

SONGS 
from the
NOVELISTS.

edited by
W. Davenport Adams.



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SONGS FROM THE NOVELISTS

From Elizabeth to Victoria

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EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY

WILLIAM DAVENPORT ADAMS,

AUTHOR OF THE "DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE," ETC.

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PREFACE.

THIS volume is an attempt to bring together specimens of the lyric verse which is to be found scattered over English fiction from the days of Elizabeth till now. For the purposes of the work many hundred novels and romances have been examined, and the collection, as it stands, is the outcome of a long and assiduous study of the subject.

The compiler would have liked to have reproduced examples of the poetic work of the younger school of living novelists, but it was necessary to put some limit to the size and scope of the volume, and some attractive songs known to the compiler have been omitted on account of the impossibility of covering the whole field of which they form only a part.

To those contemporary writers who have so obligingly permitted the reprinting of their songs, the thanks of the compiler are most heartily tendered. He has also to acknowledge his very considerable obligations to the following firms for the courtesy with which they have sanctioned the reproduction of a number of copyright pieces:—

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W. D. A.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE original conception of this volume dates back a good many years—namely, to my first acquaintance with Robert Bell's *Songs from the Dramatists*. "Why," I said to myself, "has no one brought together the 'Songs from the Novelists'?" No doubt, in the latter case, the field is not so wide as in the former. Our plays of importance, I should say, largely out-number our novels and romances of importance; and, even if that were not so, songs are naturally more common in drama than in fiction. The lyric opportunities of the dramatist are greater than those of the imaginative prose-writer. The former can introduce a song almost where he pleases: the latter has his story to tell, his scenery to describe; and, except in romance, the occasions when dialogue can be broken up by vocal performances are, of necessity, not numerous.

Nevertheless, it is noticeable how frequent, after all, are the poetic or rhythmic interludes created by our novelists and romancists. They occur in the least likely places. From certain of our celebrated fictionists such interludes were, in a sense, to be expected. When a novelist is also a poet—when he has published poems separately from his novels—it is not to be wondered at that he should be found "freshening the dusty road" of narrative with "babbling rills of song." Thus, when we remember the sonnets of Sir Philip Sidney, we are not surprised to find songs in his *Arcadia*;

when we think of *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake*, we are not astonished to discover lyrics scattered over the broad surface of the *Waverley* series; *King Arthur* and *The Lost Tales of Miletus* prepare us for the verse in *The Last Days of Pompeii* and *Kenelm Chillingly*; *The Saint's Tragedy* and *Andromeda* account, in this way, for the songs in *The Water Babies*; from the author of *The Inn of Strange Meetings* come, naturally, the lyrics in *Frances*, and the rest; and, if there were no verse in the novels and romances of such poets as George MacDonald and George Meredith, the fact would surely be remarkable.

On the other hand, there are writers of prose fiction of whom the every-day reader scarcely thinks as writers also of verse, in however slender a fashion. One does not look for poetry in *Pamela*, and it is not generally known how prone was the authoress of *The Romance of the Forest* to "twang the lyre." One does not spontaneously think of Marryat as a lyricist; the fact that G. P. R. James courted the Muse with some elaborateness is familiar to few but literary students; Dickens is not universally associated with "The Ivy Green;" and Lord Beaconsfield is not often mentioned in connection with song-writing. Yet the aforesaid every-day reader will note with curiosity how many of our fictionists, not usually recognised as poets, have, in their prose works, ventured on at least an occasional "short swallow-flight of song."

It will also be observed how many of our most popular lyrics have originally been given to the world as portions and parcels of a novel or a romance. It is not every one who knows, for example, that Lodge's

"Love in my bosom like a bee"

occurs in his *Rosalynde*; that Goldsmith's

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,"

is in his *Vicar of Wakefield*; that Holcroft's

“Why dost thou shiver and shake,
Gaffer Gray?”

is to be found in his *Hugh Trevor*; that Thackeray's

“Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin,”

is imbedded in his *Rebecca and Rowena*; that Lover's

“What would you do, love?”

occurs in his *Handy Andy*; that Kingsley's

“When all the world is young, lad,”

is in his *Water Babies*; that MacDonald's

“Alas! how easily things go wrong,”

is to be found in his *Phantastes*; and the like. Interesting as are these songs, and others like them, apart from their prose setting, the knowledge that they have such a setting will give them, in the eyes of many, an additional interest.

The *Arcadia*, with some songs from which I commence this volume, is freely fitted with such matter, and it would have been easy to have added to the number of the extracts made. But the poet is for the most part terribly turgid in his style; his verses suffer from a plethora of thought; and sometimes, as in the line,

“But thou, sure hope, *tickle* my leaping heart,”

his diction is not such as nineteenth-century readers can readily regard without a smile.

Rich, too, in rhythmical intercalations are the romances of that true but too luxuriant genius, Robert Greene. I confine myself, in the body of this book, to songs actually, or intended to be, sung : otherwise I should have liked to include this characteristic little lyric ¹—characteristic of the man and of the time, in which, singularly enough, the pleasures of content were somewhat frequently celebrated :—

“ Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content ;
 The quiet mind is richer than a crown ;
 Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent ;
 The poor estate scorns fortune’s angry frown :
 Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
 Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

“ The homely house that harbours quiet rest ;
 The cottage that affords no pride nor care ;
 The mean that ’grees with country music best ;
 The sweet consort of mirth and music’s fare ;
 Obscured life sets down a type of bliss :
 A mind content both crown and kingdom is.” ²

In Greene’s case, too, the number of the songs selected might easily have been increased, but I will content myself with merely drawing attention to Orpheus’s song—

“ He that did sing the motion of the stars,”

and Arion’s song—

“ Seated upon the crooked dolphin’s back,”

both in *Orpharion* ; to Barmenissa’s song—

“ The stately state that wise men count their good,”

¹ From *Farewell to Folly*.

² “ My mind to me a kingdom is.”—SIR EDWARD DYER.

in *Penelope's Web*; to the shepherd's wife's song—

“Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing,”

in *The Mourning Garment*; and to such other lyrics as Doron's description of Samela in *Menaphon*; the lines,

“Ah, were she pitiful as she is fair,”

in *Pandosto*; and the “sonnet,”

“Fair is my love, for April in her face,”

in *Perimedes the Blacksmith*. These seem to me to be among the chief blossoms in Greene's flower-garden—a garden in which, no doubt, the weeds are also numerous. Of recent years the merits of Greene as a poet have been eloquently urged by Mr. Edmund Gosse,¹ and I shall be glad if the songs I reproduce have the effect of securing for Greene a few additional students.

Almost as familiar as Lodge's

“Love in my bosom, like a bee,”

are his

“First shall the heavens want starry light,”

and

“Like to the clear in highest sphere,”

which are also included in his *Rosalynde*. But the two latter are not, strictly speaking, songs, and can therefore be only mentioned in this place. Mr. Gosse is to be thanked again for disinterring, and making, I hope, popular, that charming poem of Lodge's, beginning,

“Love guides the roses of thy lips,”

¹ *The English Poets*, vol. i.

and including the lines—

“Love in thine eyes doth build his bower
And sleeps within their pretty shine,”

which recall the

“Love in thine eyes sits playing”

of a later poet.

Richardson and Amory, I believe, were guiltless of writing other “poetry” than that which appears in their romances; but Fielding, I need scarcely say, produced some excellent semi-humorous, semi-satiric verse; Smollett is still remembered as a poet by his “Ode to Independence” and his “Tears of Scotland”; whilst, as for Goldsmith, if “The Traveller” is not what we call immortal, surely the “Retaliation” will be?

Justice, perhaps, has scarcely yet been done to the poetic outcome of Mrs. Radcliffe. We may not be able to agree with Sir Walter Scott that “her poetry partakes of the rich and beautiful colouring which distinguishes her prose composition:” that seems almost too high a commendation. But we may at least manage to accept the more chastened judgment of Mrs. Barbauld: that “there are many elegant pieces of poetry interspersed through the volumes of Mrs. Radcliffe.” In addition to those given in this collection, I may name the song of the Spirit,

“In the sightless air I dwell;”

the “sonnet,”

“How sweet is love’s first gentle sway;”

and the “air,”

“Now at moonlight’s fairy hour:”

all hidden within the little-opened pages of *The Romance of the Forest*. Mrs. Radcliffe, it may be recorded, published a volume of her verses. Alas! who reads it now?

On the lyric wealth of Scott himself it is not, of course, necessary to dwell, save to point out anew how much of it is contained within the pages of his novels and romances. I give what appear, on the whole, to be the most interesting and valuable of his fugitive songs; but I do not forget either the

“Viewless essence, thin and bare,”

or the “Lay of Poor Louise,” of *The Fair Maid of Perth*; the

“Look not thou on beauty’s charming,”

or the

“The monk must arise when the matins ring,”

of *The Bride of Lammermoor*; the

“Love wakes and weeps,”

or the

“And you shall deal the funeral dole,”

of *The Pirate*; the

“Hie away, hie away,”

of *Waverley*; the

“Twist ye, twine ye! even so,”

of *Guy Mannering*; the

“Why sitst thou by that ruin’d hall?”

of *The Antiquary*; or the

“Anna-Marie, love, up is the sun,”

of *Ivanhoe*. All of these, of course, have their admirers. And yet even now—after all that has been written about Scott—is it not doubtful whether, save among the deliberate students of poetry, Sir Walter has great fame as a lyricist? When the average man thinks of Scott as a poet

his memory, one may suspect, recalls *The Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion*, rather than

“Ah, County Guy, the hour is nigh,”

or

“An hour with thee!—when earliest day,”

surely among the best of his poetic work.

The songs reprinted from *St. Irvyne* are, of course, simply curious, rather than valuable in themselves. They are remarkable as the production of Shelley at the age of sixteen; and that is about all that will be claimed for them. They are fluent, without any special felicity of phrase or melody of style. And, so far as I am aware, they have never before appeared in a collection of miscellaneous verse.

Gerald Griffin produced some fugitive poetry, which was duly included in the collected edition of his works (1857). None of it, however, remains in the recollection of the public. Small, too, is the amount of Theodore Hook's verse-writing which can be said to have permanently survived him. A few slight pieces are all that are to be met with in the accepted *corpus poetarum*, though there are many of his satirical performances which the lover of such things will not willingly forget. Banim, like Griffin, wrote verse elsewhere than in his stories, but, like Griffin also, he is scarcely remembered as a poet.

The songs by Hogg in *Katie Cheyne*, by Hood in *Tylney Hall*, by Moir in *Mansie Waugh*, and by Moore in *The Epicurean*, are of course the work of men who were poets primarily, and fictionists almost by accident—hardly from any special “call” in that direction. Sara Coleridge was about equally a poet and a prose writer. I fear her *Phantasminion* is not greatly read; but it deserves, if it does not receive, much public notice. Her poetry for children, too, is among the best of its kind.

The poetry of Charlotte Brontë is not, of course, to be compared with that of either of her sisters, least of all with that of Emily Brontë, which is among the most powerful that has been produced by women. Nevertheless, the verse composed by Charlotte will be allowed to have a vigour and a strenuousness of its own. That of George Croly, brought together in 1830, is virtually dead. Croly strove at one time for recognition as a dramatist, but it is probably as a romancist, after all, that his name has most chance of going down to posterity.

It is not, I should suppose, "generally known" that G. P. R. James was the author of two full-blown "poems." Yet so it was. James, like Mrs. Radcliffe, courted fame as a poet, and, like Mrs. Radcliffe, he did not achieve it. Yet he had some fluency and fancy. I reproduce what I conceive to be the best of the songs in his romances; but I may refer also to his

"He is gone away, maiden,"

and his "Green Leaf," both in *The Gentleman of the Old School*. The former, it may safely be said, would not have been written, but for the prior existence of one of the snatches of song sung by Ophelia. It runs as follows:—

"He is gone away, maiden,
He is gone away;
Thou ne'er shalt see his face again,
For many a livelong day.

"The earth upon his breast is cold,
The turf upon his head,
And two small stones, six feet apart,
Mark out the dear one's bed.

“ He’s close beside the dwelling-place
Which once he made so gay ;
But still to thee it matters not—
From thee he’s gone away.”

We are not called upon, at this time of day, to celebrate the poetic qualities of Thackeray and Peacock, and yet I venture to say that much has still to be done for the popularisation of those qualities. Men of letters are too apt to think that literary fame is carried through all classes. Even now it would probably surprise many men of ordinary education to learn that, in some respects, the verse of Thackeray is as remarkable as his prose. For the general public Thackeray is the author of *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, and *The Newcomes*. He may perhaps be pretty widely known as the author of the ballad of “Little Billee;” but what about “Peg of Limavaddy,” “The Ballad of Bouillabaisse,” “The Sorrows of Werther,” “The Cane-bottom’d Chair,” “The Battle of Limerick,” “Jacob Homnium’s Hoss,” and so on? In the same way with Peacock. The recent edition of that writer’s works, superintended by Sir Henry Cole, has no doubt done something to make him a favourite with the more enterprising and more thoughtful reader; but Peacock cannot yet be called a popular writer, and it is very questionable if he will ever be so. His lyrics—such as those which I reprint—may make their way with “the masses;” but his novels will probably be, in most cases—like Mr. Gilbert’s *Katisha*—“an acquired taste.”

