and thee !

WILLIAM ROSCOE.

## BURNS.

THAT heaven's beloved die early,  
 Prophetic Pity mourns ;  
 But old as Truth, although in youth,  
 Died giant-hearted Burns.

O that I were the daisy  
 That sank beneath his plough !  
 Or, "neighbor meet," that "skylark sweet !"  
 Say, are they nothing now ?

That mouse, "our fellow mortal,"  
 Lives deep in Nature's heart ;  
 Like earth and sky, it cannot die  
 Till earth and sky depart.

Thy Burns, child-honored Scotland !  
 Is many minds in one ;  
 With thought on thought the name is fraught  
 Of glory's peasant son.

Thy Chaucer is thy Milton,  
 And might have been thy Tell ;  
 As Hampden fought, thy Sidney wrote,  
 And would have fought as well.

Be proud, man-childed Scotland !  
 Of earth's unpolished gem ;  
 And "Bonny Doon," and "heaven aboon,"  
 For Burns hath hallowed them.

Be proud, though sin-dishonored  
 And grief-baptized thy child ;  
 As rivers run, in shade and sun,  
 He ran his courses wild.

Grieve not though savage forests  
 Looked grimly on the wave,  
 Where dim-eyed flowers and shaded bowers  
 Seemed living in the grave.

Grieve not, though by the torrent  
 Its headlong course was riven,  
 When o'er it came, in clouds and flame,  
 Niagara from heaven !

For sometimes gently flowing,  
 And sometimes chafed to foam,  
 O'er slack and deep, by wood and steep,  
 He sought his heavenly home.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

## BURNS.

His is that language of the heart  
 In which the answering heart would speak,  
 Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,  
 Or the smile light the cheek ;

And his that music to whose tone  
 The common pulse of man keeps time,  
 In cot or castle's mirth or moan,  
 In cold or sunny clime.

Through care and pain and want and woe,  
 With wounds that only death could heal,  
 Tortures the poor alone can know,  
 The proud alone can feel,

He kept his honesty and truth,  
 His independent tongue and pen,  
 And moved, in manhood as in youth,  
 Pride of his fellow-men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,  
 A hate of tyrant and of knave,  
 A love of right, a scorn of wrong,  
 Of coward and of slave ;

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,  
 That could not fear and would not bow,  
 Were written in his manly eye  
 And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard ! his words are driven,  
 Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,  
 Where'er beneath the sky of heaven  
 The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man ! a nation stood  
 Beside his coffin with wet eyes, —  
 Her brave, her beautiful, her good, —  
 As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,  
 Men stand his cold earth-couch around,  
 With the mute homage that we pay  
 To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is, —  
 The last, the hallowed home of one  
 Who lives upon all memories,  
 Though with the buried gone.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

## BYRON.

FROM "THE COURSE OF TIME."

TAKE one example to our purpose quite.  
 A man of rank, and of capacious soul,  
 Who riches had, and fame, beyond desire,  
 An heir of flattery, to titles born,  
 And reputation, and luxurious life :  
 Yet, not content with ancestral name,  
 Or to be known because his fathers were,  
 He on this height hereditary stood,  
 And, gazing higher, purposed in his heart

To take another step. Above him seemed,  
Alone, the mount of song, the lofty seat  
Of canonized bards ; and thitherward,  
By nature taught, and inward melody,  
In prime of youth, he bent his eagle eye.  
No cost was spared. What books he wished, he  
read ;

What sage to hear, he heard ; what scenes to see,  
He saw. And first in rambling school-boy days,  
Britannia's mountain-walks, and heath-girt lakes,  
And story-telling glens, and founts, and brooks,  
And maids, as dew-drops pure and fair, his soul  
With grandeur filled, and melody, and love.  
Then travel came, and took him where he wished :  
He cities saw, and courts, and princely pomp ;  
And mused alone on ancient mountain-brows ;  
And mused on battle-fields, where valor fought  
In other days ; and mused on ruins gray  
With years ; and drank from old and fabulous  
wells,

And plucked the vine that first-born prophets  
plucked ;  
And mused on famous tombs, and on the wave  
Of ocean mused, and on the desert waste ;  
The heavens and earth of every country saw ;  
Where'er the old inspiring Genii dwelt ;  
Aught that could rouse, expand, refine the soul,  
Thither he went, and meditated there.

He touched his harp, and nations heard en-  
tranced ;

As some vast river of unfailling source,  
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,  
And opened new fountains in the human heart.  
Where Fancy halted, weary in her flight,  
In other men, his fresh as morning rose,  
And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at  
home,

Where angels bashful looked. Others, though  
great,

Beneath their argument seemed struggling while ;  
He, from above descending, stooped to touch  
The loftiest thought ; and proudly stooped, as  
though

It scarce deserved his verse. With Nature's self  
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest  
At will with all her glorious majesty.

He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane,"  
And played familiar with his hoary locks ;  
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apennines,  
And with the thunder talked as friend to friend ;  
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,  
In sportive twist, — the lightning's fiery wing,  
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,  
Marching upon the storm in vengeance seemed ;  
Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sung  
His evening song beneath his feet, conversed.

Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds his sisters  
were ;

Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and  
storms

His brothers, younger brothers, whom he scarce  
As equals deemed. All passions of all men,  
The wild and tame, the gentle and severe ;  
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane ;  
All creeds, all seasons, time, eternity ;  
All that was hated, and all that was dear ;  
All that was hoped, all that was feared, by man, —  
He tossed about, as tempest-withered leaves ;  
Then, smiling, looked upon the wreck he made.  
With terror now he froze the cowering blood,  
And now dissolved the heart in tenderness ;  
Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself ;  
But back into his soul retired, alone,  
Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contemptuously  
On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.  
So Ocean, from the plains his waves had late  
To desolation swept, retired in pride,  
Exulting in the glory of his might,  
And seemed to mock the ruin he had wrought.

As some fierce comet of tremendous size.

To which the stars did revolve  
So he, through learning and his flights sublime, and on  
Of Fame's dread mountains  
As if he from the earth had  
But as some bird of heaven  
He looked, which down from  
And perched it there, to see  
The nations gazed, and  
praised.

Critics before him fell in  
Confounded fell ; and mad  
To catch his eye ; and at  
themselves

To bursting sigh, to utter  
Of admiration vast ; and many  
Many that aimed to imitate  
With weaker wing, unartful  
And gave abundant sport to  
Great man ! the nations  
much,

And praised ; and many ca  
Wits wrote in favor of his  
And kings to do him honor  
Thus full of titles, flattery,  
Beyond desire, beyond aim  
He died, — he died of what  
Of fame ; drank early, d  
draughts

That common millions m  
then died

Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.  
His goddess, Nature, wooed, embraced, enjoyed,  
Fell from his arms, abhorred ; his passions died,  
Died, all but dreary, solitary Pride ;

And all his sympathies in being died.  
 As some ill-guided bark, well built and tall,  
 Which angry tides cast out on desert shore,  
 And then, retiring, left it there to rot  
 And moulder in the winds and rains of heaven ;  
 So he, cut from the sympathies of life,  
 And cast ashore from pleasure's boisterous surge,  
 A wandering, weary, worn, and wretched thing,  
 Scorched and desolate and blasted soul,  
 A gloomy wilderness of dying thought, —  
 Repined, and groaned, and withered from the  
 earth.

His groanings filled the land his numbers filled ;  
 And yet he seemed ashamed to groan. — Poor  
 man !

Ashamed to ask, and yet he needed help.

ROBERT POLLOK.

◆◆◆  
 CAMP-BELL.

CHARADE.

Come from my first, ay, come !  
 The battle dawn is nigh ;  
 And the screaming trump and the thundering  
 drum  
 Are calling thee to die !

Fight as thy father fought ;  
 Fall as thy father fell ;  
 Thy task is taught ; thy shroud is wrought ; .  
 So forward and farewell !

Toll ye my second ! toll !  
 Fling high the flambeau's light,  
 And sing the hymn for a parted soul  
 Beneath the silent night !

The wreath upon his head,  
 The cross upon his breast ;  
 Let the prayer be said and the tear be shed,  
 So, — take him to his rest !

Call ye my whole, — ay, call  
 The lord of lute and lay ;  
 And let him greet the sable pall  
 With a noble song to-day.

Go, call him by his name !  
 No fitter hand may crave  
 To light the flame of a soldier's fame  
 On the turf of a soldier's grave.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

◆◆◆  
 TO THOMAS MOORE.

My boat is on the shore ;  
 And my bark is on the sea ;

But before I go, Tom Moore,  
 Here's a double health to thee !

Here's a sigh to those who love me,  
 And a smile to those who hate ;  
 And, whatever sky's above me,  
 Here's a heart for every fate !

Though the ocean roar around me,  
 Yet it still shall bear me on ;  
 Though a desert should surround me,  
 It hath springs that may be won.

Were 't the last drop in the well,  
 As I gasped upon the brink,  
 Ere my fainting spirit fell,  
 'T is to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,  
 The libation I would pour  
 Should be, — Peace with thine and mine,  
 And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

BYRON.

◆◆◆  
 A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,  
 Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,  
 Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,  
 Let him draw near,  
 And owre this grassy heap sing dool,  
 And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustie song,  
 Who, noteless, steals the crowd among,  
 That weekly this area throng,  
 O, pass not by !  
 But, with a frater-feeling strong,  
 Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man whose judgment clear  
 Can others teach the course to steer,  
 Yet runs himself life's mad career,  
 Wild as the wave ;  
 Here pause, and, through the starting tear,  
 Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below  
 Was quick to learn and wise to know,  
 And keenly felt the friendly glow,  
 And sober flame ;  
 But thoughtless follies laid him low,  
 And stained his name !

Reader, attend, — whether thy soul  
 Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,  
 Or darkly grubs this earthly hole,  
 In low pursuit ;  
 Know prudent, cautious self-control  
 Is wisdom's root.

BURNS.

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF  
PEMBROKE.

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse  
Lies the subject of all verse,  
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother ;  
Death ! ere thou hast slain another,  
Learned and fair and good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

BEN JONSON.

EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH L. H.

WOULDS't thou heare what man can say  
In a little ? — reader, stay !  
Underneath this stone doth lye  
As much beauty as could dye, —  
Which in life did harbor give  
To more vertue than doth live.  
If at all she had a fault,  
Leave it buried in this vault.  
One name was Elizabeth, —  
The other, let it sleep with death :  
Fitter where it dyed to tell,  
Than that it lived at all. Farewell !

BEN JONSON.

CHARLES XII.

ON what foundations stands the warrior's pride,  
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide :  
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,  
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire ;  
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,  
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain.  
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,  
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field ;  
Behold surrounding kings their power combine,  
And one capitulate, and one resign ;  
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in  
vain ;  
" Think nothing gained," he cries, " till naught  
remain,  
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,  
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."  
The march begins in military state,  
And nations on his eye suspended wait ;  
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,  
And winter barricades the realms of frost.  
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay ;  
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day !  
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,  
And shows his miseries in distant lands ;  
Condemned a needy supplicant to wait,  
While ladies interpose and slaves debate.

But did not chance at length her error mend ?  
Did no subverted empire mark his end ?  
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,  
Or hostile millions press him to the ground !  
His fall was destined to a barren strand,  
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;  
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,  
To point a moral or adorn a tale.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

EPISTLE TO ROBERT, EARL OF OXFORD  
AND EARL OF MORTIMER.

[Sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnell's Poems, published by the author after the said earl's imprisonment in the Tower, and retreat into the country, in the year 1722.]

SUCH were the notes thy once-loved poet sung,  
Till death untimely stopped his tuneful tongue.  
O just beheld, and lost ! admired and mourned !  
With softest manners, gentlest arts adorned !  
Blest in each science, blest in every strain !  
Dear to the Muse — to Harley dear — in vain !  
For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,  
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend ;  
For Swift and him, despised the farce of state,  
The sober follies of the wise and great ;  
Dexterous the craving, fawning crowd to quit,  
And pleased to' scape from Flattery to Wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,  
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear,)  
Recall those nights that closed thy toilsome days,  
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,  
Who, careless now of interest, fame, or fate,  
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great ;  
Or, deeming meanest what we greatest call,  
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

And sure, if aught below the seats divine  
Can touch immortals, 't is a soul like thine, —  
A soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,  
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,  
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,  
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made,  
The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade :  
'T is hers the brave man's latest steps to trace,  
Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.  
When interest calls off all her sneaking train,  
And all the obliged desert, and all the vain ;  
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,  
When the last lingering friend has bid farewell.  
Even now she shades thy evening walk with bays  
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise),  
Even now, observant of the parting ray,  
Eyes the calm sunset of thy various day ;  
Through Fortune's cloud one truly great can see,  
Nor fears to tell, that Mortimer is he.

ALEXANDER POPE.

## THE MAN OF ROSS.

FROM "MORAL ESSAYS."

[Mr. John Kyrle. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interred in the chancel of the church of Ross in Herefordshire.]

BUT all our praises why should lords engross ?  
Rise, honest muse ! and sing the Man of Ross ;  
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,  
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.  
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry  
brow ?

From the dry rock who bade the waters flow ?  
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,  
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,  
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain  
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.  
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows ?  
Whose seats the weary traveller repose ?

Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise ?  
"The Man of Ross !" each lisping babe replies.  
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread !  
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread ;  
He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,  
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate :  
Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans  
blest,

The young who labor, and the old who rest.  
Is any sick ? the Man of Ross relieves,  
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives.  
Is there a variance ? enter but his door,  
Balked are the courts, and contest is no more.  
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,  
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.

B. Thrice happy man ! enabled to pursue  
What all so wish, but want the power to do !  
O say, what sums that generous hand supply ?  
What mines to swell that boundless charity ?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,  
This man possessed — five hundred pounds a year.  
Blush, grandeur, blush ; proud courts, withdraw  
your blaze !

Ye little stars, hide your diminished rays !

B. And what ? no monument, inscription, stone ?  
His race, his form, his name, almost unknown ?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to  
fame,

Will never mark the marble with his name :  
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,  
Of rich and poor makes all the history ;  
Enough that virtue filled the space between,  
Proved by the ends of being to have been.

ALEXANDER POPE.

## TO THE LORD-GENERAL CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud,  
Not of war only, but detractions rude,

Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,  
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast  
ploughed ;

And on the neck of crownéd fortune proud  
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pur-  
sued,

While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots im-  
bined,

And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,  
And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much re-  
mains

To conquer still ; Peace hath her victories  
No less renowned than War : new foes arise,  
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains :  
Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

MILTON.

## THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

FROM "CHILDE HAROLD."

HARK ! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,  
A long, low, distant murmur of dread sound,  
Such as arises when a nation bleeds  
With some deep and immedicable wound ;  
Through storm and darkness yawns the rend-  
ing ground,

The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief  
Seems royal still, though with her head dis-  
crownéd,

And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief.  
She clasps a babe to whom her breast yields no  
relief.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou ?  
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead ?  
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low  
Some less majestic, less beloved head ?  
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,  
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,  
Death hushed that pang forever : with thee fled  
The present happiness and promised joy  
Which filled the imperial islea so full it seemed  
to cloy.

Peasants bring forth in safety. — Can it be,  
O thou that wert so happy, so adored !  
Those who weep not for kings shall weep for  
thee,  
And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to  
hoard

Her many griefs for ONE : for she had poured  
Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head  
Beheld her Iria. — Thou, too, lonely lord,  
And desolate consort, — vainly wert thou wed !  
The husband of a year ! the father of the dead !

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made ;  
Thy bridal's fruit is ashes ; in the dust  
The fair-haired Daughter of the Isles is laid,  
The love of millions ! How we did intrust  
Futurity to her ! and, though it must  
Darken above her bones, yet fondly deemed  
Our children should obey her child, and blessed  
Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise  
seemed

Like stars to shepherd's eyes :— 't was but a  
meteor beamed.

Woe unto us, not her ; for she sleeps well :  
The fickle reek of popular breath, the tongue  
Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,  
Which from the birth of monarchy hath rung  
Its knell in princely ears, till the o'erstung  
Nations have armed in madness, the strange fate  
Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns, and hath  
flung

Against their blind omnipotence a weight  
Within the opposing scale, which crushes soon  
or late, —

These might have been her destiny ; but no,  
Our hearts deny it : and so young, so fair,  
Good without effort, great without a foe ;  
But now a bride and mother, — and now *there* !  
How many ties did that stern moment tear !  
From thy sire's to his humblest subject's breast  
Is linked the electric chain of that despair,  
Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and op-  
prest

The land which loved thee so that none could  
love thee best.

BYRON.

### DANIEL BOONE.

FROM "DON JUAN."

Of all men, saving Sylla the man-slayer,  
Who passes for in life and death most lucky,  
Of the great names which in our faces stare,  
The General Boone, backwoodsman of Kentucky,  
Was happiest amongst mortals anywhere ;  
For, killing nothing but a bear or buck, he  
Enjoyed the lonely, vigorous, harmless days  
Of his old age in wilds of deepest maze.

Crime came not near him, ahe is not the child  
Of solitude ; Health shrank not from him, for  
Her home is in the rarely trodden wild,

Where if men seek her not, and death be more  
Their choice than life, forgive them, as beguiled  
By habit to what their own hearts abhor,  
In cities caged. The present case in point I  
Cite is, that Boone lived hunting up to ninety ;

And, what 's still a stranger, left behind a name  
For which men vainly decimate the throng,  
Not only famous, but of that *good* fame,  
Without which glory 's but a tavern song, —  
Simple, serene, the antipodes of shame,  
Which hate nor envy e'er could tinge with  
wrong ;

An active hermit, even in age the child  
Of nature, or the Man of Ross run wild.

'T is true he shrank from men, even of his nation,  
When they built up unto his darling trees, —  
He moved some hundred miles off, for a station  
Where there were fewer houses and more ease ;  
The inconvenience of civilization  
Is that you neither can be pleased nor please ;  
But where he met the individual man,  
He showed himself as kind as mortal can.

He was not all alone ; around him grew  
A sylvan tribe of children of the chase,  
Whose young, unawakened world was ever new :  
Nor sword nor sorrow yet had left a trace  
On her unwrinkled brow, nor could you view  
A frown on nature's or on human face ; —  
The freeborn forest found and kept them free,  
And fresh as is a torrent or a tree.

And tall, and strong, and swift of foot, were they,  
Beyond the dwarfing city's pale abortions,  
Because their thoughts had never been the prey  
Of care or gain : the green woods were their  
portions ;

No sinking spirits told them they grew gray ;  
No fashion made them apes of her distortions ;  
Simple they were, not savage ; and their rifles,  
Though very true, were not yet used for trifles.

Motion was in their days, rest in their slumbers,  
And cheerfulness the handmaid of their toil ;  
Nor yet too many nor too few their numbers ;  
Corruption could not maketheir hearts her soil.  
The lust which stings, the splendor which en-  
cumbers,

With the free foresters divide no spoil ;  
Serene, not sullen, were the solitudes  
Of this unsighing people of the woods.

BYRON.

### NAPOLEON.

'T is done, — but yesterday a king !  
And armed with kings to strive, —  
And now thou art a nameless thing ;  
So abject, — yet alive !  
Is this the man of thousand thrones,  
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,  
And can he thus survive ?

Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,  
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

Ill-minded man ! why scourge thy kind  
Who bowed so low the knee ?  
By gazing on thyself grown blind,  
Thou taught'st the rest to see.  
With might unquestioned, — power to save, —  
Thine only gift hath been the grave  
To those that worshipped thee ;  
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess  
Ambition's less than littleness !

Thanks for that lesson, — it will teach  
To after warriors more  
Than high philosophy can preach,  
And vainly preached before.  
That spell upon the minds of men  
Breaks never to unite again,  
That led them to adore  
Those Pagod things of sabre sway,  
With fronts of brass and feet of clay.

The triumph and the vanity,  
The rapture of the strife ;  
The earthquake voice of Victory,  
To thee the breath of life ;  
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway  
Which man seemed made but to obey,  
Wherewith renown was rife, —  
All quelled ! — Dark spirit ! what must be  
The madness of thy memory !

The desolator desolate !  
The victor overthrown !  
The arbiter of others' fate  
A suppliant for his own !  
Is it some yet imperial hope,  
That with such change can calmly cope ?  
Or dread of death alone ?  
To die a prince, or live a slave, —  
Thy choice is most ignobly brave !

He who of old would rend the oak  
Dreamed not of the rebound ;  
Chained by the trunk he vainly broke, —  
Alone, — how looked he round ?  
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,  
An equal deed hast done at length,  
And darker fate hast found :  
He fell, the forest-prowlers' prey ;  
But thou must eat thy heart away !

The Roman, when his burning heart  
Was slaked with blood of Rome,  
Threw down the dagger, dared depart,  
In savage grandeur, home.

He dared depart in utter scorn  
Of men that such a yoke had borne,  
Yet left him such a doom !  
His only glory was that hour  
Of self-upheld abandoned power.

The Spaniard, when the lust of a way  
Had lost its quickening spell,  
Cast crowns for rosaries away,  
An empire for a cell ;  
A strict accountant of his beads,  
A subtle disputant on creeds,  
His dotage trifled well ;  
Yet better had he neither known  
A bigot's shrine nor despot's throne.

But thou, — from thy reluctant hand  
The thunderbolt is wrung, —  
Too late thou leav'st the high command  
To which thy weakness clung.  
All evil spirit as thou art,  
It is enough to grieve the heart  
To see thine own unstrung ;  
To think that God's fair world hath been  
The footstool of a thing so mean !

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,  
Who thus can hoard his own !  
And monarchs bowed the trembling limb,  
And thanked him for a throne !  
Fair Freedom ! may we hold thee dear,  
When thou thy mightiest foes their fear  
In humblest guise have shown.  
O, ne'er may tyrant leave behind  
A brighter name to lure mankind !

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,  
Nor written thus in vain ;  
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,  
Or deepen every stain.  
If thou hadst died as honor dies,  
Some new Napoleon might arise,  
To shame the world again ;  
But who would soar the solar height,  
To set in such a starless night ?

Weighed in the balance, hero dust  
Is vile as vulgar clay ;  
Thy scales, Mortality ! are just  
To all that pass away :  
But yet methought the living great  
Some higher spark should animate,  
To dazzle and dismay ;  
Nor deemed contempt could thus make mirth  
Of these, the conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,  
Thy still imperial bride ;



How bears her breast the torturing hour?  
 Still clings she to thy side?  
 Must she, too, bend, — must she, too, share  
 Thy late repentance, long despair,  
 Thou throneless homicide?  
 If still she loves thee, hoard that gem;  
 'T is worth thy vanished diadem!

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,  
 And gaze upon the sea;  
 That element may meet thy smile, —  
 It ne'er was ruled by thee!  
 Or trace with thine all-idle hand,  
 In loitering mood, upon the sand,  
 That earth is now as free!  
 That Corinth's pedagogue hath now  
 Transferred his byword to thy brow.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage, —  
 What thoughts will there be thine,  
 While brooding in thy prisoned rage?  
 But one, — "The world *was* mine!"  
 Unless, like he of Babylon,  
 All sense is with thy sceptre gone,  
 Life will not long confine  
 That spirit poured so widely forth, —  
 So long obeyed, so little worth!

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,  
 Wilt thou withstand the shock?  
 And share with him, the unforgiven,  
 His vulture and his rock!  
 Foredoomed by God, by man accurst,  
 And that last act, though not thy worst,  
 The very fiend's arch mock:  
 He in his fall preserved his pride,  
 And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

BYRON.

## ICHABOD.

DANIEL WEBSTER. 1850.

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn  
 Which once he wore!  
 The glory from his gray hairs gone  
 Forevermore!

Reville him not, — the Tempter hath  
 A snare for all!  
 And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,  
 Befit his fall!

O, dumb be passion's stormy rage,  
 When he who might  
 Have lighted up and led his age  
 Falls back in night!

Scorn! would the angels laugh to mark  
 A bright soul driven,

Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,  
 From hope and heaven?

Let not the land, once proud of him,  
 Insult him now;  
 Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,  
 Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,  
 From sea to lake,  
 A long lament, as for the dead,  
 In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught  
 Save power remains, —  
 A fallen angel's pride of thought,  
 Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes  
 The soul has fled:  
 When faith is lost, when honor dies,  
 The man is dead!

Then pay the reverence of old days  
 To his dead fame;  
 Walk backward, with averted gaze,  
 And hide the shame!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## THE DEAD CZAR NICHOLAS.

LAY him beneath his snows,  
 The great Norse giant who in these last days  
 Troubled the nations. Gather decently  
 The imperial robes about him. 'T is but man, —  
 This demi-god. Or rather it *was* man,  
 And is — a little dust, that will corrupt  
 As fast as any nameless dust which sleeps  
 'Neath Alma's grass or Balaklava's vines.

No vineyard grave for him. No quiet tomb  
 By river margin, where across the seas  
 Children's fond thoughts and women's memories  
 come

Like angels, to sit by the sepulchre,  
 Saying: "All these were men who knew to count,  
 Front-faced, the cost of honor, nor did shrink  
 From its full payment; coming here to die,  
 They died — like men."

But this man? Ah! for him  
 Funereal state, and ceremonial grand,  
 The stone-engraved sarcophagus, and then  
 Oblivion.

Nay, oblivion were as bliss  
 To that fierce howl which rolls from land to land  
 Exulting, — "Art thou fallen, Lucifer,  
 Son of the morning?" or condemning, — "Thus

Perish the wicked!" or blaspheming, — "Here  
Lies our Belshazzar, our Sennacherib,  
Our Pharaoh, — he whose heart God hardened,  
So that he would not let the people go."

Self-glorifying sinners! Why, this man  
Was but like other men: — you, Levite small,  
Who shut your saintly cars, and prate of hell  
And heretics, because outside church-doors,  
Your church-doors, congregations poor and small  
Praise Heaven in their own way; — you, autocrat  
Of all the hamlets, who add field to field  
And house to house, whose slavish children cower  
Before your tyrant footstep; — you, foul-tongued  
Fanatic or ambitious egotist,  
Who thinks God stoops from his high majesty  
To lay his finger on your puny head,  
And crown it, that you henceforth may parade  
Your maggots through the wondering  
world, —

"I am the Lord's anointed!"

Fools and blind!

This Czar, this emperor, this dethroned corpse,  
Lying so straightly in an icy calm  
Grandeur than sovereignty, was but as ye, —  
No better and no worse; — Heaven mend us all!

Carry him forth and bury him. Death's peace  
Rest on his memory! Mercy by his bier  
Sits silent, or says only these few words, —  
"Let him who is without sin 'mongst ye all  
Cast the first stone."

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

### ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FROM THE "COMMEMORATION ODE."

LIFE may be given in many ways,  
And loyalty to Truth be sealed  
As bravely in the closet as the field,  
So bountiful is Fate;  
But then to stand beside her,  
When craven churls deride her,  
To front a lie in arms and not to yield,  
This shows, methinks, God's plan  
And measure of a stalwart man,  
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,  
Who stand self-poised on manhood's solid  
earth,

Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,  
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,  
Whom late the Nation he had led,  
With ashes on her head,  
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:

Forgive me, if from present things I turn  
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,  
And hang my wreath on his lord-honored urn.

Nature they say, doth dote,  
And cannot make a man  
Save on some worn-out plan,  
Repeating us by rote:

For him her Old World moulds aside she threw,  
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast  
Of the unexhausted West,  
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,  
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.  
How beautiful to see

Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,  
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;  
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,  
Not lured by any cheat of birth,  
But by his clear-grained human worth,  
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!

They knew that outward grace is dust;  
They could not choose but trust  
In that sure-footed mind's unflinching skill,  
And supple-tempered will  
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and  
thrust.

His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,  
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,  
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;  
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,  
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,  
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.

Nothing of Europe here,  
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,  
Ere any names of Serf and Peer  
Could Nature's equal scheme deface;  
Here was a type of the true elder race,  
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face  
to face.

I praise him not; it were too late;  
And some innate weakness there must be  
In him who condescends to victory  
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,  
Safe in himself as in a fate.

So always firmly he:  
He knew to bide his time,  
And can his fame abide,  
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,  
Till the wise years decide.

Great captains, with their guns and drums,  
Disturb our judgment for the hour,  
But at last silence comes;  
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,  
Our children shall behold his fame,

The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,  
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,  
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## BURIAL OF LINCOLN.

PEACE ! Let the long procession come,  
For hark ! — the mournful, muffled drum,  
The trumpet's wail afar ;  
And see ! the awful car !

Peace ! Let the sad procession go,  
While cannon boom, and bells toll slow ;  
And go, thou sacred car,  
Bearing our woe afar !

Go, darkly borne, from State to State,  
Whose loyal, sorrowing cities wait  
To honor, all they can,  
The dust of that good man !

Go, grandly borne, with such a train  
As greatest kings might die to gain :  
The just, the wise, the brave  
Attend thee to the grave !

And you, the soldiers of our wars,  
Bronzed veterans, grim with noble scars,  
Salute him once again,  
Your late commander, — *slain* !

Yes, let your tears indignant fall,  
But leave your muskets on the wall ;  
Your country needs you now  
Beside the forge, the plough !

So sweetly, sadly, sternly goes  
The fallen to his last repose.  
Beneath no mighty dome,  
But in his modest home,

The churchyard where his children rest,  
The quiet spot that suits him best,  
*There* shall his grave be made,  
And there his bones be laid !

And there his countrymen shall come,  
With memory proud, with pity dumb,  
And strangers, far and near,  
For many and many a year !

For many a year and many an age,  
While History on her ample page  
The virtues shall enroll  
Of that paternal soul !

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

## KANE.

DIED FEBRUARY 16, 1857.

