

THE COWPER
ANTHOLOGY





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THE
COWPER ANTHOLOGY.

1775-1800 A.D.

BRITISH ANTHOLOGIES.

- | | | |
|-------|---------------------------------|----------------|
| I. | THE DUNBAR ANTHOLOGY | 1401-1508 A.D. |
| II. | THE SURREY AND WYATT ANTHOLOGY | 1509-1547 A.D. |
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| VIII. | THE POPE ANTHOLOGY | 1701-1744 A.D. |
| IX. | THE GOLDSMITH ANTHOLOGY | 1745-1774 A.D. |
| X. | THE COWPER ANTHOLOGY | 1775-1800 A.D. |



WILLIAM COWPER.

SELECTIONS
FROM
THE ENGLISH POETS.



THE COWPER ANTHOLOGY.

1775-1800.



EDITED BY

PROFESSOR EDWARD ARBER, F.S.A.,

FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON, ETC.

WITH PORTRAITS.

'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever ;
Its loveliness increases.'

KEATS.

LONDON :

HENRY FROWDE,

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LIST OF PORTRAITS.

WILLIAM COWPER	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
ROBERT BURNS	<i>To face p. 54</i>
RICHARD BRINSLEY BUTLER SHERIDAN	„ 96
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH	„ 166
ROBERT SOUTHEY	„ 184
CHARLES LAMB	„ 222
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE	„ 232

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Anonymous Poems, 41, 48, 49, 52, 89, 104, 105, 111, 115-117,	124, 138, 150, 160
Anti-Jacobin (1797) [viz. W. GIFFORD, J. H. FRERE, G. CAN- NING, and G. ELLIS]; The Authors of the	212, 213
BAILLIE (1762-1851); JOANNA	191-197
BLAKE (1757-1827); WILLIAM	139-147
BLAMIRE (1747-1794); SUSANNA	154-157
BOWLES (1762-1850); Rev. WILLIAM LISLE	164
BURNS (1759-1796); ROBERT	53-88
CANNING, the Younger (1770-1827); Rt. Hon. GEORGE—see Anti-Jacobin	212, 213
CHERRY (1762-1812); ANDREW	230-231
COLERIDGE (1772-1834); SAMUEL TAYLOR	232-296
COWPER (1731-1800); WILLIAM	1-39
DALRYMPLE (c. 1762); Lieutenant-Colonel JAMES	109
DIBDIN (1745-1814); CHARLES	90, 91
DUDGEON (1753-1813); WILLIAM	110-111
EDWARDS (1743-1800); BRYAN	45
ELLIS (1753-1815); GEORGE—see Anti-Jacobin	212, 213
EWEN (1741-1821); JOHN	198, 199
FERRIER (1782-1854); SUSAN EDMONSTONE	222
FRERE (1769-1846); JOHN HOOKHAM—see Anti-Jacobin	212, 213
GALL (1776-1801); RICHARD	162, 163
GIFFORD (1756-1826); WILLIAM—see Anti-Jacobin	212, 213
GRANT, of Laggan (1755-1838); ANNE	229
GRANT (c. 1780); Rev. Dr. —	151
HAYLEY (1745-1820); WILLIAM	148, 149
HOARE (1755-1834); PRINCE	50, 51
HUNTER (1742-1821); ANNE (HOME, afterwards)	93-95
LAMB (1775-1834); CHARLES	223
LEWIS (1775-1818); MATTHEW GREGORY	200-202
LLOYD (1775-1839); CHARLES	190
LOVELL (c. 1795); ROBERT	189
LOWE (1750-1798); JOHN	102, 103
MACNEILL (1746-1818); HECTOR	118-123
MOORE, Bart. (1756-1780); Sir JOHN HENRY	158, 159

Contents.

	PAGE
NAIRNE, Baroness NAIRNE (1766-1845); CAROLINA (OLIPHANT, afterwards)	218-222
O'KEEFE (1747-1833); JOHN	46, 47
O'NEILL, Viscountess O'NEILL (1758-1793): HENRIETTA (BOYLE, afterwards)	112, 113
PEARCE (c. 1793); WILLIAM	99
PORTER (1780-1832); ANNA MARIA	210, 211
PYE, M.P. (1745-1813), Poet Laureate from 1790 to 1813; HENRY JAMES.	100, 101
RADCLIFFE (1764-1822); ANN	214-217
RICHARDSON (1743-1814); Professor WILLIAM	152, 153
ROGERS (1763-1855); SAMUEL	106-108
ROSCOE (1753-1831); WILLIAM	224, 225
SHERIDAN (1751-1816); Rt. Hon. RICHARD BRINSLEY BUTLER	96-98
SMART (1722-1771); CHRISTOPHER	42, 43
SMITH (1749-1806); CHARLOTTE (TURNER, afterwards)	92
SMYTH (1765-1849); Professor WILLIAM	226-228
SOUTHEY (1774-1843), Poet Laureate from 1813 to 1843; ROBERT	184-188
SPENCER (1769-1834); Hon. WILLIAM ROBERT	206-209
STEWART (1765-1838); HELEN D'ARCY (CRANSTOUN, afterwards)	204, 205
T. (c. 1806); J.	21
THOMPSON (1712-1766); WILLIAM	44
TOWNSHEND, Marquis TOWNSHEND (1724-1807); GEORGE	161
UPTON (c. 1790); WILLIAM	203
WARTON, B.D. (1728-1790), Poet Laureate from 1785 to 1790; Rev. THOMAS	40
WHITEHEAD (1710-1774); PAUL	125
WOLCOT, who wrote under the name of PETER PINDAR (1738-1819); Rev. JOHN.	126-137
WORDSWORTH (1770-1850), Poet Laureate from 1843 to 1850; WILLIAM	165-183
WOTY (1731-1791); WILLIAM	114
FIRST LINES AND NOTES	297
GLOSSARY AND INDEX	302
GENERAL INDEX OF FIRST LINES	313

THE
COWPER
ANTHOLOGY.

1775-1800 A. D.

THE ENTERTAINING AND FACETIOUS HISTORY OF

JOHN GILPIN;

SHEWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED,

AND CAME HOME SAFE AT LAST.

To the Tune of *Chevy Chase.*

JOHN GILPIN was a Citizen
Of credit and renown;
A Train-Band Captain eke was he
Of famous London Town.

William Cowper.

JOHN GILPIN'S Spouse said to her Dear,
 'Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years; yet we
 No holiday have seen!

'To-morrow is our Wedding Day,
 And we will then repair
Unto the *Bell* at Edmonton,
 All in a chaise and pair.

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

He soon replied, 'I do admire
 Of womankind but one;
And you are She, my dearest Dear!
 Therefore it shall be done!

'I am a Linendraper bold,
 As all the World does know;
And my good friend, the Calender,
 Will lend his horse to go.'

Quoth Mrs. GILPIN, 'That's well said;
 And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
 Which is so bright and clear.'

William Cowper.

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

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

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

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

JOHN GILPIN, at his horse's side,
Seized fast the flowing mane ;
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again :

For saddletree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his face, he saw
Three customers come in..

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

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind;
When BETTY screamed into his ears,
'The wine is left behind!

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

Now, Mistress GILPIN, careful Soul!
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor which she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had two curling ears,
Through which the belt he drew;
He hung one bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

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

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

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

So, 'Fair and softly!' JOHN did cry;
But JOHN, he cried in vain!
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb or rein.

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

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

The horse, who never had before
Been handled in this kind,
Affrighted, fled! and, as he flew,
Left all the World behind.

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

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

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And ev'ry Soul cried out, 'Well done!'
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went GILPIN, who but he!
His fame soon spread around.
'He carries weight! He rides a race!
'Tis for a Thousand Pound[s]!'

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

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

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

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced,
For still the bottle-necks were left
Both dangling at his waist.

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

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

At Edmonton, his loving Wife,
From the balcony espied
Her tender Husband; wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

'Stop! Stop! JOHN GILPIN! Here 's the house!'
They all at once did cry,
'The dinner waits; and we are tired!'
Said GILPIN, 'So am I!'

But, ah! his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there,
For why? His owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an Archer strong;
So did he fly! which brings me to
The middle of my Song.

Away went GILPIN, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend's, the Calender's,
His horse at last stood still.

The Calender, surprised to see
His friend in such a trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him.

'What news? What news? The tidings tell!
Make haste, and tell me all!
Say, Why, bare-headed, you are come?
Or why you come at all?'

Now GILPIN had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke,
And thus unto the Calender,
In merry strains he spoke.

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

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

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

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

‘But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs about your face!
And stop and eat! for well you may
Be in a hungry case.’

Said JOHN, ‘It is my Wedding Day;
And folks would gape and stare,
If Wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware!’

Then speaking to his horse, he said,
‘I am in haste to dine!
’Twas for your pleasure you came here!
You shall go back for mine!’

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

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

Away went GILPIN! and away
Went GILPIN’s hat and wig!
He lost them sooner than at first!
For why? They were too big!

Now GILPIN’s Wife, when she had seen
Her Husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out Half a Crown.

And thus unto the Youth she said,
That drove them to the *Bell*,
‘This shall be yours, when you bring back
My Husband safe and well!’

The Youth did ride, and soon they met;
He tried to stop JOHN's horse,
By seizing fast the flowing rein,
But only made things worse:

For, not performing what he meant
And gladly would have done,
He thereby frightened GILPIN's horse,
And made him faster run.

Away went GILPIN; and away
Went Post-boy at his heels!
The Post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumber of the wheels.

Six Gentlemen, upon the road,
Thus seeing GILPIN fly,
With Post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
They raised the Hue and Cry!

'Stop thief! Stop thief! A highwayman!'
Not one of them was mute!
So they, and all that passed that way,
Soon joined in the pursuit.

But all the Turnpike Gates again
Flew open, in short space;
The men still thinking, as before,
That GILPIN rode a race.

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

Now let us sing, 'Long live the King!
And GILPIN, long live he!'
And when he next does ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

A COMPARISON.

THE lapse of Time and Rivers is the same.
Both speed their journey, with a restless stream!
The silent pace, with which they steal away,
No Wealth can bribe! no Prayers persuade to stay!
Alike irrevocable both when past;
And a wide ocean swallows both at last!

Though each resemble each in ev'ry part,
A difference strikes at length the musing heart.
Streams never flow in vain! Where streams abound,
How laughs the land, with various plenty crowned!
But Time, that should enrich the nobler mind,
Neglected, leaves a dreary waste behind!

THE ROSE.

THE Rose had been washed, just washed in a shower,
Which MARY to ANNA conveyed;
The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,
And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet;
And it seemed, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drowned;
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I snapped it: it fell to the ground.

'And such,' I exclaimed, 'is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind!
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resigned.

'This elegant Rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloomed with the owner awhile!
And the tear that is wiped with a little address,
May be followed, perhaps, by a smile!'

THE SYMPTOMS OF LOVE.

WOULD my DELIA know, if I love? let her take
My last thought at night, and the first when I wake ;
With my prayers and best wishes preferred for her sake !

Let her guess, what I muse on! when, rambling alone,
I stride o'er the stubble, each day, with my gun ;
Never ready to shoot, till the covey is flown !

Let her think, what odd whimsies I have in my brain,
When I read one page over and over again ;
And discover, at last, that I read it in vain !

Let her say, why so fixed and so steady my look,
Without ever regarding the person who spoke ;
Still affecting to laugh, without hearing the joke !

Or why, when with pleasure her praises I hear
(That sweetest of melody, sure, to my ear!),
I attend, and at once inattentive appear !

And lastly, when summoned to drink to my Flame,
Let her guess, why I never once mention her name ;
Though herself and the woman I love are the same !

HUMAN FRAILITY.

WEAK and irresolute is Man!
The purpose of To-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away!

The bow well bent, and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain ;
But Passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again !

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part :
Virtue engages his assent ;
But Pleasure wins his heart !

'Tis here, the folly of the wise,
Through all his art, we view ;
And while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true !

Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own !

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast !
The breath of Heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost !

ON THE RECEIPT OF
MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

OUT OF NORFOLK;

THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN, ANNE BODHAM,

FEBRUARY 25, 1790.

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 smiles 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 honour, 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 reverie,
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 gav'st me, though unseen, 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 Nurs'ry 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 sound shall pass my lips no more!

Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of a 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 sorrow 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 Nurs'ry floor;

And where the Gard'ner, ROBIN, day by day,
Drew me to School along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped;
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the Past'ral House our own.
Short-lived possession! But the record fair
That mem'ry 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 mightst know me safe, and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties, ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary 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 humour, interposed, too often makes!
All this, still legible in mem'ry's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty! makes me glad to pay
Such honours 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 flowers,

William Cowper.

The violet, the pink, and 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 hours 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'¹;
And thy loved Consort, on the dang'rous tide
Of life, long since has anchored by thy side.

But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distrest;
Me, howling winds drive devious, tempest-tost,
Sails ripped, seams op'ning wide, and compass lost;

¹ Sir SAMUEL GARTH.

And, day by day, some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous course.

But, 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 t' 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!

A RIDDLE.

I AM just two and two! I am warm, I am cold;
And the parent of numbers that cannot be told!
I am lawful, unlawful! a duty, a fault!
I am often sold dear; good for nothing when bought!
An extraordinary boon, and a matter of course!
And yielded with pleasure, when taken by force!

J. T.

ANSWER.

A Riddle by COWPER
Made me swear like a trooper!
But my anger, alas! was in vain!
For remembering the bliss
Of Beauty's soft Kiss,
I now long for such Riddles again!

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 is mercy in ev'ry place!
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace;
And reconciles Man to his lot.

EPITAPH ON A HARE.

COWPER had three tame hares—Bess, Tiney, and Puss.

HERE lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
Nor swifter greyhound follow ;
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
Nor ear heard huntsman's halloo.

Tiney, the surliest of his kind !
Who, nursed with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confined,
Was yet a wild Jack hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
His pittance every night,
He did it with a jealous look ;
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk, and oats, and straw ;
Thistles, or lettuces instead ;
And sand to cleanse his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
On pippins' russet peel ;
And, when his juicier salads failed,
Sliced carrot pleased him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn ;
Whereon he loved to bound,
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
And swing himself around.

His frisking was at evening hours,
For then he lost his fear ;
But most before approaching showers,
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five long rolling moons
He saw thus steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

I kept him for old service sake ;
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

But now, beneath his walnut shade,
He finds his long last home ;
And waits, in snug concealment laid,
Till gentler Puss shall come.

He, in his turn, must feel the shocks
From which no care can save ;
And, partner once of Tiney's box,
Be partner of his grave !

THE POPLAR FIELD.

THE Poplars are felled; and Adieu to the shade
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade!
The winds play no longer and sing in their leaves;
Nor the Ouse in its bosom their image receives!

Twelve years had elapsed, since I last took a view
Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew;
When, behold! on their sides, in the grass, they were laid;
And I sat on the trees, under which I had strayed.

The blackbird has sought out another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat;
And the scene where his notes have oft charmed me
before,
Shall resound with his sweet-flowing ditty no more!

My fugitive years are all hast'ning away!
And I must, alas! lie as lowly as they,
With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head,
Ere another such grove rises up in their stead!

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

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

THE Nymph must lose her female friend,
If more admired than she;
But where will fierce contention end,
If Flowers can disagree?

Within the garden's peaceful scene
Appeared two lovely foes,
Aspiring to the rank of Queen—
The Lily and the Rose.

The Rose soon reddened into rage;
And, swelling with disdain,
Appealed to many a Poet's page,
To prove her right to reign.

The Lily's height bespoke command;
A fair imperial flower,
She seemed designed for FLORA's hand,
The sceptre of her power!

This civil bick'ring and debate
The Goddess chanced to hear;
And flew to save, ere yet too late,
The pride of the parterre!

'Yours is,' she said, 'the nobler hue;
And yours, the statelier mien!
And till a third surpasses you,
Let each be deemed a Queen!'

Thus soothed and reconciled, each seeks
The fairest British Fair;
The seat of empire is her cheeks,
They reign united there!

ON THE LOSS OF THE 'ROYAL GEORGE.'

[AUGUST 27, 1782.]

WRITTEN WHEN THE NEWS ARRIVED.

To the *March* in *SCIPIO*.

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!

THE NEEDLESS ALARM.

A TALE.

THERE is a field, through which I often pass,
Thick overspread with moss and silky grass,
Adjoining close to Kilwick's echoing Wood;
Where oft the bitch-fox hides her hapless brood,
Reserved to solace many a neighb'ring Squire,
That he may follow them, through brake and briar,
Contusion hazarding of neck or spine;
Which rural Gentlemen call Sport divine.

A narrow brook, by rushy banks concealed,
Runs in a bottom, and divides the field;
Oaks intersperse it, that had once a head,
But now wear crests of oven-wood instead;
And, where the land slopes to its wat'ry bourn,
Wide yawns a Gulf, beside a ragged thorn;
Bricks line the sides, but shivered long ago,
And horrid brambles intertwine below;
A hollow scooped, I judge, in ancient time,
For baking earth, or burning rock to lime.

Not yet the hawthorn bore her berries red,
With which the fieldfare, wintry guest! is fed;
Nor AUTUMN yet had brushed from ev'ry spray,
With her chill hand, the mellow leaves away;
But corn was housed, and beans were in the stack:
Now therefore issued forth the spotted pack,

With tails high mounted, ears hung low, and throats
With a whole gamut filled of heav'nly notes ;
For which, alas! my DESTINY severe,

Though ears she gave me two, gave me no ear!

The sun, accomplishing his early march,
His lamp now planted on heaven's topmost arch ;
When, exercise and air my only aim,
And heedless whither, to that field I came,
Ere yet, with ruthless joy, the happy hound
Told hill and dale that Reynard's track was found ;
Or, with the high-raised horn's melodious clang,
All Kilwick¹ and all Dingle-derry¹ rang.

Sheep grazed the field, some with soft bosom prest
The herb, as soft ; while nibbling strayed the rest :
Nor noise was heard but of the hasty brook,
Struggling, detained in many a petty nook.
All seemed so peaceful, that, from them conveyed,
To me their peace by kind contagion spread.

But when the Huntsman, with distended cheek,
'Gan make his instrument of music speak ;
And from within the Wood that crash was heard,
Though not a hound, from whom it burst, appeared ;
The sheep recumbent and the sheep that grazed,
All huddling into phalanx, stood and gazed,
Admiring, terrified, the novel strain ; [again :
Then coursed the field around, and coursed it round
But recollecting, with a sudden thought,
That flight in circles urged advanced them nought,

¹ The Woods belonging to JOHN THROCKMORTON, Esq.

They gathered close around the old Pit's brink;
And thought again—but knew not what to think!

The man, to solitude accustomed long,
Perceives in ev'rything that lives a tongue!
Not animals alone; but shrubs and trees
Have speech for him, and understood with ease!
After long drought, when rains abundant fall,
He hears the herbs and flowers rejoicing all;
Knows what the freshness of their hue implies,
How glad they catch the largess of the skies.
But, with precision nicer still, the mind
He scans of ev'ry locomotive kind;
Birds of all feather, beasts of ev'ry name,
That serve Mankind, or shun them, wild or tame.
The looks and gestures of their griefs and fears
Have all articulation in his ears:
He spells them true, by Intuition's light;
And needs no Glossary to set him right.

This truth premised was needful, as a Text,
To win due credence to what follows next.

Awhile they mused. Surveying ev'ry face,
Thou hadst supposed them of superior race!
Their periwigs of wool, and fears combined,
Stamped on each countenance such marks of mind,
That sage they seemed, as Lawyers o'er a doubt,
Which, puzzling long, at last they puzzle out;
Or Academic Tutors teaching youths
(Sure ne'er to want them!) mathematic truths;

When thus a Mutton, statelier than the rest,
A Ram, the Ewes and Wethers sad addressed:
‘Friends! We have lived too long! I never heard
Sounds such as these, so worthy to be feared!
Could I believe that winds, for Ages pent
In earth’s dark womb, have found, at last, a vent;
And from their prison-house below arise,
With all these hideous howlings, to the skies,
I could be much composed; nor should appear,
For such a cause, to feel the slightest fear!
Yourselves have seen, what time the thunders rolled
All night, me resting quiet in the fold!
Or heard we that tremendous bray alone,
I could expound the melancholy tone!
Should deem it by our old companion made,
The Ass! for he, we know, has lately strayed;
And being lost, perhaps, and wand’ring wide,
Might be supposed to clamour for a guide.
‘But, ah! those dreadful yells what soul can hear,
That owns a carcass, and not quake for fear?
Demons produce them, doubtless, brazen-clawed;
And fanged with brass the demons are abroad!
I hold it, therefore, wisest and most fit
That, life to save, we leap into the Pit!’

Him answered then his loving mate and true,
But more discreet than he, a Cambrian Ewe.

‘How? leap into the Pit, our life to save?
To save our life, leap all into the grave?’

For can we find it less? Contemplate first
The depth, how awful! Falling there, we burst!
Or should the brambles, interposed, our fall
In part abate, that happiness were small!
For with a race like theirs, no chance I see
Of peace or ease to creatures clad as we!

‘Meanwhile, noise kills not! Be it Dapple’s bray
Or be it not; or be it whose it may!
And rush those other sounds (that seem by tongues
Of demons uttered) from whatever lungs;
Sounds are but sounds! and, till the cause appear,
We have at least commodious standing here!
Come fiend, come Fury, giant, monster, blast,
From Earth, or Hell; we can but plunge at last!’

While thus she spake, I fainter heard the peals;
For Reynard, close attended at his heels
By panting dog, tired man, and spattered horse,
Through mere good fortune, took a different course
The flock grew calm again: and I, the road
Following that led me to my own abode,
Much wondered, that the silly sheep had found
Such cause of terror in an empty sound
So sweet to Huntsman, Gentleman, and hound. }

MORAL.

Beware of desp’rate steps! The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away!

GRATITUDE.

ADDRESSED TO LADY HESKETH.

[1786.]

THIS Cap, that so stately appears,
With ribbon-bound tassel on high,
Which seems, by the crest that it rears,
Ambitious of brushing the sky:
This Cap, to my Cousin I owe!
She gave it; and gave me beside,
Wreathed into an elegant bow,
The ribbon with which it is tied.

This wheel-footed studying Chair,
Contrived both for toil and repose,
Wide-elbowed, and wadded with hair,
In which I both scribble and doze;
Bright-studded to dazzle the eyes,
And rival in lustre of that
In which, or Astronomy lies,
Fair CASSIOPEÏA sat:

These Carpets, so soft to the foot,
Caledonia's traffic and pride,
O, spare them! ye knights of the boot,
Escaped from a cross-country ride!
This Table, and Mirror within,
Secure from collision and dust,
At which I oft shave cheek and chin,
And periwig nicely adjust:

This movable structure of Shelves,
For its beauty admired and its use;
And charged with Octavos and Twelves,
The gayest I had to produce!
Where, flaming in scarlet and gold,
My *Poems*, enchanted, I view;
And hope, in due time, to behold
My *Iliad* and *Odyssey* too:

This China, that decks the Alcove,
Which, here, people call a Buffet;
But what the Gods call it above,
Has ne'er been revealed to us yet:
These Curtains, that keep the room warm,
Or cool, as the season demands:
These Stoves, that, for pattern and form,
Seem the labour of MULCIBER's hands:

All these are not half that I owe
To One, from our earliest youth,
To me ever ready to show
Benignity, friendship, and truth!
For TIME, the destroyer declared
And foe of our perishing kind,
If even her face he has spared;
Much less could he alter her mind!

Thus, compassed about with the goods
And chattels of leisure and ease,
I indulge my poetical moods
In many such fancies as these!
And fancies, I fear, they will seem!
Poets' goods are not often so fine;
The Poets will swear, that I dream,
When I sing of the splendour of mine!

TO MARY [UNWIN].

[*AUTUMN OF 1793.*]

THE twentieth year is wellnigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah! would that this might be the last!
My MARY!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My MARY!

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

My MARY!

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

My MARY!

And still to love, though pressed with ill,
In wint'ry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still!

My MARY!

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

My MARY!

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

My MARY!

To tinkling brooks, to twilight shades,
To desert prospects rough and rude,
With youthful rapture first I ran,
Enamoured of sweet Solitude.

On Beauty next I wondering gazed ;
Too soon my supple heart was caught !
An eye, a breast, a lip, a shape,
Was all I talked of ! all I thought !

Next, by the smiling Muses led,
On Pindus' laurelled top I dream,
Talk with old Bards, and listening hear
The warblings of th' enchanting stream.

Then Harmony and Picture came,
Twin Nymphs, my sense to entertain ;
By turns, my eye, my ear, was caught
With RAPHAEL'S strokes, and HANDEL'S strain.

At last, such various pleasures proved
All cloying ! vain, unmanly found !
Sweet for a time, as morning dew ;
Yet parents of some painful wound !

Humbly I asked great WISDOM'S aid,
To true delight to lead my feet ;
When thus the Goddess, whispering, said,
'Virtue alone is bliss complete !'

BRITISH GRENADIERS.

SOME talk of ALEXANDER, and some of HERCULES;
Of CONON, and LYSANDER, and some MILTIADES;
But of all the World's brave heroes, there 's none that can compare
With a tow, row, row, row, row, to the British Grenadiers.

But of all the World's brave heroes, there 's none that can compare, &c.

None of those ancient heroes e'er saw a cannon ball,
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal;
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, the British Grenadiers.

But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears, &c.

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fusees, and we with hand-grenades;
We throw them from the Glacis about our enemies' ears,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, the British Grenadiers.

We throw them from the Glacis about our enemies' ears, &c.

The God of War was pleased, and great BELLONA smiles,
To see these noble heroes of our British Isles;
And all the Gods celestial, descended from their Spheres,
Behold with admiration the British Grenadiers.

And all the Gods celestial, descended from their Spheres, &c.

Then let us crown a bumper, and drink a Health to those
Who carry caps and pouches, that wear the loopèd clothes!
May they, and their Commanders, live happy all their years!
With a tow, row, row, row, row, the British Grenadiers.

May they, and their Commanders, live happy all their years! &c.

SWEET WILLIAM.

BY a prattling stream, on a Midsummer's Eve,
Where the woodbine and jess'mine their boughs interweave,
'Fair FLORA!' I cried, 'to my arbour repair;
For I must have a Chaplet for sweet WILLIAM's hair!'

She brought me the Vi'let that grows on the hill,
The vale-dwelling Lily, and gilded Jonquil;
But such languid odours, how could I approve?
Just warm from the lips of the Lad that I love!

She brought me, his faith and his truth to display,
The undying Myrtle, and evergreen Bay;
But why these to me? who've his constancy known;
And BILLY has laurels enough of his own!

The next was a gift that I could not contemn,
For she brought me two Roses that grew on a stem:
Of the dear nuptial tie, they stood emblems confest;
So I kissed them, and pressed them quite close to my breast.

She brought me a Sunflower, 'This, Fair One! 's your due!
For it once was a Maiden, and lovesick, like you!'
'O, give it me quick! to my Shepherd I'll run!
As true to his flame as this flower to the sun!'

THE LASS WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS.

No more of my HARRIOT! of POLLY no more!
Nor all the bright Beauties that charmed me before!
My heart for a slave to gay VENUS I've sold;
And bartered my freedom for ringlets of gold!
I'll throw down my Pipe, and neglect all my flocks;
And will sing to my Lass of the Golden Locks!

Though o'er her white forehead the gilt tresses flow
Like the rays of the sun on a hillock of snow—
Such, painters of old drew the Queen of the Fair!
'Tis the taste of the Ancients! 'tis classical hair!—
And though Witlings may scoff, and though raillery
 mocks ;
Yet I'll sing to my Lass of the Golden Locks!

To live and to love, to converse and be free,
Is loving, my Charmer! and living with thee!
Away go the hours in kissing and rhyme,
Spite of all the grave lectures of old FATHER TIME!
A fig for his dials, his watches and clocks!
He's best spent with the Lass of the Golden Locks!

Than the swan in the brook, she's more dear to my sight!
Her mien is more stately! her breast is more white!
Her sweet lips are rubies, all rubies above!
They are fit for the language, or labour, of Love!
At the Park, in the Mall, at the Play in the Box;
My Lass bears the bell with her Golden Locks!

Her beautiful eyes, as they roll, or they flow,
Shall be glad for my joy; or shall weep for my woe!
She shall ease my fond heart, and shall soothe my soft
 pain ;
While thousands of rivals are sighing in vain!
Let them rail at the fruit they can't reach, like the fox;
While I have the Lass with the Golden Locks!

A Book, a Friend, a Song, a Glass,
A chaste, yet laughter-loving, Lass,
To mortals various joys impart,
Inform the sense, and warm the heart!

Thrice happy they who, careless laid
Beneath a kind-embowering shade,
With rosy wreaths their temples crown!
In rosy wine their sorrows drown!

Meanwhile, the Muses wake the lyre!
The Graces, modest mirth inspire,
Good-natured humour, harmless wit,
Well-tempered joys, nor grave, nor light!

Let sacred VENUS, with her heir,
And dear IANTHE too, be there!
Music and Wine in concert move
With Beauty and refining Love!

There, Peace shall spread her dove-light wing;
And bid her olives round us spring!
There, Truth shall reign, a sacred guest!
And Innocence, to crown the rest!

Begone, Ambition, Riches, toys;
And splendid Cares, and guilty Joys!
Give me a Book, a Friend, a Glass,
And a chaste laughter-loving Lass!

‘DISCARD that frown upon your brow!
’Tis you alone I love!
To witness this eternal vow,
I’ll call on mighty JOVE!’

‘O, leave the God to soft repose!’
The smiling Maid replies,
‘For JOVE but laughs at Lovers’ oaths
And Lovers’ perjuries!’

‘By honoured Beauty’s gentle power!
By Friendship’s holy flame!’
‘Ah! what is Beauty? but a flower!
And Friendship? but a name!’

‘By these dear tempting lips!’ I cried—
With arch enchanting look,
‘Hold! I’ll believe!’ the Maid replied,
‘But—you’ve not kissed the book!’

Amo, amas,
I love a Lass,
As a cedar tall and slender!
Sweet cowslips' grace
Is her Nom'tive Case;
And she 's of the Feminine Gender.

CHORUS. *Rorum corum, sunt Divorum!*
Harum scarum, Divo!
Tag rag, merry derry, periwig and hatband!
Hic, hoc, horum Genitivo!

Can I decline
A Nymph divine?
Her voice as a flute is *dulcis!*
Her *oculi* bright!
Her *manus* white!
And soft, when I *tacto*, her pulse is!

CHORUS. *Rorum corum, sunt Divorum!* &c.

O, how *bella*
Is my *Puella!*
I'll kiss *secula seculorum!*
If I've luck, Sir!
She 's my *Uxor!*
O, *dies benedictorum!*

CHORUS. *Rorum corum, sunt Divorum!* &c.

FRIAR TUCK.

I AM a Friar of Orders Gray;
And down the valleys I take my way!
I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip;
Good store of venison does fill my scrip!
My long bead-roll I merrily chant;
Wherever I walk, no money I want!
And why I'm so plump, the reason I'll 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 fat pullen 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, &c.

THERE was an old man, and, though 'tis not common ;
Yet if he said true, he was born of a woman !
And, though 'tis incredible ; yet I've been told,
He was once a mere infant, but age made him old !

Whene'er he was hungry, he longed for some meat !
And if he could get it, 'twas said, he would eat !
When thirsty, he'd drink ! if you gave him a pot ;
And his liquor most commonly ran down his throat !

He seldom, or ever, could see without light ;
And yet I've been told, he could hear in the night !
He has oft been awake in the daytime, 'tis said ;
And has fallen fast asleep, as he lay in his bed !

'Tis reported, his tongue always moved when he talked ;
And he stirred both his arms and his legs when he walked !
His gait was so odd ; had you seen him, you'd burst !
For one leg, or t'other, would always be first !

His face was the 'oddest that ever was seen ;
For if 'twere not washed, it was seldom quite clean !
He showed his teeth most, when he happened to grin ;
And his mouth stood across 'twixt his nose and his chin ! . . .

At last, he fell sick, as old Chronicles tell ;
And then, as folks said, he was not very well !
But, what is more strange, in so weak a condition,
As he could not give fees, he could get no Physician !

What a pity he died ! Yet, 'tis said, that his death
Was occasioned, at last, by the want of his breath !
But peace to his bones ! which in ashes now moulder ;
Had he lived a day longer, he'd been a day older !

YE little Loves! that round her wait
To bring me tidings of my fate,
As CELIA on her pillow lies,
Ah! gently whisper, 'STREPHON dies!'

If this will not her pity move,
And the proud Fair disdains to love,
Smile, and say, 'Tis all a lie!
And haughty STREPHON scorns to die!'

FOR various purpose serves the Fan;
As thus, a decent blind,
Between the sticks, to peep at Man;
Nor yet betray your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain;
Resentment 's in the Snap!
A Flirt expresses strong disdain!
Consent, a gentle Tap!

All Passions will the Fan disclose,
All modes of female art;
And sweetly to advantage shows
The hand—if not the heart!

'Tis Folly's sceptre, first designed
By Love's capricious Boy;
Who knows how lightly all Mankind
Are governed by a toy!

THE SAUCY ARETHUSA.

COME, all ye jolly Sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in Honour's mould,
While English glory I unfold,
 Huzza to the *Arethusa*!
She is a Frigate tight and brave,
As ever stemmed the dashing wave!
 Her men are staunch
 To their fav'rite launch;
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike, we'll all expire
 On board of the *Arethusa*!

'Twas with the Spring Fleet she went out,
The English Channel to cruise about,
When four French Sail, in show so stout,
 Bore down on the *Arethusa*.
The famed *Belle Poule* straight ahead did lie:
The *Arethusa* seemed to fly;
 Not a sheet, or a tack,
 Or a brace, did she slack!
Though the Frenchmen laughed, and thought it stuff;
But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,
 On board of the *Arethusa*.

Prince Hoare.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France:
We, with two hundred, did advance
On board of the *Arethusa*.
Our Captain hailed the Frenchman, 'Ho!'
The Frenchmen then cried out, 'Hallo!'
'Bear down, d'ye see!
To our Admiral's lee!'
'No! No!' says the Frenchman, 'that can't be!'
'Then I must lug you along with me!'
Says the saucy *Arethusa*.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land.
We forced them back upon their strand;
For we fought till not a stick would stand
Of the gallant *Arethusa*.
And now we've driven the foe ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more;
Let each fill a glass
To his favourite Lass!
A Health to our Captain, and Officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew
On board of the *Arethusa*!

You know that our ancient Philosophers hold
There is nothing in Beauty! or Honour! or Gold!
That bliss in externals no mortal can find!
And, in truth, my good friends! I am quite of their mind!

What makes a man happy, I never can doubt,
'Tis something within him, and nothing without!
This something, they said, 'was the source of Content!
And, whatever they called it, 'twas Wine that they meant!

Without us, indeed, it is not worth a pin!
But, ye Gods! how divine, if we get it within!
'Tis, then, of all blessings the flourishing root;
And, in spite of the World, we can gather the fruit!

When the Bottle is wanting, the soul is deprest:
And Beauty can kindle no flame in the breast!
But with Wine in our hearts, we are always in love!
We can sing like the linnet, and bill like the dove!

The richest and Greatest are poor and repine,
If, with gold and with grandeur, you give them no Wine!
But Wine, to the peasant, or slave, if you bring;
He 's as rich as a Jew, and as great as a King!

With Wine at my heart, I am happy and free!
Externals, without it, are nothing to me!
Come, fill! and this truth from a bumper you'll know,
That Wine is, of blessings, the blessing below!

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A FRAGMENT.

CHORUS. 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 nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O!
What signifies the life o' Man,
An' 'twere na for the Lasses, O!
Green grow the rashes, O! &c.

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O!
An' tho', at last, they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O!
Green grow the rashes, O! &c.

But gie me a canny hour, at e'en,
My arms about my Dearie, O!
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteeie, O!
Green grow the rashes, O! &c.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O!
The wisest man the warl' [e'er] saw,
He dearly lov'd the Lasses, O!
Green grow the rashes, O! &c.

Auld NATURE swears, the lovely Dears
Her noblest work she classes, O!
Her prentice han' she try'd on Man;
An' then she made the Lasses, O!
Green grow the rashes, O! &c.

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TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST,

WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER, 1785.

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



ROBERT BURNS.

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

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve!
What then? Poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen-icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request!
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave;
An' 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 an' keen!

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

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

But, Mousie! thou art no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain!
The best laid schemes o' Mice and Men
Gang aft agley!
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy!

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

MARY MORISON.

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

Yestreen, when, to the trembling string,
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing;
I sat, but neither heard [n]or saw!
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the Toast of a' the town;
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
'Ye are na MARY MORISON!'

O, MARY! canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
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!

TAM GLEN.

'My heart is a breaking, dear Tittie!
Some counsel unto me come len'!
To anger them a' is a pity;
But what will I do wi' TAM GLEN?

'I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might mak a fen!
What care I, in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry TAM GLEN!

'There 's LOWRIE, the Laird o' Dumeller,
"Gude day to you!" Brute! he comes ben;
He brags and he blaws o' his siller;
But when will he dance like TAM GLEN?

'My Minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men!
"They flatter," she says, "to deceive me!"
But wha can think sae o' TAM GLEN?

'My Daddie says, "Gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten."
But, if it 's ordain'd I maun take him,
O, wha will I get but TAM GLEN?

'Yestreen, at the Valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou gied a sten!
For, thrice, I drew ane without failing;
And, thrice, it was written, TAM GLEN!

'The last Halloween, I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken!
His likeness cam up the house staukin,
And the very grey breeks o' TAM GLEN!

'Come, counsel, dear Tittie! don't tarry!
I'll gie you my bonie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The Lad I lo'e dearly, TAM GLEN!'

THE BANKS O' DOON.

THIRD VERSION.

YE banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds?
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!
Thou'll break my heart! thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn!
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed, never to return!

Oft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its Luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine!
Wi' lightsome heart, I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause Luver staw my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me!

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

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

What 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, an' 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 ribband, 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!
Gude faith! he mauna 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 comin yet for a' that,
That Man to Man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

MY COLLIER LADDIE.

- 'WHARE live ye? my bonie Lass!
And tell me, what they ca' ye?'
'My name,' she says, 'is Mistress JEAN;
And I follow the Collier Laddie!'
'My name,' she says, 'is Mistress JEAN,' &c.
- 'See you not yon hills and dales,
The sun shines on sae brawlie!
They a' are mine; and they shall be thine,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.
They a' are mine; and they shall be thine,' &c.
- 'Ye shall gang in gay attire,
Weel buskit up sae gaudy;
And ane to wait on every hand,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.
And ane to wait on every hand,' &c.
- 'Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly;
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier Laddie!
I wad turn my back on you and it a', &c.

'I can win my five pennies in a day,
An' spen 't at night fu' brawlie!
And make my bed in the Collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie!
And make my bed in the Collier's neuk,' &c.

'Love for Love is the bargain for me;
Tho' the wee cot-house should haud me!
And the world before me, to win my bread;
And fair fa' my Collier Laddie!
And the world before me, to win my bread;' &c.

THE TEAR-DROP.

WAE is my heart, and the tear 's in my e'e!
Lang, lang Joy 's been a stranger to me!
Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear;
And the sweet voice o' Pity ne'er sounds in my ear!

Love! thou hast pleasures; and deep hae I loved!
Love! thou hast sorrows; and sair hae I proved!
But this bruised heart, that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel, by its throbbings, will soon be at rest!

O, if I were (where happy I hae been!)
Down by yon stream, and yon bonie Castle Green!
For there he is wand'ring, and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his PHILLIS's e'e!

THE LADDIE'S DEAR SEL'.

[THERE 's a Youth in this city, it were a great pity
That he from our Lasses should wander awa!]
For he 's bony and braw, weel-favour'd with a',
And his hair has a natural buckle and a'.
His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue;
His fecket is white as the new-driven snaw;
His hose, they are blae, and his shoon like the slae,
And his clear siller buckles, they dazzle us a'!

For Beauty and Fortune the Laddie 's been courtin;
Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted an' braw;
But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till her,
The Penny 's the jewel that beautifies a'!
There 's MEG wi' the mailin, that fain wad a haen him;
And SUSAN, whase Daddie was Laird o' the Ha'!
There 's lang-tocher'd NANCY maist fetters his fancy:
But th' Laddie's dear sel', he lo'es dearest of a'!

LADY MARY ANN.

O, LADY MARY ANN looks o'er the Castle wa',
She saw three bonie boys playing at the ba';
The youngest, he was the flower amang them a'.
'My bonie Laddie 's young; but he 's growin yet!'

'O, father! O, father! an ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year to the College yet!
We'll sew a green ribban round about his hat;
And that will let them ken, he 's to marry yet!'

Lady MARY ANN was a flower in the dew,
Sweet was its smell, and bonie was its hue;
And the langer it blossom'd, the sweeter it grew!
For the lily in the bud will be bonier yet!

Young CHARLIE COCHRAN was the sprout of an aik,
Bonie, and bloomin, and straught was its make;
The sun took delight to shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag o' the forest yet!

'The Summer is gane, when the leaves they were green;
And the days are awa', that we hae seen!
But far better days, I trust will come again; [yet!
For my bonie Laddie 's young; but he 's growin

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. A[IKEN], ESQ.

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!

GRAY.

MY lov'd, my honor'd, 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 sequester'd scene,
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways!
What A[IKEN], in a Cottage would have been!
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh,
The short'ning Winter day is near a close,
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh,
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly moil 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 hameward
bend.

At length, his lonely Cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an agèd tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlan, stacher through
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.
His wee-bit ingle blinkan bonilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty Wife's smile,
The lispig infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile;
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve, the elder Bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the Farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town.
Their eldest hope, their JENNY, woman-grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame; perhaps, to shew a braw-new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her Parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeign'd, Brothers and Sisters meet;
And each for other's welfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd 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 and her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as well's the new;
The Father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their Master's, and their Mistress's, command,
The younkers a' are warnèd to obey;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play!
'And, O, be sure to fear the LORD alway;
And mind your duty, duly, morn and 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!

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door.
JENNY, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor Lad came 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,
With heart-struck anxious care, enquires his name.
While JENNY hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel-pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild, worth-
less Rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, JENNY brings him ben ;
A strappan' Youth, he takes the Mother's eye :
Blythe 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 laithfu', scarce can weel behave.
The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the Youth sae bashfu' and sae
grave ; [lave.
Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn 's respected like the

O, happy love! where love like this is found!
O, heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've pacèd much this weary, mortal round ;
And sage experience bids me this declare.
' If Heaven, a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy Vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn, that scents the evening
gale.'

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 his perjur'd arts! dissembling, smooth!
Are Honor, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,
Points to the Parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their distraction wild?

But, now, the Supper crowns their simple board,
The healsome porritch, chief of Scotia's food!
The soupe, their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood.
The Dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the Lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck fell;
And, aft he 's prest, and aft he ca's it guid,
The frugal Wifie, garrulous, will tell
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The chearf' Supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big Ha' Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion, with judicious care,
And 'Let us worship GOD!' he says with solemn Air.

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 heaven-ward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy Lays!
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame!
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise!
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise!

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.

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 banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty Angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by
Heaven's command.

Then, kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
The Saint, the Father, and the Husband prays.
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing¹,'
That thus they all shall meet in future days !
There, ever bask in uncreated rays,

¹ POPE's *Windsor Forest*.

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.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of Method and of Art !
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart !
The Power, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
But, haply, in some Cottage far apart,
May hear, well-pleas'd, the language of the soul ;
And in His Book of Life, the inmates poor enroll !

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral 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 clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry 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 preside !

From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad !
Princes and Lords are but the breath of Kings !
'An honest man 's the noble[st] 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 refin'd!

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!

O, Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
That stream'd thro' great, unhappy WALLACE'S
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!

O, WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD!

CHORUS. O, WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my Lad!
O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my Lad!
Tho' father and mother 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-jee!
Syne, up the back-style, and let naebody see;
And come, as ye were na coming to me!
And come, as ye were na coming to me!
O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my Lad! &c.

At Kirk, or at Market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me, as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie!
But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e;
Yet look, as ye were na lookin at me!
Yet look, as ye were na lookin at me!
O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my Lad! &c.

Ay vow and protest that ye carena for me!
And, whyles, ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court nae anither, tho' joking ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me!
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me!
O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my Lad! &c.

HERE 'S A HEALTH TO ANE I LO'E DEAR!

CHORUS. Here 's a Health to ane I lo'e dear!
Here 's a Health to ane I lo'e dear!
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond Lovers
meet,
And soft as their parting tear! *JESSY!*

ALTHO' thou maun never be mine,
Altho' even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside! *JESSY!*

I mourn through the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lock'd in thy arms! *JESSY!*
Here 's a Health to ane I lo'e dear! &c.