Lover and Lever may well be linked together. They were both Irishmen, they had both the rollicking spirit of their countrymen, and they both wrote verse, as they wrote prose, in very much the same style. When one thinks of Lover’s “Widow Machree,” one thinks also of Lever’s “Widow

Malone." "What will you do, love?" is in the same key as "Mary Draper." Both writers are fluent, and have unfailing humour. In addition to the four specimens of Lover, I may mention the

"Once I had lovers in plenty"

of *Rory O'More*. Lever, too, was very happy in the stanzas on "Music" in *Tom Burke of Ours*, and in the "Monks of the Screw's Song" in *Jack Hinton* :—

"My children, be chaste, till you're tempted,
While sober, be wise and discreet,
And humble your bodies with fasting
Whene'er you have nothing to eat."

In *Lord Kilgobbin* will be found a couple of neat verses, beginning—

"I took her hand within my own."

Dickens did not write much verse of any kind, at any period of his career; but what little he did produce has a certain merit and attractiveness of its own. His early "burlettas" are little known, although they have lately been reprinted; yet surely so neat a little song as the following is "worth preserving" in the memory :—

"Love is not a feeling to pass away,
Like the balmy breath of a summer day:
It is not—it cannot be—laid aside;
It is not a thing to forget or hide;
It clings to the heart, ah, woe is me!
As the ivy clings to the old oak tree.

"Love is not a passion of earthly mould,
As a thirst for honour, or fame, or gold

For when all these wishes have died away,
 The deep strong love of a brighter day,
 Though nourished in secret, consumes the more,
 As the slow rust eats to the iron's core."¹

And if, as I have said, it is supererogatory to dwell on the poetic capacity of Thackeray and Peacock, it is not less so to insist upon that of the late Lord Lytton and Charles Kingsley. The former has failed to impress the world as a poet, but he has an audience fit, if few. There are effective passages in his *King Arthur*, and some of his lyrics have fire or pathos, if too little finish. His songs are better in idea than in execution. He did not refine and polish as he might have done. Nevertheless, his novels abound in more or less attractive verses. Besides those here reprinted, mention may be made of "The Birth of Love," "The Hymn of Eros," "The Song of Glaucus," and the "Anacreontic" in *The Last Days of Pompeii*; "Night and Love" and "The Boat Song" in *Ernest Maltravers*; and "The Lay of the Lady of Provence" in *Rienzi*. To those of Kingsley which I reproduce may be added the Blackbird's song in *Yeast*, and the brief boat-song in *Hypatia* :—

"Loose the sail, rest the oar, float away down,
 Fleeting and gliding by tower and town,
 Life is so short at best ! snatch, whilst thou canst, thy rest,
 Sleeping by me."

"The Song of Madame Do-as-you-would-be-done-by," in *The Water Babies*, has its admirers; but it is perhaps somewhat over-sentimental. It will not compare with the Dame's and the River's songs.

Neither Hannay nor Shirley Brooks would have claimed to be poets in the strict sense of the term. The former was an admirable epigrammatist

¹ From *The Village Coquettes* (1836).

—one of the last of the race; the latter was *facile princeps* in the concoction of parodies and *jeux d'esprit*, and, withal, a master of humorous allusion.

Mortimer Collins, I think, had more of the real lyrical flow than most of his contemporaries. Of him it might truly be said that he piped but as the linnets sing. Perhaps he had too great a facility, and, like Lord Lytton, did not always stay to refine and polish. Perhaps so; but, when he did take the requisite trouble, the result was very graceful. There was talk some time ago of a volume of his collected pieces: it is only due to his powers as a lyrist that such a collection should be made. And no doubt, when it comes, it will include such songs as that of Count Cassius in *Frances* and that of the Page in *Sweet and Twenty*—the latter so brief that I may quote it here:—

“O ’tis merry, ’tis merry, in good greenwood,
When mavis and merle are singing!
But ’tis merrier still, by stream or hill,
When the dinner-bell is ringing.

“The forester free, ah! what cares he
For the law a single button?
Yet he must desire a dining-room fire
And a saddle of Southdown mutton.

“He may wind his horn when a buck he’s slain,
And his comrades greet with laughter,
But he’d rather sit down to a haunch in town
And plenty of port thereafter.”

Mrs. Norton, Major Whyte Melville, and “George Eliot,” all published verse apart from their works of fiction. Mrs. Norton’s poems are now out of fashion; but Whyte Melville’s breezy hunting-songs will always be

welcome; and, whatever position in poetry may be assigned to Mrs. Cross it is difficult to imagine the time when her "Spanish Gypsy" and some of her minor pieces will not be read with keen appreciation of their thoughtful music. Lord Beaconsfield, as the world is sometimes reminded, produced a poetical tragedy, and Mr. Harrison Ainsworth gave to the public more than one volume of rhythmic writing—ballads and what not. The latter imports into his verse much vigour and "go," and some of the former's lyrics are by no means devoid of "form" and fire. There is even something characteristic in this little song of Calidas in the *Tale of Alroy*:—

 "Drink, drink, deeply drink,
 Never feel and never think.
What's love? what's fame? A sigh, a smile.
 Friendship? but a hollow wile.
 If you've any thought or woe,
 Drown them in the goblet's flow.
Yes! dash them in this brimming cup;
Dash them in, and drink them up.
 Drink, drink, deeply drink,
 Never feel, and never think."

Lord Beaconsfield's verse must not be too readily contemned.

W. D. A.

Songs from the Novelists.

DORUS' SONG.



MY sheep are thoughts, which I both guide and serve :
Their pasture is fair hills of fruitless love :
On barren sweets they feed, and feeding starve :
I wail their lot, but will not other prove.
My sheep-hook is wan hope, which all upholds :
My weeds, desire, cut out in endless folds.
What wool my sheep shall bear, while thus they live,
In you it is, you must the judgment give.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

[From *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*, book ii. :—" Therewith, thinking her [Pamela's] silent imaginations began to work upon somewhat to mollify them, as the nature of music is to do, and withal to show what kind of shepherd I was, I took up my harp, and sung these few verses."]

CHARITA'S SONG.



MY true love hath my heart, and I have his,
 By just exchange one for the other giv'n :
 I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss ;
 There never was a bargain better driv'n.

His heart in me keeps me and him in one ;
 My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides :
 He loves my heart for once it was his own ;
 I cherish his because in me it bides.

His heart his wound received from my sight :
 My heart was wounded with his wounded heart ;
 For as from me on him his hurt did light,
 So still methought in me his hurt did smart :
 Both equal hurt, in this change sought our bliss,
 My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

[From *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*, book iii. :—"A young maid, truly of the finest stamp of beauty. . . . Her angel-like voice struck mine ears with this song."]

MUSIDORUS' SONG.



LOCK up, fair lids, the treasure of my heart,
 Preserve those beams, this age's only light;
 To her sweet sense, sweet sleep some ease impart,—
 Her sense, too weak to bear her spirit's might.

 And while, O sleep, thou closest up her sight,—
 Her sight, where love did forge his fairest dart,—
 O harbour all her parts in easeful plight;
 Let no strange dream make her fair body start.

 But yet, O dream, if thou wilt not depart
 In this rare subject from thy common right,
 But wilt thyself in such a seat delight,

 Then take my shape, and play a lover's part:
 Kiss her from me, and say unto her sprite,
 Till her eyes shine I live in darkest night.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

[From *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*, book iii. :—"Pamela, growing extremely sleepy, was invited by him to sleep with these softly uttered verses. . . . The sweet Pamela was brought into a sweet sleep with this song."]

SEPHESTIA'S SONG TO HER CHILD.



WEEP not, my wanton, smile upon my knee ;
 When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.
 Mother's wag, pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy.
 When thy father first did see
 Such a boy by him and me,
 He was glad, I was woe :
 Fortune changed made him so,
 When he left his pretty boy,
 Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee ;
 When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.
 Streaming tears that never stint,
 Like pearl drops from a flint,
 Fell by course from his eyes,
 That one another's place supplies ;
 Thus he griev'd in every part,
 Tears of blood fell from his heart,
 When he left his pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee ;
 When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.
 The wanton smil'd, father wept,
 Mother cried, baby leapt ;
 More he crow'd, more we cried,
 Nature could not sorrow hide.
 He must go, he must kiss
 Child and mother, baby bless,
 For he left his pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee ;
 When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.

ROBERT GREENE.

[From *Menaphon*.—"At last to lull him asleep, she warbled out of her woeful breast this ditty. . . . With this lullaby the baby fell asleep."]

PHILOMELA'S ODE THAT SHE SANG
IN HER ARBOUR.



SITTING by a river side,
 Where a silent stream did glide,
 Muse I did of many things,
 That the mind in quiet brings.
 I 'gan think how some men deem
 Gold their god, and some esteem
 Honour is the chief content,
 That to man in life is lent.
 And some others do contend,
 Quiet none like to a friend.
 Others hold, there is no wealth
 Compared to a perfect health.
 Some man's mind in quiet stands,
 When he is lord of many lands.
 But I did sigh, and said all this
 Was but a shade of perfect bliss.
 And in my thoughts I did approve,
 Nought so sweet as is true love.
 Love 'twixt lovers passeth these,
 When mouth kisseth and heart 'grees.
 With folded arms and lips meeting,
 Each soul another sweetly greeting.
 For by the breath the soul fleeteth,
 And soul with soul in kissing meeteth.
 If Love be so sweet a thing,
 That such happy bliss doth bring,
 Happy is Love's sugar'd thrall,
 But unhappy maidens all,
 Who esteem your virgin's blisses
 Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisses.
 No such quiet to the mind,
 As true love with kisses kind.
 But if a kiss prove unchaste,
 Then is true love quite disgrac'd.
 Though love be sweet, learn this of me,
 No love sweet but honesty.

ROBERT GREENE.

[From *Philomela, The Lady Fitzwater's Nightingale.*]

INFIDA'S SONG.



WEET Adon, dar'st not glance thine eye—

N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami?—

Upon thy Venus that must die?

Je vous en prie, pity me;

N'oserez-vous, mon bel, mon bel,

N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami?

See how sad thy Venus lies,—

N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami?—

Love in heart and tears in eyes;

Je vous en prie, pity me;

N'oserez-vous, mon bel, mon bel,

N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami?

Thy face as fair as Paphos' brooks,—

N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami?—

Wherein fancy baits her hooks;

Je vous en prie, pity me;

N'oserez-vous, mon bel, mon bel,

N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami?

Thy cheeks like cherries that do grow—

N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami?—

Amongst the western mounts of snow;

Je vous en prie, pity me;

N'oserez-vous, mon bel, mon bel,

N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami?

Thy lips vermilion, full of love,—

N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami?—

Thy neck as silver, white as dove;

Je vous en prie, pity me;

N'oserez-vous, mon bel, mon bel,

N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami?

Thine eyes, like flames of holy fires,—
N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami?—
 Burn all my thoughts with sweet desires ;
Je vous en prie, pity me ;
N'oserez-vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami?

All thy beauties sting my heart ;—
N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami?—
 I must die through Cupid's dart ;
Je vous en prie, pity me ;
N'oserez-vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami?

Wilt thou let thy Venus die ?
N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami?—
 Adon were unkind, say I,—
Je vous en prie, pity me ;
N'oserez-vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami?

To let fair Venus die for woe,—
N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami?—
 That doth love sweet Adon so ;
Je vous en prie, pity me ;
N'oserez-vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oserez-vous, mon bel ami?

ROBERT GREENE.

[From *Never too Late* :—"She took a lute in her hand and in an angelical harmony warbled out this conceited ditty."]

DORALICIA'S SONG.



IN time we see that silver drops
The craggy stones make soft ;
The slowest snail in time, we see,
Doth creep and climb aloft.

With feeble puffs the tallest pine
In tract of time doth fall :
The hardest heart in time doth yield
To Venus' luring call.

Where chilling frost alate did nip,
There flasheth now a fire :
Where deep disdain bred noisome hate,
There kindleth now desire.

Time causeth hope to have his hap,
What care in time not eas'd ?
In time I loath'd that now I love,
In both content and pleas'd.

ROBERT GREENE.

[From *Arbusto, the Anatomie of Fortune.*]

ROSALYND'S MADRIGAL.



LOVE in my bosom like a bee
Doth suck his sweet ;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast,
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest :
Ah wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I the lute, he tunes the string,
He music plays if so I sing ;
He lends me every lovely thing :
Yet, cruel, he my heart doth sting :
Whist, wanton, still ye.