ALOFT upon an old basaltic crag,  
Which, scalped by keen winds that defend the  
Pole  
Gazes with dead face on the seas that roll

Around the secret of the mystic zone,  
A mighty nation's star-bespangled flag  
Flutters alone,  
And underneath, upon the lifeless front  
Of that drear cliff, a simple name is traced ;  
Fit type of him who, famishing and gaunt,  
But with a rocky purpose in his soul,  
Breasted the gathering snows,  
Clung to the drifting floes,  
By want beleaguered, and by winter chased,  
Seeking the brother lost amid that frozen waste.

Not many months ago we greeted him,  
Crowned with the icy honors of the North,  
Across the land his hard-won fame went forth,  
And Maine's deep woods were shaken limb by limb.  
His own mild Keystone State, sedate and prim,  
Burst from decorous quiet as he came.  
Hot Southern lips, with eloquence aflame,  
Sounded his triumph. Texas, wild and grim,  
Proffers his horny hand. The large-lunged West,  
From out his giant breast,  
Yelled its frank welcome. And from main to main,  
Jubilant to the sky,  
Thundered the mighty cry,  
HONOR TO KANE !

In vain, — in vain beneath his feet we flung  
The reddening roses ! All in vain we poured  
The golden wine, and round the shining board  
Sent the toast circling, till the rafters rung  
With the thrice-tripled honors of the feast !  
Scarce the buds wilted and the voices ceased  
Ere the pure light that sparkled in his eyes,  
Bright as auroral fires in Southern skies,  
Faded and faded ! And the brave young heart  
That the relentless Arctic winds had robbed  
Of all its vital heat, in that long quest  
For the lost captain, now within his breast  
More and more faintly throbbed.

His was the victory ; but as his grasp  
Closed on the laurel crown with eager clasp,  
Death launched a whistling dart ;  
And ere the thunders of applause were done  
His bright eyes closed forever on the sun !  
Too late, — too late the splendid prize he won  
In the Olympic race of Science and of Art !  
Like to some shattered berg that, pale and lone,  
Drifts from the white North to a Tropic zone,  
And in the burning day  
Wastes peak by peak away,  
Till on some rosy even  
It dies with sunlight blessing it ; so he  
Tranquilly floated to a Southern sea,  
And melted into heaven !

He needs no tears who lived a noble life !  
We will not weep for him who died so well ;  
But we will gather round the hearth, and tell

The story of his strife ;  
Such homage suits him well,  
Better than funeral pomp or passing bell !

What tale of peril and self-sacrifice !  
Prisoned amid the fastnesses of ice,  
With hunger howling o'er the wastes of snow !  
Night lengthening into months ; the ravenous  
floe

Crunching the massive ships, as the white bear  
Crunches his prey. The insufficient share  
Of loathsome food ;

The lethargy of famine ; the despair

Urging to labor, nervelessly pursued ;  
Toil done with skinny arms, and faces hued  
Like pallid masks, while dolefully behind  
Glimmered the fading embers of a mind !  
That awful hour, when through the prostrate band  
Delirium stalked, laying his burning hand

Upon the ghastly foreheads of the crew ;  
The whispers of rebellion, faint and few  
At first, but deepening ever till they grew  
Into black thoughts of murder, — such the throng  
Of horrors bound the hero. High the song  
Should be that hymns the noble part he played !  
Sinking himself, yet ministering aid

To all around him. By a mighty will  
Living defiant of the wants that kill,  
Because his death would seal his comrades' fate ;  
Cheering with ceaseless and inventive skill  
Those polar waters, dark and desolate.

Equal to every trial, every fate,  
He stands, until spring, tardy with relief,  
Unlocks the icy gate,  
And the pale prisoners thread the world once more,  
To the steep cliffs of Greenland's pastoral shore  
Bearing their dying chief !

Time was when he should gain his spurs of gold  
From royal hands, who wooed the knightly state ;  
The knell of old formalities is tolled,  
And the world's knights are now self-consecrate.  
No grander episode doth chivalry hold  
In all its annals, back to Charlemagne,  
Than that lone vigil of unceasing pain,  
Faithfully kept through hunger and through cold,  
By the good Christian knight, Elisha Kane !

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

### THE OLD ADMIRAL.

ADMIRAL STEWART, U. S. N.

GONE at last,  
That brave old hero of the past !  
His spirit has a second birth,  
An unknown, grander life ;

All of him that was earth  
Lies mute and cold,  
Like a wrinkled sheath and old  
Thrown off forever from the shimmering blade  
That has good entrance made  
Upon some distant, glorious strife.

From another generation,  
A simpler age, to ours Old Ironsides came ;  
The morn and noontide of the nation  
Alike he knew, nor yet outlived his fame, —  
O, not outlived his fame !  
The dauntless men whose service guards our shore  
Lengthen still their glory-roll  
With his name to lead the scroll,  
As a flagship at her fore  
Carries the Union, with its azure and the stars,  
Symbol of times that are no more  
And the old heroic wars.

He was the one  
Whom Death had spared alone  
Of all the captains of that lusty age,  
Who sought the foeman where he lay,  
On sea or sheltering bay,  
Nor till the prize was theirs repressed their  
rage.

They are gone, — all gone :  
They rest with glory and the undying Powers ;  
Only their name and fame, and what they saved,  
are ours !

It was fifty years ago,  
Upon the Gallic Sea,  
He bore the banner of the free,  
And fought the fight whereof our children know, —  
The deathful, desperate fight !  
Under the fair moon's light

The frigate squared, and yawed to left and right.  
Every broadside swept to death a score !  
Roundly played her guns and well, till their fiery  
ensigns fell,

Neither foe replying more.  
All in silence, when the night-breeze cleared the  
air,

Old Ironsides rested there,  
Locked in between the twain, and drenched with  
blood.

Then homeward, like an eagle with her prey !  
O, it was a gallant fray, —  
That fight in Biscay Bay !  
Fearless the captain stood, in his youthful hardi-  
hood :

He was the boldest of them all,  
Our brave old Admiral !

And still our heroes bleed,  
Taught by that olden deed.

Whether of iron or of oak  
The ships we marshal at our country's need,  
Still speak their cannon now as then they spoke ;  
Still floats our unstruck banner from the mast  
As in the stormy past.

Lay him in the ground :

Let him rest where the ancient river rolls ;  
Let him sleep beneath the shadow and the sound  
Of the bell whose proclamation, as it tolls,  
Is of Freedom and the gift our fathers gave.

Lay him gently down :  
The clamor of the town  
Will not break the slumbers deep, the beautiful  
ripe sleep,  
Of this lion of the wave,  
Will not trouble the old Admiral in his grave.

Earth to earth his dust is laid.

Methinks his stately shade

On the shadow of a great ship leaves the shore ;  
Over cloudless western seas  
Seeks the far Hesperides,  
The islands of the blest,  
Where no turbulent billows roar, —  
Where is rest.

His ghost upon the shadowy quarter stands  
Nearing the deathless lands.

There all his martial mates, renewed and strong,  
Await his coming long.

I see the happy Heroes rise

With gratulation in their eyes :

"Welcome, old comrade," Lawrence cries ;

"Ah, Stewart, tell us of the wars !

Who win the glory and the scars ?

How floats the skyey flag, — how many stars ?

Still speak they of Decatur's name,

Of Bainbridge's and Perry's fame ?

Of me, who earliest came ?

Make ready, all :

Room for the Admiral !

Come, Stewart, tell us of the wars !"

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

#### DEATH-BED OF BOMBA, KING OF NAPLES, AT BARI. 1859.

COULD I pass those lounging sentries, through  
the aloe-bordered entries, up the sweep of  
squalid stair,

On through chamber after chamber, where the  
sunshine's gold and amber turn decay to  
beauty rare ;

I should reach a guarded portal, where for strife  
of issue mortal, face to face two kings are  
met, —

One the grisly King of Terrors ; one a Bourbon,  
with his errors, late to conscience-clearing  
set.

Well his fevered pulse may flutter, and the priests  
their mass may mutter with such fervor  
as they may :

Cross and chrysm, and genuflection, mop and  
mow, and interjection, will not frighten  
Death away.

By the dying despot sitting, at the hard heart's  
portals hitting, shocking the dull brain  
to work,

Death makes clear what life has hidden, chides  
what life has left unhidden, quickens  
truth life tried to burke.

He but ruled within his borders after Holy  
Church's orders, did what Austria bade  
him do ;

By their guidance flogged and tortured ; high-  
born men and gently tortured chained,  
with crime's felonious crew.

What if summer fevers gripped them, what if  
winter freezings nipped them, till they  
rotted in their chains ?

He had word of Pope and Kaiser ; none could  
holier be or wiser ; theirs the counsel, his  
the reins.

So he pleads excuses eager, clutching, with his  
fingers meagre, at the bedclothes as he  
speaks ;

But King Death sits grimly grinning at the  
Bourbon's cobweb-spinning, — a seach cob-  
web-cable breaks.

And the poor soul, from life's eyolt, rudderless,  
without a pilot, drifteth slowly down the  
dark ;

While 'mid rolling incense vapor, chanted dirge,  
and flaring taper, lies the body, stiff and  
stark.

PUNCH.

#### BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

NOT a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,  
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

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

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,  
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;  
But he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

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

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

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

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

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

CHARLES WOLFE.

— ● —  
ZIMRI.

GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. 1682.

SOME of their chiefs were princes of the land ;  
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand ;  
A man so various, that he seemed to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome ;  
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong ;  
Was everything by starts, and nothing long ;  
But, in the course of one revolving moon,  
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon ;  
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,  
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.  
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,  
With something new to wish or to enjoy !  
Railing and praising were his usual themes ;  
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes :  
So over-violent or over-civil,  
That every man with him was God or Devil.  
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;  
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.  
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late ;  
He had his jest, and they had his estate.  
He laughed himself from court, then sought relief  
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief ;  
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell  
On Absalom, and wise Achitophel.  
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,  
He left no faction, but of that was left.

JOHN DRYDEN.

WHITEFIELD.

FROM "HOPE."

LEUCONOMUS (beneath well-sounding Greek  
I slur a name a poet may not speak) .  
Stood pilloried on infamy's high stage,  
And bore the pelting storm of half an age ;  
The very butt of slander, and the blot  
For every dart that malice ever shot.  
The man that mentioned him at once dismissed  
All mercy from his lips, and sneered and hissed ;  
His crimes were such as Sodom never knew,  
And perjury stood up to swear all true ;  
His aim was mischief, and his zeal pretence,  
His speech rebellion against common sense ;  
A knave, when tried on honesty's plain rule,  
And when by that of reason, a mere fool ;  
The world's best comfort was, his doom was past ;  
Die when he might, he must be damned at last.

Now, truth, perform thine office ; waft aside  
The curtain drawn by prejudice and pride,  
Reveal (the man is dead) to wondering eyes  
This more than monster in his proper guise.

He loved the world that hated him ; the tear  
That dropped upon his Bible was sincere ;  
Assailed by scandal and the tongue, of strife,  
His only answer was a blameless life ;  
And he that forged and he that threw the dart  
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.  
Paul's love of Christ and steadiness unbribed  
Were copied close in him, and well transcribed.  
He followed Paul ; his zeal a kindred flame,  
His apostolic charity the same.  
Like him crossed cheerfully tempestuous seas,  
Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease ;  
Like him he labored, and like him, content  
To bear it, suffered shame where'er he went.  
Blush, Calumny ! and write upon his tomb,  
If honest Eulogy can spare thee room,  
Thy deep repentance of thy thousand lies,  
Which, aimed at him, had pierced the offended  
skies ;

And say, Blot out my sin, confessed, deplored,  
Against thine image in thy saint, O Lord !

WILLIAM COWPER.

— ● —  
SOUTHEY.

FROM "THE VISION OF JUDGMENT."

HE said (I only give the heads), — he said  
He meant no harm in scribbling ; 't was his  
way  
Upon all topics ; 't was, besides, his bread,  
Of which he buttered both sides ; 't would  
delay  
Too long the assembly (he was pleased to dread),  
And take up rather more time than a day,

To name his works, — he would but cite a few, —  
 “Wat Tyler,” — “Rhymes on Blenheim,” —  
 “Waterloo.”

He had written praises of a regicide ;  
 He had written praises of all kings whatever ;  
 He had written for republics far and wide,  
 And then against them bitter than ever ;  
 For pantisocracy he once had cried  
 Aloud, a scheme less moral than 't was clever ;  
 Then grew a hearty anti-jacobin, —  
 Had turned his coat, — and would have turned  
 his skin.

He had sung against all battles, and again  
 In their high praise and glory ; he had called  
 Reviewing “ the ungentle craft,” and then  
 Become as base a critic as e'er crawled, —  
 Fed, paid, and pampered by the very men  
 By whom his muse and morals had been mauled ;  
 He had written much blank verse, and blanker  
 prose,  
 And more of both than anybody knows.

BYRON.

## SPORUS, — LORD HERVEY.

FROM THE “ PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.”

LET Sporus tremble. — A. What ? that thing  
 of silk,

Sporus, that mere white curd of asses' milk ?  
 Satire of sense, alas ! can Sporus feel ?  
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel ?  
 P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,  
 This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings ;  
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,  
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys :  
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight  
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.  
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,  
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.  
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,  
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet-squeaks,  
 Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,  
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,  
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,  
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies ;  
 His wit all seesaw, between that and this.  
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,  
 And he himself one vile antithesis.  
 Amphibious thing ! that, acting either part,  
 The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,  
 Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,  
 Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.  
 Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have exprest,  
 A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest ;  
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,  
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

ALEXANDER POPE.

## OG.

SHADWELL, THE DRAMATIST.

Now stop your noses, readers, all and some,  
 For here 's a tun of midnight work to come.  
 Og, from a treason-tavern rolling home  
 Round as a globe, and liquored every chink,  
 Goodly and great he sails behind his link :  
 With all this bulk there 's nothing lost in Og,  
 For every inch that is not fool is rogue ;  
 A monstrous mass of foul, corrupted matter,  
 As all the devils had spewed to make the batter.  
 The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,  
 With this prophetic blessing, — “ Be thou dull ;  
 Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight  
 Fit for thy bulk ; do anything but write :  
 Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men ;  
 A strong nativity — but for the pen !  
 Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,  
 Still thou mayst live, avoiding pen and ink ” :  
 I see, I see, 't is counsel given in vain,  
 For treason botched in rhyme will be thy bane ;  
 Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck,  
 'T is fatal to thy fame and to thy neck ;  
 Why should thy metre good King David blast ?  
 A psalm of his will surely be thy last.  
 A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull  
 For writing treason and for writing dull.  
 To die for faction is a common evil,  
 But to be hanged for nonsense is the devil.

JOHN DRYDEN.

## ODE TO RAE WILSON, ESQUIRE.

A WANDERER, Wilson, from my native land,  
 Remote, O Rae, from godliness and thee,  
 Where rolls between us the eternal sea,  
 Besides some furlongs of a foreign sand, —  
 Beyond the broadest Scotch of London Wall,  
 Beyond the londest Saint that has a call,  
 Across the wavy waste between us stretched,  
 A friendly missive warns me of a stricture,  
 Wherein my likeness you have darkly etched ;  
 And though I have not seen the shadow sketched,  
 Thus I remark prophetic on the picture.

I guess the features : — in a line to paint  
 Their moral ugliness, I 'm not a saint.  
 Not one of those self-constituted saints,  
 Quacks — not physicians — in the cure of souls,  
 Censors who sniff out moral taints,  
 And call the devil over his own coals, —  
 Those pseudo Privy-Councillors of God,  
 Who write down judgments with a pen hard-  
 nibbed ;

Ushers of Beelzebub's Black Rod,  
 Commending sinners not to ice thick-ribbed,  
 But endless flames, to scorch them like flax, —

Yetsure of heaven themselves, as if they'd cribbed  
The impression of St. Peter's keys in wax !

Of such a character no single trace  
Exists, I know, in my fictitious face.  
There wants a certain cast about the eye ;  
A certain lifting of the nose's tip ;  
A certain curling of the nether lip,  
In scorn of all that is, beneath the sky ;  
In brief, it is an aspect deleterious,  
A face decidedly not serious,  
A face profane, that would not do at all  
To make a face at Exeter Hall, —  
That Hall where bigots rant and cant and pray,  
And laud each other face to face,  
Till every farthing-candle *ray*  
Conceives itself a great gaslight of grace !

Well ! — be the graceless lineaments confest !  
I do enjoy this bounteous beauteous earth ;  
And dote upon a jest

“ Within the limits of becoming mirth ” ; —  
No solemn sanctimonious face I pull,  
Nor think I 'm pious when I 'm only bilious, —  
Nor study in my sanctum supercilious  
To frame a Sabbath Bill or forge a Bull.  
I pray for grace, — repent each sinful act, —  
Peruse, but underneath the rose, my Bible ;  
And love my neighbor far too well, in fact,  
To call and twit him with a godly tract  
That 's turned by application to a libel.  
My heart ferments not with the bigot's leaven,  
All creeds I view with toleration thorough.  
And have a horror of regarding heaven  
As anybody's rotten borough.

I 've no ambition to enact the spy  
On fellow-souls, a spiritual Pry, —  
'T is said that people ought to guard their noses  
Who thrust them into matters none of theirs ;  
And, though no delicacy discomposes  
Your saint, yet I consider faith and prayers  
Amongst the privatest of men's affairs.

I do not hash the Gospel in my books,  
And thus upon the public mind intrude it,  
As if I thought, like Otaheitan cooks,  
No food was fit to eat till I had chewed it.

On Bible stilts I don't affect to stalk ;  
Nor lard with Scripture my familiar talk, —  
For man may pious texts repeat,  
And yet religion have no inward seat ;  
'T is not so plain as the old Hill of Howth,  
A man has got his belly full of meat  
Because he talks with victuals in his mouth !

I honestly confess that I would hinder  
The Scottish member's legislative rigs,  
That spiritual Pindar,

Who looks on erring souls as straying pigs,  
That must be lashed by law, wherever found,  
And driven to church as to the parish pound.  
I do confess, without reserve or wheedle,  
I view that grovelling idea as one  
Worthy some parish clerk's ambitious son,  
A charity-boy who longs to be a beadle.  
On such a vital topic sure 't is odd  
How much a man can differ from his neighbor ;  
One wishes worship freely given to God,  
Another wants to make it statute-labor, —  
The broad distinction in a line to draw,  
As means to lead us to the skies above,  
You say, — Sir Andrew and his love of law,  
And I, — the Saviour with his law of love.

Spontaneously to God should tend the soul,  
Like the magnetic needle to the Pole ;  
But what were that intrinsic virtue worth,  
Suppose some fellow, with more zeal than knowl-  
edge

Fresh from St. Andrew's college,  
Should nail the conscious needle to the north ?  
I do confess that I abhor and shrink  
From schemes, with a religious willy-nilly,  
That frown upon St. Giles's sins, but blink  
The peccadilloes of all Piccadilly, —  
My soul revolts at such bare hypocrisy,  
And will not, dare not, fancy in accord  
The Lord of Hosts with an exclusive lord  
Of this world's aristocracy.

It will not own a notion so unholy  
As thinking that the rich by easy trips  
May go to heaven, whereas the poor and lowly  
Must work their passage, as they do in ships.

One place there is, — beneath the burial-sod,  
Where all mankind are equalized by death ;  
Another place there is, — the fane of God,  
Where all are equal who draw living breath ; —  
Juggle who will *elsewhere* with his own soul,  
Playing the Judas with a temporal dole,  
He who can come beneath that awful cope,  
In the dread presence of a Maker just,  
Who metes to every pinch of human dust  
One even measure of immortal hope, —  
He who can stand within that holy door,  
With soul unbowed by that pure spirit-level,  
And frame unequal laws for rich and poor, —  
Might sit for Hell, and represent the Devil !

The humble records of my life to search,  
I have not herded with mere pagan beasts ;  
But sometimes I have “ sat at good men's feasts,”  
And I have been “ where bells have knolled to  
church.”

Dear bells ! how sweet the sounds of village bells  
When on the undulating air they swim !  
Now loud as welcomes ! faint, now, as farewells !



And trembling all about the breezy dells,  
As fluttered by the wings of cherubim.  
Meanwhile the bees are chanting a low hymn ;  
And, lost to sight, the ecstatic lark above  
Sings, like a soul beatified, of love,  
With, now and then, the coo of the wild pigeon ; —  
O pagans, heathens, infidels, and doubters !  
If such sweet sounds can't woo you to religion,  
Will the harsh voices of church cads and touters ?

A man may cry Church ! Church ! at every word,  
With no more piety than other people, —  
A daw 's not reckoned a religious bird  
Because it keeps a-cawing from a steeple ;  
The Temple is a good, a holy place,  
But quacking only gives it an ill savor,  
While saintly mountebanks the porch disgrace,  
And bring religion's self into disfavor !

Church is "a little heaven below,  
I have been there and still would go," —  
Yet I am none of those who think it odd  
A man can pray unbidden from the cassock,  
And, passing by the customary hassock,  
Kneel down remote upon the simple sod,  
And sue *in forma pauperis* to God.

As for the rest, — intolerant to none,  
Whatever shape the pious rite may bear,  
Even the poor pagan's homage to the sun  
I would not harshly scorn, lest even there  
I spurned some elements of Christian prayer, —  
An aim, though erring, at a "world ayont," —  
Acknowledgment of good, — of man's futility,  
A sense of need, and weakness, and indeed  
That very thing so many Christians want, —  
Humility.

I have not sought, 't is true, the Holy Land,  
As full of texts as Cuddie Headrigg's mother,  
The Bible in one hand,  
And my own commonplace-book in the other ;  
But you have been to Palestine — alas !  
Some minds improve by travel ; others, rather,  
Resemble copper wire or brass,  
Which gets the narrower by going farther !

Worthless are all such pilgrimages — very !  
If Palmers at the Holy Tomb contrive  
The human heats and rancor to revive  
That at the Sepulchre they ought to bury.  
A sorry sight it is to rest the eye on,  
To see a Christian creature graze at Sion,  
Then homeward, of the saintly pasture full,  
Rush bellowing, and breathing fire and smoke,  
At crippled Papistry to butt and poke,  
Exactly as a skittish Scottish bull  
Haunts an old woman in a scarlet cloke.

Gifted with noble tendency to climb,  
Yet weak at the same time,  
Faith is a kind of parasitic plant,  
That grasps the nearest stem with tendril-rings ;  
And as the climate and the soil may grant,  
So is the sort of tree to which it clings.  
Consider, then, before, like Hurlthroumbo,  
You aim your club at any creed on earth,  
That, by the simple accident of birth,  
You might have been High-Priest to Mumbo  
Jumbo.

For me, — through heathen ignorance perchance,  
Not having knelt in Palestine, — I feel  
None of that griffinish excess of zeal  
Some travellers would blaze with here in France.  
Dolls I can see in Virgin-like array,  
Nor for a scuffle with the idols hanker  
Like crazy Quixotte at the puppet's play,  
If their "offence be rank," should mine be *rancor* ?

Suppose the tender but luxuriant hop  
Around a cankered stem should twine,  
What Kentish boor would tear away the prop  
So roughly as to wound, nay, kill the bine ?

The images, 't is true, are strangely dressed,  
With gauds and toys extremely out of season ;  
The carving nothing of the very best,  
The whole repugnant to the eye of Reason,  
Shocking to Taste, and to Fine Arts a treason, —  
Yet ne'er o'erlook in bigotry of sect  
One truly *Catholic*, one common form,  
At which unchecked  
All Christian hearts may kindle or keep warm.

Say, was it to my spirit's gain or loss,  
One bright and balmy morning, as I went  
From Liege's lovely environs to Ghent,  
If hard by the wayside I found a cross,  
That made me breathe a prayer upon the spot, —  
While Nature of herself, as if to trace  
The emblem's use, had trailed around its base  
The blue significant Forget-Me-Not ?  
Methought, the claims of Charity to urge  
More forcibly along with Faith and Hope,  
The pious choice had pitched upon the verge  
Of a delicious slope,  
Giving the eye much variegated scope ! —  
"Look round," it whispered, "on that prospect  
rare,  
Those vales so verdant, and those hills so blue ;  
Enjoy the sunny world, so fresh and fair,  
But" (how the simple legend pierced me through !)  
"PRIEZ POUR LES MALHEUREUX."

With sweet kind natures, as in honeyed cells,  
Religion lives, and feels herself at home ;

But only on a formal visit dwells  
Where wasps instead of bees have formed the  
comb.

Shun pride, O Rae! — whatever sort beside  
You take in lieu, shun spiritual pride!  
A pride there is of rank, — a pride of birth,  
A pride of learning, and a pride of purse,  
A London pride, — in short, there be on earth  
A host of prides, some better and some worse;  
But of all prides, since Lucifer's attainment,  
The proudest swells a self-elected Saint.

To picture that cold pride so harsh and hard,  
Fancy a peacock in a poultry-yard.  
Behold him in conceited circles sail,  
Strutting and dancing, and now planted stiff,  
In all his pomp of pageantry, as if  
He felt "the eyes of Europe" on his tail!  
As for the humble breed retained by man,

He scorns the whole domestic clan, —  
He bows, he bridles,  
He wheels, he sidles,

As last, with stately dodgings in a corner,  
He pens a simple russet hen, to scorn her  
Full in the blaze of his resplendent fan!

"Look here," he cries, (to give him words,)  
"Thou feathered clay, thou scum of birds!" —  
Flirting the rustling plumage in her eyes, —  
"Look here, thou vile predestined sinner,  
Doomed to be roasted for a dinner,  
Behold these lovely variegated dyes!  
These are the rainbow colors of the skies,  
That heaven has shed upon me *con amore*, —  
A Bird of Paradise? — a pretty story!  
I am that Saintly Fowl, thou paltry chick!  
Look at my crown of glory!  
Thou dingy, dirty, dabbled, draggled jill!"  
And off goes Partlett, wriggling from a kick,  
With bleeding scalp laid open by his bill!

That little simile exactly paints  
How sinners are despised by saints.  
By saints! — the Hypocrites that ope heaven's  
door

Obsequious to the sinful man of riches;  
But put the wicked, naked, barelegged poor  
In parish stocks, instead of breeches.

Thrice blessed, rather, is the man with whom  
The gracious prodigality of nature,  
The halm, the bliss, the beauty, and the bloom,  
The bounteous providence in every feature,  
Recall the good Creator to his creature,  
Making all earth a fane, all heaven its dome!

To *his* tuned spirit the wild heather-bells  
Ring Sabbath knells;  
The jubilate of the soaring lark  
Is chant of clerk;  
For choir, the thrush and the gregarious linnet;  
The sod's a cushion for his pious want;  
And, consecrated by the heaven within it,  
The sky-blue pool, a font.  
Each cloud-capped mountain is a holy altar;  
An organ breathes in every grove;  
And the full heart's a Psalter,  
Rich in deep hymns of gratitude and love!

Once on a time a certain English lass  
Was seized with symptoms of such deep decline,  
Cough, hectic flushes, every evil sign,  
That, as their wont is at such desperate pass,  
The doctors gave her over — to an ass.

Accordingly, the grisly Shade to hilk,  
Each morn the patient quaffed a frothy bowl  
Of asinine new milk,  
Robbing a shaggy suckling of a foal,  
Which got proportionably spare and skinny;  
Meanwhile the neighbors cried, "Poor Mary  
Ann!

She can't get over it! she never can!"  
When, lo! to prove each prophet was a ninny,  
The one that died was the poor wet-nurse Jenny.

To aggravate the case,  
There were but two grown donkeys in the place;  
And, most unluckily for Eve's sick daughter,  
The other long-eared creature was a male,  
Who never in his life had given a pail  
Of milk, or even chalk-and-water.  
No matter: at the usual hour of eight  
Down trots a donkey to the wicket-gate,  
With Mister Simon Gubbins on his back: —  
"Your sarvant, miss, — a werry springlike  
day, —  
Bad time for hasses, though! good lack! good  
lack!  
Jenny be dead, miss, — but I'ze brought ye  
Jack, —  
He does n't give no milk, — but he can bray."

So runs the story,  
And, in vain self-glory,  
Some Saints would sneer at Gubbins for his blind-  
ness;  
But what the better are their pious saws  
To ailing souls, than dry hee-haws,  
Without the milk of human kindness?

THOMAS HOOD.



HUMOROUS POEMS.



'Little boys' up quite undecorated

And 'peaked on them the winter

And then set stably all above

With no one nigh to hinder.

J. H. Lawrence.

Such a paragon is woman

That, you see, it must be true

She is always ready better

Than you best that she can do!"

Geo. F. Davis.

# HUMOROUS POEMS.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

WHERE, O, where are the visions of morning,  
Fresh as the dews of our prime?  
Gone, like tenants that quit without warning,  
Down the back entry of time.

Where, O, where are life's lilies and roses,  
Nursed in the golden dawn's smile?  
Dead as the bulrushes round little Moses,  
On the old banks of the Nile.

Where are the Marys, and Anns, and Elizas,  
Loving and lovely of yore?  
Look in the columns of old Advertisers, —  
Married and dead by the score.

Where the gray colts and the ten-year-old fillies,  
Saturday's triumph and joy?  
Gone like our friend *πῶδας Ἀχιλλεύς* Achilles,  
Homer's ferocious old boy.

Die-away dreams of ecstatic emotion,  
Hopes like young eagles at play,  
Vows of unheard-of and endless devotion,  
How ye have faded away!

Yet, though the ebbing of Time's mighty river  
Leave our young blossoms to die,  
Let him roll smooth in his current forever,  
Till the last pebble is dry.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## METEMPSYCHOSIS.