[I guess, by the dear angel smile!
I guess, by the love-rolling e'e!
But why urge the tender confession,
'Gainst Fortune's fell, cruel decree? *JESSY!*
Here 's a Health to ane I lo'e dear! &c.]

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne?

CHORUS. For auld lang syne, my jo!
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

And, surely, ye'll be your pint stowp!
And, surely, I'll be mine!
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!
For auld lang syne, my jo! &c.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary fitt
Sin auld lang syne!
For auld lang syne, my jo! &c.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin auld lang syne!
For auld lang syne, my jo! &c.

And there 's a hand, my trusty fiere!
And gie 's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught
For auld lang syne!
For auld lang syne, my jo! &c.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH,

IN APRIL, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour!
For I maun crush, amang the stoure,
Thy slender stem!
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem!

Alas! it 's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonie Lark, companion meet,
Bending thee, 'mang the dewy weet,
 Wi 's spreckl'd breast!
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling East.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet chearfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm;
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High-shelt'ring woods and wa's maun 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 sun-ward 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 flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
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 giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To Mis'ry's brink,
Till, wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
 He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n 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 crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom!

I LOVE MY JEAN!

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the West!
For there the bony Lassie lives,
The Lassie I lo'e best!
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between;
But, day and night, my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my JEAN!

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

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE, AND CANTY WI' MAIR.

CONTENTED wi' little, and canty wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' Sorrow and Care,
I gi'e them a skelp, as they're creeping alang,
Wi' a cog o' gude ale and an auld Scottish Sang!
I, whyles, claw the elbow o' troublesome Thought;
But Man is a soldier, and Life is a faught!
My mirth and good humour are coin in my pouch;
And my Freedom's my Lairdship nae Monarch dare
touch!

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a'!
When at the blythe end of our journey at last,
Wha the De'il ever thinks o' the road he has past?
Blind Chance! let her snapper and stoyte on her way!
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the Jade gae!
Come Ease, or come Travail! come Pleasure, or Pain!
My warst word is, 'Welcome! and welcome again!'

O, SAW YE BONIE LESLEY.

O, SAW ye bonie LESLEY,
As she gaed o'er the Border?
She 's gane, like ALEXANDER,
To spread her conquests farther!
To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever!
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither!

Thou art a Queen, fair LESLEY!
Thy subjects, we before thee!
Thou art divine, fair LESLEY!
The hearts of men adore thee!
The De'il, he cou'dna skaithe thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee!
He'd look into thy bonie face,
And say, 'I canna wrang thee!'

The Powers aboon will tent thee!
Misfortune sha'na steer thee!
Thou'rt, like themsels, sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee!
Return again, fair LESLEY!
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag, we hae a Lass
There 's nane again sae bonie!

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
As Autumn to Winter resigns the pale Year!

The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of Summer is flown!
Apart, let me wander! apart, let me muse,
How quick Time is flying! how keen Fate pursues!

How long I have liv'd; but how much liv'd in vain!
How little of Life's scanty span may remain!
What aspects old TIME, in his progress, has worn!
What ties, cruel Fate, in my bosom, has torn!

How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd!
And downward, how weaken'd! how darken'd! how
pain'd!

Life is not worth having, with all it can give!
For something beyond it, poor Man, sure, must live!

*ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS
ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN.*

SCOTS, wha ha'e wi' WALLACE bled,
Scots, wham BRUCE has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory!

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour!
See the front of 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,
Free man stand, or free man fa',
Caledonian! 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!

A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

AWA' wi' your witchcraft o' Beauty's alarms!
The slender bit Beauty you grasp in your arms!
O, gi'e me the Lass that has acres o' charms!
O, gi'e me the Lass wi' the weel-stockit farms!

CHORUS. Then hey, for a Lass wi' a tocher!
Then hey, for a Lass wi' a tocher!
Then hey, for a Lass wi' a tocher!
The nice yellow guineas for me!

Your Beauty 's a flower, in the morning that blows;
And withers the faster, the faster it grows!
But the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes,
Ilk Spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yewes!
Then hey, for a Lass wi' a tocher! &c.

And e'en when this Beauty your bosom has blest,
The brightest o' Beauty may cloy when possest!
But the sweet yellow darlings, wi' GEORDIE imprest,
The langer ye ha'e them, the mair they're carest!
Then hey, for a Lass wi' a tocher! &c.

THE BRAW WOOER.

LAST May, a braw Wooer cam' down the Lang Glen;
And sair, wi' his love, he did deave me!
I said, 'There was naething I hated, like men!'
The Deuce gae wi' him, to believe me! believe me!
The Deuce gae wi' him, to believe me!

He spak o' the darts in my bonie black e'en;
And vow'd for my love he was dying!
I said, 'He might die when he liked, for JEAN!'
The Lord forgie me for lying! for lying!
The Lord forgie me for lying!

A weel stocked mailin, himsel' for the Laird,
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers.
I never loot on, that I kenn'd it, or car'd;
But thought, I might hae waur offers! waur offers!
But thought, I might hae waur offers!

But what wad ye think? In a fortnight or less
(The De'il tak' his taste, to gae near her!),
He up the Lang Loan to my black Cousin, BESS.
Guess ye how, the Jad! I could bear her! could
bear her!
Guess ye how, the Jad! I could bear her!

But, a' the niest week, as I petted with care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock;
And wha but my fine fickle Lover was there!
I glowr'd as I'd seen a Warlock! a Warlock!
I glowr'd as I'd seen a Warlock!

But owre my left shouther, I ga'e him a blink,
Lest neebours might say I was saucy;
My Wooer, he caper'd as he'd been in drink;
And vow'd I was his dear Lassie! dear Lassie!
And vow'd I was his dear Lassie!

I spier'd for my Cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
If she had recover'd her hearing?
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet?
But, heavens! how he fell a-swearing! a-swearing!
But, heavens! how he fell a-swearing!

He begged, for Gude sake! I wad be his Wife!
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow:
So, e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think, I maun wed him to-morrow! to-morrow!
I think, I maun wed him to-morrow!

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO!

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo! JOHN!
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bony 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 the gither;
And mony a canty day, JOHN!
We've had wi' ane anither!
Now we maun totter down, JOHN!
And hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep the gither at the foot,
JOHN ANDERSON, my jo!

O, MY LOVE 'S LIKE THE RED, RED ROSE.

O, my Love 's like the red, red rose,
That 's newly sprung in June!
My Love 's like the melodie
That 's sweetly play'd in tune!
As fair art thou, my bonie Lass!
So deep in love am I!
And I can love thee still, my Dear!
Till a' the seas gang dry!
As fair art thou, my bonie Lass! &c.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my Dear!
And the rocks melt with the sun!
[And] I will love thee still, my Dear!
While the sands o' life shall run!
And fare thee well, my only Love!
O, fare thee well a little while!
And I will come again, my Love!
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile!
And fare thee well, my only Love! &c.

REEF'S SONG TO POLLY.

'Blow high! blow low! let tempest tear
The mainmast by the board!
My heart (with thoughts of thee, my Dear!
And love well stored)
Shall brave all danger! scorn all fear!
The roaring wind! the raging sea!
In hopes, on shore,
To be once more
Safe moored with thee.

'Aloft, while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that scud along,
And the surge roaring from below,
Shall my signal be
To think on thee!
And this shall be my Song,
Blow high! blow low! let tempest tear, &c.

'And on that night (when all the crew,
The mem'ry of their former lives,
O'er flowing Cans of Flip renew;
And drink their Sweethearts and their Wives),
I'll heave a sigh,
And think of thee!
And, as the ship rolls through the sea,
The burden of my Song shall be,
Blow high! blow low! let tempest tear,' &c.

TOM BOWLING'S EPITAPH.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor TOM BOWLING,
The darling of our crew!
No more he'll hear the tempest howling;
For Death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty!
His heart was kind and soft!
Faithful below, he did his duty;
And now he 's gone aloft!

TOM never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare!
His friends were many and true-hearted;
His POLL was kind and fair!
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah! many 's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy;
For TOM is gone aloft!

Yet shall poor TOM find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call Life's crew together,
The word to 'pipe all hands!'
Thus DEATH, who Kings and Tars dispatches,
In vain TOM's life has doffed!
For, though his body 's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft!

THE partial Muse has, from my earliest hours,
Smiled on the rugged path I'm doomed to tread ;
And still, with sportive hand, has snatched wild flowers,
To weave fantastic garlands for my head :
But far far happier is the lot of those,
Who never learned her dear delusive art !
Which, while it decks the head with many a rose,
Reserves the thorn to fester in the heart !
For still she bids soft Pity's melting eye
Stream o'er the ills she knows not to remove !
Points every pang, and deepens every sigh
Of mourning friendship, or unhappy love !
Ah ! then, how dear the Muse's favours cost,
If those paint sorrow best, who feel it most !

QUEEN of the silver bow ! by thy pale beam,
Alone and pensive, I delight to stray ;
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way :
And, while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast ;
And oft I think, fair planet of the night !
That, in thy orb, the wretched may have rest !
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
Released by death, to thy benignant Sphere !
And the sad children of despair and woe
Forget in thee, their cup of sorrow here !
O, that I soon may reach thy world serene !
Poor wearied pilgrim in this toiling scene.

A MERMAID'S SONG.

' Now the dancing sunbeams play
On the green and glassy sea ;
Come, and I will lead the way,
Where the pearly treasures be!
Come with me, and we will go
Where the rocks of coral grow!
Follow! follow! follow me!

' Come, behold what treasures lie
Deep below the rolling waves!
Riches, hid from human eye,
Dimly shine in ocean's caves!
Stormy winds are far away!
Ebbing tides brook no delay!
Follow! follow! follow me!'

TIME.

TIME may AMBITION'S nest destroy,
Though on a rock 'tis perched so high ;
May find dull AV'RICE in his cave,
And drag to light the sordid slave :
But from AFFECTION'S tempered chain,
To free the heart he strives in vain!

The sculptured urn, the marble bust,
By Time are crumbled with the dust ;
But tender thoughts the Muse has twined
For Love's, for Friendship's brow designed,
Shall still endure! shall still delight!
Till Time is lost in endless night.

THE DEATH SONG.

'THE sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day;
But glory remains, when their lights fade away!
Begin, you tormentors! Your threats are in vain;
For the son 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 complain!

MAY DAY.

THE village bells ring merrily;
The milkmaids sing so cheerily,
 With flow'ry wreaths and ribbons crowned;
 Now May Day comes its annual round:
The May-pole rears its lofty head;
 Round on the turf they dance and play;
While I, the distant pathway tread,
 And shun their dance and festive Lay.

The withered leaves fell mournfully,
The Autumn blast blew cold for me,
When LUBIN left me, at the door
Of our lone Cottage on the moor.
He follows far the fife and drum,
In scarlet decked and feathers gay:
Ah! while he wanders far from home,
How can I hail the festive May?

My mother bids me bind my hair
With bands of rosy hue;
Tie up my sleeves with ribbons rare,
And lace my bodice blue!

'For why,' she cries, 'sit still and weep,
While others dance and play?'
Alas! I scarce can go, or creep,
While LUBIN is away!

'Tis sad to think the days are gone,
When those we love were near!
I sit upon this mossy stone,
And sigh when none can hear:.

And while I spin my flaxen thread,
And sing my simple Lay,
The village seems asleep, or dead,
Now LUBIN is away!

A GENERAL TOAST.

HERE 's to the Maiden of blushing fifteen !
Now to the Widow of fifty !
Here 's to the flaunting extravagant Quean ;
And then to the Housewife that 's thrifty !

CHORUS. Let the Toast pass ! drink to the Lass !
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the Glass !

Here 's to the Charmer, whose dimples we prize !
Now to the Damsel with none, Sir !
Here 's to the Maid with her pair of blue eyes ;
And now to the Nymph with but one, Sir !

CHORUS. Let the Toast pass ! drink to the Lass ! &c.

Here 's to the Maid with her bosom of snow !
Now to her that 's as brown as a berry !
Here 's to the Wife with a face full of woe ;
And now to the Damsel that 's merry !

CHORUS. Let the Toast pass ! drink to the Lass ! &c.

For let them be clumsy, or let them be slim,
Young, or ancient ; I care not a feather !
So fill us a bumper, quite up to the brim ;
And e'en let us Toast them together !

CHORUS. Let the Toast pass ! drink to the Lass ! &c.



RICHARD BRINSLEY BUTLER SHERIDAN.

DON CARLOS' SONG.

HAD I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you!
For though your tongue no promise claimed,
Your charms would make me true!

To you no soul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong;
But Friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And Lovers in the young!

But when they learn that you have blest
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring Passion rest;
And act a Brother's part!

Then, Lady! dread not here deceit;
Nor fear to suffer wrong!
For Friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And Brothers in the young!

DRIED be that tear, my gentlest Love!
Be hushed that struggling sigh!
Not Seasons, Day, nor Fate shall prove
More fixed, more true, than I!
Hushed be that sigh! be dried that tear!
Cease, boding doubt! cease, anxious fear!

Dost ask, How long my vows shall stay,
When all that 's new is past?
How long? my DELIA! Can I say
How long my life will last?
Dried be that tear! be hushed that sigh!
At least, I'll love thee till I die!

And does that thought affect thee too,
The thought of SYLVIO's death,
That he, who only breathes for you,
Must yield that faithful breath?
Hushed be that sigh! be dried that tear!
Nor let us lose our Heaven here!

THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

FOR England, when, with fav'ring gale,
Our gallant ship up Channel steered;
And, scudding under easy sail,
The high blue western land appeared;
To heave the lead, the Seaman sprang,
And to the Pilot cheer'ly sang,
'By the deep—Nine!'

And, bearing up, to gain the port,
Some well-known object kept in view,
An Abbey tower, a harbour Fort,
Or Beacon to the vessel true,
While oft the lead the Seaman flang,
And to the Pilot cheer'ly sang,
'By the mark—Seven!'

And, as the much-loved shore we near,
With transport we beheld the roof
Where dwelt the Friend, or Partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof;
The lead once more the Seaman flang,
And to the watchful Pilot sang,
'Quarter less Five!'

THE MYRTLE AND BRAMBLE.

A FABLE.

LUXURIANT with perennial green,
A Myrtle young and lovely stood,
Sole Beauty of the wintry scene,
The fairest daughter of the wood.

Close by her side a Bramble grew,
Like other brambles rude with thorn,
Who sickened at the pleasing view ;
Yet what she envied, seemed to scorn !

Full oft, to blast each hated charm,
She called the fiery bolts of JOVE !
But JOVE was too polite to harm
Aught sacred to the Queen of Love.

Yet was her rage not wholly crost !
BOREAS was to her wishes kind,
And from his magazines of frost,
He summoned forth the keenest wind.

A thousand clouds surcharged with rain,
The ruffian God around him calls;
Then blows intense; and o'er the plain,
A fleecy deluge instant falls.

No more the Myrtle bears the bell!
No more her leaves luxuriant show!
The thorny Bramble looks as well,
Powdered and periwigged with snow.

Sure, some gray antiquated maid,
The very Bramble of her sex,
To each invidious Power has prayed,
Our eyes and senses to perplex!

Fashion, with more than BOREAS' rage,
A universal snow has shed;
And given the hoary tint of Age
To every lovely female's head!

O, break thy rival's hated spell!
Kind Nature! that, where'er we ramble,
Thy work from COURTOI's we may tell;
And know a Myrtle from a Bramble!

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 low 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?'
She saw young SANDY shiv'ring stand,
With visage pale and hollow eye.
'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!
E'en 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!'

OLD ENGLAND.

Who thirsts for more knowledge, is welcome to roam!
He may seek a new clime, who is wretched at home!
Who of pleasure, or folly, has not had his fill,
May quit poor Old England whenever he will!
But nothing shall tempt me to cross the salt Main!
For change, I'm too steady; and rambling is pain!

Old England, brave boys! good enough is for me!
Where my thoughts I can speak; where, by birth-
right, I'm free!
Whatever I wish for, now comes at my call!
I can roam in my fields! I can feast in my Hall!
My time is my own, I can do as I will!
I have children that prattle, a Wife that is still!

I feel that I'm happy, though taxes run high!
I want no exotics, so easy am I!
I'm alive to my friends, and at peace with the dead;
With Party and State I ne'er trouble my head!
Contention I hate! and my Glass I love most,
When 'The King and Old England!' are named
as the Toast!

DID you see e'er a Shepherd, ye Nymphs! pass this way,
Crowned with myrtle and all the gay verdure of May?
'Tis my Shepherd! O, bring him once more to my eyes!
From his LUCY, in search of new pleasures he flies!

Anonymous.

All the day how I travelled and toiled o'er the plains,
In pursuit of a rebel that 's scarce worth the pains!

Take care, Maids! take care, when he flatters and swears,
How you trust your own eyes! or believe your own ears!
Like the rosebud in June, ev'ry hand he'll invite;
But wound the kind heart, like the thorn out of sight!
And, trust me! whoe'er my false Shepherd detains,
She'll find him a conquest that 's scarce worth the pains!

Three months at my feet did he languish and sigh,
Ere he gained a kind word, or a tender reply!
Love, Honour, and Truth, were the themes that he sung,
And he vowed, that his soul was akin to his tongue!
Too soon I believed, and replied to his strains;
And gave him too frankly my heart for his pains.

The trifle once gained, like a boy at his play,
Soon the Wanton grew weary, and flung it away!
Now, cloyed with my love, from my arms he does fly
In search of another as silly as I!
But, trust me! whoe'er my false Shepherd detains,
She'll find him a conquest that 's scarce worth her pains!

Beware, all ye Nymphs! how ye soothe the fond flame!
And believe, in good time, all the sex are the same!
Like STREPHON, from Beauty to Beauty they range!
Like him, they will flatter, dissemble, and change!
And do all we can, still the maxim remains,
That a man, when we've got him, is scarce worth the pains!

A WISH.

MINE be a Cot beside the hill!
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear!
A willowy 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!

THE SAILOR.

THE Sailor sighs, as sinks his native shore,
As all its lessening turrets bluely fade;
He climbs the mast to feast his eye once more,
And busy FANCY fondly lends her aid.

Ah! now, each dear domestic scene he knew,
Recalled and cherished in a foreign clime,
Charms with the magic of a moonlight view;
Its colours mellowed, not impaired, by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,
Through all the horrors of the stormy Main;
This, the last wish with which its warmth could part,
To meet the smile of her he loves again.

When Morn first faintly draws her silver line,
Or Eve's gray cloud descends to drink the wave,
When sea and sky in midnight darkness join;
Still, still he views the parting look She gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hov'ring o'er,
Attends his little bark from Pole to Pole;
And, when the beating billows round him roar,
Whispers sweet hope, to soothe his troubled soul.

Carved is her name in many a spicy grove,
In many a plantain forest waving wide;
Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,
And giant palms o'erarch the yellow tide.

But, lo! at last, he comes, with crowded sail!
Lo! o'er the cliff what eager figures bend!
And, hark! what mingled murmurs swell the gale!
In each, he hears the welcome of a friend.

'Tis She! 'tis She herself! She waves her hand!
Soon is the anchor cast, the canvas furled;
Soon, through the milk-white foam, he springs to land,
And clasps the Maid he singled from the World.

AN ITALIAN SONG.

DEAR is my little native vale!
The ringdove builds and warbles there;
Close by my Cot she tells her tale
To ev'ry passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For those that win the race at eve.

The Shepherd's horn at break of day,
The Ballet danced in twilight glade,
The Canzonet and Roundelay
Sung in the silent greenwood shade;
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale!

THUS, lately, to CUPID I offered my prayer,
‘With kindness, thy vot’ry regard!’
‘True Lovers,’ he answered, ‘have still been my care;
I come to bestow the reward!

‘You shall have, happy mortal!’ he cried,
‘Two kisses of VENUS my mother!’
With some hesitation, I humbly replied,
‘I’d rather have one of another!

‘Forgive me, I mean not at all to despise
The Lady that gave CUPID birth!
Such beauty as hers was designed for the skies!
My NICÈ may do upon Earth!’

The God, who, at first, coloured, frowned, and looked
gruff,
Now seeing I meant no abuse,
Recovering his features, cried, ‘Well! well! enough!
Go ask it, she will not refuse!’

Notwithstanding all this, I depend on your will;
And am still of refusal afraid.
Say, are you, NICÈ! disposed to fulfil
The promise that CUPID has made?

THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

UP amang yon clifly rocks,
Sweetly rings the rising echo
To the Maid that tends the goats,
Lilting o'er her native notes.

Hark! she sings, 'Young SANDY 's kind,
An' he 's promis'd ay to lo'e me!

Here 's a brotch I ne'er shall tine
Till he 's fairly married to me!

Drive away, ye drone, TIME!
An' bring about our bridal day!

'SANDY herds a flock o' sheep
Af'en does he blaw the whistle
In a strain sae saftly sweet,
Lammies, list'ning, dare nae bleat!

He 's as fleet 's the mountain roe!
Hardy as the Highland heather!

Wading thro' the winter snow,
Keeping ay his flock together!

But a plaid, wi' bare houghs,
He braves the bleakest norlin blast!

'Brawly he can dance and sing,
Canty glee or Highland cronach!
None can ever match his fling
At a reel, or round a ring!

Wightly can he wield a rung!
In a brawl, he's ay the bangster!
A' his praise can ne'er be sung
By the langest-winded Sangster!
Sangs, that sing o' SANDY,
Come short, tho' they were e'er sae lang!

ANONYMOUS.

O, DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

O, DEAR! what can the matter be?
Dear! dear! what can the matter be?
O, dear! what can the matter be?

JOHNNY 's so long at the Fair!

He promised to buy me a pair of blue stockings,
A pair of new garters that cost him but twopence!
He promised he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons
To tie up my bonny brown hair!

O, dear! what can the matter be?
Dear! dear! what can the matter be?
O, dear! what can the matter be?

JOHNNY 's so long at the Fair!

He promised to bring me a basket of posies,
A garland of lilies, a garland of roses!
A little straw hat, to set off the blue ribbons
That tie up my bonny brown hair!

ODE TO THE POPPY.

NOT for the promise of the laboured field,
Not for the good the yellow harvests yield,

I bend at CERES' shrine!

For dull, to humid eyes, appear

The golden glories of the year!

Alas! a melancholy worship's mine!

I hail the Goddess, for her scarlet flower!

Thou brilliant weed!

That dost so far exceed

The richest gifts gay FLORA can bestow!

Heedless, I passed thee, in Life's morning hour

(Thou comforter of woe!),

Till sorrow taught me to confess thy power!

In early days, when Fancy cheats,

A varied wreath I wove

Of laughing Spring's luxuriant sweets,

To deck ungrateful Love!

The rose, or thorn, my labours crowned;

As VENUS smiled, or VENUS frowned!

But Love, and Joy, and all their Train, are flown!

E'en languid Hope no more is mine!

And I will sing of thee alone;

Unless, perchance the attributes of Grief,
The cypress bud, the willow leaf,
Their pale funereal foliage blend with thine.

Hail, lovely blossom! Thou canst ease
The wretched victims of disease!
Canst close those weary eyes in gentle sleep,
Which never open but to weep!
For, oh! thy potent charm
Can agonizing Pain disarm!
Expel imperious Memory from her seat!
And bid the throbbing heart forget to beat!

Soul-soothing plant! that can such blessings give!
By thee, the mourner bears to live!
By thee, the hopeless die!
Oh! ever 'friendly to despair,'
Might Sorrow's pallid votary dare
(Without a crime) that remedy implore,
Which bids the spirit from its bondage fly,
I'd court thy palliative aid no more!

No more I'd sue, that thou shouldst spread
Thy spell around my aching head!
But would conjure thee to impart
Thy balsam for a broken heart;
And, by thy soft Lethean power,
Inestimable flower!
Burst these terrestrial bonds, and other regions try!

THE UNION.

WITH Women and Wine, I defy every care!
For life without these, is a bubble of air!
Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll;
And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul!

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn;
I never shall alter my conduct for them!
I care not how much, they my measures decline!
Let them have their own humour—and I will have mine!

Wine, prudently used, will our senses improve!
'Tis the Spring-tide of Life, and the fuel of Love!
And VENUS ne'er looked with a smile so divine,
As when MARS bound his head with a branch of the vine!

Then come, my dear Charmer! thou Nymph half divine!
First, pledge me with kisses! then, pledge me with Wine!
Then giving, and taking, in mutual return,
The torch of our loves shall eternally burn!

But shouldst thou my passion for Wine disapprove,
My bumper I'll quit, to be blessed with thy love!
For rather than forfeit the joys of my Lass,
My bottle I'll break, and demolish my Glass!

'COME, KISS ME!' SAYS HE.

YOUNG DAMON was whistling, brisk and gay,
With waistcoat so red, and stockings so gray;
Just merrily come from the Fair,
He met pretty SUE in the way.

‘Come, kiss me!’ says he.

‘I won’t!’ says she;

‘You’re bold, and I hate you! I do, I declare!’

He offered a ribbon, her hair to bind,
‘Dear SUSAN! come kiss! and in pity be kind;
Or I’ll hang, in a fit of despair!’

‘Despair,’ cried the Maiden, ‘is blind!’

‘Then kiss me!’ says he.

‘I won’t!’ says she;

‘You think that I love you; I don’t, I declare!’

‘Shall we go to the Parson?’ he roguishly said:
She curtsied, cried ‘Yes!’ blushed, and held down
her head,

With a look that dispelled all his care;
For she found that he wished her to wed.

‘Well, kiss me!’ says he.

‘I will!’ says she;

‘I’ll kiss, when we’re wed; not till then, I declare!’

THE FRIEND AND THE LOVER.

I'm told by the wise ones, a Maid I shall die.
They say, 'I'm too nice!'; but the charge I deny!
I know but too well, how time flies along!
That we live but few years; and yet fewer are young!
But I hate to be cheated! and never will buy
Whole ages of sorrow for moments of joy!
I never will wed till a Youth I can find,
Where the Friend and the Lover are equally joined!

No pedant, though learnèd! or foolishly gay,
Or laughing because he has nothing to say!
To ev'ry Fair One obliging and free;
But never be fond of any but me!
In whose tender bosom, my soul may confide!
Whose kindness can soothe me! whose counsels can
guide!

Such a Youth I would marry, if such I could find;
Where the Friend and the Lover are equally joined!

From such a dear Lover as here I describe,
No danger should fright me! not millions should bribe!
But till this astonishing creature I know,
I'm single, and happy! and still will be so!
You may laugh, and suppose I am nicer than wise!
But I'll shun the vain Fop! the dull Coxcomb despise!
Nor ever will wed till a Youth I can find,
Where the Friend and the Lover are equally joined!

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen!
And the meadows their beauty have lost;
When Nature 's disrobed of her mantle of green,
And the streams are fast bound with the frost;
When the Peasant, inactive, stands shiv'ring with cold,
As bleak the winds northernly blow;
When the innocent flocks run for ease to the fold,
With their fleeces besprinkled with snow;

In the yard, when the cattle are foddered with straw,
And they send forth their breath like a steam;
And the neat-looking Dairymaid sees she must thaw
Flakes of ice, that she finds in her cream;
When the Lads and the Lasses, in company joined,
In a crowd round the embers are met,
Talk of Fairies, and Witches that ride upon wind,
And of Ghosts, till they're all in a sweat:

Heaven grant, in this season, it may be my lot,
With the Nymph whom I love and admire,
Whilst the icicles hang from the eaves of my Cot,
I may thither, in safety, retire!
Where, in neatness and quiet, and free from surprise,
We may live, and no hardship endure!
Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
But such as each other may cure!

MY BOY TAMMY!

[*THE LAMMIE.*]

‘WHAR hae ye been a’ day?

My boy TAMMY!

Whar hae ye been a’ day?

My boy TAMMY!’

‘I’ve been by burn and flowery brae,
Meadow green, and mountain grey,
Courting o’ this young thing,
Just come frae her Mammy.’

‘And whar gat ye that young thing?

My boy TAMMY!’

‘I gat her down in yonder how,
Smiling on a broomy know,
Herding ae wee lamb and ewe
For her poor Mammy.’

‘What said ye to the bonie bairn?

My boy TAMMY!’

‘I praised her een, sae lovely blue,
Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou;
I pree’d it aft, as ye may true!
She said, She’d tell her Mammy!

'I held her to my beating heart,
"My young, my smiling Lammie!
I hae a house, it cost me dear!
I've walth o' plenishen and geer!
Ye'se get it a', war't ten times mair,
Gin ye will leave your Mammy!"

'The smile gade aff her bonie face,
"I maun nae leave my Mammy!
She 's gi'en me meat! she 's gi'en me claise!
She 's been my comfort a' my days!
My father's death brought mony waes!
I canna leave my Mammy!"

"We'll tak her hame, and mak her fain,
My ain kind-hearted Lammie!
We'll gie her meat! we'll gie her claise!
We'll be her comfort a' her days!"
The wee thing gi'es her hand, and says,
"There! gang, and ask my Mammy!"

'Has she been to Kirk wi' thee? .
My boy TAMMY!
'She has been to Kirk wi' me,
And the tear was in her ee:
But, O, she 's but a young thing,
Just come frae her Mammy!'

COME UNDER MY PLAIDY!

OR

MODERN MARRIAGE DELINEATED.

‘COME under my plaidy! the night’s gau’n to fa’!
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw!
Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me!
There’s room in’t, dear LASSIE! believe me, for twa!
Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me!
I’ll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blaw!
O, come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me!
There’s room in’t, dear LASSIE! believe me, for twa!’

‘Gae’wa wi’ your plaidy! auld DONALD! gae’ wa!
I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw!
Gae’wa wi’ your plaidy! I’ll no sit beside ye!
Ye may be my gutcher! auld DONALD! gae’wa!
I’m gau’n to meet JOHNIE! he’s young and he’s
bonie!

He’s been at MEG’s bridal, sae trig and sae braw!
O, nane dances sae lightly! sae gracefu’! sae tightly!
His cheek’s like the new rose! his brow’s like the
snaw!

‘Dear MARION! let that flee stick fast to the wa’!
Your JOCK’s but a gowk, and has naithing ava!’

The hale o' his pack, he has now on his back!
He 's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa!
Be frank now, and kindly! I'll busk you ay finely!
To Kirk, or to Market, they'll few gang sae braw!
A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in;
And flunkies to tend ye, as aft as ye ca'!

'My father 's ay tauld me, my mither and a',
Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me ay braw.
It 's true, I loo JOHNIE! he 's gude and he 's bonie;
But, wae 's me! ye ken he has naething ava!
I hae little tocher. You've made a gude offer.
I'm now mair than twenty; my time is but sma'!
Sae gi' me your plaidy, I'll creep in beside ye!
I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa!'

She crap in ayont him, aside the stane wa',
Whar JOHNIE was list'ning, and heard her tell a'.
The day was appointed—his proud heart it dunted,
And strack 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.
He wander'd hame weary; the night, it was dreary,
And, thowless, he tint his gate deep 'mang the snaw;
The howlet was screamin', while JOHNIE cried, 'Women
Wa'd marry auld NICK, if he'd keep them ay braw!
O, the Deel 's in the Lasses! They gang now sae bra',
They'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa!
The hale o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage;
Plain Love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw!'

I LOO'D NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE!

I loo'd ne'er a Laddie but ane!
He loo'd ne'er a Lassie but me!
He 's willing to mak me his ain;
And his ain I am willing to be!
He has coft me a rocklay o' blue,
And a pair o' mittens o' green;
The price was a kiss o' my mou,
And I paid him the debt yestreen!

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
Their land, and their lordly degree!
I carena for ought but my Dear!
For he 's ilka thing lordly to me!
His words are sae sugar'd! sae sweet!
His sense drives ilk fear far awa!
I listen, poor fool! and I greet!
Yet, O, how sweet are the tears, as they fa'!

'Dear Lassie!' he cries, wi' a jeer,
 'Ne'er heed what the auld ones will say!
Though we've little to brag o'—ne'er fear!
 What 's gowd to a heart that is wae!
Our Laird has baith honours and wealth;
 Yet see, how he 's dwining wi' care!
Now we, tho' we've naithing but health,
 Are cantie and leil evermair!

'O, MARION! the heart that is true
 Has something mair costly than gear!
Ilk e'en it has naithing to rue!
 Ilk morn it has nothing to fear!
Ye warldings! gae, hoard up your store;
 And tremble for fear ought ye tyne!
Guard your treasures, wi' lock, bar, and door;
 While here, in my arms, I lock mine!'

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile.
 Wae 's me! can I tak it amiss?
My Laddie 's unpractis'd in guile,
 He 's free ay to daut and to kiss!
Ye Lassies, wha loo to torment
 Your Wooers wi' fause scorn and strife,
Play your pranks! I hae gi'en my consent;
 And, this night, I am JAMIE's for life!

THE FIRESIDE.

THE hearth was clean, the fire clear,
The kettle on for tea ;
RANGER was in his elbow-chair,
As blessed no man could be !

CLARINDA, who his heart possest,
And was his new-made Bride,
With head elate upon his breast,
Sat toying by his side.

Stretched at his feet, in happy state,
A fav'rite dog was laid ;
By whom, a little sportive cat
In wanton humour played.

CLARINDA'S hand, he gently pressed ;
She stole an amorous kiss,
And blushing modesty confessed
The fullness of her bliss.

'Be this eternity!' he cried,
'And let no more be given!
Continue thus my fireside!
I ask no more of Heaven!'

THE sun from the East tips the mountains with gold ;
The meadows all spangled with dewdrops behold !
Hear ! the lark's early Matin proclaims the new day ;
And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes our delay !

With the sports of the field there 's no pleasure can vie ;
While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry !

Let the drudge of the Town make riches his sport ;
The slave of the State hunt the smiles of a Court !
Nor care or ambition our pastime annoy ;
But innocence still gives a zest to our joy !

With the sports of the field there 's no pleasure can vie ; &c.

Mankind are all Hunters in various degree :
The Priest hunts a Living ! the Lawyer, a fee !
The Doctor, a patient ! the Courtier, a place !
Though often, like us, they're flung out in the chase.

With the sports of the field there 's no pleasure can vie ; &c.

The Cit hunts a plumb ; while the Soldier hunts fame !
The Poet, a dinner ! the Patriot, a name !
And the artful Coquet, though she seem to refuse ;
Yet, in spite of her Airs, still her Lover pursues !

With the sports of the field there 's no pleasure can vie ; &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt Glory and Wealth !
All the blessings we ask is the blessing of Health !
With hounds and with horns, through the woodlands to roam !
And, when tired abroad, find contentment at home !

With the sports of the field there 's no pleasure can vie ; &c.

LISSETTA.

In the name of the great God of Love, how shall I dispose of myself? Which of my Swains must wear the willow?

O, VIRGINS! tell me how to choose!
For I'm a novice on it.
Poor COLIN at a distance woos,
And sends his soul in *Sonnet*.

While LUBIN, to no forms a slave,
Won't stay to write for blisses;
But prints upon my mouth, the knave!
His wishes with his kisses.

If LUBIN seize a rude embrace,
And I begin to clatter;
The rogue stares gravely in my face,
And asks me, 'What 's the matter?'

Of kisses lately he stole three,
I shrieked with might and main!
'Since ye don't like them,' pert quoth he,
'Lord! take them back again!'

‘No! No! I won’t!’ says I, ‘keep off!
They please me much!’ I swore.
‘O, is it so?’ cried he, ‘enough!
Then, Miss! you wish for more!’

Poor COLIN turns, if I but frown,
All white as any fleece is;
LUBIN would give me a green gown,
And rummage me to pieces!

The one so meek and complaisant,
All silence, awe, and wonder;
The other, impudence and rant,
And boist’rous as the thunder!

This, begs to press my finger’s tip,
So bashful is my Lover;
That, savage bounces on my lip,
And kisses it all over!

O, Modesty! thou art so sweet!
Not wild, and bold, and teasing!
And yet each Sister Nymph I meet,
Thinks boldness *not* displeasing!

This is a wicked World! O, dear!
And wickedness is in me!
Though Modesty ’s so sweet, I fear
That Impudence will win me!

How changed is my CELADON's heart!
How altered each look of the Swain!
Now, sullen, he wishes to part;
Who called me, 'The pride of the plain!'
Of late, with what ardour he strove,
Ev'ry hour that was mine to beguile!
How he grieved, if I doubted his love;
And how blest, if he gained but a smile!
To me, he devoted his days;
And raptured on me was his tongue!
Thus Morning arose on his praise,
And Evening went down on his Song!
Let me steal to the desert, and die!
Nor wound with reproaches his ears!
My reproof shall be only a sigh!
My complaint, but the silence of tears!

CORIN'S PROFESSION;

OR

THE SONG OF CONSTANCY.

Now, JOAN! we are married! and now, let me say,
Though both are in youth; yet that youth will decay!
In our journey through life, my dear JOAN! I suppose
We shall oft meet a bramble, and sometimes a rose!

When a cloud on this forehead shall darken my day,
Thy sunshine of sweetness must smile it away!
And when the dull vapour shall dwell upon thine,
To chase it the labour and triumph be mine!

Let us wish not for Wealth, to devour and consume!
For luxury 's but a short road to the tomb!
Let us sigh not for Grandeur; for trust me, my JOAN!
The keenest of cares owes its birth to a throne!

Thou shalt milk our one cow; and if FORTUNE pursue,
In good time, with her blessing, my JOAN may milk two!
I will till our small field; whilst thy prattle and Song
Shall charm, as I drive the bright ploughshare along!

When finished the day, by the fire we'll regale;
And treat our good neighbour at eve with our ale!
For, JOAN! who would wish for Self only to live?
One blessing of life, my dear Girl! is to give!

E'en the redbreast and wren shall not seek us in vain;
Whilst thou hast a crumb, or thy CORIN a grain!
Not only their songs will they pour from the grove;
But yield, by example, sweet lessons of love!

Though thy beauty must fade, yet thy youth I'll
remember!

That thy May was my own, when thou shewest December!
And when AGE to my head shall his winter impart,
The summer of LOVE shall reside in my heart!

TO MY LUTE.

WHAT shade, and what stillness around!

Let us seek the loved Cot of the Fair!
There, soften her sleep with thy sound;
And banish each phantom of care!

The Virgin may wake to thy strain;

And be soothed, nay! be pleased, with thy Song!
At last, she may pity the Swain,
And fancy his sorrows too long!

Could thy voice give a smile to her cheek,

What a joy, what a rapture, were mine!
Then for ever thy fame would I speak!
O, my Lute! what a triumph were thine!

Ah! whisper kind love in her ear,

And sweetly my wishes impart!
Say, 'The Swain who adores her, is near!'
Say, 'Thy sounds are the sighs of his heart!'

ORSON'S SONG.

I OWN I am fickle! To PHILLIDA's ear

I first told the story of Love; [sincere!
Kissed her hand, pressed her lip, with what ardour
And declared that I never would rove!

But my sighs were scarce breathed, when CHLOE
tripped by ;

The Nymph was no longer my boast !
From PHILLIDA's beauty away went the sigh ;
And my heart to sweet CHLOE was lost !

Could I dream of a change, when CHLOE was mine ?
'No! No!' I a thousand times swore,
'My heart cannot rove from a Girl so divine !
No! No! it will wander no more !'

But FATE, who delighted to laugh at the Swain,
Presented a damsel more fair :
My heart, the sad rogue! turned inconstant again !
And sighed to CORINNA his prayer !

With CORINNA I swore, 'Ev'ry hour must be blest !
These eyes shall no other pursue !'
When again, to alarm with new tumults my breast,
Thou, SYLVIA! beam'st full on my view !

But, SYLVIA! I'm sure, thou hast nothing to fear,
That my heart for another can pine !
Since, to make it a traitor, a Girl must appear,
Whose beauty is equal to thine !

TO CHLOE.

CHLOE! no more must we be billing!
There goes my last, my poor last shilling!
Vile FORTUNE bids us part!
Yet, CHLOE! this my bosom charms,
That, when thou'rt in another's arms,
I still possess thy heart!

FORTUNE 's a whimsical old Dame;
And possibly may blush with shame
At this her freak with me!
But should she smile again, and offer,
Well filled with gold, an ample coffer;
I'll send the key to thee!

O, NYMPH! of FORTUNE's smiles beware!
Nor heed the Syren's flatt'ring tongue!
She lures thee to the haunts of CARE,
Where SORROW pours a ceaseless Song!

Ah! what are all her piles of gold!
Can those the hosts of CARE control?
The splendour which thine eyes behold,
Is not the sunshine of the soul!

To LOVE alone thy homage pay!
The Queen of ev'ry true delight!
Her smiles with joy shall gild thy day,
And bless the visions of the night!

AH! tell me no more, my dear Girl! with a sigh,
That a coldness will creep o'er my heart!
That a sullen indifference will dwell on my eye,
When thy beauty begins to depart!

Shall thy graces, O, CYNTHIA! that gladden my day
And brighten the gloom of the night,
Till life be extinguished, from memory stray;
Which it ought to review with delight?

Upbraiding, shall Gratitude say, with a tear,
'That no longer I think of those charms
Which gave to my bosom such rapture sincere,
And faded at length in my arms'?

Why, yes! it may happen, thou Damsel divine!
To be honest, I freely declare
That, e'en now, to thy converse so much I incline,
I've already forgot thou art fair!

FIE! SYLVIA! why so gravely look,
Because a kiss or two I took?
Those luscious lips might thousands grant!
Rich rogues, that never feel the want!
So little in a kiss I see,
A hundred thou mayst take from me!

But since, like misers o'er their store,
Thou hat'st to give, though running o'er;
I scorn to cause the slightest pain,
So, prithee, take them back again!
Nay! with good int'rest let it be done!
Thou'rt welcome to take ten for one!

O, SUMMER! thy presence gives joy to the vale!
The song of the warbler enlivens the grove!
The pipe of the Shepherd, I hear in the gale;
Alas! but I hear not the voice of my Love!

The lilies are dressed in their purest array!
To the valleys, the woodbines a fragrance impart!
The roses, the pride of their crimson display;
But I see not the blush of the Nymph of my heart!

Go, Shepherds! and bring the sweet wanderer here;
The boast of her sex, and delight of the Swains!
Go, Shepherds! and whisper this truth in her ear,
'That the Pleasures, with PHILLIS, have quitted the
plains!'

If thus to the Nymph, ye my wishes declare,
To the Cot she has left, she will quickly return!
Too soft is her bosom to give us despair;
That sooner would sigh, than another should mourn!

AH! OPE, LORD GREGORY! THY DOOR!

‘AH! ope, Lord GREGORY! thy door!
A midnight wanderer sighs!
Hard rush the rains, the tempests roar,
And lightnings cleave the skies!’

‘Who comes, with woe, at this drear night,
A Pilgrim of the gloom?
If she whose love did once delight,
My Cot shall yield her room!’

‘Alas! thou heard’st a Pilgrim mourn,
That once was prized by thee!
Think of the ring, by yonder burn,
Thou gav’st to Love and me!’

‘But shouldst thou not poor MARIAN know;
I’ll turn my feet, and part!
And think the storms that round me blow,
Far kinder than thy heart!’

A PASTORAL SONG.

FAREWELL! O, farewell to the day
That, smiling with happiness, flew!
Ye verdures and blushes of May,
Ye songs of the linnet, Adieu!

In tears from the Vale I depart!
In anguish I move from the Fair!
For what are those scenes to the heart
Which FORTUNE has doomed to despair?

LOVE frowns, and how dark is the hour!
Of RAPTURE, departed the breath!
So gloomy the grove and the bower,
I tread the pale Valley of DEATH!

With envy I wander forlorn,
At the breeze which her beauty hath fanned!
And I envy the bird on the thorn,
Who sits watching the crumbs from her hand!

I envy the lark o'er her Cot,
Who calls her from slumber so blest!
Nay! I envy the nightingale's note,
The Syren who sings her to rest!

On her hamlet once more let me dwell!
One look (the last comfort!) be mine!
O, PLEASURE! and DELIA! farewell!
Now, SORROW! I ever am thine!

TO A KISS.

SOFT child of Love! thou balmy bliss!
Inform me, O, delicious Kiss!
Why thou so suddenly art gone?
Lost in the moment thou art won!

Yet go! For wherefore should I sigh?
On DELIA's lip, with raptured eye,
On DELIA's blushing lip I see
A thousand full as sweet as thee!

WHO dares talk of hours? Seize the bell of that clock!
Seize his hammer, and cut off his hands!
To the bottle, dear bottle! I'll stick like a rock;
And obey only PLEASURE's commands!

Let him strike the short hours, and hint at a bed!
Waiter! bring us more wine! What a whim!
Say, 'That TIME, his old master, for Topers was made;
And not jolly Topers for him!'

THE FARMER'S SONG.

IN a sweet healthy air, on a farm of my own,
Half a mile from a Church, and just two from
a town,
Diversions and business I vary for ease;
But your fine folks at London may do as they please!

By my freehold, 'tis true, I'm entitled to vote;
But (because I will never be wrong, if I know 't!)
I'll adhere to no one, till each Party agrees!
But your fine folks at London may do as they please!