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you when you long to play,
For your offence.
I'll shut my eyes to keep you in,
I'll make you fast it for your sin,
I'll count your power not worth a pin :
Alas, what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
 With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
 Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee
And let thy bower my bosom be :
Lurk in my eyes I like of thee :
O Cupid, so thou pity me,
 Spare not but play thee.

THOMAS LODGE.

[From *Rosalynde, Euphues' Golden Legacie*:—"Smiling to herself to think of her new entertained passions, taking up her lute that lay by her, she warbled out this ditty."]

ARETHUSA'S SONG ON ENDYMION.



FLY from his charming graces, fly,
Or thou'rt undone, or thou'rt undone, as well as I.

The God of Love is sure his friend,
Who taught him all his arts,
And when a conquest he designed,
He furnish'd him with darts.

His quiver and his gilded bow
To his assistance brings,
And having given the fatal blow,
Lends him his fleeting wings.

Fly from his charming graces, fly,
Or thou'rt undone, or thou'rt undone, as well as I.

MRS. DE LA RIVIÈRE MANLEY.

[From *The New Atalantis*, vol. iv. :—" She made a song which all the Court sang without knowing the author ; the words were so tender, something in them so near the Saphick strain, as I have heard good judges say."]

JOSEPH ANDREWS' SONG.



AY, Chloe, where must the swain stray
 Who is by thy beauties undone?
 To wash their remembrance away,
 To what distant Lethe must run?
 The wretch who is sentenc'd to die
 May escape, and leave justice behind;
 From his country perhaps he may fly,
 But O! can he fly from his mind?

O rapture unthought-of before!
 To be thus of Chloe possesst;
 Nor she, nor no tyrant's hard power,
 Her image can tear from my breast.
 But felt not Narcissus more joy,
 With his eyes he beheld his lov'd charms?
 Yet what he beheld, the fond boy
 More eagerly wish'd in his arms.

How can it thy dear image be,
 Which fills this my bosom with woe?
 Can aught bear resemblance to thee
 Which grief and not joy can bestow?
 This counterfeit snatch from my heart,
 Ye Pow'rs, tho' with torment I rave,
 Tho' mortal will prove the fell smart:
 I then shall find rest in my grave.

Ah, see the dear nymph o'er the plain
 Come smiling and tripping along!
 A thousand Loves dance in her train;
 The Graces around her all throng.
 To meet her soft Zephyrus flies,
 And wafts all the sweets from the flow'rs:
 Ah, rogue! while he kisses her eyes,
 More sweets from her breath he devours.

HENRY FIELDING.

[From *Joseph Andrews*, book ii., chapter xii.]

PAMELA'S SONG.



O, happy paper, gently steal,
 And underneath her pillow lie ;
 There, in soft dreams, my love reveal,
 That love which I must still conceal,
 And, wrapt in awful silence, die.

Should flames be doom'd thy hapless fate,
 To atoms thou wouldst quickly turn :
 My pains may bear a longer date ;
 For I should live, and should she hate,
 In endless torments I should burn.

Tell fair Aurelia she has charms,
 Might in a hermit stir desire :
 T' attain the heav'n that's in her arms,
 I'd quit the world's alluring harms,
 And to a cell, content, retire.

Of all that pleas'd my ravish'd eye,
 Her beauty should supply the place ;
 Bold Raphael's strokes, and Titian's dye,
 Should but in vain presume to vie
 With her inimitable face.

No more I'd wish for Phœbus' rays,
 To gild the object of my sight ;
 Much less the taper's fainter blaze :
 Her eyes should measure out my days ;
 And when she slept, it should be night.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

[From *Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded* :—"A song my dear good lady made me learn, and used to be pleased with, and which she brought with her from Bath."]

MR. B.'S SONG.



ALL nature blooms when you appear ;
 The fields their richest liv'ries wear ;
 Oaks, elms, and pines, blest with your view,
 Shoot out fresh greens, and bud anew :
 The varying seasons you supply ;
 And, when you're gone, they fade and die.

Sweet Philomel, in mournful strains,
 To you appeals, to you complains.
 The tow'ring lark, on rising wing,
 Warbles to you, your praise does sing ;
 He cuts the yielding air, and flies
 To heav'n, to type your future joys.

The purple violet, damask rose,
 Each to delight your senses, blows.
 The lilies ope', as you appear ;
 And all the beauties of the year
 Diffuse their odours at your feet,
 Who give to ev'ry flow'r its sweet.

For flow'rs and women are allied,
 Both, nature's glory and her pride !
 Of ev'ry fragrant sweet possesst
 They bloom but for the fair one's breast ;
 And to the swelling bosom borne,
 Each other mutually adorn.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

[From *Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded* :—" I will give you a few lines that I made myself on such an occasion as this I am speaking of, the presence of a sweet companion, and the fresh verdure that, after a shower, succeeding a long drought, showed itself throughout all vegetable nature.' And then, in a sweet and easy accent, he sung me [these] verses."]

SONG.



WHILE, with fond rapture and amaze,
 On thy transcendent charms I gaze,
 My cautious soul essays in vain
 Her peace and freedom to maintain :
 Yet, let that blooming form divine,
 Where grace and harmony combine ;
 Those eyes, like genial orbs that move,
 Dispensing gladness, joy, and love,
 In all their pomp assail my view,
 Intent my bosom to subdue ;
 My breast, by wary maxims steel'd,
 Not all those charms shall force to yield.

But when, invok'd to beauty's aid,
 I see the enlighten'd soul display'd ;
 That soul, so sensibly sedate
 Amid the storms of froward fate ;
 Thy genius active, strong and clear ;
 Thy wit sublime, though not severe ;
 The social ardour, void of art,
 That glows within thy candid heart ;
 My spirits, sense, and strength decay,
 My resolution dies away,
 And, ev'ry faculty oppress'd,
 Almighty love invades my breast !

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT.

[From *Peregrine Pickle*, chapter xcvi. :—“ [Peregrine] opened an scrutoir, and taking out a paper presented [her ladyship] with the [above] song, which he had written in her praise immediately after he was acquainted with the particulars of her story.”]

OLIVIA'S SONG.



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

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

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[From *The Vicar of Wakefield*, chapter xxiv. :—"Do, my pretty Olivia," cried [her mother], 'let us have that little melancholy air your papa was so fond of.' She complied in a manner so exquisitely pathetic as moved me."]

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.



GOOD people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around, from all the neighbouring streets
The wond'ring neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
 To every Christian eye ;
And while they swore the dog was mad
 They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
 That show'd the rogues they lied :
The man recover'd of the bite—
 The dog it was that died.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[From *The Vicar of Wakefield*, chapter xvii., where it is sung by Bill :—“Cried Billy my youngest, ‘Mr. Williams has taught me two songs, and I’ll sing them for you, papa. Which song do you choose, “The Dying Swan,” or “The Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog?”’ ‘The elegy, child, by all means,’ said I, ‘I never heard that yet ; and, Sophy, love, take your guitar, and thrum in with the boy a little.’”]

A SONG CALLED THE SOLITUDE.



YE lofty mountains, whose eternal snows,
 Like Atlas, seem to prop the distant skies ;
 While shelter'd by your high and ample brows,
 All nature's beauties feast my ravish'd eyes :
 And far beneath me, o'er the distant plain
 The thunders break, and rattling tempests reign.

Here, when Aurora with her cheerful beam
 And rosy blushes marks approaching day,
 Oft do I walk along the purling stream,
 And see the bleating flocks around me stray :
 The woods, the rocks, each charm that strikes my sight,
 Fills my whole breast with innocent delight.

Here gaily dancing on the flow'ry ground
 The cheerful shepherds join their flute and voice ;
 While through the groves the woodland songs resound,
 And fill the untroubled mind with peaceful joys.
 Music and love inspire the vocal plain,
 Alone the turtle tunes her plaintive strain.

Here the green turf invites my wearied head
 On nature's lap, to undisturb'd repose ;
 Here gently laid to rest—each care is fled ;
 Peace and content my happy eye-lids close.
 Ye golden, flattering dreams of state adieu !
 As bright my slumbers are, more soft than you.

Here free from all the tempests of the great,
Craft and ambition can deceive no more!
Beneath these shades I find a blest retreat,
From envy's rage secure, and fortune's pow'r;
Here call the actions of past ages o'er,
Or truth's immortal source alone explore.

Here far from all the busy world's alarms,
I prove in peace the muse's sacred leisure:
No cares within, no distant sound of arms,
Break my repose, or interrupt my pleasure,
Fortune and Fame! deceitful forms! adieu!
The world's a trifle, far beneath my view.

THOMAS AMORY.

[From *The Life of John Bunce, Esq.*, vol. i., where it is supposed to be sung by John Bunce himself:—"This song delighted the old gentleman [Mr. Noel] to a great degree. He told me he was charmed with it, not only for the fine music I made of it, but the morality of it."]

JOHN BUNCLE'S SONG.



TELL me, I charge you, O ye sylvan swains,
 Who range the mazy grove, or flow'ry plains,
 Beside what fountain, in what breezy bower,
 Reclines my charmer in the noon-tide hour?

Soft, I adjure you, by the skipping fawns,
 By the fleet roes, that bound along the lawns;
 Soft tread, ye virgin daughters of the grove,
 Nor with your dances wake my sleeping love.

Come, Rosalind, O come, and infant flow'rs
 Shall bloom and smile, and form their charms by yours;
 By you the lily shall her white compose,
 Your blush shall add new blushes to the rose.

Hark! from yon bow'rs what airs soft warbled play!
 My soul takes wing to meet th' enchanting lay.
 Silence, ye nightingales! attend the voice!
 While thus it warbles, all your songs are noise.

See! from the bower a form majestic moves,
 And, smoothly gliding, shines along the groves;
 Say, comes a goddess from the golden spheres?
 A goddess comes, or Rosalind appears.

THOMAS AMORY.

[From *John Bunce* :—"I soon despatched my mess, and over my wine began to sing [these] lines,"

TO THE LILY.



OFT silken flower! that in the dewy vale
 Unfold'st thy modest beauties to the morn,
 And breath'st thy fragrance on her wandering gale,
 O'er earth's green hills and shadowy valley borne;

When day has closed his dazzling eye,
 And dying gales sink soft away;
 When eve steals down the western sky,
 And mountains, woods, and vales decay;

Thy tender cups, that graceful swell,
 Droop sad beneath her chilly dew;
 Thy odours seek their silken cell,
 And twilight veils their languid hue.

But soon, fair flower! the morn shall rise,
 And rear again thy pensive head;
 Again unveil thy snowy dyes,
 Again thy velvet foliage spread.

Sweet child of Spring! like thee, in sorrow's shade,
 Full oft I mourn in tears, and droop forlorn;
 And O! like thine, may light my glooms pervade,
 And Sorrow fly, before Joy's living morn!

ANNE RADCLIFFE.

[From *The Romance of the Forest*, chapter v., where it is sung by Adeline :—"For some time she sat lost in a reverie, while the flowers that grew on the banks beside her seemed to smile in new life, and drew from her a comparison with her own condition. She mused and sighed, and then, in a voice whose charming melody was modulated by the tenderness of her heart, she sung [these words.]"]

SONG.



LIFF'S a varied, bright illusion,
Joy and sorrow—light and shade ;
Turn from sorrow's dark suffusion,
Catch the pleasures ere they fade.

Fancy paints with hues unreal,
Smile of bliss, and sorrow's mood ;
If they both are but ideal,
Why reject the seeming good ?

Hence ! no more ! 'tis Wisdom calls ye,
Bids ye court Time's present aid ;
The future trust not—Hope enthalls ye,
“ Catch the pleasures ere they fade.”

ANNE RADCLIFFE.

[From *The Romance of the Forest*, chapter x. :—“ In a gay and airy melody Adeline distinguished [these] words.”]

SONG.



THE rose that weeps with morning dew,
And glitters in the sunny ray,
In tears and smiles resembles you,
When Love breaks Sorrow's cloud away.

The dews that bend the blushing flower,
Enrich the scent—renew the glow;
So Love's sweet tears exalt his power,
So bliss more brightly shines by woe!

ANNE RADCLIFFE.

[From *The Romance of the Forest*, chapter xxiv. :—"The sweet smile which seemed struggling to dispel from the countenance of Adeline those gems of sorrow, penetrated the heart of Theodore, and brought to his recollection a little song which in other circumstances he had formerly sung to her."]

RONDEAU.



SOFT as yon silver ray, that sleeps
 Upon the ocean's trembling tide ;
 Soft as the air, that lightly sweeps
 Yon sail, that swells in stately pride :

Soft as the surge's stealing note,
 That dies along the distant shores,
 Or warbled strain, that sinks remote—
 So soft the sigh my bosom pours !