ROSALIND. Look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember. — AS YOU LIKE IT.

### I.

I DISTINCTLY remember (and who dares doubt me?)  
Having been (now, I care not who believes!)  
An ape with a forest around about me, —  
Prodigious trees and enormous leaves,  
Great bulks of flowers, gigantic grasses,  
Boughs that bent not to any gale;

And thence I date my contempt for Asses,  
And my deep respect for the Devil's Tail!

### II.

I shall never forget the exquisite feeling  
Of elevation, sans thought, sans care,  
When I twisted my tail round the wood's bough-  
ceiling,  
And swung, meditatively, in the air. —  
There's an advantage! — Fairer shapes can  
Aspire, yearn upward, tremble and glow,  
But, by means of their posteriority, apes can  
Look down on aspirants that walk below!

### III.

There was a life for a calm philosopher,  
Self-supplied with jacket and trousers and  
socks,  
Nothing to learn, no hopes to get cross over,  
A head that resisted the hardest knocks,  
Liquor and meat in serene fruition,  
A random income from taxes free,  
No cares at all, and but one ambition, —  
To swing by the Tail to the bough of a tree!

### IV.

Whence I firmly believe, to the consternation  
Of puppies who think monkeyosophy sin,  
In gradual human degeneration  
And a general apely origin.  
Why, the simple truth 's in a nutshell or thimble,  
Though it rouses the monkey in ignorant elves;  
And the Devil's Tail is a delicate symbol  
Of apehood predominant still in ourselves.

### V.

Pure class government, family glory,  
Were the delights of that happy lot;  
My politics were serenely Tory,  
And I claimed old descent from Heaven knows  
what:  
Whence I boast extraction loftier, nobler,  
Than the beggarly Poets one often meets,  
A boast I am happy to share with the cobbler  
Who whisked his Tail out, — to whip John  
Keats.

## VI.

There was a life, I assever ! With reasons  
That lead me to scorn every star-gazing Ass ;  
And because I loved it, at certain seasons  
'T is a pleasure to gaze in the looking-glass.  
When the bright sun beckons the spring, green-  
deckt, up,  
The Ape swells within me ; whenever I see  
Mortals look skyward, walking erect up,  
I long for a Tail and a large strong Tree !

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

## THE UNIVERSITY OF GOTTINGEN.

BY ONE ELEVEN YEARS IN PRISON.

WHENE'ER with haggard eyes I view  
This dungeon that I 'm rotting in,  
I think of those companions true  
Who studied with me at the U-  
niversity of Gottingen,  
niversity of Gottingen.

*[Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes ; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds :]*

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,  
Which once my love sat knotting in —  
Alas, Matilda then was true !  
At least I thought so at the U-  
niversity of Gottingen,  
niversity of Gottingen.

Barbs ! barbs ! alas ! how swift you flew,  
Her neat post-wagon trotting in !  
Ye bore Matilda from my view ;  
Forlorn I languished at the U-  
niversity of Gottingen,  
niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form ! this pallid hue !  
This blood my veins is clotting in !  
My years are many, — they were few  
When first I entered at the U-  
niversity of Gottingen,  
niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,  
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen !  
Thou wast the daughter of my tu-  
tor, law-professor at the U-  
niversity of Gottingen,  
niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu,  
That kings and priests are plotting in ;  
Here doomed to starve on water gru-  
el, never shall I see the U-  
niversity of Gottingen,  
niversity of Gottingen.

GEORGE CANNING.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE  
KNIFE-GRINDER.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

NEEDY knife-grinder ! whither are you going ?  
Rough is the road ; your wheel is out of order.  
Bleak blows the blast ; — your hat has got a hole  
in 't ;  
So have your breeches !

Weary knife-grinder ! little think the proud ones,  
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-  
road, what hard work 't is crying all day ' Knives  
and  
Scissors to grind O ! '

Tell me, knife-grinder, how came you to grind  
knives ?  
Did some rich man tyrannically use you ?  
Was it the squire ? or parson of the parish ?  
Or the attorney ?

Was it the squire for killing of his game ? or  
Covetous parson for his tithes distraining ?  
Or roguish lawyer made you lose your little  
All in a lawsuit ?

(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom  
Paine ?)

Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,  
Ready to fall as soon as you have told your  
Pitiful story.

KNIFE-GRINDER.

Story ! God bless you ! I have none to tell, sir ;  
Only, last night, a-drinking at the Chequers,  
'This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were  
Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into  
Custody ; they took me before the justice ;  
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-  
stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your honor's health in  
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence ;  
But for my part, I never love to meddle  
With politics, sir.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

I give thee sixpence ! I will see thee damned  
first, —  
Wretch ! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to  
vengeance, —  
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,  
Spiritless outcast !

*[Kicks the knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.]*

GEORGE CANNING.

## THE SENTIMENTAL GARDENER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHANN MARTIN MILLER.

ONCE there was a gardener,  
Who sang all day a dirge to his poor flowers ;  
He often stooped and kissed 'em  
After thunder-showers :  
His nerves were delicate, though fresh air is  
deemed a hardener  
Of the human system.

Many a moon went over,  
And still his death-bell tale was told and tolled, —  
His tears, like rain in winter,  
Dribbling slow and cold :  
*Voici* the song itself, — I send it under cover  
To my Leipsic printer.

"Weary, I am weary !  
No rest from raking till I reach my goal !  
Here, like a tulip trampled,  
Lose I heart and soul ;  
Sure such a death-in-life as mine, so dark, so  
dreary,  
Must be unexampled.

"Hence, when drougthy weather  
Has dulled the spirits of my violets,  
Medreams I feel as though I  
Should have slight regrets  
Were they and I just then to droop and die to-  
gether,  
Watched and wept by no eye.

"O gazelle-eyed Princess !  
Granddaughter of the Sultan of Cathay !  
The knave of spades beseeches  
Thee by night and day :  
He dies to lay before thee samples of his quinces,  
Apricots, and peaches !

"Questionless thy Highness  
Must wonder why I play the Absent Man ;  
Yet if I pitch my lonely  
Tent in Frankistan,  
Attribute, O full moon ! the blame, not to my  
shyness,  
But to my planet only.

"But enough ! — I'll smother  
My groanings, — and myself. Were I free  
Rix baron, or a Markgrave,  
I would fly to thee ;  
But since — alas, my stars ! — I'm neither one  
nor t'other,  
Here I'll dig — my dark grave."

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

## THE COCKNEY.

It was in my foreign travel,  
At a famous Flemish inn,  
That I met a stoutish person  
With a very ruddy skin ;  
And his hair was something sandy,  
And was done in knotty curls,  
And was parted in the middle,  
In the manner of a girl's.

He was clad in checkered trousers,  
And his coat was of a sort  
To suggest a scanty pattern,  
It was hobbled so very short ;  
And his cap was very little,  
Such as soldiers often use ;  
And he wore a pair of gaiters,  
And extremely heavy shoes.

I addressed the man in English,  
And he answered in the same,  
Though he spoke it in a fashion  
That I thought a little lame ;  
For the aspirate was missing  
Where the letter should have been,  
But where'er it was n't wanted,  
He was sure to put it in !

When I spoke with admiration  
Of St. Peter's mighty dome,  
He remarked : "'T is really nothing  
To the sights we 'ave at 'ome !"  
And declared upon his honor, —  
Though, of course, 't was very queer, —  
That he doubted if the Romans  
'Ad the *hart* of making beer !

Then we talked of other countries,  
And he said that he had heard  
That *h*Americans spoke *h*English,  
But he deemed it quite *h*absurd ;  
Yet he felt the deepest *h*interest  
In the missionary work,  
And would like to know if Georgia  
Was in Boston or New York !

When I left the man in gaiters,  
He was grumbling, o'er his gin,  
At the charges of the hostess  
Of that famous Flemish inn ;  
And he looked a very Briton,  
(So, methinks, I see him still,)  
As he pocketed the candle  
That was mentioned in the bill !

JOHN G. SAXE.

## THE MODERN BELLE.

SHE sits in a fashionable parlor,  
 And rocks in her easy chair ;  
 She is clad in silks and satins,  
 And jewels are in her hair ;  
 She winks and giggles and simpers,  
 And simpers and giggles and winks ;  
 And though she talks but little,  
 'T is a good deal more than she thinks.

She lies abed in the morning  
 Till nearly the hour of noon,  
 Then comes down snapping and snarling  
 Because she was called so soon ;  
 Her hair is still in papers,  
 Her cheeks still fresh with paint, —  
 Remains of her last night's blushes,  
 Before she intended to faint.

She dotes upon men unshaven,  
 And men with "flowing hair" ;  
 She's eloquent over mustaches,  
 They give such a foreign air.  
 She talks of Italian music,  
 And falls in love with the moon ;  
 And, if a mouse were to meet her,  
 She would sink away in a swoon.

Her feet are so very little,  
 Her hands are so very white,  
 Her jewels so very heavy,  
 And her head so very light ;  
 Her color is made of cosmetics  
 (Though this she will never own),  
 Her body is made mostly of cotton,  
 Her heart is made wholly of stone.

She falls in love with a fellow  
 Who swells with a foreign air ;  
 He marries her for her money,  
 She marries him for his hair !  
 One of the very best matches, —  
 Both are well mated in life ;  
*She's got a fool for a husband,*  
*He's got a fool for a wife !*

STARK.

## HOW IT HAPPENED.

ADAM and Eve were, at the world's beginning,  
 Ashamed of nothing till they took to sinning ;  
 But after Adam's slip, — the first was Eve's, —  
 With sorrow big,  
 They sought the fig,  
 To cool their blushes, with its hanging leaves.

Whereby we find  
 That, when all things were recent,  
 (So paradoxical is human kind !)  
 Till folks grew naughty, they were, *barely*, decent.

Thus, dress may date its origin  
 From sin ;  
 Which proves, beyond the shadow of dispute,  
 How many owe their livelihoods to fruit ; —

For fruit caused sin, and sin brought shame,  
 And all through shame our dresses came, —  
 With that sad stopper of our breath,  
 Death !

Now, had not woman worked our fall,  
 How many, who have trades and avocations,  
 Would shut up shop, in these our polished nations,  
 And have no business to transact at all !

GEORGE COLMAN.

## AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

Of all the notable things on earth,  
 The queerest one is pride of birth  
 Among our "fierce democracy" !  
 A bridge across a hundred years,  
 Without a prop to save it from sneers,  
 Not even a couple of rotten *peers*, —  
 A thing for laughter, fleers, and jeers,  
 Is American aristocracy !

English and Irish, French and Spanish,  
 Germans, Italians, Dutch and Danish,  
 Crossing their veins until they vanish  
 In one conglomeration !  
 So subtle a tangle of blood, indeed,  
 No Heraldry Harvey will ever succeed  
 In finding the circulation.

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,  
 Your family thread you can't ascend,  
 Without good reason to apprehend  
 You may find it *waxed*, at the farther end,  
 By some plebeian vocation !  
 Or, worse than that, your boasted line  
 May end in a loop of stronger twine,  
 That plagued some worthy relation !

JOHN G. SAXE.

## PAN IN WALL STREET.

A. D. 1867.

JUST where the Treasury's marble front  
 Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations,  
 Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont  
 To throng for trade and last quotations, —



Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold  
Ostrival, in the ears of people,  
The quarter-chimes, serenely tolled  
From Trinity's undaunted steeple ; —

Even there I heard a strange, wild strain  
Sound high above the modern clamor,  
Above the cries of greed and gain,  
The curbstone war, the auction's hammer ;  
And swift, on Music's misty ways,  
It led, from all this strife for millions,  
To ancient, sweet-do-nothing days  
Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.

And as it stilled the multitude,  
And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,  
I saw the minstrel where he stood  
At ease against a Doric pillar ;  
One hand a droning organ played,  
The other held a Pan's-pipe (fashioned  
Like those of old) to lips that made  
The reeds give out that strain impassioned.

'T was Pan himself had wandered here, —  
A strolling through this sordid city,  
And piping to the civic ear  
The prelude of some pastoral ditty !  
The demigod had crossed the seas —  
From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,  
And Syracusan times — to these  
Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head ;  
But — hidden thus — there was no doubting  
That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,  
His gnarled horns were somewhere sprouting ;  
His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,  
Were crossed, as on some frieze you see them,  
And trousers, patched of divers hues,  
Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them.

He filled the quivering reeds with sound,  
And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,  
And with his goat's-eyes looked around  
Where'er the passing current drifted ;  
And soon, as on Trinacrian hills  
The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,  
Even now the tradesmen from their tills,  
With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

The bulls and bears together drew  
From Jauncey Court and New Street Alley,  
As erst, if pastorals be true,  
Came beasts from every wooded valley ;  
The random passers stayed to list, —  
A boxer Ægon, rough and merry ;  
A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst  
With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry ;

A one-eyed Cyclops halted long  
In tattered cloak of army pattern ;  
And Galatea joined the throng, —  
A blowsy, apple-vending slattern ;  
While old Silenus staggered out  
From some new-fangled lunch-house handy,  
And bade the piper, with a shout,  
To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy !

A newsboy and a peanut-girl  
Like little fauns began to caper, —  
His hair was all in tangled curl,  
Her tawny legs were bare and taper ;  
And still the gathering larger grew,  
And gave its pence and crowded nigher,  
While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew  
His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

O heart of Nature, beating still  
With throbs her vernal passion taught her, —  
Even here as on the vine-clad hill,  
Or by the Arethusan water !  
New forms may fold the speech, new lands  
Arise within these ocean-portals,  
But Music waves eternal wands, —  
Enchantress of the souls of mortals !

So thought I, — but among us trod  
A man in blue, with legal baton,  
And scoffed the vagrant demigod,  
And pushed him from the step I sat on ;  
Doubting, I mused upon the cry,  
"Great Pan is dead !" — and all the people  
Went on their ways ; and clear and high  
The quarter sounded from the steeple.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

#### BACHELOR'S HALL.

BACHELOR'S HALL, what a comical place it is !  
Keep me from such all the days of my life !  
Sure but he knows what a burning disgrace it is,  
Never at all to be getting a wife.

See the old bachelor, gloomy and sad enough,  
Fussing around while he's making his fire ;  
His kettle has tipt up, oeh, honey, he's mad enough,  
If he were present, to fight with the squire !

Pots, dishes, and pans, and such other com-  
modities,  
Ashes and praty-skins, kiver the floor ;  
His cupboard a storehouse of comical oddities,  
Things never thought of as neighbors before.

When his meal it is over, the table's left sittin' so ;  
Dishes, take care of yourselves if you can ;  
Devil a drop of hot water will visit ye.  
Oeh, let him alone for a baste of a man !

Now, like a pig in a mortar-bed wallowing,  
See the old bachelor kneading his dough ;  
Troth, if his bread he can ate without swallowing,  
How it would help his digestion, ye know !

Late in the night, when he goes to bed shivering,  
Never the bit is his bed made at all ;  
So he creeps like a terrapin under the kivering ; —  
Bad luck to the pictur of Bachelor's Hall !

ANONYMOUS.

### MR. MOLONY'S ACCOUNT OF THE BALL

GIVEN TO THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR BY THE PENIN-  
SULAR AND ORIENTAL COMPANY.

O, WILL ye choose to hear the news ?  
Bedad, I cannot pass it o'er :  
I'll tell you all about the ball  
To the Naypanlase Ambassador.  
Begor ! this fête all balls does bate,  
At which I worn a pump, and I  
Must here relate the splendthor great  
Of th' Oriental Company.

These men of sinse dispoised expinse,  
To fête these black Achilleses.

"We'll show the blacks," says they, "Almack's,  
And take the rooms at Willis's."  
With flags and shawls, for these Nepans,  
They hung the rooms of Willis up,  
And decked the walls and stairs and halls  
With roses and with lilies up.

And Jullien's band it tuck its stand  
So sweetly in the middle there,  
And soft bassoons played heavenly chunes,  
And violins did fiddle there.  
And when the Coort was tired of spoort,  
I'd lave you, boys, to think there was  
A nate buffet before them set,  
Where lashins of good dhrink there was !

At ten before the ball-room door,  
His moighty Excellency was ;  
He smoled and bowed to all the crowd,  
So gorgeous and immense he was.  
His dusky shuit, sublime and mnte,  
Into the door-way followed him ;  
And O the noise of the blackguard boys,  
As they hurrood and hollowed him !

The noble Chair stud at the stair,  
And bade the dthrums to thump ; and he  
Did thus evince to that Black Prince  
The welcome of his Company.  
O fair the girls, and rich the curls,  
And bright the oys, you saw there, was ;  
And fixed each eye, ye there could spoi,  
On Ginerall Jung Bahawther was !

This Ginerall great then tuck his sate,  
With all the other gineralls,  
(Bedad, his troat, his belt, his coat,  
All bleezed with precious minerals ;)  
And as he there, with princely air,  
Recloinin on his cushion was,  
All round about his royal chair,  
The squeezin and the pushin was.

O Pat, such girls, such Jukes and Earls,  
Such fashion and nobilitee !  
Just think of Tim, and fancy him  
Amidst the hoigh gentility !  
There was Lord De L'Huys, and the Portygeese  
Minister and his lady there,  
And I reckonized, with much surprise,  
Our messmate, Bob O'Grady, there ;

There was Baroness Brunow, that looked like Juno,  
And Baroness Rehausen there,  
And Countess Roullier, that looked peculiar  
Well, in her robes of gauze in there.  
There was Lord Crowhurst (I knew him first  
When only Mr. Pips he was),  
And Mick O'Toole, the great big fool,  
That after supper tipsy was.

There was Lord Fingall and his ladies all,  
And Lords Killeen and Dufferin,  
And Paddy Fife, with his fat wife, —  
I wondther how he could stuff her in.  
There was Lord Belfast, that by me past,  
And seemed to ask how should I go there ?  
And the Widow Macrae, and Lord A. Hay,  
And the Marchioness of Sligo there.

Yes, Jukes and Earls, and diamonds and pearls,  
And pretty girls, was spoorting there ;  
And some beside (the rogues !) I spied,  
Behind the windies, coorting there.  
O, there 's one I know, bedad, would show  
As beautiful as any there ;  
And I'd like to hear the pipers blow,  
And shake a fut with Fanny there !

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

### IRISH ASTRONOMY.

A VERITABLE MYTH, TOUCHING THE CONSTELLATION  
OF O'RYAN, IGNORANTLY AND FALSELY SPELLED ORION.

O'RYAN was a man of might  
Whin Ireland was a nation,  
But poachin' was his heart's delight  
And constant occupation.  
He had an ould militia gun,  
And sartin sure his aim was ;  
He gave the keepers many a run,  
And would n't mind the game laws.

St. Pathrick wanst was passin' by  
 O'Ryan's little houldin',  
 And, as the saint felt wake and dhry,  
 He thought he'd enther bould in,  
 "O'Ryan," says the saint, "avick!  
 To praich at Thurles I'm goin';  
 So let me have a rasher quick,  
 And a dhrop of Innishowen."

"No rasher will I cook for you  
 While betther is to spare, sir,  
 But here 's a jug of mountain dew,  
 And there 's a rattlin' hare, sir."  
 St. Pathrick he looked mighty sweet,  
 And says he, "Good luck attind you,  
 And when you're in your windin' sheet,  
 It's up to heaven I'll sind you."

O'Ryan gave his pipe a whiff, —  
 "Them tidin's is thransportin',  
 But may I ax your saintship if  
 There 's any kind of sportin'?"  
 St. Pathrick said, "A Lion's there,  
 Two Bears, a Bull, and Cancer" —  
 "Bedad," says Mick, "the huntin' 's rare;  
 St. Pathrick, I'm your man, sir."

So, to conclude my song aright,  
 For fear I'd tire your patience,  
 You'll see O'Ryan any night  
 Amid the constellations.  
 And Venus follows in his track  
 Till Mars grows jealous really,  
 But, faith, he fears the Irish knack  
 Of handling the shillally.

CHARLES G. HALPINE.  
 (MILES O'REILLY.)

### SONG OF THE ICHTHYOSAURUS.

[This curious specimen of German scientific humor refers to the close of the Jurassic (or Liassic) period and the beginning of the Cretaceous, and describes the sad forebodings of a venerable Saurian, who sees in the degeneracy of the times a sign of the coming cataclysm.

The translator says, "Among the many extraordinary liberties which we have felt obliged to take with the letter of the original, in order to preserve as far as possible its spirit and its flowing movement, the most violent is the substitution in the last stanza but one, of an entirely new (and poor) joke for the very neat, but untranslatable *jeu* of the German. The last two lines of the stanza are:

'Sie kamen zu tief in die Kreide;  
 Da war es natürlich vorbei.'

The literal meaning is, 'They got too deep in the chalk, and it was, of course, all up with them.' The allusion is to the score chalked up by landlord against some bibulous but impecunious customer; and the notion that the Saurians ran up so large an account for drinks that the chalk required to mark their indebtedness smothered the whole race, and brought on the Cretaceous or chalk period, is so absurdly funny that it is a pity to sacrifice it.]"

THERE'S a rustling in the rushes,  
 There's a flashing in the sea,  
 There's a tearful Ichthyosaurus  
 Swims hither mournfully!

He weeps o'er the modern corruption,  
 Compared with the good old times,  
 And don't know what is the matter  
 With the Upper Jura limes!

The hoary old Plesiosaurus  
 Does naught but quaff and roar;  
 And the Pterodactylus lately  
 Flew drunk to his own front door!

The Iguanodon of the Period  
 Grows worse with every stratum;  
 He kisses the Ichthyosauresses  
 Whenever he can get at 'em!

I feel a catastrophe coming;  
 This epoch will soon be done,  
 And what will become of the Jura  
 If such goings-on go on?

The groaning Ichthyosaurus  
 Turns suddenly chalky pale;  
 He sighs from his steaming nostrils,  
 He writhes with his dying tail!

In that self-same hour and minute  
 Died the whole Saurian stem, —  
 The fossil-oil in their liquor  
 Soon put an end to them!

And the poet found their story  
 Which here he doth indite,  
 In the form of a petrified album-leaf  
 Upon a coprolite!

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

### TO THE PLIOCENE SKULL.

#### A GEOLOGICAL ADDRESS.

"A human skull has been found in California, in the pliocene formation. This skull is the remnant, not only of the earliest pioneer of this State, but the oldest known human being. . . . The skull was found in a shaft one hundred and fifty feet deep, two miles from Angel's, in Calaveras County, by a miner named James Matson, who gave it to Mr. Scribner, a merchant, and he gave it to Dr. Jones, who sent it to the State Geological Survey. . . . The published volume of the State Survey on the Geology of California states that man existed contemporaneously with the mastodon, but this fossil proves that he was here before the mastodon was known to exist." — *Daily Paper.*]

"SPEAK, O man, less recent! Fragmentary fossil!  
 Primal pioneer of pliocene formation,  
 Hid in lowest drifts below the earliest stratum  
 Of Volcanic tufa!

Older than the beasts, the oldest Palæotherium;  
 Older than the trees, the oldest Cryptogamia;  
 Older than the hills, those infant eruptions  
 Of earth's epidermis!

EO — MIO — PLIO — whatsoe'er the "cene" was  
That those vacant sockets filled with awe and  
wonder, —

Whether shores Devonian or Silurian beaches, —  
Tell us thy strange story !

Or has the Professor slightly antedated  
By some thousand years thy advent on this planet,  
Giving thee an air that's somewhat better fitted  
For cold-blooded creatures ?

Wert thou true spectator of that mighty forest  
When above thy head the stately Sigillaria  
Reared its columned trunks in that remote and  
distant  
Carboniferous epoch ?

Tell us of that scene, — the dim and watery wood-  
land,  
Songless, silent, hushed, with never bird or insect,  
Veiled with spreading fronds and screened with  
tall club-mosses,  
Lycopodiacea —

When beside thee walked the solemn Plesiosaurus,  
And around thee crept the festive Ichthyosaurus,  
While from time to time above thee flew and circled  
Cheerful Pterodactyls.

Tell us of thy food, — those half-marine refectations,  
Crinoids on the shell, and Brachipods *au naturel*, —  
Cuttle-fish to which the *pieuvre* of Victor Hugo  
Seems a piwiwinkle.

Speak, thou awful vestige of the earth's creation, —  
Solitary fragment of remains organic !  
Tell the wondrous secrets of thy past existence, —  
Speak ! thou oldest primate !"

Even as I gazed, a thrill of the maxilla  
And a lateral movement of the condyloid process,  
With post-pliocenesounds of healthy mastication,  
Ground the teeth together.

And from that imperfect dental exhibition,  
Stained with expressed juices of the weed Nicotian,  
Came those hollow accents, blent with softer  
murmurs  
Of expectoration :

"Which my name is Bowers, and my crust was  
busted

Falling down a shaft, in Calaveras County,  
But I'd take it kindly if you'd send the pieces  
Home to old Missouri !"

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

### THE JOVIAL BEGGAR.

THERE was a jovial beggar,  
He had a wooden leg ;  
Lame from his cradle,  
And forced for to beg.  
*And a-begging we will go,  
Will go, will go,  
And a-begging we will go.*

A bag for his oatmeal,  
Another for his salt,  
And a long pair of crutches,  
To show that he can halt.  
*And a-begging we will go, etc.*

A bag for his wheat,  
Another for his rye,  
And a little bottle by his side,  
To drink when he's a-dry.  
*And a-begging we will go, etc.*

Seven years I begged  
For my old master Wilde ;  
He taught me how to beg  
When I was but a child.  
*And a-begging we will go, etc.*

I begged for my master,  
And got him store of pelf ;  
But, goodness now be praised !  
I'm begging for myself.  
*And a-begging we will go, etc.*

In a hollow tree  
I live, and pay no rent ;  
Providence provides for me,  
And I am well content.  
*And a-begging we will go, etc.*

Of all the occupations  
A beggar's is the best,  
For whenever he's a-weary,  
He can lay him down to rest.  
*And a-begging we will go, etc.*

I fear no plots against me,  
I live in open cell ;  
Then who would be a king, lads,  
When the beggar lives so well ?  
*And a-begging we will go,  
Will go, will go,  
And a-begging we will go.*

ANONYMOUS.

### GOOD ALE.

I CANNOT eat but little meat, —  
My stomach is not good ;

But, sure, I think that I can drink  
 With him that wears a hood.  
 Though I go bare, take ye no care ;  
 I am nothing a-cold, —  
 I stuff my skin so full within  
 Of jolly good ale and old.  
*Back and side go bare, go bare ;*  
*Both foot and hand go cold ;*  
*But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,*  
*Whether it be new or old !*

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,  
 And a crab laid in the fire ;  
 A little bread shall do me stead, —  
 Much bread I not desire.  
 No frost nor snow, nor wind, I trow,  
 Can hurt me if I wold, —  
 I am so wrapt, and thorowly lapt  
 Of jolly good ale and old.  
*Back and side go bare, go bare, etc.*

And Tyb, my wife, that as her life  
 Loveth well good ale to seek,  
 Full oft drinks she, till you may see  
 The tears run down her cheek ;  
 Then doth she trowl to me the bowl,  
 Even as a malt-worm should ;  
 And saith, " Sweetheart, I took my part  
 Of this jolly good ale and old."  
*Back and side go bare, go bare, etc.*

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,  
 Even as good fellows should do ;  
 They shall not miss to have the bliss  
 Good ale doth bring men to ;  
 And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,  
 Or have them lustily trowled,  
 God save the lives of them and their wives,  
 Whether they be young or old !  
*Back and side go bare, go bare ;*  
*Both foot and hand go cold ;*  
*But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,*  
*Whether it be new or old !*

JOHN STILL.

GLUGGITY GLUG.

FROM "THE MYRTLE AND THE VINE."

A JOLLY fat friar loved liquor good store,  
 And he had drunk stoutly at supper ;  
 He mounted his horse in the night at the door,  
 And sat with his face to the crupper :  
 "Some rogue," quoth the friar, "quite dead to  
 remorse,  
 Some thief, whom a halter will throttle,  
 Some scoundrel has cut off the head of my horse,  
 While I was engaged at the bottle,  
 Which went gluggity, gluggity — glug  
 — glug — glug."

The tail of the steed pointed south on the dale,  
 'T was the friar's road home, straight and  
 level ;  
 But, when spurred, a horse follows his nose, not  
 his tail,  
 So he scampered due north, like a devil :  
 "This new mode of doeking," the friar then said,  
 "I perceive does n't make a horse trot ill ;  
 And 't is cheap, — for he never can eat off his head  
 While I am engaged at the bottle,  
 Which goes gluggity, gluggity — glug  
 — glug — glug."

The steed made a stop, — in a pond he had got,  
 He was rather for drinking than grazing ;  
 Quoth the friar, "'T is strange headless horses  
 should trot,  
 But to drink with their tails is amazing !"  
 Turning round to see whence this phenomenon  
 rose,  
 In the pond fell this son of a pottle ;  
 Quoth he, "The head's found, for I'm under his  
 nose, —  
 I wish I were over a bottle,  
 Which goes gluggity, gluggity — glug  
 — glug — glug."

ANONYMOUS.

ODE FOR A SOCIAL MEETING.

WITH SLIGHT ALTERATIONS BY A TEETOTALER.