Though sixty and upwards, I never knew pain!
My Goody 's as ancient; yet does not complain!
From the flocks of my own, I wear coats of
warm frieze;
But your fine folks at London may do as they please!

I ne'er was at law, in the course of my life;
Nor injured a neighbour in daughter, or wife.
To the poor have lent money, but never took fees;
But your fine folks at London may do as they please!

I ne'er had ambition to visit the Great;
Yet honour my King, and will stand by the State!
By the Church! and dear Freedom, in all its
degrees!
But your fine folks at London may do as they please!

SONGS OF INNOCENCE.

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping Songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a Child;
And he, laughing, said to me.

‘Pipe a Song about a lamb!’
So I piped with merry cheer,
‘Piper! pipe that Song again!’
So I piped: he wept to hear.

‘Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe!
Sing thy Songs of happy cheer!’
So I sang the same again;
While he wept with joy to hear.

‘Piper! sit thee down, and write
In a book, that all may read!’
So he vanished from my sight:
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear;
And I wrote my happy Songs,
Every child may joy to hear.

How sweet I roamed from field to field,
And tasted all the Summer's pride,
Till I, the Prince of Love beheld;
Who in the sunny beams did glide.

He showed me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow;
He led me through his gardens fair,
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May dews my wings were wet,
And PIIÆBUS fired my vocal rage;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

THE ECHOING GREEN.

THE sun does arise,
And makes happy the skies;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring;

The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound;
While our sports shall be seen
On the Echoing Green.

Old JOHN, with white hair,
Does laugh away care,
Sitting, under the oak,
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say,
'Such, such were the joys
When we all, girls and boys,
In our youth-time, were seen
On the Echoing Green!'

Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry;
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers,
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest;
And sport no more seen
On the darkening Green.

I LOVE the jocund dance,
The softly-breathing Song;
Where innocent eyes do glance,
And where lips the Maiden's tongue!

I love the laughing vale,
I love the echoing hill;
Where mirth does never fail,
And the jolly Swain laughs his fill!

I love the pleasant Cot,
I love the innocent bower;
Where white and brown is our lot,
Or fruit in the mid-day hour!

I love the oaken seat
Beneath the oaken tree;
Where all the old villagers meet,
And laugh our sports to see!

I love our neighbours all;
But, KITTY! I better love thee!
And love them I ever shall;
But thou art all to me!

‘ My silks and fine array,
My smiles and languished Air,
By Love are driven away ;
And mournful lean Despair
Brings me yew to deck my grave.
Such end True Lovers have !

‘ His face is fair as heaven,
When springing buds unfold !
O, why to him was ’t given ?
Whose heart is wintry cold.
His breast is Love’s all-worshipped tomb :
Where all Love’s pilgrims come.

‘ Bring me an axe and spade !
Bring me a winding-sheet !
When I my grave have made,
Let winds and tempests beat !
Then down I’ll lie, as cold as clay !
True love doth pass away !’

CUPID.

WHY was CUPID a boy,
And why a boy was he?
He should have been a girl,
For aught that I can see.

For he shoots with his bow,
And the girl shoots with her eye;
And they both are merry and glad
And laugh, when we do cry.

Then to make CUPID a boy,
Was surely a woman's plan!
For a boy never learns so much
Till he has become a man:

And then he's so pierced with cares,
And wounded with arrowy smarts,
That the whole business of his life
Is to pick out the heads of the darts.

MAMMON.

I ROSE up at the dawn of day,
'Get thee away! Get thee away!
Pray'st thou for Riches? Away! Away!
This is the Throne of MAMMON gray!'

Said I, 'This, sure, is very odd!
I took it to be the Throne of GOD!
Everything besides I have!
It 's only Riches that I *can* crave!

'I have mental joys and mental health,
Mental friends and mental wealth!
I've a Wife that I love, and that loves me!
I've all but Riches bodily!

'Then, if for Riches I must not pray,
GOD knows it 's little prayers I need say!
I am in GOD's presence night and day;
He never turns his face away!

'The Accuser of sins, by my side doth stand;
And he holds my money-bag in his hand.
For my worldly things GOD makes him pay;
And he'd pay for more, if to him I would pray!

'He says, "If I worship not him for a God,
I shall eat coarser food, and go worse shod!"
But, as I don't value such things as these,
"You must do, Mr. Devil! just as GOD please!"'

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

WHEN my mother died, I was very young;
And my father sold me, while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry 'Weep! 'Weep! 'Weep! 'Weep!':
So your chimneys I sweep; and in soot I sleep.

There 's little TOM DACRE, who cried, when his head,
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved; so I said,
'Hush, TOM! never mind it! for, when your head's bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair!'

And so he was quiet; and, that very night,
As TOM was a-sleeping, he had such a sight!
That thousands of Sweepers, DICK, JOE, NED, and JACK,
Were, all of them, locked up in coffins of black.

And by came an Angel, who had a bright key;
And he opened the coffins, and set them all free!
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing, they run;
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

Then, naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind.
And the Angel told TOM, 'If he'd be a good boy,
He'd have GOD for his Father; and never want joy!'

And so TOM awoke, and we rose in the dark;
And got, with our bags and our brushes, to work.
Though the morning was cold, TOM was happy and
warm:

So, if all do their duty, they need not fear harm!

THE SHEPHERD.

How sweet is the Shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day;
And his tongue shall be fillèd with praise!

For he hears the lambs' innocent call;
And he hears the ewes' tender reply.
He is watchful, while they are in peace;
For they know when their Shepherd is nigh.

LAUGHING SONG.

WHEN the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene;
When MARY and SUSAN and EMILY,
With their sweet round mouths, sing 'Ha! Ha! He!';

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table, with cherries and nuts is spread:
Come, live, and be merry; and join with me,
To sing the sweet Chorus of 'Ha! Ha! He!'

LITTLE TOM THE SAILOR.

AND does then the Ocean possess
The promising, brave, little Youth;
Who displayed, in a scene of distress,
Such tenderness, courage, and truth?

Little TOM is a Cottager's son,
His years not amounting to ten;
But the dawn of his manhood begun
With a soul like the noblest of men!

In a Hospital distant from home,
He lost his unfortunate Sire:
And his Mother was tempted to roam,
But to see that kind Father expire.

To depart from her Cottage was hard!
To desert the dear dying was worse!
Though she had an idiot to guard;
And a sick little infant to nurse.

The brave little TOM tried to cheer
The grief that he shuddered to see.
'Go, Mother!' he said, 'without fear!
Go, and leave these poor creatures to me!

'Go, you, my sick Father restore!
And I will take care of these two!
I will not stir out of the door!
For what, without me, could they do?

'I will carefully dress them and feed!
Go, you, our dear Father to save!
I will not desert them indeed!'
And TOM kept the promise he gave.

But his Mother, a Widow came back;
Want and sorrow her portion must be!
And her heart, on necessity's rack,
Has sent little THOMAS to sea.

O, Sea! thou grand Servant of GOD!
The children of Britain defend!
As a braver the deck never trod,
Little THOMAS will find thee a friend!

And when he 's aloft in the shrouds,
If a storm threats aloud to destroy,
His Father's free soul, in the clouds,
Will watch o'er the venturous boy!

I hear, when the tempests appal,
That spirit paternal exclaim,
'O, GOD! Thou Protector of all!
Let me shelter this dear little frame!'

A defender, with honour his due!
In the Man, may his country admire!
Since the Child was a guardian so true
To the desolate Cot of his Sire.

FROM morning till night, and wherever I go,
Young COLIN pursues me; though still I say 'No!'.
Ye Matrons experienced! inform me, I pray!
In a point that 's so critical, What shall I say?

Soft *Sonnets* he makes on my beauty and wit;
Such praises, a bosom that 's tender must hit!
He vows that he'll love me for ever and aye!
In a point that 's so critical, What can I say?

He brought me a garland, the sweetest e'er seen;
And, saluting me, called me 'his heart's little Queen!'
In my breast, like a bird, I found something play;
Instruct a young Virgin then, what she must say!

But vain my petition! You heed not my call;
But leave me, unguarded, to stand, or to fall!
No more I'll solicit! no longer I'll pray!
Let prudence inform me in what I shall say!

When next he approaches, with care in his eye.
If he asks me to wed; I vow I'll comply!
At Church he may take me for ever and aye;
And, I warrant you! then, I shall know what to say!

CARE! thou canker of our joys!
Now thy tyrant reign is o'er!
Fill the merry bowl, my boys!
Join in bacchanalian roar!

Seize the villain! plunge him in!
See, the hated miscreant dies!
Mirth and all thy Train, come in!
Banish Sorrow! Tears! and Sighs!

O'er the flowing midnight bowls,
O, how happy shall we be!
Day was made for vulgar souls;
Night, my boys! for you and me!

THE INVITATION.

AN IDYLLION.

FAIR Lady! leave parade and show!
O, leave thy courtly guise a while!
For thee, the vernal breezes blow;
And groves and flowery valleys smile!

For no conceited selfish pride
Corrupts thy taste for rural joy;
Nor can thy gentle heart abide
The taunting lip, or scornful eye!

Nor Scorn, nor Envy, harbour here!
Nor Discord, nor profane desires!
No Flattery shall offend thine ear,
For love our faithful Song inspires!

When smiling Morn ariseth gay,
Gilding the dewdrops on the lawn,
Our flocks on flowery uplands stray,
Our Songs salute the rosy Dawn.

When Noon-tide scorcheth all the hills,
And all the flowers and herbage fade;
We seek the cool refreshing rills
That warble through the greenwood glade :

But when the lucid star of Eve
Shines in the western sky serene,
The Swains and Shepherdesses weave
Fantastic measures on the Green.

O, Lady! change thy splendid State!
With us, a Shepherdess abide!
Contentment dwells not with the Great;
But flies from Avarice and Pride!

The groves invite thee, and our Vale!
Where every fragrant bud that blows,
And every stream, and every gale,
Will yield thee pastime and repose!

WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?

'WHAT ails this heart o' mine?
What ails this watery ee?
What gars me a' turn cauld as death,
When I take leave o' thee?
When thou art far awa,
Thou'lt dearer grow to me;
But change o' place and change o' folk
May gar thy fancy jee!

'When I gae out at een,
Or walk at morning air,
Ilk rustling bush will seem to say,
"I us'd to meet thee there!"
Then I'll sit down and cry,
And live aneath the tree;
And when a leaf fa's i' my lap,
I'll ca' 't a word from thee!

'I'll hie me to the bower
That thou wi' roses tied;
And where, wi' mony a blushing bud,
I strove mysell to hide!

Susanna Blamire.

I'll doat on ilka spot,
Where I hae been wi' thee;
And ca' to mind some kindly word,
By ilka burn and tree!

'Wi' sic thoughts i' my mind;
Time through the world may gae,
And find my heart, in twenty years,
The same as 'tis to-day!
'Tis thoughts that bind the soul;
And keep friends i' the ee!
And gin I think, I see thee aye;
What can part thee and me?'

I'VE GOTTEN A ROCK! I'VE GOTTEN A REEL!

I've gotten a rock! I've gotten a reel!
I've gotten a wee bit Spinning Wheel!
An' by the whirling rim, I've found
How the weary, weary, Warl goes round!
'Tis roun! an' roun! the spokes they go;
Now ane is up, an' ane is low!
'Tis by ups and downs in FORTUNE'S Wheel,
That mony ane gets a rock to reel!

Susanna Blamire.

I've seen a Lassie barefoot gae,
Look dash'd an' blate, wi' nought to say;
But as the Wheel turn'd round again,
She chirp'd an' talk'd, nor seem'd the same!
Sae fine she goes, sae far a'glee,
That folks she kenn'd she canna see!
An' fleeching chiels around her thrang,
Till she miskens her a' day lang.

There 's JOCK, when the bit Lass was poor,
Ne'er trudg'd o'er the lang mossy moor;
Though now, to the knees he wades, I trow,
Through winter's weet an' winter's snow!
An' PATE declar'd, the ither morn,
She was like a lily amang the corn!
Though ance he swore, her dazzling een
Were bits o' glass that black'd had been.

Now, Lassies! I hae found it out,
What men make a' this phrase about!
For, when they praise your blinking ee,
'Tis certain, that your gowd they see!
An', when they talk o' roses bland,
They think o' the roses o' your land!
But should Dame FORTUNE turn her Wheel;
They'd aff in a dance of a threesome reel!

THE SILLER CROUN.

' AND ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller hae to spare;
Gin ye'll consent to be his Bride,
Nor think o' DONALD mair !'
O, wha wad buy a silken gown
Wi' a poor broken heart !
Or what 's to me a siller croun,
Gin frae my Love I part !

The mind wha's every wish is pure
Far dearer is to me;
And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith,
I'll lay me down an' dee !
For I hae pledg'd my virgin troth,
Brave DONALD's fate to share;
And he has gi'en to me his heart,
Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners wan my heart,
He gratefu' took the gift;
Could I but think to seek it back,
It wad be waur than theft !
For langest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me;
And ere I'm forc'd to break my troth,
I'll lay me doun an' dee !

PRITHEE, sweet Fair One! why so coy?
Hence, with that frown of cold disdain!
Beauty like thine was formed for joy;
And Mirth and Gentleness should fill thy Train!
Let meaner Beauties study to give pain!
'Tis nobler far to build, than to destroy!

Tune then thy heart to gentle Love!
With smiles my fondest vows receive!
Each anxious care shall far remove!
To Love and mutual joys alone we'll live!
Joys, only heavenly charms like thine can give!
Joys, only constant hearts like mine can prove!

L'AMOUR TIMIDE.

IF in that breast so good, so pure,
Compassion, ever loved to dwell;
Pity the sorrows I endure!
The cause I must not, dare not, tell!

The grief, that on my quiet preys,
That rends my heart, that checks my tongue,
I fear will last me all my days;
But feel it will not last me long!

CEASE to blame my melancholy!
Though, with sighs and folded arms,
I muse in silence on her charms,
Censure not! I know 'tis folly!

Yet, these mournful thoughts possessing,
Such delights I find in grief,
That, could Heaven afford relief,
My fond heart would scorn the blessing!

Two Youths for my love are contending in vain!

For, do what they can,

Their sufferings I rally; and laugh at their pain!

Which, which is the man?

Who deserves me the most? Let me ask of my heart!

Is it ROBIN, who smirks, and who dresses so smart?

Or TOM, honest TOM! who makes plainness his plan?

Which, which is the man?

They bid me, be prudent, and act as I ought!

I do what I can!

Yet, surely, Papa and Mamma are in fault!

To a different man,

They each have advised me to yield up my heart!

Mamma praises ROBIN, who dresses so smart:

Papa, honest TOM, who makes plainness his plan.

Which, which is the man?

Be honest, my heart! then, and point out the Youth!

I'll do what I can

His love to return, and return it with truth;

Whoever 's the man!

No longer I need to examine my heart!

'Tis not ROBIN, who smirks, and who dresses so smart;

But TOM, honest TOM! who makes plainness his plan!

He, he is the man!

TO A FRIEND,

WHO THOUGHT HIMSELF YOUNG, UPON SEEING

LORD CHIEF BARON PARKER.

WHY boast your strength at fifty-eight?
Which can't much longer last!
Be jovial; but be temperate,
And thankful for the past!

The sturdy oak's autumnal state,
And bark, its age declare:
Good wine the man may elevate;
But not deceive the Fair!

View honoured PARKER's setting sun,
How cheerful! how august!
Resulting from a course well run,
Where all was wise and just.

In Courts, he had no private end!
His virtue none dare try!
Aspire to live like him, my friend!
Like him, prepare to die!

As I came through Glendochart Vale,
Whare mists o'ertap the mountains gray,
A wee bit Lassie met my view,
As cantily she held her way;
But, O, sic love each feature bore,
She made my saul wi' rapture glow!
An' aye she spake sae kind an' sweet,
I couldna keep my heart in tow!
O, speak na o' your courtly Queans!
My wee bit Lassie fools them a'!
The little cuttie 's done me skaith;
She 's stown my thoughtless heart awa!

Her smile was like the gray-e'ed Morn,
Whan spreading on the mountain green;
Her voice, saft as the mavis' sang;
An' sweet the twinkle o' her een!
Aboon her brow, sae bonny brent,
Her raven locks waved o'er her e'e;
An' ilka slee bewitching glance
Conveyed a dart o' love to me.
O, speak na o' your courtly Queans! &c.

The Lassies fair, in Scotia's isle,
Their beauties a', what tongue can tell?
But o'er the fairest o' them a',
My wee bit Lassie bears the bell!
O, had I never marked her smile,
Nor seen the twinkle o' her e'e;
It might na been my lot, the day,
A waefu' lade o' care to dree!
O, speak na o' your courtly Queans! &c.

O, MARY! turn awa
That bonny face o' thine!
O, dinna, dinna, shaw that breast,
That never can be mine!
Can aught o' warld's gear
Relieve my bosom's care?
Na! Na! for ilka look o' thine
Can only feed despair!

O, MARY! turn awa
That bonny face o' thine!
O, dinna, dinna, shaw that breast,
That never can be mine!
Wi' love's severest pangs
My heart is laden sair;
An' o'er my breast the grass maun wave,
Ere I am free from care!

Go then, and join the roaring City's throng!
Me thou dost leave to solitude and tears,
To busy phantasies, and boding fears
Lest ill betide thee! But 'twill not be long,
And the hard season shall be past! Till then,
Live happy! sometimes the forsaken shade
Remembering, and these trees now left to fade:
Nor, 'mid the busy scenes and 'hum of men,'
Wilt thou my cares forget! In heaviness,
To me the hours shall roll, weary and slow,
Till (mournful Autumn past, and all the snow
Of Winter pale) the glad hour I shall bless,
That shall restore thee from the crowd again,
To the green hamlet in the peaceful plain.

How blest with thee, the path could I have trod
Of quiet life, above cold Want's hard fate!
And little wishing more; nor of the Great
Envious, or their proud name! But it pleased GOD
To take thee to his mercy. Thou didst go,
In youth and beauty, go to thy death-bed!
E'en whilst on dreams of bliss we fondly fed,
Of years to come of comfort. Be it so!
Ere this I have felt sorrow! and, e'en now
(Though sometimes the unbidden thought must start,
And half un-man the miserable heart!),
The cold dew I shall wipe from my sad brow,
And say, since hopes of bliss on earth are vain,
'Best friend! farewell! till we do meet again!'

THERE WAS A BOY.

THERE was a Boy; ye knew him well, ye cliffs
And islands of Winander! Many a time,
At evening, when the stars had just begun
To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand alone,
Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake;
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
Pressed closely palm to palm and to his mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
That they might answer him. And they would shout
Across the wat'ry vale, and shout again,
Responsive to his call, with quivering peals,
And long halloos, and screams, and echoes loud
Redoubled and redoubled! a wild scene
Of mirth and jocund din! And when it chanced
That pauses of deep silence mocked his skill,
Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain torrents! or the visible scene
Would enter, unawares, into his mind;
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received
Into the bosom of the steady Lake . . .

WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE child, dear brother JIM!
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!'



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

‘You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea;
Yet you 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—
I sit, and sing to them!’

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

'The first that died was little JANE:
In bed she moaning lay,
Till GOD released her of her pain;
And then she went away!

'So in the Churchyard she was laid;
And, all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother JOHN and I.

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

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

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

EARTH has not any thing to show more fair!
Dull would he be of soul, who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty!
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning! silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie.
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air!
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill!
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will!
Dear GOD! the very houses seem asleep!
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour!
England hath need of thee! she is a fen
Of stagnant waters! Altar, Sword, and Pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of Hall and Bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness! We are selfish men!
O, raise us up! Return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power!
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart!
Thou hadst a voice, whose sound was like the sea!
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on Life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on itself did lay!

STRANGE FITS OF PASSION I HAVE KNOWN.

STRANGE fits of Passion I have known ;
And I will dare to tell,
But in the Lover's ear alone,
What once to me befell.

When she I loved was strong and gay,
And like a rose in June,
I to her Cottage bent my way,
Beneath the evening moon.

Upon the moon I fixed my eye,
All over the wide lea ;
My horse trudged on, and we drew nigh
Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reached the Orchard plot ;
And, as we climbed the hill,
Towards the roof of Lucy's Cot
The moon descended still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,
Kind Nature's gentlest boon !
And, all the while, my eyes I kept
On the descending moon.

My horse moved on; hoof after hoof
He raised, and never stopped:
When down behind the Cottage roof,
At once, the planet dropped.

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide
Into a Lover's head!
'O, mercy!' to myself I cried,
'If Lucy should be dead!'

SHE DWELT AMONG TH' UNTRODDEN WAYS.

SHE dwelt among th' untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there was none to praise,
And very few to love!

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

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

LINES

WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY,
ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE,
DURING A TOUR,
JULY 13, 1798.

FIVE years have passed! five summers, with the
length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain springs
With a sweet inland murmur¹! Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
Which, on a wild secluded scene, impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky!
The day is come, when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore: and view
These plots of cottage ground; these orchard tufts,
Which, at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Among the woods and copses lose themselves;
Nor, with their green and simple hue, disturb
The wild green landscape. Once again I see
These hedge-rows! hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild! these pastoral farms,

¹ The river is not affected by the tides a few miles above Tintern.

Green to the very door! and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees,
With some uncertain notice, as might seem,
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods;
Or of some Hermit's cave, where, by his fire,
The Hermit sits alone.

Though absent long,
These forms of Beauty have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration; feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure, such, perhaps,
As may have had no trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime—that blessèd mood,
In which the burthen of the Mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened! that serene and blessèd mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on
Until (the breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood,

Almost suspended) we are laid asleep
In body; and become a living soul!
While, with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things!

If this

Be but a vain belief; yet, O, how oft,
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the World,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart;
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O, sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again,
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure; but with pleasing thoughts
That, in this moment, there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope! [first
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was, when
I came among these hills; when, like a roe,
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers and the lonely streams,
Wherever Nature led; more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one

Who sought the thing he loved. For Nature, then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements, all gone by),
To me was all in all! I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a Passion! the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite! a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied; or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye! That time is past;
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures! Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur! other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense! For I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of Humanity!
Not harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue! And I have felt
A Presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts! a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused;
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of Man,
A motion and a Spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought!

And rolls through all things! Therefore, am I still
A lover of the meadows, and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth! of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half-create,
And what perceive! well pleased to recognize
In Nature and the language of the Sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts! the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart! and soul
Of all my moral being!

Nor, perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me, here, upon the banks
Of this fair river! thou, my dearest friend!
My dear dear friend! and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart; and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes! O, yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear dear Sister! And this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her! 'Tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy! for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgements, nor the sneers of selfish men,

Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us! or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings! Therefore, let the moon
Shine on thee, in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee! and, in after years—
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies, O, then—
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief
Should be thy portion—with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me;
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance,
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence, wilt thou, then, forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came,
Unwearied in that service! rather say,
With warmer love! O, with far deeper zeal
Of holier love! Nor wilt thou then forget
That, after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves, and for thy sake!

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

‘WHY, WILLIAM! on that old grey stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, WILLIAM! sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away?’

‘Where are your books? that light bequeathed
To beings else forlorn and blind!
Up! Up! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind!’

‘You look round on your mother Earth,
As if she for no purpose bore you!
As if you were her first-born birth,
And none had lived before you!’

One morning, thus, by Esthwaite Lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not Why?
To me my good friend MATTHEW spake;
And thus I made reply.

‘The eye, it cannot choose but see!
We cannot bid the ear be still!
Our bodies feel, where’er they be,
Against, or with, our will!’

‘Nor less I deem that there are powers
Which of themselves our minds impress,
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

‘Think you, mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come!
But we must still be seeking?

‘Then, ask not, Wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old grey stone,
And dream my time away!

THE TABLES TURNED.

AN EVENING SCENE ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

‘UP! Up! my friend, and clear your looks!
Why all this toil and trouble?
Up! Up! my friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you’ll grow double!

‘The sun, above the mountain’s head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow!

'Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife!
Come, hear the woodland linnet!
How sweet his music! on my life,
There 's more of wisdom in it!

'And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
And he is no mean Preacher!
Come forth into the light of things!
Let Nature be your teacher!

'She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless!
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health!
Truth breathed by cheerfulness!

'One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of Man,
Of moral evil, and of good,
Than all the Sages can!

'Sweet is the lore which Nature brings!
Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things!
We murder, to dissect!

'Enough of Science and of Art!
Close up these barren leaves!
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives!'

POOR SUSAN.

AT the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
There's a thrush that sings loud—it has sung for three
years!

Poor SUSAN has passed by the spot, and has heard,
In the silence of morning, the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment! What ails her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees!
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide;
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside!

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail!
And a single small Cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The only one dwelling on earth that she loves!

She looks, and her heart is in Heaven! but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade:
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise;
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes.

Poor outcast, return! To receive thee once more,
The house of thy father will open its door!
And thou, once again, in thy plain russet gown,
Mayst hear the thrush sing from a tree of its own!

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 betwixt 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!

MY HEART LEAPS UP.

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!



ROBERT SOUTHEY.

'I had a home once! I had once a husband!
I am a Widow, poor, and broken-hearted!'
Loud blew the wind, unheard was her complaining,
On drove the Chariot!

Then on the snow she laid her down to rest her.
She heard a Horseman. 'Pity me!' she groaned out.
Loud was the wind, unheard was her complaining,
On went the Horseman!

Worn out with anguish, toil, and cold, and hunger,
Down sank the Wanderer! sleep had seized her senses!
There did the Traveller find her in the morning:
GOD had released her!

1796.

This Poem is inserted on account of the celebrated Parody of its poetic form.
which will be found at pp. 212, 213.

THE LOVERS' ROCK.

THE Maiden, through the favouring night,
From Granada took her flight ;
She bade her father's house farewell,
And fled away with MANUEL.

No Moorish Maid might hope to vie
With LAILA's cheek, or LAILA's eye !
No Maiden loved with purer truth,
Or ever loved a lovelier Youth !

In fear, they fled across the plain,
The father's wrath, the captive's chain !
In hope, to Murcia on they flee,
To Peace, and Love, and Liberty !

And now they reach the mountain's height,
And she was weary with her flight ;
She laid her head on MANUEL's breast,
And pleasant was the Maiden's rest.

But, while she slept, the passing gale
Waved the Maiden's flowing veil.
Her father, as he crossed the height,
Saw the veil so long and white.

Young MANUEL started from his sleep,
He saw them hastening up the steep;
And LAILA shrieked: and, desperate now,
They climbed the precipice's brow.

They saw him raise his angry hand,
And follow with his armèd band;
They saw them climbing up the steep,
And heard his curses loud and deep.

Then MANUEL's heart grew wild with woe,
He loosened stones, and rolled below;
He loosened crags, for MANUEL strove
For Life, and Liberty, and Love!

The ascent was steep, the rock was high;
The Moors, they durst not venture nigh.
The fugitives stood safely there;
They stood in safety and despair.

The Moorish Chief, unmoved, could see
His daughter bend the suppliant knee!
He heard his child for pardon plead;
And swore the offenders both should bleed!

He bade the Archers bend the bow,
And make the Christian fall below!
He bade the Archers aim the dart,
And pierce the Maid's apostate heart!

The Archers aimed their arrows there;
She clasped young MANUEL in despair,
'Death, MANUEL! shall set us free!
Then leap below, and die with me!'

He clasped her close, and cried, 'Farewell!'
In one another's arms, they fell!
They leapt adown the craggy side;
In one another's arms, they died!

And, side by side, they there are laid,
The Christian Youth and Moorish Maid:
But never Cross was planted there!
Because they perished for despair.

Yet every Murcian Maid can tell
Where LAILA lies, who loved so well:
And every Youth, who passes there,
Says for MANUEL's soul a prayer.

1798.

TO FAME.

ON the high summit of yon rocky hill,
Proud FAME! thy Temple stands; and see around
What thronging thousands press! and hark! the sound
That fires ambition! 'Tis thy clarion shrill!
Amid thy path, the deadly thorn is strewed;
And oft intertwined around the wreath they claim!
And many spurn at JUSTICE's sacred name,
And 'wade to glory through a sea of blood.'
Be mine to leave thy path, thy motley crowd!
And (while to hear their names proclaimed aloud
Upon the brazen trump, the throng rejoice)
I'll court fair VIRTUE, in her humbler sphere!
More pleased, in calm reflection's hour, to hear
The approving whispers of her still small voice.

TO HEALTH.

NYMPH of the splendid eye and rosy cheek!
Who erst from Courts and luxury didst speed;
And, with thine elder Sister, TEMPERANCE, seek
The woodbined Cottage on the daisied mead;
There, will I woo thee! for thou dwellest there,
Amid the Sons of Industry. Thy smile
Soothes every sorrow! cheers the hour of toil!
And, blessed by thee, sweet is their frugal fare!
When the woods echo with the early horn,
Thou tripp'st the wild heath, clad in flowing vest
(While youthful ZEPHYR wantons o'er thy breast);
And, with blithe Song, dost greet the blushing Morn.
The airy Sp'rit who o'er thy fair form roves,
Thy beauty tastes; and, as he tastes, improves.

LINES,

ON PASSING A PLACE OF FORMER RESIDENCE.

December, 1796.

I PASSED my childhood's home ; and, lo ! 'twas dark !
The night-wind whistled 'mid its leafless trees !
No taper twinkled cheerily to tell
That She had heaped the hospitable fire,
Spread the trim board, and with an anxious heart
Expected me, her 'dearest boy,' to spend
With her the evening hour. Oh ! no ! 'twas gone,
The friendly taper, and the warm fire's glow
Trembling athwart the gloom ! I listened long ;
Nor heard, save the unfeeling blast of night,
Which chilled my frame ; or the sere ice-glazed twig
That hoarsely rustled ! 'Twas too much ! I wept !
Then I bethought me, she was confined far
Away, entombed on the earth's cold lap.
I looked again ; such thoughts were too, too, true !
For no ray glimmered. I did pass along
Shivering, and bowed to earth with heaviness !

MORNING AND EVENING.

SAY, sweet Carol! Who are they
Who cheerly greet the rising day?

Little birds in leafy bower;
Swallows twitt'ring on the tower;
Larks upon the light air borne;
Hunters roused with shrilly horn;
The Woodman whistling on his way;
The new-waked Child at early play,
Who, barefoot, prints the dewy Green,
Winking to the sunny sheen;

And the meek Maid, who binds her yellow hair,
And blithely doth her daily task prepare.

Say, sweet Carol! Who are they
Who welcome in the Ev'ning grey?

The Housewife trim, and merry lout,
Who sit the blazing fire about;
The Sage a-conning o'er his book;
The tired wight, in rushy nook,
Who, half asleep, but faintly hears
The Gossip's tale hum in his ears;
The loosened steed in grassy stall;
The Thanes feasting in the Hall:

But, most of all, the Maid of cheerful soul,
Who fills her peaceful Warrior's flowing bowl!

Up! quit thy Bower! late wears the hour!
Long have the rooks cawed round thy Tower!
On flower and tree, loud hums the bee!
The wilding kid sports merrily!
A day so bright, so fresh, so clear,
Shineth when good fortune 's near!

Up! Lady fair! and braid thy hair;
And rouse thee in the breezy air!
The lulling stream, that soothed thy dream,
Is dancing in the sunny beam!
And hours so sweet, so bright, so gay,
Will waft good fortune on its way!

Up! time will tell! The Friar's bell,
Its Service sound hath chimèd well!
The agèd Crone keeps house alone;
And Reapers to the fields are gone!
The active day, so boon and bright,
May bring good fortune ere the night!

CHILD! with many a childish wile,
Timid look, and blushing smile,
Downy wings to steal thy way,
Gilded bow, and quiver gay,
Who, in thy simple mien, would trace
The Tyrant of the human race?

Who is he, whose flinty heart
Hath not felt thy flying dart?
Who is he, that from the wound
Hath not pain and pleasure found?
Who is he, that hath not shed
Curse and blessing on thy head?

Ah! LOVE! our weal! our woe! our bliss! our bane!
A restless life have they, who wear thy chain!
Ah! LOVE! our weal! our woe! our bliss! our bane!
More hapless still are they, who never felt thy pain!

‘HIGH is the Tower, and the watch-dogs bay,
And the flitting owlets shriek!
I see thee wave thy mantle gray;
But I cannot hear thee speak!

‘O, are they from the East, or West,
The tidings he bears to me?
Or from the land that I love best,
From the Knight of the North Countree?’

Swift down the winding stair She rushed,
Like a gust of the summer wind ;
Her steps were light, her breath was hushed ;
And she dared not look behind.

She passed, by stealth, the narrow door, .
The Postern way also ;
And thought each bush, her robe that tore,
The grasp of a warding foe !

And She has climbed the Moat so steep,
With chilly dread and fear ;
While th' evening fly hummed dull and deep,
Like a Wardman whisp'ring near.

' Now, who art thou ? thou Palmer tall !
Who beckonest so to me !
Art thou from that dear and distant Hall ?
Art thou from the North Countree ? '

He raised his hood, with wary wile,
That covered his raven hair ;
And a manlier face, and a sweeter smile,
Ne'er greeted Lady fair !

' My coal-black steed feeds in the brake,
Of gen'rous blood and true ;
He'll soon the nearest frontier make,
Let they who list pursue !

'Thy pale cheek shows an altered mind!
Thine eye, the blinding tear!
Come not with me, if aught behind
Is to thy heart more dear!

'Thy Sire and Dame are in that Hall;
Thy friend, thy mother's son;
Come not with me, if one o' them all
E'er loved thee as I have done!'

The Lady mounted the coal-black steed,
Behind her Knight, I ween!
And they have passed through brake, and mead,
And plain, and woodland green.

But, hark! behind, the Warders shout,
And the hasty larums ring;
And the mingled sound of a gath'ring rout,
The passing air doth bring.

'O, noble steed! now quit thee well,
And prove thy gen'rous kind!
That fearful sound doth louder swell!
It is not far behind!

'The frontier 's near! a span, the plain!
Press on, and do not fail!
Ah! on our steps fell horsemen gain!
I hear their ringing mail!'

THE chough and crow to roost are gone,
The owl sits on the tree;
The hushed wind wails with feeble moan,
Like infant charity!
The wild-fire dances on the fen,
The red star sheds its ray;
Uprouse ye, then, my merry men!
It is our op'ning day!

Both Child and Nurse are fast asleep,
And closed is every flower;
And winking tapers faintly peep
High from my Lady's bower;
Bewildered hinds, with shortened ken,
Shrink on their murky way;
Uprouse ye, then, my merry men!
It is our op'ning day!

Nor board nor garner own we now,
Nor roof nor latchèd door;
Nor kind Mate, bound by holy vow
To bless a good man's store!
Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
And night is grown our day;
Uprouse ye, then, my merry men!
And use it as ye may!

THE MAID OF LLANWELLYN.

I'VE no sheep on the mountain, nor boat on the lake,
Nor coin in my coffer to keep me awake,
Nor corn in my garner, nor fruit on my tree;
Yet the Maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me!

Soft tapping, at eve, to her window I came,
And loud bayed the watch-dog! loud scolded the Dame!
For shame, silly Lightfoot! what is it to thee,
Though the Maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me?

The Farmer rides proudly to Market or Fair;
The Clerk, at the alehouse, still claims the great chair;
But, of all our proud fellows, the proudest I'll be,
While the Maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me!

For blithe as the Urchin at holiday play,
And meek as a Matron in mantle of gray,
And trim as a Lady of gentle degree,
Is the Maid of Llanwellyn, who smiles upon me!

THE BOATIE ROWS.

O, WEEL may the boatie row,
And better may she speed;
And leesome may the boatie row,
That wins the bairns' bread!
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And weel may the boatie row,
That wins my bairns' bread!

I cust my line in Largo Bay,
And fishes I catch'd nine;
There was three to boil, and three to fry,
And three to bait the line.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot o' a'
Who wishes her to speed!

O, weel may the boatie row,
That fills a heavy creel;
And cleads us a' frae head to feet,
And buys our pottage meal.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed!

When JAMIE vow'd he wou'd be mine,
And wan frae me my heart,
O, muckle lighter grew my creel!
He swore, we'd never part!

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And muckle lighter is the load,
When Love bears up the creel!

My kurtch I put upo' my head,
And dress'd mysel' fu' braw;
I true my heart was douf an' wae,
When JAMIE ga'ed awa'!
But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part;
And lightsome be the Lassie's care,
That yields an honest heart!

When SAWNEY, JOCK, an' JANETIE
Are up, and gotten lear;
They'll help to gar the boatie row.
And lighten a' our care!
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel!
And lightsome be her heart that bears
The murlain and the creel!

And, when wi' age we're worn down,
And hirpling round the door,
They'll row, to keep us dry and warm;
As we did them before.
Then weel may the boatie row,
She wins the bairns' bread;
And happy be the lot o' a'
That wish the boat to speed!

LOVE AT SALE.

(The idea is taken from a Greek Epigram.)

COME, buy my ware! Come, buy! Come, buy!
Fond Youths and curious Maids, draw nigh!
I have this lovely wicked Boy to sell!
Go not, fair Girls! his cage too near!
Though mild his looks, his arrows fear!
Be still, the urchin's faults and merits while I tell!

He, in this little form, unites
The pangs of Hell, and Heaven's delights!
He reigns the Lord of every mortal heart!
He wounds the Peasant! wounds the King!
And is the fairest, falsest, thing
That e'er excited joy, or bade a bosom smart!

Light as the wind, wild as the wave,
He 's both a tyrant and a slave!
A fire that freezes, and a frost that 's hot!
A bitter sweet, and luscious sour!
Wretched is he who knows his power!
Yet far more wretched still is he who knows it not!

His tongue is with persuasion tipped!
His darts, in poisoned honey dipped,
Speed to the bosom their unerring flight!
His lips are rich in flattering lies!
And oft a fillet o'er his eyes [sight.
He binds; and so conceals his faults from his own

He has two cheeks of blushing red!
He has two wings, which still are spread,
When most his stay is wished, most swift to fly!
He joys in wanton tricks and wiles;
And, mark! that when he sweetest smiles,
Then is the rogue most sure those tricks and wiles
to try!

For well, alas! too well I know,
He is the source of every woe!
'To Faith a stranger! 'gainst Contrition steeled!
But yet, when first the False One came,
And kindled in my heart a flame,
Who had believed Deceit in such a form concealed!

He begged so gently, on my breast
A while his little head to rest!
He seemed so good! so grateful! and so meek!
He said, 'He long had sought around
A resting-place; but none had found!'
And then I saw a tear pearl down his rosy cheek.

Who could, unmoved, his accents hear!
Who had not wiped away that tear!
His tale of guile my ready ear believed!
He looked so sweet, he spoke so fair;
With ease the traitor gained his prayer!
And in my heart of hearts with transport was received!

But since I find his friends most true
Have reason most his spite to rue;
I'll take dear-bought Conviction's sage advice,
And drive him from my breast away!
He shall no more my trust betray;
But be the slave of him who bids the highest price!

Observe! whoe'er shall buy this Boy,
This offspring of DESPAIR and JOY,
May have besides (I've use for them no more!)
A lot of jealous doubts and fears,
Of fainting VIRTUE's last pure tears;
Of treacherous smiles, and oaths which perjured
Lovers swore;

Of torches, their unsteady fires
Kindled by sweet Fifteen's desires;
Of hopes created by a guileful sigh;
Of worn-out wings; of broken darts,
Whose points still rankle in the hearts
Of fond forsaken Maids! Come, buy! Come, buy!
Come, buy!

But see him now for pardon sue!
See, how his eye of glossy blue,
With mingled hope and grief he lifts to me!
Ah! lovely Boy! thy fears dismiss!
Convinced, by that forgiving kiss,
That I can never part from JULIA and from thee.

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 thee 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!'

This Lass so neat, with smiles so sweet, &c.

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!

This Lass so neat, with smiles so sweet, &c.

THE TEARS I SHED MUST EVER FALL!

THE tears I shed must ever fall!
I mourn not for an absent Swain!
For thought may past delights recall;
And parted Lovers meet again!
I weep not for the silent dead!
Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er;
And those they loved their steps shall tread,
And DEATH shall join to part no more!

Though boundless oceans rolled between,
If certain that his heart is near,
A conscious transport glads each scene,
Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear!
E'en when, by DEATH's cold hand removed,
We mourn the tenant of the tomb,
To think that e'en in death he loved,
Can gild the horrors of the gloom!

But bitter, bitter, are the tears
Of her who slighted love bewails!
No hope her dreary prospect cheers!
No pleasing melancholy hails!
Hers are the pangs of wounded pride,
Of blasted hope, of withered joy!
The prop she leaned on, pierced her side!
The flame she fed, burns to destroy!

Even conscious virtue cannot cure
The pangs to every feeling due!
Ungenerous Youth! thy boast how poor!
To steal a heart, and break it too!
In vain does memory renew
The hours once tinged in transport's dye;
The sad reverse soon starts to view,
And turns the thought to agony!

No cold approach, no altered mien,
Just what would make suspicion start!
No pause, the dire extremes between—
He made me blest, and broke my heart!

THE NURSING OF TRUE LOVE.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

LAPPED on Cythera's golden sands,
When first TRUE LOVE was born on earth,
Long was the doubt, what fost'ring hands
Should tend and rear the glorious birth?

First, HEBE claimed the sweet employ.
'Her cup, her thornless flowers,' she said,
'Would feed him best with health and joy;
And cradle best his cherub head!'

But anxious VENUS justly feared
The tricks and changeful mind of youth:
Too mild the Seraph PEACE appeared!
Too stern, too cold, the Matron TRUTH!

Next, FANCY claimed him for her own;
But PRUDENCE disallowed her right,
She deemed her iris pinions shone
Too dazzling for his infant sight!

To HOPE a while the charge was given;
And well with Hope the cherub throve!
Till INNOCENCE came down from heaven,
Sole Guardian, Friend, and Nurse of LOVE!

PLEASURE, a Fury in her spite!
When all preferred to her she found,
Vowed cruel vengeance for the slight;
And soon success her purpose crowned.

The Trait'ress watched a sultry hour,
When, pillowed on her blush-rose bed,
Tired INNOCENCE, to SLUMBER's power
One moment bowed her virgin head:

Then, PLEASURE, on the thoughtless child
Her toys and sugared poisons prest:
Drunk with new joy, he sighed, he smiled;
And TRUE LOVE died on PLEASURE's breast!

GOOD BYE! AND HOW D'YE DO?

ONE day, GOOD BYE! met HOW D'YE DO?
Too close to shun saluting;
But soon the rival sisters flew
From kissing to disputing!

‘Away!’ says HOW D’YE DO? ‘your mien
Appals my cheerful nature!
No name so sad as yours is seen
In SORROW’s nomenclature!

· Whene’er I give one sunshine hour,
Your cloud comes o’er to shade it!
Where’er I plant one bosom flower,
Your mildew drops to fade it!

‘Ere HOW D’YE DO? has tuned each tongue
To HOPE’s delightful measure,
GOOD BYE! in FRIENDSHIP’s ear has rung
The knell of parting pleasure!

‘From sorrows past, my chemic skill
Draws smiles of consolation;
Whilst you from present joys distil
The tears of separation!’

GOOD BYE! replied, ‘Your statement ’s true;
And well your cause you’ve pleaded!
But pray, who’d think of HOW D’YE DO?,
Unless GOOD BYE! preceded?’

‘Without my prior influence,
Could yours have ever flourished?
And can your hand one flower dispense,
But those my tears have nourished?’

' How oft, if at the Court of LOVE
Concealment be the fashion,
When HOW D'YE DO? has failed to move,
GOOD BYE! reveals the Passion!

' How oft, when CUPID'S fires decline,
As ev'ry heart remembers,
One sigh of mine, and only mine!
Revives the dying embers!

' Go, bid the timid Lover choose!
And I'll resign my Charter,
If he, for ten HOW D'YE DO?'s,
One kind GOOD BYE! would barter!

' From Love, and Friendship's kindred source,
We both derive existence;
And they would both lose half their force,
Without our joint assistance!

'Tis well the World our merit knows!
Since time (there 's no denying!),
One half in How-d'ye-doing goes;
And t'other in Good-byeing!'

‘THOUGH DORANDER ’s sincere, there ’s excess in his
love ;

And therefore his offers you should not approve!
Who now thinks you a Goddess, will soon, as is common,
After marriage, perceive you’re a poor simple Woman!

‘To STREPHON’s behaviour, I likewise object ;
And think you, his person and suit should reject!
For the man who sees foibles so plain, while a Lover,
What faults will he not, after wedlock, discover!

‘There ’s a medium in all things! and the Lover
that ’s kind,
May view all your faults, without hating your mind!
For Nature ’s imperfect; and the man that is true,
Will own in himself equal frailties with you!

THE Maid that ’s blessed with Content,
No evil ’ Passion knows ;
But all her thoughts are fixed intent
On study and repose.