True as the wave to Cynthia's ray,
 True as the vessel to the breeze,
 True as the soul to music's sway,
 Or music to Venetian seas :

Soft as yon silver beams, that sleep
 Upon the ocean's trembling breast ;
 So soft, so true, fond Love shall weep,
 So soft, so true, with *thee* shall rest.

ANNE RADCLIFFE.

[From *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, vol. i., chapter xvii., where it is sung by Count Morano :—"His voice accompanied [the chords] in a rondeau full of tender sadness."]

GAFFAR GRAY.



O! Why dost thou shiver and shake,
 Gaffar Gray!
 And why doth thy nose look so blue?
 " 'Tis the weather that's cold,
 'Tis I'm grown very old,
 And my doublet is not very new,
 Well-a-day!"

Then line thy worn doublet with ale,
 Gaffar Gray;
 And warm thy old heart with a glass.
 "Nay, but credit I've none;
 And my money's all gone;
 Then say how may that come to pass?
 Well-a-day!"

Hie away to the house on the brow,
 Gaffar Gray;
 And knock at the jolly priest's door.
 "The priest often preaches
 Against worldly riches;
 But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,
 Well-a-day!"

The lawyer lives under the hill,
 Gaffar Gray;
 Warmly fenc'd both in back and in front.
 "He will fasten his locks,
 And will threaten the stocks,
 Should he evermore find me in want,
 Well-a-day!"

The 'Squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
 Gaffar Gray ;
And the season will welcome you there.
 "His fat beeves and his beer
 And his merry new year,
Are all for the flush and the fair,
 Well-a-day !"

My keg is but low, I confess,
 Gaffar Gray ;
What then? while it lasts, man, we'll live.
 "The poor man alone,
 When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give,
 Well-a-day !"

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

MADGE WILDFIRE'S SONG.



ROUD Maisie is in the wood,
 Walking so early;
 Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
 Singing so rarely.

“Tell me, thou bonny bird,
 When shall I marry me?”
 “When six braw gentlemen
 Kirkward shall carry ye!”

* * * *

“Who makes the bridal bed,
 Birdie, say truly?”—
 “The grey-headed sexton,
 That delves the grave duly.”

* * * *

The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
 Shall light thee steady;
 The owl from the steeple sing
 “Welcome, proud lady.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[From *The Heart of Midlothian*, chapter xl. :—“She changed the tune to one wilder, less monotonous, and less regular. Of the words only a fragment or two could be collected by those who listened.”]

THE BAREFOOTED FRIAR.



'LL give thee, good fellow, a twelvemonth or twain,
 To search Europe through, from Byzantium to Spain;
 But ne'er shall you find, should you search till you tire,
 So happy a man as the Barefooted Friar.

Your knight for his lady pricks forth in career,
 And is brought home at even-song prick'd through with a spear,
 I confess him in haste—for his lady desires
 No comfort on earth save the Barefooted Friar's.

Your monarch?—Pshaw! many a prince has been known
 To barter his robes for our cowl and our gown,
 But which of us e'er felt the idle desire
 To exchange for a crown the gray hood of a Friar?

The Friar has walked out, and where'er he has gone,
 The land and its fatness are marked for his own;
 He can roam where he lists, he can stop when he tires,
 For every man's house is the Barefooted Friar's.

He's expected at noon, and no wight till he comes
 May profane the great chair, or the porridge of plums;
 For the best of the cheer, and the seat by the fire,
 Is the undenied right of the Barefooted Friar.

He's expected at night, and the pasty's made hot,
 They broach the brown ale, and they fill the black pot,
 And the goodwife would wish the goodman in the mire,
 Ere he lack'd a soft pillow, the Barefooted Friar.

Long flourish the sandal, the cord, and the cope,
 The dread of the devil and trust of the Pope;
 For to gather life's roses, unscathed by the briar,
 Is granted alone to the Barefooted Friar.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[From *Ivanhoe*, chapter xviii., where it is sung by the hermit:—"He reached the harp, and entertained his guest [the Black Knight] with [this] characteristic song, to a sort of derry-down chorus, appropriate to an old English ditty."]

SONG OF THE KNIGHT AND WAMBA.

KNIGHT AND WAMBA.



HERE came three merry men, from south, west, and north,
 Ever more sing the roundelay;
 To win the Widow of Wycombe forth,
 And where was the widow might say them nay?

The first was a knight, and from Tynedale he came,
 Ever more sing the roundelay;
 And his fathers, God save us, were men of great fame,
 And where was the widow might say him nay?

Of his father the laird, of his uncle the squire,
 He boasted in rhyme and in roundelay;
 She bade him go back to his sea-coal fire,
 For she was the widow would say him nay.

WAMBA.

The next that came forth swore by blood and by nails,
 Merrily sing the roundelay;
 Hur's a gentleman, God wot, and hur's lineage was of Wales,
 And where was the widow might say him nay?

Sir David ap Morgan ap Griffith ap Hugh
 Ap Tudor ap Rhice, quoth his roundelay;
 She said that one widow for so many was too few,
 And she bade the Welshman wend his way.

But then came a yeoman, a yeoman of Kent,
 Jollily singing his roundelay;
 He spoke to the widow of living and rent,
 And where was the widow could say him nay?

BOTH.

So the knight and the squire were both left in the mire,
 There for to sing their roundelay;
 For a yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent,
 There never was widow could say him nay.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[From *Ivanhoe*, chapter xli. :—"The jester then struck into another carol, a sort of comic ditty."]

LOUIS' SONG.



MARCH, march, Etrick and Teviotdale,
 Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order?
 March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
 All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.
 Many a banner spread,
 Flutters above your head,
 Many a crest that is famous in story,
 Mount and make ready then,
 Sons of the mountain glen,
 Fight for the Queen and the old Scottish glory !

Come from the hills where the hirsels are grazing,
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe :
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
 Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
 Trumpets are sounding,
 War-steeds are bounding,
 Stand to your arms then, and march in good order,
 England shall many a day
 Tell of the bloody fray,
 When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[From *The Monastery*, chapter xxv. :—"The young man sang [this] ditty to the ancient air of 'Blue Bonnets over the Border.'"]

CLEVELAND'S SONG.



FAREWELL! Farewell! the voice you hear,
 Has left its last soft tone with you,—
 It next must join the seaward cheer,
 And shout among the shouting crew.

The accents which I scarce could form
 Beneath your frown's controlling check,
 Must give the word, above the storm,
 To cut the mast, and clear the wreck.

The timid eye I dared not raise,—
 The hand that shook when press'd to thine,
 Must point the guns upon the chase,—
 Must bid the deadly cutlass shine.

To all I love, or hope, or fear,—
 Honour, or own, a long adieu!
 To all that life has soft or dear,
 Farewell! save memory of you!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[From *The Pirate*, chapter xxiii. :—"Minna's lover, as if determined upon gaining her ear by music of another strain, sung [this] fragment of a sea-ditty."]

SONG OF THE LADY OF THE LUTE.



AH! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
 The sun has left the lea,
 The orange flower perfumes the bower,
 The breeze is on the sea.
 The lark, his lay who thrill'd all day,
 Sits hush'd his partner nigh;
 Breeze, bird, and flower, confess the hour,
 But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade,
 Her shepherd's suit to hear;
 To beauty shy, by lattice high,
 Sings high-born Cavalier.
 The star of Love, all stars above,
 Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
 And high and low the influence know -
 But where is County Guy?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[From *Quentin Durward*, chapter iv. :—"The maid of the little turret, of the veil, and of the lute, sang exactly such an air as we are accustomed to suppose flowed from the lips of the high-born dames of chivalry, when knights and troubadours listened and languished."]

LOUIS KERNÉGUY'S SONG.



AN hour with thee!—When earliest day
 Dapples with gold the eastern grey,
 Oh, what can frame my mind to bear
 The toil and turmoil, cark and care,
 New griefs, which coming hours unfold,
 And sad remembrance of the old?—

One hour with thee!

One hour with thee!—When burning June
 Waves his red flag at pitch of noon;
 What shall repay the faithful swain,
 His labour on the sultry plain;
 And more than cave or sheltering bough,
 Cool feverish blood, and throbbing brow?—

One hour with thee!

One hour with thee!—When sun is set,
 Oh, what can teach me to forget
 The thankless labours of the day;
 The hopes, the wishes, flung away;
 The increasing wants, the lessening gains,
 The master's pride, who scorns my pains?—

One hour with thee!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[From *Woodstock*, chapter xxvi. :—"He sung . . . the air of a French *rondelai*, to which some of the wits or sonnetters, in his gay and roving train, had adapted English verses."]

SONG OF THE GLEE-MAIDEN.



YES, thou mayst sigh,
And look once more at all around,
At stream and bank, and sky and ground :
Thy life its final course has found,
And thou must die.

Yes, lay thee down,
And whilst thy struggling pulses flutter,
Bid the grey monk his soul-mass mutter,
And the deep bell its death-tone utter—
Thy life is gone.

Be not afraid.
'Tis but a pang, and then a thrill,
A fever fit, and then a chill ;
And then an end of human ill,
For thou art dead.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[From *The Fair Maid of Perth*, chapter xxx. :—"The maiden sung a melancholy dirge in Norman-French."]

ROUNDELAY.



WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
 On the mountain dawns the day ;
 All the jolly chase is here,
 With hawk and horse, and hunting spear ;
 Hounds are in their couples yelling,
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
 Merrily, merrily mingle they,
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 The mist has left the mountain grey ;
 Springlets in the dawn are streaming,
 Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,
 And the foresters have busy been,
 To track the buck in thicket green ;
 Now we come to chaunt our lay,
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 To the greenwood haste away ;
 We can show you where he lies,
 Fleet of foot, and tall of size ;
 We can show the marks he made
 When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed ;
 You shall see him brought to bay,
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chaunt the lay,
 Waken, lords and ladies gay ;
 Tell them, youth and mirth and glee,
 Run a course as well as we ;
 Time, stern huntsman ! who can baulk
 Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk ?
 Think of this, and rise with day,
 Gentle lords and ladies gay.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[From the *Conclusion of Mr. Struik's Romance of Queenhoo Hall*, by the Author of *Waverley* :—
 "Peretto, with his two attendant minstrels, stepping beneath the windows of the stranger's
 apartments, joined in [this] roundelay, the deep voices of the rangers and falconers making a
 chorus that caused the very battlements to ring again."]

THE SHEPHERD'S PLAID.



MY blessings on the cosie plaid,
 My blessings on the plaidie ;
 If I had her my plaid has happ'd
 I'd be a joyfu' laddie.

Sweet cakes an' wine with gentlemen
 All other fare surpasses,
 And sack and sugar wi' auld wives,
 But bonnie lads wi' lasses.

O, for a bonnie lad and lass,
 And better for a ladie,
 There's nought in all the world worth
 The shepherd's cosie plaidie.

JAMES HOGG.

[From *Tales and Sketches : Katie Cheyne*, where it is sung by Duncan Stewart :—“ ‘ I sang sic a sang, ane made o' the moment, clean aff-loof, none of your long-studied dreigh-of-coming compositions.’ ”]

ELOISE'S SONG.



AH! faint are her limbs, and her footstep is weary,
 Yet far must the desolate wanderer roam ;
 Though the tempest is stern, and the mountain is dreary,
 She must quit at deep midnight her pitiless home.
 I see her swift foot dash the dew from the whortle,
 As she rapidly hastes to the green grove of myrtle ;
 Now I hear, as she wraps round her figure the kirtle,
 "Stay thy boat on the lake,—dearest Henry, I come."

High swell'd in her bosom the throb of affection,
 As lightly her form bounded over the lea,
 And arose in her mind every dear recollection,
 "I come, dearest Henry, and wait but for thee."
 How sad, when dear hope every sorrow is soothing,
 When sympathy's swell the soft bosom is moving,
 And the mind the mild joys of affection is proving,
 Is the stern voice of fate that bids happiness flee !

Oh! dark lower'd the clouds on that terrible eve,
 And the moon dimly gleam'd through the tempested air ;
 Oh! how could fond visions such softness deceive ?
 Oh! how could false hope rend a bosom so fair ?
 Thy love's pallid corse the wild surges are laving,
 O'er his form the fierce swell of the tempest is raving ;
 But, fear not, parting spirit ; thy goodness is saving,
 In eternity's bowers, a seat for thee there.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

[From *St. Irvyne, or The Rosicrucian*, chapter ix. :—"How soft is that strain!" cried Nempere, as she concluded. "Ah!" said Eloise, sighing deeply; "'tis a melancholy song; my poor brother wrote it, I remember, about ten days before he died. 'Tis a gloomy tale concerning him."]

MARIANNE'S SONG.



HOW stern are the woes of the desolate mourner,
 As he bends in still grief o'er the hallowed bier,
 As enanguish'd he turns from the laugh of the scorner,
 And drops, to perfection's remembrance, a tear;
 When floods of despair down his pale cheek are streaming,
 When no blissful hope on his bosom is beaming,
 Or, if lull'd for a while, soon he starts from his dreaming,
 And finds torn the soft ties to affection so dear.