COME ! fill a fresh bumper, — for why should we  
 go  
 While the <sup>logwood</sup> ~~nectar~~ still reddens our cups as they  
 flow ?  
 Pour out the <sup>decoction</sup> ~~rich~~ juices still bright with the sun,  
 Till o'er the brimmed crystal the <sup>dye-stuff</sup> ~~rubies~~ shall run.  
 The <sup>half-ripened apples</sup> ~~purple-globed clusters~~ their life-dews have  
 bled ;  
 How sweet is the <sup>taste</sup> ~~breath~~ of the <sup>sugar of lead</sup> ~~fragrance~~ they shed !  
 For summer's <sup>rank poisons</sup> ~~last roses~~ lie hid in the <sup>wines ! !</sup> ~~wines~~  
 That were garnered by <sup>stable-boys smoking long-pines</sup> ~~maidens who laughed~~  
 through the vines.  
 Then a <sup>scowl</sup> ~~smile~~, and a <sup>howl</sup> ~~glass~~, and a <sup>scoff</sup> ~~toast~~, and a <sup>sneer</sup> ~~cheer~~,  
 For all the <sup>strychnine and whiskey, and ratsbane and beer</sup> ~~good wine~~, and we've some of it here !  
 In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,  
 Down, down with the tyrant that musters us all !  
 Long live the <sup>gay servant that laughs for us all !</sup> ~~gay servant~~ !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## A NOSEGAY.

## A SIMILE FOR REVIEWERS.

YE overseers and reviewers  
 Of all the Muses' sinks and sewers,  
 Who dwell on high,  
 Enthroned among your peers  
 The garreteers,  
 That border on the sky :  
 Who hear the music of the spheres,  
 Ye have such ears  
 And dwell so high !  
 I thank you for your criticism,  
 Which you have ushered in  
 With a delightful witticism  
 That tastes like rotten fruit preserved in gin ;  
 And therefore marvel not that my two ballads,  
 Which are but like two salads,  
 By no means suit,  
 Like your fruit,  
 With your palates.  
 I do admire your dealings,  
 To speak according to your feelings,  
 And do believe if you had withal  
 You would drop honey,  
 And that you overflow with gall  
 Because you do not overflow with money.  
 Thence all your spite  
 Against a poor conundrumite,  
 Whose only business is to watch  
 Where the conundrums lie,  
 And be upon the watch,  
 As they go by ;  
 To make a simile in no feature  
 Resembling the creature  
 That he has in his eye,  
 Just as a fisher shoots an owl,  
 Or a sea-fowl,  
 To make the likeness of a fly ;  
 Just as you look into the fire,  
 For any likeness you desire.  
 Simile-making is an undertaking,  
 In which the undertaker  
 Resembles the marriage-contract maker ;  
 A poor industrious man who means no ill,  
 But does the best he can  
 With a quill,  
 In that he does according to his skill.  
 If matters can be brought to bear  
 So as to tie the knot,  
 He does not care  
 Whether they are a happy pair or not ;  
 And, as I said at first,  
 Nothing could make you all so keen  
 And curst,  
 But that which makes you all so lean, —  
 Hunger and thirst.  
 So now and then a judge

Consigns a wretch  
 To Master Ketch,  
 Having no grudge ;  
 No reason clear can be assigned,  
 Only, like you, he has not dined.  
 So far from wishing your allowance shorter,  
 I wish, for all your sakes,  
 You may never want beefsteaks  
 And porter,  
 And for your merits  
 A dram of British spirits.  
 And so I leave you with a fable  
 Designed, without a sneer,  
 To exhilarate your table  
 And give a relish to your beer.  
 I beg my compliments to all your ladies  
 The revieweresses—  
 Hark !!!  
 And, if you please take warning,  
 My fable is concerning  
 A cuckoo and a lark.  
 If I had said a nightingale,  
 You would have cried —  
 You could not fail,  
 That it was pride,  
 And naught beside,  
 That made me think of such a tale.  
 Upon a tree as they were sitting  
 They fell into a warm dispute,  
 Warmer than was fitting,  
 Which of them was the better flute.  
 After much prating  
 And debating,  
 Not worth relating,  
 Things came to such a pass,  
 They both agree  
 To take an ass  
 For referee :  
 The ass was studying botany and grass  
 Under the tree.  
 What do you think was the decree ?  
 "Why," said the ass, "the question is not hard :"  
 And so he made an excellent award,  
 As you shall see.  
 "The lark," says he,  
 "Has got a wild fantastic pipe,  
 But no more music than a snipe ;  
 It gives one pain  
 And turns one's brain,  
 One can't keep time to such a strain ;  
 Whereas the cuckoo's note  
 Is measured and composed with thought ;  
 His method is distinct and clear,  
 And dwells  
 Like bells  
 Upon the ear,  
 Which is the sweetest music one can hear.  
 I can distinguish, I'll lay a wager,

His manner and expression,  
 From every forester and cager  
 Of the profession."  
 Thus ended the dispute :  
 The cuckoo was quite mute  
 With admiration,  
 The lark stood laughing at the brute  
 Affecting so much penetration.  
 The ass was so intoxicated  
 And shallow-pated,  
 That ever since  
 He's got a fancy in his skull,  
 That he's a commission from his prince,  
 Dated when the moon's at full ;  
 To summon every soul,  
 Every ass and ass's foal,  
 To try the quick and dull ;  
 Trumpeting through the fields and streets,  
 Stopping and jading all he meets,  
 Pronouncing with an air  
 Of one pronouncing from the chair,  
 "Here 'a a beauty, this is new, —  
 And that's a blemish  
 For which I have no relish," —  
 Just like the Critical Review.

STERNE.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF SOCIETY.

A PATRIOTIC SONG.

*Air*, — "THE UNIVERSITY OF GOTTINGEN."

I.

WHEN others, once as poor as I,  
 Are growing rich because they try,  
 While my capacity and will  
 Give me a taste for sitting still ;  
 When all around me are at work,  
 While I prefer to act the Turk,  
 Or spend in drinking or at play  
 The greater part of every day ;  
 And, as the upshot of it, feel  
 That I must either starve or steal, —  
 The only remedy I see  
 For such abuses is the re-  
 construction of society,  
 Construction of society.

II.

When others know what I know not,  
 Or bear in mind what I forgot  
 An age ago, and dare to speak  
 In praise of Latin and of Greek,  
 As if a tongue unknown to me  
 Of any earthly use could be ;  
 When bookworms are allowed to rule  
 In university and school,  
 While I, because I am a fool,

Or happen, by the merest chance,  
 To have learned nothing save to dance,  
 Am set aside, or thrust away,  
 Or not allowed to have my say, —  
 The only remedy I see  
 For such abuses is the re-  
 construction of society,  
 Construction of society.

III.

When judges frown and parsons scold  
 Because a gentleman makes bold  
 To laugh at superstitious saws  
 And violate oppressive laws ;  
 When pinching want will not atone  
 For taking what is not your own ;  
 When public sentiment proscribes  
 The taking of judicial bribes,  
 And with indignant scorn regards  
 The gentleman who cheats at cards ;  
 When men of wit no longer dare  
 To tell a lie, or even swear, —  
 The only remedy I see  
 For such abuses is the re-  
 construction of society,  
 Construction of society.

IV.

When, after turning round and round,  
 And occupying every ground,  
 As preacher, poet, rhetorician,  
 Philanthropist and politician,  
 Ascetic, saint and devotee,  
 Neologist and Pharisee,  
 I seek in vain to gain respect  
 By founding a new-fangled sect,  
 And find the world so cautious grown  
 That I must be the sect alone ;  
 The only remedy I see  
 For such abuses is the re-  
 construction of society,  
 Construction of society.

ANONYMOUS.

THE COLONIES.

1682.

SINCE faction ebbs, and rogues grow out of fashion,  
 Their penny scribes take care to inform the nation  
 How well men thrive in this or that plantation ;

How Pennsylvania's air agrees with Quakers,  
 And Carolina's with Associators, —  
 Both e'en too good for madmen and for traitors.

Truth is, our land with saints is so run o'er,  
 And every age produces such a store,  
 That now there's need of two New Englands more.

JOHN DRYDEN.

## COLOGNE.

IN Köln, a town of monks and bones,  
 And pavements fanged with murderous stones,  
 And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches, —  
 I counted two-and-seventy stenches,  
 All well-defined and several stinks !  
 Ye nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,  
 The river Rhine, it is well known,  
 Doth wash your city of Cologne ;  
 But tell me, nymphs ! what power divine  
 Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine ?

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

## JEFFREY.

[Lines addressed to the Scotch reviewer as he came riding on a donkey to visit the bard.]

WITTY as Horatius Flaccus,  
 As great a Jacobin as Gracchus ;  
 Short, though not as fat as Bacchus,  
 Riding on a little jackass.

SYDNEY SMITH.

WAIL OF A DISAPPOINTED CANDI-  
DATE.

"O, EVER thus from childhood's hour  
 I've seen my fondest hopes decay !"  
 I never had a dog, nor cow, or  
 Hen, that laid an egg a day,  
 But what was marked and tuck away !  
 I never raised a suckin' pig,  
 To glad me with its sunny eye,  
 But when it growed up fat and big,  
 Or fit to roast or bile or fry,  
 I could n't find it in the sty !

ANONYMOUS.

## THE WILL.

[The following will, by which a large fortune was bequeathed, was proved in Doctors' Commons, London, in 1737.]

THE fifth day of May  
 Being airy and gay,  
 And to hyp. not inclined,  
 But of vigorous mind,  
 And my body in health,  
 I'll dispose of my wealth,  
 And all I'm to leave  
 On this side of the grave,  
 To some one or other,  
 And I think to my brother,  
 Because I foresaw  
 That my brethren in law,

If I did not take care,  
 Would come in for a share ;  
 Which I no wise intended  
 Till their manners were mended.  
 Of that there 's no sign,  
 I do therefore enjoin,  
 And do strictly command,  
 Of which witness my hand,  
 That naught I have got  
 Be brought to hotch-pot ;  
 But I give and devise  
 As much as in me lies  
 To the son of my mother,  
 My own dear brother,  
 To have and to hold,  
 All my silver and gold,  
 Both sutton and patten,  
 Until the world 's rotten,  
 As the affectionate pledges  
 Of his brother.

JOHN HEDGES.

## ECHO.

I ASKED of Echo, 't other day,  
 (Whose words are few and often funny,)  
 What to a novice she could say  
 Of courtship, love, and matrimony ?  
 Quoth Echo, plainly, — "Matter-o'-money !"

Whom should I marry ? — should it be  
 A dashing damsel, gay and pert,  
 A pattern of inconstancy ;  
 Or selfish, mercenary flirt ?  
 Quoth Echo, sharply, — "Nary flirt !"

What if, aware of the strife  
 That long has lured the dear deceiver,  
 She promise to amend her life,  
 And sin no more ; can I believe her ?  
 Quoth Echo, very promptly, — "Leave her !"

But if some maiden with a heart  
 On me should venture to bestow it,  
 Pray, should I act the wiser part  
 To take the treasure, or forego it ?  
 Quoth Echo, with decision, — "Go it !"

But what if, seemingly afraid  
 To bind her fate in Hymen's fetter,  
 She vow she means to die a maid,  
 In answer to my loving letter ?  
 Quoth Echo, rather coolly, — "Let her !"

What if, in spite of her disdain,  
 I find my heart intertwined about  
 With Cupid's dear delicious chain  
 So closely that I can't get out ?  
 Quoth Echo, laughingly, — "Get out !"



But if some maid with beauty blest,  
As pure and fair as Heaven can make her,  
Will share my labor and my rest  
Till envious Death shall overtake her ?  
Quoth Echo (*sotto voce*), — "Take her !"

JOHN G. SAXE.

### PHILOSOPHY OF HUDIBRAS.

BESIDE, he was a shrewd philosopher,  
And had read every text and gloss over ;  
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,  
He understood b' implicit faith.  
Whatever sceptic could inquire for,  
For every why he had a wherefore ;  
Knew more than forty of them do,  
As far as words and terms could go :  
All which he understood by rote,  
And, as occasion served, would quote ;  
No matter whether right or wrong ;  
They might be either said or sung.  
His notions fitted things so well  
That which was which he could not tell ;  
But oftentimes mistook the ope  
For the other, as great clerks have done.  
He could reduce all things to acts,  
And knew their natures by abstracts ;  
Where entity and quiddity,  
The ghosts of defunct hodies, fly ;  
Where truth in person does appear,  
Like words congealed in northern air :  
He knew what's what, and that's as high  
As metaphysic wit can fly.

DR. SAMUEL BUTLER.

### LOGIC OF HUDIBRAS.

HE was in logic a great critic,  
Profoundly skilled in analytic ;  
He could distinguish and divide  
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side ;  
On either which he would dispute,  
Confute, change hands, and still confute :  
He'd undertake to prove, by force  
Of argument, a man's no horse ;  
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,  
And that a lord may be an owl,  
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,  
And rooks committee-men and trustees.  
He'd run in debt by disputation,  
And pay with ratiocination :  
All this by syllogism true,  
In mood and figure he would do.

DR. SAMUEL BUTLER.

### THE VIRTUOSO.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER'S STYLE AND STANZA.

" . . . . Videmus  
Nugari solitos." — PERSIUS.

WHILOM by silver Thames's gentle stream,  
In London town there dwelt a subtle wight, —  
A wight of mickle wealth, and mickle fame,  
Book-learned and quaint : a Virtuoso hight.  
Uncommon things, and rare, were his delight ;  
From musings deep his brain ne'er gotten ease,  
Nor ceased he from study, day or night ;  
Until (advancing onward by degrees)  
Heknew whatever breeds on earth or air or seas.

He many a creature did anatomize,  
Almost unpeopling water, air, and land ;  
Beasts, fishes, birds, snails, caterpillars, flies,  
Were laid full low by his relentless hand,  
That oft with gory crimson was distained ;  
He many a dog destroyed, and many a cat ;  
Of fleas his bed, of frogs the marshes drained,  
Could tellen if a mite were lean or fat,  
And read a lecture o'er the entrails of a gnat.

He knew the various modes of ancient times,  
Their arts and fashions of each different guise,  
Their weddings, funerals, punishments for crimes,  
Their strength, their learning eke, and rarities ;  
Of old habiliments, each sort and size,  
Male, female, high and low, to him were known ;  
Each gladiator dress, and stage disguise ;  
With learnéd, clerkly phrase he could have  
shown  
How the Greek tunic differed from the Roman  
gown.

A curious medallist, I wot, he was,  
And boasted many a course of ancient coin ;  
Well as his wife's he knewen every face,  
From Julius Cæsar down to Constantine :  
For some rare sculpture he would oft ypine,  
(As green-sick damosels for husbands do :)  
And when obtainéd, with enraptured eye,  
He'd run it o'er and o'er with greedy view,  
And look, and look again, as he would look it  
through.

His rich museum, of dimensions fair,  
With goods that spoke the owner's mind was  
fraught :  
Things ancient, curious, value-worth, and rare,  
From sea and land, from Greece and Rome, were  
brought,  
Which he with mighty sums of gold had bought :  
On these all tides with joyous eyes he pored ;  
And, sooth to say, himself he greater thought,

When he beheld his cabinets thus stored,  
Than if he'd been of Albion's wealthy cities lord.

MARK AKENSIDE.

### KING CANUTE AND HIS NOBLES.

CANUTE was by his nobles taught to fancy,  
That, by a kind of royal necromancy,  
He had the power Old Ocean to control.  
Down rushed the royal Dane upon the strand,  
And issued, like a Solomon, command, —  
Poor soul.

“Go back, ye waves, you blustering rogues,”  
quothe he ;  
“Touch not your lord and master, Sea ;  
For by my power almighty, if you do —”  
Then, staring vengeance, out he held a stick,  
Vowing to drive Old Ocean to Old Nick,  
Should he even wet the latchet of his shoe.

The Sea retired, — the monarch fierce rushed on,  
And looked as if he'd drive him from the land ;  
But Sea, not caring to be put upon,  
Made for a moment a bold stand :

Not only made a stand did Mr. Ocean,  
But to his honest waves he made a motion,  
And bid them give the king a hearty trim-  
ming.  
The orders seemed a deal the waves to tickle,  
For soon they put his majesty in pickle,  
And sat his royalties, like geese, a swimming.

All hands aloft, with one tremendous roar,  
Sound did they make him wish himself on shore ;  
His head and ears most handsomely they  
doused, —  
Just like a porpoise, with one general shout,  
The waves so tumbled the poor king about, —  
No anabaptist e'er was half so soured.

At length to land he crawled, a half-drowned thing,  
Indeed more like a crab than like a king,  
And found his courtiers making rueful faces :  
But what said Canute to the lords and gentry,  
Who hailed him from the water, on his entry,  
All trembling for their lives or places ?

“My lords and gentlemen, by your advice,  
I've had with Mr. Sea a pretty bustle ;  
My treatment from my foe not over nice,  
Just made a jest for every shrimp and muscle :

A pretty trick for one of my dominion ! —  
My lords, I thank you for your great opinion.

You'll tell me, p'rhaps, I've only lost one  
game,

And bid me try another — for the rubber ;  
Permit me to inform you all, with shame,  
That you're a set of knaves, and I'm a lubber.”  
DR. WOLCOT (PETER PINDAR).

### LET US ALONE.

A REMINISCENCE OF “THE LATE ONPLEASANTNESS.”

As vonce I walked by a dismal swamp,  
There sot an Old Cove in the dark and damp,  
And at everybody as passed that road  
A stick or a stone this Old Cove throwed ;  
And venever he flung his stick or his stone,  
He'd set up a song of “Let me alone.”

“Let me alone, for I loves to shy  
These bits of things at the passers-by ;  
Let me alone, for I've got your tin,  
And lots of other traps snugly in ;  
Let me alone, — I am rigging a boat  
To grab votever you've got afloat ;  
In a week or so I expects to come  
And turn you out of your 'ouse and 'ome ;  
I'm a quiet Old Cove,” says he, with a groan ;  
“All I axes is, Let me alone.”

Just then came along, on the self-same vay,  
Another Old Cove, and began for to say, —  
“Let you alone ! That's comin' it strong !  
You've *ben* let alone — a darned site too long !  
Of all the sarce that ever I heerd !  
Put down that stick ! (You may well look skeered.)  
Let go that stone ! If you once show fight,  
I'll knock you higher than any kite.  
You must have a lesson to stop your tricks,  
And cure you of shying them stones and sticks ;  
And I'll have my hardware back, and my  
cash,  
And knock your scow into tarnal smash ;  
And if ever I catches you round my ranch,  
I'll string you up to the nearest branch.  
The best you can do is to go to bed,  
And keep a decent tongue in your head ;  
For I reckon, before you and I are done,  
You'll wish you had let honest folks alone.”

The Old Cove stopped, and t'other Old Cove,  
He sot quite still in his cypress grove,  
And he looked at his stick, revolvin' slow,  
Vether 't were safe to shy it, or no ;  
And he grumbled on, in an injured tone,  
“All that I axed vos, *Let me alone.*”

H. H. BROWNELL.

## EVENING.

BY A TAILOR.

DAY hath put on his jacket, and around  
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.  
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,  
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs,  
And hold communion with the things about me.  
Ah me! how lovely is the golden braid  
That binds the skirt of night's descending robe!  
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads,  
Do make a music like to rustling satin,  
As the light breezes smooth their downy nap.

Ha! what is this that rises to my touch,  
So like a cushion? Can it be a cabbage?  
It is, it is that deeply injured flower,  
Which boys do flout us with; — but yet I love thee,  
Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green surtout.  
Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright  
As these, thy puny brethren; and thy breath  
Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air;  
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt bean,  
Stripped of his gaudy hues and essences,  
And growing portly in his sober garments.

Is that a swan that rides upon the water?  
O no, it is that other gentle bird,  
Which is the patron of our noble calling.  
I well remember, in my early years,  
When these young hands first closed upon a goose;  
I have a scar upon my thimble finger,  
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.  
My father was a tailor, and his father,  
And my sire's grandsire, all of them were tailors;  
They had an ancient goose, — it was an heir-loom  
From some remoter tailor of our race.  
It happened I did see it on a time  
When none was near, and I did deal with it,  
And it did burn me, — O, most fearfully!

It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,  
And leap elastic from the level counter,  
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,  
The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,  
And all the needles that do wound the spirit,  
For such a pensive hour of soothing silence.  
Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose undress,  
Lays bare her shady bosom; — I can feel  
With all around me; — I can hail the flowers  
That sprig earth's mantle, — and yon quiet bird,  
That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.  
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets,  
Where Nature stows away her loveliness.  
But this unnatural posture of the legs  
Cramps my extended calves, and I must go  
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

A BRACE of sinners, for no good,  
Were ordered to the Virgin Mary's shrine,  
Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,  
And in a fair white wig looked wondrous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel,  
With something in their shoes much worse than  
gravel;

In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,  
The priest had ordered peas into their shoes:  
A nostrum famous in old popish times  
For purifying souls that stunk of crimes:

A sort of apostolic salt,

Which popish parsons for its powers exalt,  
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,  
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day,  
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray;

But very different was their speed, I wot:  
One of the sinners galloped on,  
Swift as a bullet from a gun;

The other limped, as if he had been shot.  
One saw the Virgin soon, Peccavi cried,  
Had his soul whitewashed all so clever;  
Then home again he nimbly hied,  
Made fit with saints above to live forever.

In coming back, however, let me say,  
He met his brother rogue about half-way, —  
Hobbling, with outstretched arms and bended  
knees,

Cursing the souls and bodies of the peas;  
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brow in sweat,  
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

"How now," the light-toed, whitewashed pil-  
grim broke,

"You lazy lubber!"

"Ods curse it!" cried the other, "'t is no joke;  
My feet, once hard as any rock,  
Are now as soft as blubber.

"Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear,  
As for Loretto, I shall not get there;  
No, to the Devil my sinful soul must go,  
For damme if I ha' n't lost every toe.  
But, brother sinner, pray explain  
How 't is that you are not in pain.

What power hath worked a wonder for your toes  
Whilst I just like a snail am crawling,  
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,  
Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

"How is 't that you can like a greyhound go,  
Merry as if that naught had happened, burn ye!"  
"Why," cried the other, grinning, "you must  
know,

That just before I ventured on my journey,  
To walk a little more at ease,  
I took the liberty to *boil my peas*."

DR. WOLCOT (PETER PINDAR).

### THE RAZOR-SELLER.

A FELLOW in a market-town,  
Most musical, cried razors up and down,  
And offered twelve for eighteen pence ;  
Which certainly seemed wondrous cheap,  
And, for the money, quite a heap,  
As every man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard, —  
Poor Hodge, who suffered by a broad black beard,  
That seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his  
nose :

With cheerfulness the eighteen pence he paid,  
And proudly to himself, in whispers, said,  
"This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

"No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,  
Provided that the razors *shave* ;  
It certainly will be a monstrous prize."  
So home the elown, with his good fortune, went,  
Smiling in heart and soul, content,  
And quickly soaped himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lathered from a dish or tub,  
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,  
Just like a hedger cutting furze :  
'T was a vile razor ! — then the rest he tried, —  
All were impostors. "Ah !" Hodge sighed,  
"I wish my eighteen pence within my purse."

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,  
He cut, and dug, and winced, and stamped,  
and swore,  
Brought blood, and danced, blasphemed, and  
made wry faces,  
And cursed each razor's body o'er and o'er :

His muzzle, formed of *opposition* stuff,  
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff ;  
So kept it, — laughing at the steel and suds.  
Hodge, in a passion, stretched his angry jaws,  
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clenched claws,  
On the vile cheat that sold the goods.  
"Razors ! a mean, confounded dog,  
Not fit to scrape a hog !"

Hodge sought the fellow, — found him, — and  
begun :

"Prhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 't is fun,  
That people flay themselves out of their lives.  
You rascal ! for an hour have I been grubbing,  
Giving my crying whiskers here a scrubbing,  
With razors just like oyster-knives.

Sirrah ! I tell you, you 're a knave,  
To cry up razors that can't shave !"

"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I'm not a  
knave ;

As for the razors you have bought,  
Upon my soul I never thought  
That they would *shave*."

"Not think they 'd *shave* !" quoth Hodge, with  
wondering eyes,

And voice not much unlike an Indian yell :  
"What were they made for then, you dog ?" he  
cries.

"*Made*," quoth the fellow, with a smile, —  
"to *sell* !"

DR. WOLCOT (PETER PINDAR).

### THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

A MAN in many a country town we know,  
Professing openly with death to wrestle ;  
Entering the field against the grimly foe,  
Armed with a mortar and a pestle.  
Yet some affirm no enemies they are,  
But meet just like prize-fighters at a fair,  
Who first shake hands before they box,  
Then give each other plaguy knocks,  
With all the love and kindness of a brother ;  
So, (many a suffering patient saith,)  
Though the apothecary fights with death,  
Still they 're sworn friends with one another.

A member of this Eseculapian race  
Lived in Newcastle-upon-Tyne ;  
No man could better gild a pill,  
Or make a bill,  
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister,  
Or draw a tooth out of your head,  
Or chatter scandal by your bed,  
Or tell a twister.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff*,  
Yet still he thought the list not long enough,  
And therefore surgery he chose to pin to 't ; —  
This balanced things ; for if he hurled  
A few more mortals from the world,  
He made amends by keeping others in it.  
His fame full six miles round the country ran,  
In short, in reputation he was *solus* ;  
All the old women called him "a fine man !"  
His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade,  
Which oftentimes will genius flatter,  
Read works of fancy, it is said,  
And cultivated the belles-lettres.

And why should this be thought so odd?  
 Can't men have taste to cure a phthisic?  
 Of poetry, though patron god,  
 Apollo patronizes physic.

Bolus loved verse, and took so much delight in 't,  
 That his prescriptions he resolved to write in 't;  
 No opportunity he e'er let pass  
 Of writing the directions on his labels  
 In dapper couplets, — like Gay's fables,  
 Or rather like the lines in Hudibras.  
 Apothecary's verse! — and where's the treason?  
 'T is simply honest dealing, — not a crime:  
 When patients swallow physic without reason,  
 It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door,  
 Some three miles from the town, — it might be  
 four, —  
 To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article  
 In pharmacy, that's called cathartical;  
 And on the label of the stuff  
 He wrote verse,  
 Which, one would think, was clear enough,  
 And terse: —  
 "When taken,  
 To be well shaken."

Next morning, early, Bolus rose,  
 And to the patient's house he goes,  
 Upon his pad,  
 Who a vile trick of stumbling had:  
 It was, indeed, a very sorry hack;  
 But that's of course, —  
 For what's expected of a horse  
 With an apothecary upon his back?  
 Bolus arrived, and gave a loudish tap,  
 Between a single and a double rap.

Knocks of this kind  
 Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance,  
 By fiddlers, and by opera-singers;  
 One loud, and then a little one behind,  
 As if the knocker fell by chance  
 Out of their fingers.  
 The servant lets him in with dismal face,  
 Long as a courtier's out of place,  
 Portending some disaster;  
 John's countenance as rueful looked, and grim,  
 As if the apothecary had physicked him,  
 And not his master.

"Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said:  
 John shook his head.  
 "Indeed! — hum! — ha! — that's very odd!  
 He took the draught?" John gave a nod.  
 "Well, how? — what then? Speak out, you  
 dunce!"  
 "Why, then," says John, "we shook him once."

"Shook him! — how?" Bolus stammered out.  
 "We jolted him about."

"What! shake a patient, man! — a-shake won't  
 do."  
 "No, sir, — and so we gave him two."  
 "Two shakes! Foul nurse,  
 'T would make the patient worse!"  
 "It did so, sir, — and so a third we tried."  
 "Well, and what then?" "Then, sir, my mas-  
 ter died!"

GEORGE COLMAN.

### MORNING MEDITATIONS.

LET Taylor preach, upon a morning breezy,  
 How well to rise while nights and larks are fly-  
 ing, —  
 For my part, getting up seems not so easy  
 By half as *lying*.

What if the lark does carol in the sky,  
 Soaring beyond the sight to find him out, —  
 Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly?  
 I'm not a trout.

Talk not to me of bees and such-like hums,  
 The smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime, —  
 Only lie long enough, and bed becomes  
 A bed of *time*.

To me Dan Phœbus and his car are naught,  
 His steeds that paw impatiently about, —  
 Let them enjoy, say I, as horses ought,  
 The first turn-out!

Right beautiful the dewy meads appear  
 Besprinkled by the rosy-fingered girl;  
 What then, — if I prefer my pillow-beer  
 To early pearl?

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,  
 And, grumbling for a reason, quaintly begs  
 Wherefore should master rise before the hens  
 Have laid their eggs?

Why from a comfortable pillow start  
 To see faint flushes in the east awaken?  
 A fig, say I, for any streaky part,  
 Excepting bacon.

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,  
 Who used to haste the dewy grass among,  
 "To meet the sun upon the upland lawn," —  
 Well, — he died young.

With charwomen such early hours agree,  
 And sweeps that earn betimes their bit and sup;  
 But I'm no climbing boy, and need not be  
 All up, — all up!

So here I lie, my morning calls deferring,  
Till something nearer to the stroke of noon ;—  
A man that's fond precociously of *stirring*  
Must be a spoon.

THOMAS HOOD.

### EARLY RISING.

"Now blessings light on him that first invented sleep ! It covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak ; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot."—DON QUIXOTE. Part II. ch. 67.

"God bless the man who first invented sleep !"  
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I ;  
And bless him, also, that he did n't keep  
His great discovery to himself, nor try  
To make it — as the lucky fellow might —  
A close monopoly by patent-right !

Yes, — bless the man who first invented sleep,  
(I really can't avoid the iteration ;)  
But blast the man with curses loud and deep,  
Whate'er the rascal's name or age or station,  
Who first invented, and went round advising,  
That artificial cut-off, — Early Rising !