Her heart is not attached to Wealth,
A vain, though glittering, show!
She asks for Innocence, and Health,
Whence real pleasures flow.

Sweet occupations fill the day!
Cheerful She tunes the Song,
Now listens to poetic Lay,
Now joins the youthful throng.

For Friendship's tender cares designed,
She picks a chosen few;
Her love to those is unconfined!
She thinks her heart their due!

Severe to none, polite to all,
Her manners each engage;
Her accents, with their gentle fall,
Might still the fiercest rage!

Religion is her chief delight,
To that She heedful tends;
At early morn, at dusky night,
With awful love She bends.

She offers to the First of Beings praise;
Begs He will lead her in His perfect ways,
Forgive her sins, excuse her errors past,
And guide her to that Place where joys for ever last!

The Authors of 'The Anti-Jacobin.'

This Poem is, as regards its poetic form, a parody of that by R. SOUTHEY at pp. 184, 185.

SAPPHICS.

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 'tis crying, all day, 'Knives and
Scissors to grind, O!'

Tell me, Knife-Grinder! how you came 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 law-suit?

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 Honour's health in
A Pot of Beer, if you would 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 hanged 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.)

THE SEA NYMPH.

DOWN, down a thousand fathoms deep,
Among the sounding seas I go!
Play round the foot of every steep,
Whose cliffs above the ocean grow!

There, within their secret caves,
I hear the mighty rivers' roar;
And guide their streams, through NEPTUNE'S waves,
To bless the green earth's inmost shore:

And bid the freshened waters glide,
For fern-crowned Nymphs of lake, or brook,
Through winding woods and pastures wide,
And many a wild romantic nook!

For this, the Nymphs, at fall of eve,
Oft dance upon the flow'ry banks;
And sing my name, and garlands weave
To bear beneath the wave their thanks.

In coral bowers I love to lie,
And hear the surges roll above;
And, through the waters, view on high
The proud ships sail, and gay clouds move.

And oft, at midnight's stillest hour,
When summer seas the vessels lave,
I love to prove my charming power,
While floating on the moonlit wave;

And when deep sleep the crew has bound,
And the sad Lover musing leans
O'er the ship's side, I breathe around
Such strains as speak no mortal means!

O'er the dim waves his searching eye
Sees but the vessel's lengthened shade;
Above, the moon and azure sky;
Entranced he hears, and half afraid!

Sometimes, a single note I swell
That, softly sweet, at distance dies!
Then, wake the magic of my shell;
And choral voices round me rise!

The trembling Youth, charmed with my strain,
Calls up the crew; who, silent, bend
O'er the high deck, but list in vain!
My Song is hushed! my wonders end!

Within the mountain's woody bay,
Where the tall bark at anchor rides,
At twilight hour, with Tritons gay,
I dance upon the lapsing tides:

And with my Sister Nymphs I sport,
Till the broad sun looks o'er the floods ;
Then, swift we seek our Crystal Court
Deep in the wave, 'mid NEPTUNE'S woods.

In cool arcades and glassy halls,
We pass the sultry hours of noon,
Beyond wherever sunbeam falls ;
Weaving sea-flowers in gay festoon.

The while, we chant our Ditties sweet,
To some soft shell, that warbles near ;
Joined by the murmuring currents fleet,
That glide along our halls so clear.

There, the pale pearl and sapphire blue,
And ruby red and em'rald green,
Dart from the domes a changing hue ;
And sparry columns deck the scene.

When the dark storm scowls o'er the deep,
And long, long, peals of thunder sound ;
On some high cliff, my watch I keep
O'er all the restless seas around,

Till, on the ridgy wave, afar,
Comes the lone vessel, labouring slow,
Spreading the white foam in the air,
With sail and topmast bending low :

Then plunge I, 'mid the ocean's roar,
My way by quiv'ring lightnings shown,
To guide the bark to peaceful shore;
And hush the sailor's fearful groan.

And if too late I reach its side,
To save it from the 'whelming surge;
I call my dolphins o'er the tide,
To bear the crew where isles emerge!

How sweet is LOVE's first gentle sway,
When, crowned with flowers, he softly smiles!
His blue eyes fraught with tearful wiles,
Where beams of tender transport play!
HOPE leads him on his airy way,
And FAITH and FANCY still beguiles:
FAITH quickly tangled in her toils;
FANCY! whose magic forms so gay
The fair Deceiver's self deceive.

How sweet is LOVE's first gentle sway!
Ne'er would that heart he bids to grieve,
From SORROW's soft enchantments stray!
Ne'er! till the God, exulting in his art,
Relentless frowns, and wings th' envenomed dart!

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'M wearin' awa', JOHN!
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, JOHN!
I'm wearin' awa'
 To the land o' the leal!
There 's nae sorrow there, JOHN!
There 's neither cauld nor care, JOHN!
The day is aye fair
 In the land o' the leal!

Our bonnie bairn 's there, JOHN!
She was baith gude and fair, JOHN!
And, oh! we grudg'd her sair
 To the land o' the leal!
But sorrow's sel' wears past, JOHN!
And jôy 's a-comin' fast, JOHN!
The joy that 's aye to last
 In the land o' the leal!

Sae dear that joy was bought, JOHN!
Sae free the battle fought, JOHN!
That sinfu' Man e'er brought
 To the land o' the leal.
Oh! dry your glist'ning e'e, JOHN!
My saul lang's to be free, JOHN!
And Angels beckon me
 To the land of the leal!

Oh! haud ye leal and true, JOHN!
Your day, it 's wearin' thro', JOHN!
And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal!
Now, fare ye weel! my ain JOHN!
This warld's cares are vain, JOHN!
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
 In the land o' the leal!

CALLER HERRIN'!

WHALL buy my caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesame farin'!
Wha'll buy my caller herrin',
 New drawn frae the Forth?

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
Dream'd ye aught o' our puir fellows,
Darkling as they fac'd the billows,
A' to fill the woven willows?
 Buy my caller herrin',
 New drawn frae the Forth!

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're no brought here without brave daring!
Buy my caller herrin',
Hauled thro' wind and rain!
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?
Oh! ye may ca' them vulgar farin' !
Wives and mithers maist despairing,
Ca' them lives o' men!
Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ? &c.

When the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies, clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads, and screw their faces.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ? &c.

Caller herrin' 's no got lightly!
Ye can trip the spring fu' tightlie,
Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',
Gow has set you a' a-singing
'Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?' &c.

Neebour Wives! now tent my tellin'!
When the bonny fish ye're sellin',
At ae word be, in ye're dealin'!
Truth will stand, when a' thing 's failin'!
Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ? &c.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

THE Laird o' Cockpen, he 's proud an' he 's great!
His mind is ta'en up wi' things o' the State!
He wanted a Wife, his braw house to keep;
But favour, wi' woin', was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side, a Lady did dwell,
At his table head, he thought she'd look well!
McCLISH's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
A penniless Lass, wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouter'd, and as gude as new;
His waistcoat was white; his coat, it was blue:
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat;
And wha could refuse the Laird, wi' a' that?

He took the grey mare, and rade cannily,
An' rapp'd 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.
'An' 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.

An' when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low;
An' what was his errand, he soon let her know.
Amazed was the Laird, when the Lady said, 'Na!';
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turnèd awa'.

Dumfounder'd he was, nae sigh did he gie,
He mounted his mare—he rade cannily;
And aften he thought, as he gaed thro' the Glen,
'She 's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen!'

[And now that the Laird his exit has made,
Mistress JEAN, she reflected on what she had said.
'Oh! for ane I'll get better; its 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 appear'd at Cockpen.]



CHARLES LAMB.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

WHERE are they gone, the old familiar faces?

I had a Mother; but she died, and left me!

Died prematurely, in a day of horrors!

All, all, are gone, the old familiar faces!

I have had Playmates, I have had Companions,

In my days of childhood! in my joyful 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 childhood,

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 dwelling?

So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

For 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!

*THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL AND THE
GRASSHOPPER'S FEAST.*

'COME, take up your hats; and away let us haste
To the Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast!
The trumpeter, Gadfly, has summoned the crew;
And the Revels are now only waiting for you!'

So said little ROBERT; and, pacing along,
His merry companions came forth in a throng:
And, on the smooth grass, by the side of a wood,
Beneath an old oak that for ages had stood,
Saw the Children of Earth and the Tenants of Air,
For an evening's amusement together repair.

And there came the Beetle so blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his back;
And there was the Gnat, and the Dragon Fly too,
With all their relations, green, orange, and blue;
And there came the Moth, with his plumage of down,
And the Hornet in jacket of yellow and brown,
Who with him the Wasp, his companion, did bring;
But they promised, that evening, to lay by their sting!
And the sly little Dormouse crept out of his hole,
And brought to the Feast his blind brother, the Mole;

And the Snail, with his horns peeping out of his shell,
Came from a great distance—the length of an ell!

A Mushroom their table, and on it was laid
A Water-dock Leaf, which a table-cloth made.
The viands were various, to each of their taste;
And the Bee brought her honey to crown the repast.

Then, close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The Frog from a corner looked up to the skies;
And the Squirrel, well pleased such diversions to see,
Mounted high over head, and looked down from a tree.

Then, out came the Spider, with finger so fine,
To show his dexterity on the tight line,
From one branch to another his cobwebs he slung,
Then quick as an arrow he darted along;
But just in the middle, O, shocking to tell!
From his rope, in an instant, poor Harlequin fell!
Yet he touched not the ground; but, with talons outspread,
Hung suspended in air at the end of a thread.

Then, the Grasshopper came with a jerk and a spring,
Very long was his leg, though but short was his wing;
He took but three leaps, and was soon out of sight;
Then chirped his own praises all the rest of the night.

With step so majestic, the Snail did advance,
And promised the gazers a Minuet to dance;
But they all laughed so loud, that he pulled in his head,
And went in his own little chamber to bed.

Then, as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
Their Watchman, the Glowworm, came out with a light.

‘Then home let us hasten, while yet we can see!
For no Watchman is waiting for you and for me.’
So said little ROBERT; and, pacing along,
His merry companions returned in a throng.

A SOLDIER am I, the world over I range ;
And would not my lot with a Monarch exchange !
How welcome a Soldier, wherever he roves,
Attended, like VENUS, by MARS and the Loves !
How dull is the Ball, how cheerless the Fair !
What 's a feast, or a frolic ? if we are not there !
Kind, hearty, and gallant, and joyous, we come ;
And the World looks alive at the sound of the Drum !

'The Soldiers are coming!' the villagers cry ;
All trades are suspended to see us pass by.
Quick flies the glad sound to the Maiden upstairs ;
In a moment dismissed are her broom and her cares !
Outstretched is her neck till the Soldiers she sees,
From her cap the red ribbon plays light in the breeze ;
But lighter her heart plays, as nearer we come ;
And redder her cheek at the sound of the Drum !

The Veteran, half dozing, awakes at the news,
Hobbles out, and our column with triumph reviews :
Near his knee, his young grandson, with ecstasy, hears
Of Majors, and Generals, and fierce Brigadiers ;
Of the marches he took, and the hardships he knew ;
Of the battles he fought, and the foes that he slew :
To his heart spirits new, in wild revelry come,
And make one rally more at the sound of the Drum !

Who loves not the Soldier? the generous, the brave,
The heart that can feel, and the arm that can save!
In peace, the gay friend, with manners that charm,
The thought ever liberal, the soul ever warm!
In his mind, nothing selfish or pitiful known;
'Tis a Temple, which Honour can enter alone!
No titles I boast; yet, wherever I come,
I can always feel proud at the sound of the Drum!

LAURA! thy sighs must now no more
My faltering step detain!
Nor dare I hang thy sorrows o'er;
Nor clasp thee thus, in vain!
Yet, while thy bosom heaves that sigh,
While tears thy cheek bedew,
Ah! think, (though doomed from thee to fly)
My heart speaks no Adieu!

Thee would I bid to check those sighs,
If thine were heard alone!
Thee would I bid to dry those eyes;
But tears are in my own!
One last, long, kiss; and then we part!
Another, and Adieu!
I cannot aid thy breaking heart;
For mine is breaking too!

THE Bard, whom the charms of MARIA inspire,
Who steals from his subject applause for his lyre,
May tenderly sigh, when some summers are o'er,
And he finds, as he thinks, that her charms are no more:
The beauties he praised, he no longer may see;
But MARIA shall still be MARIA to me!

Her cheek, the warm rose may no longer display;
But can Time, with the rose, steal the dimple away?
Her eyes, with a lustre less brilliant may beam;
But there shall affection more tenderly gleam!
And softer, and dearer, their promise shall be,
That MARIA shall still be MARIA to me!

The first in the dance, she no longer may shine;
And the joys of the dance shall then cease to be mine!
The crowd she no longer with rapture may fire;
And I, from the crowd can contented retire!
Fast, fast, may the leaves drop from Pleasure's gay tree;
But MARIA shall still be MARIA to me!

The bank by the streamlet may moulder away;
The rock stands uninjured, and knows no decay!
Time, her form may despoil; but must leave me behind
Her manners! her virtues! her heart! and her mind!
Roll on then, ye summers! No change shall I see;
But MARIA shall still be MARIA to me!

Anne Grant, of Laggan.

ON

THE MARQUIS OF HUNTLEY'S

DEPARTURE FOR THE CONTINENT WITH HIS REGIMENT,

IN 1799.

O, WHERE, tell me where, is your Highland Laddie gone?
O, where, tell me where, is your Highland Laddie gone?
*He 's gone, with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done;
And my sad heart will tremble, till he comes safely home!*

O, where, tell me where, did your Highland Laddie stay?
O, where, tell me where, did your Highland Laddie stay?
*He dwelt beneath the holly trees, beside the rapid Spey;
And many a blessing followed him, the day he went away!*

O, what, tell me what, does your Highland Laddie wear?
O, what, tell me what, does your Highland Laddie wear?
*A bonnet, with a lofty plume! the gallant badge of War;
And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a Star!*

Suppose, ah! suppose that some cruel, cruel, wound
Should pierce your Highland Laddie; and all your hopes confound!
*The Pipe would play a cheering March! the banners round him fly!
The spirit of a Highland Chief would lighten in his eye!
The Pipe would play a cheering March! the banners round him fly!
And for his King and country dear, with pleasure he would die!*

*But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonny bounds!
But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonny bounds!
His native Land of Liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds!
While, wide through all our Highland hills his warlike name resounds!*

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 deluded 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 wat'ry pillow,
None stop the dreadful leak!
To cling to slipp'ry 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 the 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!

THE RAVEN.

UNDER the arms of a goodly oak tree,
There was of Swine a large company.
They were making a rude repast,
Grunting as they crunched the mast:
Then, they trotted away, for the wind blew high;
One acorn they left, ne more mote you spy.

Next, came a Raven, who liked not such folly:
He belonged, I believe, to the Witch MELANCHOLY.
Blacker was he than blackest jet,
Flew low in the rain, his feathers were wet.
He picked up the acorn, and buried it strait
By the side of a river both deep and great.

Where then did the Raven go?
He went high and low!
O'er hill, o'er dale, did the black Raven go!
Many Autumns, many Springs,
Travelled he with wand'ring wings;
Many Summers, many Winters—
I can't tell half his adventures!

At length he returned, and with him a She,
And the acorn was grown [to] a tall oak tree.



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

They built them a nest in the topmost bough;
And young ones they had, and were jolly enow.
But, soon, came a Woodman, in leathern guise;
His brow, like a pent-house, hung over his eyes.
He'd an axe in his hand, not a word he spoke;
But with many a 'Hem!' and a sturdy stroke,
At last, he brought down the poor Raven's own oak.
His young ones were killed, for they could not depart;
And his wife, she did die of a broken heart.

The branches from off it the Woodman did sever;
And they floated it down on the course of the river.
They sawed it to planks, and its rind they did strip;
And, with this tree and others, they built up a ship.

The ship, it was launched: but, in sight of the land,
A tempest arose which no ship could withstand.
It bulged on a rock, and the waves rushed in fast;
The old Raven flew round and round, and cawed to
the blast.

He heard the sea-shriek of their perishing souls.
They be sunk! O'er the topmast the mad water rolls!

The Raven was glad that such fate they did meet:
[And DEATH riding home on a cloud, he did meet;
And he thanked him again and again for this treat!]
They had taken his all; and *Revenge was sweet!*



SONNET,

*ON RECEIVING A LETTER INFORMING ME OF
THE BIRTH OF A SON.*

WHEN they did greet me 'Father,' sudden awe
Weighed down my spirit. I retired, and knelt,
Seeking the Throne of Grace; but inly felt
No heavenly visitation upwards draw
My feeble mind, nor cheering ray impart.
Ah me! before the Eternal Sire I brought
Th' unquiet silence of confusèd thought
And shapeless feelings! My o'erwhelmed heart
Trembled; and vacant tears streamed down my face.
'And now, once more, O, LORD! to thee I bend,
Lover of souls! and groan for future grace!
That, ere my babe youth's perilous maze have trod,
The overshadowing SPIRIT may descend,
And he be born again, a Child of GOD!'

LOVE.

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

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

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

She leaned against the armèd man,
The statue of the armèd Knight;
She stood and listened to my harp,
Amid the ling'ring light.

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

I played a soft and doleful Air,
I sang an old and moving Story,
An old rude Song that fitted well
The ruin wild and hoary.

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

I told her of *the Knight that wore*
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that, for ten long years, he wooed
The Lady of the land.

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

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

But when I told *the cruel scorn*
Which crazed this 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 leapt amid a murd'rous 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—But, when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the Ditty,
My falt'ring 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 maiden 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 stepped;
Then, suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me, and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And, bending back her head, looked up
And gazed upon my face.

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

I calmed her fears; and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I wan my GENEVIEVE,
My bright and beauteous Bride!

WATER BALLAD.

‘COME hither, gently rowing!
Come, bear me quickly o’er
This stream so brightly flowing,
To yonder woodland shore!
But vain were my endeavour
To pay thee, courteous guide!
Row on! row on! For ever
I’d have thee by my side!

‘Good boatman, prithee, haste thee!
I seek my father-land!’
‘Say, when I there have placed thee,
Dare I demand thy hand?’
‘A maiden’s head can never
So hard a point decide!
Row on! row on! For ever
I’d have thee by my side!’

The happy bridal over,
The wanderer ceased to roam;
For, seated by her Lover,
The boat became her home:
And still they sang together,
As steering o’er the tide,
‘Row on, through wind and weather,
For ever by my side!’

THE ROSE.

As late each flower that sweetest blows
I plucked, the garden's pride,
Within the petals of a Rose,
A sleeping LOVE I 'spied.

Around his brows, a beamy wreath
Of many a lucent hue ;
All purple glowed his cheek beneath,
Inebriate with dew.

I softly seized th' unguarded Power,
Nor scared his balmy rest ;
And placed him, caged within the flower,
On spotless SARA'S breast.

But when, unweeting of the guile,
Awoke the pris'ner sweet,
He struggled to escape a while,
And stamped his faery feet.

Ah! soon the soul-entrancing sight
Subdued th' impatient Boy!
He gazed! He thrilled with deep delight!
Then clapped his wings for joy!

And, 'O,' he cried, 'of magic kind
What charms this Throne endear!
Some other LOVE let VENUS find!
I'll fix *my* empire here!'

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

A POET'S REVERIE.

This Poem first appeared in *Lyrical Ballads*, Bristol, 1798, under the title of *The Rime of the Ancient Marinere*. The present is the greatly revised text in the first volume of *Lyrical Ballads*, 2nd Ed., London, 1800.

In 1817, in his *Sibylline Leaves*, the Poet, besides further revisions, added a side-column of explanatory prose; which afterthought is palpably a mistake, for beautiful Verse in literary English explains itself.

ARGUMENT.

How a ship, having first sailed to the Equator, was driven by storms to the cold country towards the South Pole; how the Ancient Mariner, cruelly and in contempt of the laws of hospitality, killed a sea-bird; and how he was followed by many and strange judgments; and in what manner he came back to his own country.

. I.

IT is an Ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
'By thy long grey beard, and thy glittering eye,
Now, wherefore stoppest me?

‘The Bridegroom’s doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set—
Mayst hear the merry din!’

But still he holds the Wedding Guest;
‘There was a Ship,’ quoth he.
‘Nay! if thou ’st got a laughsome tale,
Mariner! come with me!’

He holds him with his skinny hand,
Quoth he, ‘There was a Ship.’
‘Now, get thee hence, thou grey-beard loon!
Or my staff shall make thee skip!’

He holds him with his glittering eye:
The Wedding Guest stood still,
And 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 Harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the Kirk, below the Hill,
Below the Lighthouse top.

'The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he;
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 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.

'But now the north wind came more fierce,
There came a tempest strong;
And southward still, for days and weeks,
Like chaff we drove along!

'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 clifts
Did send a dismal sheen ;
Nor shapes of men, nor beasts, we ken—
The ice was all between.

‘ The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around :
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
A wild and ceaseless sound.

‘ 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 !

‘ The Mariners gave it biscuit-worms,
And round and round it flew :
The ice did split with a thunder-fit,
The helmsman steered us through.

‘ And a good south wind sprang up behind ;
The Albatross did follow,
And, every day, for food or play,
Came to the Mariner’s holloa.

‘ In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for Vespers nine ;
Whiles 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!

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 behind;
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the Mariner’s holloa.

‘And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work them woe:
For all averred, “I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.”

‘Nor dim, nor red like an Angel’s head,
The glorious sun uprist:
Then all averred, “I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
Twas right,” said they, “such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.”

'The breezes blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free :
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

'Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropped down,
'Twas 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.

'Water, water, everywhere ;
And all the boards did shrink !
Water, water, everywhere ;
Nor any drop to drink !

'The very deeps 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.

‘And some, in dreams, assurèd were,
Of the Spirit that plagued us so:
Nine fathoms deep he had followed us
From the Land of Mist and Snow.

‘And every tongue, through utter drouth,
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.

III.

‘So passed a weary time: each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye,
When, looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

‘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;
And, as if it dodged a Water Sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

' With throat unslacked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh, nor wail;
Through utter drouth, all dumb we stood,
Till I bit my arm, and sucked the blood,
And cried, "A Sail! a Sail!"

' With throat unslacked, 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.

"See! See!" I cried, "she tacks no more!
Hither, to work us weal,
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!"

' The western wave was all aflame,
The day was wellnigh done,
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun,
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun:

'And, strait, the sun was flecked with bars
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!),
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 gossamers?"

"Are those *her* ribs, through which the sun
Did peer as through a grate?
Are those two all, all her crew,
That Woman, and her Mate?"

'*His* bones were black, with many a crack,
All black and bare, I ween!
Jet-black and bare; save where, with rust
Of mouldy damps and charnel crust,
They were patched with purple and green.

'*Her* lips were red, *her* looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold,
Her skin was as white as leprosy;
And She was far liker Death than He!
Her flesh made the still air cold!

'The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were playing dice.
"The game is done! I've won! I've won!"
Quoth She, and whistled thrice.

'A gust of wind sterte up behind,
And whistled through his bones; [mouth,
Through the holes of his eyes, and the hole of his
Half-whistles and half-groans.

'With never a whisper in the sea,
Off darts the Spectre Ship!
While clombe above the eastern bar
The hornèd moon, with one bright star
Almost between the tips.

'One after one, by the hornèd moon
(Listen, O, stranger, to me!),
Each turned his face, with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his ee!

'Four times fifty living men,
With never a sigh or groan,
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

'Their 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!'

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!

'I fear thee, and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown'—
'Fear not! fear not, thou Wedding Guest!
This body dropped not down!

'Alone, alone, all all alone,
Alone on the wide wide sea!
And CHRIST would take no pity on
My soul in agony!

'The many men so beautiful,
And they all dead did lie!
And a million million slimy things
Lived on—and so did I!

'I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the ghastly deck,
And there the dead men lay.

'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
Till 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!

'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.

'Her beams bemocked the sultry Main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the Ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmèd water burnt always
A still and awful red.

'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.

‘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!

‘The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

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.

‘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 blessèd ghost!

‘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 sere.

‘The upper air burst into life,
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they 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.

'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 up-blew!
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 nought to me!

'I fear thee, Ancient Mariner!
'Be calm, thou Wedding Guest!
'Twas not those souls, that fled in pain,
Which to their corsers came again;
But a troop of Spirits blest!

‘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 the little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargonings!

‘And now, ’twas 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 silently sailed on;
Yet never a breeze did breathe!
Slowly and smoothly went the Ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

'Under the keel, nine fathoms 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 also.

'The sun right up above the mast
Had fixed her to the ocean;
But, in a minute, she 'gan 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 into a swound.

'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 blow, 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!*

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 trance is abated.

'I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather.
'Twas 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;
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 Harbour bar;
And I, with sobs, did pray,
“O, let me be awake, my GOD!
Or let me sleep away!”

‘The Harbour 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 colours 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 was 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 ! ”

VII.

'The 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.

'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,
"And they answered not our cheer!
The planks look warped; and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them;
Unless, perchance, it were

"The skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young."

“Dear LORD! it has a fiendish look!”
The Pilot made reply,
“I am afeard!” “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, strait, a sound was heard!

‘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.

‘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 span 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 mine own countree,
I stood on the firm land.
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"O, shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"
The Hermit crossed his brow.
"Say quick!" quoth he, "I bid thee say,
What manner man art thou?"

'Forthwith, this frame of mind was wrenched
With a woeful 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!

'I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech!
The 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 prayer!

'O, Wedding Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea!
So lonely 'twas, that GOD himself
Scarce seemèd there to be!

'O, sweeter than the Marriage Feast!
'Tis 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!

‘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.

CHRISTABEL.

The First Part of the following Poem was written in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven, at Stowey in the county of Somerset. The Second Part, after my return from Germany, in the year one thousand eight hundred, at Keswick, Cumberland.

Since the latter date [i. e. till 1816], my poetic powers have been, till very lately, in a state of suspended animation. But as, in my very first conception of the Tale, I had the whole present to my mind, with the wholeness, no less than the liveliness, of a Vision; I trust that I shall be able to embody in verse the Three Parts yet to come, in the course of the present year [1816]. . . .

I have only to add, that the metre of the CHRISTABEL is not, properly speaking, irregular: though it may seem so, from its being founded on a new principle; namely, that of counting in each line the Accents, not the Syllables. Though the latter may vary from Seven to Twelve; yet in each line, the Accents will be found to be only Four. Nevertheless this occasional variation in the number of Syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience; but in correspondence with some transition in the nature of imagery, or Passion.

CHRISTABEL.

PART I.

'Tis the middle of night by the Castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock,
 'Tu-whit! Tu-whoo!'
And hark again! The crowing cock,
 How drowsily it crew!

Sir LEOLINE, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff bitch:
From her kennel, beneath the rock,
She makes answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour;
Ever and aye, moonshine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
Some say, 'She sees my Lady's shroud!'

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers, but not hides, the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray;

'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely Lady, CHRISTABEL,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the Castle gate?
She had dreams, all yesternight,
Of her own betrothèd Knight;
Dreams that made her moan and leap,
As on her bed she lay in sleep;
And she, in the midnight wood, will pray
For the weal of her Lover that 's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke.
The breezes, they were still also;
And nought was green upon the oak
But moss and rarest mistletoe:
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The Lady leaps up suddenly,
The lovely Lady, CHRISTABEL.
It moaned as near, as near can be;
But what it is, she cannot tell!
On the other side, it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill; the forest, bare.
It is the wind that moaneth bleak?

There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely Lady's cheek!
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig, that looks up at the sky!

Hush! beating heart of CHRISTABEL!
JESU! MARIA! shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak;
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there?

There, she sees a Damsel bright,
Dressed in a silken robe of white;
Her neck, her feet, her arms, were bare;
And the jewels disordered in her hair.
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A Lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!

'MARY! Mother! save me now!'
Said CHRISTABEL, 'And who art thou?'

The Lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet.
'Have pity on my sore distress!

I scarce can speak for weariness!
Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear!

Said CHRISTABEL, 'How cam'st thou here?'

And the Lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,
Did thus pursue her answer meet.

'My Sire is of a noble line,

And my name is GERALDINE.

Five warriors seized me yestermorn,

Me, even me, a maid forlorn;

They choked my cries with force and fright,

And tied me on a palfrey white.

The palfrey was as fleet as wind;

And they rode furiously behind.

They spurred amain, their steeds were white;

And once we crossed the shade of night.

As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,

I have no thought what men they be!

Nor do I know how long it is

(For I have lain in fits, I wis!)

Since one, the tallest of the five,

Took me from the palfrey's back,

A weary woman, scarce alive.

Some muttered words his comrades spoke;

He placed me underneath this oak;

He swore they would return with haste.

Whither they went, I cannot tell!

I thought I heard, some minutes past,

Sounds as of a Castle bell,

Stretch forth thy hand,' thus ended she,
'And help a wretched maid to flee!'

Then CHRISTABEL stretched forth her hand,
And comforted fair GERALDINE,
Saying, 'That she should command
The service of Sir LEOLINE;
And straight be conveyed, free from thrall,
Back to her noble father's Hall.'

So up she rose, and forth they passed;
With hurrying steps, yet nothing fast.
Her lucky stars, the Lady blest;
And CHRISTABEL, she sweetly said,
'All our household are at rest,
Each one sleeping in his bed;
Sir LEOLINE is weak in health,
And may not well awakened be:
So, to my room we'll creep in stealth;
And you, to-night, must sleep with me!'

They crossed the moat, and CHRISTABEL
Took the key that fitted well;
A little door she opened straight,
All in the middle of the gate;
The gate that was ironed within and without,
Where an army in battle array had marched out.
The Lady sank, belike through pain;

And CHRISTABEL, with might and main,
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate:
Then the Lady rose again,
And moved as she were not in pain.

So, free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court: right glad they were.
And CHRISTABEL devoutly cried
To the Lady by her side,
'Praise we the Virgin all divine!
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress!'
'Alas! Alas!' said GERALDINE,
'I cannot speak for weariness!'
So, free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court; right glad they were.

Outside her kennel, the mastiff old
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
The mastiff old did not awake;
Yet she an angry moan did make.
And what can ail the mastiff bitch?
Never till now, she uttered yell
Beneath the eye of CHRISTABEL!
Perhaps, it is the owlet's scritch!
For what can ail the mastiff bitch?

They passed the Hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will!

The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying;
But when the Lady passed, there came
A tongue of light! a fit of flame!
And CHRISTABEL saw the Lady's eye;
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir LEOLINE tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.
'O, softly tread!' said CHRISTABEL,
'My father seldom sleepeth well!'

Sweet CHRISTABEL, her feet she bares,
And they are creeping up the stairs,
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom;
And, now, they pass the Baron's room,
As still as death, with stifled breath;
And, now, have reached her chamber door;
And, now, with eager feet, press down
The rushes of her chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here;
But they, without its light, can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a Lady's chamber meet.
The lamp, with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.

The silver lamp burns dead and dim ;
But CHRISTABEL the lamp will trim.
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright ;
And left it swinging to and fro :
While GERALDINE, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

‘ O, weary Lady GERALDINE !
I pray you, drink this cordial wine !
It is a wine of virtuous powers ;
My Mother made it of wild flowers.’

‘ And will your Mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn ?’

CHRISTABEL answered, ‘ Woe is me !’
She died the hour that I was born !
I have heard the gray-haired Friar tell,
How, on her death-bed, she did say,
“ That she should hear the Castle bell
Strike twelve upon my wedding day.”
O, Mother dear ! that thou wert here !’

‘ I would,’ said GERALDINE, ‘ she were !’
But soon, with altered voice, said she,
‘ Off, wandering Mother ! Peak and pine !
I have power to bid thee flee !’
Alas ! what ails poor GERALDINE ?

Why stares she, with unsettled eye?
Can she, the bodiless dead espy?
And why, with hollow voice, cries she,
'Off! woman, off! this hour is mine!
Though thou her Guardian Spirit be,
Off! woman, off! 'tis given to me!'

Then CHRISTABEL knelt by the Lady's side,
And raised to Heaven her eyes so blue.
'Alas!' said she, 'this ghastly ride,
Dear Lady! it hath wildered you!'

The Lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, ''Tis over now!'

Again the wild-flower wine she drank,
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright;
And from the floor whereon she sank,
The lofty Lady stood upright.
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a Lady of a far countree.
And thus the lofty Lady spake,
'All they who live in the upper sky
Do love you, holy CHRISTABEL!
And you love them; and for their sake,
And for the good which me befell,
Even I, in my degree, will try,
Fair Maiden! to requite you well!
But now unrobe yourself; for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie!'

Quoth CHRISTABEL, 'So let it be!'
And as the Lady bade, did she.
Her gentle limbs did she undress;
And lay down in her loveliness.

But, through her brain, of weal and woe
So many thoughts moved to and fro,
That vain it were her lids to close!
So halfway from the bed she rose;
And on her elbow did recline,
To look at the Lady GERALDINE.

Beneath the lamp, the Lady bowed,
And slowly rolled her eyes around;
Then, drawing in her breath aloud,
Like one that shuddered, she unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast.
Her silken robe, and inner vest,
Dropped to her feet; and, full in view,
Behold, her bosom and half her side—
A sight to dream of, not to tell!
And she is to sleep by CHRISTABEL!

She took two paces, and a stride,
And lay down by the Maiden's side:
And in her arms, the Maid she took,
 Ah! well-a-day!
And, with low voice and doleful look,
 These words did say.

'In the touch of this bosom, there worketh a spell,
Which is lord of thy utterance, CHRISTABEL!

Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow,
This mark of my shame! this seal of my sorrow!

But vainly thou warrest!

For this is alone in

Thy power to declare,

That, in the dim forest,

Thou heard'st a low moaning;

And found'st a bright Lady, surpassingly fair:

And didst bring her home with thee, in love and in
charity,

To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.'

THE CONCLUSION TO PART THE FIRST.

IT was a lovely sight to see

The Lady CHRISTABEL, when she

Was praying at the old oak tree.

Amid the jagged shadows

Of mossy leafless boughs,

Kneeling in the moonlight,

To make her gentle vows;

Her slender palms together prest,

Heaving sometimes on her breast;

Her face resigned to bliss, or bale

(Her face, O, call it fair, not pale!);

And both blue eyes, more bright than clear,
Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah! woe is me!)
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully;
Fearfully dreaming, yet I wis
Dreaming that alone, which is—
O, sorrow and shame! Can this be she,
The Lady, who knelt at the old oak tree?
And, lo! the worker of these harms,
That holds the Maiden in her arms,
Seems to slumber still and mild,
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
O, GERALDINE! since arms of thine
Have been the lovely Lady's prison.
O, GERALDINE! one hour was thine!
Thou 'st had thy will! By tarn and rill,
The night-birds all that hour were still:
But now they are jubilant anew,
From cliff and tower, 'Tu-who! Tu-who!';
'Tu-who! Tu-who!' from wood and fell.

And see! the Lady CHRISTABEL
Gathers herself from out her trance;
Her limbs relax, her countenance
Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids
Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds,

Large tears that leave the lashes bright!
And, oft the while, she seems to smile
As infants at a sudden light.

Yea! she doth smile, and she doth weep!
Like a youthful Hermitess,
Beauteous in a wilderness;
Who, praying always, prays in sleep.
And, if she move unquietly,
Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free
Comes back and tingles in her feet.
No doubt she hath a Vision sweet!
What if her Guardian Spirit 'twere?
What if she knew her Mother near?
But this she knows, in joys and woes,
That Saints will aid, if men will call;
For the blue sky bends over all!

CHRISTABEL.

PART II.

'EACH Matin bell,' the Baron saith,
'Knells us back to a world of death!'
These words Sir LEOLINE first said,
When he rose and found his Lady dead:
These words Sir LEOLINE will say
Many a morn, till his dying day.
And hence the custom and law began,
That still, at dawn, the Sacristan
Who duly pulls the heavy bell,
Five-and-forty beads must tell
Between each stroke—a warning knell!
Which not a soul can choose but hear
From Bratha Head to Windermere.

Saith BRACY the Bard, 'So let it knell!
And let the drowsy Sacristan
Still count as slowly as he can!
There is no lack of such, I ween!
As well fill up the space between.
In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,
And Dungeon Ghyll so foully rent,
With ropes of rock and bells of air,

Three sinful Sextons' ghosts are pent;
Who all give back, one after t'other,
The death-note to their living brother!
And oft too (by the knell offended),
Just as their "One! Two! Three!" is ended;
The Devil mocks the doleful tale,
With a merry peal from Borrowdale!

The air is still. Through mist and cloud,
That merry peal comes ringing loud;
And GERALDINE shakes off her dread,
And rises lightly from the bed;
Puts on her silken vestments white,
And tricks her hair in lovely plight:
And, nothing doubting of her spell,
Awakes the Lady CHRISTABEL.
'Sleep you, sweet Lady CHRISTABEL?
I trust that you have rested well!'

And CHRISTABEL awoke, and spied
The same who lay down by her side,
O, rather say, the same whom she
Raised up beneath the old oak tree:
Nay! fairer yet, and yet more fair!
For she, belike, hath drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep.
And while she spake, her looks, her Air,
Such gentle thankfulness declare,
That (so it seemed) her girded vests
Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts.

‘Sure, I have sinned!’ said CHRISTABEL,
‘Now Heaven be praised, if all be well!’
And, in low faltering tones, yet sweet,
Did she the lofty Lady greet,
With such perplexity of mind
As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed
Her maiden limbs; and (having prayed
That He, who on the cross did groan,
Might wash away her sins unknown!)
She forthwith led fair GERALDINE
To meet her Sire, Sir LEOLINE.

The lovely Maid and the Lady tall
Are pacing both into the Hall;
And, pacing on through Page and Groom,
Enter the Baron’s Presence Room.

The Baron rose; and, while he prest
His gentle daughter to his breast,
With cheerful wonder in his eyes,
The Lady GERALDINE espies;
And gave such welcome to the same,
As might beseem so bright a Dame.

But, when he heard the Lady’s tale,
And when she told her father’s name;
Why waxed Sir LEOLINE so pale,

Murmuring o'er the name again,
'Lord ROLAND DE VAUX of Tryermaine'?

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 spake 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.

Sir LEOLINE, a moment's space,
Stood gazing on the Damsel's face;
And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine
Came back upon his heart again.

O, then the Baron forgot his age!
His noble heart swelled high with rage!

He swore, by the wounds in JESU'S side!
He would proclaim it far and wide,
With trump and solemn Heraldry,
That they, who thus had wronged the Dame,
Were base as spotted infamy!
'And if they dare deny the same,
My Herald shall appoint a week;
And let the recreant traitors seek
My Tourney Court! that, there and then,
I may dislodge their reptile souls
From the bodies and forms of men!'
He spake: his eye in lightning rolls!
For the Lady was ruthlessly seized; and he kenned
In the beautiful Lady, the child of his friend.

And now the tears were on his face,
And fondly in his arms he took
Fair GERALDINE; who met th' embrace,
Prolonging it with joyous look.
Which when she viewed, a Vision fell
Upon the soul of CHRISTABEL,
The Vision of fear, the touch and pain!
She shrank, and shuddered, and saw again,
(Ah! woe is me! Was it for thee,
Thou gentle Maid! such sights to see?)—
Again, she saw that bosom old!
Again, she felt that bosom cold!
And drew in her breath, with a hissing sound:
Whereat the Knight turned wildly round,

And nothing saw, but his own sweet Maid,
With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away;
And, in its stead, that Vision blest
Which comforted her after-rest,
While in the Lady's arms she lay,
Had put a rapture in her breast;
And on her lips and o'er her eyes
Spread smiles like light!

With new surprise,
'What ails then my beloved child?'
The Baron said. His daughter mild
Made answer, 'All will yet be well!'
I ween, she had no power to tell
Aught else: so mighty was the spell!
Yet he, who saw this GERALDINE,
Had deemed her, sure, a thing divine!
Such sorrow with such grace she blended,
As if she feared she had offended
Sweet CHRISTABEL, that gentle Maid;
And with such lowly tones she prayed
She might be sent, without delay,
Home to her father's mansion.

'Nay!

Nay! by my soul!' said LEOLINE.

'Ho! BRACY the Bard! the charge be thine!

Go thou, with music sweet and loud,
And take two steeds, with trappings proud;
And take the Youth whom thou lov'st best
To bear thy harp, and learn thy Song;
And clothe you both in solemn vest;
And over the mountains haste along,
Lest wand'ring folk, that are abroad,
Detain you on the valley road.
And when he has crossed the Irthing flood,
My merry Bard, he hastes, he hastes
Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood,
And reaches soon that Castle good,
Which stands and threatens Scotland's wastes.
Bard BRACY! Bard BRACY! your horses are fleet;
Ye must ride up the Hall, your music so sweet,
More loud than your horses' echoing feet!
And loud and loud to Lord ROLAND call,
"Thy Daughter is safe in Langdale Hall,
Thy beautiful Daughter is safe and free.
Sir LEOLINE greets thee thus, through me.
He bids thee come, without delay,
With all thy numerous array,
And take thy lovely Daughter home:
And he will meet thee on the way,
With all his numerous array,
White with their panting palfreys' foam."
And, by mine honour! I will say,
"That I repent me of the day
When I spake words of fierce disdain
To ROLAND DE VAUX of Tryermaine!

For since that evil hour hath flown,
Many a summer's sun hath shone;
Yet ne'er found I a friend again
Like ROLAND DE VAUX of Tryermaine."'

The Lady fell, and clasped his knees,
Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing:
And BRACY replied, with faltering voice,
His gracious 'Hail!' on all bestowing.
'Thy words, thou Sire of CHRISTABEL!
Are sweeter than my harp can tell!
Yet, might I gain a boon of thee,
This day, my journey should not be!
So strange a dream hath come to me,
That I had vowed, with music loud,
To clear yon wood from thing unblest!
Warned by a Vision in my rest.
For, in my sleep, I saw that dove,
That gentle bird whom thou dost love,
And call'st by thy own daughter's name—
Sir LEOLINE! I saw the same
Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan,
Among the green herbs in the forest alone.
Which when I saw and when I heard,
I wondered what might ail the bird!
For nothing near it could I see [tree.
Save the grass and green herbs underneath the old
And in my dream, methought, I went
To search out what might there be found;
And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,

That thus lay fluttering on the ground.
I went and peered, and could descry
No cause for her distressful cry:
But yet, for her dear Lady's sake,
I stooped, methought, the dove to take,
When, lo! I saw a bright green snake
Coiled around its wings and neck,
Green as the herbs on which it couched.
Close by the dove's, its head it crouched;
And with the dove, it heaves and stirs,
Swelling its neck, as she swelled hers.
I woke: it was the midnight hour,
The clock was echoing in the tower;
But though my slumber was gone by,
This dream, it would not pass away!
It seems to live upon my eye!
And thence I vowed, this self-same day,
With music strong and saintly Song,
To wander through the forest bare,
Lest aught unholy loiter there!

Thus BRACY said: the Baron, the while,
Half listening, heard him with a smile;
Then turned to Lady GERALDINE,
His eyes made up of wonder and love,
And said, in courtly accents fine,
'Sweet Maid! Lord ROLAND's beauteous dove!
With arms more strong than harp or Song,
Thy Sire and I will crush the snake!'
He kissed her forehead, as he spake.

And GERALDINE, in maiden wise,
Casting down her large bright eyes,
With blushing cheek and courtesy fine
She turned her from Sir LEOLINE ;
Softly gathering up her train,
That o'er her right arm fell again ;
And folded her arms across her chest,
And couched her head upon her breast,
And looked askance at CHRISTABEL !
JESU ! MARIA ! shield her well !

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy ;
And the Lady's eyes, they shrunk in her head,
Each shrank up to a serpent's eye ;
And, with somewhat of malice, and more of dread,
At CHRISTABEL, she looked askance :
One moment—and the sight was fled !

But CHRISTABEL, in dizzy trance,
Stumbling on the unsteady ground,
Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound :
And GERALDINE again turned round ;
And, like a thing that sought relief,
Full of wonder and full of grief,
She rolled her large bright eyes divine
Wildly on Sir LEOLINE.

The Maid, alas ! her thoughts are gone !
She nothing sees—no sight but one !

The Maid, devoid of guile and sin,
I know not how! in fearful wise,
So deeply had she drunken in
That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,
That all her features were resigned
To this sole image in her mind;
And passively did imitate
That look of dull and treacherous hate.
And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,
Still picturing that look askance,
With forced unconscious sympathy,
Full before her father's view;
As far as such a look could be
In eyes so innocent and blue.

But when the trance was o'er, the Maid
Paused awhile, and inly prayed;
Then, falling at her father's feet,
'By my Mother's soul! do I entreat
That thou this woman send away!'
She said: and more she could not say;
For what she knew, she could not tell,
O'er-mastered by the mighty spell.

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,
Sir LEOLINE? Thy only child
Lies at thy feet, thy joy! thy pride!
So fair! so innocent! so mild!
The same for whom thy Lady died!
O, by the pangs of her dear Mother!