Ah! when shall day dawn on the night of the grave,
 Or summer succeed to the winter of death?
 Rest awhile, helpless victim, and Heaven will save
 The spirit that faded away with the breath.
 Eternity points in its amaranth bower,
 Where no clouds of fate o'er the sweet prospect lower,
 Unspeakable pleasure, of goodness the dower,
 When woe fades away like the mist of the heath.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

[From *St. Irzyne* :—"It brought with it the remembrance of a song which Marianne had composed soon after her brother's death. She sang, though in a low voice."]

ANNE CHUTE'S SONG.



PLACE in thy memory, dearest,
 Is all that I claim ;
 To pause and look back when thou hearest
 The sound of my name.
 Another may woo thee, nearer,
 Another may win and wear ;
 I care not though he be dearer,
 If I am remembered there.

Remember me—not as a lover
 Whose hope was cross'd,
 Whose bosom can never recover
 The light it has lost—
 As the young bride remembers the mother
 She loves, though she never may see,
 As a sister remembers a brother,
 O, dearest ! remember me !

Could I be thy true lover, dearest,
 Couldst thou smile on me,
 I would be the fondest and nearest
 That ever loved thee !
 But a cloud on my pathway is glooming,
 That never must burst upon thine ;
 And Heaven, that made thee all blooming,
 Ne'er made thee to wither on mine.

Remember me, then!—O! remember,
My calm, light love;
Though bleak as the blasts of November
My life may prove,
That life will, though lonely, be sweet,
If its brightest enjoyment should be
A smile and kind word when we meet,
And a place in thy memory.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

[From *The Collegians, or the Colleen Bawn*, chap. xxi. :— “Hardress listened with an almost painful emotion to the song which the fair performer executed with an ease and feeling that gave to the words an effect beyond that to which they might themselves have pretended.”]

CAPTAIN HAZLEBY'S SONG.



HE colonel has married Miss Fanny,
 And quitted the turf and high play ;
 They're gone down to live with his granny,
 In a sober and rational way.
 Folks in town were all perfectly scared
 When they heard of this excellent plan,
 For nobody there was prepared
 To think him a sensible man.
 For Fanny two years he'd been sighing,
 And Fanny continued stone-cold ;
 Till he made her believe he was dying,
 And Fan thought herself growing old.
 So, one very fine night, at a *fête*,
 When the moon shone as bright as it can,
 She found herself left *tête-à-tête*,
 With this elegant sensible man.
 There are minutes which lovers can borrow
 From Time, ev'ry one worth an age ;
 Equivalentents each to the sorrow
 They sweetly combine to assuage.
 'Twas so on this heart-stirring eve ;
 He explained ev'ry hope, wish, and plan ;
 She sighed, and began to believe
 The colonel a sensible man.
 He talked about roses and bowers,
 Till he dimmed her bright eye with a tear ;
 For though "Love cannot live upon flowers,"
 Miss Fan had four thousand a year :
 'Twas useless, she felt, to deny,
 So she used her bouquet for a fan ;
 And averting her head, with a sigh,
 Gave her heart to the sensible man.

THEODORE HOOK.

[From *Jack Brag*, chap. xx., where Hazleby says of the lines :— "They are written by my man Dickinson, who, although I say it, who should not, is perhaps, in French blacking and fashionable song-writing, superior to any man of his *métier* I ever met with. He makes a mint of money by his muse."]

MARY GRACE'S SONG.



IS not for love of gold I go,
 'Tis not for love of fame;
 Though fortune should her smile bestow,
 And I may win a name,
Ailleen;
 And I may win a name.

And yet it is for gold I go,
 And yet it is for fame;
 That they may deck another brow,
 And bless another name,
Ailleen;
 And bless another name.

For this, but this, I go—for this
 I lose thy love awhile;
 And all the soft and quiet bliss
 Of thy young, faithful smile,
Ailleen;
 Of thy young, faithful smile.

And I go to brave a world I hate,
 And woo it o'er and o'er,
 And tempt a wave, and try a fate
 Upon a stranger shore,
Ailleen;
 Upon a stranger shore.

Oh! when the bays are all my own,
 I know a heart will care;
 Oh! when the gold is wooed and won,
 I know a brow shall wear,
Ailleen;
 I know a brow shall wear!

And, when with both returned again,
 My native land to see,
 I know a smile will meet me then,
 And a hand will welcome me,
Ailleen;
 And a hand will welcome me!

JOHN BANIM.

[From *Pep o' Day*, chapter x. :— “ It had been a favourite ditty of the person now uppermost in her thoughts; she had often, often sung it at his request, as, previous to their unfortunate separation, he long entertained a notion of seeking his fortunes in a foreign country, and the words became romantically applicable to their then-felt situation.]

GRACE RIVERS' SONG.



MY mother bids me love a lord,
 My father does the same ;
 But then my heart has made a choice
 Of one I will not name.
 My parents' frowns reject the suit,
 Their angry words reprove,
 But, oh ! I cannot love the man
 My mother bids me love.

They say his father is an Earl,
 And talk of high degree,
 Broad ribands and a star for him,
 A coronet for me.
 I care not for the eagle's nest,
 But building with the dove,
 I cannot, cannot love the man
 My mother bids me love.

There is a secret voice that breathes
 A fair and gentle mind ;
 There is a certain eye that tells
 A heart that's warm and kind ;
 There is a vow so firm and fast,
 And seal'd in heav'n above,
 That, oh ! I cannot love the man
 My mother bids me love !

My father frets, my mother pines,
 Their heads are silver-grey ;
 They cannot long possess a will
 For me to disobey.
 I would that I were in my grave,
 This anguish to remove,
 For, oh ! I cannot love the man
 My mother bids me love.

THOMAS HOOD.

[From *Tylney Hall*, chap. xvii. :—"She sang to a plaintive Scotch air, . . . 'Egad ! Grace,' exclaimed the Baronet, 'you have chosen a sorrowful ditty.'"]

JEMMY DUCKS' SONGS.—I.



WAS on the twenty-fourth of June, I sail'd away to sea,
 I turn'd my pockets in the lap of Susan on my knee;
 Says I, "My dear, 'tis all I have, I wish that it was more;"
 "It can't be help'd," says Susan then, "you know we've spent
 galore.

You know we've spent galore, my Bill,
 And merry have been we,
 Again you must your pockets fill
 For Susan on your knee."

Chorus.—For Susan on my knee, my boys,
 For Susan on my knee.

The gale came on in thunder, lads, in lightning, and in foam,
 Before that we had sail'd away three hundred miles from home;
 And on the Sunday morning, lads, the coast was on our lee,
 Oh, then I thought of Portsmouth, and of Susan on my knee.

For howling winds and waves to boot,
 With black rocks on the lee,

Did not so well my fancy suit,
 As Susan on my knee.

Chorus.—With Susan on my knee, my boys,
 With Susan on my knee.

Next morning we were cast away upon the Frenchman's shore,
 We saved our lives, but not our all, for we could save no more:
 They march'd us to a prison, so we lost our liberty,
 I peep'd between the bars, and sigh'd for Susan on my knee.

For bread so black, and wine so sour,
 And a sous a day to me,

Made me long ten times an hour
 For Susan on my knee.

Chorus.—For Susan on my knee, my boys,
 For Susan on my knee.

One night we smash'd our jailer's skull, and off our boat did steer,
And in the offing were pick'd up by a jolly privateer;
We sailed in her the cruise, my boys, and prizes did take we.
I'll be at Portsmouth soon, thinks I, with Susan on my knee.

We shared three hundred pounds a man,

I made all sail with glee,

Again I danced and toss'd my can,

With Susan on my knee.

Chorus.—With Susan on my knee, my boys,

With Susan on my knee.

FREDERICK MARRYAT.

[From *The Dog Fiend*, vol. i. chap. ix. :—“Jemmy Ducks was perched on the table, with his fiddle as usual held like a bass-viol. He was known by those who frequented the house by the name of the Mannikin, and was a universal object of admiration and goodwill.—‘Come now,’ said Cokle, tossing off his glass, ‘Jemmy, strike up.’”]

JEMMY DUCKS' SONGS.—II.



HE captain stood on the carronade—"First lieutenant," says he,
 "Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me :
 I haven't the gift of the gab, my sons—because I'm bred to the sea ;
 That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with we.
 Odds blood, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
 I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've gain'd the victory.

"That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't take *she*,
 'Tis a thousand bullets to one, that she will capture *we* ;
 I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys ; so each man to his gun ;
 If she's not mine in half-an-hour, I'll flog each mother's son.
 Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
 I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gain'd the victory."

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman had enough ;
 "I little thought," said he, "that your men were of such stuff ;"
 The captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow made to he ;
 "I haven't the gift of the gab, monsieur, but polite I wish to be.
 Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
 I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gain'd the victory."

Our captain sent for all of us ; "My merry men," said he,
 "I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I thankful be :
 You've done your duty handsomely, each man stood to his gun :
 If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I'd have flogged each
 mother's son.
 Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as I'm at sea,
 I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I'll gain the victory."

FREDERICK MARRYAT.

[From *The Dog Fiend*, vol. i. chap. ix.]

NANCY CORBETT'S SONG.



LOST, stolen, or stray'd,
 The heart of a young maid ;
 Whoever the same shall find,
 And prove so very kind,
 To yield it on desire,
 They shall rewarded be,
 And that most handsomely,
 With kisses one, two, three.

Cupid is the crier,
 Ring-a-ding, a-ding,
 Cupid is the crier.

O yes ! O yes ! O yes !
 Here is a pretty mess !
 A maiden's heart is gone,
 And she is left forlorn,
 And panting with desire ;
 Whoever shall bring it me,
 They shall rewarded be,
 With kisses one, two, three.

Cupid is the crier,
 Ring-a-ding, a-ding,
 Cupid is the crier.

'Twas lost on Sunday eve,
 Or taken without leave,
 A virgin's heart so pure ;
 She can't the loss endure,

And surely will expire ;
Pity her misery.
Rewarded you shall be,
With kisses one, two, three.
 Cupid is the crier,
 Ring-a-ding, a-ding,
 Cupid is the crier.

The maiden sought around,
It was not to be found,
She search'd each nook and dell,
The haunts she lov'd so well,
All anxious with desire ;
The wind blew ope his vest,
When, lo ! the toy in quest,
She found within the breast
 Of Cupid, the false crier,
 Ring-a-ding, a-ding,
 Cupid, the false crier.

FREDERICK MARRYAT.

[From *The Dog Fiend*, vol. ii. chap. ix :—“Nancy Corbett, who had been celebrated for her sweet singing, as well as her beauty, immediately commenced in a soft and melodious tone, while Jemmy touched his fiddle.”]

SONG.



HEY say that other eyes are bright ;
 I see no eyes like thine,
 So full of Heaven's serenest light,
 Like midnight stars they shine.

They say that other cheeks are fair ;
 But fairer cannot glow
 The rosebud in the morning air,
 Or blood on mountain snow.

Thy voice—oh, sweet it streams to me,
 And charms my raptur'd breast ;
 Like music on the moonlight sea,
 When waves are lull'd to rest.

The wealth of worlds were vain to give
 Thy sinless heart to buy ;
 Oh, I will bless thee while I live,
 And love thee till I die!

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

[From *The Life of Mansie Wauch*, chap. xi :—"From this song it appears a matter beyond doubt that the flunkey's master had, in his earlier years, been deeply in love with some beautiful young lady, that loved him again, and that, may be, with a bounding and bursting heart, durst not let her affections be shown, for dread of her cruel relations, who insisted on her marrying some lord or baronet that she did not care one button about."]

THE NUBIAN GIRL'S SONG.



H! Abyssinian tree,
 We pray, we pray to thee;
 By the glow of thy golden fruit,
 And the violet hue of thy flower,
 And the greeting mute
 Of thy boughs' salute
 To the stranger who seeks thy bower.

Oh! Abyssinian tree,
 How the traveller blesses thee,
 When the night no moon allows,
 And the sunset hour is near,
 And thou bend'st thy boughs
 To kiss his brows,
 Saying, "Come rest thee here."

Oh! Abyssinian tree,
 Thus bow thy head to me!

THOMAS MOORE.

[From *The Epicurean*, chap. xiv. :— "We saw [her] kneeling before an acacia upon the bank and singing, while her companions stood around, the wild song of invocation, which in her country they address to that enchanted tree."]

KARADAN'S SONG.



ONE face alone, one face alone,
 These eyes require ;
 But, when that longed-for sight is shown,
 What fatal fire
 Shoots through my veins a keen and liquid flame,
 That melts each fibre of my wasting frame?

One voice alone, one voice alone,
 I pine to hear ;
 But, when its meek mellifluous tone
 Usurps mine ear,
 Those slavish chains about my soul are wound,
 Which ne'er till death itself can be unbound.