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"  
Observes some solemn, sentimental owl ;  
Maxims like these are very cheaply said ;  
But, ere you make yourself a fool or fall,  
Pray just inquire about his rise and fowl,  
And whether larks have any beds at all !

"The time for honest folks to be abed  
Is in the morning, if I reason right ;  
And he who cannot keep his precious head  
Upon his pillow till it 's fairly light,  
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,  
Is up to knavery, or else — he drinks !

Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons," said  
It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season ;  
But then he said it — lying — in his bed,  
At ten o'clock A. M., — the very reason  
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,  
His preaching was n't sanctioned by his practice.

'T is, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake, —  
Awake to duty, and awake to truth, —  
But when, alas ! a nice review we take  
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,  
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep  
Are those we passed in childhood or asleep !

'T is beautiful to leave the world awhile  
For the soft visions of the gentle night ;  
And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,  
To live as only in the angels' sight,  
In sleep's sweet realm so cosely shut in,  
Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin !

So let us sleep, and give the Maker praise.

I like the lad who, when his father thought  
To elip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase  
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,  
Cried, "Served him right ! — it's not at all sur-  
prising ;  
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising !"  
JOHN G. SAXE.

### SWELL'S SOLILOQUY.

I DON'T approve this hawid waw ;  
Those dweadful bannaahs hawt my eyes ;  
And guns and dwums are such a baw, —  
Why don't the pawties compwamise ?

Of cawce, the twoilet has its chawms ;  
But why must all the vulgah cwowd  
Pawstist in spawting unifawms,  
In cullahs so extwemely loud ?

And then the ladies, — pwecious deahs ! —  
I mawk the change on ev'wy bwow ;  
Bai Jove ! I weally have my feahs  
They wathah like the hawid waw !

To heah the chawming cwatures talk,  
Like patwons of the bloody wing,  
Of waw and all its dawty wawk, —  
It does n't seem a pwappah thing !

I called at Mrs. Gweene's last night,  
To see her niece, Miss Mawy Hertz,  
And found her making — cwushing sight ! —  
The weddest kind of flannel shirts !

Of cawce, I wose, and sought the daw,  
With fawyah flashing from my eyes !  
I can't approve this hawid waw ; —  
Why don't the pawties compwamise ?

ANONYMOUS.

### TOBY TOSSPOT.

ALAS ! what pity 't is that regularity,  
Like Isaac Shove's, is such a rarity !  
But there are swilling wights in London town,  
Termed jolly dogs, choice spirits, alias swine,  
Who pour, in midnight revel, bumpers down,  
Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine.

These spendthrifts, who life's pleasures thus  
run on,  
Dozing with headaches till the afternoon,  
Lose half men's regular estate of sun,  
By borrowing too largely of the moon.

One of this kidney — Toby Tossput hight —  
Was coming from the Bedford late at night ;  
And being Bacchi plenus, full of wine,  
Although he had a tolerable notion  
Of aiming at progressive motion,  
"T was n't direct, —'t was serpentine.  
He worked with sinuosities, along,  
Like Monasieur Corkscrew, worming through a  
cork,  
Not straight, like Corkscrew's proxy, stiff Don  
Prong, — a fork.

At length, with near four bottles in his pate,  
He saw the moon shining on Shove's brass plate,  
When reading, "Please to ring the bell,"  
And being civil beyond measure,  
"Ring it!" says Toby, — "very well ;  
I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure."  
Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,  
Gave it a jerk that almost jerked it down.

He waited full two minutes, — no one came ;  
He waited full two minutes more ; — and then  
Says Toby, "If he's deaf, I'm not to blame ;  
I'll pull it for the gentleman again."

But the first peal woke Isaac in a fright,  
Who, quick as lightning, popping up his head,  
Sat on his head's antipodes, in bed,  
Pale as a parsnip, — bolt upright.

At length he wisely to himself doth say, calming  
his fears, —  
"Tush ! 't is some fool has rung and run away" ;  
When peal the second rattled in his ears.

Shove jumped into the middle of the floor ;  
And, trembling at each breath of air that stirred,  
He groped down stairs, and opened the street  
door,  
While Toby was performing peal the third.

Isaac eyed Toby, fearfully askant,  
And saw he was a strapper, stout and tall ;  
Then put this question, "Pray, sir, what d' ye  
want ?"  
Says Toby, "I want nothing, sir, at all."

"Want nothing ! Sir, you've pulled my bell, I  
vow,  
As if you'd jerk it off the wire."  
Quoth Toby, gravely making him a bow,  
"I pulled it, sir, at your desire."

"At mine ?" "Yes, yours ; I hope I've done  
it well.  
High time for bed, sir ; I was hastening to it ;  
But if you write up, 'Please to ring the bell,'  
Common politeness makes me stop and do it."

GEORGE COLMAN.

THE ONE-HOSS SHAY ;  
OR THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE.  
A LOGICAL STORY.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,  
That was built in such a logical way  
It ran a hundred years to a day,  
And then of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,  
I'll tell you what happened without delay,  
Scaring the parson into fits,  
Frightening people out of their wits, —  
Have you ever heard of that, I say ?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.  
*Georgius Secundus* was then alive, —  
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.  
That was the year when Lisbon-town  
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,  
And Braddock's army was done so brown,  
Left without a scalp to its crown.  
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day  
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,  
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot, —  
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,  
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,  
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurking still,  
Find it somewhere you must and will, —  
Above or below, or within or without, —  
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,  
A chaise *breaks down*, but does n't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore, (as Deacons do,  
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*,")  
He would build one shay to beat the taown  
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun' ;  
It should be so built that it *could n'* break daown ;  
— "Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain  
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain ;  
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,  
Is only jest

T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk  
Where he could find the strongest oak,  
That could n't be split nor bent nor broke, —  
That was for spokes and floor and sills ;  
He sent for lancewood to make the thills ;  
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees ;  
The panels of whitewood, that cuts like cheese,  
But lasts like iron for things like these ;  
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum," —  
Last of its timber, — they could n't sell 'em,  
Never an axe had seen their chips,  
And the wedges flew from between their lips,  
Their blunt enda frizzled like celery-tips ;  
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,  
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,  
Steel of the finest, bright and blue ;

Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide ;  
 Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide  
 Found in the pit when the tanner died.  
 That was the way he "put her through." —  
 "There !" said the Deacon, "naowshe 'll dew !"

Do ! I tell you, I rather guess  
 She was a wonder, and nothing less !  
 Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,  
 Deacon and deaconess dropped away,  
 Children and grandchildren, — where were they ?  
 But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay  
 As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day !

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED ; — it came and found  
 The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.  
 Eighteen hundred increased by ten ; —  
 "Hahnsun kerridge" they called it then.  
 Eighteen hundred and twenty came ; —  
 Running as usual ; much the same.  
 Thirty and forty at last arrive,  
 And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here  
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year  
 Without both feeling and looking queer.  
 In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,  
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.  
 (This is a moral that runs at large ;  
 Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER, — the Earthquake-day. —  
 There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,  
 A general flavor of mild decay,  
 But nothing local as one may say.  
 There could n't be, — for the Deacon's art  
 Had made it so like in every part  
 That there was n't a chance for one to start.  
 For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,  
 And the floor was just as strong as the sills,  
 And the panels just as strong as the floor,  
 And the whippletree neither less nor more,  
 And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,  
 And spring and axle and hub *encore*.  
 And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt  
 In another hour it will be *worn out* !

First of November, 'Fifty-five !  
 This morning the parson takes a drive.  
 Now, small boys, get out of the way !  
 Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,  
 Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.  
 "Huddup !" said the parson. — Off went they.  
 The parson was working his Sunday's text, —  
 Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed  
 At what the — Moses — was coming next.  
 All at once the horse stood still,  
 Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.  
 — First a shiver, and then a thrill,  
 Then something decidedly like a spill, —

And the parson was sitting upon a rock,  
 At half past nine by the meet'n'-house clock, —  
 Just the hour of the Earthquake shock !  
 — What do you think the parson found,  
 When he got up and stared around ?  
 The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,  
 As if it had been to the mill and ground !  
 You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,  
 How it went to pieces all at once, —  
 All at once, and nothing first, —  
 Just as bubbles do when they burst.  
 End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.  
 Logic is logic. That's all I say.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

### RAILROAD RHYME.

SINGING through the forests,  
 Rattling over ridges ;  
 Shooting under arches,  
 Rumbling over bridges ;  
 Whizzing through the mountains,  
 Buzzing o'er the vale, —  
 Bless me ! this is pleasant,  
 Riding on the rail !

Men of different "stations"  
 In the eye of fame,  
 Here are very quickly  
 Coming to the same ;  
 High and lowly people,  
 Birds of every feather,  
 On a common level,  
 Travelling together.

Gentleman in shorts,  
 Looming very tall ;  
 Gentleman at large,  
 Talking very small ;  
 Gentleman in tights,  
 With a loose-ish mien ;  
 Gentleman in gray,  
 Looking rather green ;

Gentleman quite old,  
 Asking for the news ;  
 Gentleman in black,  
 In a fit of blues ;  
 Gentleman in claret,  
 Sober as a vicar ;  
 Gentleman in tweed,  
 Dreadfully in liquor !

Stranger on the right  
 Looking very sunny,  
 Obviously reading  
 Something rather funny.



Now the smiles are thicker, —  
 Wonder what they mean?  
 Faith, he's got the Knicker-  
 bocker Magazine!

Stranger on the left  
 Closing up his peepers;  
 Now he snores amain,  
 Like the Seven Sleepers;  
 At his feet a volume  
 Gives the explanation,  
 How the man grew stupid  
 From "Association!"

Ancient maiden lady  
 Anxiously remarks,  
 That there must be peril  
 'Mong so many sparks;  
 Roguish-looking fellow,  
 Turning to the stranger,  
 Says it's his opinion  
*She* is out of danger!

Woman with her baby,  
 Sitting *vis-à-vis*;  
 Baby keeps a-squalling,  
 Woman looks at me;  
 Asks about the distance,  
 Says it's tiresome talking,  
 Noises of the cars  
 Are so very shocking!

Market-woman, careful  
 Of the precious casket,  
 Knowing eggs are eggs,  
 Tightly holds her basket;  
 Feeling that a smash,  
 If it came, would surely  
 Send her eggs to pot,  
 Rather prematurely.

Singing through the forests,  
 Rattling over ridges;  
 Shooting under arches,  
 Rumbling over bridges;  
 Whizzing through the mountains,  
 Buzzing o'er the vale, —  
 Bless me! this is pleasant,  
 Riding on the rail!

JOHN G. SAXE.

◆◆◆  
 THE RAIL.

I MET him in the cars,  
 Where resignedly he sat;  
 His hair was full of dust,  
 And so was his cravat;

He was furthermore embellished  
 By a ticket in his hat.

The conductor touched his arm,  
 And awoke him from a nap;  
 When he gave the feeding flies  
 An admonitory slap,  
 And his ticket to the man  
 In the yellow-lettered cap.

So, launching into talk,  
 We rattled on our way,  
 With allusions to the crops  
 That along the meadows lay, —  
 Whereupon his eyes were lit  
 With a speculative ray.

The heads of many men  
 Were bobbing as in sleep,  
 And many babies lifted  
 Their voices up to weep;  
 While the coal-dust darkly fell  
 On bonnets in a heap.

All the while the swaying cars  
 Kept rumbling o'er the rail,  
 And the frequent whistle sent  
 Shrieks of anguish to the gale,  
 And the cinders pattered down  
 On the grimy floor like hail.

When suddenly a jar,  
 And a thrice-repeated bump,  
 Made the people in alarm  
 From their easy cushions jump;  
 For they deemed the sounds to be  
 The inevitable trump.

A splintering crash below,  
 A doom-foreboding twitch,  
 As the tender gave a lurch  
 Beyond the flying switch, —  
 And a mangled mass of men  
 Lay writhing in the ditch.

With a palpitating heart  
 My friend essayed to rise;  
 There were bruises on his limbs  
 And stars before his eyes,  
 And his face was of the hue  
 Of the dolphin when it dies.

I was very well content  
 In escaping with my life;  
 But my mutilated friend  
 Commenced a legal strife, —  
 Being thereunto incited  
 By his lawyer and his wife.

And he writes me the result,  
 In his quiet way as follows :  
 That his case came up before  
 A bench of legal scholars,  
 Who awarded him his claim,  
 Of \$1500 !

GEORGE H. CLARK.

SALLY SIMPKIN'S LAMENT ;

OR, JOHN JONES'S KIT-CAT-ASTROPHE.

"He left his body to the sea,  
 And made a shark his legatee."

BRYAN and PERENNE.

"O WHAT is that comes gliding in,  
 And quite in middling haste ?  
 It is the picture of my Jones,  
 And painted to the waist.

It is not painted to the life,  
 For where's the trousers blue ?  
 O Jones, my dear ! — O dear ! my Jones,  
 What is become of you ?"

"O Sally dear, it is too true, —  
 The half that you remark  
 Is come to say my other half  
 Is bit off by a shark !

"O Sally, sharks do things by halves,  
 Yet most completely do !  
 A bite in one place seems enough,  
 But I've been bit in two.

"You know I once was all your own,  
 But now a shark must share !  
 But let that pass, — for now to you  
 I'm neither here nor there.

"Alas ! death has a strange divorce  
 Effected in the sea :  
 It has divided me from you,  
 And even me from me !

"Don't fear my ghost will walk o' nights  
 To haunt, as people say ;  
 My ghost *can't* walk, for, O, my legs  
 Are many leagues away !

"Lord ! think when I am swimming round,  
 And looking where the boat is,  
 A shark just snaps away a *half*,  
 Without 'a *quarter's* notice."

"One half is here, the other half  
 Is near Columbia placed ;  
 O Sally, I have got the whole  
 Atlantic for my waist.

"But now, adieu, — a long adieu !  
 I've solved death's awful riddle,  
 And would say more, but I am doomed  
 To break off in the middle !"

THOMAS HOOD.

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

AN OLD BALLAD.

YOUNG BEN he was a nice young man,  
 A carpenter by trade ;  
 And he fell in love with Sally Brown,  
 That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,  
 They met a press-gang crew ;  
 And Sally she did faint away,  
 Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words  
 Enough to shock a saint,  
 That, though she did seem in a fit,  
 'T was nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,  
 He'll be as good as me ;  
 For when your swain is in our boat  
 A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,  
 And taken off her elf,  
 She roused, and found she only was  
 A coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone ?"  
 She cried and wept outright ;  
 "Then I will to the water-side,  
 And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her ;  
 "Now, young woman," said he,  
 "If you weep on so, you will make  
 Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas ! they've taken my bean, Ben,  
 To sail with old Benbow " ;  
 And her woe began to run afresh,  
 As if she'd said, Gee woe !

Says he, "They've only taken him  
 To the tender-ship, you see."  
 "The tender-ship," cried Sally Brown, —  
 "What a hard-ship that must be !"

"O, would I were a mermaid now,  
 For then I'd follow him !  
 But O, I'm not a fish-woman,  
 And so I cannot swim.

"Alas ! I was not born beneath  
The Virgin and the Scales,  
So I must curse my cruel stars,  
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place  
That 's underneath the world ;  
But in two years the ship came home,  
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,  
To see how she got on,  
He found she 'd got another Ben,  
Whose Christian-name was John.

"O Sally Brown ! O Sally Brown !  
How could you serve me so ?  
I've met with many a breeze before,  
But never such a 'blow !"

Then, reading on his 'bacco box,  
He heaved a heavy sigh,  
And then began to eye his pipe,  
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All 's Well !"  
But could not, though he tried ;  
His head was turned, — and so he chewed  
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,  
At forty-odd befell ;  
They went and told the sexton, and  
The sexton tolled the bell.

THOMAS HOOD.

### FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,  
And used to war's alarms ;  
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,  
So he laid down his arms.

Now as they bore him off the field,  
Said he, "Let others shoot ;  
For here I leave my second leg,  
And the Forty-second Foot."

The army-surgeons made him limbs :  
Said he, "They 're only pegs ;  
But there 's as wooden members quite,  
As represent my legs."

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid, —  
Her name was Nelly Gray ;  
So he went to pay her his devours,  
When he devoured his pay.

But when he called on Nelly Gray,  
She made him quite a scoff ;  
And when she saw his wooden legs,  
Began to take them off.

"O Nelly Gray ! O Nelly Gray !  
Is this your love so warm ?  
The love that loves a scarlet coat  
Should be more uniform."

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,  
For he was blithe and brave ;  
But I will never have a man  
With both legs in the grave.

"Before you had those timber toes  
Your love I did allow ;  
But then, you know, you stand upon  
Another footing now."

"O Nelly Gray ! O Nelly Gray !  
For all your jeering speeches,  
At duty's call I left my legs  
In Badajos's breaches."

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the feet  
Of legs in war's alarms,  
And now you cannot wear your shoes  
Upon your feats of arms !"

"O false and fickle Nelly Gray !  
I know why you refuse :  
Though I've no feet, some other man  
Is standing in my shoes.

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face ;  
But, now, a long farewell !  
For you will be my death ; — alas !  
You will not be my Nell !"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray  
His heart so heavy got,  
And life was such a burden grown,  
It made him take a knot.

So round his melancholy neck  
A rope he did intwine,  
And, for his second time in life,  
Enlisted in the Line.

One end he tied around a beam,  
And then removed his pegs ;  
And, as his legs were off, — of course  
He soon was off his legs.

And there he hung till he was dead  
As any nail in town ;  
For, though distress had cut him up,  
It could not cut him down.

A dozen men sat on his corpse,  
To find out why he died, —  
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,  
With a stake in his inside.

THOMAS HOOD.

#### A LEGEND OF A SHIRT.

I SING of a Shirt that *never was* new !  
In the course of the year Eighteen hundred and two  
Aunt Fanny began,  
Upon Grandmamma's plan,  
To make one for me, then her "dear little man."  
At the epoch I speak about, I was between  
A man and a boy,  
A hobble-de-hoy,  
A fat, little, punchy concern of sixteen, —  
Just beginning to flirt  
And ogle, — so pert,  
I'd been whipt every day had I had my desert, —  
And Aunt Fan volunteered to make me a shirt !

I've said she *began* it, —  
Some unlucky planet  
No doubt interfered, — for, before she and Janet  
Completed the "cutting-out," "hemming," and  
"stitching,"  
A tall Irish footman appeared in the kitchen ;  
This took off the maid, —  
And I'm sadly afraid  
Myrespected Aunt Fanny's attention, too, strayed ;  
For, about the same period, a gay son of Mars,  
Cornet Jones of the Tenth (then the Prince's)  
Hussars,  
With his fine dark eyelashes,  
And finer mustaches,  
And the ostrich plume worked on the corps'  
sable-taches,  
She had even resolved to say "Yes" should he  
ask it,  
And I — and my Shirt — were both left in the  
basket.

To her grief and dismay  
She discovered one day  
Cornet Jones of the Tenth was a little too gay ;  
For, besides that she saw him — he could not  
say nay —  
Wink at one of the actresses capering away  
In a Spanish *bolero*, one night at the play,  
She found he'd already a wife at Cambay ;  
One at Paris, — a nymph of the *corps de ballet* ;  
And a third down in Kent, at a place called Foot's  
Cray.  
He was "viler than dirt !"  
Fanny vowed to exert  
All her powers to forget him, — and finish my  
Shirt.

But, O, lack-a-day !  
How time slips away ! —  
Who'd have thought that while Cupid was play-  
ing these tricks  
Ten years had elapsed, and — I'd turned twenty-  
six ?

"I care not a whit,  
He's not grown a bit,"  
Says my Aunt ; "it will still be a very good fit."  
So Janet and She,  
Now about thirty-three,  
(The maid had been jilted by Mr. Magee,  
Each taking one end of "the Shirt" on her knee,  
Again began working with hearty good-will,  
"Felling the Seams," and "whipping the Frill," —  
For, twenty years since, though the Ruffle had  
vanished,  
A Frill like a fan had by no means been banished ;  
People wore them at playhouses, parties, and  
churches,  
Like overgrown fins of overgrown perches.

Now, then, by these two thus laying their caps  
Together, my "Shirt" had been finished, perhaps,  
But for one of those queer little three-cornered  
straps,  
Which the ladies call "Side-bits," that sever  
the "Flaps" ;  
Here unlucky Janet  
Took her needle, and ran it  
Right into her thumb, and cried loudly, "Ads  
cuss it !  
I've spoiled myself now by that 'ere nasty Gusset !"

For a month to come  
Poor dear Janet's thumb  
Was in that sort of state vulgar people call "Rum."  
At the end of that time,  
A youth, still in his prime,  
The Doctor's fat Errand-boy — just such a dolt  
as is  
Kept to mix draughts, and spread plasters and  
poultices,  
Who a bread-cataplasm each morning had carried  
her —  
Sighed, — oghed, — proposed, — was accepted, —  
and married her !

Ten years, or nigh,  
Had again gone by,  
When Fan, accidentally casting her eye  
On a dirty old work-basket, hung up on high  
In the store-closet where herbs were put by to dry,  
Took it down to explore it, — she didn't know why.  
Within, a pea-soup-colored fragment she spied,  
Of the hue of a November fog in Cheapside,  
Or a bad piece of gingerbread spoilt in the baking.

I still hear her cry, —  
 "I wish I may die  
 If here is n't Tom's Shirt, that's been so long  
 amaking!  
 My gracious me!  
 Well, — only to see!  
 I declare it's as yellow as yellow can be!  
 Why, it looks just as though 't had been soaked  
 in green tea!  
 Dear me, *did you ever?* —  
 But come, 't will be clever  
 To bring matters round; so I'll do my endeavor.  
 'Better Late,' says an excellent proverb, 'than  
 Never!'  
 It *is* stained, to be sure, but 'grass-bleaching'  
 will bring it  
 To rights 'in a jiffy.' We'll wash it, and wring it;  
 Or, stay, — 'Hudson's Liquor'  
 Will do it still quicker,  
 And — "Here the new maid chimed in, "Ma'am,  
 Salt of Lemon  
 Will make it, in no time, quite fit for the Gemmap!"  
 So they "set in the gathers," — the large round  
 the collar,  
 While those at the wristbands of course were  
 much smaller, —  
 The button-holes now were at length "overcast."  
 Then a button itself was sewn on, — 't was the  
 last!

All's done!  
 All's won!  
 Never under the sun  
 Was Shirt so late finished, so early begun!  
 The work would defy  
 The most critical eye.  
 It was "bleached," — it was washed, — it was  
 hung out to dry, —  
 It was marked on the tail with a T, and an I!  
 On the back of a chair it  
 Was placed, — just to air it,  
 In front of the fire. — "Tom to-morrow shall  
 wear it!"  
*O cæca mens hominum!* — Fanny, good soul,  
 Left her charge for one moment, — but one, — a  
 vile coal  
 Bounced out from the grate, and set fire to the  
 whole!

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.  
 (THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.)

### MISDAVENTURES AT MARGATE.

A LEGEND OF JARVIS'S JETTY.

MR. SIMPKINSON (*loquitur*).

I WAS in Margate last July, I walked upon the pier,  
 I saw a little vulgar Boy, — I said, "What make  
 you here?"

The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks  
 anything but joy";  
 Again I said, "What make you here, you little  
 vulgar Boy?"  
 He frowned, that little vulgar Boy, — he deemed  
 I meant to scoff, —  
 And when the little heart is big, a little "sets  
 it off."  
 He put his finger in his mouth, his little bosom  
 rose, —  
 He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose!  
 "Hark! don't you hear, my little man? — it's  
 striking Nine," I said,  
 "An hour when all good little boys and girls  
 should be in bed.  
 Run home and get your supper, else your Ma  
 will scold, — O fie!  
 It's very wrong indeed for little boys to stand  
 and cry!"

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,  
 His bosom throbbed with agony, — he cried like  
 anything!

I stooped, and thus amidst his sobs I heard him  
 murmur, — "Ah!

I have n't got no supper! and I have n't got  
 no Ma!" —

"My father, he is on the seas, — my mother's  
 dead and gone!

And I am here, on this here pier, to roam the  
 world alone;

I have not had, this livelong day, one drop to  
 cheer my heart,

Nor 'broun' to buy a bit of bread with, — let  
 alone a tart.

"If there's a soul will give me food, or find me  
 in employ,

By day or night, then blow me tight!" (he was  
 a vulgar Boy);

"And now I'm here, from this here pier it is  
 my fixed intent

To jump as Mister Levi did from off the Monu-  
 ment!"

"Cheer up! cheer up! my little man, — cheer  
 up!" I kindly said,

"You are a naughty boy to take such things into  
 your head;

If you should jump from off the pier, you'd  
 surely break your legs,

Perhaps your neck, — then Bogey'd have you,  
 sure as eggs are eggs!

"Come home with me, my little man, come  
 home with me and sup;

My landlady is Mrs. Jones, — we must not keep  
 her up, —

There's roast potatoes at the fire, — enough for  
me and you, —  
Come home, you little vulgar Boy, — I lodge at  
Number 2."

I took him home to Number 2, the house beside  
"The Foy,"

I bade him wipe his dirty shoes, — that little  
vulgar Boy, —

And then I said to Mistress Jones, the kindest of  
her sex,

"Pray be so good as go and fetch a pint of  
double X!"

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little  
noise,

She said she "did not like to wait on little vul-  
gar Boys."

She with her apron wiped the plates, and, as she  
rubbed the delf,

Said I might "go to Jericho, and fetch my beer  
myself!"

I did not go to Jericho, — I went to Mr. Cobb, —  
I changed a shilling (which in town the people  
call a Bob,) —

It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar  
child, —

And I said, "A pint of double X, and please to  
draw it mild!"

When I came back I gazed about, — I gazed on  
stool and chair, —

I could not see my little friend, because he  
was not there!

I peeped beneath the table-cloth, beneath the  
sofa too, —

I said, "You little vulgar Boy! why, what's be-  
come of you?"

I could not see my table-spoons, — I looked, but  
could not see

The little fiddle-patterned ones I use when I'm  
at tea;

I could not see my sugar-tongs, my silver  
watch, — O, dear!

I know 't was on the mantel-piece when I went  
out for beer.

I could not see my Macintosh, — it was not to be  
seen!

Nor yet my best white heaver hat, broad-brimmed  
and lined with green;

My carpet-bag, — my cruet-stand, that holds my  
sauce and soy, —

My roast potatoes! — all are gone! — and so 's  
that vulgar Boy!

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down  
below,

"O Mrs. Jones, what *do* you think? — ain't this  
a pretty go?"

That horrid little vulgar Boy whom I brought  
here to-night

He 'a stolen my things and run away!" Says  
she, "And sarve you right!"

Next morning I was up betime, — I sent the  
Crier round,

All with his bell and gold-laced hat, to say, I 'd  
give a pound

To find that little vulgar Boy, who 'd gone and  
used me so;

But when the Crier cried, "O Yes!" the people  
cried, "O No!"

I went to "Jarvis' Landing-place," the glory of  
the town,

There was a common sailor-man a walking up and  
down,

I told my tale, — he seemed to think I 'd not  
been treated well,

And called me "Poor old Buffer!" — what that  
means I cannot tell.

That Sailor-man, he said he 'd seen that morning  
on the shore,

A son of — something — 't was a name I 'd never  
heard before, —

A little "gallows-looking chap" — dear me,  
what could he mean? —

With a "carpet-swab" and "mucking-togs,"  
and a hat turned up with green.

He spoke about his "precious eyes," and said  
he 'd seen him "sheer," —

It 's very odd that Sailor-men should talk so  
very queer;

And then he hitched his trousers up, as is, I 'm  
told, their use, —

It 's very odd that Sailor-men should wear those  
things so loose.

I did not understand him well, but think he meant  
to say

He 'd seen that little vulgar Boy, that morning,  
swim away

In Captain Large's Royal George, about an hour  
before,

And they were now, as he supposed, "somewheres"  
about the Nore.

A landsman said, "I *twig* the chap, — he 's been  
upon the Mill, —

And 'cause he *gammons* so the *flats*, ve calls him  
Veeping Bill!"

He said "he'd done me werry brown," and nicely  
 "stowed the swag,"—

That's French, I fancy, for a hat, or else a carpet-  
 bag.

I went and told the constable my property to track ;  
 He asked me if "I did not wish that I might get  
 it back."

I answered, "To be sure I do!—it's what I'm  
 come about."

He smiled and said, "Sir, does your mother  
 know that you are out?"

Not knowing what to do, I thought I'd hasten  
 back to town,

And beg our Lord Mayor to catch the boy  
 who'd "done me brown."

His Lordship very kindly said he'd try and find  
 him out,

But he "rather thought that there were several  
 vulgar boys about."

He sent for Mr. Whithair then, and I described  
 "the swag,"

My Macintosh, my sugar-tongs, my spoons, and  
 carpet-bag ;

He promised that the New Police should all their  
 powers employ,

But never to this hour have I beheld that vulgar  
 Boy !

## MORAL.

Remember, then, what when a boy I've heard  
 my Grandma tell,

"BE WARNED IN TIME BY OTHERS' HARM, AND  
 YOU SHALL DO FULL WELL !"

Don't link yourself with vulgar folks, who've got  
 no fixed abode,

Tell lies, use naughty words, and say they "wish  
 they may be blowed !"

Don't take too much of double X!—and don't  
 at night go out

To fetch your beer yourself, but make the pot-  
 boy bring your stout !

And when you go to Margate next, just stop, and  
 ring the bell,

Give my respects to Mrs. Jones, and say I'm  
 pretty well !

RICHARD HARRIS BARMHAM.  
 (THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.)