Think thou no evil of thy child!
For her, and thee, and for no other,
She prayed the moment ere she died!
Prayed that the babe, for whom she died,
Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride!
That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,
Sir LEOLINE!

And wouldst thou wrong thy only child?
Her child and thine?

Within the Baron's heart and brain,
If thoughts like these had any share,
They only swelled his rage and pain;
And did but work confusion there.
His heart was cleft with pain and rage;
His cheeks, they quivered, his eyes were wild.
Dishonoured thus in his old age!
Dishonoured by his only child!
And all his hospitality
To th' insulted daughter of his friend,
By more than woman's jealousy,
Brought thus to a disgraceful end!
He rolled his eye with stern regard
Upon the gentle Minstrel Bard,
And said, in tones abrupt, austere,
'Why, BRACY! dost thou loiter here?
I bade thee hence!' The Bard obeyed:
And, turning from his own sweet Maid,
The agèd Knight, Sir LEOLINE,
Led forth the Lady GERALDINE.

THE CONCLUSION TO PART THE SECOND.

A LITTLE child, a limber Elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing with red round cheeks,
That always finds, and never seeks,
Makes such a vision to the sight
As fills a father's eyes with light;
And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
Upon his heart, that he, at last,
Must needs express his love's excess
With words of unmeant bitterness!
Perhaps, 'tis pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other!
To mutter and mock a broken charm!
To dally with wrong that does no harm!
Perhaps, 'tis tender too and pretty,
At each wild word, to feel within
A sweet recoil of love and pity!
And what if, in a world of sin
(O, sorrow and shame! should this be true),
Such giddiness of heart and brain
Comes seldom, save from rage and pain;
So talks as it 's most used to do!

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Mr. JAMES GILLMAN in his unfinished *Life of S. T. Coleridge*, London, 1838, 8vo, thus describes the rest of the plan of this Poem.

‘The following relation was to have occupied a Third and Fourth Canto¹, and to have closed the Tale.

‘Over the mountains, the Bard, as directed by Sir LEOLINE, ‘hastes’ with his disciple ; but, in consequence of one of those inundations supposed to be common to this country, the spot only where the Castle once stood is discovered—the edifice itself being washed away. He determines to return. GERALDINE being acquainted with all that is passing, like the Weird Sisters in *MACBETH*, vanishes.

‘Reappearing, however, she waits the return of the Bard, exciting, in the mean time, by her wily arts, all the anger she could rouse in the Baron’s breast, as well as that jealousy of which he is described to have been susceptible. The old Bard and the Youth at length arrive: and therefore she can no longer personate the character of GERALDINE, the daughter of Lord ROLAND DE VAUX ; but changes her appearance to that of the accepted, though absent, Lover of CHRISTABEL.

‘Next, ensues a courtship most distressing to CHRISTABEL ; who feels, she knows not Why, great disgust for her once favoured Knight. This coldness is very painful to the Baron ; who has no more conception than herself of the supernatural transformation. She, at last, yields to her father’s entreaties ; and consents to approach the altar with this hated suitor.

‘The real Lover returning, enters at this moment ; and produces the ring which she had once given him, in sign of her betrothment. Thus defeated, the supernatural being, GERALDINE, disappears.

‘As predicted, the Castle bell tolls, the Mother’s voice is heard ; and, to the exceeding great joy of the parties, the rightful marriage takes place : after which follows a reconciliation and explanation between the father and daughter.’

¹ COLERIDGE himself states that there were to be Three more Parts or Cantos, see page 268.—E. A.

A HYMN.

My Maker! of Thy Power the trace
In every creature's form and face,
 The wond'ring soul surveys!
Thy Wisdom, infinite above
Seraphic thought, a Father's Love
 As infinite displays!

From all that meets or eye or ear,
There falls a genial holy fear;
Which, like the heavy dew of Morn,
Refreshes, while it bows the heart forlorn.

Great GOD! Thy Works how wondrous fair!
Yet sinful Man didst Thou declare
 The whole Earth's voice and mind!
LORD! ev'n as Thou all-present art,
O, may we still, with heedful heart,
 Thy presence know and find!
Then, come what will of weal or woe,
Joy's bosom-spring shall steady flow!
For, though 'tis Heaven Thyself to see;
Where but Thy Shadow falls, Grief cannot be!

THE END OF THE COWPER ANTHOLOGY.

FIRST LINES AND NOTES.

All the Works herein quoted were published in London, unless otherwise stated. Where a text is found associated with music, (M.) is put after its date.
G. 360, H. 2821, &c. are the Press-marks of the Volumes of engraved Songs in the Music Department of the British Museum, from which the present texts have been taken.

	PAGE		PAGE
A Book, a Friend, a Song, a Glass W. THOMPSON. <i>Poems</i> , I, Oxford, 1757.	44	'Blow high! blow low! let tempest C. DIBDIN. <i>The Seraglio</i> , 1776.	90
'Ah! ope, Lord Gregory! thy door! Rev. J. WOLCOT (PETER PINDAR). In G. THOMSON'S <i>Select Collection</i> , &c., 2nd Set [1798]. (M.)	135	'But tell me, tell me! speak again S. T. COLERIDGE. <i>Lyrical Ballads</i> , I, 1800.	258
Ah! tell me no more, my dear Girl! Rev. J. WOLCOT (PETER PINDAR). In J. AIKIN'S <i>Vocal Poetry</i> , 1810.	133	But warily tent, when ye come to . R. BURNS. In G. THOMSON'S <i>Select Collection</i> , &c., 4th Set [1802]. (M.)	74
A little child, a limber Elf S. T. COLERIDGE. <i>Christabel</i> , 1816.	294	By a prattling stream, on a C. SMART. <i>Poems</i> , II, Reading, 1791.	42
All thoughts, all passions, all S. T. COLERIDGE. <i>Lyrical Ballads</i> , I, 2nd Ed., 1800.	234	Care! thou canker of our joys! Rev. Dr. — GRANT. A Glee, or Round, in fashion about 1780. Text from <i>Convito Armonico</i> , III, ed. by S. WEBBE the Younger, [1830]. (M.)	151
Altho' thou maun never be mine . . . R. BURNS. In G. THOMSON'S <i>Select Collection</i> , &c., 3rd Set [1799]. (M.) Many of BURNS' Songs are new ver- sions of old Scotch ones, or Songs expanded from fragments of the earlier Scotch Minstrelsy.	75	Cease to blame my melancholy! . . . Sir J. H. MOORE, Bart. <i>Poetical Trifles</i> , 3rd Ed., 1783.	159
Amo, amas J. O'KEEFE. <i>The Agreeable Sur- prise</i> , Dublin, 1784.	46	Child! with many a childish wile . . . J. BAILLIE. <i>Count Basil in A Series of Plays</i> , &c., I, 1798-1812.	193
And does then the Ocean possess . . . W. HAYLEY. Engraved by W. BLAKE, 1800. From a facsimile of the only known copy of this Broad- side, in <i>The Century Guild Hobby Horse</i> , 1886.	148	Chloe! no more must we be billing! Rev. J. WOLCOT (PETER PINDAR). <i>Pindariana</i> , 1794.	132
'And ye shall walk in silk attire . . . S. BLAMIRE. <i>Poetical Works</i> , Edin., 1842.	157	Cold was the night-wind, drifting . . . R. SOUTHEY, P.L. <i>Minor Poems</i> , I, 1815.	184
A Riddle by Cowper J. T. In the Supplement to <i>Gentle- man's Magazine</i> for 1806.	21	Come, all ye jolly Sailors bold P. HOARE. In <i>The Lock and Key</i> , composed by W. SHIELD, [1796]. (M.)	50
As I came through Glendochart . . . R. GALL. <i>Poems and Songs</i> , Edin., 1819.	162	Come, buy my ware! Come, buy! . . . M. G. LEWIS. <i>Poems</i> , 1812.	200
A simple child, dear brother Jim! . . . W. WORDSWORTH, P.L. <i>Lyrical Bal- lads</i> , Bristol, 1798.	166	'Come hither, gently rowing! S. T. COLERIDGE. In <i>Athenaeum</i> for October 29, 1831.	239
As late each flower that sweetest . . . S. T. COLERIDGE. <i>Poems</i> , 1796.	240	'Come, take up your hats; and W. ROSCOE. Originally published in 1807. The present text is from his <i>Poetical Works</i> , 1857.	224
A Soldier am I, the world over I . . . Prof. W. SMYTH. <i>English Lyrics</i> , II, 1806.	226	'Come under my plaidy! the night H. MACNEILL. <i>Poetical Works</i> , II, 1801.	120
At the corner of Wood Street, when W. WORDSWORTH, P.L. <i>Lyrical Bal- lads</i> , II, 1800.	181	Contented wi' little, and canty wi' R. BURNS. In G. THOMSON'S <i>Select Collection</i> , &c., 3rd Set [1799]. (M.)	81
Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' R. BURNS. In G. THOMSON'S <i>Select Collection</i> , &c., 4th Set [1802]. (M.)	85	Dear is my little native vale! S. ROGERS. <i>An Ode to Superstition</i> , &c., 1786.	108
		Did you see e'er a Shepherd, ye ANON. In <i>London Magazine</i> for August, 1749. (M.)	104

First Lines and Notes.

	PAGE		PAGE
Discard that frown upon your	45	'High is the Tower, and the	193
B. EDWARDS. In A. DALRYMPLE'S <i>Collection</i> , &c., 1796.		J. BAILLIE. <i>The Beacon in A Series of Plays</i> , &c., III, 1798-1812.	
Down, down a thousand fathoms	214	How blest with thee, the path.	164
A. RADCLIFFE. <i>Poems</i> , 1816.		Rev. W. L. BOWLES. <i>Sonnets</i> , 3rd Ed., Bath, 1794.	
Dried be that tear, my gentlest	98	How changed is my Celadon's	128
Rt. Hon. R. B. B. SHERIDAN. In J. AIKIN'S <i>Vocal Poetry</i> , 1810.		Rev. J. WOLCOT (PETER PINDAR). <i>Pindariana</i> , 1794.	
'Each Matin bell,' the Baron saith . . .	282	How sweet I roamed from field to . .	140
S. T. COLERIDGE. <i>Christabel</i> , 1816.		W. B. [W. BLAKE]. <i>Poetical Sketches</i> , 1783.	
Earth has not any thing to show. . . .	169	How sweet is Love's first gentle . .	217
W. WORDSWORTH, P.L. Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1803. In <i>Poems</i> , I, 1807.		A. RADCLIFFE. <i>Poems</i> , 1816.	
Fair Lady! leave parade and.	152	How sweet is the Shepherd's sweet . .	147
Prof. W. RICHARDSON. <i>Poems, chiefly rural</i> , Glasgow, 1784.		W. BLAKE. <i>Songs of Innocence</i> . Engraved 1789.	
Farewell! O, farewell to the day. . . .	136	I am a Friar of Orders Gray	47
Rev. J. WOLCOT (PETER PINDAR). <i>Pindariana</i> , 1794.		J. O'KEEFE. <i>Merry Sherwood</i> , 1795.	
Fiel Sylvia! why so gravely look . . .	134	I am just two and two! I am warm .	20
Rev. J. WOLCOT (PETER PINDAR). <i>Pindariana</i> , 1794.		W. COWPER. Written in a letter to Rev. J. NEWTON, on July 30, 1780; printed in W. HAYLEY'S <i>Life</i> , &c., III, Chichester, 1804.	
Five years have passed! five.	172	I am Monarch of all I survey!	21
W. WORDSWORTH, P.L. <i>Lyrical Ballads</i> , Bristol, 1798.		W. COWPER. <i>Poems</i> , 1782.	
For auld lang syne, my jol	76	'I fear thee, Ancient Mariner!	250
R. BURNS. This is the version in J. JOHNSON'S <i>Scots Musical Museum</i> , V, Edin., 1796. (M.) There is another version in G. THOMSON'S <i>Select Collection</i> , &c., 3rd Set [1799]. (M.)		S. T. COLERIDGE. <i>Lyrical Ballads</i> , I, 1800.	
For England when, with fav'ring. . . .	99	If in that breast so good, so pure. .	158
W. PEARCE. <i>Hartford Bridge, or the Skirts of the Camp</i> , 1792.		Sir J. H. MOORE, Bart. <i>Poetical Trifles</i> , 3rd Ed., 1783.	
For various purpose serves the	49	I loo'd ne'er a Laddie but ane!	122
ANON. In A. DALRYMPLE'S <i>Collection</i> , &c., 1796.		H. MACNEILL. <i>Poetical Works</i> , II, 1801.	
From morning till night, and	150	I love the jocund dance.	142
ANON. In <i>The Vocal Magazine</i> , 1781.		W. B. W. [BLAKE]. <i>Poetical Sketches</i> , 1783.	
Go then, and join the roaring.	164	I'm told by the wise ones, a Maid. .	116
Rev. W. L. BOWLES. <i>Sonnets</i> , 3rd Ed., Bath, 1794.		ANON. In <i>Calliope</i> , 1788. (M.)	
Green grow the rushes, O!	53	I'm wearin' awa', John!	218
R. BURNS. <i>Poems</i> , Edin., 1787.		C. NAIRNE, Baroness NAIRNE. <i>Life and Songs</i> , 1860.	
Had I a heart for falsehood framed . .	97	In a sweet healthy air, on a farm . .	138
Rt. Hon. R. B. B. SHERIDAN. <i>The Duenna</i> , 1775.		ANON. In <i>London Magazine</i> for October, 1765. (M.)	
Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom . . .	91	I own I am fickle! To Phillida's. .	130
C. DIBDIN. <i>The Oddities</i> . H. 2821. (M.)		Rev. J. WOLCOT (PETER PINDAR). <i>Orson and Ellen in Smiles and Tears</i> , Baltimore, 1802.	
Here lies, whom hound did ne'er . . .	24	I passed my childhood's home	190
W. COWPER. In <i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> for December, 1784.		C. LLOYD. <i>Blank Verse</i> by C. LLOYD and C. LAMB, 1798.	
Here's a Health to ane I lo'e dear I . .	75	I rose up at the dawn of day	144
R. BURNS. In G. THOMSON'S <i>Select Collection</i> , &c., 3rd Set [1799]. (M.) The last stanza was found among BURNS' papers, after his death.		W. BLAKE. <i>Poetical Works</i> , 1880.	
Here's to the Maiden of blushing. . .	96	Is there, for honest Poverty	60
Rt. Hon. R. B. B. SHERIDAN. <i>The School for Scandal</i> , Dublin [1778].		R. BURNS. <i>Works</i> , IV, ed. by J. CURRIE, M.D., Liverpool, 1800.	
		It is an Ancient Mariner	241
		S. T. COLERIDGE. <i>Lyrical Ballads</i> , Bristol, 1798. The present is the revised text of <i>Lyrical Ballads</i> , I, 1800. WORDSWORTH contributed some lines to this Poem.	

First Lines and Notes.

	PAGE		PAGE
It was a lovely sight to see	279	Not for the promise of the laboured	112
S. T. COLERIDGE. <i>Christabel</i> , 1816.		H. O'NEILL, Viscountess O'NEILL. In	
I've gotten a rock! I've gotten a ..	155	C. SMITH'S <i>Elegiac Sonnets</i> , &c., II,	
S. BLAMIRE. <i>Poetical Works</i> , Edin.,		1797.	
1842.		Now, Joan! we are married! and .	128
I've no sheep on the mountain, nor	197	Rev. J. WOLCOT (PETER PINDAR).	
J. BAILLIE. <i>Fugitive Verses</i> , 1840.		<i>Pindariana</i> , 1794.	
John Anderson, my jo! John!	88	Now the dancing sunbeams play ..	93
R. BURNS. In J. JOHNSON'S <i>Scots</i>		A. HUNTER. <i>Poems</i> , 1802.	
<i>Musical Museum</i> , III, Edin., 1790.		Nymph of the splendid eye and ..	189
(M.) These two stanzas were added by		R. LOVELL. <i>Poems by R. LOVELL</i>	
BURNS to two earlier ones. The entire		and R. SOUTHEY, Bath, 1795.	
Poem will be found in G. THOMSON'S			
<i>Select Collection</i> , &c., 3rd Set [1799].		O, dear! what can the matter be? .	111
(M.)		ANON. G. 360. (M.) From the original	
John Gilpin was a Citizen.....	1	MS.	
W. COWPER. In <i>Public Advertiser</i>		Of a' the airts the wind can blaw..	80
for November 14, 1782.		R. BURNS. In J. JOHNSON'S <i>Scots</i>	
		<i>Musical Museum</i> , III, Edin., 1790.	
Lapped on Cythera's golden sands	206	(M.)	
Hon. W. R. SPENCER. <i>Poems</i> , 1835.		O, Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the ..	65
Last May, a braw Wooer cam'	86	R. BURNS. In J. JOHNSON'S <i>Scots</i>	
R. BURNS. In G. THOMSON'S <i>Select</i>		<i>Musical Museum</i> , IV, Edin., 1792.	
<i>Collection</i> , &c., 3rd Set [1799]. (M.)		(M.)	
Laura! thy sighs must now no....	227	O, Mary! at thy window be!	57
Prof. W. SMYTH. <i>English Lyrics</i> ,		R. BURNS. In a letter to G. THOM-	
II, 1806.		SON, March 20, 1793, printed in <i>Works</i> ,	
Loud roared the dreadful thnnder	230	IV, ed. by J. CURRIE, M.D., Liverpool,	
A. CHERRY. In <i>The Spanish Dol-</i>		1800.	
<i>lars</i> [1804], composed by JOHN		O, Mary! turn awa	163
DAVY. G. 805.		R. GALL. <i>Poems and Songs</i> , Edin.,	
Luxuriant with perennial green ..	100	1819.	
H. J. PYE, M.P., P.L. <i>Faringdon</i>		O, my Love's like the red, red rose	89
<i>Hill</i> , &c., 2nd Ed., Oxford, 1778. This		ANON. In G. THOMSON'S <i>Select</i>	
poem is written against the Ladies		<i>Collection</i> , &c., 4th Set [1802]. (M.)	
using white powder in their hair.		From an old MS.	
Milton! thou shouldst be living at	169	One day, Good bye! met How d' ye	207
W. WORDSWORTH, P.L. Written in		Hon. W. R. SPENCER. <i>Poems</i> , 1835.	
London, 1802. In <i>Poems</i> , I, 1807.		On Richmond hill there lives a	203
Mine be a Cot beside the hill!	106	W. UPTON. [1790] G. 379. c.	
S. ROGERS. <i>An Ode to Superstition</i> ,		On the high summit of yon rocky .	189
&c., 1786.		R. LOVELL. <i>Poems by R. LOVELL</i>	
My heart is a breaking, dear	58	and R. SOUTHEY, Bath, 1795.	
R. BURNS. In J. JOHNSON'S <i>Scots</i>		O, Nymph! of Fortune's smiles....	132
<i>Musical Museum</i> , III, Edin., 1790.		Rev. J. WOLCOT (PETER PINDAR).	
(M.)		<i>Pindariana</i> , 1794.	
My heart leaps up, when I behold..	183	O, saw ye bonie Lesley	82
W. WORDSWORTH, P.L. <i>Poems</i> , II,		R. BURNS. In G. THOMSON'S <i>Select</i>	
1807.		<i>Collection</i> , &c., 2nd Set [1798]. (M.)	
My lov'd, my honor'd, much	66	'O, sleep! it is a gentle thing	253
R. BURNS. <i>Poems</i> , Kilmarnock, 1786.		S. T. COLERIDGE. <i>Lyrical Ballads</i> ,	
My Maker! of thy Power the trace	296	I, 1800.	
S. T. COLERIDGE. <i>Poems</i> , 1852.		O, Summer! thy presence gives ..	134
My mother bids me bind my hair ..	95	Rev. J. WOLCOT (PETER PINDAR).	
A. HUNTER. <i>Poems</i> , 1802.		In G. THOMSON'S <i>Select Collection</i> ,	
'My silks and fine array	143	&c., 4th Set [1802]. (M.)	
W. B. [W. BLAKE]. <i>Poetical Sketches</i> ,		O, that those lips had language! ..	16
1783.		W. COWPER. <i>Poems</i> , 1798.	
Needy Knife-Grinder! whither are	212	O, Virgins! tell me how to choose!	126
The Authors of <i>The Anti-Jacobin</i> or		Rev. J. WOLCOT (PETER PINDAR).	
<i>Weekly Examiner</i> for Nov. 27, 1797.		<i>Pindariana</i> , 1794.	
No more of my Harriot! of Polly .	42	O, weel may the boatie row.....	198
C. SMART. <i>Poems</i> , II, Reading, 1791.		J. EWEN. In J. JOHNSON'S <i>Scots</i>	
		<i>Musical Museum</i> , V, Edin., 1796.	
		(M.)	

First Lines and Notes.

	PAGE		PAGE
O, where, tell me where, is your ..	229	The Laird o' Cockpen, he 's proud. . .	221
A. GRANT, of Laggan. <i>Poems</i> , 1803.		C. NAIRNE, Baroness NAIRNE. <i>Life and Songs</i> , 1869. The last two stanzas, within square brackets, were written by Miss S. E. FERRIER.	
O, whistle, and I'll come to you. . .	74	The lapse of Time and Rivers is ..	12
R. BURNS. In G. THOMSON'S <i>Select Collection</i> , &c., 4th Set [1802]. (M.)		W. COWPER. <i>Poems</i> , 1782.	
Piping down the valleys wild.	139	The lazy mist hangs from the brow	83
W. BLAKE. <i>Songs of Innocence</i> . Engraved 1789.		R. BURNS. In G. THOMSON'S <i>Select Collection</i> , &c., 2nd Set [1798]. (M.)	
Prithee, sweet Fair One! why so. . .	158	The Maiden, through the favouring	186
Sir J. H. MOORE, Bart. <i>Poetical Trifles</i> , 3rd Ed., 1783.		R. SOUTHEY, P.L. <i>Minor Poems</i> , III, 1815.	
Queen of the silver bow! by thy ..	92	The Maid that 's blessed with.	210
C. SMITH. <i>Elegiac Sonnets</i> , 1784.		[A. M. PORTER.] <i>Original Poems</i> , [1798].	
Say, sweet Carol! Who are they. .	191	The moon had climbed the highest	102
J. BAILLIE. <i>Ethwald in A Series of Plays</i> , &c., II, 1798-1812.		J. LOWE. In <i>Edinburgh Magazine</i> for December, 1785. (M.)	
Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled. .	84	Then hey, for a Lass wi' a tocher!	85
R. BURNS. In G. THOMSON'S <i>Select Collection</i> , &c., 3rd Set [1799]. (M.)		R. BURNS. In G. THOMSON'S <i>Select Collection</i> , &c., 4th Set [1802]. (M.)	
She dwelt among th' untrodden . . .	171	The Nymph must lose her female. .	27
W. WORDSWORTH, P.L. <i>Lyrical Ballads</i> , II, 1800.		W. COWPER. <i>Poems</i> , 1782.	
She was a Phantom of delight . . .	182	The partial Muse has, from my. . . .	92
W. WORDSWORTH, P.L. <i>Poems</i> , I, 1807. This is a description of MARY HUTCHINSON, whom he married.		C. SMITH. <i>Elegiac Sonnets</i> , 1784.	
Should auld acquaintance be.	76	The Poplars are felled; and Adieu	26
R. BURNS. This is the version in J. JOHNSON'S <i>Scots Musical Museum</i> , V, Edin., 1796. (M.) There is another version in G. THOMSON'S <i>Select Collection</i> , &c., 3rd Set [1799]. (M.)		W. COWPER. In <i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> for January, 1785.	
Soft child of Love! thou balmy. . .	137	There is a field, through which I ..	30
Rev. J. WOLCOT (PETER PINDAR). <i>Pindariana</i> , 1794.		W. COWPER. <i>Poems</i> , II, 1798.	
Some talk of Alexander, and some	41	There 's a Youth in this City, it ..	64
ANON. In <i>The Musical Miscellany</i> , Perth, 1786. (M.) It is said that this Song was written in 1779, in connexion with C. DIBDIN'S <i>Harlequin Every where</i> .		R. BURNS. In J. JOHNSON'S <i>Scots Musical Museum</i> , III, Edin., 1790. (M.) The first two lines in square brackets are a fragment of an old Scotch song.	
'So passed a weary time: each. . . .	247	There 's nought but care on ev'ry .	53
S. T. COLERIDGE. <i>Lyrical Ballads</i> , I, 1800.		R. BURNS. <i>Poems</i> , Edin., 1787.	
Strange fits of Passion I have . . .	170	There was a Boy; ye knew him ..	165
W. WORDSWORTH, P.L. <i>Lyrical Ballads</i> , II, 1800.		W. WORDSWORTH, P.L. <i>Lyrical Ballads</i> , II, 1800. This boy was WORDSWORTH himself.	
The Bard, whom the charms of. . .	228	There was an old man, and.	48
Prof. W. SMYTH. <i>English Lyrics</i> , II, 1806.		ANON. In <i>The Convivial Songster</i> , [1782]. (M.)	
The chough and crow to roost are	196	The Rose had been washed, just ..	13
J. BAILLIE. <i>Orra in A Series of Plays</i> , &c., III, 1798-1812.		W. COWPER. In <i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> for June, 1785.	
The hearth was clean, the fire . . .	124	The Sailor sighs, as sinks his . . .	106
ANON. In J. RETZER'S <i>Choice</i> , &c., II, Vienna, 1785; from <i>London Chronicle</i> for November, 1783.		S. ROGERS. <i>An Ode to Superstition</i> , &c., 1786.	
'The Hermit good lives in that . . .	263	The sun does arise	140
S. T. COLERIDGE. <i>Lyrical Ballads</i> , I, 1800.		W. BLAKE. <i>Songs of Innocence</i> . Engraved 1789.	
		The sun from the East tips the . . .	125
		P. WHITEHEAD. <i>Poems</i> , 1777.	
		'The sun now rose upon the right .	245
		S. T. COLERIDGE. <i>Lyrical Ballads</i> , I, 1800.	
		'The sun sets in night, and the stars	94
		A. HUNTER. <i>Poems</i> , 1802.	
		The tears I shed must ever fall! ..	204
		H. D'ARCY STEWART. In J. JOHNSON'S <i>Scots Musical Museum</i> , IV, Edin. [1792]. This Poem is some-	

First Lines and Notes.

	PAGE		PAGE
times attributed to Miss C. or Miss C—N; which both stand for CRANSTOWN, Mrs. STEWART's maiden name.		'Whare live ye? my bonie Lass!..	62
The twentieth year is wellnigh	37	R. BURNS. In J. JOHNSON's <i>Scots Musical Museum</i> , IV, Edin., 1792. (M.)	
W. COWPER. <i>Poems</i> , III, 1815.		'Whar hae ye been a' day?	118
The village bells ring merrily	94	H. MACNEILL. <i>Poetical Works</i> , II, 1801.	
A. HUNTER. <i>Poems</i> , 1802.		What ails this heart o' mine?	154
This Cap, that so stately appears .	35	S. BLAMIRE. <i>Poetical Works</i> , Edin., 1842.	
W. COWPER. <i>Poems</i> , III, 1815.		What shade, and what stillness ..	130
'Though Dorander's sincere	210	Rev. J. WOLCOT (PETER PINDAR). <i>Pindariana</i> , 1794.	
[A. M. PORTER.] <i>Original Poems</i> , [1798].		When my mother died, I was very	146
Thus, lately, to Cupid I offered my	109	W. BLAKE. <i>Songs of Innocence</i> . Engraved 1789.	
Lieut.-Col. J. DALRYMPLE. In A. DALRYMPLE's <i>Collection</i> , &c., 1796.		When the green woods laugh with	147
Time may Ambition's nest destroy	93	W. BLAKE. <i>Songs of Innocence</i> . Engraved 1789.	
A. HUNTER. <i>Poems</i> , 1802.		When the trees are all bare, not a	117
'Tis the middle of night by the	269	ANON. [? by T. BREREWOOD.] In <i>The Convivial Songster</i> , [1782]. (M.)	
S. T. COLERIDGE. <i>Christabel</i> , 1816.		When they did greet me 'Father' .	234
Soil for the brave!	28	S. T. COLERIDGE. <i>Biographia Literaria</i> , II, 1847.	
W. COWPER. <i>Poems</i> , III, 1815.		Where are they gone, the old	223
To tinkling brooks, to twilight ...	40	C. LAMB. <i>Blank Verse by C. LLOYD and C. LAMB</i> , 1798.	
Rev. T. WARTON, B.D., P.L. In J. RITSON's <i>Collection</i> , &c., II, 1783.		Who dares talk of hours! Seize ..	137
Two Youths for my love are	160	Rev. J. WOLCOT (PETER PINDAR). <i>Pindariana</i> , 1794.	
ANON. In <i>The Vocal Enchantress</i> , [1783]. (M.)		Who thirsts for more knowledge ..	104
Under the arms of a goodly oak ..	232	ANON. In J. RITSON's <i>Collection</i> , &c., II, 2nd Ed., ed. by T. PARK, 1813.	
S. T. COLERIDGE. In <i>Morning Post</i> for March 10, 1798. This is the first of three different texts of this Poem: the other two are in <i>The Annual Anthology</i> , II, ed. by R. SOUTHEY, Bristol, 1800; and COLERIDGE's <i>Sibylline Leaves</i> , 1817. The two bracketed lines are from <i>Sibylline Leaves</i> .		Why boast your strength at	161
Up amang yon cliffy rocks	110	G. TOWNSHEND, Marquis TOWNSHEND. <i>Miscellaneous Poetry</i> , Rainham, 1791, 1807.	
W. DUDGEON. In <i>Calliope</i> , 1788. (M.)		Why was Cupid a boy	144
Up! quit thy Bower! late wears..	192	W. BLAKE. In J. GILCHRIST's <i>Life of W. BLAKE</i> , II, 1863.	
J. BAILLIE. <i>The Beacon in A Series of Plays</i> , &c., III, 1798-1812.		Why, William! on that old grey ..	178
'Up! Up! my friend, and clear	179	W. WORDSWORTH, P.L. <i>Lyrical Ballads</i> , Bristol, 1798.	
W. WORDSWORTH, P.L. <i>Lyrical Ballads</i> , Bristol, 1798.		With Women and Wine, I defy	114
Wae is my heart, and the tear's ..	63	W. WOTY. In J. RITSON's <i>Collection</i> , &c., II, 2nd Ed., ed. by T. PARK, 1813.	
R. BURNS. In J. JOHNSON's <i>Scots Musical Museum</i> , V, Edin., 1796. (M.)		Would my Delia know, if I love?..	14
Weak and irresolute is Man!	14	W. COWPER. <i>Poems</i> , ed. by J. CROFT, 1825.	
W. COWPER. <i>Poems</i> , 1782.		Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon	59
Wee, modest, crimson-tipped	77	R. BURNS. In J. JOHNSON's <i>Scots Musical Museum</i> , IV, Edin., 1792. (M.)	
R. BURNS. <i>Poems</i> , Kilmarnock, 1786.		Ye little Loves! that round her ..	49
Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous ..	54	ANON. In J. RITSON's <i>Collection</i> , &c., I, 1783.	
R. BURNS. <i>Poems</i> , Kilmarnock, 1786.		You know that our ancient	52
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?	219	ANON. In J. RITSON's <i>Collection</i> , &c., II, 2nd Ed., ed. by T. PARK, 1813.	
C. NAIRNE, Baroness NAIRNE. <i>Life and Songs</i> , 1869.		Young Damon was whistling, brisk	115
		ANON. In <i>Calliope</i> , 1788. (M.)	

GLOSSARY AND INDEX.

- A'**, 53, 56-58, 60-62, 64, 68, 74, 80, &c., all.
A' [= all], 58, parents, &c.
A [= hac], 64, have.
Aboon, 61, 82, 162, above.
Abram, 71, Abraham.
A-comin', 218, coming.
Acquent, 88, acquainted.
Adorns, 78, adornest.
A-dropping, 256, dropping.
Ae, 118, 220, one.
Afeared, 264, afraid.
Af'en, 110, often.
Aff, 156, 222, off.
Aff-hand, 86, off-hand.
Aft, 56, 70, 121, oft, often.
Aften, 84, 222, often.
After we, 2, after us.
Agape, 248, open-mouthed.
Agley, 56, Aglee, 156, wrong, off the right line, awry.
All agog, 3, in eager expectation.
Aik, 65, oak.
Aiken, R., 66.
Ain, 119, 122, 219, own.
Airts, 80, regions of the earth or sky.
A-je, 74, ajar.
Alane, 78, alone.
Alang, 81, along.
Albatross, 244, 245, 247, 258, 262, a large sea-bird. Sailors usually consider it a great crime to kill these birds.
Albion, 19.
Alcove, 36, an arched recess or niche in the wall of an apartment.
Alexander, the Great, 41, 82.
Alknomook (A. Hunter), 94.
Altho', 75, although.
Alway, 252, 261, always.
Amaist, 68, almost.
Amalek, 71.
Amang, 57, 65, 67, 77, 110, &c., among.
An' [= and], 53, &c., if.
An, 65, if.
- An'**, 53-56, 63, 110, 162, &c., and.
Ance, 70, 156, once.
The Ancient Mariner, 241-267.
Anderson, J. (R. Burns), 88.
And for that, 2, and because.
And till, 7, until.
Anc, 55, 58, 62, 75, 88, &c., one.
Anear, 254, near.
Aneath, 154, beneath.
A mighty Angel, 71, the angel of the Revelation.
Anither, 74, 82, 88, &c., another.
Anna, 13, Ann, Lady Austen.
'Anti-Jacobin, The,' the Authors of, 212, 213.
Any day, 245, on any day.
Appear'd, 222, appeared.
'Arethusa,' The, 50, 51.
Aside, 121, by the side of.
Aught, 75, anything.
Auld, 70, 76, 77, 81, 87, 120, 121, &c., old.
Auld claes, 68, old clothes.
Aulder, 121, older:
Auld lang syne [= old long-since], 76, 77, old long-ago.
Auld Nick, 121, the Devil.
Ava, 121, at all.
Av'rice, 93, Avarice.
Awa, Awa', 54, 64, 122, 154, 162, &c., away.
Ay (*Scotch*), 74, 110, 111, 121, 123, **Aye**, 218, ever, always.
Ayont, 121, beyond, on the other side of.
Azure, 215, pale blue.
- Ba'**, 65, ball.
Bab'lon, 71, Babylon.
The back-style, 74.
Back-yett, 74, back gate.
Baillie, J., 191-197.
- Bairn**, 69, 118, 218, child.
Bairns, 67, 198, 199, children.
Baith, 55, 123, 218, both.
Ballet, 108, a dance.
Bangster, 111, victor, winner.
Bannockburn, The battle of, 84.
The royal Bard, 71, David.
Bashfu', 69, bashful.
Bassoon, 243, a bass wind instrument, made of wood, having a 'reed' mouthpiece.
Bauble, 18, toy.
Bay of Biscay, Spain, 230.
Be, 256, to be.
Bead-roll, 47, a list of persons to be prayed for.
Beastie, 54, 55, little beast.
Beat his breast, 243, for sorrow or vexation.
Beets, 70, kindles.
Bein, 121, comfortable, comfortably furnished.
Belang thee, 82, belong to.
Belated, 259, benighted, made late.
Beld, 88, bald.
Bears the bell, 101, 163, is in the foremost place, is the best.
'Belle Poule,' The, 50, 51.
Bellona, 41.
Belted, 61, girded with a belt, as a mark of distinction.
Belyve, 67, by-and-by, soon.
Bemocked, 252, mocked, flouted.
Ben, 58, 69, 221, 222, within, in the parlour.
Bess, 24, one of Cowper's tame hares.
Bess (R. Burns), 86.
Be 't, 81, be it.
Betray'd, 79, betrayed.
Betty (W. Cowper), 4.
Bickering brattle, 54, noise of scampering feet.
Bick'ring [= bickering], 27, wrangling, contention by word of mouth.
Bide, 57, endure.
'Bideth, 288, abideth.

Glossary and Index.

- Bid'st**, 16, biddest.
Bield, 78, shelter.
Big, 55, build.
Billing, 132, love-making.
Billy [= William] (C. Smart), 42.
Birkie, 61, conceited fellow.
Bit [= bit of a], 85, 156, little.
Blackbird, 26, a thrush.
Black'd, 156, blackened.
Black'ning, 67, blackening.
Blac, 64, a blackish-blue.
Blake, W., 139-147.
Blamire, S., 154-157.
Blame, 69, 156, bashful, diffident.
Blaw, 80, 110, 120, 121, blow.
Blaws, 58, boasts.
Blessin, 55, blessing.
A blink, 74, 87, glance.
Blinkan [= blinkin], 67, blinking, shining intermittently, flashing.
Bloomin, 65, blooming.
Blossom'd, 65, blossomed.
Blythe, 69, 78, 81, &c., blithe.
Blythly, 57, blithely.
Boatie, 198, 199, a small boat, a yawl.
Bodham, A., 16.
Boding, 98, 164, foreboding.
The poor body, 87, fellow.
Boist'rous, 127, boisterous.
Bonie, **Bony** (*applied to females*), 62, 82, 86, 89, &c., beautiful.
Bonie, **Bony** (*applied to males*), 64, 65, 120, 121, &c., handsome.
Bonie, **Bony** (*applied to things*), 59, 63, 65, 77, 78, 80, 82, 118, &c., beautiful, fine.
Bonier, 65, more beautiful.
Bonilie, 67, finely.
Bonny, 111, 163, 220, **Bonnie**, 218, 219, beautiful.
Bonny brent, 162, beautifully smooth.
Boon, 192, benign.
The Border, 82, between England and Scotland.
Boreas, 100, 101.
Borrowdale, Cumberland, 283.
Bower, 169, cottage, country residence; 192, 196, bed-chamber, bedroom; 266, an arbour.
Bowles, Rev. W. L., 164.
Bowling, Tom (C. Dibdin), 91.
The Box, 43, at the theatre.
Bra', 121, fine.
Bracy, the Bard (S. T. Coleridge), 282, 283, 287-290.
Brae(s), 59, 76, 118, &c., slope(s).
Brag, 65, pride; 82, 122, boast.
Braid, 77, broad.
Brake, 194, 195, a thicket, clump of bushes, &c.
Bratha Head, 282.
Brattle, 54, noise.
Braw, 57, 58, 64, 86, 120, 121, &c., fine, handsome, well-dressed.
Brawlie, 62, 63, finely.
Brawly, 110, finely, excellently.
Braw-new, 67, fine new.
Breastie, 54, little breast.
Breeks, 59, breeches.
Brent, 88, 162, smooth.
Britain, 149.
British Channel, 99.
British Fair, 28, British beauty.
The British Grenadiers, 41.
The British Isles, 41.
Broached [= to veer suddenly to windward] him to, 91, stopped him.
Broth, 110, ? brooch.
Bruce, R., 84.
Buckle, 64, curl.
Buffet, 36, a cupboard in a recess for china and glasses.
Burn, 77, 118, 135, 155, &c., brook.
Burns, R., 53-88.
Busk, 121, dress.
Weel buskit, 62, well-dressed.
But (*Scotch*), 56, 110, without.
But, 148, 287, only; 242, 243, except to.
By the board, 90, by the ship's side, overboard.
Canny hour, 53, gentle, quiet, hour.
Can't, 51, 232, cannot.
Cantily, 162, cheerfully, blithely.
Canty, 81, 88, 110, **Cantie**, 123, cheerful, merry.
Canzone, 108, a little song.
Caper'd, 87, danced.
The Card, 79, the Chart.
Car'd, 74, 86, cared.
Carena, 74, 122, care not.
Carest, 85, caressed.
Carlos, Don (Rt. Hon. R. B. Sheridan), 97.
Ca's, 70, calls.
Cassiopiaea, 35.
Catch'd, 198, caught.
Cauld, 56, 78, 120, 154, 218, cold.
Cauldest, 121, coldest.
Celadon (Rev. J. Wolcot), 128.
Celia (Anon.), 49.
Ceres, 112.
Certes, 72, certainly.
Channel, 99, English Channel.
Cheapside, London, 3, 181.
Chearfu', 70, cheerful.
Chearfully, 78, cheerfully.
The ship was cheered, 242, saluted with cheers.
Cheer'ly, 99, **Cheerly**, 191, blithely, cheerily.
Cherry, A., 230, 231.
Chiels, 156, young men, lads.
Chirp'd, 156, ? sang.
Chirping, 47, cheerful.
Chloe (Rev. J. Wolcot), 131, 132.
Chows, 70, chews.
Christabel (S. T. Coleridge), 268-295.
Clacs, 68, clothes.
Claise, 119, clothes.
Clamb, 88, climbed.
Clam'rous, 72, clamorous.
Clan, 271, tribe.
Clarinda (Anon.), 124.
Claverse-ha' Lee, 221.
Claw, 81, scratch.
Cleads, 198, clothes.
Clifts, 244, hollows in the icebergs.
Clomb, 250, climbed.
Clouted, 47, scalded.
Cochran, C. (R. Burns), 56.
Cock'd, 221, cocked.
Cockpen, Laird o', 221, 222.
Coft, 122, bought.
Cog [= cogue], 81, cup.
Coleridge, S. T., 232-296.
Colin (Anon.), 150.
The College, 65, one of the Scotch Universities.
Collier Laddie, 62, 63.

Glossary and Index.

- Colonnade**, 26, a row of trees.
Comin, 55, 61, coming.
Compar'd, 56, 72, compared.
Confectionary, 18, preserved or prepared as a confection.
Conon, 41.
Consort, 19, husband; the Poet's father.
Conway, North Wales, 166, 167.
Cood, 70, cud.
A coof, 61, a blockhead, ninny.
Copper sky, 246, the colour of copper.
Corin (Rev. J. Wolcot), 128, 129.
Corinna (Rev. J. Wolcot), 131.
Corses, 255, dead bodies, corpses.
Cot-house, 63, a small cottage.
Cou'dna, 82, **Couldna**, 162, could not.
Coulter, 55, the iron blade fixed in front of the share in a plough.
Countree, 193, 194, 261, 263, 265, 277, country.
Courtin [= courting], 64, wooing.
Courtol, 101, ? a fashionable hairdresser.
Fu' couthy, 87, very loving.
Cowper, W., 1-39.
Cowper, W. Notice that this name rhymes with Trooper; and therefore it was pronounced Cooper, 21.
Cowran [= cowrin], 54, cowering.
Cozie, 55, snug.
Cracks, 69, chats, converses.
Cranreuch, 56, hoar-frost.
Crap, 121, crept.
Craws, 67, crows.
Creel, 198, 199, 220, a large wicker basket, used for carrying fish.
Cronach [= coronach], 110, a funeral song or lamentation, a dirge.
Aged Croné, 192, a withered old woman.
Cronies, 223, intimate friends, chums.
Crown, 157, crown.
Crush'd, 79, crushed.
Cupid, 109, 144.
Curtsie, 222, curtsy.
Cust, 198, cast.
Cuttie, 162, a rompish girl.
Cynthia (Rev. J. Wolcot), 133.
- Dacre**, T. (W. Blake), 146.
Dad, 67, **Daddie**, 58, 64, father.
Daft, 222, foolish.
Daimen-icker, 55, an occasional ear of corn.
Dales, 62, valleys.
Dalgarnoch, 87.
Dairymple, Lieut.-Col. J., 109.
Damon (Anon.), 115.
Dang'rous, 19, dangerous.
Dapple, 34, the popular name for a donkey.
Darken'd, 83, darkened.
Yellow darlings, wi' **Geordie** imprest, 85, the yellow guineas.
Dash'd, 156, abashed, confused.
Daut, 123, to pet, fondle.
Dealin', 220, dealing.
Dear, 2, dear one.
Dearie, 53, little dear or darling.
Death-fires, 247, a kind of *Ignis fatuus*, luminous appearances supposed to be seen over dead bodies.
Deave, 58, 86, deafen.
Deckit, 85, decked.
Declar'd, 156, declared.
Dec, 157, die.
Deep, 63, deeply.
The De'il, 81, 82, 86, **Deel**, 121, the Devil.
Delia, 14, Theodora Jane Cowper, the Poet's first cousin, and first Love.
Delia (Rt. Hon. R. B. B. Sheridan), 98.
Delia (Rev. J. Wolcot), 136, 137.
Deposit, 67, give up.
Desp'rate, 34, desperate.
The Deuce, 86, the Devil.
Dibdin, C., 90, 91.
Dick (W. Blake), 146.
Dine, 77, dinner.
Dingle-derry Wood, 31.
Diinna, 163, do not.
Doffed, 91, done away with.
Donald (H. Macneill), 120, 121.
Don't, 115, 145, do not.
The river Doon, Ayrshire, 59.
Dorander (A. M. Porter), 210.
Douf an' wae, 199, dull and woeful, sad and sorrowful.
Down, 157, down.
Douse, 54, sober, prudent.
Dove, the river, 171.
The Downs, 184.
Dropping, 67, dropping.
Dream'd, 219, dreamed.
Dree, 163, bear endure.
- Dribble**, 56, drizzle.
Drifts, 244, mist and snow.
Drink, 90, drink to.
Driv'n, 79, driven.
Droukit, 59, wet.
Drouth, 247, 248, dryness, thirst.
Dudgeon, W., 110, 111.
Dunieller, 58.
'Dundee, 70, a Scotch hymn-tune.
Dungeon Ghyll, 282.
Dunted, 121, beat violently.
Dwining, 123, wasting away.
D'ye, 51, do ye.
Dyke-side, 221, the side of a stone or turf wall.
- Edmonton**, Middlesex, 2, 7, 9.
Edward—see **Edward II.**, King.
Edward II, King, 84.
Edwards, B., 45.
E'e, Ee, 56, 63, 67, 68; 74, 75, 119, 154-156, 162, 163, &c., eye.
E'en, 86, **Een**, 118, 156, 162, eyes.
E'en, 81, 85, 87, 103, 129, 133, 164, &c., even.
E'en, 53, 123, **Een**, 154, evening.
E'er, 41, 53, 104, 111, 150, ever.
Eke, 1, 5, also.
Elfsh light, 252, weird, spectral.
'Elgin', 70, a Scotch hymn-tune.
Ellis, G., 212, 213.
Em'rald, 216, **Emerald**, 243, a precious stone of bright green colour.
England, 99, 104, 169.
Enow, 233, enough.
Ensuin, 55, ensuing.
Esthwaite Lake, Lancashire, 178.
For ever and aye, 150, for all future time.
Evermair, 123, evermore.
Ev'n, 79, 296, even.
Ev'ning, 191, evening.
Ev'ry, 6, 12, 23, 30, 32, 53, every.
Ewen, J., 198, 199.
Exercise, 4, drill.
Exil'd, 69, exiled.
Eydent, 68, diligent, busy, helpful.