One gentle hand, one gentle hand,
 I fain would hold ;
 But, when it seems at my command,
 My own grows cold ;
 Then low to earth I bend in sickly swoon,
 Like lilies drooping 'mid the blaze of noon.

SARA COLERIDGE.

/

[From *Phantasmion*, part i. chap. viii. :— “ ‘The voice of Karadan !’ thought [Phantasmion] ;
 ‘a passionate wail ! but sure that was no happy strain.’”]

DRINKING SONG.



E'ER ask where knaves are mining,
 While the nectar plants are twining :
 To pull up the vine
 They never incline,
 With all their deep designing.

O ne'er for the dead sit weeping,
 Their graves the dews are steeping :
 And founts of mirth
 Spring up from the earth,
 Where they are at peace and sleeping.

Away with studious learning,
 When heaven's bright lamps are burning :
 In the glorious art
 That gladdens the heart,
 We cannot be more discerning.

Forget the blood that gushes
 Where the fiery war-horse rushes :
 The blood that glows,
 As it brightly flows,
 Is making us chant like thrushes.

When burden'd troops, advancing,
 In cumbrous mail are glancing,
 With garlands crown'd
 We reel around,
 While the earth and sky are dancing.

SARA COLERIDGE.

From *Phantasmion*, part ii. chap. iv. :—"The revellers crowded round the prince, placed a chaplet on his brow, and made him drink out of many a sparkling bowl, till he caught their spirit, and joined them in a blithe chorus after this sort."]

IARINE'S SONG.



HE came unlook'd for, undesir'd,
A sun-rise in the northern sky:
More than the brightest dawn admir'd,
To shine and then for ever fly.

His love, conferr'd without a claim,
Perchance was like the fitful blaze,
Which lives to light a steadier flame,
And, while that strengthens, fast decays.

Glad fawn, along the forest springing,
Gay birds that breeze-like stir the leaves,
Why hither haste, no message bringing
To solace one that deeply grieves?

Thou star that dost the skies adorn,
So brightly heralding the day,
Bring one more welcome than the morn,
Or still in night's dark prison stay.

SARA COLERIDGE.

[From *Phantasmion*, part iii. chap. ii. :—"She thought of Phantasmion . . . still faintly hoping, deeply longing, to see him rise with the morning star from the skirts of the forest."]

ZELNETH'S SONG.



WAS a brook in straitest channel pent,
 Forcing 'mid rocks and stones my toilsome way,
 A scanty brook in wandering well nigh spent;
 But now with thee, rich stream, conjoin'd I stray,
 Through golden meads the river sweeps along,
 Murmuring its deep full joy in gentlest undersong.

I crept through desert moor and gloomy shade,
 My waters ever vex'd, yet sad and slow,
 My waters ever steep'd in baleful shade:
 But whilst with thee, rich stream, conjoin'd I flow,
 E'en in swift course the river seems to rest,
 Blue sky, bright bloom, and verdure imag'd on its breast.

And, whilst with thee I roam through regions bright,
 Beneath kind love's serene and gladsome sky,
 A thousand happy things that seek the light,
 Till now in darkest shadow forc'd to lie,
 Up through the illumin'd waters nimbly run,
 To show their forms and hues in the all-revealing sun.

SARA COLERIDGE.

[From *Phantasmion*, part iii. chap. iv.:—"Already she fancied herself the flower-crown'd bride of Phantasmion, and breathed in a soft lulling melody this happy strain."]

ROCHESTER'S SONG.



THE truest love that ever heart
Felt at its kindled core,
Did through each vein, in quickened start,
The tide of being pour.

Her coming was my hope each day,
Her parting was my pain ;
The chance that did her steps delay
Was ice in every vein.

I dreamed it would be nameless bliss
As I loved, loved to be ;
And to this object did I press
As blind as eagerly.

But wide as pathless was the space
That lay our lives between,
And dangerous as the foamy race
Of ocean-surges green,

And haunted as a robber-path
Through wilderness or wood ;
For ₂Might and Right, and Woe and Wrath,
Between our spirits stood.

I dangers dared ; I hindrance scorned ;
I omens did defy ;
Whatever menaced, harassed, warned,
I passed impetuous by.

On sped my rainbow, fast as light ;
I flew as in a dream ;
For glorious rose upon my sight
That child of Shower and Gleam.

Still bright on clouds of suffering dim
Shines that soft, solemn joy ;
Nor care I now, how dense and grim
Disasters gather nigh.

I care not in this moment sweet,
Though all I have rushed o'er
Should come on pinion, strong and fleet,
Proclaiming vengeance sore :

Though haughty Hate should strike me down,
Right, bar approach to me,
And grinding Might, with furious frown,
Swear endless enmity.

My love has placed her little hand
With noble faith in mine,
And vowed that wedlock's sacred band
Our natures shall entwine.

My love has sworn, with sealing kiss,
With me to live—to die ;
I have at last my nameless bliss,
As I love—loved am I !

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

[From *Jane Eyre*, chap. xxiv. :—"He proceeded to accompany himself, for he could play as well as sing . . . and while I sat there and looked out on the still trees and dim lawn, to a sweet air was sung in mellow tones the following strain."]

THE WIDOW'S SONGS.—I.



WHEN I think o' my ain green glen,
 And the hame that ance was mine
 The salt tear dims my weary e'e,
 And my wae heart's like to tine.

O! why think o' my ain green glen,
 Where the birks bend o'er the burn,
 Or the happy days that I have seen,—
 For alas! they'll ne'er return!

Sad, sad, and weary still I roam,
 I have wandered mony a mile;
 But my heart is in my father's home
 'Mang the hills of dear Argyle.

Now a wide wide world is a' before,
 And a wider roaring sea;
 But the farther I roam from my father's home,
 The dearer it seems to me!

MRS. JOHNSTONE.

[From *Clan-Albyn*, chap. xxvi. :—"A middle-aged, desolate-looking woman came up, murmuring a plaintive song. It was in the language of Scotland. . . . This forlorn woman was a poor widow, who had formerly lived in Glen Albyn."]

THE WIDOW'S SONGS.—II.



'M weary o' your ha's, auld lord,
 I'm weary o' your towers,
 The hours o' grandeur, unendear'd,
 O, but they're lanely hours.

My fingers shine wi' mony a ring,
 And wi' jewels they busk my hair;
 But the lightsome glance o' leal young love
 Will never bless me mair.

I mind thee still, thou Atholl wood,
 And him on Lynedoch lee,
 Who pu'd my snood frae the scented birk,
 And my beads frae the reddan tree.

O merrily sang the bonny blackbird
 Aboon our hazel screen,
 And ilka leaf was stirr'd wi' joy,
 And the blue lift danced between.

I mind thee still, thou fairy eve,
 When this flichterin' heart was tint;
 And how saft the sang o' the mavis rang
 When he tauld what its flichterin' meant.

A witless bride ye bought, auld lord,
 And he didna frown or fret;
 But a breaking heart was in his e'e,
 And that look 's before me yet.

I'm lanely, lanely, a' the day,
But the night is waur to bide ;
For the dream that brings me Atholl brac,
Wakes me by my auld lord's side.

O there's mony a leaf in Atholl wood,
And mony a bird in its breast ;
And mony a pain may the heart sustain,
Ere it sab itsel' to rest.

MRS. JOHNSTONE.

[From *Clan Albyn*, chap. lii. :—"Long before the oft-repeated ditty was concluded, Norman recognised in the singer that mournful wanderer from Glen Albyn, whom he had long before met in England."]

MADRIGAL.



SILENCE is the true love-token ;
 Passion only speaks in sighs ;
 Would you keep its charm unbroken,
 Trust the eloquence of eyes.

Ah no !

Not so.

From my soul all doubts remove ;
Tell me, tell me—that you love.

Looks the heart alone discover ;
 If the tongue its thoughts can tell,
 'Tis in vain you play the lover,
 You have never *felt* the spell.

Ah no ;

Not so.

Speak the word, all words above ;
Tell me, tell me—that you love.

GEORGE CROLY.

[From *Marston*, chap. xxiii., where it is sung by Madame de Fontenai :—"The siren consented, and a harp was brought. . . . She sang one of the fantastic but impassioned reveries of 'the sweet south.'"]

A RUSSIAN SONG.



THE Neva may rush
 To its fountain again ;
 The bill of a bird
 Lake Ladoga may drain ;
 The blast from the Pole
 May be held in a chain,
 But the cry of a Nation
 Was never in vain !

When the bones of our chiefs
 Feed the wolf and the kite ;
 When the spurs of our squadrons
 Are bloody with flight ;
 When the Black Eagle's banner
 Is torn from its height,
 Then, dark-hearted dreamer,
 Beware of the night !

I hear in the darkness
 The tread of the bold ;
 They stop not for iron,
 They stop not for gold ;
 But the Sword has an edge
 And the Scarf has a fold.
 Proud master of millions,
 My tale has been told !

Now the chambers are hush'd,
And the strangers are gone !
And the sire is no sire,
And the son is no son,
And the mightiest of Earth
Sleeps for ever-alone,
The worm for his brother,
The clay for his throne !

GEORGE CROLY.

[From *Marston*, chap. xli. :—"They began a dance, accompanying it by a murmured chorus, which soon convinced me of the dangerous neighbourhood into which I had fallen. The words became well known afterwards. No language excels the Russian in energy, but I cannot give them in the weakness of a translation."]

THE LADY'S SONG.



Oh! there be many, many griefs,
 In this world's sad career,
 That shun the day, that fly the gaze,
 And never, never meet the ear.

But what is darkest, darkest of them all?
 The pang of love betrayed;
 The hopes of youth all fleeting by;
 Spring flowers that early, early fade.

But there are griefs, ay, griefs as deep:
 The friendship turned to hate,
 And deeper still, and deeper still,
 Repentance come too late, too late!

The doubt of those we love; and more
 The rayless, dull despair,
 When trusted hearts are worthless found,
 And all our dreams are air, but air.

Deep in each bosom's secret cell
 The hermit-sorrows lie;
 And thence, unheard on earth, they raise
 The voice of prayer on high, on high.

Oh! there be many, many griefs,
 In this world's sad career,
 That shun the day, that fly the gaze,
 And never, never meet the ear.

GEORGE P. R. JAMES.

[From *The Smuggler*, chap. xxix., where it is sung by Zara Croyland.]

SONG.



WHO is the boy comes stealing here,
 With looks demure and mild?
 Keep off! keep off! Let him not near!
 There's malice in that child.

Yet, see, he plays amidst the flowers,
 As innocent as they;
 His smile as bright as summer hours,
 His eyes as soft as May.

Beauty and Grace his vestments are;
 To sport seems all his joy.
 Gaze if thou wilt, but keep him far,
 There's danger in the boy.

How various are his gladsome smiles,
 His every look is bright;
 Sure, there can be no wicked wiles
 Within that thing of light!

Lo, he holds out a flower to me,
 A rosebud like a gem!
 Keep him afar! Dost thou not see
 The thorns upon the stem?

Vain was the warning given; the maid
 Clasped to her heart the boy;
 But could not pluck him thence. He stayed,
 And stayed but to destroy.

Sweet Love, let others be beguiled,
 Thy treacherous arts I fear,
 Keep afar off, thou dangerous child!
 Thou shalt not come too near!

GEORGE P. R. JAMES.

[From *Arabella Stuart*, chap. iv., where it is sung by Arabella:—"She took the lute, and, after running her hand for a moment over the strings, sang one of those little ballads which perhaps obtained for her a place in Evelyn's list of fair poets."]

SONG.



RUST ! trust ! sweet lady, trust !
 'Tis a shield of seven-fold steel.
 Cares and sorrows, come they must ;
 But sharper far is doubt to feel.
 Trust ! trust ! sweet lady, trust !

If deceit must vex the heart,
 Who can pass through life without ?
 Better far to bear the smart
 Than to grind the soul with doubt.
 Trust ! trust ! sweet lady, trust !

Trust the lover, trust the friend ;
 Heed not what old rhymers tell.
 Trust to God ; and in the end
 Doubt not all will still be well.
 Trust ! trust ! sweet lady, trust !

Love's best guide, and friendship's stay,
 Trust, to innocence was given ;
 'Tis doubt that paves the downward way,
 But trust unlocks the gates of heaven.
 Trust ! trust ! sweet lady, trust !

GEORGE P. R. JAMES.

[From *Agincourt*, chap. xvi., where it is sung by Ella Brune :—“ ‘No, no !’ cried Mary, ‘I am of a confiding nature, and I soon conquer these bitter enemies of peace called doubts.’ Ella Brune gazed round the room. ‘If I had some instrument, I could sing to you on that theme,’ she said.”]

LADY KATRINE'S SONG.