## "LOOK AT THE CLOCK !"

## FYTTE I.

"Look at the Clock !" quoth Winifred Pryce,  
 As she opened the door to her husband's knock,  
 Then paused to give him a piece of advice,  
 "You nasty Warmint, look at the Clock !

Is this the way, you  
 Wretch, every day you

Treat her who vowed to love and obey you?—

Out all night ! ♣

Me in a fright ;

Staggering home as it's just getting light !

You intoxicated brute!—you insensible block!—

Look at the Clock!—Do!—Look at the Clock!"

Winifred Pryce was tidy and clean,  
 Her gown was a flowered one, her petticoat green,  
 Her buckles were bright as her milking-cans,  
 And her hat was a beaver, and made like a man's ;  
 Her little red eyes were deep set in their socket-  
 holes,

Her gown-tail was turned up, and tucked through  
 the pocket-holes ;

A face like a ferret

Betokened her spirit :

To conclude, Mrs. Pryce was not over young,  
 Had very short legs, and a very long tongue.

Now David Pryce

Had one darling vice ;

Remarkably partial to anything nice,

Naught that was good to him came amiss,

Whether to eat, or to drink, or to kiss !

Especially ale, —

If it was not too stale

I really believe he'd have emptied a pail ;

Not that in Wales

They talk of their Ales ;

To pronounce the word they make use of might  
 trouble you,

Being spelt with a C, two Rs, and a W.

That particular day,

As I've heard people say,

Mr. David Pryce had been soaking his clay,

And amusing himself with his pipe and cheroots,

The whole afternoon at the Goat-in-Boots,

With a couple more soakers,

Thoroughbred smokers,

Both, like himself, prime singers and jokers ;

And, long after day had drawn to a close,

And the rest of the world was wrapped in repose,

They were roaring out "Shenkin!" and "Ar  
 hydd y nos" ;

While David himself, to a Sassenach tune,

Sang, "We've drunk down the Sun, boys !

let's drink down the Moon !

What have we with day to do ?

Mrs. Winifred Pryce, 't was made  
 for you !"—

At length, when they could n't well drink any more,  
 Old "Goat-in-Boots" showed them the door ;

And then came that knock,

And the sensible shock

David felt when his wife cried, "Look at the Clock!"

For the hands stood as crooked as crooked might be,  
The long at the Twelve, and the short at the Three!

That self-same clock had long been a bone  
Of contention between this Darby and Joan;  
And often, among their pother and ront,  
When this otherwise amiable couple fell out,

Pryce would drop a cool hint  
With an ominous squint

At its case, of an "Uncle" of his, who'd a  
"Spout."

That horrid word "Spout"  
No sooner came out,

Than Winifred Pryce would turn her about,  
And with scorn on her lip,  
And a hand on each hip,

"Spout" herself till her nose grew red at the tip,

"You thundering Willin,  
I know you'd be killing

Your wife — ay, a dozen of wives — for a shilling!

You may do what you please,  
You may sell my chemise,

(Mrs. P. was too well bred to mention her stock,)  
But I never will part with my Grandmother's  
Clock!"

Mrs. Pryce's tongue ran long and ran fast;  
But patience is apt to wear out at last,  
And David Pryce in temper was quick,  
So he stretched out his hand, and caught hold  
of a stick.

Perhaps in its use he might mean to be lenient,  
But walking just then was n't very convenient,  
So he threw it, instead,  
Direct at her head;  
It knocked off her hat;  
Down she fell flat;

Her case, perhaps, was not much mended by that;  
But whatever it was, — whether rage and pain  
Produced apoplexy, or burst a vein,  
Or her tumble induced a concussion of brain,  
I can't say for certain, — but *this* I can,  
When, sobered by fright, to assist her he ran,  
Mrs. Winifred Pryce was as dead as Queen Anne.

And then came Mr. Ap Thomas, the Coroner,  
With his jury to sit, some dozen or more, on her.

Mr. Pryce, to commence  
His "ingenious defence,"

Made a "powerful appeal" to the jury's "good  
sense," —

The unlucky lick  
From the end of his stick

He "deplored," — he was "apt to be rather too  
quick";

But, really, her prating  
Was so aggravating:

Some trifling correction was just what he meant; —  
all

The rest, he assured them, was "quite accidental!"

The jury, in fine, having sat on the body  
The whole day, discussing the case and gin toddy,  
Returned about half past eleven at night  
The following verdict, "We find, *Sarvos herrright!*"

Mr. David has since had a "serious call,"  
He never drinks ale, wine, or spirits, at all,  
And they say he is going to Exeter Hall

To make a grand speech,  
And to preach and to teach  
People that "they can't brew their malt liquor  
too small!"

That an ancient Welsh Poet, one PYNDAR AP  
TUDOR,

Was right in proclaiming "ARISTON MEN UDOR!"  
Which means "The pure Element  
Is for Man's belly meant!"

And that *Gin's* but a *Snare* of Old Nick the de-  
luder!

And "still on each evening when pleasure fills  
up,"

At the old Goat-in-Boots, with Metheglin, each  
cup,

Mr. Pryce, if he's there,  
Will get into "The Chair,"

And make all his *quondam* associates stare  
By calling aloud to the Landlady's daughter,  
"Patty, bring a cigar, and a glass of Spring  
Water!"

The dial he constantly watches; and when  
The long hand's at the "XII," and the short at  
the "X,"

He gets on his legs,  
Drains his glass to the dregs,

Takes his hat and great-coat off their several pegs,  
With his President's hammer bestows his last  
knock,

And says solemnly, — "Gentlemen! LOOK AT  
THE CLOCK!!!"

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.  
(THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.)

### THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!  
Bishop and abbot and prior were there;

Many a monk, and many a friar,  
Many a knight, and many a squire,  
With a great many more of lesser degree, —

In sooth, a goodly company;  
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.

Never, I ween,  
Was a prouder seen,



Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,  
 Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims !  
 In and out  
 Through the motley rout,  
 That little Jackdaw kept hopping about :  
 Here and there,  
 Like a dog in a fair,  
 Over comits and cates,  
 And dishes and plates,  
 Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall !  
 Mitre and crosier ! he hopped upon all.  
 With a saney air,  
 He perched on the chair  
 Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat,  
 In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat ;  
 And he peered in the face  
 Of his Lordship's Grace,  
 With a satisfied look, as if he would say,  
 " We Two are the greatest folks here to-day ! "  
 And the priests, with awe,  
 As such freaks they saw,  
 Said, " The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw ! "

The feast was over, the board was cleared,  
 The flawns and the custards had all disappeared,  
 And six little Singing-boys — dear little souls  
 In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles —  
 Came, in order due,  
 Two by two,

Marching that grand refectory through !  
 A nice little boy held a golden ewer,  
 Embossed and filled with water, as pure  
 As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,  
 Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch  
 In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.  
 Two nice little boys, rather more grown,  
 Carried lavender-water and eau de Cologne ;  
 And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,  
 Worthy of washing the hands of the Popè.  
 One little boy more  
 A napkin bore,

Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,  
 And a Cardinal's Hat marked in " permanent ink. "

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight  
 Of these nice little boys dressed all in white ;  
 From his finger he draws  
 His costly turquoise :  
 And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,  
 Deposits it straight  
 By the side of his plate,  
 While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait ;  
 Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,  
 That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring !

There's a cry and a shout,  
 And a deuce of a rout,

And nobody seems to know what they're about,  
 But the monks have their pockets all turned in-  
 side out ;  
 The friars are kneeling,  
 And hunting and feeling  
 The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.  
 The Cardinal drew  
 Off each plum-colored shoe,  
 And left his red stockings exposed to the view ;  
 He peeps, and he feels  
 In the toes and the heels.  
 They turn up the dishes, — they turn up the  
 plates, —  
 They take up the poker and poke out the grates,  
 — They turn up the rugs,  
 They examine the mugs ;  
 But, no ! — no such thing, —  
 They can't find THE RING !  
 And the Abbot declared that " when nobody  
 twigged it,  
 Some rascal or other had popped in and prigged it ! "

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,  
 He called for his caudle, his bell, and his book !  
 In holy anger and pious grief  
 He solemnly cursed that rascally thief !  
 He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed ;  
 From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head ;  
 He cursed him in sleeping, that every night  
 He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright.  
 He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in  
 drinking,  
 He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in  
 winking ;  
 He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying ;  
 He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying ;  
 He cursed him living, he cursed him dying ! —  
 Never was heard such a terrible curse !  
 But what gave rise  
 To no little surprise,  
 Nobody seemed one penny the worse !

The day was gone,  
 The night came on,  
 The Monks and the Friars they searched till dawn ;  
 When the Sacristan saw,  
 On crumpled claw,  
 Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw !  
 No longer gay,  
 As on yesterday ;  
 His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong  
 way ; —  
 His pinions drooped, — he could hardly stand, —  
 His head was as bald as the palm of your hand ;  
 His eye so dim,  
 So wasted each limb,  
 That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, " THAT  
 's HIM ! —

That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing,

That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's Ring!"

The poor little Jackdaw,  
When the Monks he saw,

Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;  
And turned his bald head as much as to say,  
"Pray be so good as to walk this way!"

Slower and slower  
He limped on before,

Till they came to the back of the belfry-door,  
Where the first thing they saw,  
Midst the sticks and the straw,

Was the RING, in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book,  
And off that terrible curse he took;

The mute expression  
Served in lieu of confession,

And, being thus coupled with full restitution,  
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!

— When those words were heard,  
That poor little bird

Was so changed in a moment, 't was really absurd:  
He grew sleek and fat;

In addition to that,

A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!

His tail wagged more  
Even than before;

But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,  
No longer he perched on the Cardinal's chair.

He hopped now about  
With a gait devout;

At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;  
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,

He always seemed telling the Confessor's beads.  
If any one lied, or if any one swore,

Or slumbered in prayer-time and happened to snore,

That good Jackdaw

Would give a great "Caw!"

As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"  
While many remarked, as his manners they saw,  
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"

He long lived the pride  
Of that country side,

And at last in the odor of sanctity died;  
When, as words were too faint

His merits to paint,

The Conclave determined to make him a Saint.  
And on newly made Saints and Popes, as you know,  
It's the custom at Rome new names to bestow,  
So they canonized him by the name of Jem Crow!

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.  
(THOMAS\*INGOLDSBY, ESQ.)

I AM A FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

I AM a friar of orders gray,  
And down in the valleys I take my way;  
I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip, —  
Good store of venison fills my scrip;  
My long bead-roll I merrily chant;  
Where'er I walk no money I want;  
And why I'm so plump the reason I tell, —  
Who leads a good life is sure to live well.  
What baron or squire,  
Or knight of the shire,  
Lives half so well as a holy friar?

After supper of heaven I dream,  
But that is a pullet and clouted cream;  
Myself, by denial, I mortify —  
With a dainty bit of a warden-pie;  
I'm clothed in sackcloth for my sin, —  
With old sack wine I'm lined within;  
A chirping cup is my matin song,  
And the vesper's bell is my bowl, ding dong.  
What baron or squire,  
Or knight of the shire,  
Lives half so well as a holy friar?

JOHN O'KEEFE.

### THE VICAR OF BRAY.

[The Vicar of Bray in Berkshire, England, was Simon Alleyn, or Allen, and held his place from 1540 to 1588. He was a Papist under the reign of Henry the Eighth, and a Protestant under Edward the Sixth. He was a Papist again under Mary, and once more became a Protestant in the reign of Elizabeth. When this scandal to the gown was reproached for his versatility of religious creeds, and taxed for being a turn-coat and an inconstant changeling, as Fuller expresses it, he replied: "Not so, neither; for if I changed my religion, I am sure I kept true to my principle, which is to live and die the Vicar of Bray." — D'ISRAELI.]

The idea seems to have been adapted to some changelings of a later date. In a note in Nichols's "Select Poems," 1782, Vol. VIII. p. 234, it is stated that "the song of the Vicar of Bray" is said to have been written by an officer in Colonel Fuller's regiment, in the reign of King George the First. It is founded on an historical fact; and though it reflects no great honor on the hero of the poem, is humorously expressive of the complexion of the times, in the successive reigns from Charles the Second to George the First.]"

In good King Charles's golden days,

When loyalty no harm meant,  
A zealous high-churchman was I,  
And so I got preferment.

To teach my flock I never missed:

Kings were by God appointed,  
And lost are those that dare resist  
Or touch the Lord's anointed.

*And this is law that I'll maintain*

*Until my dying day, sir,*

*That whatsoever king shall reign,*

*Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.*

When royal James possessed the crown,  
And popery grew in fashion,

The penal laws I hooted down,  
 And read the declaration ;  
 The Church of Rome I found would fit  
 Full well my constitution ;  
 And I had been a Jesuit  
 But for the revolution.  
*And this is law that I'll maintain, etc.*

When William was our king declared,  
 To ease the nation's grievance ;  
 With this new wind about I steered,  
 And swore to him allegiance ;  
 Old principles I did revoke,  
 Set conscience at a distance ;  
 Passive obedience was a joke,  
 A jest was non-resistance.  
*And this is law that I'll maintain, etc.*

When royal Anne became our queen,  
 The Church of England's glory,  
 Another face of things was seen,  
 And I became a Tory ;  
 Occasional conformists base,  
 I blamed their moderation ;  
 And thought the church in danger was,  
 By such prevarication.  
*And this is law that I'll maintain, etc.*

When George in pudding-time came o'er,  
 And moderate men looked big, sir,  
 My principles I changed once more,  
 And so became a Whig, sir ;  
 And thus preferment I procured  
 From our new faith's defender ;  
 And almost every day abjured  
 The pope and the pretender.  
*And this is law that I'll maintain, etc.*

The illustrious house of Hanover,  
 And Protestant succession,  
 To these I do allegiance swear —  
 While they can keep possession :  
 For in my faith and loyalty  
 I nevermore will falter,  
 And George my lawful king shall be —  
 Until the times do alter.  
*And this is law that I'll maintain, etc.*  
 ANONYMOUS.

### THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

A DOMESTIC LEGEND OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

"Hail, wedded love ! mysterious tie !"  
*Thomson — or Somebody.*

THE Lady Jane was tall and slim,  
 The Lady Jane was fair,  
 And Sir Thomas, her lord, was stout of limb,  
 And his cough was short, and his eyes were dim,

And he wore green "specs," with a tortoise-shell rim,  
 And his hat was remarkably broad in the brim,  
 And she was uncommonly fond of him, —  
 And they were a loving pair ! —  
 And the name and the fame  
 Of the Knight and his Dame,  
 Were everywhere hailed with the loudest acclaim.

Now Sir Thomas the Good,  
 Be it well understood,  
 Was a man of very contemplative mood, —  
 He would pore by the hour,  
 O'er a weed or a flower,  
 Or the slugs that come crawling out after a  
 shower ;  
 Black-beetles and Bumble-bees, Blue-bottle flies  
 And Moths, were of no small account in his  
 eyes ;  
 An "Industrious Flea" he'd by no means despise,  
 While an "Old Daddy-long-legs," whose "long  
 legs" and thighs  
 Passed the common in shape or in color or size,  
 He was wont to consider an absolute prize.  
 Well, it happened one day, —  
 I really can't say  
 The particular month ; but I think 't was in  
 May, —  
 'T was, I know, in the Springtime, — when  
 "Nature looks gay,"  
 As the Poet observes, — and on tree-top and spray  
 The dear little dickey-birds carol away ;  
 When the grass is so green, and the sun is so  
 bright,  
 And all things are teeming with life and with  
 light, —  
 That the whole of the house was thrown into  
 affright,  
 For no soul could conceive what was gone with  
 the Knight !

It seems he had taken  
 A light breakfast, — bacon,  
 An egg, — with a little broiled haddock, — at most  
 A round and a half of some hot buttered toast,  
 With a slice of cold sirloin from yesterday's roast.  
 And then — let me see ! —  
 He had two, perhaps three,  
 Cups (with sugar and cream) of strong gunpowder  
 tea,  
 With a spoonful in each of some choice *eau de vie*, —  
 Which with nine out of ten would perhaps dis-  
 agree. —  
 In fact, I and my son  
 Mix "black" with our "Hyson,"  
 Neither having the nerves of a bull or a bison,  
 And both hating brandy like what some call  
 "pison."

No matter for that, —  
 He had called for his hat,  
 With the brim that I've said was so broad and  
 so flat,  
 And his "specs" with the tortoise-shell rim,  
 and his cane  
 With the crutch-handled top, which he used to  
 sustain  
 His steps in his walks, and to poke in the shrubs  
 And the grass, when unearthing his worms and  
 his grubs.  
 Thus armed, he set out on a ramble, — alack!  
 He *set out*, poor dear soul! — but he never came  
 back!

The morning dawned, — and the next, — and  
 the next,  
 And all in the mansion were still perplexed;

Up came running a man, at a deuce of a pace,  
 With that very peculiar expression of face  
 Which always betokens dismay or disaster,  
 Crying out, — 't was the gardener, — "O Ma'am!  
 we've found Master!"

"Where? where?" screamed the lady; and  
 Echo screamed, "Where?"  
 The man could n't say "There!"  
 He had no breath to spare,

But, gasping for air, he could only respond  
 By pointing, — he pointed, alas! TO THE POND.  
 'T was e'en so, — poor dear knight! — with his  
 "specs" and his hat

He'd gone poking his nose into this and to that,  
 When, close to the side  
 Of the bank, he espied

An "uncommon fine" tadpole, remarkably fat!  
 He stooped; — and he thought her  
 His own; — he had caught her!

Got hold of her tail, — and to land almost brought  
 her,  
 When — he plumped head and heels into, fifteen  
 feet water!

The Lady Jane was tall and slim,

The Lady Jane was fair,

Alas, for Sir Thomas! — she grieved for him.

As she saw two serving-men, sturdy of limb,

His body between them bear:

She sobbed and she sighed, she lamented and  
 cried,

For of sorrow brimful was her cup;

She swooned, and I think she'd have fallen down  
 and died

If Captain MacBride

Had not been by her side,

With the gardener; they both their assistance  
 supplied,

And managed to hold her up.

But, when she "comes to,"  
 O, 't is shocking to view  
 The sight which the corpse reveals!  
 Sir Thomas's body,  
 It looked so odd, — he  
 Was half eaten up by the eels!  
 His waistcoat and hose, and the rest of his  
 clothes,  
 Were all guawled through and through!  
 And out of each shoe  
 An eel they drew;  
 And from each of his pockets they pulled out  
 two!

And the gardener himself had secreted a few,  
 As well we may suppose;  
 For when he came running to give the alarm  
 He had six in the basket that hung on his  
 arm.

Good Father John

Was summoned anon;

Holy water was sprinkled,

And little bells tinkled,

And tapers were lighted,

And incense ignited,

And masses were sung, and masses were said,  
 All day, for the quiet repose of the dead,  
 And all night no one thought about going to bed.

But Lady Jane was tall and slim,

And Lady Jane was fair, —

And, ere morning came, that winsome dame  
 Had made up her mind, — or what's much the  
 same,

Had *thought about* — once more "changing her  
 name."

And she said, with a pensive air,  
 To Thompson the valet, while taking away,  
 When supper was over, the cloth and the  
 tray, —

"Eels a many

I've ate; but any

So good ne'er tasted before! —

They're a fish, too, of which I'm remarkably  
 fond. —

Go, pop Sir Thomas again in the pond;

Poor dear! — HE'LL CATCH US SOME  
 MORE!"

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.  
 (THOMAS INGOLDSBY.)

#### SIR MARMADUKE.

SIR MARMADUKE was a hearty knight, —  
 Good man! old man!

He's painted standing bolt upright,

With his hose rolled over his knee;

His periwig's as white as chalk,  
And on his fist he holds a hawk ;  
And he looks like the head  
Of an ancient family.

His dining-room was long and wide, —  
Good man ! old man !  
His spaniels lay by the fireside ;  
And in other parts, d' ye see,  
Cross-hows, tobacco-pipes, old hats,  
A saddle, his wife, and a litter of cats ;  
And he looked like the head  
Of an ancient family.

He never turned the poor from the gate, —  
Good man ! old man !  
But was always ready to break the pate  
Of his country's enemy.  
What knight could do a better thing  
Than serve the poor and fight for his king ?  
And so may every head  
Of an ancient family.

GEORGE COLMAN.

#### MARSHAL SAXE AND HIS PHYSICIAN.

FEVER 's a most audacious varlet !  
Now in a general's face he shakes  
His all-defying fist, and makes  
His visage like his jacket, — scarlet ;  
Now o'er surrounding guards he throws  
A summerset, and never squeaks  
"An' please your Majesty," but tweaks  
The Lord's anointed by the nose.

With his inflammatory finger,  
(Much like the heater of an urn)  
He makes the pulses boil and burn,  
Puts fur upon the-tongue, (not ermine,)  
And leaves his prey to die or linger,  
Just as the doctors may determine.

Though this disorder sometimes seems  
Mild and benignant,  
It interferes so with our schemes,  
Imparting to our heads a dizziness,  
Just when we want them clear for business,  
That it may well be termed malignant.

Of these inopportune attacks,  
One fiercely fell on Marshal Saxe,  
Just as his troops had opened trenches  
Before a fortress ; (what a pity !)  
Not only did it make his heart ache  
To be condemned to pill, cathartic,  
Bolus, and blister, drugs and drenches,

But shocked his military notions,  
To make him take unwished-for potions,  
Instead of taking, as he wished, — the city.

Senac, however, his physician,  
Soon gave our invalid permission  
To be coached out an easy distance ;  
First stipulating one condition, —  
That whatso'er the when and where,  
The doctor should be then and there,  
Lest any syncope, relapse,  
Or other unforeseen mishaps,  
Should call for medical assistance.

Saxe gives consent with all his heart,  
Orders the carriage in a minute,  
Whispers the coachman, — mounts within it ;  
Senac the same, and off they start,  
Joking, smiling, time beguiling,  
In a facetious *tête-à-tête*.  
The subject of their mutual chatter is  
Nothing to us ; — enough to state  
That Marshal Saxe at length got out  
To reconnoitre a redoubt  
Projecting from a range of batteries.

Left in the carriage, our physician  
By no means relished his position,  
When he discovered they had got  
Nearly within half cannon-shot ;  
Wherefore he hawled, with fear half melted,  
"For God's sake, move me from this spot !—  
Doubtless they've noticed our approach,  
And, when they recognize your coach,  
Sha' n't I be fired at, peppered, pelted,  
(When I can neither fly nor hide,)  
From some of yonder bristling masses ?"  
"It's not unlikely," Saxe replied ;  
"And war, I know, is not your trade ;  
So, if you feel the least afraid,  
Pull up the glasses !"

HORACE SMITH.

#### THE COMET.

THE comet ! he is on his way,  
And singing as he flies ;  
The whizzing planets shrink before  
The spectre of the skies.  
Ah, well may regal orbs burn blue,  
And satellites turn pale, —  
Ten million cubic miles of head,  
Ten billion leagues of tail !

On, on by whistling spheres of light,  
He flashes and he flames ;  
He turns not to the left nor right,  
He asks them not their names.

One spurn from his demoniac heel, —  
 Away, away they fly,  
 Where darkness might be bottled up  
 And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what would happen to the land,  
 And how would look the sea,  
 If in the bearded devil's path  
 Our earth should chance to be?  
 Full hot and high the sea would boil,  
 Full red the forests gleam;  
 Methought I saw and heard it all  
 In a dyspeptic dream!

I saw a tutor take his tube  
 The comet's course to spy;  
 I heard a scream, — the gathered rays  
 Had stewed the tutor's eye!  
 I saw a fort, — the soldiers all  
 Were armed with goggles green;  
 Pop cracked the guns! whizz flew the balls!  
 Bang went the magazine!

I saw a poet dip a scroll  
 Each moment in a tub;  
 I read upon the warping back,  
 "The Dream of Beelzebub."  
 He could not see his verses burn,  
 Although his brain was fried,  
 And ever and anon he bent  
 To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down  
 The crackling, sweating pines,  
 And streams of smoke, like water-spouts,  
 Burst through the rumbling mines.  
 I asked the firemen why they made  
 Such noise about the town;  
 They answered not, but all the while  
 The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit  
 Upon a baking egg;  
 I saw a cripple scorch his hand  
 Extinguishing his leg.  
 I saw nine geese upon the wing  
 Towards the frozen pole,  
 And every mother's gosling fell  
 Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass  
 Writhe in the blistering rays,  
 The herbage in his shrinking jaws  
 Was all a fiery blaze;  
 I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,  
 Bob through the bubbling brine;  
 And thoughts of supper crossed my soul, —  
 I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights! strange sounds! O fearful dream!  
 Its memory haunts me still,  
 The steaming sea, the crimson glare,  
 That wreathed each wooded hill;  
 Stranger, if through thy reeling brain  
 Such midnight visions sweep,  
 Spare, spare, O spare thine evening meal,  
 And sweet shall be thy sleep!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

### SPRING.

A FRAGMENT.

IN the merry month of May the jocund bee pro-  
 claims the spring,  
 The verdant fields give hopes of hay, the house-fly  
 now is on the wing,  
 The nettle now puts forth her charms, the thistle  
 tempts the patient ass,  
 Black beetles walk about in swarms, and from  
 the kitchens upward pass.

PUNCH.

### THE LAWYER'S INVOCATION TO SPRING.

WHEREAS, on certain boughs and sprays  
 Now divers birds are heard to sing,  
 And sundry flowers their heads upraise,  
 Hail to the coming on of Spring!

The songs of those said birds arouse  
 The memory of our youthful hours,  
 As green as those said sprays and boughs,  
 As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

The birds aforesaid — happy pairs —  
 Love, 'mid the aforesaid boughs, inshrines  
 In freehold nests; themselves their heirs,  
 Administrators, and assigns.

O busiest term of Cupid's Court,  
 Where tender plaintiffs actions bring, —  
 Seasons of frolic and of sport,  
 Hail, as aforesaid, coming Spring!

ANONYMOUS.

### THE CHEMIST TO HIS LOVE.

I LOVE thee, Mary, and thou lovest me, —  
 Our mutual flame is like the affinity  
 That doth exist between two simple bodies:  
 I am Potassium to thine Oxygen.  
 'T is little that the holy marriage vow  
 Shall shortly make us one. That unity  
 Is, after all, but metaphysical.  
 O, would that I, my Mary, were an acid,

A living acid ; thou an alkali  
Endowed with human sense, that, brought to-  
gether,

We both might coalesce into one salt,  
One homogeneous crystal. O that thou  
Wert Carbon, and myself were Hydrogen !  
We would unite to form olefiant gas,  
Or common coal, or naphtha. Would to Heaven  
That I were Phosphorus, and thou wert Lime,  
And we of Lime composed a Phosphuret !  
I'd be content to be Sulphuric Acid,  
So that thou might be Soda ; in that case  
We should be Glauber's Salt. Wert thou Magnesia  
Instead, we'd form the salt that's named from  
Epsom.

Couldst thou Potassa be, I Aquafortis,  
Our happy union should that compound form,  
Nitrate of Potash, — otherwise Saltpetre.  
And thus our several natures sweetly blent,  
We'd live and love together, until death  
Should decompose the fleshy *tertium quid*,  
Leaving our souls to all eternity  
Amalgamated. Sweet, thy name is Briggs  
And mine is Johnson. Wherefore should not we  
Agree to form a Johnsonate of Briggs ?  
We will. The day, the happy day, is nigh,  
When Johnson shall with beauteous Briggs com-  
bine.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

AROUND her waist I put my arm, —  
I felt as soft 's a cake ;  
"O, dear !" says she, "what liberty  
You printer men do take !"  
"Why, yes, my Sal, my charming gal,  
(I squeezed her some, I guess ;)  
Can you say aught, my chick, against  
The freedom of the press ?"

I kissed her some, — I did, by gum ! —  
She colored like a beet ;  
Upon my living soul, she looked  
Almost too good to eat !  
I gave her another buss, and then  
Says she, "I do confess  
I rather sorter kinder like  
The freedom of the press."

ANONYMOUS.

## SONG OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

FROM THE "LADY OF THE WRECK."

DON'T, now, be after being coy ;  
Sit still upon my lap, dear joy !  
And let us at our breakfast toy,  
For thou art wife to me, Judy ?

And I am bound by wedlock's chain,  
Thy humble sarvant to remain,  
Sir Tooleywhagg O'Shaughnashane,  
Husband unto thee, Judy !

Each vassal at our wedding-feast,  
Blind-drunk last night as any beast,  
Roared till the daylight streaked the east,  
Which spoiled the sleep of thee, Judy !  
Feasts in the honey-moon are right ;  
But that once o'er, my heart's delight !  
Naught shall disturb thee all the night,  
Or ever waken me, Judy !

The skins of wolves — by me they bled —  
Are covers to our marriage-bed ;  
Should one, in hunting, bite me dead,  
A widow thou wilt be, Judy !  
Howl at my wake ; 't will be but kind ;  
And if I leave, as I've designed,  
Some little Tooleywhaggs behind,  
They 'll sarve to comfort thee, Judy !

GEORGE COLMAN.

## THE EGGS AND THE HORSES.

A MATRIMONIAL EPIC.

JOHN DOBBINS was so captivated  
By Mary Trueman's fortune, face, and cap,  
(With near two thousand pounds the hook was  
baited,) —  
That in he popped to matrimony's trap.

One small ingredient towards happiness,  
It seems, ne'er occupied a single thought ;  
For his accomplished bride  
Appearing well supplied  
With the three charms of riches, beauty, dress,  
He did not, as he ought,  
Think of aught else ; so no inquiry made he  
As to the temper of the lady.