Glossary and Index.

Fair fa', 63, fair befall.
 Fa', 81, fate, lot.
 Fa', 84, 120, 122, fall.
 Fac'd, 219, faced.
 Failin', 220, failing.
 Fain, 119, 219, happy.
 Faltring, 237, faltering.
 Fame (R. Lovell), 189.
 Fancy (Hon. W. R. Spencer), 206.
 Farin', 219, 220, food, fare.
 Fa's, 154, falls.
 Fashionous, 221, troublesome.
 Fa' that! 61, attempt that!
 Nine fathoms, 247, fifty-four feet.
 Faught, 81, fight.
 Fause, 59, 123, false.
 Faut, 57, fault.
 Fav'ring, 99, favouring.
 Fav'rite, 50, 124, favourite.
 Fecket, 64, under-waistcoat.
 Fell, 70, biting, pungent, tasty; 105, cruel.
 Fell, 280, field.
 Mak a fen, 58, make a shift, contrive to live.
 Ferrier, S. E., 222.
 Fieldfare, 30, a thrush.
 Fiends, 245, devils.
 Fiere [= fere], 77, companion, friend.
 Fire-flags, 254, meteoric flames.
 Fit, 87, fitted.
 Fitt, 76, foot.
 Flame, 14, Sweetheart, Lover.
 Flauntin', 220, flaunting.
 Flee, 121, fly.
 Fleeching, 156, flattering, wheedling.
 Flichterin, 67, fluttering.
 A flie, 74, a fly.
 Fling, 110, dance.
 Flingin', 220, slinging.
 Flip, 90, a mixture of beer and spirit.
 A Flirt, 49, a flourish with the hand.
 Flora, 27, 112.
 Flow'r, 77, flower.
 Flow'ret, 79, little flower.
 Flow'ry, 72, 94, 214, flowery.
 Flunkies, 121, servants in livery, footmen.
 Foggage [= fog], 55, aftermath, winter grass.
 Follow'd, 229, followed.
 Forc'd, 157, forced.
 Forebode, 9, predict.
 Forgather, 81, encounter, meet.
 Forgi'e, 86, forgive.
 Forlorn, 267, bereft, destitute.
 The Forth, Scotland, 219.
 Found'st, 279, foundest.

Frae, 57, 63, 67, 74, 77, 81, &c., from.
 Frere, J. H., 212, 213.
 Frieze, 138, a coarse woollen cloth.
 Fright, 116, affright, frighten.
 Frighted, 11, frightened.
 Frosty pow, 88, grey head.
 Fu', 59, 63, 199, 220, 222, full; 87, very.
 Furrow, 246, the channel or track which marks the course of the ship.
 Fusees, 41, light muskets or firelocks.
 Gade aff, 119, left, fled from.
 Gae, 53, 74, 81, 86, 120, 123, &c., go.
 Ga'e, 87, gave.
 Gaed [= goed], 57, 82, 87, Ga'ed, 199, went.
 Gain'd, 83, gained.
 'Gainst, 75, 121, 201, against.
 Gall, R., 162, 163.
 Gamut, 31, the musical scale.
 'Gan, 31, began; 255, 257, began to.
 Gane, 65, 82, &c., gone.
 Gang, 50, 62, 64, 68, 74, 119, 121, &c., go.
 Gar, 154, 199, make.
 Gard'ner, 18, gardener.
 Gars, 64, 68, 154, makes.
 Garth, Sir S., 19.
 Gat, 118, got.
 Gate (*Scotch*), 121, way.
 Gath'ring rout, 195, gathering company.
 Gaudy, 62, fine.
 Gau'n, 120, Gaun, 222, going.
 Gav'st, 17, 135, gavest.
 Geer, 119, Gear, 122, 123, possessions of any sort, wealth.
 George III, King, 85.
 Georgie, 85, King George III.
 Genevieve (S. T. Coleridge), 234-238.
 Gen'rous, 195, generous.
 Geraldine (S. T. Coleridge), 271-295.
 Get, 119, have.
 Gi', 121, give.
 Gi'e, Gi'e, 3, 57-60, 77, 119, &c., give.
 Gied, 58, gave.
 Gi'en, 119, 123, 157, given.
 Gif, 59, if.

Gifford, W., 212, 213.
 Gilpin, J. (W. Cowper), 1-12.
 Gin, 58, 62, 119, 155, &c., if.
 Giv'n, 79, given.
 Glacis, 41, in fortification, a sloping bank.
 Glads, 204, makes glad.
 Glass, 44, 51, 104, 114, a drinking-glass.
 Glen, T. (R. Burns), 58, 59.
 Glen, 86, a narrow valley between two hills.
 Glendochart Vale, in Perthshire, 162.
 Glinted, 78, glanced.
 Glow'r'd, 87, stared.
 Good bye! 4, Dear me!
 Good luck (Hon. R. W. Spencer), 207-209.
 Good-bying, 209, saying 'Good-bye.'
 Goody [= goodwife], 138, wife.
 Gordon, Marquis of Huntley; A., 229.
 Gossamers, 249, a fine filmy substance, consisting of cobwebs, spun by small spiders, which is seen floating in the air in calm weather, especially in autumn.
 Gotten, 155, 199, got.
 Goun, 157, gown.
 Gow, N., 220.
 Gowans, 76, daisies.
 Gowd, 60, 121, 123, 156, gold.
 Gowk, 121, fool.
 Gracefu', 120, graceful.
 Gramercy! [= grand merci], many thanks!
 Granada, Spain, 186.
 Grant, A., 229.
 Grant, Rev. Dr. —, 151.
 Gratefu', 157, grateful.
 Gray, T., 66.
 Gray-e'ed, 162, grey-eyed.
 May bear the gree, 61, be decidedly victor.
 Greet, 122, cry, weep.
 Gregory, Lord (Rev. J. Wolcot), 135.
 Growin, 65, growing.
 Grudg'd, 218, grugged.
 Gude, 58, 61, 81, 121, 221, &c., good.
 Gude sake! 87, God's sake.
 Gude-wille, 77, hearty, with a good will.
 Guid, 70, good.
 Gusht, 251, gushed.
 Gutcher, 120, grandfather.

Glossary and Index.

Ha', 57, 64, 70, &c., Hall.
 Hae, Ha'e, 59, 76, 77, &c., have.
 Haen, 64, had.
 Haffets, 70, temples.
 Haffins [= halfings], 68, half.
 Hald, 56, an abiding-place.
 Hale, 121, whole.
 Halesome, 219, wholesome.
 Hallan, 70, rustic porch.
 Halloween [= the Eve or Vigil of All Saints' Day], 59, the evening of October 31st.
 Halsgarth Wood, 288.
 Hame, 67, 68, 121, home.
 Hamely, 60, homely.
 Hameward, 67, homeward.
 Han', 53, 54, hand.
 Handel, G. F., 40.
 Hand-grenades, 41, small explosive shells, about 2½ in. in diameter, to be thrown by hand.
 Hap, 120, shelter, shield.
 Hares—Bess, Tiney, and Puss; Cowper's three, 24, 25.
 Harlequin, 225, a buffoon.
 Harriot (C. Smart), 42.
 Hast'ning, 26, hastening.
 Under hatches, 91, out of sight, buried.
 Hat'st, 134, hatest.
 Haud, 63, 219, hold.
 Have not to, 257, have not the power to.
 Hawkie, 70, cow.
 Hayley, W., 148, 149.
 Healsome, 70, wholesome.
 Health (R. Lovell), 189.
 Heard'st, 135, 279, heardst.
 Hearth-stane, 67, the flat stone forming the hearth = the fireside.
 Heaven's mother, 249, the Virgin Mary.
 Heav'n, 79, Heaven.
 Hebe, 206.
 He'd, 87, he had.
 He'd, 48, 82, 87, 91, 111, 121, 145, he would.
 He'll, 58, 91, 150, he will.
 Herd, 67, tend flocks.
 Herding, 118, shepherding.
 Herds, 110, tends.
 Hermitess, 281, a female hermit.
 Herrin', 219, 220, herring.
 Hesketh; Harriet, Lady, 35-37.
 High-shelt'ring, 78, high-sheltering.
 The hill, 88, of Life.
 Himsel', 86, himself.
 Hinds, 196, farm labourers.
 Hirpling, 199, limping, hobbling along.

Histie, 78, barren.
 Hoare, P., 50, 51.
 Hoddin gray [= hodden gray], 60, a grey cloth of undyed wool.
 By the holy rood! 262, a cross on which was the figure of the Saviour.
 Honey-dew, 258, a sweet sticky substance, found on the leaves of plants, &c., deposited by aphides, or secreted by the plants themselves.
 Honor, 69, honour.
 Honor'd, 66, honoured.
 Hope (Hon. W. R. Spenser), 207.
 The hornèd moon, 250, the crescent moon, in her first quarter.
 Houghs, 110, the legs from below the knees.
 Housie, 55, little house.
 How, 118, hollow, dell.
 How d' ye do? (Hon. W. R. Spenser), 207-209.
 How-d' ye-doing, 209, saying 'How d' ye do?'
 Howe'er, 73, however.
 Howlet, 121, a young owl.
 Hue and Cry, 11, outcry for the pursuit of a felon.
 Naked hulk, 249, the body of a ship with its ribs bared.
 Hunder marks ten, 58, a thousand Scotch marks, at 1s. 1½d. each = about £50.
 Hunter, A., 93-95.
 I', 79, 154, 155, in.
 Ianthe (W. Thompson), 44.
 I'd, 87, I had.
 I'd, 109, 113, 239, I would.
 An Idyllion, 152, a short descriptive pastoral poem.
 Ilk, 85, 122, 123, 154, each.
 Ilka, 59, 122, 155, 162, 163, every.
 I'll, 42, 46, 47, 55, 58, 98, &c., I will.
 I'm, 47, 55, 58, 92, 104, 116, &c., I am.
 Incens'd, 72, incensed.
 Inebriate, 240, intoxicated, stupefied.
 Ingle, 67, 70, fireside.
 Innocence (Hon. W. R. Spenser), 207.
 In't, 120, in it.
 Intent, 210, intently.

Int'rest, 134, interest.
 Irthing, 288.
 Isaiah, 71.
 Islington, 7, a suburb of London.
 Italian trills, 70.
 It had been, 255, it would have been.
 Ither(s), 122, 156, other(s).
 I've, 46, 48, 69, 118, 119, 133, 155, 156, &c., I have.
 Ivy-tod, 263, an ivy-bush; a stump of a tree, or a bush, covered with ivy.
 I wis, 280.
 Jack (W. Blake), 146.
 A wild Jack hare, 24, a male hare.
 Jade, 81, Jad, 86, a scoffing term applied to women.
 Jamie (J. Ewen), 198, 199.
 Jamie (H. Macneill), 123.
 Jane (W. Wordsworth, P.L.), 168.
 Janetie (J. Ewen), 199.
 To jauk, 68, to trifle, dally.
 Jean (R. Burns), 86, 87.
 Jean [Armour, whom Burns married], 80.
 Jean, Mistress (R. Burns), 62, 63.
 Jean, Mistress (C. Nairne, Baroness Nairne), 221, 222.
 Jee, 154, depart, fly away.
 A jeer, 123, ? a smile.
 Jenny (R. Burns), 67-69.
 Jess'mine, 42, jessamine.
 Jessy (R. Burns), 75.
 Jim (W. Wordsworth, P.L.), 166.
 My jol! 76, 77, 88, my dear!
 Joan (Rev. J. Wolcot), 128, 129.
 Job, 71.
 Jock (S. Blamire), 156.
 Jock (J. Ewen), 199.
 Jock (H. Macneill), 121.
 Joe (W. Blake), 146.
 John (W. Blake), 141.
 John (C. Nairne, Baroness Nairne), 218.
 Johnie (H. Macneill), 120, 121.
 Johnny (Anon.), 111.
 Jove, 100.
 The Island of Juan Fernandez, 21.
 Julia (M. G. Lewis), 202.

Glossary and Index.

- Kebbuck**, 70, cheese.
Kempfenfelt, Rear-Admiral R., 28, 29.
Ken, 59, 65, know.
Ken, 196, view.
Kenn'd, 86, 156, **Kenned**, 286, knew.
Kens, 68, knows.
Keswick, Cumberland, 268.
Kiaugh, 67, carking anxiety.
Kilwick Wood, 30, 31.
The King, 12, King George III.
Kirk, 74, 119, 222, 242, 261, 266, Church.
Kitty (W. Blake), 142.
Knorren Moor, 288.
Know, 118, knoll, hillock.
Knowes, 85, knolls, hillocks.
Kurtch [= curch], 199, a woman's cap, a kerchief.
Kye, 69, cows, kine.
- Labor(s)**, 67, 68, labour(s).
Laddie, 62-65, 122, 123, a young lad; used as a term of endearment.
Lade, 163, load.
Lag, 263, remain behind.
Lairh, 222, low.
Laila (R. Southey, P.L.), 186-188.
Laird, 58, 64, 86, 123, 221, 222, landed proprietor, squire.
Lairdship, 81, property, lordship.
Laith, 54, loth.
Laithfu' [= loathful], 69, shy.
Lamb, C., 223.
The Lammie, 118, 119, the little lamb.
Lammies, 110, little lambs.
Land o' the leal, 218, 219, land of the faithful or blessed, heaven.
Lane—see **Thy lane**.
Lang, 63, 86, 111, 156, 221, long.
Langdale Hall, 288.
Langdale Pike, 282.
Langer, 65, 85, longer.
Langest, 157, longest.
Langest-winded, 111, longest-winded.
Langs, 218, longs.
Auld lang syne [= old long-since], 76, 77, old long-ago.
Lang-tocher'd, 64, well-dowered.
Lank, 250, lean, slender.
- Largo Bay**, Fifeshire, Scotland, 198.
Lass, **Lassie**, 80, 87, 89, 120-123, 156, 162, 163, &c., a young girl or woman; used as a term of endearment.
Lasses, 53, 54, 64, 117, 163, young girls or women.
Lass with the Golden Locks, **The** (C. Smart), 42, 43.
Laughsome, 242, mirthful.
Laura (Prof. W. Smyth), 227.
The Lave, 55, 69, the rest, the others.
Lea'e, 56, leave.
Leal, 218, 219, faithful, true.
Lear, 190, learning.
Leave, 119, forsake.
Leesome, 198, pleasant, agreeable.
Leil, 123, true, faithful.
Len' [= lend], 58, give.
Leoline, **Sir** (S. T. Coleridge), 269-295.
Lesley, 82, Miss Lesley Baillie.
Lewis, **M. G.**, 200-202.
Thou lies, 78, thou fiest.
Lifts, 78, liftest.
Lightly, 74, make light of.
Like of, 256, like that of.
Lilting, 110, singing.
Ling'ring, 235, lingering.
Lint was i' the bell, 70, flax was in flower.
Lisetta (Rev. J. Wolcot), 126, 127.
List'ning, 121, listening.
Liv'd, 83, lived.
Llanwellyn, 197.
Lloyd, C., 190.
Loan [= loaning], 86, a narrow way between hedges, &c.
Lock'd, 75, locked.
Lo'e, 59, 75, 80, 110, &c., love.
Lo'es, 64, loves.
London, 1, 138.
He, who lone in Patmos banished, 71, St. John, the Apostle and Evangelist.
Loo, 121, 123, love.
Loo'd, 122, loved.
Look'st, 245, lookest.
Loon, 242, a stupid fellow, a fool.
The loopèd clothes, 41.
Loot on, 86, let on.
Lordling, 73, a little lord.
Lothbury, London, 181.
Lov'd, 54, 66, 72, loved.
Love, the affection between individuals of the opposite sexes that are capable of intermarriage.
In love.
- My Love**, the Lady, or Gentleman, I love.
My love, the love I have for that person.
Lovell, R., 180.
Lover, a man who loves a woman. Also called, Servant, True Love.
Lov'st, 39, 288, lovest.
Low, J., 102, 103.
Lowrie, **the Laird** (R. Burns), 58.
Lubin (A. Hunter), 95.
Lubin (Rev. J. Wolcot), 126, 127.
Lucy (Anon.), 104, 105.
Lucy (S. Rogers), 106.
Lucy (W. Wordsworth, P.L.), 170, 171.
Lumber, 11, noise.
Luve, 59, Love, Lover.
Luver, 59, Lover.
Lyart haffets, 70, grey cheeks.
Lysander, 41.
- McClish**, **Miss J.** (C. Nairne, Baroness Nairne), 221.
Macneill, **H.**, 118-123.
Maid of Llanwellyn, 197.
Mail, 195, armour.
Mailin [= mailen], 64, 86, 252, farm.
Main, 29, 103, 104, 252, ocean.
Mair, 85, 121, 123, more.
Maist, 64, most.
Mak, **Mak'**, 58, 61, 119, 121, 122, make.
Makin', 222, making.
The Mall, London, 43.
Mammon (W. Blake), 144, 145.
Mummy [= Mama], 118, 119, mother.
'Manu, 78, 121, among.
Manuel (R. Southey, P.L.), 186-188.
Maria (Prof. W. Smyth), 228.
Marial 271, 291, the Virgin Mary.
Marian (Rev. J. Wolcot), 135.
Marian (H. Macneill), 120, 121.
Marks, 58, Scotch coins worth 1s. 13d.
Mars, 114, 226.
'Martyrs', 70, a Scotch hymn-tune.
Mary, 13, 37-39, Mary Unwin.

Glossary and Index.

- Mary** (W. Blake), 147.
Mary (R. Gall), 163.
Mary (J. Lowe), 102, 103.
Mary Ann, Lady (R. Burns), 65.
Mary! Mother, 271, **Mary, Queen**, 253, the **Virgin Mary**.
Mast, 232, acorns.
Matin song, 47, morning song.
Matthew (W. Wordsworth, P.L.), 178.
Maun, 55, 58, 75, &c., must.
Mauna, 58, 61, &c., must not.
Mavis, 162, the song-thrush.
Meg [= Margaret] (R. Burns), 64.
Meg (H. Macneill), 120.
Melodie, 80, melody.
Mem'ry, 18, 90, memory.
'Mid, 164, 190, 217, **Mid**, 173, 179, amid.
Might na been, 163, might not have been.
Miltiades, 41.
Milton, 169.
Minds me [= reminds], 59, remindest; 80, reminds.
My Minnie, 58, mother.
Minstrelsy, 243, minstrels or musicians.
Minuet, 225, a dance.
Miskens her, 156, does not know herself.
Mis'ry's, 79, Misery's.
Mistress, always, in this Series, in a good sense; with its many equivalents, such as, sweet Heart! &c.
Mither(s), 220, 121, mother(s).
Moat, 194, a deep ditch or trench, generally filled with water.
Moil, 67, toil, labour.
Monie, Mony, 56, 76, 80, 88, 119, 154, &c., many.
Moore, Bart.; **Sir J. H.**, 158, 159.
Morison, M. (R. Burns), 57.
Morn, 67, the next day.
Moses, 71.
Mote, 232, might.
Mou, 58, 118, 122, mouth.
Mourn'st, 79, mournest.
Mousie! 56, little mouse!
Mov'st, 39, movest.
Mulciber, 36, Vulcan.
Murcia, Spain, 186.
Murcian, 188, a native of Murcia.
Murd'ring, 54, murdering.
Murd'rous, 237, murderous.
Murlain, 199, a round, narrow-mouthed basket.
Mutch, 222, a linen or muslin cap.
A Mutton, 33, a sheep.
Myrtle and Bramble, 100, 101.
Myself, 154, **Myself'**, 199, myself.
Na, 53-55, 57, 74, 120, &c., not.
Na, Nae, 163, 222, no.
Nae, 68, 70, 74, 119, &c., not.
Naebody, 74, nobody.
Naething, 55, 86, 122, **Nai-thing**, 121, 123, nothing.
Nairne, Baroness Nairne; C., 218-222.
Nancy (R. Burns), 64.
Nane, 82, 120, none.
Neck or nought, 5, neck or nothing, at all or any risks.
Ned (W. Blake), 146.
Neebor, 67, neighbouring; 78, neighbour.
A neebor Lad, 68, neighbouring Lad.
Neebour(s), 87, 220, neighbour(s).
Needle, 107, of a compass.
Ne'er, 18, 32, 53, 63, 68, 82, 97, 110, 138, &c., never.
Neighb'ring, 30, neighbouring.
Ne more mote, 232, no more might.
Neptune, 214, 216.
Neuk, 63, nook.
Too nice, 116, too particular.
Nicé (Lieut.-Col. J. Dalrymple), 109.
Niest, 87, next.
No, 56, 69, 78, 120, 219, 220, not.
Nodding their heads, 243, beating time.
Nom'tive, 46, Nominative.
Nor . . . nor, 244, 245, 260, neither . . . nor.
Norfolk, 16.
Norlin, 110, northern.
Numbers, 18, Poetry.
Nurs'ry, 17, nursery.
O', 53, 55, 56-59, 61, 63, 68, 78, &c., of.
Och! 56, Oh!
Octavos and Twelves, 36.
O'er, 20, 65, 68, 70, 90, 107, 133, 134, 136, &c., over.
O'erjoyed, 3, overjoyed.
O'ertap, 162, overtop.
O'erwhelmed, 234, over-whelmed.
O'Keefe, J., 46, 47.
Oldmixon, Justice, 213.
One after one, 250, one after another.
O'Neill, Viscountess O'Neill; H., 112, 113.
Op'ning, 19, 106, opening.
Or ever, 251, before ever.
Or . . . or, 296, either . . . or.
Orient light, 38, that of the rising sun.
Orson (Rev. J. Wolcot), 130.
The river Ouse, 26.
Out-thro', 55, throughout.
Oven-wood, 30, small wood, formerly used for heating ovens.
Owre, 87, over.
Paidl'd, 77, paddled.
Pain'd, 83, pained.
Palfreys, 288, saddle-horses.
Paine, T., 212.
Palmer, 194, a pilgrim who carried a branch of palm-tree in token of his having been to the Holy Land.
The Park, London, 43, Hyde Park, &c.
Parker, Lord Chief Baron; —, 161.
Parterre, 27, flower bed.
Passion, predilection, habitude. 'The ruling Passion strong in death.'
Passion, emotion, not necessarily of love. It might also be of anger, grief, zeal, &c.
Passion, Passions, anxieties of mind and agonies of soul through love for one of the opposite sex.
Past'ral House, 18, the Rectory at Berkhamstead.
Pate (S. Blamire), 156.
Patmos, 71.
Pattle, 54, a plough-staff.
Peace (Hon. W. R. Spencer), 206.
Peak and pine, 276, languish and waste away.
Pearce, W., 99.

Glossary and Index.

- Pedant**, 116, a pretender to superior knowledge.
- Pelisses**, 220, cloaks.
- Penny-fee**, 67, wages.
- Pent-house**, 233, a projection over a door, &c., for protection against the weather.
- Perennial**, 100, perpetual.
- Perforce**, 262, of necessity.
- Periwig**, 32, 36, 46, a kind of wig.
- Perjur'd**, 69, perjured.
- Pert**, 126, pertly, saucily.
- Petted**, 87, fretted.
- Into phalanx**, 31, close array.
- Philida** (Rev. J. Wolcot), 130, 131.
- Phillis** (R. Burns), 63.
- Phillis** (Rev. J. Wolcot), 134.
- Phrase**, 156, flattery.
- Merry pin**, 9, mood, humour.
- Pindar, Peter**—see **Wolcot**, Rev. J.
- Pindus**, 40.
- Pint stowp**, 76, a measure of two quarts.
- Pipe**, 229, bagpipes.
- Pittance**, 24, allowance of food.
- Plaidy**, 120, a garment of checked woollen cloth of various colours.
- Play'dst**, 38, didst play.
- Pleasure** (Hon. W. R. Spencer), 207.
- Pledg'd**, 157, pledged.
- Plenishen**, 119, furniture, stock.
- Plough(s)**, 67, 69, plough(s).
- A Plumb**, 125, a fortune; in commercialslang, £100,000.
- POEMS, &c.**—
- Iliad**, of Homer, 36.
- Lyrical Ballads**, by W. Wordsworth and S. T. Coleridge, 241.
- Macbeth**, by W. Shakespeare, 295.
- Odyssey**, of Homer, 36.
- Poems**, by W. Cowper, 36.
- Rights of Man**, by Tom Paine, 212.
- Sibylline Leaves**, by S. T. Coleridge, 241.
- Windsor Forest**, by A. Pope, 71.
- Poll** (C. Dibdin), 91.
- Polly** (C. Dibdin), 90.
- Polly** (C. Smart), 42.
- Poortith**, 58, poverty.
- Pope, A.**, 71.
- Porringer**, 167, a porridge-dish, a small basin.
- Porritch**, 70, porridge.
- Porter, A. M.**, 210, 211.
- Posies**, 111, bunches of flowers, nosegays.
- Pouch**, 81, purse.
- Pour'd**, 73, poured.
- Pouther'd**, 221, powdered.
- Pow**, 88, head.
- Pray'st**, 144, prayest.
- Pree'd**, 118, tasted.
- Prentice**, 54, apprentice.
- Prest**, 70, pressed to take.
- Pris'ner**, 240, prisoner.
- Promis'd**, 56, 110, promised.
- Pros'p'rous**, 20, prosperous.
- Prov'st**, 39, provest.
- Prudence** (Hon. W. R. Spencer), 206.
- Pu'd**, 59, **Pou'd**, 76, pulled.
- Puir**, 219, poor.
- Pullen**, 47, poultry.
- Pass**, 24, 25, one of Cowper's tame hares.
- Pye, M.P., P.L.; H. J.**, 100, 101.
- Quean**, 96, a worthless woman.
- Queans** (*Scotch*) [= young women], 162, 163, Beauties.
- Queen of the silver bow**, 92, the moon.
- Radcliffe, A.**, 214–217.
- Rade**, 221, rode.
- Rake**, 68, a dissolute fellow.
- Ranger** (Anon.), 124.
- Raphael, S.**, 40.
- Rashes**, 53, 54, rushes.
- Raven hair**, 194, black as the raven.
- Rear'd**, 78, reared.
- Recover'd**, 87, recovered.
- Reef** (C. Dibdin), 90.
- Reek**, 252, to give off vapour, &c.
- Reeking head**, 6, steaming, perspiring.
- Reel**, 155, a frame upon which yarn is wound into skeins from the spindle.
- Reel**, 110, a lively dance, in which the couples swing or whirl round, and sometimes pass, forming the figure 8.
- In reel and rout**, 247.
- Refin'd**, 73, refined.
- Rever'd**, 72, revered.
- Rev'rently**, 79, reverently.
- Reynard**, 31, 34, the fox.
- Ribbon**, 65, ribbon.
- Ribbon**, 61, the ribbon of the Order of the Garter, the Thistle, &c.
- Richardson, Prof. W.**, 152, 153.
- Richmond hill**, in Yorkshire, 203.
- Running such a rig**, 5, playing such a strange trick or frolic.
- Rime of the Ancyent Marinere**, 241.
- Rin**, 54, 67, run.
- Rind**, 233, bark.
- Ringdove**, 108, a kind of pigeon.
- Robert** (W. Roscoe), 224, 225.
- Robin** (Anon.), 160.
- Robin**, the Gardener at Berkhamstead Rectory, 18.
- Rock**, 155, a distaff; the staff or frame about which flax, wool, &c. is arranged, from which the thread is drawn in spinning.
- Rocklay** [= roquelanre], 122, a short cloak.
- Rogers, S.**, 106–108.
- Roscoe, W.**, 224, 225.
- Did rot**, 246, became foul.
- Roun'**, 67, **Roun**, 155, round about.
- Roundelay**, 108, a song in which the first strain is repeated.
- Row'd**, 59, roved.
- Row**, 80, roll.
- 'Royal George,' The**, 28, 29.
- Ruin'd**, 69, 79, ruined.
- Rung**, 111, a cudgel.
- Russet** [= a reddish-brown colour] **gown**, 106, 181, a coarse homespun gown.
- Thou 's** (*Scotch*) [= is], 56, art.
- 'S** (*Scotch*), 68, 110, as.
- Joy's been** (*Scotch*), 63, 64, has.
- He 's** (*Scotch*), 110, has.
- Thou 's** (*Scotch*) [= has], 77, hast.
- 'S** (*Scotch*), 78, his.
- 'S**, 2, 7, 41, 42, 53–55, 63, &c., is.
- 'S** (*Scotch*), 77, us.
- A' thing 's**, 220, all things are.
- Sack**, a dry Spanish wine = sherry.
- Sacristan** [= sexton], 282, the officer who has charge of the sacristy or vestry of a church, the keeper of the vestments, &c.

- Saddletree, 3, the frame forming the support of a saddle.
- Sae, 54, 58, 59, 62, 64, 82, 111, &c., so.
- Soft, 162, soft.
- Softly, 110, softly.
- Sail, 50, war-ships; 231, 248, a ship.
- Sair [= sore], 63, 86, 163, 218, sorely.
- Sair-won, 67, sore-won, hard-won.
- Sandy [= Alexander] (W. Dudgeon), 110, 111.
- Sandy (J. Lowe), 102, 103.
- Sang(s), 81, 111, 162, song(s).
- Sangster, 111, songster, singer.
- Sapphics, 184, 212.
- Sara (S. T. Coleridge), 240.
- Sark-sleeve, 59, shirt-sleeve.
- Saul, 162, 218, soul.
- Savage, 127, savagely.
- Thou saw (*Scotch*), 55, sawest.
- Sawney (J. Ewen), 109.
- Scalps, 94, the skin of the head with the hair belonging to it.
- Scamp'ring, 11, scampering.
- Scotia, 70, 72, 73, 163, 288, Scotland.
- Scotland, 84, 229.
- Screamin', 121, screaming.
- Scrip, 47, wallet, a small bag.
- Scritch, 274, screech.
- Sea, 21. Notice that this word rhymes with survey, and must have been pronounced like say: a remarkable persistence of the original A. S. sound of sæ, through nearly a thousand years.
- Seem'd, 156, seemed.
- Sel', 64, 218, self.
- Selkirk, A., 21-23, the sailor upon whose marooning experiences it has been thought that Defoe wrote his *Robinson Crusoe*.
- Sellin', 220, selling.
- Sev'ral, 72, several.
- Shach'l, 87, ill-shaped.
- Sha'na, 82, shall not.
- The share, 78, ploughshare.
- Shaw, 80, a small wood, a thicket or grove.
- Shaw, 163, show.
- She, the emphatic feminine Personal Pronoun, used where the poetical name of the Lady does not occur.
- She, 182, the Poet's wife.
- She'd, 118, she would.
- Sheen, 244, brightness; 254, bright, glittering.
- She'll, 96, 105, she will.
- Shepherd, 104, 105, Lover.
- Sheridan, Rt. Hon. R. B. B., 96-98.
- Shiv'ring, 102, 117, shivering.
- Shoon, 64, 87, shoes.
- Short hours, 137, the early hours of the morning, as one, two, &c.
- Short'ning, 102, 117, shortening.
- Shouter, 87, shoulder.
- Shrieve, 262, 265, absolve.
- Sic, 58, 82, 155, 162, 222, &c., such.
- Sigh'd, 57, sighed.
- Silent light, 261, steady, undisturbed.
- Siller [= silver], 58, 64, money, wealth.
- Siller, 157, silver.
- Silly, 55, frail.
- Silly buckets, 253, frail, shallow.
- Sin', 70, Sin, 76, since.
- Sinfu', 218, sinful.
- Skaith, 162, an injury.
- Skaith, 82, injure.
- A skelp, 81, slap, stroke.
- Skiff-boat, 263, a small light boat.
- Slae, 64, the sloe.
- Slee, 162, sly.
- Sleeket, 54, sleek.
- Sleepin', 219, sleeping.
- Slipp'ry, 230, slippery.
- Slumber (Hon. W. R. Spencer), 207.
- Sma', 55, 121, small.
- Smart, C., 42, 43.
- Smith, C., 92.
- Guides him smooth, or grim, 259, whether calm or stormy.
- Smyth, Prof. W., 226-228.
- Snap, 49, closing the fan sharply.
- Snapper, 81, stagger.
- Snaw, 64, 88, 120, snow.
- Snawie, 78, snowy.
- Snell, 55, biting, bitter.
- Soupe, 70, soup.
- Southey, P.L.; R., 184-188.
- Sowthers, 81, solders.
- Spak, 86, spake.
- Spem, 63, spend.
- Spencer, Hon. W. R., 206-209.
- Spey, 229, a river in Aberdeenshire, Scotland.
- 'Spied, 240, espied.
- Spier'd, 87, inquired.
- Spiers, 68, asks, inquires.
- Spouse, 2, wife.
- Spreckl'd, 78, speckled.
- Spring, 220, a quick air in music, a reel.
- Sp'rit, 189, spirit.
- Thou 'st, 242, thou hast.
- Stacher, 67, stagger.
- Stane, 78, stone.
- Star, 61, 229, an insignia of an Order of Knighthood.
- Starr'd, 79, starred.
- Staukin, 59, stalking.
- Staw, 59, stole.
- Steer, 82, stir, molest.
- A sten, 58, a jump.
- Sterte up, 250, started up.
- Stewart, H. D'A., 204, 205.
- Stibble, 56, stubble.
- Stibble-field, 78, stubble-field.
- Stoure, 57, hardship; 77, dust.
- Stowey, Somerset, 268.
- Stown, 162, stolen.
- Stoyte, 81, reel.
- Strack, 121, struck.
- Strait, 232, 249, straight, at once, immediately.
- Strappan', 69, tall, strapping.
- Straight, 65, straight.
- Stream'd, 73, streamed.
- Strephon (Anon.), 49, 104, 105.
- Strephon (W. Blake), 147.
- Strewin, 55, strewing.
- Strewn, 261, levelled, spread out.
- Striv'n, 79, striven.
- Sue, Susan (Anon.), 115.
- Suff'rings, 160, sufferings.
- Sugar'd, 122, sugared.
- Sugh, 67, sighing.
- Supple, 40, yielding, compliant.
- Sure, 83, surely.
- Susan (W. Blake), 147.
- Susan (R. Burns), 64.
- 'oor Susan (W. Wordsworth, P.L.), 181.
- Swift-wing'd, 68, swift-winged.
- Swound, 257, a swoon or fainting fit.
- Sylvia (Rev. J. Wolcot), 131, 134.
- Sylvio (Rt. Hon. R. B. B. Sheridan), 98.
- Syne, 74, after.
- 'T, 55, 63, 81, 138, 143, 154, it.
- T', 20, to.
- T., J., 21.
- Ta'en, 69, 221, taken.
- Tak, 76, Tak', 86, 119, take.
- Talk'd, 156, talked.
- Tammy [= Tommy] (H. Macneill), 118, 119, Thomas.

Glossary and Index.

- Tapsalteerie**, 53, topsy-turvy.
Tarn, 280, a small mountain lake or pool.
Tars, 91, sailors.
Tauld, 121, told.
Tauntin', 220, taunting.
Teach, 266, tell.
Tellin', 220, telling.
Temperance (R. Lovell), 189.
Tend, 121, attend.
The tender tale, 69, their love.
Tent, 74, 220, take heed.
Tent my tellin', 220, listen to me.
Tent thee, 82, guard thee.
Tentie, 67, heedful.
Th', 64, 67, 234, 240, 286, 293, the.
The gither, 88, together.
Themsels, 82, themselves.
They'll, 82, 97, 121, 199, they will.
They'll few, 121, few will.
They're, 81, 85, 117, &c., they are.
Thick and thin, 3, whatever is in the way.
Tho', 53, 56, 57, 62, 63, 66, 74, &c., though.
Thole, 56, suffer, endure.
Thompson, W., 44.
Thorough, 244, through.
Thou thought (*Scotch*), 55, thoughtest.
Thou'll, 59, thou wilt.
Thou'lt, 154, thou wilt.
Thou'rt, 82, 132, 134, thou art.
Thowless, 121, sluggish, inactive (of mind); heedless.
Thrang, 156, throng.
Thrave, 55, twenty-four sheaves of grain.
Threats, 149, threatens.
A threesome reel, 156, a reel in which three take part together.
Thretty, 121, thirty.
Thro', 57, 110, 219, through.
Throckmorton, J., 31.
Throstle, 180, the song-thrush.
Thy lane, 56, thyself alone.
Tick'd, 70, tickled.
Tightle, 220, tightly.
Till, 64, to.
Tine, 110, Tyne, 123, lose.
Tiney, 24, 25, one of Cowper's tame hares.
Tint his gate, 121, lost his way.
Tintern Abbey, 172.
'Tis, 43, 48, 52, 93, 95, &c., it is.
Dear Tittie, 58, 59, Sister.
The Toast, 57, Beauty, Belle.
- Tocher**, 85, 121, dowry, marriage portion.
Toddlan [= toddling], 67, tottering.
Tom (Anon.), 160.
Tom, Thomas (W. Blake), 148, 149.
Tom (W. Hayley), 148, 149.
Topers, 137, hard drinkers.
T'other, 48, 209, 283, the other.
Tourney Court, 286, a Court for the display of skill in arms, a tournament.
To Town, 12, London.
A towmond, 70, 81, a twelve-month.
Townshend, Marquis Townshend; G., 161.
Train, 66, company; 112, followers.
Train-Band, 1, the Militia.
Tricks, 283, adorns, dresses.
Trig, 120, neat, handsome.
Such a trim, 8, state, condition.
Trip the spring, 220, dance a reel.
Tripp'st, 189, trippest.
Tritions, 215, sea-deities.
Trudg'd, 156, trudged.
True, 118, 199, trow.
True Love (Hon. W. R. Spencer), 206, 207.
Truth (Hon. W. R. Spencer), 206.
Try'd, 54, tried.
Tryermaine, 285, 288, 289.
Tryste, 87, rendezvous.
The trysted, 57, the appointed.
Tuck, Friar, 47.
Tunefu', 80, tuneful.
Turn'd, 156, turned.
Turnpike Gates, 11, toll-gates.
Turnpike-men, 6, the men who collect the tolls.
Twa, 76, 77, 120, 121, two.
'Twas, 32, 48, 70, &c., it was.
'Twere, 48, 53, 89, &c., it were.
'Twill, 164, it will.
Twitt'ring, 191, twittering.
'Twixt, 48, betwixt.
- Unaware**, 253, without previous thought.
The uncoss, 68, the news.
Unfeign'd, 68, unfeigned.
Unnotic'd, 68, unnoticed.
Unpractis'd, 123, unpractised.
- Unweeting**, 240, unwitting, ignorant.
Unwin, M., 13, 37-39.
He up, 86, went up.
Upo', 199, upon.
Uprist, 245, arose.
Upton, W., 203.
Us'd, 154, used.
Utter, 247, 248, extreme.
- This melancholy Vale**, 69, human life.
The Valentines' dealing, 58, the drawing on the eve of the 14th of February, by young people, for lovers or valentines.
Vaux, Lord Roland de (S. T. Coleridge), 284, 285, 288-290, 295.
Venus, 42, 44, 109, 112, 114, 206, 226, 240.
Vespers nine, 244, nine evenings.
Violet, 42, violet.
Virtue (R. Lovell), 189.
Vot'ry, 109, votary.
Vow'd, 86, 87, vowed.
- Wa'**, 65, 121, wall.
'Wa, 120, away.
Wad, 54, 57, 62, 63, 82, &c., would.
Wa'd, 121, would.
Wae [= woe], 63, 121, 123, woeful.
Wae'fu', 163, woeful.
Waes, 119, woes, misfortunes.
Wales, 70, chooses.
Wallace, Sir W., 73, 84.
Walth, 119, wealth, plenty.
Wan, 157, won.
Wander'd, 121, wandered.
Wand'ring, 33, wandering.
Wanton, 105, trifler.
Wantons, 59, moves nimbly from one twig to another.
Warden Pie, 47, a pie made of warden pears.
Wardman, 194, a guard.
Ware, Hertfordshire, 8, 9.
Warl', 54, **Warld**, 61, 63, world.
Warldings, 123, world-lings.
World's, 163, 219, world's.

Glossary and Index.

- A Warlock**, 87, a wizard.
Warily, 53, worldly.
I warrant you! 150, I assure you!
Warst, 81, worst.
War't, 119, were it.
Warton, B.D., P.L.; Rev. T., 40.
Wa's, 55, 78, walls.
The Wash of Edmonton, 7, where a pool, or brook, had filled the roadway.
Wast, 55, waste.
Wat'ry, 30, 165, 230, watery.
Wauht, 77, drink.
Waukin, 59, waking, watching.
Waur, 86, 157, 222, worse.
Way-sore, 184, footsore.
Weaken'd, 83, weakened.
Weal, 248, good.
We are Seven, 166-168.
Wearin', 217, wearing.
Wee, 54, 63, 118, &c., little.
Wee-bit, 55, 56, 67, **Wee bit**, 155, 162, 163, tiny.
Weel, 62, 69, &c., well.
Weel-favour'd, 64, well-favoured.
Weel-featur'd, 64, good looking.
Weel-hain'd, 70, well-hoarded.
Weel-mounted, 64, well-mounted.
Weel-pleas'd, 68, 69, well-pleased.
Weel-stockit, 85, well-stocked.
Weel-tappit hen, 222, a well-crested hen.
Weel-tocher'd, 64, well-dowered.
Ween, 66, 282, 285, 287, imagine.
Weet, 78, 156, wet.
Wee-things, 67, little ones.
We'll, 50, 65, 76, 77, 88, 119, 120, we will.
Welladay! [= wellaway], 247, 278, alas! woe!
We're, 115, we are.
- We've**, 51, 76, 88, 105, &c., we have.
Wha, 57, 58, 61, 63, 68, 81, 84, &c., who.
Wha'll, 219, 220, who will.
Whan, 162, when.
Whar, **Whare**, 62, 118, 121, &c., where.
Whase, 57, **Wha's**, 157, whose.
Whate'er, 38, whatever.
Wheel, 106, 156, a spinning-wheel.
Whelm, 79, overwhelm, engulf.
'Whelming, 217, overwhelming.
Whene'er, 41, 48, 74, 81, &c., whenever.
Whiles, 244, while.
Whimsies, 14, fancies.
Who'd, 208, who would.
Whoe'er, 105, whoever.
Whyles, 55, 74, 81, &c., sometimes.
Wi', 54-56, 58, 59, 63, 67-69, &c., with.
Wield, 111, handle.
Wifie (*Scotch*), 67, 70, wife.
Wildered, 277, bewildered.
Wild-fire, 196, *Ignis fatuus*, Will-o'-the-wisp.
Wilding, 192, wild.
Will I, 58, shall I.
William (C Smart), 42.
William (W. Wordsworth, P.L.), 178, 179.
I can win, 63, earn.
Winander, 165, Lake Windermere, Westmorland.
Windermere, 282.
Win's, 55, winds.
Wi's, 78, with his.
The wisest man, 54, King Solomon.
Wish'd, 57, wished.
I wist, 247, 248, knew.
Witch's Lair, 282.
A Witch's oils, 247, preparations thrown into the fire by witches to produce flames of various colours.
- With a'**, 64, withal.
Witlings, 43, little wits, pretenders to wit.
Wolcot, Rev. J., 126-137.
Wond'ring, 7, 296, wondering.
Won't, 115, 126, 127, will not.
Wood Street, London, 181.
Wordsworth, P.L.; W., 165-183.
Woty, W., 114.
The woven willows, 219, the creel, &c.
Wrang, 82, wrong.
Wrench'd, 79, wrenched.
Wye, the river, 172-177.
Wyle, 74, wile, beguile.
- Ye'd**, 121, you would.
Ye'll, 62, ye will.
Ye're, 54, 220, ye are.
Ye're, 220, your.
Ye'se, 119, you shall.
Yestreen [= yester evening], 57, 58, 122, last night.
Yett, 221, gate.
Yewes, 85, ewes.
Yon, 57, yonder one.
Yon, 62, yonder.
'Yont, 70, beyond.
You'll, 52, 97, 179, you will.
Youngling, 72, young, youthful.
The younkers, 68, the young ones.
You're, 115, you are.
Youthfu', 67, youthful.
You've, 208, you have.
- Zion**, 70, Jerusalem.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

VOLS. I—X.