QUICK, quick, ye lazy hours,
Plume your laggard wings ;
Sure the path is strew'd with flowers
That love to true love brings.
From morning bright
To fading light,
Speed, oh speed, your downy flight !

If Venus' courier be a dove,
As ancient poet sings,
Oh ! why not give to absent love
At least the swallow's wings,
To speed his way
The live-long day,
Till meeting all his pain repay ?

GEORGE P. R. JAMES.

BECKY SHARP'S SONG.



H! bleak and barren was the moor,
 Ah! loud and piercing was the storm,
 The cottage roof was sheltered sure,
 The cottage hearth was bright and warm—
 An orphan boy the lattice pass'd,
 And, as he mark'd its cheerful glow,
 Felt doubly keen the midnight blast,
 And doubly cold the fallen snow.

They mark'd him as he onward prest,
 With fainting heart and weary limb,
 Kind voices bade him turn and rest,
 And gentle faces welcomed him.
 The dawn is up—the guest is gone,
 The cottage hearth is blazing still;
 Heaven pity all poor wanderers lone!
 Hark to the wind upon the hill!

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

[From *Vanity Fair*, chap. iv. :—"As she came to the last words, Miss Sharp's 'deep-toned voice faltered.' Everybody felt the allusion to her departure, and to her hapless orphan state."]

LOVE AT TWO SCORE.



O! pretty page, with dimpled chin,
 That never has known the barber's shear,
 All your aim is woman to win.
 This is the way that boys begin,
 Wait till you've come to forty year!
 Curly locks cover foolish brains,
 Billing and cooing is all your cheer,
 Sighing and singing of midnight strains
 Under Bonnybell's window-panes.
 Wait till you've come to forty year!
 Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
 Grizzling hair the brain doth clear;
 Then you know a boy is an ass,
 Then you know the worth of a lass,
 Once you have come to forty year.
 Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
 All good fellows whose beards are gray:
 Did not the fairest of all the fair
 Common grow and wearisome, ere
 Ever a month was past away?
 The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
 The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
 May pray and whisper and we not list,
 Or look away and never be missed,
 Ere yet ever a month was gone.
 Gillian's dead, Heaven rest her bier,
 How I loved her twenty years syne!
 Marian's married, but I sit here,
 Alive and merry at forty year,
 Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

[From *Rebecca and Rowena*, chap. iv., where it is sung by Wamba:—"Who taught thee that merry lay, Wamba, thou son of Witless?" roared Athelstane. "It was a good and holy hermit, sir, the pious clerk of Copmanhurst, that you wot of, who played many a prank with us in the days that we knew King Richard."]

MR. CHROMATIC'S SONG.



IN his last binn SIR PETER lies,
 Who knew not what it was to frown ;
 Death took him mellow, by surprise,
 And in his cellar stopped him down.
 Through all our land we could not boast
 A knight more gay, more prompt than he,
 To rise and fill a bumper toast,
 And pass it round with THREE TIMES THREE.

None better knew the feast to sway,
 Or keep Mirth's boat in better trim ;
 For Nature had but little clay
 Like that of which she moulded him.
 The meanest guest that graced his board
 Was there the freest of the free,
 His bumper toast when PETER poured
 And passed it round with THREE TIMES THREE.

He kept at true good humour's mark
 The social flow of pleasure's tide ;
 He never made a brow look dark,
 Nor caused a tear, but when he died.
 No sorrow round his tomb should dwell :
 More pleased his gay old ghost would be,
 For funeral song, and passing bell,
 To hear no sound but THREE TIMES THREE.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

[From *Headlong Hall*, chap. v. :—"Mr. Cornelius Chromatic, the most profound and scientific of all amateurs of the fiddle."]

THE FLOWER OF LOVE.



TIS said the rose is Love's own flower,
 Its blush so bright, its thorns so many;
 And winter on its bloom has power,
 But has not on its sweetness any.
 For though young Love's ethereal rose
 Will droop on Age's wintry bosom,
 Yet still its faded leaves disclose
 The fragrance of their earliest blossom.

But ah! the fragrance lingering there
 Is like the sweets that mournful duty
 Bestows with sadly-soothing care,
 To deck the grave of bloom and beauty.
 For when its leaves are shrunk and dry,
 Its blush extinct, to kindle never,
 That fragrance is but Memory's sigh,
 That breathes of pleasures past for ever.

Why did not Love the amaranth choose,
 That bears no thorns, and cannot perish?
 Alas! no sweets its flowers diffuse,
 And only sweets Love's life can cherish.
 But be the rose and amaranth twined,
 And Love, their mingled powers assuming,
 Shall round his brows a chaplet bind,
 For ever sweet, for ever blooming.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

[From *Melincourt*, chap. xvii., where it is sung by Anthelia :—" ' I am afraid,' said Mr. Derry-down, ' the flower of modern love is neither the rose nor the amaranth, but the *chrysanthemum* or *gold-flower*.'"]

CATCH.



SEAMEN three! What men be ye?
 Gotham's three wise men we be.
 Whither in your bowl so free?
 To rake the moon from out the sea.
 The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.
 And our ballast is old wine;
 And your ballast is old wine.

Who art thou, so fast adrift?
 I am he they call Old Care.
 Here on board we will thee lift.
 No: I may not enter there.
 Wherefore so? 'Tis Jove's decree,
 In a bowl Care may not be;
 In a bowl Care may not be.

Fear ye not the waves that roll?
 No: in charmèd bowl we swim.
 What the charm that floats the bowl?
 Water may not pass the brim.
 The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.
 And our ballast is old wine;
 And your ballast is old wine.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

[From *Nightmare Abbey*, chap. xi. :—"Mr. Hilary: 'Now I say again, a catch.' The Reverend Mr. Larynx: 'I am for you.' Mr. Hilary: 'Seamen three.' The Reverend Mr. Larynx: 'Agreed. I'll be Harry Gill, with the voice of three. Begin.'"]

LADY CLARINDA'S SONG.



IN the days of old,
 Lovers felt true passion,
 Deeming years of sorrow
 By a smile repaid.
 Now the charms of gold,
 Spells of pride and fashion,
 Bid them say good morrow
 To the best-loved maid.

Through the forests wild,
 O'er the mountains lonely,
 They were never weary
 Honour to pursue :
 If the damsel smiled
 Once in seven years only,
 All their wanderings dreary
 Ample guerdon knew.

Now one day's caprice
 Weighs down years of smiling,
 Youthful hearts are rovers,
 Love is bought and sold :
 Fortune's gifts may cease,
 Love is less beguiling ;
 Wiser were the lovers,
 In the days of old.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

[From *Crotchet Castle*, chap. xviii. :—"Lady Clarinda being prevailed on to take the harp in her turn, sang [these] stanzas."]

LOVE AND AGE.



PLAYED with you 'mid cowslips blowing,
When I was six and you were four ;
When garlands weaving, flower-balls throwing,
Were pleasures soon to please no more.
Through groves and meads, o'er grass and heather,
With little playmates, to and fro,
We wandered hand in hand together—
But that was sixty years ago.

You grew a lovely roseate maiden,
And still our early love was strong ;
Still with no care our days were laden,
They glided joyously along ;
And I did love you very dearly,
How dearly words want power to show ;
I thought your heart was touched as nearly—
But that was fifty years ago.

Then other lovers came around you,
Your beauty grew from year to year,
And many a splendid circle found you
The centre of its glittering sphere.
I saw you then, first vows forsaking,
On rank and wealth your hand bestow ;
Oh, then I thought my heart was breaking—
But that was forty years ago.

And I lived on, to wed another :
No cause she gave me to repine ;
And when I heard you were a mother,
I did not wish the children mine.

My own young flock, in fair progression,
 Made up a pleasant Christmas row ;
 My joy in them was past expression—
 But that was thirty years ago.

You grew a matron plump and comely,
 You dwelt in fashion's brightest blaze ;
 My earthly lot was far more homely ;
 But I, too, had my festal days.
 No merrier eyes have ever glistened
 Around the hearthstone's wintry glow
 Than when my youngest child was christened—
 But that was twenty years ago.

Time passed. My eldest girl was married,
 And I am now a grandsire gray ;
 One pet of four years old I've carried
 Among the wild-flowered meads to play.
 In our old fields of childish pleasure
 Where now, as then, the cowslips blow,
 She fills her basket's ample measure—
 And that is not ten years ago.

But though first love's impassioned blindness
 Has passed away in colder light,
 I still have thought of you with kindness,
 And shall do, till our last good-night.
 'The ever-rolling silent hours
 Will bring a time we shall not know,
 When our young days of gathering flowers
 Will be an hundred years ago.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

[From *Gryll Grange*, chap. xv., where it is sung by "a young lady" and called a "ballad." Miss Hux thus comments on it:—"That is a melancholy song. But of how many loves is it the true tale? And how many are far less happy?"]

THE SNOW.



AN old man sadly said,
 "Where's the snow
 That fell the year that's fled?—
 Where's the snow?"—
 As fruitless were the task
 Of many a joy to ask,
 As the snow!

The hope of airy birth,
 Like the snow,
 Is stain'd on reaching earth,
 Like the snow;
 While 'tis sparkling in the ray.
 'Tis melting fast away,
 Like the snow!

A cold, deceitful thing
 Is the snow
 Though it come on dove-like wing—
 The false snow!
 'Tis but rain disguised appears;
 And our hopes are frozen tears,
 Like the snow!

SAMUEL LOVER.

[From *Handy Andy*, chap. vii. :—"Fanny opened the book, and read; they were lines of Edward O'Connor's, which she drank into her heart; they were the last he had written, which her brother had heard him sing, and had brought her."]

WIDOW MACHREE.



WIDOW Machree, it's no wonder you frown,
 Och hone! Widow Machree;
 Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown,
 Och hone! Widow Machree.
 How altered your hair,
 With that close cap you wear—
 'Tis destroying your hair
 Which should be flowing free:
 Be no longer a churl
 Of its black silken curl,
 Och hone! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, now the summer is come,
 Och hone! Widow Machree;
 When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum!
 Och hone! Widow Machree.
 See the birds go in pairs,
 And the rabbits and hares—
 Why even the bears
 Now in couples agree;
 And the mute little fish,
 Though they can't spake they wish,
 Och hone! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, and when winter comes in,
 Och hone! Widow Machree;
 To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
 Och hone! Widow Machree.

Sure the shovel and tongs
 To each other belongs,
 And the kettle sings songs,
 Full of family glee ;
 While alone with your cup,
 Like a hermit *you* sup—
 Och hone ! Widow Machree.

And how do you know, with the comforts I've towld,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree ;
 But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowl'd,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree.
 With such sins on your head,
 Sure your peace would be fled,
 Could you sleep in your bed,
 Without thinking to see
 Some ghost or some sprite,
 That would wake you each night
 Crying "Och hone ! Widow Machree."

Then take my advice, darling Widow Machree,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree ;
 And with my advice, faith, I wish you'd take me,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree.
 You'd have me to desire
 Then to sit by the fire ;
 And sure hope is no liar
 In whispering to me
 That the ghosts would depart,
 When you'd me near your heart,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree.

SAMUEL LOVER.

[From *Handy Andy*, chap. xxv. :—"A fine-looking fellow with a merry eye and large white teeth poured forth in cheery tones a lively air, which suited well the humorous spirit of the words."]

WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE ?



WHAT will you do, love, when I am going,
 With white sail flowing,
 The seas beyond?
 What will you do, love, when waves divide us,
 And friends may chide us,
 For being fond?"
 "Though waves divide us, and friends be chiding,
 In faith abiding,
 I'll still be true;
 And I'll pray for thee on the stormy ocean,
 In deep devotion,—
 That's what I'll do!"

"What would you do, love, if distant tidings
 Thy fond confidings
 Should undermine;
 And I abiding 'neath sultry skies
 Should think other eyes
 Were bright as thine?"
 "Oh, name it not; though guilt and shame
 Were on thy name,
 I'd still be true,
 But that heart of thine, should another share it,
 I could not bear it;—
 What would I do?"

“What would you do, when, home returning,
 With hopes high burning,
 With wealth for you—
If my bark that bounded o’er foreign foam,
 Should be lost near home,—
 Ah, what would you do?”
“So thou wert spared, I’d bless the morrow,
 In want and sorrow,
 That left me you;
And I’d welcome thee from the wasting billow,
 My heart thy pillow!—
 That’s what I’d do!”

SAMUEL LOVER.

[From *Handy Andy*, chap. xxxiii.]

LOVE, AND HOME, AND NATIVE LAND.



WHEN o'er the silent deep we rove,
 More fondly then our thoughts will stray
 To those we leave—to those we love,
 Whose prayers pursue our wat'ry way.
 When in the lonely midnight hour
 The sailor takes his watchful stand,
 His heart then feels the holiest power
 Of love, and home, and native land.