And here was certainly a great omission ;  
None should accept of Hymen's gentle fetter,  
"For worse or better,"  
Whatever be their prospect or condition,  
Without acquaintance with each other's nature ;  
For many a mild and quiet creature  
Of charming disposition,  
Alas ! by thoughtless marriage has destroyed it.  
So take advice ; let girls dress e'er so tastily,  
Don't enter into wedlock hastily  
Unless you can't avoid it.

Week followed week, and, it must be confest,  
The bridegroom and the bride had both been  
blest ;

Month after month had languidly transpired,  
Both parties became tired :  
Year after year dragged on ;  
Their happiness was gone.

Ah ! foolish pair !  
"Bear and forbear"  
Should be the rule for married folks to take.  
But blind mankind (poor discontented elves !)  
Too often make  
The misery of themselves.

At length the husband said, "This will not do !  
Mary, I never will be ruled by you :  
So, wife, d'ye see ?  
To live together as we can't agree,  
Suppose we part !"  
With woman's pride,  
Mary replied,  
"With all my heart !"

John Dobbins then to Mary's father goes,  
And gives the list of his imagined woes.

"Dear son-in-law !" the father said, "I see  
All is quite true that you've been telling me ;  
Yet there in marriage is such strange fatality,  
That when as much of life  
You will have seen  
As it has been

My lot to see, I think you'll own your wife  
As good or better than the generality.

"An interest in your case I really take,  
And therefore gladly this agreement make :  
An hundred eggs within this basket lie,  
With which your 'uck, to-morrow, you shall try ;  
Also my five best horses, with my cart ;  
And from the farm at dawn you shall depart.  
All round the country go,  
And be particular, I beg ;  
Where husbands rule, a horse bestow,  
But where the wives, an egg.  
And if the horses go before the eggs,  
I'll ease you of your wife, — I will, — I fegs !"

Away the married man departed,  
Brisk and light-hearted :  
Not doubting that, of course,  
The first five houses each would take a horse.  
At the first house he knocked,  
He felt a little shocked  
To hear a female voice, with angry roar,  
Scream out, — "Hullo !  
Who 'a there below ?  
Why, husband, are you deaf ? go to the door,  
See who it ia, I beg."  
Our poor friend John  
Trudged quickly on,  
But first laid at the door an egg.

I will not, all his journey through  
The discontented traveller pursue ;  
Suffice it here to say  
That when his first day's task was nearly done,  
He 'd seen an hundred husbands, minus one,  
And eggs just ninety-nine had given away.  
"Ha ! there 's a house where he I seek must  
dwell,"  
At length cried John ; "I'll go and ring the bell."

The servant came, — John asked him, "Pray,  
Friend, is your master in the way ?"  
"No," said the man, with smiling phiz,  
"My master is not, but my mistress is ;  
Walk in that parlor, sir, my lady 'a in it :  
Master will be himself there—in a minute."  
The lady said her husband then was dressing,  
And, if his business was not very pressing,  
She would prefer that he should wait until  
His toilet was completed ;  
Adding, "Pray, sir, be seated."  
"Madam, I will,"  
Said John, with great politeness ; "but I own  
That you alone  
Can tell me all I wish to know ;  
Will you do so ?  
Pardon my rudeness,  
And just have the goodness  
(A wager to decide) to tell me—do—  
Who governs in this house,—your sponse or  
you ?"

"Sir," said the lady, with a doubting nod,  
"Your question 's very odd ;  
But as I think none ought to be  
Ashamed to do their duty (do you see ?)  
On that account I seruple not to say  
It always is my pleasure to obey.  
But here 's my husband (always sad without  
me) ;  
Take not my word, but ask him, if you  
doubt me."

"Sir," said the husband, "'t is most true ;  
I promise you,  
A more obedient, kind, and gentle woman  
Does not exist.  
"Give us your fist,"  
Said John, "and, as the case is something more  
than common,  
Allow me to present you with a beast  
Worth fifty guineas at the very least.

There 'a Smiler, sir, a beauty, you must own,  
There 'a Prince, that handsome black,  
Ball the gray mare, and Saladin the roan,  
Besidea old Dunn ;  
Come, sir, choose one ;



But take advice from me,  
Let Prince be he ;  
Why, sir, you'll look the hero on his back."

"I'll take the black, and thank you too."

"Nay, husband, that will never do ;  
You know, you've often heard me say  
How much I long to have a gray ;  
And this one will exactly do for me."

"No, no," said he,  
"Friend, take the four others back,  
And only leave the black."

"Nay, husband, I declare  
I must have the gray mare."

Adding (with gentle force),  
"The gray mare is, I'm sure, the better horse."

"Well, if it must be so, — good sir,  
The gray mare *we* prefer ;  
So we accept your gift." John made a feg :

"Allow me to present you with an egg ;  
'T is my last egg remaining,

The cause of my regaining,  
I trust, the fond affection of my wife,  
Whom I will love the better all my life.

Home to content has her kind father brought me ;  
I thank him for the lesson he has taught me."  
ANONYMOUS.

#### THE INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.

'T WAS late in the autumn of '53  
That, making some business-like excuse,  
I left New York, which is home to me,  
And went on the cars to Syracuse.

Born and cradled in Maiden Lane,  
I went to school in Battery Row,  
Till when, my daily bread to obtain,  
They made me clerk to Muggins & Co.

But I belonged to a genteel set  
Of clerks with souls above their sphere,  
Who night after night together met  
To feast on intellectual cheer.

We talked of Irving and Bryant and Spratt, —  
Of Willis, and how much they pay him per  
page, —  
Of Sontag and Julien and Art, and all that, —  
And what d'ye call it? — the Voice of the Age !

We wrote little pieces on purling brooks,  
And meadow, and zephyr, and sea, and sky, —  
Things of which we had seen good descriptions  
in books,  
And the last, between houses some sixty feet  
high !

Somehow in this way my soul got fired ;  
I wanted to see and hear and know  
The glorious things that our hearts inspired, —  
The things that sparkled in poetry so !

And I had heard of the dark-browed braves  
Of the famous Onondaga race,  
Who once paddled the birch o'er Mohawk's waves,  
Or swept his shores in war and the chase.

I'd see that warrior stern and fleet !  
Ay, bowed though he be with oppression's  
abuse :

I'd grasp his hand ! — so in Chambers Street  
I took my passage for Syracuse.

Arrived at last, I gazed upon  
The smoke-dried wigwam of the tribe :  
"The depot, sir," suggested one, —  
I smiled to scorn the idle gibe.

Then to the baggage-man I cried,  
"O, point me an Indian chieftain out !"  
Rudely he grinned as he replied,  
"You'll see 'em loafin' all about !"

Wounded I turn, — when lo, e'en now  
Before me stands the sight I crave !  
I know him by his swarthy brow ;  
It is an Onondaga brave !

I know him by his falcon eye,  
His raven tress and mien of pride ;  
Those dingy draperies, as they fly,  
Tell that a great soul throbs inside !

No eagle-feathered crown he wears,  
Capping in pride his kingly brow ;  
But his crownless hat in grief declares,  
"I am an unthroned monarch now !"

"O noble son of a royal line !"  
I exclaim, as I gaze into his face,  
"How shall I knit my soul to thine ?  
How right the wrongs of thine injured race ?

"What shall I do for thee, glorious one ?  
To soothe thy sorrows my soul aspires.  
Speak ! and say how the Saxon's son  
May atone for the wrongs of his ruthless sires !"

He speaks, he speaks ! — that noble chief !  
From his marble lips deep accents come ;  
And I catch the sound of his mighty grief, —  
"Plc' gi' me tree cent for git some rum !"

ANONYMOUS.

#### ROPRECHT THE ROBBER.

ROPRECHT the Robber is taken at last ;  
In Cologne they have him fast ;  
Trial is over, and sentence past ;

And hopes of escape were vain, he knew ;  
For the gallows now must have its due.

But buried Roprecht must not be ;  
He is to be left on the triple tree ;  
That they who pass along may spy  
Where the famous robber is hanging on high.

It will be a comfortable sight  
To see him there by day and by night ;  
For Roprecht the Robber many a year  
Had kept the country round in fear.

In his suit of irons he was hung ;  
They sprinkled him, then, and their psalm they  
sung ;  
And, turning away when this duty was paid,  
They said, — “What a goodly end he had made !”

The crowd broke up, and went their way ;  
All were gone by the close of day ;  
And Roprecht the Robber was left there,  
Hanging alone in the moonlight air.

The stir in Cologne is greater to-day  
Than all the bustle of yesterday ;  
Hundreds and thousands went out to see ;  
The irons and chains, as well as he,  
Were gone, but the rope was left on the tree.

A wonderful thing ! for every one said  
He had hung till he was dead, dead, dead ;  
And on the gallows was seen, from noon  
Till ten o'clock, in the light of the moon.

Moreover, the hangman was ready to swear  
He had done his part with all due care ;  
And that certainly better hanged than he  
No one ever was, or ever *could* be.

So 't was thought, because he had died so well,  
He was taken away by miracle.  
But would he again alive be found ?  
Or had he been laid in holy ground ?

'T was a whole week's wonder in that great town,  
And in all places, up the river and down ;  
But a greater wonder took place of it then,  
For Roprecht was found on the gallows again.

With that the whole city flocked out to see ;  
There Roprecht was on the triple tree,  
Dead, past all doubt, as dead could be ;  
But fresh he was, as if spells had charmed him,  
And neither wind nor weather had harmed him.

While the multitude stood in a muse,  
One said, “I'm sure he was hanged in shoes.”  
In this the hangman and all concurred ;  
But now, behold, he was booted and spurred !

Plainly, therefore, it was to be seen,  
That somewhere on horseback he had been ;  
And at this the people marvelled more  
Than at anything which had happened before.

For not in riding trim was he  
When he disappeared from the triple tree ;  
And his suit of irons he still was in,  
With the collar that clipped him under the chin.

Roprecht the Robber had long been their curse,  
And hanging had only made him worse ;  
For had as he was when living, they said  
They had rather meet him alive than dead.

Pieter Snoye was a boor of good renown,  
Who dwelt about an hour and a half from the town ;  
And he, while the people were all in debate,  
Went quietly in at the city gate.

For Father Kijf he sought about,  
His Confessor, till he found him out ;  
But the Father Confessor wondered to see  
The old man, and what his errand might be.

“I and my son, Piet Pieterszoon,  
Were returning home, by the light of the moon,  
From this good city of Cologne,  
On the night of the execution day ;  
And hard by the gibbet was our way.

“About midnight it was we were passing by,  
My son, Piet Pieterszoon, and I,  
When we heard a moaning as we came near,  
Which made us quake, at first, for fear.

“But the moaning was presently heard again,  
And we knew it was nothing ghostly then ;  
'Lord help us, father !' Piet Pieterzoon said,  
'Roprecht, for certain, is not dead.'

“So under the gallows our cart we drive,  
And, sure enough, the man was alive.  
Because of the iron that he was in,  
He was hanging, not by the neck, but the *chin*.

“The reason why things had got thus wrong  
Was that the rope had been left too long ;  
The hangman's fault, — a clumsy rogue,  
He is not fit to hang a dog.

“My son, Piet Pieterszoon, and I,  
We took him down, seeing none was nigh ;  
And we took off his suit of irons with care,  
When we got him home, and we hid him there.

“Well, Father, we kept him at bed and board  
Till his neck was cured and his strength restored,  
And we should have sent him off this day  
With something to help him on his way ;

"But this wicked Roprecht, what did he,  
Though he had been saved thus mercifully?  
Hanging had done him so little good,  
That he took to his old ways as soon as he could.

"Last night, when we were all asleep,  
Out of his bed did this gallows-bird creep;  
Piet Pieterszoon's boots and spurs he put on,  
And stole my best horse, and away he was gone.

"Now Alit, my wife, did not sleep so hard  
But she heard the horse's feet in the yard;  
And when she joggled me, and bade me wake,  
My mind misgave me as soon as she awoke.

"To the window my good woman went,  
And watched which way his course he bent;  
And in such time as a pipe can be lit,  
Our horses were ready with bridle and bit.

"Away, as fast as we could hie,  
We went, Piet Pieterszoon and I;  
And still on the plain we had him in sight;  
The moon did not shine for nothing that night.

"Knowing the ground and riding fast,  
We came up with him at last;  
And — would you believe it? — Father Kijf,  
The ungrateful wretch would have taken my life,  
If he had not missed his stroke with a knife.

"When we had got him on the ground,  
We fastened his hands, and his legs we bound;  
And across the horse we laid him then,  
And brought him back to the house again.

"We have robbed the gallows, and that was ill  
done,  
Said I to Pieterszoon, my son,  
'And restitution we must make  
To that same gallows, for justice' sake.'

"In his suit of irons the rogue we arrayed,  
And once again in the cart he was laid;  
Night not yet so far was apace  
But there was time enough for our intent;  
And back to the triple tree we went.

"His own rope was ready there,  
To measure the length we took good care;  
And the job which the bungling hangman begun,  
This time, I think, was properly done,  
By me and Piet Pieterszoon, my son."

SOUTHEY.

## SNEEZING.

WHAT a moment, what a doubt!  
All my nose is inside out, —  
All my thrilling, tickling caustic,  
Pyramid rhinocroestic,

Wants to sneeze and cannot do it!  
How it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,  
How with rapturous torment fills me!  
Now says, "Sneeze, you fool, — get through it."  
Shee — shee — oh! 't is most del-ishi —  
Ishi — ishi — most del-ishi!  
(Hang it, I shall sneeze till spring!)  
Snuff is a delicious thing.

ANONYMOUS.

## CARMEN.

CANO carmen sixpence, a corbis plena rye,  
Multas aves atras percoctas in a pie;  
Ubi pie apertua tum canit avium grex;  
Nonne suavis cibus hoc locari ante rex?  
Fuisset rex in parlor, multo de nummo tumens;  
Regina in culina, bread and mel consumens;  
Ancilla was in horto, dependens out her clothes,  
Quum venit parva cornix demorsa est her nose."

MATER ANSER'S MELODIES.

## NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

EVEN is come; and from the dark Park, hark,  
The signal of the setting sun — one gun!  
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time  
To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain, —  
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,  
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,  
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch; —  
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride  
Four horses as no other man can span;  
Or in the small Olympic Pitt sit split  
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

Anon Night comes, and with her wings brings  
things

Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung;  
The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,  
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,  
About the streets and take up Pall-Mall Sal,  
Who, hastening to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,  
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,  
But, frightened by Policeman B. 3, flee,  
And while they're going, whisper low, "No go!"

Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,  
And sleepers waking, grumble, — "Drat that cat!"  
Who in the gutter caterwauls, aqualla, maulls,  
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.

Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise  
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor

Georgy, or Charley, or Billy, willy-nilly ;—  
 But Nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest-pressed,  
 Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,  
 And that she hears — what faithisman's — Ann's  
 banns

And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice ;  
 White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,  
 That upward goes. shows Rose knows those bows'  
 woes !

THOMAS HOOD.

### SORROWS OF WERTHER.

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte  
 Such as words could never utter ;  
 Would you know how first he met her ?  
 She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,  
 And a moral man was Werther,  
 And for all the wealth of Indies  
 Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,  
 And his passion boiled and bubbled,  
 Till he blew his silly brains out,  
 And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body  
 Borne before her on a shutter,  
 Like a well-conducted person,  
 Went on cutting bread and butter.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

### TOO FULL OF BEER.

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH WORKING CLASSES.

*As*, — "POOR MARY ANNE."

FOR Reform we feels too lazy ;  
 Too full o' beer.  
 Much malt liquor makes us hazy,  
 Too full o' beer.

We don't want no alteration  
 Of the present Legislation ;  
 'T won't affect our sittiuation,  
 Too full o' beer.

We 've the means to bile our kettles,  
 Too full o' beer.  
 Not bad off for drink and wittles,  
 Too full o' beer.  
 When we 've got no work nor wages  
 Politics our minds engages,  
 Till such time we never rages,  
 Too full o' beer.

Will this here Reform, we axes,  
 Too full o' beer,  
 Clear us quite of rates and taxes,  
 Too full o' beer ?  
 Income-Tax the middlin' classes  
 Loads unequal, — patient asses ! —  
 But it don't oppress the masses,  
 Too full o' beer.

We be willin' to be quiet,  
 Too full o' beer.  
 Not a bit inclined to riot,  
 Too full o' beer.  
 From the ale that 's sound and nappy,  
 Him as wants a change is sappy ;  
 Wot 's the odds so long 's you 're happy,  
 Too full o' beer ?

PUNCH.

### DOW'S FLAT.

'1856.

Dow's Flat. That 's its name.  
 And I reckon that you  
 Are a stranger ? The same ?  
 Well, I thought it was true,  
 For thar is n't a man on the river as can't spot the  
 place at first view.

It was called after Dow, —  
 Which the same was an ass ;  
 And as to the how  
 Thet the thing kem to pass, —  
 Jest tie up your hoss to that buckeye, and sit ye  
 down here in the grass.

You see this yer Dow  
 Hed the worst kind of luck ;  
 He slipped up somehow  
 On each thing thet he struck.  
 Why, ef he 'd a' straddled thet fence-rail the  
 derned thing 'ed get up and buck.

He mined on the bar  
 Till he could n't pay rates ;  
 He was smashed by a car  
 When he tunnclled with Bates ;  
 And right on the top of his trouble kem his wife  
 and five kids from the States.

It was rough, — mighty rough ;  
 But the boys they stood by,  
 And they brought him the stuff  
 For a house, on the sly ;  
 And the old woman, — well, she did washing,  
 and took on when no one was nigh.

But this yer luck of Dow's  
Was so powerful mean  
That the spring near his house  
Dried right up on the green ;  
And he sunk forty feet down for water, but nary  
a drop to be seen.

Then the bar petered out,  
And the boys would n't stay ;  
And the chills got about,  
And his wife fell away ;  
But Dow, in his well, kept a peggin' in his  
usual ridiculous way.

One day, — it was June, —  
And a year ago, jest, —  
This Dow kem at noon  
To his work like the rest,  
With a shovel and pick on his shoulder, and a  
derringer hid in his breast.

He goes to the well,  
And he stands on the brink,  
And stops for a spell  
Jest to listen and think :  
For the sun in his eyes, (jest like this, sir!) you  
see, kinder made the cuss blink.

His two ragged gals  
In the gulch were at play,  
And a gownd that was Sal's  
Kinder flapped on a bay :  
Not much for a man to be leavin', but his all, —  
as I've heer'd the folks say.

And — that's a peart hoss  
Thet you've got — ain't it now ?  
What might be her cost ?  
Eh ? Oh ! — Well then, Dow —  
Let's see, — well, that forty-foot grave was n't  
his, sir, that day, anyhow.

For a blow of his pick  
Sorter caved in the side,  
And he looked and turned sick,  
Then he trembled and cried.  
For you see the dern cuss had struck — "Wa-  
ter?" — hegyour parding, young man,  
there you lied !

It was *gold*, — in the quartz,  
And it ran all alike ;  
And I reckon five oughts  
Was the worth of that strike ;  
And that house with the coopilow's his'n, —  
which the same is n't had for a Pike.

Thet's why it's Dow's Flat ;  
And the thing of it is  
That he kinder got that

Through sheer contrairiness :  
For 't was *water* the derned cuss was seekin', and  
his luck made him certain to miss.

Thet's so. Thar's your way  
To the left of you tree ;  
But — a — look h'yr, say,  
Won't you come up to tea ?  
No ? Well, then the next time you're passin' ;  
and ask after Dow, — and thet's *me*.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

### CHIQUITA.

BEAUTIFUL ! Sir, you may say so. Thar is n't  
her match in the county, —  
Is thar, old gal ? Chiquita, my darling, my  
beauty !  
Feel of that neck, sir, — thar's velvet ! Whoa !  
Steady — ah, will you ? you vixen !  
Whoa ! I say. Jack, trot her out ; let the gen-  
tleman look at her paces.

Morgan ! — She ain't nothin' else, and I've got  
the papers to prove it.  
Sired by Chippewa Chief, and twelve hundred  
dollars won't buy her.  
Briggs of Tuolumne owned her. Did you know  
Briggs of Tuolumne ? —  
Busted hisself in White Pine, and blew out his  
brains down in 'Frisco ?

Hed n't no savey, — hed Briggs. Thar, Jack !  
that 'll do, — quit that foolin' !  
Nothin' to what she kin do when she's got her  
work cut out before her.  
Hosses is hosses, you know, and likewise, too,  
jockeys is jockeys ;  
And 't ain't every man as can ride as knows what  
a hoss has got in him.

Know the old ford on the Fork, that nearly got  
Flanigan's leaders ?  
Nasty in daylight, you bet, and a mighty rough  
ford in low water !  
Well, it ain't six weeks ago that me and the  
Jedge, and his nevey,  
Struck for that ford in the night, in the rain, and  
the water all round us ;

Up to our flanks in the gulch, and Rattlesnake  
Creek just a bilin',  
Not a plank left in the dam, and nary a bridge  
on the river.  
I had the gray, and the Jedge had his roan, and  
his nevey, Chiquita ;  
And after us trundled the rocks jest loosed from  
the top of the cañon.

Lickity, lickity, switch, we came to the ford,  
and Chiquita  
Buckled right down to her work, and afore I could  
yell to her rider,  
Took water jest at the ford, and there was the  
Jedge and me standing,  
And twelve hundred dollars of hoss-flesh afloat,  
and a driftin' to thunder !

Would ye b'lieve it, that night, that hoss, — that  
ar' filly, — Chiquita, —  
Walked herself into her stall, and stood there all  
quiet and dripping !  
Clean as a beaver or rat, with nary a buckle of  
harness,  
Just as she swam the Fork, — that hoss, that ar'  
filly, Chiquita.

That 's what I call a hoss ! and — what did you  
say ? — O, the nevey ?  
Drownded, I reckon, — leastways, he never kem  
back to deny it.  
Ye see the derned fool had no seat, — ye could n't  
have made him a rider ;  
And then, ye know, boys will be boys, and hosses  
— well, hosses is hosses !

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

#### LITTLE BILLEE.

THERE were three sailors of Bristol City  
Who took a boat and went to sea,  
But first with beef and captain's biscuits  
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack, and guzzling Jimmy,  
And the youngest he was little Billee ;  
Now when they 'd got as far as the Equator  
They 'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,  
" I am extremely hungaree."  
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,  
" We 've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,  
" With one another we should n't agree !  
There 's little Bill, he 's young and tender,  
We 're old and tough, so let 's eat he."

" O Billy ! we 're going to kill and eat you,  
So undo the button of your chemie."  
When Bill received this information,  
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

" First let me say my catechism  
Which my poor mother taught to me."

" Make haste ! make haste !" says guzzling Jimmy,  
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

Billy went up to the main-top-gallant mast,  
And down he fell on his bended knee,  
He scarce had come to the Twelfth Commandment  
When up he jumps — " There 's land I see !"

" Jerusalem and Madagascar  
And North and South Amerikee,  
There 's the British flag a riding at anchor,  
With Admiral Napier, K. C. B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's,  
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee,  
But as for little Bill he made him  
The Captain of a Seventy-three.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

#### SEBASTOPOL TAKEN — IN AND DONE FOR.

*Air*, — " bow, wow, wow."

I SING about a subject now, of which each paper  
has its full, —  
The glorious deed so lately done, — the taking of  
Sebastopol ;  
That is, — they would have taken it, as such  
was their intention, yet  
They have n't, so this latest joke I hope you will  
not mention yet.

Bosh, bosh, bosh !

All the wires are telegraphing bosh, bosh, bosh.

With fifty thousand men, and more, and cannon  
primed and loaded, sirs,  
They smashed and crashed each standing stone,  
and all the Russians goaded, sirs ;  
That is, — they would have done that same, and  
left them not a jot at all,  
But it happened neither guns nor men were ever  
near the spot at all.

Bosh, bosh, bosh.

They slew full twenty thousand foes, and took  
as many living, sirs,  
And seized on everything they saw, not waiting  
for the giving, sirs ;  
That is, — all this they would have done, your  
growlers I will bet 'em,  
But a trifling thing prevented it, — the Russians  
would n't let 'em.

Bosh, bosh, bosh.

They took at least five hundred sail, and steam-  
ers nine-and-sixty, too,  
Blew up and sunk and fired the rest ; most prop-  
erly they " fixed it," too ;

That is, — they would have shaved the coast as  
clean as any barber, sir,  
But it so happened that the fleet lay snugly in  
the harbor, sir.

Bosh, bosh, bosh.

Prince Menschikoff one Jack Tar took, all singly,  
with no aid alive,  
Requesting which he'd rather be, stuck, stran-  
gled, drowned, or flayed alive ;  
That is, — there cannot be a doubt the Prince  
would have been taken,  
But he's no rasher than he should be, — so he  
saved his bacon.

Bosh, bosh, bosh.

Lord Raglan slew, with his own hand, of Rus-  
sians full a hundred, sirs ;  
St. Arnaud kept the game alive, and eighty  
wesands sundered, sirs ;  
That is, — they would have killed them all, and  
left each corse behind 'em,  
But as they were not there to kill, in course  
they could n't find 'em.

Bosh, bosh, bosh.

At night, according to the Times, that surest of  
all staters,  
The Allies supped within the walls, on tripe and  
baked potatoes ;  
That is, — they would have had that fare, and,  
doubtless, keenly relished it,  
But they had junk outside the walls and noth-  
ing else embellished it !

Bosh, bosh, bosh.

Now when the next news come to hand, we hope  
it will be true, sirs,  
Assuring us of something done, and not a public  
"do," sirs ;  
And if there is, why then we'll shout, "Well  
done, my lads !" that's poz, sirs,  
And if there is n't, why then things ar'n't as  
they used to was, sirs.

Bosh, bosh, bosh.  
LONDON DIOGENES.

### THE INEBRIATE.

PARODY.

NOT a *sous* had he got, — not a guinea or note,  
And he looked confoundedly flurried,  
As he bolted away without paying his shot,  
And the Landlady after him hurried.

We saw him again at dead of night,  
When home from the Club returning ;  
We twigged the Doctor beneath the light  
Of the gas-lamp brilliantly burning.

All bare, and exposed to the midnight dews,  
Keclined in the gutter we found him ;  
And he looked like a gentleman taking a snooze,  
With his *Marshall* cloak around him.

"The Doctor's as drunk as the d——," we said,  
And we managed a shutter to borrow ;  
We raised him, and sighed at the thought that  
his head  
Would "consumedly ache" on the morrow.

We bore him home, and we put him to bed,  
And we told his wife and his daughter  
To give him, next morning, a couple of red  
Herrings, with soda-water.

Loudly they talked of his money that 's gone,  
And his Lady began to upbraid him ;  
But little he recked, so they let him snore on  
'Neath the counterpane just as we laid him.

We tucked him in, and had hardly done  
When, beneath the window calling,  
We heard the rough voice of a son of a **gun**  
Of a watchman "One o'clock !" bawling.

Slowly and sadly we all walked down  
From his room in the uppermost story ;  
A rushlight we placed on the cold hearthstone,  
And we left him alone in his glory !

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.  
(THOMAS INGOLDSBY.)

### PERILS OF THE PAVE.

JUMPING over gutters,  
Wading through the flood,  
Ploughing through the slush,  
Tumbling in the mud,  
Squatting in the puddles, —  
Bless me ! this is nice,  
Slopping through the water,  
Slipping on the ice.

Men of every class,  
In such falling weather,  
Find it very easy,  
Tumbling down together.  
Pillars of the church,  
Servants of the devil,  
Here they very quickly  
Find a common level.

Very sharp young fellow  
Makes a perfect flat,  
Rusty, fusty bachelor  
Tumbles on his hat.

Strictly temperate man,  
Who has ne'er been fuddled,  
Staggers here and falls,  
Dreadfully be-muddled.

Corpulent old lady,  
Radiant with blushes,  
Ere she can cry "Ned,"  
To the pavement rushes.  
Affluent old butcher,  
With a solemn frown,  
Says "he's very sorry  
Beef is going down."

Antiquated maiden,  
Easy to disturb,  
Violently seats her  
On the filthy curb.  
Witty man assisting,  
Says, "Trust you have n't hurt you ;  
Judging from position,  
You must be gutta-percha."

Policeman on corner,  
Holding up the wall,  
Suddenly, in slipping,  
Can't arrest his fall.  
Curious little boy,  
Walking with his par,  
Anxiously inquires  
"If that's a falling star."

Yellow-kidded dandy,  
Dressed in height of fashion,  
Falls into a puddle,  
And then into a passion ;  
Finding that he's going,  
In his wild alarm  
Tries to break his tumble, —  
Only breaks his arm.

Here a robust, sober,  
Hearty-looking Quaker  
Lays himself out flat  
Sans an undertaker.  
Then a jolly soul,  
Full of gin and porter,  
Quickly drops his rum  
And takes to dirty water.

Smiling little girls,  
Charming little trippers,  
Slip along the pave  
As if they had on slippers ;  
Skipping over streams  
No wider than their thumbs,  
Show their pretty teeth  
And horrid ugly gums.

Broken-winded horses,  
Pulling all they're able,  
Frequently get stalled,  
But seldom in the stable.  
Passengers in 'busses,  
Dreadfully aggravated,  
From their fellow-creatures  
Are wholly isolated.

Jumping over gutters,  
Wading through the flood,  
Ploughing through the slush,  
Tumbling in the mud,  
Squatting in the puddles, —  
Bless me ! this is nice,  
Slopping through the water,  
Slipping on the ice.

ANONYMOUS.

WIDOW BEDOTT TO ELDER SNIFFLES.