PAGE	PAGE
A band of Cupids, th' other day VIII. 137	Ah! me!..... V. 72
A Bard, grown desirous of... VIII. 229	Ah! me! the little tyrant thief! VI. 90
A beauteous face, fine shape ... VII. 287	Ah! my sweet Sweeting!..... II. 286
A blithe and bonny Country Lass III. 271	' Ah! ope, Lord Gregory! thy... X. 135
A bony 'No!' with smyling..... III. 172	Ah! tell me no more, my dear Girl! X. 133
A Book, a Friend, a Song, a Glass X. 44	Ah! what happy days and nights VII. 270
About the sweet bag of a bee ... VI. 110	Ah! what is Love? It is a III. 254
Accurst be Love; and they that IV. 89	' Ah! who, in all those happy VIII. 300
A Cobbler there was, and he... VIII. 222	A kiss I begged: but, smiling... VI. 187
A day, a night, an hour, of sweet III. 289	Alack! Alack! What shall I do? II. 106
A decent mien, an elegance of VIII. 207	Alas! Madam! for stealing of a II. 1
Adieu V. 74	Alas! my heart! mine eye hath III. 230
Adieu, fond Love! Farewell, you V. 67	Alas! my Love! ye do me..... III. 178
Adieu! for a while, to the town IX. 146	Alas! what shall I do for love? II. 109
A dooly season to a careful Dyte I. 156	Alas! why mad'st thou such a... VII. 188
A face that should content me ... II. 25	Alexis!..... VII. 278
A faithful friend would I fain find I. 182	Alexis! here, She stayed! IV. 290
A famous Assembly was VIII. 132	Alexis shunned his fellow..... VIII. 74
After many scorns like these..... V. 12	A little child, a limber Elf X. 294
After so many concurring VI. 30	A little saint best fits a little ... VI. 134
Age (Beauty's tyrant!), why dost V. 254	All in the Downs the Fleet was VIII. 160
A Grecian Youth, of talents rare IX. 150	All men, they do wish unto II. 128
Ah! Ben! V. 271	All my Past Life is mine no ... VII. 123
Ah! blame me not, if no despair VII. 200	All Noblemen! of this take heed II. 160
Ah! Celia! why so fiercely bent VII. 219	All that glisters is not gold..... IV. 5
Ah! Cloris! that I now could sit VII. 232	All thoughts, all passions, all ... X. 234
Ah! cruel Beauty! could you... VII. 295	All ye woods, and trees, and ... IV. 212
A headpiece made of Prudence VI. 190	Almenon had a sort of merit! VIII. 292
Ah! fading Joy! how quickly art VII. 29	Alone, by a lonely willow..... VIII. 273
' Ah! gaze not on those eyes! VIII. 277	A Lover I am; and a Lover I'll VI. 83
Ah! how sweet it is to love!... VII. 25	Altho' thou maun never be mine... X. 75

Index of First Lines, Vols. I—X.

	PAGE
Although I had a check	II. 86
A Maid me loved. Her love I...	V. 101
A man, of late, was put to death	IV. 180
A man that should of Truth tell...	I. 191
Amarantha, sweet and fair! ...	VI. 89
Am I despised? because you say	VI. 144
Amidst November, that month...	II. 268
A milk-white hair-lace wound...	VI. 192
Am I mad? O, noble Festus! ...	V. 153
Amo, amas	X. 46
Among the myrtles, as I walked	VI. 136
Among thy fancies, tell me this!	VI. 144
Amyntas! whilst you	VII. 158
And are ye sure, the news is true?	IX. 234
And did you not hear of a jolly	IX. 296
And does then the Ocean possess	X. 148
And, hey! then up go we! ...	VI. 44-47
And if that [an] Eye may save, or	II. 17
And now all Nature seemed in...	V. 128
And now, what Monarch would	VI. 206
And think ye, Nymphs! to scorn	III. 281
And when they came to merry ...	I. 91
And wilt thou leave me thus? ...	II. 11
And would you see my Mistress'	IV. 231
'And ye shall walk in silk attire	X. 157
A new-found Match is made of	IV. 172
Anger, in hasty words or blows	VI. 58
A Nosegay lacking flowers fresh	III. 173
Apollo sings! his harp resounds!	VI. 133
Approach in silence! 'Tis no ...	IX. 257
April is in my Mistress' face ...	IV. 287
A Quire of bright Beauties, in	VII. 20
Are Women fair? I wondrous ...	IV. 141
A Riddle by Cowper	X. 21
Arm! Arm! Arm! Arm! The...	V. 65
Art thou gone in haste?	V. 103
Art thou poor; yet hast thou ...	IV. 189
As, after noon, one summer's...	VIII. 79
As Amoret with Phillis sat.....	VII. 67
As Chloe on flowers reclined...	VIII. 253
A Scholar first my love implored	IX. 165
As Diane hunted on a day	IV. 43
A Sessions was held, the other...	V. 287

	PAGE
As free as wanton winds I lived	VII. 220
As I came through Glendochart	X. 162
As I, in hoary winter's night ...	IV. 65
A silly Shepherd wooed; but	VIII. 122
A simple child, dear brother Jim!	X. 166
As inward love breeds outward	VI. 188
As it befel in Midsummer time...	II. 90
As it fell on a holy day.....	II. 204
As it fell upon a day.....	IV. 19
As I was passing in a morning.	III. 194
As I was sitting on the grass...	VII. 102
As I went through the North ...	V. 263
Ask me no more, Where Jove ...	V. 211
Ask me, Why I send you here...	VI. 128
Ask not the cause, why sullen...	VII. 10
As late each flower that sweetest	X. 240
'As long liveth the merry man'	III. 48
As Nature and Garrick were ...	IX. 181
As often as I consider these old	II. 112
A Soldier am I, the world over	X. 226
As pilot well expert in perilous	III. 2
Asses' milk, half a pint, take at	IX. 72
As the inamoured Thirsis lay...	VII. 292
As they sat in Inglewood	I. 97
A sweet disorder in the dress ...	VI. 115
As years do grow, so cares.....	III. 115
As you came from the holy land	IV. 147
As youthful Day put on his best	VI. 298
As you went to Walsingham—see	
As you came from the holy land	
At Beauty's Bar as I did stand...	III. 130
A Templar (who loves you, dear	IX. 220
At her fair hands, how have I...	IV. 128
At liberty I sit, and see.....	III. 123
At night, by moonlight, on the	VIII. 220
A trifling Song you shall hear	VIII. 64
At Stool Ball, Lucia, let us play	VI. 217
At St. Osyth's, near the Mill...	VIII. 291
Attend, all ye Nymphs and ye...	IX. 137
At the corner of Wood Street ...	X. 181
At Upton on the Hill	IX. 258
Aurora now began to rise again	III. 158
Avenge, O, Lord! thyslaughtered	VI. 22

Index of First Lines, Vols. I X.

	PAGE		PAGE
Awake, Æolian Lyre! awake ...	IX. 93	Black Eyes! in your dark orbs...	VI. 265
Awake! Awake! my lyre!.....	VI. 253	Blame not my cheeks, though...	IV. 243
Awake! Awake! thou heavy ...	IV. 234	Blame not thy Lute! for he must	II. 36
Awake, thou spring of speaking	IV. 245	Blessed as th' immortal Gods is	VIII. 105
Awake, ye drowsy Swains!.....	IX. 38	Blest pair of Sirens! pledges of	V. 134
A wanton Bee, of ancient fame	VIII. 201	Blow, blow, thou winter wind!	IV. 15
Awa' wi' your witchcraft o'	X. 85	'Blowhigh! blow low! let tempest	X. 90
Away, delights! Go, seek some	IV. 210	Blown in the morning, thou.....	VI. 99
Away, Despair! the death of...	III. 167	Boasting Fops, who court the...	VII. 225
Away, fond thing! Tempt me...	VI. 222	Brave flowers! that I could.....	VI. 98
Away! Let nought to Love...	VIII. 208	B. told me, 'That the Bay would	III. 108
Away to the brook!.....	VII. 60	But anxious cares the pensive	VIII. 23
Away with these self-loving lads	III. 224	But are you sure, the news is true?	IX. 234
A worthy Matron of unspotted...	VI. 196	But now would I hear thee express	II. 252
A wretch, long tortured with...	VIII. 121	'But tell me, tell me! speak again	X. 258
		But warily tent, when ye come to	X. 74
		But, why	V. 72
		By a bank, as I lay	II. 296
Back and side go bare! go bare!	III. 135	By a forest as I gan fare.....	I. 142
Beat on, proud billows! Boreas	VI. 68	By a prattling stream, on a	X. 42
Beauty and Love once fell at ...	VI. 40	By these presents, be it known...	IX. 154
Beauty, being long a resident ...	IV. 228		
Because I breathe not love to...	III. 209	Cælia! thy bright Angel's face	VI. 195
Before my face the picture hangs	IV. 60	Call for the robin redbreast, and	IV. 275
Before the urchin well could go	IX. 126	Canst thou love me; and yet ...	V. 117
Be gone! Be gone, thou perjured	VI. 194	Caput apri defero	II. 130
Begone, dull Care! I prithee, be	VII. 189	Care! Care! go, pack! thou art	VI. 213
Begone, old Care! and I prithee	VII. 189	Care! thou canker of our joys!...	X. 151
Begone, old Care! I prithee, be	VII. 189	Cast not in Chloe's name among	V. 246
Behind her neck her comely...	VIII. 86	Cast our caps and cares away!...	V. 64
Behold, a silly tender Babe	IV. 64	Cease, anxious World! your...	VII. 138
Behold, Love! thy power how She	II. 15	Cease, cease, Aminta! to	VII. 161
Behold! my brave Britons, the	IX. 135	Cease, fair Calistris! cease ...	VIII. 51
Behold, my Fair! where'er we...	IX. 115	Cease, fond Shepherd! Cease	VIII. 145
Behold, my friend! the.....	VIII. 215	Cease to blame my melancholy!	X. 159
Be it right or wrong, these Men...	I. 184	Cease your funning!.....	VIII. 171
Belinda! see, from yonder ...	VIII. 95	Cease your music, gentle	VIII. 107
Beneath a myrtle's verdant ...	VIII. 68	Celia and I, the other day ...	VIII. 82
Beneath some hoary mountain	VIII. 45	'Change thy mind! since She...	IV. 84
Between two Snitors, sat a Lady	VI. 81	Charis! guess, and do not miss!	V. 16
Betwixt mine Eye and Heart, a	IV. 4	Charis, one day, in discourse.....	V. 18
Biancha! let	VI. 117		
Bid me to live! and I will live	VI. 127		

Index of First Lines, Vols. I—X.

PAGE	PAGE
Charles, at this time, having no VII. 108	Come, listen to my mournful ... IX. 40
Charm me asleep! and melt me VI. 116	Come, live with me, and be my IV. 134
Chaucer is dead; and Gower ... IV. 22	Come, my Celia, let us prove ... IV. 219
Check thy forward thoughts! and V. 199	Come, noble Nymphs! and do not V. 2
Cheer up, my mates! The wind VI. 258	Come, O, come, my life's..... IV. 251
'Cherry ripe! ripe! ripe!' I cry VI. 150	Come over the born, Bessie! ... III. 66
Child! with many a childish wile X. 193	Come, prithee, leave the Courts VII. 284
Chloe, coquet and debonair..... IX. 105	Come, Shepherds! come! IV. 209
Chloe found Amyntas lying..... VII. 27	Come, Shepherd Swains! that... IV. 81
Chloe! no more must we be..... X. 132	Come, Sleep! O, Sleep, the..... III. 205
Chloe! why wish you, That your V. 244	Come, spur away!..... V. 230
Chloris, farewell! I now must... VI. 66	'Come, take up your hats; and... X. 224
Chloris! now thou art fled away VI. 279	'Come under my plaidy! the night X. 120
Chloris! yourself you so excel... VI. 60	Come unto these yellow sands... IV. 13
Choose me your Valentine!..... VI. 142	Come, worthy Greek! Ulysses! IV. 95
Christ, Christian King! (that on I. 126	Come, you pretty false-eyed..... IV. 246
Circles are praised, not that ... VII. 154	Come you whose Loves are ... IV. 208
Clara, charming without art ... VII. 202	Comforts lasting! Loves V. 166
Cleon! if you would have me... VII. 65	Conceit, begotten by the eyes... IV. 150
Clora, come view my Soul! ... VII. 97	Consider, dear Daughter! what IX. 259
Cloris! I cannot say, your Eyes VII. 245	Contented w' little, and canty wi' X. 81
Close by those meads for ever VIII. 16	Coridon! arise, my Coridon!... IV. 137
Cœlia jealous, lest I did..... V. 98	Corinna, in the bloom of youth VII. 217
Cold's the wind, and wet's the IV. 190	Courage, my Soul! now learn to VII. 86
Cold was the night-wind, drifting X. 184	Creator Spirit! by whose aid... VII. 30
Colin! I see, by thy new-taken III. 282	Cull to me the rushes green!..... II. 297
Come, all ye jolly Sailors bold... X. 50	Cupid and Fortune long agreed VIII. 258
Come away, come away, death! IV. 15	Cupid and my Campaspe played III. 198
Come away! come, sweet Love! IV. 224	Cupid and Venus jointly strove VIII. 251
Come, buy my ware! Come, buy! X. 200	'Cupid! instruct an am'rous... VIII. 54
Come, cheer up, my Lads! 'tis to IX. 186	Cupid! I scorn to beg the art... VII. 41
Come, come, my good IX. 187	Cupid, pardon what is past IV. 207
Come, follow, follow me!..... VI. 218	Cupid's dead! Who would not V. 201
Come, gentle Death! Who..... III. 164	Cursed be the wretch that's... VIII. 272
Come, gentle God of soft desire! VIII. 283	
Come, heavy souls, oppressèd ... V. 241	
Come here, fond Youth! who'er IX. 274	
'Come hither, gently rowing! ... X. 239	Damon! I cannot blame your VII. 160
Come hither, Shepherd Swain! III. 297	'Damon! let a friend advise ye! VII. 268
Come hither, the merriest of all V. 162	Damon! why will you die for VII. 224
Come, if you dare; our trumpets VII. 26	Daphne, the beautiful and coy VIII. 157
Come, Lasses and Lads!..... VI. 286	Daphnis stood pensive in the VIII. 164
Come, let us now resolve at last VIII. 131	Daughter sweet of Voice and Air! IX. 76

Index of First Lines, Vols. I—X.

	PAGE
Daughter to that good Earl	VI. 2
Dazzled thus with height of.....	IV. 300
Dear Batchelour! I've read your	IX. 224
Dear Betty! come, give me...	VIII. 288
Dear Chloe! what means this...	IX. 160
Dear Chloe! while the busy crowd	IX. 122
Dear Chloe! while thus, beyond	IX. 162
Dear Colin! prevent my warm	VIII. 142
Dear Doctor of St. Mary's.....	VIII. 289
Dearest in friendship, if you'll...	VI. 154
Dear Gray! that always in my	VIII. 286
Dear is my little native vale! ...	X. 108
Dear! leave thy home; and come	V. 115
Dear Love, let me this evening	VI. 227
Delia! how long must I despair	VIII. 240
Despairing, beside a clear.....	VIII. 125
Dew sat on Julia's hair	VI. 146
Diaphenia, like the	IV. 117
Did ever Swain, a Nymph adore	VIII. 242
'Did our sighing Lovers know	VIII. 220
Did you see e'er a Shepherd, ye	X. 104
Disarmed with so genteel an Air	VIII. 109
Discard that frown upon your ...	X. 45
Disdain me still! that I may ever	V. 116
Distance of place, my Love and	IV. 40
Distracted with care	VIII. 52
Divine Destroyer! pity me no...	VI. 95
Do not mine affection slight.....	VI. 245
Do not unjustly blame.....	VI. 245
Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes	VII. 44
Dost see, how unregarded now...	V. 280
Dost thou, my friend! desire to	VIII. 296
Down, down a thousand fathoms	X. 214
Down the valley gan he track...	III. 242
Down with the Rosemary and...	VI. 135
Dried be that tear, my gentlest...	X. 98
Drink, to-day; and drown all...	V. 63
Drink to me, only with thine ...	IV. 219
Each beast can choose his fere...	II. 65
'Each Matin bell,' the Baron saith	X. 282

	PAGE
Early one morn, a jolly brisk Tar	IX. 271
Earth has not any thing to show	X. 169
Erst, in Cythera's sacred shade	IX. 232
Eternal Time, that wasteth.....	IV. 170
Even as the timely sweet	IV. 270
Even such is Time! which takes	V. 34
Every man take his Glass in his	VIII. 228
Every thing of my coming is.....	II. 206
Eyes, hide my love! and do not	IV. 101
Faction, that ever dwells in.....	III. 295
Fain would I; but I dare not!...	IV. 154
Fain would I change that note	IV. 130
Fain would I, Chloris! ere I die	VI. 205
Fain would I love; but that I...	VI. 276
Faint Amorist! What! dost ...	III. 219
Fair Amoret is gone astray!...	VIII. 60
Fair, and soft, and gay, and ...	VII. 201
Fair Archabella! to thy eyes...	VII. 149
Fair as unshaded Light; or as the	V. 147
Fair Corinna! Tell me why...	VII. 288
Fair daffadils! we weep to see...	VI. 138
Fairest Isle, all isles excelling...	VII. 22
Fairest of thy Sex, and best ...	VII. 293
Fairest! when thine eyes did ...	VI. 73
Fairfax, the Valiant! and the...	VII. 69
Fair Fidelia, leave me now! ...	VI. 104
Fair Hebe I left, with a cautious	IX. 226
Fair Iris! all our time is spent	VII. 139
Fair Iris and her Swain	VII. 4
Fair Iris I love, and hourly I...	VII. 5
Fair Lady! leave parade and ...	X. 152
Fair Nymphs! sit ye here by me	IV. 185
Fair pledges of a fruitful tree!...	VI. 112
Fair Sally loved a bonny Sailor	VIII. 254
Fair, sweet, and young, receive	VII. 24
Fair Venus! whose delightful	VIII. 248
Fair Virtue! should I follow...	VII. 134
False though She be to me and	VIII. 57
False World! thou li'st! Thou	V. 159
Fame's Pillar here, at last, we...	VI. 153

Index of First Lines, Vols. I—X.

	PAGE
Farewell	v. 73
Farewell, dear Love! since thou	iv. 131
Farewell, false Love! the Oracle	iii. 269
Farewell, my Mistress! I'll be	viii. 130
Farewell, my Saint! Let not the	v. 191
Farewell! O, farewell to the day	x. 136
'Farewell, rewards and Fairies!'	v. 150
Farewell, sweet Boy! Complain	iii. 226
Farewell, thou busy World! and	vii. 56
Farewell, ye gilded follies!.....	vii. 34
Far in the country of Arden.....	iv. 253
Far in the windings of a vale ...	ix. 142
Fear no more the heat o' th' sun	iv. 7
Feed on, my flocks, securely! ...	iv. 116
Fervid on the glitt'ring flood ...	ix. 204
Fie! on the sleights that men...	iv. 118
Fie! Sylvia! why so gravely look	x. 134
Fill me a mighty bowl	v. 270
Fine young Folly! though you	vi. 24
'Fire, Water, Woman, are ...	viii. 75
First, April; she, with mellow...	vi. 107
Five years have passed! five ...	x. 172
Flavia, the least and slightest...	vii. 207
Fletcher! though some call it thy	v. 247
Florella! when those eyes I see	viii. 96
Fly from false Man! Dorinda	viii. 149
Follow a shadow, it still flies...	iv. 221
Follow thy fair Sun, unhappy...	iv. 240
Follow your Saint! Follow.....	iv. 250
Fond feigning Poets make of...	iii. 263
'Foolish Love! be gone!' said	viii. 239
Fools! They are the only nation	iv. 220
For Age is a Page.....	ii. 161
For auld lang syne, my jo!	x. 76
For England, when, with fav'ring	x. 99
For ever, Fortune! wilt thou...	viii. 280
Forget not yet the tried intent ...	ii. 16
For Love's sake, kiss me once ...	v. 17
For my pastime, upon a day ...	ii. 297
Fortune, Nature, Love, long ...	iii. 207
Fortune! O, mighty and variable	ii. 113
For various purpose serves the...	x. 49
'Frae great Apollo, Poet say...	viii. 183

	PAGE
Fresh Beauty, rich of youth and .	i. 120
Friend Googe! Give me the...	iii. 114
Friend of my heart! by fav'ring	ix. 270
From all uneasy Passions free...	vii. 251
From Cytheron, the warlike Boy	iii. 300
From Lincoln to London rode...	ix. 39
From morinig till night, and ...	x. 150
From Oberon, in Fairy Land.....	v. 54
From placeto place forlorn Igo	viii. 63
From rosy bowers, where sleeps	vii. 275
From the Court, to the Cottage	viii. 276
From the fair Lavinian shore...	vi. 243
From Tuscan came my Lady's...	ii. 54
From Wars and Plagues, come	vii. 250
From White's and Will's.....	viii. 108
Full fathom five thy father lies!	iv. 1
Fy! flattering Fortunel look ...	ii. 125
Gather ye rosebuds, while ye ...	vi. 111
Gay Bacchus, liking Estcourt's	viii. 116
Gay Damon long studied, my...	ix. 252
Genius of England! from thy...	vii. 266
'Genteel is my Damon, engaging	ix. 169
'Gentle Love! this hour	viii. 128
Gentlest air, the breath of.....	viii. 94
Gently, my Lute! move ev'ry	viii. 214
Get you gone! You will nndo	vii. 247
Give Beauty all her right!	iv. 233
Give me a cell	vi. 124
Give me a Lass with a lump of	viii. 181
Give me leave to rail at you!...	vii. 120
Give me more love, or more.....	v. 216
Give me my scallop-shell of.....	iv. 159
Give me one kiss	vi. 147
Give Money me! take Friendship	iii. 101
Give place, ye Lovers! here before	ii. 80
Give place, you Ladies! and be	iii. 53
Glories, Pleasures, Poms.....	v. 167
Go bet, Penny! go bet, go!	i. 79
Go, burning sighs! unto the frozen	ii. 14
God above, that made all things	vi. 281

Index of First Lines, Vols. I—X.

	PAGE		PAGE
God be with Truth, where he be!	I. 191	Had we but world enough, and	VII. 92
God bless the King! I mean the	VIII. 103	Hail! beauteous stranger of the	IX. 254
God gives not Kings the style of	IV. 191	Hail, sacred Solitude! From	VII. 132
God Lyæus, ever young!	V. 63	Hang up those dull and envious	V. 8
God prosper long our noble	I. 68	Happy and free, securely blest...	VII. 28
God save great George our ...	VIII. 274	Happy he	IV. 102
God save our Lord the King...	VIII. 275	Happy the man! whose wish...	VIII. 2
Go, empty joys	VI. 26	Happy, those early days! when	VI. 180
Go, happy heart! for thou shalt	V. 64	Hard is the fate of him who...	VIII. 281
Go, happy Rose! and, interwove	VI. 130	Hark! Hark! The lark at	IV. 9
Gold upon gold, my only Joy...	IV. 94	Hark! how the birds do sing ...	V. 180
Go, little book! with rudeness...	I. 216	Hark! how the Duke of Lorraine	VII. 204
Go, lovely rose!	VI. 51	Hark, how the Passing Bell.....	VI. 211
Go, my flock! Go, get you.....	III. 216	Hark! jolly Shepherds!	IV. 286
Good aged Bale! that, with thy	III. 97	Hark! Now everything is still!...	V. 102
Good folk! for gold, or hire.....	V. 42	Hast thou seen the down in the...	V. 291
Good, good indeed! The herb's	VII. 146	Having, this day, my horse, my	III. 209
Good Housewives, whom God	III. 128	Haymakers! Rakers! Reapers!	V. 168
Good Ladies! ye that have your	II. 84	Hay! now the day dais!	III. 169
Good Madam! when Ladies are	VIII. 143	Health is the first good lent to...	VI. 124
'Good morrow to the day so fair!	VI. 132	Health to my fair Odelia! Some	V. 192
Good Muse! rock me asleep ...	IV. 77	Hear me, O, God!	V. 30
Good people all, of every sort...	IX. 8	'Hears not, my Phillis! how the	VII. 231
Good speed! For I, this day ...	VI. 120	Heart's-ease, a herb that.....	VI. 200
Go, perjured Maid! to all.....	VII. 103	Hear, ye Ladies that despise.....	V. 61
Go, perjured man! and if thou	VI. 129	Hear, ye Virgins! and I'll teach	VI. 143
'Go, rose, my Chloe's bosom	VIII. 159	Heaven, and Earth, and all that	II. 27
Go, Soul, the Body's guest	IV. 156	Help me to seek! for I lost it there	II. 14
Go, tell Amynta, gentle Swain!	VII. 22	Hence, all you vain Delights!...	V. 66
Go then, and join the roaring.....	X. 164	Hence, away! You, Sirens!	V. 68
Go, thou gentle whispering Wind!	V. 212	Hence, loathed Melancholy! ...	VI. 10
Go, wailing Verse! the infant of	III. 290	Hence, vain deluding Joys!	VI. 15
'Grant me, gentle Love,' said I	VIII. 59	Henrietta's serious charms	IX. 153
Grant me, indulgent Heaven! a	VII. 281	He, or She, that hopes to gain...	V. 256
Great Monarch of the World!...	VI. 169	Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom	X. 91
Green grow the rushes, O!	X. 53	Here, Cupid puffed, and strung	VIII. 200
Grieve not, dear Love!	VI. 197	Here, here, I live!	VI. 109
Guardian Angels! now protect	IX. 52	'Here, in cool grot and mossy...	IX. 45
		Here lies a great and mighty...	VII. 108
		Here lies Jonson with the rest...	VI. 130
		Here lies the Lyric, who, with	VIII. 209
Had I a heart for falsehood framed	X. 97	Here lies, whom hound did ne'er	X. 24
Had I loved but at the rate	V. 118	Here's a Health to one I lo'dear!	X. 75

Index of First Lines, Vols. I—X.

	PAGE
Here's a Health to the Queen	VIII. 37
Here's a Health unto his.....	VI. 295
Here's to the Maiden of blushing	X. 96
Her eyes, the glowworm lend...	VI. 141
Her face, her tongue, her wit, so	IV. 151
Her fair inflaming Eyes	IV. 242
Her hair with curls of Pleasure...	VI. 191
Her hair with Lover's Hopes...	VI. 190
Her loved I most!	V. 43
Her sheep had in clusters crept	IX. 207
He's gone the bright way that	VII. 286
He that is down, needs fear no	VII. 54
He that is weary, let him sit! ...	V. 170
He that loves a rosy Cheek	V. 221
'Hey, down-a-down!' did Dian	IV. 136
Hic jacet John Shorthose	VI. 288
Hide, O, hide those hills of.....	IV. 16
'High is the Tower, and the.....	X. 193
High State and honours to.....	VII. 23
His golden locks, time hath to .	III. 183
'Ho! brother Teague! dost hear	VII. 190
Holly stands in the Hall, fair to	I. 145
Honest Lover whosoever	V. 276
Hopeless, and helpless too, poor	III. 163
Hopeless, I languish out my...	VII. 137
Hope, thou Nurse of young.....	IX. 159
How blessed has my time been!	IX. 131
How blest with thee, the path ...	X. 164
How blyth, ilk morn, was I to	VIII. 194
How brimful of Nothing's the	VIII. 265
How changed is my Celadon's...	X. 128
How easy was Colin, how blithe	IX. 129
How firmly fixed, I thought my	VIII. 226
How fresh does the morning ...	IX. 246
How fresh, O, Lord! how sweet	V. 174
How, Gossip mine! Gossip mine!	I. 108
How happy a state does the...	VIII. 297
How happy could I be with...	VIII. 170
How happy is he born and	IV. 299
How happy the Lover!	VII. 11
How hardly I concealed my ...	VII. 259
How I do love thee, Beaumont	IV. 214
How ill doth he deserve a Lover's	V. 218

	PAGE
How little do the land-men know	IX. 190
How long, with vain complaining	III. 160
How! 'Mortal hate!' For what	VII. 287
How pleasant a Sailor's life ...	IX. 293
How sacred and how innocent	VI. 270
How should I, your True Love	IV. 9
How sleep the Brave, whosink to	IX. 58
How stands the Glass around?...	IX. 50
How sweet I roamed from field to	X. 140
How sweet is Love's first gentle	X. 217
How sweet is the Shepherd's sweet	X. 147
'How sweetly smells the	VIII. 182
How vainly men themselves ...	VII. 83
How welcome, my Shepherd!...	IX. 242
How wisely Nature did decree	VII. 94
How you oblige me, scornful...	VII. 208

I am a Batchelor winsome	IX. 222
I am a Friar of Orders Gray.....	X. 47
I am an Englishman; and naked I	II. 284
I am, in truth, a Country Youth	VIII. 269
I am just two and two! I am ...	X. 20
I am Monarch of all I survey!...	X. 21
Ianthe the lovely, the joy of her	VIII. 55
I ask thee, Whence those ashes...	V. 210
I beheld her on a day.....	V. 11
I can love, and love entirely.....	V. 99
I cannot change, as others do...	VII. 121
I cannot eat but little meat; my	III. 135
I chanced, of late, an ancient...	IV. 283
I charge thee, by those eyes of...	VI. 216
I could but see thee yesterday...	VI. 147
I could never have the power ...	IV. 208
I dare not ask a kiss!	VI. 130
I did but look and love awhile	VII. 170
I die!	V. 74
I do confess, thou'rt smooth and	V. 114
I dwell in Grace's Court.....	IV. 56
If all the World and Love were	IV. 135
If aught of oaten stop, or Pastoral	IX. 56
If doughty deeds my Lady please	IX. 264

Index of First Lines, Vols. I—X.

PAGE	PAGE
'I fear thee, Ancient Mariner!... X. 250	I lately vowed, but 'twas in ... VII. 293
I feed a flame within, which so VII. 1	I'll from my breast tear fond... VII. 254
If ever I marry, I'll marry a..... III. 70	I'll gaze no more on her..... V. 215
If from the lustre of the sun ... IX. 269	'I'll tell her, the next time!' said VIII. 239
If I freely may discover IV. 218	I loathe that I did love! II. 249
If I had wit for to indite II. 289	I loo'd ne'er a Laddie but ane!... X. 122
If I live to grow old (for I find VII. 128	I looked, and I sighed, and I VIII. 58
If in that breast so good, so pure X. 158	I love, and He loves me again... V. 26
If I were dead, and, in my place VI. 177	I love! but She alone shall know VIII. 67
If Love be life, I long to die!... IV. 174	I loved thee once; I'll love no... V. 107
'If Love, his arrows shoot so fast V. 193	I love! I dote! I rave with pain! VII. 168
If Music and sweet Poetry agree IV. 21	I love the jocund dance..... X. 142
If Music be the food of Love... VII. 248	I'm lonesome, since I crossed the IX. 120
I followed fame, and got VII. 268	I'm told by the wise ones, a Maid X. 116
If those who live in Shepherd's VIII. 278	I mun be married a Sunday!.... III. 51
'If thou hadst liberty to choose VIII. 233	I'm wearin' awa', John!..... X. 218
If thou in surety safe wilt sit ... III. 136	In a grove, most rich of shade... III. 212
If thou long'st so much to learn IV. 232	In all humanity, we crave VII. 108
If thou wilt mighty be, flee from II. 10	In all this world; I think none... III. 167
If thus, we needs must go..... V. 40	In an arbour..... I. 193
If 'tis joy to wound a Lover... VIII. 45	In a sad unfrequented cypress... VII. 163
If to be absent, were to be VI. 84	In a sweet healthy air, on a farm X. 138
If Wine and Music have the... VIII. 80	In Beauty, or Wit..... VIII. 150
If Women could be fair and..... III. 298	In Britain's Isle, no matter where IX. 86
If you can find a heart, sweet ... VI. 295	In Celia's face, a question did ... V. 217
If you do love as well as I..... V. 299	In Church, the 'Prayer Book' VIII. 149
I got me flowers, to straw thy way V. 185	In Cyprus sat fair Venus, by a . III. 241
I grant, a thousand oaths I swore VII. 68	In Cyprus, springs (where as Dame II. 64
I grieve; and dare not show my III. 157	In dew of roses steeping IV. 225
I had both money and a friend... II. 286	I never drank of Aganippe Well III. 205
I hate the Country's dirt and..... V. 204	I never saw a face till now..... VII. 125
I have been in love, and in debt VI. 264	I never yet could see that face... VI. 248
I have considered it! and find... VI. 179	In Georgia's land, where Tiflis... IX. 53
I have done one braver thing..... V. 95	In going to my naked bed, as... III. 102
I have lost, and lately, these ... VI. 110	In good King Charles's golden VIII. 147
I heard, lately, to a Lady..... II. 89	In Heaven, one holiday, you... VIII. 71
I heard when Fame, with..... III. 56	In her fair cheeks, two pits do lie V. 224
I hope there's no Soul IX. 281	In holiday gown, and my new... IX. 200
I in these flowery meads would VI. 246	In London stands a famous Pile VIII. 175
I joy not in no earthly bliss! ... III. 227	In long time past, when, in..... III. 164
I know that all beneath the ... IV. 288	In Love's name, you are charged! V. 194
I know the thing that's most VIII. 1	In May, as that Aurora did..... I. 1
I know thy malice, trifling Boy! VII. 293	In my conceit, She would him... VI. 81

Index of First Lines, Vols. I—X.

	PAGE		PAGE
In peascod time, when hound to	IV. 142	Is it possible	II. 32
In pride of youth, in midst of...	IV. 86	Is Love a Boy? What means he	III. 281
In prime of youthful years, as...	III. 161	I slyly stole this secret Charm	VIII. 227
In September, in falling of the ...	I. 219	'I smile at Love, and all his...	VII. 298
In sober mornings, do not thou	VI. 107	I smile to see how you devise...	III. 196
In Sparta, long ago, where.....	III. 232	Is She not full of all goodly	I. 123
In such a night, when every ...	VIII. 112	Is there, for honest Poverty	X. 60
Insulting Beauty! you misspend	VII. 118	I stood, and saw my Mistress ...	V. 193
In the barn, the tenant Cock ...	IX. 202	I strove in vain! Here, take my	VII. 249
In the large book of Plays, you	VI. 221	I struck the board, and cried.....	V. 172
In the merry month of May.....	IV. 70	I swear, by Muscadel!.....	VI. 173
In this disguise and pastoral ...	IV. 99	'It always has been thought...	VIII. 89
In time of yore, when Shepherds	III. 186	It chanced, of late, a Shepherd's	IV. 168
In two large columns on thy	VIII. 152	I tell thee, Dick! where I have	V. 272
In vain, a thousand slaves have	VII. 218	It fell about the Lammas-tide....	I. 50
In vain, dear Cloe! you suggest	VIII. 236	I, that erstwhile the world's.....	IV. 273
In vain, with riches would you try	IX. 244	It hath been, through all Ages... III.	1
In vain, you boast poetic names	VIII. 109	I, that in heal was and gladness... I.	23
In vain, you tell your parting	VIII. 70	I thought, I could not go astray	VI. 210
Invest my head with fragrant ...	VI. 176	It is an Ancient Mariner	X. 241
In wet and cloudy mists, I slowly	V. 242	It is not, Celia, in our power... VII.	139
In youth, before I waxèd old ...	IV. 43	It is not that I love you less ...	VI. 55
I own I am fickle! To Phillida's	X. 130	It must be so! Plato, thou ...	VIII. 48
I pass all my hours in a shady... VI.	242	I told my Nymph, I told her true	IX. 44
I passed my childhood's home... X.	190	I took the paper in my trembling	VIII. 129
I pray thee, leave! Love me no	V. 39	I travelled on; seeing the Hill... V.	171
I pray thee, Love! say, Whither	IV. 45	It was a Friar of Orders Gray... IX.	176
I pray thee, Nymph! by all the .	III. 276	It was a lovely sight to see	X. 279
I prithee, let my heart alone.....	VI. 80	It was a valley gaudy green..... III.	264
I prithee, send me back my heart!	V. 283	It was the Frog in the Well ...	IV. 193
I prithee, spare me, gentle Boy!	V. 286	It was the winter wild	V. 136
I promised Sylvia to be true ...	VII. 116	I've gotten a rock! I've gotten a	X. 155
I rose up at the dawn of day..... X.	144	I've heard of a liltling, at ourewes'	IX. 170
I said to my heart, between... VIII.	225	I've no sheep on the mountain, nor	X. 197
I saw Eternity, the other night	VI. 183	I've seen the smiling..... IX.	172
I saw fair Chloris walk alone ...	VI. 23	I walked along a stream, for ...	IV. 133
I saw, in secret, to my Dame... IV.	43	I wandered out, a while agone... V.	75
I saw, last night, a pretty sight!	VII. 156	I was foretold, Your rebel sex ...	V. 222
I saw my Lady weep!	IV. 163	I weigh not Fortune's frown or... IV.	269
Is Celadon unkind? It cannot	VII. 33	I will be plane..... III.	71
I sent a Sigh unto my Blest One's	V. 250	I will confess	V. 269
I sing divine Astrea's praise!... III.	292	I will you tell a full good sport... I.	108
I sing of Brooks, of Blossoms ...	VI. 106	I, with whose colours Myra..... III.	225

Index of First Lines, Vols. I—X.

	PAGE
I wonder, what Alexis ails? ...	VII. 186
I wonder, why, by foul-mouthed	VI. 220
I would the God of Love would	V. 195
Jack and Joan, they think no ill	IV. 239
Jockey was a dowdy lad.....	VII. 273
Jog on! jog on the foot-path ...	IV. 9
John Anderson, my jo! John!...	X. 88
John Gilpin was a Citizen.....	X. 1
Jolly Shepherd, Shepherd on a...	IV. 164
Julia, if I chance to die.....	VI. 106
Keep on your veil, and hide your	V. 238
Kind are her answers	IV. 235
King Heart, into his comely Castle	II. 212
Kitty's charming Voice and Face	IX. 164
Know, Celia! (since thou art so	V. 220
Know then, my brethren!	VI. 44
Ladies! farewell! I must retire!	VII. 38
Ladies! fly from Love's smooth	V. 225
Ladies! though to your	VII. 144
Lady, that, in the prime of	VI. 22
Lady! you are with beauties so	IV. 127
Laid in my quiet bed, in study as I	II. 55
Laid in my quiet bed to rest.....	III. 145
Lament! lament! you Scholars...	V. 235
Lapped on Cythera's golden sands	X. 206
Last May, a braw Wooer cam'...	X. 86
Lately, on yonder swelling bush	VI. 59
'Laugh not too much! Perhaps	IV. 79
Laura! thy sighs must now no...	X. 227
Lay a garland on my hearse ...	IV. 208
Leave, Garrick! the rich.....	IX. 182
Leave me, O, Love! which.....	III. 223
Leave me, simple Shepherd! ...	IX. 276

	PAGE
Lest the misconst'ring World ...	V. 257
Let it not your wonder move.....	V. 10
Let me not, to the marriage of... ..	IV. 4
Let not Love on me bestow... ..	VIII. 62
Let other Bards invoke the	IX. 247
Let's now take our time.....	VI. 124
Let them censure! what care I?	VIII. 81
Let the Nymph still avoid, and be	IX. 133
Let us turn usurers of time.....	VII. 41
Let Vice no more, in her full... ..	VII. 281
Let who will, complain of the... ..	IX. 166
Life has no real bliss in store!	IX. 213
Life is a jest; and all things... ..	VIII. 166
Like a ring, without a finger ...	IV. 197
Like as a huntsman, after weary	IV. 42
Like a young Gallant, newly come	V. 32
Like desert woods, with	IV. 90
Like Memnon's rock, touched... ..	IV. 39
Like the violet, which alone.....	V. 202
Like to a hermit poor, in place	IV. 155
Like to Diana in her summer... ..	III. 268
Like to these unmeasurable	II. 31
Like truthless dreams, so are my	IV. 149
Live, live with me! and thou... ..	VI. 139
Live, Spenser, ever in thy 'Fairy	IV. 23
London! thou art of townè's 'A	I. 31
Long ere the morn.....	V. 296
Long had our dull forefathers... ..	VII. 260
Long have I lived in Court: yet	IV. 36
Long time I fought, and fiercely	III. 161
Long time, Plain Dealing, in the	VII. 109
Long was I, Lady Luck! your... ..	II. 125
Lords, Knights, and Squires ...	VIII. 76
Lord! Thou hast given me a cell	VI. 148
Loud roared the dreadful thunder	X. 230
Love, a child is, ever crying! ...	V. 88
Love and Folly were at play... ..	VIII. 66
Love and my Mistress were at... ..	IV. 74
Love bade me hope; and I ...	VII. 117
Love bade me welcome! yet my	V. 186
Love, Beauty, Valour, when their	V. 265
Love built a stately House: where	V. 179
Love, drunk the other day	VI. 92

Index of First Lines, Vols. I—X.

	PAGE		PAGE
Love guides the roses of thy lips	IV. 92	Martial! the things that do attain	II. 57
Love! if a God thou art	IV. 121	Marvellous be thy matchless.....	III. 75
'Love! if thou wilt, once more...'	V. 59	Master Roister Doister will.....	III. 52
Love, in fantastic Triumph sat	VII. 159	May I find a woman fair.....	IV. 196
Love, in my bosom, like a bee...	III. 270	May the ambitious ever find ...	VII. 43
Love is a law, a discord, of such	V. 104	Me Cupid made a happy slave	VIII. 63
Love is a scion cropped from	VIII. 61	Melampus! When will Love be	III. 185
Love is a sickness, full of woes	IV. 101	Melpomene! the Muse of tragic	III. 184
Love is blind, and a wanton! ...	IV. 214	Men! if you love us; play no ...	V. 7
Lovely Maya, Hermes' mother	IV. 66	Men, with much toil, and time	VII. 145
Love me little; love me long! ...	III. 116	Merry it was, in green forest.....	I. 84
Love, Mistress is of many minds	IV. 52	Methought, I saw the grave.....	III. 284
Love, Reason, Hate, did once ...	V. 282	Milton! thou shouldst be living at	X. 169
Love's a lovely lad!	V. 103	Mine be a Cot beside the hill! ...	X. 106
Love's an idle childish Passion	VIII. 232	Mine eye, with all the Deadly...	IV. 116
Love's Goddess, sure, was blind	VII. 228	' Mine high Estate, power, and...	II. 114
Love's Queen (long waiting for	IV. 81	Mine old dear Enemy, my froward	II. 38
Love still has something of the	VII. 234	Mine own John Poyntz! Since ye	II. 18
Love thee! good sooth, not I...	VI. 275	Mistaken Fair! lay 'Sherlock'...	IX. 71
Love! thou'rt the best of human	VII. 198	' Morning! Morning!'	II. 266
Love, wearied with his roving	VIII. 97	Morpheus, the humble God that	VI. 32
Love, what art thou? A vain...	V. 87	Mortality, behold and fear!.....	IV. 200
Love, when 'tis true, needs not	VII. 244	My bonny Lass, thine eye.....	IV. 88
Love, which is, here, a Care.....	V. 60	My Daphne's hair is twisted.....	III. 200
Love who will; for I'll love.....	IV. 278	My days have been so wondrous	VIII. 114
Luxuriant with perennial green...	X. 100	My dear and only Love! I pray	VI. 102
		My dearly lovèd friend! how oft	V. 46
		My dear Mistress has a heart...	VII. 116
		My Eye! why didst thou light.	III. 137
		My flocks feed not! My ewes...	IV. 18
		My Galley, chargèd with	II. 3
		My ghostly father! I me confess	I. 122
		My Goddess, Lydia, heavenly...	VII. 119
		My heart is a breaking, dear.....	X. 58
		My heart leaps up, when I.....	X. 183
		My heart's lust and all my pleasure	II. 104
		My lov'd, my honor'd, much.....	X. 66
		My Love and I, for kisses played	V. 238
		My Love bound me, with a kiss	IV. 130
		My love is strengthened, though	IV. 8
		My Love lay sleeping, where ...	IV. 41
		My Lute, awake! Perform the ...	II. 12
		My Maker! of thy Power the trace	X. 296
Madam! as long as it doth please	I. 124		
Madam, 'tis true your beauties...	V. 208		
Maidens! why spare ye?.....	IV. 258		
'Maid! will ye love me? Yea	III. 192		
Make me a bowl, a mighty bowl	VII. 107		
Man, if thou be'st a Babe of ...	VI. 44		
Man's a poor deluded Bubble	VIII. 295		
Man upon mould, whatsoever thou	I. 179		
Many desire; but few, or none...	IV. 153		
Margarita first possest	VI. 254		
Mark, how the bashful Morn in...	V. 217		
Mark, that swift arrow! how it...	V. 260		
Mark, when She smiles with ...	IV. 44		
Mars, in a fury 'gainst Love's...	III. 248		

Index of First Lines, Vols. I—X.