O REVEREND sir, I do declare  
It drives me most to frenzy,  
To think of you a lying there  
Down sick with influenzy.

A body 'd thought it was enough  
To mourn your wive's departer,  
Without sich trouble as this ere  
To come a follerin' arter.

But sickness and affliction  
Are sent by a wise creation,  
And always ought to be underwent  
By patience and resignation.

O, I could to your bedside fly,  
And wipe your weeping eyes,  
And do my best to cure you up,  
If 't would n't create surprise.

It 's a world of trouble we tarry in,  
But, Elder, don't despair ;  
That you may soon be movin' again  
Is constantly my prayer.

Both sick and well, you may depend  
You 'll never be forgot

By your faithful and affectionate friend,

PRISCILLA POOL BEDOTT.  
FROM THE WIDOW BEDOTT PAPERS.

DEBORAH LEE.

PARODY.

'T is a dozen or so of years ago,  
Somewhere in the West countree,  
That a nice girl lived, as ye Hoosiers know  
By the name of Deborah Lee ;



Her sister was loved by Edgar Poe,  
But Deborah by me.

Now I was green, and she was green,  
As a summer's squash might be ;  
And we loved as warmly as other folks, —  
I and my Deborah Lee, —  
With a love that the lasses of Hoosierdom  
Coveted her and me.

But somehow it happened a long time ago,  
In the aguish West countree,  
That a chill March morning gave the *shakes*  
To my beautiful Deborah Lee ;  
And the grim steam-doctor (drat him !) came,  
And bore her away from me, —  
The doctor and death, old partners they, —  
In the aguish countree.

The angels wanted her in heaven  
(But they never asked for me),  
And that is the reason, I rather guess,  
In the aguish West countree,  
That the cold March wind, and the doctor, and  
death,  
Took off my Deborah Lee —  
My beautiful Deborah Lee —  
From the warm sunshine and the opening flower,  
And bore her away from me.

Our love was as strong as a six-horse team,  
Or the love of folks older than we,  
Or possibly wiser than we ;  
But death, with the aid of doctor and steam,  
Was rather too many for me ;  
He closed the peepers and silenced the breath  
Of my sweetheart Deborah Lee,  
And her form lies cold in the prairie mould,  
Silent and cold, — ah me !

The foot of the hunter shall press her grave,  
And the prairie's sweet wild flowers  
In their odorous beauty around it wave  
Through all the sunny hours, —  
The still, bright summer hours ;  
And the birds shall sing in the tufted grass,  
And the nectar-laden bee,  
With his dreany hum, on his gauze wings pass, —  
She wakes no more to me ;  
Ah, nevermore to me !  
Though the wild birds sing and the wild flowers  
spring,  
She wakes no more to me.

Yet oft in the hush of the dim, still night,  
A vision of beauty I see  
Gliding soft to my bedside, — a phantom of light,  
Dear, beautiful Deborah Lee, —  
My bride that was to be ;

And I wake to mourn that the doctor, and death,  
And the cold March wind, should stop the breath  
Of my darling Deborah Lee, —  
Adorable Deborah Lee, —  
That angels should want her up in heaven  
Before they wanted me.

ANONYMOUS.

### THE LIVING LUSTRES.

IMITATION OF THOMAS MOORE.

I.

O, WHY should our dull retrospective addresses  
Fall damp as wet blankets on Drury Lane fire ?  
Away with blue devils, away with distresses,  
And give the gay spirit to sparkling desire !

II.

Let artists decide on the beauties of Drury,  
The richest to me is when woman is there ;  
The question of houses I leave to the jury,  
The fairest to me is the house of the fair.

III.

When woman's soft smile all our senses bewilders,  
And gilds, while it carves, her dear form on  
the heart,  
What need has New Drury of carvers and gilders ?  
With Nature so bounteous, why call upon Art ?

IV.

How well would our actors attend to their duties,  
Our house save in oil and our authors in wit,  
In lieu of yon lamps if a row of young beauties  
Glanced light from their eyes between us and  
the pit !

V.

The apples that grew on the fruit-tree of knowledge  
By woman were plucked, and she still wears the  
prize,  
To tempt us in theatre, senate, or college, —  
I mean the love-apples that bloom in the eyes.

VI.

There too is the lash which, all statutes controlling,  
Still governs the slaves that are made by the fair ;  
For man is the pupil, who, while her eye's rolling,  
Is lifted to rapture or sunk in despair.

VII.

Bloom, Theatre, bloom, in the roseate blushes  
Of beauty illumed by a love-breathing smile !  
And flourish, ye pillars, as green as the rushes  
That pillow the nymphs of the Emerald Isle !

VIII.

For dear is the Emerald Isle of the ocean,  
Whose daughters are fair as the foam of the wave,  
Whose sons, unaccustomed to rebel commotion,  
Though joyous, are sober, — though peaceful,  
are brave.

## IX.

The shamrock their olive, sworn foe to a quarrel,  
Protects from the thunder and lightning of rows;  
Their sprig of shillelagh is nothing but laurel,  
Which flourishes rapidly over their brows.

## X.

O, soon shall they burst the tyrannical shackles  
Which each panting bosom indignantly names,  
Until not one goose at the capital cackles  
Against the grand question of Catholic claims.

## XI.

And then shall each Paddy, who once on the Liffy  
Perchance held the helm of some mackerel-hoy,  
Hold the helm of the state, and dispense in a jiffy  
More fishes than ever he caught when a boy.

## XII.

And those who now quit their hods, shovels, and  
barrows,  
In crowds to the bar of some ale-house to flock,  
When bred to *our* bar shall be Gibbises and Garrows,  
Assume the silk gown, and discard the smock-  
frock.

## XIII.

For Erin surpasses the daughters of Neptune,  
As Dian outshines each encircling star;  
And the spheres of the heavens could never have  
kept tune  
Till set to the music of Erin-go-bragh!

HORACE SMITH. From the  
Rejected Addresses.

## A TALE OF DRURY LANE.

IMITATION OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"Thus he went on, stringing o'er extravagance upon another, in the style his books of chivalry had taught him, and imitating, as near as he could, their very phrase."—DON QUIXOTE.

To be spoken by Mr. Kemble, in a suit of the Black Prince's armor, borrowed from the Tower.

SURVEY this shield, all bossy bright, —  
These enisses twain behold!  
Look on my form in armor dight  
Of steel inlaid with gold;  
My knees are stiff in iron buckles,  
Stiff spikes of steel protect my knuckles.  
These once belonged to sable prince,  
Who never did in battle wince;  
With valor tart as pungent quince  
He slew the vaunting Gaul.  
Rest there awhile, my bearded lance,  
While from green curtain I advance  
To you foot-lights, no trivial dance,  
And tell the town what sad mischance  
Did Drury Lane befall.

## THE NIGHT.

On fair Augusta's towers and trees  
Flitted the silent midnight breeze,  
Curling the foliage as it past,  
Which from the moon-tipped plumage cast  
A spangled light, like dancing spray,  
Then reassumed its still array;  
When, as night's lamp unclouded hung,  
And down its full effulgence flung,  
It shed such soft and balmy power,  
That cot and castle, hall and bower,  
And spire and dome, and turret height,  
Appeared to slumber in the light.  
From Henry's Chapel, Rufus' Hall,  
To Savoy, Temple, and St. Paul;  
From Knightsbridge, Pancras, Camden Town,  
To Redriffe, Shadwell, Horsleydown,  
No voice was heard, no eye unclosed,  
But all in deepest sleep reposed.  
They might have thought who gazed around  
Amid a silence so profound  
It made the senses thrill,  
That 't was no place inhabited,  
But some vast city of the dead, —  
All was so hushed and still.

## THE BURNING.

As Chaos, which, by heavenly doom,  
Had slept in everlasting gloom,  
Started with terror and surprise  
When light first flashed upon her eyes, —  
So London's sons in nightcap woke,  
In bedgown woke her dames;  
For shouts were heard 'mid fire and smoke,  
And twice ten hundred voices spoke, —  
"The playhouse is in flames!"  
And, lo! where Catherine Street extends,  
A fiery tail its lustre lends  
To every window-pane;  
Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,  
And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,  
And Covent Garden kennels sport,  
A bright ensanguined drain;  
Meux's new Brewhouse shows the light,  
Rowland Hill's Chapel, and the height  
Where Patent Shot they sell;  
The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,  
Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall,  
The Ticket-Porters' House of Call,  
Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,  
Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,  
And Richardson's Hotel.  
Nor these alone, but far and wide,  
Across red Thames's gleaming tide,  
To distant fields the blaze was borne,  
And daisy white and hoary thorn  
In borrowed lustre seemed to sham  
The rose or red sweet Wil-li-am.

To those who on the hills around  
Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,  
As from a lofty altar rise,  
It seemed that nations did conspire  
To offer to the god of fire

Some vast, stupendous sacrifice !  
The summoned firemen woke at call,  
And hied them to their stations all :  
Starting from short and broken snooze,  
Each sought his ponderous hobnailed shoes,  
But first his worsted hosen plied ;  
Plush breeches next, in crimson dyed,

His nether bulk embraced ;  
Then jacket thick, of red or blue,  
Whose massy shoulder gave to view  
The badge of each respective crew,  
In tin or copper traced.

The engines thundered through the street,  
Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,  
And torches glared, and clattering feet  
Along the pavement paced.

And one, the leader of the band,  
From Charing Cross along the Strand,  
Like stag by beagles hunted hard,  
Ran till he stopped at Vin'gar Yard.  
The burning badge his shoulder bore,  
The belt and oil-skin hat he wore,  
The cane he had, his men to bang,  
Showed foreman of the British gang, —  
His name was Higginbottom. Now  
'T is meet that I should tell you how

The others came in view :  
The Hand-in-Hand the race began,  
Then came the Phoenix and the Sun,  
The Exchange, where old insurers run,  
The Eagle, where the new ;

With these came Rumford, Bumford, Cole,  
Robins from Hockley in the Hole,  
Lawson and Dawson, cheek by jowl,

Crump from St. Giles's Pound :  
Whitford and Mitford joined the train,  
Huggins and Muggins from Chick Lane,  
And Clutterbuck, who got a sprain  
Before the plug was found.

Hobson and Jobson did not sleep,  
But ah ! no trophy could they reap,  
For both were in the Donjon Keep

Of Bridewell's gloomy mound !  
E'en Higginbottom now was posed,  
For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed ;  
Without, within, in hideous show,  
Devouring flames resistless glow,  
And blazing rafters downward go,  
And never halloo " Heads below ! "

Nor notice give at all.  
The firemen terrified are slow  
To bid the pumping torrent flow,  
For fear the roof should fall.

Back, Robins, back ! Crump, stand aloof !  
Whitford, keep near the walls !  
Huggins, regard your own behoof,  
For, lo ! the blazing rocking roof  
Down, down, in thunder falls !  
An awful pause succeeds the stroke,  
And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,  
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,  
Concealed them from the astonished crowd.  
At length the mist awhile was cleared,  
When, lo ! amid the wreck upreared,  
Gradual a moving head appeared,

And Eagle firemen knew  
'T was Joseph Muggins, name revered,  
The foreman of their crew.

Loud shouted all in signs of woe,  
" A Muggins ! to the rescue, ho ! "

And poured the hissing tide :  
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,  
And strove and struggled all in vain,  
For, rallying but to fall again,  
He tottered, sunk, and died !

Did none attempt, before he fell,  
To succor one they loved so well ?  
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire  
(His fireman's soul was all on fire)

His brother chief to save ;  
But ah ! his reckless generous ire  
Served but to share his grave !

'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,  
Through fire and smoke he dauntless broke,  
Where Muggins broke before.

But sulphury stench and boiling drench,  
Destroying sight, o'erwhelmed him quite,

He sunk to rise no more.  
Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,  
His whizzing water-pipe he waved :

" Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps !  
You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps !

Why are you in such doleful dumps ?  
A fireman, and afraid of bumps ! —

What are they feared on ? fools ! 'od rot 'em !"  
Were the last words of Higginbottom.

HORACE SMITH. From the  
Rejected Addresses.

## THE THEATRE.

### IMITATION OF CRABBE.

Interior of a Theatre described. — Pit gradually fills. — The Check-taker. — Pit full. — The Orchestra tuned. — One fiddle rather dilatory. — Is reproved — and repents. — Evolutions of a Play-bill. — Its final Settlement on the Spikes. — The Gods taken to task — and why. — Motley Group of Play-goers. — Holywell Street, St. Pancras. — Emanuel Jennings binds his Son apprentice — not in London — and why. — Episode of the Hat.

'T is sweet to view, from half past five to six,  
Our long wax-candles, with short cotton wicks,

Touched by the lamplighter's Promethean art,  
Start into light, and make the lighter start ;  
To see red Phœbus through the gallery-pane  
Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury Lane ;  
While gradual parties fill our widened pit,  
And gape and gaze and wonder ere they sit.

At first, while vacant seats give choice and ease,  
Distant or near, they settle where they please ;  
But when the multitude contracts the span,  
And seats are rare, they settle where they can.

Now the full benches to late-comers doom  
No room for standing, miscalled *standing room*.

Hark ! the check-taker moody silence breaks,  
And bawling "Pitfull !" gives the check he takes ;  
Yet onward still the gathering numbers cram,  
Contending crowdiers shout the frequent damn,  
And all is bustle, squeeze, row, jabbering, and jam.

See to their desks Apollo's sons repair, —  
Swift rides the rosin o'er the horse's hair !  
In unison their various tones to tune,  
Murmurs the hautboy, growls the hoarse bassoon ;  
In soft vibration sighs the whispering lute,  
Tang goes the harpsichord, too-too the flute,  
Brays the loud trumpet, squeaks the fiddle sharp,  
Winds the French horn, and twangs the tingling  
harp ;

Till, like great Jove, the leader, figuring in,  
Attunes to order the chaotic din.  
Now all seems hushed, — but, no, one fiddle will  
Give, half ashamed, a tiny flourish still.  
Foiled in his crash, the leader of the clan  
Reproves with frowns the dilatory man ;  
Then on his candlestick thrice taps his bow,  
Nods a new signal, and away they go.

Perchance, while pitand gallery cry "Hats off!"  
And awed Consumption checks his chided cough,  
Some giggling daughter of the Queen of Love  
Drops, reft of pin, her play-bill from above :  
Like Icarus, while laughing galleries clap,  
Soars, ducks, and dives in air the printed scrap ;  
But, wiser far than he, combustion fears,  
And, as it flies, eludes the chandeliers ;  
Till, sinking gradual, with repeated twirl,  
It settles, curling, on a fiddler's curl ;  
Who from his powdered pate the intruder strikes,  
And, from mere malice, sticks it on the spikes.

Say, why these Babel strains from Babel tongues?  
Who 's that calls " Silence ! " with such leathern  
lungs ?

He who, in quest of quiet, " Silence ! " hoots,  
Is apt to make the hubbub he imputes.

What various swains our motley walls contain! —  
Fashion from Moorfields, honor from Chick Lane ;

Bankers from Paper Buildings here resort,  
Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riches Court ;  
From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain,  
Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water Lane ;  
The lottery-cormorant, the auction-shark,  
The full-price master, and the half-price clerk ;  
Boys who long linger at the gallery door,  
With pence twice five, — they want but twopence  
more ;  
Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,  
And sends them jumping up the gallery stairs.

Critics we boast who ne'er their malice balk,  
But talk their minds, — we wish they 'd mind  
their talk ;  
Big-worded bullies, who by quarrels live, —  
Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give ;  
Jews from St. Mary Axe, for jobs so wary,  
That for old clothes they 'd even axe St. Mary ;  
And bucks with pockets empty as their pate,  
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait ;  
Who oft, when we our house lock up, carouse  
With tipping tipstaves in a lock-up house.

Yet here, as e'sewhere, Chance can joy bestow,  
For scowling Fortune seemed to threaten wo.

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer  
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire ;  
But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,  
Emanuel Jennings polished Stubbs's shoes.  
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy  
Up as a corn-cutter, — a safe employ ;  
In Holy-well Street, St. Pancras, he was bred  
(At number twenty-seven, it is said),  
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head ;  
He would have bound him to some shop in town,  
But with a premium he could not come down.  
Pat was the urchin's name, — a red-haired youth,  
Fonder of purl and skittle grounds than truth.

Silence, ye gods ! to keep your tongues in awe,  
The Muse shall tell an accident she saw.

Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,  
But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat :  
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,  
And spurned the one to settle in the two.  
How shall he act ? Pay at the gallery-door  
Two shillings for what cost, when new, but four ?  
Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,  
And gain his hat again at half past eight ?  
Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,  
John Mullens whispers, " Take my handkerchief."  
" Thank you," cries Pat ; " but one won't make  
a line."  
" Take mine," cried Wilson ; and cried Stokes,  
" Take mine."

A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,  
 Where Spitalfields with real India vies.  
 Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted clew,  
 Starred, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,  
 Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.  
 George Green below, with palpitating hand,  
 Loops the last kerchief to the beaver's band, —  
 Upspars the prize ! The youth with joy unfeigned  
 Regained the felt, and felt what he regained ;  
 While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat  
 Made a low bow, and touched the ransomed hat.

JAMES SMITH.

### THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

DESCRIBED IN RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY.

“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 't was 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-skurry.  
 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,  
 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 straggling,  
 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 striying,  
 And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,  
 And sounding and bounding and rounding,  
 And hubbling 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 forever and ever are blending,  
 All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,  
 And this way the water comes down at Lodow.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

### POEMS

RECEIVED IN RESPONSE TO AN ADVERTISED  
 CALL FOR A NATIONAL ANTHEM.

#### NATIONAL ANTHEM.

BY H. W. L—, OF CAMBRIDGE.

BACK in the years when Phlagstaff, the Dane,  
 was monarch

Over the sea-ribbed land of the fleet-footed  
 Norsemen,

Once there went forth young Ursa to gaze at the  
 heavens, —

Ursa, the noblest of all Vikings and horsemen.

Musing he sat in his stirrups and viewed the  
 horizon,

Where the Aurora lapt stars in a north-polar  
 manner ;

Wildly he started, — for there in the heavens be-  
 fore him  
 Fluttered and flew the original star-spangled  
 banner.

Two objections are in the way of the acceptance of this anthem  
 by the committee : in the first place, it is not an anthem at all ; sec-  
 ondly, it is a gross plagiarism from an old Slavonic war-song of the  
 primeval ages.

Next we quote from a

#### NATIONAL ANTHEM.

BY THE HON. EDWARD E—, OF BOSTON.

PONDEROUS projectiles, hurled by heavy hands,  
 Fell on our Liberty's poor infant head,  
 Ere she a stadium had well advanced

On the great path that to her greatness led ;

Her temple's propylon was shattered ;

Yet, thanks to saving Grace and Washington,

Her incubus was from her bosom hurled ;

And, rising like a cloud-dispelling sun,

She took the oil with which her hair was curled  
 To grease the "hub" round which revolves the  
 world.

This fine production is rather heavy for an "anthem," and contains  
 too much of Boston to be considered strictly national. To set such  
 an "anthem" to music would require a Wagner ; and even were it  
 really accommodated to a tune, it could only be whistled by the  
 populace.

We now come to a

#### NATIONAL ANTHEM.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF W—.

My native land, thy Puritanic stock  
 Still finds its roots firm bound in Plymouth Rock ;  
 And all thy sons unite in one grand wish, —  
 To keep the virtues of Preserv-ed Fish.

Preserv-ed Fish, the Deacon stern and true,  
 Told our New England what her sons should do ;  
 And, should they swerve from loyalty and right,  
 Then the whole land were lost indeed in night.

The sectional bias of this "anthem" renders it unsuitable for use  
 in that small margin of the world situated outside of New England.  
 Hence the above must be rejected.

Here we have a very curious

#### NATIONAL ANTHEM.

BY DR. OLIVER WENDELL H—.

A DIAGNOSIS of our history proves  
 Our native land a land its native loves ;  
 Its birth a deed obstetric without peer,  
 Its growth a source of wonder far and near.

To love it more, behold how foreign shores

Sink into nothingness beside its stores.

Hyde Park at best — though counted ultra grand —

The "Boston Common" of Victoria's land —

The committee must not be blamed for rejecting the above after  
 reading thus far, for such an "anthem" could only be sung by a  
 college of surgeons or a Beacon Street tea-party.

Turn we now to a

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

BY RALPH WALDO E—.

SOURCE immaterial of material naught,  
Focus of light infinitesimal,  
Sum of all things by sleepless Nature wrought,  
Of which abnormal man is decimal.

Refract, in prism immortal, from thy stars  
To the stars blent incipient on our flag,  
To beam translucent, neutrififying death,  
And raise to immortality "the rag."

This "anthem" was greatly praised by a celebrated German scholar, but the committee will feel obliged to reject it on account of its too childish simplicity.  
Here we have a

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN B—.

THE sun sinks softly to his evening post,  
The sun swells grandly to his morning crown ;  
Yet not a star our flag of heaven has lost,  
And not a sunset stripe with him goes down.

So thrones may fall ; and from the dust of those  
New thrones may rise, to totter like the last ;  
But still our country's nobler planet glows,  
While the eternal stars of Heaven are fast.

Upon finding that this does not go well to the air of "Yankee Doodle," the committee feel justified in declining it ; being furthermore prejudiced against it by a suspicion that the poet has crowded an advertisement of a paper which he edits into the first line.  
Next we quote from a

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

BY GENERAL GEORGE P. M—.

In the days that tried our fathers,  
Many years ago,  
Our fair land achieved her freedom,  
Blood-bought, you know.  
Shall we not defend her ever,  
As we 'd defend  
That fair maiden, kind and tender,  
Calling us friend ?

Yes ! Let all the echocs answer,  
From hill and vale ;  
Yes ! Let other nations hearing,  
Joy in the tale.  
Our Columbia is a lady,  
High-born and fair ;  
We have sworn allegiance to her, —  
Touch her who dare.

The tone of this "anthem" not being devotional enough to suit the committee, it should be printed on an edition of linen-cambrie handkerchiefs for ladies especially.  
Observe this

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

BY N. P. W—.

ONE hue of our flag is taken  
From the cheeks of my blushing pet,  
And its stars beat time and sparkle  
Like the studs on her chemisetete.

Its blue is the ocean shadow  
That hides in her dreamy eyes,  
And it conquers all men, like her,  
And still for a Union flies.

Several members of the committee find that this "anthem" has too much of the Anacreon spice to suit them.  
We next peruse a

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

BY THOMAS BAILEY A—.

THE little brown squirrel hops in the corn,  
The cricket quaintly sings ;  
The emerald pigeon nods his head,  
And the shad in the river springs ;  
The dainty sunflower hangs its head  
On the shore of the summer sea ;  
And better far that I were dead,  
If Maud did not love me.

I love the squirrel that hops in the corn,  
And the cricket that quaintly sings ;  
And the emerald pigeon that nods his head,  
And the shad that gayly springs.  
I love the dainty sunflower, too,  
And Maud with her snowy breast ;  
I love them all ; but I love — I love —  
I love my country best.

This is certainly very beautiful, and sounds somewhat like Tennyson. Though it may be rejected by the committee, it can never lose its value as a piece of excellent reading for children. It is calculated to fill the youthful mind with patriotism and natural history, beside touching the youthful heart with an emotion palpitating for all.

We close the list with the following : —

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

BY R. H. STOD—.

BEHOLD the flag ! Is it not a flag ?  
Deny it, man, if you dare !  
And midway spread 'twixt earth and sky  
It hangs like a written prayer.

Would impious hand of foe disturb  
Its memories' holy spell,  
And blight it with a dew of blood ?  
Ha, tr-r-aitor ! . . . It is well.

R. C. NEWELL.  
(ORPHBUS C. KERR.)

On the beauty of the bliss Christ was born  
across the sea,

With a glory in his brow that transfigures good  
and me;

As he did to make man holy, let us die to  
make man free

While God is marching on.

Inha Hard Home.



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 I cannot eat but little meat . . . *John Still* 732  
 I cannot make him dead! . . . *John Pierpont* 185  
 I cannot think that thou shouldst pass away  
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 I care not, though it be . . . *John Norris* 48  
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I'd kind o' like to have a cot . . .	<i>Anonymous</i>	136	In a land for antiquities greatly renowned	<i>Jane Taylor</i>	671
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I do not love thee for that fair . . .	<i>T. Carew</i>	41	Indeed this very love which is my boast	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	110
I don't approve this hawid waw . . .	<i>Anonymous</i>	742	I need not praise the sweetoess of his song	<i>F. R. Lowell</i>	702
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If as a flowre doth spread and die . . .	<i>G. Herbert</i>	257	I never gave a lock of hair away	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	110
If chance assigned . . .	<i>Sir T. Wyatt</i>	56	In good King Charles's golden days	<i>Anonymous</i>	754
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I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden . . .	<i>Shelley</i>	25	In her ear he whispers gayly . . .	<i>Tennyson</i>	129
I feel a newer life in every gale . . .	<i>Percival</i>	310	In Kûln, a town of monks and bones	<i>Coleridge</i>	736
If ever you should come to Modena	<i>Rogers</i>	204	In man or woman, but far most in man	<i>Cowper</i>	593
If he's capricious, she'll be so . . .	<i>G. Patmore</i>	114	In May, when sea-winds pierced	<i>R. W. Emerson</i>	366
I fill this cup to one made up . . .	<i>E. C. Pinckney</i>	39	In Paestum's ancient fanes I trod	<i>R. W. Raymond</i>	532
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of J. E. Taylor) . . .	<i>M. Angelo</i>	43	In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay	<i>W. Dimond</i>	484
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If music be the food of love, play on	<i>Shakespeare</i>	585	In the days that tried our fathers	<i>R. C. Newell</i>	771
I found him sitting by a fountain side	<i>Beaumont and</i>		In the fair gardens of celestial peace . . .	<i>H. B. Stowe</i>	176
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If sleep and death be truly one	<i>Tennyson</i>	182	In the hour of my distress . . .	<i>R. Herrick</i>	263
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If that the world and love were young	<i>Sir W. Raleigh</i>	73	In their ragged regimentals . . .	<i>G. H. McMaster</i>	446
If the red slayer think he slays	<i>R. W. Emerson</i>	614	In the silence of my chamber . . .	<i>W. E. Aytoun</i>	231
If this fair rose offend thy sight	<i>Anonymous</i>	39	In the sweet shire of Cardigan	<i>Wordsworth</i>	245
If thou must love me, let it be for naught	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	110	In this one passion man can strength enjoy	<i>Pope</i>	601
	<i>Bishop Heber</i>	128	In vain the cords and axes were prepared	<i>W. Falconer</i>	485
If thou wert by my side, my love . . .	<i>T. L. Beddoes</i>	186	In Xanadu did Kubla Khan . . .	<i>Coleridge</i>	643
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If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright	<i>Col. R. Lovelace</i>	153	I prithee send me back my heart . . .	<i>Sir J. Suokling</i>	47
If to be absent were to be . . .	<i>Anonymous</i>	658	I remember, I remember . . .	<i>T. Hood</i>	19
If women could be fair and never fond	<i>Anonymous</i>	503	I saw him kiss your cheek! . . .	<i>C. Patmore</i>	78
I grew assured before I asked . . .	<i>C. Patmore</i>	96	I saw him once before . . .	<i>O. W. Holmes</i>	225
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I have a name, a little name . . .	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	17	I saw two maids at the kirk . . .	<i>R. H. Stoddard</i>	620
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I have had playmates . . .	<i>Chas. Lamb</i>	230	I sing of a shirt that <i>never was</i> new!	<i>Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq.</i>	748
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I have swung for ages to and fro	<i>R. W. Raymond</i>	653	I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris and he	<i>R. Browning</i>	397
I heard the trailing garments of the night	<i>Longfellow</i>	304	I stand on Zion's mount . . .	<i>C. Swain</i>	283
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I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus	<i>Shakespeare</i>	596	Is this a fast, — to keep . . .	<i>R. Herrick</i>	260
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I'll hold thee any wager . . .	<i>Shakespeare</i>	561	I think of thee! my thoughts do twine and bud	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	111
I love, and have some cause . . .	<i>F. Quarles</i>	258	I thought our love at full, but I did err	<i>F. R. Lowell</i>	127
I love it, I love it! and who shall dare	<i>Eliza Cook</i>	28	It is an ancient mariner . . .	<i>Coleridge</i>	645
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I loved a lass, a fair one . . .	<i>Geo. Wither</i>	168	It is not growing like a tree . . .	<i>Ben Jonson</i>	505
I loved him not; and yet, now he is gone	<i>W. S. Landon</i>	200	It is the miller's daughter . . .	<i>Tennyson</i>	50
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I loved thee long and dearly . . .	<i>Sir R. Aytou</i>	171	I travelled among unknown men . . .	<i>Wordsworth</i>	442
I loved thee once, I'll love no more	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	146	It was a beauty that I saw . . .	<i>Ben Jonson</i>	42
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I love to hear thine earnest voice	<i>O. W. Holmes</i>	356	It was a lover and his lass	<i>Shakespeare</i>	80
I'm a careless potatn, and care not a pin	<i>T. Moore</i>	363	It was a summer evening . . .	<i>Soutkey</i>	375
I made a posie, while the day ran by	<i>G. Herbert</i>	610	It was in my foreign travel . . .	<i>J. G. Saxe</i>	727
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The young May moon is beaming, love	<i>T. Moore</i>	70	To men of other minds my fancy flies	<i>Gilgusmith</i>	530	
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 Up from the South at break of day . . . *T. B. Read* 449  
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 Up springs the lark . . . *Thomson* 341  
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 We talked with open heart and tongue *Wordsworth* 33  
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