PAGE	PAGE
My mind to me a Kingdom is! III. 228	Not for the promise of the laboured X. 112
My mother bids me bind my hair X. 95	Nothing adds to your fond fire VII. 120
My mother's maids, when they did II. 4	Not long ago a youthful Swain IV. 280
My Pen! take pain, a little space II. 30	Not marble, nor the gilded..... IV. 12
My Phillis hath the morning sun IV. 91	Not that I wish my Mistress ... VI. 34
My Ratcliff! when thy retchless II. 81	Not that thy fair hand..... VII. 173
Myshag-hair[ed] Cyclops! come III. 204	Not the soft sighs of vernal gales IX. 118
My sheep I neglected, I lost my IX. 170	Not though I know he fondly... VII. 203
'My silks and fine array..... X. 143	Not with more glories in th'... VIII. 10
My soul, there is a country..... VI. 178	Not yet bestowed! Melania?!. VII. 226
My sweetest Lesbia, let us live... IV. 229	No warning of th' approaching VIII. 238
My temples, with clusters of ... IX. 119	Now coolèd is Dame Venns' brand I. 46
My Thoughts are winged with... IV. 26	Now each creature joys the other IV. 98
My time, O, ye Muses! was... VIII. 100	Nowell! Nowell! Nowell! II. 131
My True Love hath my heart ... III. 206	Now, have I learned, with much IV. 176
	Now is the time for mirth!..... VI. 113
Nature and Fortune, blithe and IX. 74	Now, Joan! we are married! and X. 128
Nay, Ivy! Nay! it shall not be... I. 145	Now, let her change, and spare IV. 244
Near Richmond's bright vales, in IX. 140	'Now, Robin! lend to me thy... II. 111
Needy Knife-Grinder! whither are X. 212	Now that the winter's gone, the... V. 211
Never love! unless you can..... IV. 249	Now, the bright Morning Star... V. 133
Never was I less alone, than being II. 129	Now the dancing sunbeams play X. 93
News from the heavens! All ... IV. 76	Now the lusty Spring is seen..... V. 61
Nimble Boy! in thy warm flight V. 200	'Now to disclose II. 275
Noblest Charis! you that are ... V. 14	Now winter nights enlarge IV. 229
No glory I covet! no riches I ... IX. 263	Nymph of the splendent eye and X. 189
No! I will sooner trust the wind VI. 75	
No joy, or grief, can, in this life V. 80	O, cruel Love! on thee I lay... III. 202
'No more! my Dear! No more III. 218	O, Cupid! Monarch over Kings! III. 199
No more of my Harriot! of Polly X. 42	O, day, most calm, most bright! V. 177
No more shall meads be decked V. 214	O, dear! what can the matter be? X. 111
No! No! fair heretic! It needs V. 282	O, Death! rock me on sleep!... II. 244
No! No! Poor suffering heart VII. 7	O, do not wanton with those eyes! V. 1
No! No! 'Tis in vain, in this... IX. 262	O'er the heath, the heifer strays IX. 205
No Nymph of the plain I can find IX. 139	O, faithless World! and thy ... IV. 298
Norfolk sprang thee! Lambeth... II. 62	Of all the Girls that are so smart VIII. 266
Nor Love, nor Fate, dare I accuse V. 157	Of all the torments, all the cares VIII. 52
No sooner, Flavio! were you... VII. 194	Of a' the airts the wind can blow X. 80
Not caring to observe the wind VI. 52	Of Februar', the fifteenth night... I. 41
Not, Celia! that I juster am ... VII. 243	Of Leinster, famed for Maidens VIII. 172

Index of First Lines, Vols. I—X.

	PAGE		PAGE
O, fly, my soul! What hangs...	VI. 202	One asked me, Where the roses	VI. 146
Of old, when Scarron his.....	IX. 25	One day, Good bye! met How...	X. 207
O, forbear to bid me slight her!	VIII. 128	One day, I wrote her name upon	IV. 42
Of Serving Men I will begin.....	II. 288	One day, the God of fond desire	VIII. 282
Oft hast thou told me, Dick! in	VIII. 186	One night, I did attend my sheep	IV. 68
Of thee, kind Boy! I ask no red	V. 284	One night, when all the village	VII. 66
'Oft I've implored the Gods in...	IX. 214	One of her hands one of her.....	IV. 17
'Of your trouble, Ben! to ease...	V. 19	One silent night, of late	VI. 118
O, gentle Love! ungentle for...	III. 184	O, Nicias! there is no other.....	III. 234
O, good Englishman! hear what I	II. 285	O, nightingale! best poet of the	VIII. 282
O, goodly hand!.....	II. 26	O, nightingale! that, on yon ...	VI. 2
O, grant that Marshal Wade...	VIII. 275	Only a little more.....	VI. 152
O, happy Dames! that may.....	II. 82	Only tell her, that I love!.....	VII. 179
O, happy Thames! that didst...	III. 211	O, no more! no more! Too late	V. 166
Oh! how I sigh and sob!.....	V. 84	On quicksedge, wrought with...	IV. 93
O, how could I venture to love	IX. 59	On racks of Love distended ...	VII. 178
O, I'll have a husband! aye...	VIII. 271	On Richmond hill there lives a...	X. 203
O, Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the	X. 65	On Scotia's plains, in days of ...	IX. 283
O, last and best of Scots! who...	VII. 9	On Thames's bank, a gentle...	VIII. 249
Old Chiron thus preached to his	VII. 172	On the brow of a Hill a young...	IX. 106
Old friendship binds (though...	III. 138	On the high summit of yon rocky	X. 189
Old Menalcas, on a day.....	III. 246	O, Nymph! of Fortune's smiles	X. 132
Old Time and Pleasure, on a day	IX. 168	Orpheus, with his lute, made ...	IV. 14
O, Life! what lets thee from a	IV. 55	O, ruddier than the cherry!...	VIII. 159
'O, Love! if e'er thou'lt ease a...	VI. 296	O, sacred Blush, impurpling ...	IV. 289
O, Love! that stronger art than	VII. 155	O, saw ye bonie Lesley	X. 82
O, Mary! at thy window be! ...	X. 57	'O, say, What is that thing.....	VIII. 257
O, Mary! turn awa	X. 163	'O, sleep! it is a gentle thing.....	X. 253
O, Mistress mine, where are you	IV. 13	'O, sop of sorrow, sunken into...	I. 171
O, my heart! and O, my heart...	II. 109	O, Sorrow! Sorrow! say, Where	V. 188
O, my Love's like the red, red.....	X. 89	O, Summer! thy presence gives	X. 135
O, my Philander! ope your.....	VII. 153	O, sweet delight! O, more than	IV. 230
On a bank, beside a willow.....	VII. 6	O, that joy so soon should	IV. 215
On a hill, that graced the plain	IV. 279	O, that my tongue had been as...	V. 111
'On a hill there grows a flower	IV. 75	O, that those lips had language!	X. 16
O, Nancy! wilt thou go with me	IX. 174	O, the bonny Christ Church ...	VII. 146
Once, as methought, Fortune me	II. 22	O, the brave Fisher's life!.....	VI. 198
Once did my thoughts both ebb	IV. 286	O, the month of May! the	IV. 189
Once in our lives.....	VII. 172	O, the pleasing, pleasing	VIII. 45
Once may I see, when years may	III. 291	O, the sweet contentment.....	IV. 266
Once more, I tune the vocal shell!	IX. 184	O, thou that swing'st upon the...	VI. 86
Once more, Love's mighty.....	VII. 124	Our reign is come! For in the...	IV. 205
Once, Venus' cheeks, that shamed	V. 239	Out upon it! I have loved.....	V. 294

Index of First Lines, Vols. I—X.

	PAGE
'O, Venus! Beauty of the skies!	VIII. 104
Over the mountains, and under...	V. 148
O, Virgins! tell me how to choose!	X. 126
O, weel may the boatie row	X. 198
O, where, tell me where, is your X.	229
O, whistle, and I'll come to you X.	74
O, whither is my Love	VII. 299
'O, why is Man so thoughtless	VII. 180
O, words, which fall like summer	III. 206
O, would to God! a way were...	V. 90
O, Years! and Age! farewell!	VI. 151
O, Yes! O, Yes! if any Maid ...	III. 203
O, you powerful Gods! If I...	VII. 37
Pack, clouds, away; and.....	IV. 297
Pan's Syrinx was a Girl indeed.	III. 200
Pass forth, my wonted cries! ...	II. 23
Passion may my judgment blear!	IV. 126
Pastime with good company.....	II. 108
Patience! Though I have not...	II. 29
Peace! babbling Muse!	VI. 51
Peace, Cupid! Take thy bow in	VII. 33
Penny is a hardy knight	I. 79
Perdy! I said it not	II. 46
'Perhaps, it is not Love,' said I	IX. 48
Persnade me not, there is a grace	VIII. 111
Phillida was a fair Maid	II. 58
Phillis! be gentler! I advise...	VII. 122
Phillis is lively, brisk, and gay	VIII. 200
Phillis is my only joy!	VII. 245
Phillis kept sheep along the.....	III. 260
Phillis! men say, That all my...	VII. 233
Phillis! why should we delay...	VI. 64
Phillis! you have enough	VII. 246
Phyllis, for shame, let us	VII. 42
Pinch him! Pinch him black and	III. 198
Piping down the valleys wild ...	X. 139
Pity, fair Sappho! one that dies	VII. 114
Placebo!	II. 132
Pluck the fruit, and taste the...	III. 274
Poets may boast (as safely vain)	VI. 61
Poets, your subjects, have their	VII. 8
Polly! from me, though now a	VIII. 206
Poor Celia, once, was very fair	VI. 294
Poor Harpalus, oppressed with	IV. 226
Pope has the talent well to speak	VIII. 211
Prepared to rail, resolved to part	VII. 218
Preserve thy sighs, unthrifty Girl	VI. 226
Pretty twinkling starry eyes! ...	IV. 71
Priests of Apollo! Sacred be the	V. 37
Prithee, Cloe! not so fast!.....	VII. 291
Prithee, little Boy! refrain! ...	VII. 64
Prithee, sweet Fair One! why so	X. 158
'Prithee, tell me, Phillis!.....	VI. 289
Prithee, tell me, What a Beau	VIII. 98
Prithee, why so angry? Sweet!	VII. 55
Purse! who'll not know, you ...	V. 233
Queen and Huntress, chaste and	IV. 217
Queen of the silver bow! by thy	X. 92
Quivering fears, heart-tearing ...	V. 130
Rare artisan! whose pencil.....	VI. 54
Reach, with your whiter hands	VI. 146
Reading ends in melancholy!...	VIII. 85
Reason and Love, lately, at.....	IV. 129
Reason and Time had once.....	VII. 40
Rebellious fools! that scorn to...	VI. 74
Reign in my thoughts, fair	III. 291
Renowned Spenser, lie a thought	V. 22
Resound my voice, ye woods! that	II. 32
Restore thy tresses to the golden	III. 290
'Rest you still, most gallant.....	IV. 109
Return, my joys! and hither.....	V. 239
Rhyme, the rack of finest Wits!	V. 4
Rich damask roses in fair cheeks	IV. 94
Right as the Star of Day began to	I. 7
Ring out your bells! Let.....	III. 220
Rise, Heart! Thy Lord is risen!	V. 184
Robene sat on [a] good green hill	I. 146

Index of First Lines, Vols. I—X.

	PAGE
Roister Doister is my name.....	III. 51
Romira! stay.....	VI. 72
Roses, at first, were white.....	VI. 120
Roses, their sharp spines being...	IV. 211
Royal Charlie's now awa.....	IX. 36
Sad, all alone, not long I musing	IV. 39
Say, but did you love so long! ...	V. 295
Say, Corinna! Do you find ...	VII. 290
Say, Myra! why is gentle Love	VIII. 246
Says my uncle, 'I pray you ...	VIII. 167
Say, sweet Carol! Who are they	X. 191
Say, that I should say, 'I love...'	IV. 77
Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled	X. 84
Sea-born Goddess! let me be...	VI. 129
See, how the orient dew.....	VII. 99
See, Hymen comes! How his	VII. 230
See! see! my Chloris comes in	VI. 274
See! see, she wakes! Sabina ...	VIII. 57
See the Chariot at hand here of...	V. 13
See, the Spring herself discloses	VI. 74
See, with what constant motion	VI. 94
See, with what simplicity	VII. 89
Send home my long-strayed Eyes	V. 94
Send me some Tokens! that my	V. 96
Sen that I am a Prisoner	I. 18
'Servant, farewell!' Is this my	V. 98
Serve thy God truly.....	I. 296
Set me where as the sun do[th]	II. 87
Shall I come, sweet Love! to ...	IV. 237
Shall I (like a hermit) dwell ...	IV. 162
Shall I no way win you to grant	III. 106
Shall I tell you, whom I love?...'	IV. 281
Shall I, wasting in despair	IV. 272
She dwelt among th' untrodden...	X. 171
She is so proper and pure.....	II. 286
Shepherd, what is Love? I pray	IV. 152
Shepherd! when thou seest me	IX. 77
She said. The pitying audience	VIII. 30
She sat and sewed, that hath done	II. 9
She smiled to see her son in such	III. 162

	PAGE
She's not the fairest of her name	VI. 41
She was a Phantom of delight ...	X. 182
She was not coy!	VIII. 218
She, whose fair flowers no	IV. 290
Shoot, false Love! I care not! ...	IV. 252
Should auld acquaintance be.....	X. 76
Shun delays! They breed	IV. 59
Shut not so soon! The dull-eyed	VI. 150
Sick of the World, fair Delia flew	IX. 141
Sigh no more, Ladies! sigh no	IV. 11
Sighs are my food: my drink is	II. 25
Silly boy, 'tis full moon yet! Thy	IV. 244
Silvia! of all your amorous ...	VII. 292
Silvio, go on! and raise thy.....	V. 62
Simple is my ghost, and scarce...'	I. 81
Since Coelia's my foe.....	VII. 74
Since, dearest Harry! you will	VII. 260
Since first I saw your face, I ...	IV. 223
Since, Fortune! thou art become	VI. 82
Since there's no help; come, let	IV. 260
Since true penance hath	IV. 124
Sing, all ye Muses! your lutes	VII. 267
Sing his praises, that doth keep	IV. 213
Sing, Lullaby! as women do...'	III. 133
Sing merrily now, my Lads! ...	VII. 147
Sing to Apollo! God of Day ...	III. 201
Sir Eglamore, that worthy knight	IV. 284
Sir Hugh Montgomery was he...'	I. 75
Sir John Cope trode the North	IX. 33
'Sir Painter! Are thy colours ..	IV. 24
Sister, awake! Close not your...'	IV. 265
Sisters of the tuneful strain!.....	IX. 194
Sit down, Carmela! here are...'	III. 244
Sleep, poor Youth! Sleep in...'	VII. 274
Sleep! Silence's child! Sweet...'	IV. 289
Sleep, ye great Manes of the ...	VII. 277
Slow, slow, fresh fount! Keep...'	IV. 215
'So cruel prison how could betide	II. 78
Soft child of Love! thou balmy	X. 137
Soft kisses may be innocent ...	VIII. 277
Soft slept the sea within its silver	IX. 233
So many Loves have I neglected	IV. 248
Some cry up Gunnersbury!	IX. 66

Index of First Lines, Vols. I—X.

PAGE			PAGE		
Some die with their eternal toil	VII.	219	Sweet Western Wind! whose...	VI.	121
Some say, Love.....	III.	249	Syne that I have a nonpareil.....	I.	124
Some talk of Alexander, and some	X.	41			
Some there are as fair to see too	IV.	121			
Some thirty, or forty, or fifty	VII.	269			
Some time I loved, as ye may see	I.	118	Tagus, farewell! that westward...	II.	48
Somewhat musing	I.	180	Take heed, bold Lover! Do not	VI.	277
'So passed a weary time: each...	X.	247	Take heed, fair Chloris! how...	VI.	278
So saith my fair and beautiful...	IV.	265	'Take in your Ancients, and your	II.	96
So well is me begun!.....	II.	288	Take, O, take those lips away...	IV.	16
Spite of thy Godhead, powerful	VII.	258	Take wing, my Soul! and.....	VII.	184
Spring all the Graces of the Age	V.	3	Tantivy! tivy! tivy! tivy! high	VII.	271
Steer hither! steer your wingèd	IV.	276	Tell me, dearest! What is Love?	IV.	209
Stella and Flavia, ev'ry hour...	VIII.	221	'Tell me, Eunesia! prithee ...	VIII.	298
Stella! the fullness of my.....	III.	211	Tell me, Eutresia! since my fate	V.	189
Still to be neat! Still to be drest	IV.	217	Tell me, gentle Strephon, why	VII.	141
'Still wilt thou sigh! and still	VII.	205	Tell me, good Hobbinol! what	III.	41
Strange fits of Passion I have ...	X.	170	Tell me, lovely loving pair!.....	VI.	56
Strange that such horror, and...	VI.	65	Tell me no more, how fair She	VI.	97
Strephon has Fashion, Wit, and	VII.	151	Tell me no more, I am	VII.	140
Strephon's sole care is, how to...	IX.	261	Tell me no more of Venus, and	VII.	178
Strephon! when thou seest me fly	IX.	77	Tell me not, I my time.....	VI.	29
Sufficed not, Madam! that you...	II.	48	Tell me not of a face that's fair	VI.	261
Sure, Cloe just, and Cloe fair...	VIII.	78	Tell me not of joy! There's none	V.	243
Swains! I hate the boist'rous Fair	IX.	245	Tell me not, Sweet! I am unkind	VI.	85
Swains, I scorn! who, nice and	IX.	78	Tell me not, Time hath played...	V.	197
Sweet Adon! dar'st not glance	III.	258	'Tell me tidings of my mother...	VI.	204
Sweet are the charms of her I	VIII.	140	Tell me, Where is Fancy bred...	IV.	3
Sweet are the thoughts that.....	III.	243	Tell me, ye softer Powers above!	VII.	152
Sweet Auburn! loveliest Village	IX.	10	'Thanks, Chloel Thy.....	VIII.	285
Sweet Day! so cool! so calm ...	V.	182	Thanks, fair Urania! to your...	VII.	238
Sweet Echo! Sweetest Nymph!	V.	145	'That, I would not persuaded be	III.	187
Sweetest Bud of Beauty! may	VII.	141	That none beguiled be, by Time's	V.	279
Sweet! I do not pardon crave...	IV.	122	That time of year, thou mayst in	IV.	12
Sweet kiss! thy sweets I fain ...	III.	210	That whereas your royal father...	V.	29
Sweet Love, mine only treasure!	IV.	171	That which her slender waist ...	VI.	61
Sweet Muse! tell me, where is .	III.	100	The Bard, whom the charms of...	X.	228
'Sweet Phillis! if a silly Swain	IV.	78	The blushing rose and purple...	V.	127
Sweet Smile, the Daughter of the	IV.	44	The Boar's Head in hand bring I	II.	130
Sweet Spring! thou turn'st, with	IV.	288	The Boar's Head, that we bring	II.	131
Sweet stream! that dost, with	VII.	257	'The business of Woman, dear	IX.	158
Sweet Suffolk owl, so trimly dight	V.	256	The chough and crow to roost are	X.	196
Sweet Violets! Love's Paradise!	IV.	139	The cruel Cælia loves, and.....	VII.	255

Index of First Lines, Vols. I—X.

	PAGE		PAGE
The Curfew tolls the knell of ...	IX. 99	The mind of a woman can never	VIII. 219
The dainty young heiress of ...	VII. 44	The mind of bright Suky's a jewel	IX. 279
'The day is departed; and round	IX. 256	The minutes, the hours, the...	VIII. 252
The dews of summer night did fall	IX. 237	The moon had climbed the highest	X. 102
The dusky night rides down the	VIII. 261	The more health he hath, the more	II. 210
The earth, late choked with.....	III. 273	The morning cloud was tinged	IX. 198
The English men had their bows	I. 65	The morning is charming, all...	IX. 62
The fifteenth Kalends of	II. 279	The Muse and the Hero together	IX. 63
The fire of Love in youthful ...	VII. 43	The Muses, quite jaded with ...	IX. 68
The fire seven times tried this!	IV. 5	Then, farewell, my trim-built...	IX. 297
The first Finder of our fair.....	I. 82	Then, follow, brave Boys! to...	VII. 266
The forward Violet thus did I...	IV. 8	Then hey, for a Lass wi' a tocher	X. 85
The forward youth, that would	VI. 232	The night is come, like to the...	VI. 33
The Gentry to the 'King's Head'	IV. 296	Then Life on the land · ladylike...	I. 136
The glories of our blood and...	VI. 201	Then, on the sudden, fast away	III. 163
The Gods are not more blest...	VII. 162	The Nymph must lose her female	X. 27
The golden gift that Nature did	II. 54	The Nymph that undoes me, is	VII. 136
'The Golden World is past' ...	III. 154	The partial Muse has, from my...	X. 92
The Gordian knot, which True...	V. 149	The Percy came before his host...	I. 55
The Grecians used to offer up...	IV. 93	The Percy, out of Northumberland	I. 63
The green that you did wish me	III. 112	The Play of Love is now begun	VIII. 264
The Hag is astride.....	VI. 125	The pleasures of Love and the	VII. 136
The hearth was clean, the fire ...	X. 124	The Poets feign, that, when the	IV. 268
The heart you left, when you...	VII. 187	The poor man fasts, because he	VI. 83
'The heavy hours are almost	VIII. 245	The Poplars are felled; and Adieu	X. 26
'The Hermit good lives in that	X. 263	The praise of meaner Wits, this	III. 284
The Hunt is up! The Hunt is up!	II. 105	The pride of ev'ry grove I chose	VIII. 86
The joys of eager Youth, of Wine	V. 146	Therefore, above the rest.....	IV. 291
The kiss, with so much strife....	V. 60	There is a field, through which I	X. 30
The Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud	X. 221	There is a garden in her face ...	IV. 238
The lapse of Time and Rivers is	X. 12	There is a jewel, which no Indian	IV. 252
The lark now leaves his wat'ry	VI. 226	There is a Lady sweet and kind	IV. 223
The Lass that would know how	VIII. 204	There is none, O, none but you!	IV. 85
The lazy mist hangs from the brow	X. 83	There lay this pretty perdue, safe	IV. 17
The lively lark stretched forth...	III. 296	There never yet was honest man	V. 281
The loppèd tree, in time, may...	IV. 51	There's a Youth in this City, it...	X. 64
The Maiden, through the favouring	X. 186	There sighs not on the plain...	VII. 110
The Maid that's blessed with ...	X. 210	There's no dallying with Love...	VI. 186
The man is blest	III. 121	There's nought but care on ev'ry	X. 53
The man upright of life, whose...	IV. 247	There was a Boy; ye knew him	X. 165
The merchant, to secure his...	VIII. 80	There was a jolly Miller once ...	IX. 159
The merry waves dance up and	VI. 257	There was an a May, and she	VIII. 202
The merry World did, on a day...	V. 186	There was an old fellow at ...	VIII. 219

Index of First Lines, Vols. I—X.

	PAGE		PAGE
There was an old man, and.....	X. 48	Think'st thou, that this love...	VII. 80
There was an old prophecy ...	VII. 191	Think'st thou to seduce me then	IV. 236
There was a Youth, and a.....	VII. 104	Thirsis, a kind and artless Youth	IX. 266
There was never nothing more me	II. 43	This Cap, that so stately appears	X. 35
There were three ravens sat on a	II. 126	This figure, that thou here seest...	V. 22
The Rose had been washed, just	X. 13	This hinder year I heard been told	I. 151
The rushing rivers that do run...	III. 98	This is the month; and this, the	V. 135
The Sailor sighs, as sinks his.....	X. 106	This King is like the Trinity.....	I. 155
The Sea Nymphs late did play.	III. 237	This latter night, amidst my.....	III. 165
These, equal syllables alone...	VIII. 3	This morning, timely rapt with.	IV. 222
These women all	II. 243	This night, before the dawning...	I. 28
The shape and face let others ...	IX. 253	This night is my departing night	IV. 188
The silver moon's enamoured...	IX. 199	This one request I make to him	V. 278
The smiling Morn, the breathing	IX. 147	This World a hunting is!.....	V. 59
The smoky sighs, the bitter tears	III. 58	Those arts which common	VII. 289
'The snows are melted, and the	VIII. 138	Tho, taking in her lap the God.	III. 162
The Soldier, worn with wars...	III. 168	Thou art not fair! for all thy red	IV. 250
The soote season, that bud and ...	II. 64	Thou, deity, swift-winged Love!	V. 65
Thestilis, a silly man, when love	II. 88	Though Clock	VI. 108
The sun does arise	X. 140	' Though Dorander's sincere	X. 210
The sun from the East tips the...	X. 125	Though his Passion in silence the	IX. 161
The sun hath twice brought forth	II. 52	Though I am young, and cannot v.	27
'The sun now rose upon the right	X. 245	Though I'm slim, and am young	IX. 188
'The sun sets in night, and the.....	X. 94	Though I never got possession	VIII. 145
The sun, when he hath spread his	II. 68	Though late, my heart! yet turn	IV. 177
The sun (which doth the greatest	IV. 201	Though laureate Poets, in old ...	I. 192
The tears I shed must ever fall!	X. 204	Though, Phillis! your prevailing	VII. 73
The trials, that those men do...	VII. 53	Though that face, matchless ...	IX. 138
The twentieth year is wellnigh ...	X. 37	Though when I loved thee, thou	VI. 79
The various Suppliants which	VIII. 294	Though women, 'tis true, are .	VIII. 218
The village bells ring merrily ...	X. 94	Thou, happy creature! art.....	VII. 130
The Wanton's charms, however	VIII. 284	Thou more than most sweet.....	IV. 221
The wanton troopers, riding by	VII. 76	Thou, once a body, now but air!	V. 156
The western sky was purpled o'er	IX. 46	' Thou, Shepherd, whose.....	VI. 208
The Women all tell me, I'm false	IX. 60	Thou soft-flowing Avon, by thy	IX. 196
The World's a bubble! and the	V. 105	Thou, that art proud of honour...	II. 116
The world's a Theatre. The ...	V. 161	Thou, that by ruin dost repair...	VI. 214
The world was hushed, and ...	VII. 272	Thou that hast shot so many ...	VI. 175
The wrathful Winter, 'proaching	III. 77	Thou that loved once, now lov'st	V. 108
They are all gone into the.....	VI. 181	Thou watchful Taper, by whose	VIII. 56
They flee from me, that sometime	II. 2	Three Poets, in three distant...	VII. 7
They tell me, That Phillis is ...	IX. 267	Thrice, toss these oaken ashes in	IV. 251
They, that never had the use ...	VI. 63	Through a fair forest, as I went	IV. 181

Index of First Lines, Vols. I—X.

	PAGE
Through mournful shades, and	VII. 252
Through the shrubs as I can ...	III. 262
Throw away thy rod!.....	V. 183
Thus, in pomp and priestly pride	V. 158
Thus Kitty, beautiful and.....	VIII. 84
Thus, lately, to Cupid I offered my	X. 109
Thus Love and War, and Age...	VI. 192
Thus, thus, begin the yearly rites	V. 7
Thus to a ripe, consenting Maid	VIII. 56
Thy fatal shafts unerring move!	IX. 132
Thy leave.....	V. 73
Thyrsis, a young and am'rous	VIII. 119
Thyrsis! I wish, as well as you	VII. 237
Time! I ever must complain.....	V. 82
Time is a feathered thing.....	VI. 225
Time may Ambition's nest destroy	X. 93
Time was upon.....	VI. 151
'Tis a child of Fancy's getting ...	VI. 174
'Tis a twelvemonth ago, nay!...	IX. 173
'Tis, in good truth, a most.....	VI. 231
'Tis not a pyramid of marble ...	V. 261
'Tis not how witty, nor how free	VI. 291
'Tis not your beauty can engage	VI. 53
'Tis now, since I sat down	V. 292
'Tis said, as Cupid danced	VI. 128
'Tis the middle of night by the...	X. 269
'Tis true, I have loved already ...	VI. 247
'Tis true, I never was in love ...	VI. 263
'Tis Wine that inspires.....	VI. 193
'Tis Women make us love! ...	VII. 172
'To Arms! To Arms!' the ...	VII. 39
Tobacco is but an Indian weed	VII. 297
Tobacco's a Musician	V. 35
To carve our Loves in myrtle ...	V. 252
To climb the high and haughty	III. 150
To draw no envy, Shakespeare!	V. 23
To ease my troubled mind of...	VIII. 247
'To fix her! 'Twere a task as...	IX. 134
To him who in an hour must die	VIII. 247
To keep thysaul frae puny strife	VIII. 185
To little or no purpose, I spent	VII. 143
Toll for the brave!.....	X. 28
To London once my steps I bent	I. 113

	PAGE
To make a final conquest of all	VII. 91
Tom and Will. were Shepherds...	V. 206
To many a Kitty, Love his car	IX. 158
Tom loves Mary passing well...	IX. 210
To praise thy life, or wail thy...	III. 285
To rise betimes, himself to	II. 211
To shine in silk, and glister all	IV. 271
To stifle Passion is no easy ...	VIII. 120
To take thy Calling thankfully .	III. 124
To the old, long life and treasure!	V. 9
To these, whom Death again ...	VI. 168
To this moment, a rebel; I ...	VII. 115
To thy Lover.....	VI. 165
To tinkling brooks, to twilight...	X. 40
To wake the Soul, by tender .	VIII. 46
To woo me, and win me, and kiss	IX. 109
To yon, fair Ladies, now at land	VI. 267
' True he it said, whatever man	III. 23
Truth shews herself in secret of	IV. 80
Tune on, my pipe! the praises of	IV. 166
Turn all thy thoughts to eyes!...	IV. 233
Turn, gentle Hermit of the dale!	IX. 1
Turn I my looks unto the skies .	III. 275
Tush! let them keep him, if.....	VI. 49
'Twas at the royal feast, for ...	VII. 12
'Twas on a lofty vase's side.....	IX. 80
'Twas on a Monday morning ...	IX. 32
'Twas when the seas were ...	VIII. 162
'Twas when the winds were.....	IX. 230
Two Youths for my love are.....	X. 160
Underneath this sable hearse.....	V. 28
Under the arms of a goodly oak	X. 232
Under the greenwood tree.....	IV. 14
Under this stone does lie.....	VII. 69
Unhappy is the man.....	VI. 101
Unhappy Tongue! Why didst...	III. 97
Unless with my Amanda blest	VIII. 278
Up amang yon cliffy rocks.....	X. 110
Upon a bank, with roses set ...	IV. 261
Upon a summer's day, Love went	III. 280

Index of First Lines, Vols. I—X.

	PAGE		PAGE
Upon my lap, my Sovereign sits	IV. 103	'What ails this heart o' mine? ...	X. 154
Up! quit thy Bower! late wears	X. 192	What a rout do you make for a	IX. 157
'Up! Up! my friend, and clear...'	X. 179	What Booker can prognosticate	VI. 36
Vain are the charms of white and	IX. 65	What changes here, O, hair! ...	III. 221
Venus, by Adonis' side.....	IV. 282	What charming Peals are these...	V. 6
Venus fair did ride!	IV. 111	'What cheer? my Mates! Luff	VII. 280
Venus! redress a wrong that's...	V. 244	What darkness clouds my senses!	V. 123
Victorious men of Earth! no ...	VI. 203	What dire offence, from am'rous	VIII. 4
Vital spark of heav'nly flame	VIII. 36	What fair pomp have I spied of	III. 288
Vulcan begat me. Minerva me	II. 25	What help of tongue need they	VI. 202
Vulcan! contrive me such a ...	VII. 113	What if a day, or a month, or a	IV. 247
Wae is my heart, and the tear's	X. 63	What is it all, that men possess	IV. 238
Wake all the dead! What ho!...	VI. 230	What is our Life? A Play of...	IV. 149
Wake, my Adonis! do not die!	V. 253	What lives are so happy as those	IX. 272
Walking among thick shades...	VII. 240	What man, in his wits, had not	VIII. 199
Warned, and made wise by ...	VIII. 238	What meaneth this? When I lie	II. 8
Weak and irresolute is Man! ...	X. 14	What means this niceness, now...	V. 113
Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd ...	X. 77	What needs complaints?	VI. 137
Weep not, my Wanton! smile .	III. 266	What needs my Shakespeare, for	V. 133
Weep with me, all you that read	IV. 216	What Nymph should I admire	VIII. 78
Weepy you no more, sad fountains!	IV. 47	What pleasure have great Princes	III. 181
Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous ...	X. 54	What! put off with onedential!	VIII. 93
Welcome, Maids of Honour! ...	VI. 142	What's a good conscience? Echo	VI. 210
Welcome, the Creation's guest!	VII. 86	What shade, and what stillness...	X. 130
Welcome! Welcome! do I sing!	IV. 277	What shall I do, to be for ever ...	VI. 251
Well! if ever I saw such another	VIII. 212	What shall I do, to show how	VII. 32
Well! I have thought on't.....	VII. 182	What Shepherd can express.....	IV. 48
'Well met, pretty Nymph!' says	IX. 294	What should I say?	II. 44
Well then, I now do plainly see	VI. 249	What should we do, but sing...	VII. 81
Were I a King, I might command	III. 299	Whatso be that I say, pardie! ...	I. 123
Were I as base as is the lowly...	IV. 268	What state of life can be so blest	VII. 20
Wert thou a King, yet not.....	III. 299	What thing is Love? It is a.....	III. 256
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? ...	X. 219	What though I am a London ...	VIII. 223
Whan gloming grey out o'er the	IX. 288	What though they call me ...	VIII. 270
'Whare live ye? my bonie Lass!	X. 62	What time the Lady Venus.....	III. 110
'Whar hae ye been a' day?	X. 118	What! Wilt thou pine, or fall...'	VI. 280
What a dull fool was I	VII. 72	What Woman could do, I have	VIII. 256
		Wha wadna fight for Charlie?...'	IX. 31
		When a Daffadil I see	VI. 112
		When all was wrapped in dark	VIII. 178
		When as the hand at Tennis ...	VI. 212
		When, at the first, I took my...	VII. 45
		When Beauty, Venus' daughter .	III. 142

Index of First Lines, Vols. I—X.

	PAGE
When Britain first, at Heaven's	VIII. 279
When Britain, on her sea-girt ...	IX. 259
When Captains courageous.....	III. 117
Whence comes my love? O ...	III. 74
When crowding folks, with ...	VII. 211
When Cupid scalèd first the Fort	II. 246
When daisies pied, and violets...	IV. 2
When Damon met Phillis first on	IX. 111
When Daphne first her.....	VIII. 50
When day is gone, and darkness	IV. 82
When Delia on the plain	VIII. 244
When'er I sing, or on my flute	VII. 224
When fair Aurelia first became	VII. 242
When Fanny blooming fair.....	IX. 70
When first, by fond Damon.....	IX. 209
When first the young Alexis saw	VII. 253
When first, upon your tender ...	IX. 277
When God, at first, made Man...	V. 176
When Heaven's great Jove had	VI. 100
When house, or hearth, doth.....	V. 56
When I advert, in my	I. 217
When I a verse shall make.....	V. 270
When I beheld the Poet blind...	VI. 237
When icicles hang by the wall...	IV. 2
When I consider, how my light	VI. 1
When I do hear thy Name.....	III. 100
When I go musing all alone.....	V. 119
When I think on your truth; I	VIII. 250
When I was fair and young, and	III. 156
When Learning's triumph o'er ...	IX. 112
When lordly Saturn, in a sable .	III. 250
When Love, with unconfined ...	VI. 88
When Maids live to thirty, yet	VII. 294
When March was, with varying...	I. 34
When mighty Roast Beef was	VIII. 262
When Molly smiles, beneath her	IX. 243
When my mother died, I was very	X. 146
When on my sick bed I languish	VI. 293
When, on the altar of my hand...	V. 219
When on thy bosom I recline...	IX. 280
When Peleus' son, untought to...	IX. 183
When plate was at pawn, and...	VI. 239
When raging love, with extreme	II. 56

	PAGE
When Sappho tuned the rapturèd	IX. 132
When She was born, whom I... IV.	83
' When Slaves their liberty ...	VIII. 54
When the green woods laugh with	X. 147
When the rough North forgets to	IX. 136
When the sheep are in the fauld	IX. 248
When the trees are all bare, not a	X. 117
When they did greet me 'Father'	X. 234
When Thirsis did the splendid...	VI. 23
When this Old Cap was new ...	V. 226
When thou didst think I did not	V. 112
When thou must home, to shades	IV. 237
When thou (poor excommunicate	V. 221
' When thy beauty appears ...	VIII. 115
When to her late Corinna sings	IV. 241
When Venus saw Desire must die	IV. 175
When we, for age, could neither	VII. 154
When whispering strains, with...	V. 240
When Windsor walls sustained...	II. 81
When Women first Dame Nature	III. 104
When you censure the Age ...	VIII. 171
When younglings first on Cupid	III. 280
When your kind wishes first I...	VII. 256
Where are they gone, the old ...	X. 223
Whereat erewhile I wept, I.....	III. 257
Where griping grief the heart...	III. 106
Where's absent Clelia?	VII. 126
Where shall I have, at mine own	II. 34
Where silver Thames, round.....	IX. 156
Where the bee sucks, there suck	IV. 3
Where the remote Bermudas ...	VII. 81
' Whereto should I express	II. 110
Wherever I am, and whatever I	VII. 2
Where wards are weak, and foes	IV. 63
Whether men do laugh, or weep	IV. 235
While at my house in Fleet...	VIII. 124
While Butler, needy wretch!	VIII. 209
While from our looks, fair ...	VIII. 77
While gentle Parthenissa walks	VIII. 62
While I listen to thy voice	VI. 59
While in divine Panthea's.....	VII. 114
Whiles I, this standing lake.....	V. 251
While, Strephon! thus you tease	IX. 128

Index of First Lines, Vols. I—X.

	PAGE		PAGE
While the two contraries of.....	v. 298	Why so pale and wan? fond.....	v. 285
While you, my Lord! the rural	VIII. 38	Why this talking still of dying?	VII. 296
Whilst Beauty, Youth, and gay	VII. 214	Why was Cupid a boy	X. 144
Whilst Fisher cast his line, the.	III. 108	Why weeps my Sylvia? Prithee	VII. 282
Whilst I am scorched with hot	VII. 216	Why we love, and why we hate	VIII. 106
White though ye be; yet, Lilies	VI. 131	Why will Delia thus retire ...	VIII. 144
Who can blame me, if I love? ...	v. 88	'Why, William! on that old grey	X. 178
Who can live in heart so glad...	IV. 72	Widow, well met! Whither go	IV. 27
Who can resist my Celia's.....	VII. 296	Will you hear a Spanish Lady...	IV. 108
Who climbeth too high, perforce	II. 290	Willy, prithee, go to bed!	IV. 192
Who comes there? Stand I.....	VII. 171	Winter! thy cruelty extend ...	VII. 131
Who dares talk of hours! Seize	X. 137	With amorous wiles and.....	VII. 101
Who doth desire that chaste his	III. 208	With an honest old friend, and	VIII. 268
Whoe'er She be!	VI. 160	With an old Song, made by an ...	v. 31
Whoever comes to shroud me; do	v. 97	With a whip of lilies, Love	VI. 76
Who ever saw a noble sight ...	VII. 3	With downcast eyes and folded	VIII. 231
Who has e'er been at Baldock...	IX. 197	With fragrant flowers, we strew	III. 166
Who hath heard of such cruelty	II. 9	With heart as trembling as the...	I. 80
Who is at ease, when both are...	II. 225	With her in arms, that had my.	III. 132
Who is Silvia? What is she.....	IV. 10	With how sad steps, O, Moon!	III. 208
Who liveth so merry, in all this	III. 64	Within this tomb, a Patriot lies	VI. 196
Whoso list to hunt, I know where	II. 3	With my frailty, don't upbraid	VIII. 58
Whoso list to love	I. 118	Without preamble, to my friend	IX. 217
Whoso to marry a minion Wife	III. 50	With what sharp checks I, in...	III. 210
Who taught thee first to sigh ...	IV. 48	With Women and Wine, I defy...	X. 114
Who thirsts for more knowledge	X. 104	Wit, Love, and Reputation.....	IX. 250
Why are those charms by.....	VIII. 205	'Woman! thoughtless, giddy	VIII. 230
Why art thou slow, thou rest of	v. 127	Would my Delia know, if I love?	X. 14
Why asks my friend, What cheers	IX. 270	Would you, with her you love be	IX. 73
Why boast your strength at	X. 161	Wrapped in my careless cloak, as	II. 63
Why, Celia! should you so...	VIII. 298	Wretched and foolish Jealousy!	v. 3
Why, Cloris! should you on...	VII. 36	Wrong me no more!.....	VI. 77
Why, Damon! why, why, why	VIII. 50	Wrong not, sweet Empress of my	v. 109
'Why, Delia! ever when I gaze	IX. 211	Wyatt resteth here, that quick ...	II. 49
Why dost thou, all address	VI. 292		
Why do ye weep, sweet babes?	VI. 123	Yea, and a good cause, why ...	III. 60
Why fear'st thou, Damon! I...	VII. 198	Ye are too much as in my debt...	I. 125
Why, lovely Charmer! tell me	VIII. 62	Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon	X. 59
Why, Shepherd, there's the.....	VI. 42	Ye Belles! and ye Flirts! and ye	IX. 149
Why should a heart so tender	VIII. 241	Ye blushing Virgins happy are...	v. 198
'Why should those eyes.....	VIII. 251		
Why should you swear, I am ...	VI. 96		
Why's my friend so melancholy?	VI. 262		

Index of First Lines, Vols. I—X.

	PAGE		PAGE
Ye buds of Brutus' land.....	III. 149	You, Gentlemen of England ...	VII. 165
Ye cheerful Virgins! have ye seen	IX. 298	You, gentle Nymphs! that on ...	V. 76
'Ye dainty Nymphs! that in this	III. 43	You know that our ancient	X. 52
Ye distant spires, ye antique ...	IX. 82	You, Ladies fair!	VI. 223
Ye fair married Dames! who so	IX. 184	You little know the heart, that	VIII. 146
Ye happy Swains, whose hearts	VII. 143	You'll ask, perhaps, Wherefore	VI. 244
Ye have been fresh and green!...	VI. 126	You, Lovers! love on!	VII. 221
Ye Highlands, and ye Lawlands!	IV. 179	You, meaner Beauties of the night	V. 129
Ye little birds, that sit and sing	IV. 295	Young Chrysostome had virtue	VII. 274
Ye little Loves! that round her	X. 49	Young Colin, fishing near the Mill	IX. 268
Ye living Lamps! by whose ...	VII. 96	Young Colin protests, I'm his joy	IX. 110
Ye Maids, who Britain's Court...	IX. 227	Young Damon was whistling.....	X. 115
Ye patriot crowds, who burn for	IX. 116	Young Daphne was the prettiest	IX. 108
Ye Poets ragged and forlorn...	VIII. 210	Young Strephon, by his folded	VIII. 156
Yes! Fulvia is like Venus fair!	IX. 49	Your mouth, it saith me, 'Bas me!	I. 125
'Ye Shepherds and Nymphs...	VIII. 198	You say, 'Tis Love creates the	VII. 222
'Ye Shepherds of this pleasant	VIII. 196	You say, You love! Repeat ...	VII. 254
Yes, I'm in love! I feel it now.	IX. 152	You spotted snakes with double	IV. 10
Yet once more, O, ye laurels ...	VI. 3	You tell me, Celia! you	VII. 236
Ye Virgin Powers! defend my	VII. 150	'You tell me, I'm handsome, I	IX. 130
Ye Warwickshire Lads, and ye...	IX. 191	You that choose not by the view	IV. 6
Ye wha are fain to hae your name	IX. 286	You, that embrace enchanting...	IV. 83
You are a Tulip, seen to-day ...	VI. 121	You that think Love can convey	V. 215
You ask, my friend! How I can	VIII. 136	Youth's the season made for...	VIII. 170
You boast, that you are beautiful	VI. 224	You understand no tender vows	VII. 227
You, brave heroic minds	IV. 262	You, Virgins, that did late despair	V. 196

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