In vain may tropic climes display
 Their glittering shores—their gorgeous shells ;
 Though bright birds wing their dazzling way,
 And glorious flowers adorn the dells ;
 Though nature there prolific pours
 The treasures of her magic hand,
 The eye—but not the heart—adores :
 The heart still beats for native land.

SAMUEL LOVER.

[From *He would be a Gentleman*, chap. xviii., where it is sung by Ned Corkery :—"Ned persevered in his love for his country, and was not ashamed to avow it, nay, he even would sing it ; and one night, while enjoying their grog, as songs were going round the board, Ned, in his most sentimental vein, sang the [above]."]

THE IVY GREEN.



H, a dainty plant is the Ivy Green,
 That creepeth o'er ruins old !
 Of right choice food are his meals I ween,
 In his cell so lone and cold.
 The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
 To pleasure his dainty whim :
 And the mouldering dust that years have made,
 Is a merry meal for him.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
 And a staunch old heart has he.
 How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
 To his friend the huge Oak Tree !
 And slyly he traileth along the ground,
 And his leaves he gently waves,
 As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
 The rich mould of dead men's graves.
 Creeping where grim death has been,
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled and their works decayed,
 And nations have scattered been ;
 But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
 From its hale and hearty green.
 The brave old plant in its lonely days,
 Shall fatten upon the past :
 For the stateliest building man can raise
 Is the Ivy's food at last.
 Creeping on, where time has been,
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

CHARLES DICKENS.

[From *Pickwick*, chap. vi.]

THE IRISH DRAGOON.



H love is the soul of an Irish Dragoon,
 In battle, in bivouac, or in saloon—
 From the tip of his spur to his bright sabretasche.
 With his soldierly gait and his bearing so high,
 His gay laughing look, and his light speaking eye,
 He frowns at his rival, he ogles his wench,
 He springs in his saddle and *chasses* the French—
 With his jingling spur and his bright sabretasche.

His spirits are high, and he little knows care,
 Whether sipping his claret, or charging a square—
 With his jingling spur and his bright sabretasche.
 As ready to sing as to skirmish he's found,
 To take off his wine, or to take up his ground ;
 When the bugle may call him, how little he fears,
 To charge forth in column, and beat the mounseers—
 With his jingling spur and his bright sabretasche.

When the battle is over, he gaily rides back
 To cheer every soul in the night bivouac—
 With his jingling spur and his bright sabretasche.
 Oh! there you may see him in full glory crown'd
 As he sits 'mid his friends on the hardy won ground,
 And hear with what feeling the toast he will give,
 As he drinks to the land where all Irishmen live—
 With his jingling spur and his bright sabretasche.

CHARLES LEVER.

[From *Charles O'Malley*, chap. xv.—“ ‘Power,’ said three or four together, ‘let us have “The Irish Dragoon”?’ ‘Here goes, then,’ said Dick, taking off a bumper as he began the following chant to the air of ‘Love is the soul of a gay Irish Man!’”]

THE WIDOW MALONE.



DID ye hear of the Widow Malone,
 Ohone!

Who lived in the town of Athlone
 Alone?

Oh! she melted the hearts
 Of the swains in them parts,
 So lovely the Widow Malone,
 Ohone!

So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score,
 Or more,
 And fortunes they all had galore,
 In store;

From the minister down
 To the clerk of the crown,
 All were courting the Widow Malone,
 Ohone!
 All were courting the Widow Malone!

But so modest was Mrs. Malone,
 'Twas known
 No one ever could see her alone,
 Ohone!

Let them ogle and sigh,
 They could ne'er catch her eye,
 So bashful the Widow Malone,
 Ohone;

So bashful the Widow Malone.

MARY DRAPER.



DON'T talk to me of London dames,
 Nor rave about your foreign flames,
 That never lived—except in drames—
 Nor shone, except on paper !
 I'll sing you 'bout a girl I knew,
 Who lived in Ballywhacmacrew,
 And, let me tell you, mighty few
 Could equal Mary Draper.

Her cheeks were red, her eyes were blue,
 Her hair was brown, of deepest hue,
 Her foot was small, and neat to view,
 Her waist was slight and taper,
 Her voice was music to your ear,
 A lovely brogue, so rich and clear,
 Oh, the like I ne'er again shall hear
 As from sweet Mary Draper.

She'd ride a wall, she'd drive a team,
 Or with a fly she'd whip a stream,
 Or maybe sing you "Rousseau's Dream,"
 For nothing could escape her ;
 I've seen her too—upon my word—
 At sixty yards bring down her bird ;
 Oh ! she charmed all the Forty-third,
 Did lovely Mary Draper.

And at the Spring Assizes' ball,
 The junior Bar would, one and all,
 For all her fav'rite dances call,
 And Harry Deane would caper ;
 Lord Clare would then forget his lore,
 King's Counsel, voting law a bore,
 Were proud to figure on the floor,
 For love of Mary Draper.

The parson, priest, sub-sheriff too,
 Were all her slaves, and so would you,
 If you had only but one view
 Of such a face and shape, or
 Her pretty ankles—but, ohone,
 It's only west of old Athlone
 Such girls were found—and now they're gone—
 So here's to Mary Draper!

CHARLES LEVER.

[From *Charles O'Malley*, chap. xxiii., where it is sung by Maurice Quill :—"The worthy doctor began the words to that very popular melody, 'Nancy Dawson.'"]

THE POPE.



THE Pope he leads a happy life,
 He fears not married care, nor strife ;
 He drinks the best of Rhenish wine—
 I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.

But then all happy's not his life,
 He has not maid, nor blooming wife ;
 Nor child has he to raise his hope—
 I would not wish to be the Pope.

The Sultan better pleases me,
 His is a life of jollity ;
 His wives are many as he will—
 I would the Sultan's throne then fill.

But even he's a wretched man,
 He must obey his Alcoran ;
 And dares not drink one drop of wine—
 I would not change his lot for mine.

So then I'll hold my lowly stand,
 And live in German Vaterland ;
 I'll kiss my maiden fair and fine,
 And drink the best of Rhenish wine.

Whene'er my maiden kisses me,
 I'll think that I the Sultan be ;
 And when my cheery glass I tope,
 I'll fancy that I am the Pope.

CHARLES LEVER.

[From *Harry Lorrequer*, chap. xliii. :—"I fell into a kind of half doze, the words of a student song the little German continued to sing without ceasing for above an hour being the last waking thought on my memory. Less as a souvenir of the singer than a specimen of its class, I give here a rough translation of the well-known Burschen melody."]

LOVE COURTS THE PLEASURES.



BELIEVE me, Love was never made
 In deserts to abide ;
 Leave Age to take the sober shade
 And Youth the sunny side.

Love dozes by the purling brook,
 No friend to lonely places ;
 Or, if he toy with Strephon's crook,
 His Chloes are the Graces.

Forsake "The Flaunting Town!" Alas !
 Be cells for saints, my own love !
 The wine of life's a *social* glass,
 Nor may be quaffed alone, love.

Behold the dead and solemn sea,
 To which our beings flow ;
 Let waves that soon so dark must be
 Catch every glory now.

I would not chain that heart to this,
 To sicken at the rest ;
 The cage we close a prison is,
 The open cage a nest.

EDWARD, LORD LYTTON.

[From *Godolphin*, chap. liii., where it is sung by Fanny Millinger :—" 'Fanny,' cried Godolphin, 'a song !—the pretty quaint song you sung me, years ago, in praise of a town love and an easy life.'"]

THE BLIND FLOWER-GIRL'S SONG.



BUY my flowers—O buy—I pray !
 The blind girl comes from afar ;
 If the earth be as fair as I hear them say,
 These flowers her children are !
 Do they her beauty keep ?
 They are fresh from her lap, I know ;
 For I caught them fast asleep
 In her arms an hour ago,
 With the air which is her breath—
 Her soft and delicate breath—
 Over them murmuring low !

On their lips her sweet kiss lingers yet,
 And their cheeks with her tender tears are wet.
 For she weeps—that gentle mother weeps—
 (As morn and night her watch she keeps,
 With a yearning heart and a passionate care)
 To see the young things grow so fair ;
 She weeps—for love she weeps—
 And the dews are the tears she weeps
 From the well of a mother's love !

Ye have a world of light,
 Where love in the lov'd rejoices ;
 But the blind girl's home is the House of Night,
 And its beings are empty voices.

As one in the realm below,
 I stand by the streams of woe ;
 I hear the vain shadows glide,
 I feel their soft breath at my side ;
 And I thirst the loved forms to see,
 And I stretch my fond arms around,
 And I catch but a shapeless sound,
 For the living are ghosts to me.

 Come buy—come buy!—
 Hark ! how the sweet things sigh
 (For they have a voice like ours),
 “The breath of the blind girl closes
 The leaves of the saddening roses—
 We are tender, we sons of light, -
 We shrink from this child of night ;
 From the grasp of the blind girl free us—
 We yearn for the eyes that see us—
 We are for night too gay,
 In your eyes we behold the day—
 O buy—O buy the flowers !”

EDWARD, LORD LYTON.

[From *The Last Days of Pompeii*, book i. chap. ii.:—“There stood a young girl, with a flower-basket on her right arm, and a small three-stringed instrument of music in the left hand, to whose low and soft tones she was modulating a wild and half-barbaric air. At every pause in the music she gracefully waved her flower-basket round, inviting the listeners to buy, and many a sesterce was showered into the basket, either in compliment to the music, or in compassion to the songstress—for she was blind.”]

NYDIA'S LOVE SONG.



HE Wind and the Beam loved the Rose,
 And the Rose loved one ;
 For who recks the wind where it blows ?
 Or loves not the sun ?

None knew whence the humble Wind stole,
 Poor sport of the skies—
 None dreamt that the Wind had a soul
 In its mournful sighs !

Oh, happy Beam ! how canst thou prove
 That bright love of thine ?
 In thy light is the proof of thy love,
 Thou hast but—to shine !

How its love can the Wind reveal ?
 Unwelcome its sigh ;
 Mute—mute to its Rose let it steal—
 Its proof is—to die !

EDWARD, LORD LYTTON.

[From *The Last Days of Pompeii*, book iii. chap. ii. :—“ ‘Thou singest but sadly, sweet girl ;’ said Glaucus. ‘I sing as I was taught,’ replied Nydia, sighing.”]

A REGRET FOR CHILDHOOD.



T is not that our earlier Heaven
 Escapes its April showers,
 Or that to childhood's heart is given
 No snake amidst the flowers.
 Ah! twined with grief
 Each brightest leaf
 That's wreath'd us by the Hours!
 Young though we be, the Past may sting,
 The Present feed its sorrow;
 But Hope shines bright on every thing
 That waits us with the morrow
 Like sunlit glades,
 The dimmest shades
 Some rosy beam can borrow.

It is not that our later years
 Of cares are woven wholly,
 But smiles less swiftly chase the tears,
 And wounds are healed more slowly.
 And Memory's vow,
 To lost ones now
 Makes joys too bright, unholy.
 And ever fled the Iris-bow
 That smiled when clouds were o'er us;
 If storms should burst, uncheered we go,
 A drearier waste before us;—
 And, with the toys
 Of childish joys,
 We've broke the staff that bore us!

EDWARD, LORD LYTTON.

[From *The Last Days of Pompeii*, book iv, chap. ii., where it is sung by Ione.]

LOVE'S EXCUSE FOR SADNESS.



HIDE not, beloved, if oft with thee
I feel not rapture wholly ;
For aye the heart that's filled with love,
Runs o'er in melancholy.
To streams that glide in noon, the shade
From Summer skies is given ;
So, if my breast reflects the cloud,
'Tis but the cloud of heaven !
Thine image, glass'd within my soul,
So well the mirror keepeth,
That chide me not, if with the *light*
The *shadow* also sleepeth.

EDWARD, LORD LYTTON.

[From *Rienzi*, book iii. chapter iii., where it is sung by Adrian :—" A song conceived in the Italian spirit."]

LOVE'S QUARREL.



TANDING by the river, gazing on the river,
See it paved with starbeams ; heaven is at our feet.
Now the wave is troubled, now the rushes quiver ;
Vanished is the starlight—it was a deceit.

Comes a little cloudlet 'twixt ourselves and heaven,
And from all the river fades the silver track ;
Put thine arms around me, whisper low “Forgiven!”—
See how on the river starlight settles back.

EDWARD, LORD LYTTON.

[From *Kenelm Chillingley*, book iii. chap. xi., where it is sung by “the minstrel :”—“The minstrel turned his head, and their eyes met, and, in meeting, lingered long. Then he moved away, and with face turned from her and towards the river, gave the melody of his wondrous voice to the [above] lines.”]

THE BEAUTY OF THE MISTRESS IS IN THE
LOVER'S EYE.

Is she not pretty, my Mabel May?
Nobody ever yet called her so.
Are not her lineaments faultless, say?
If I must answer you plainly—No.

Joy to believe that the maid I love
None but myself as she is can see;
Joy that she steals from her heaven above,
And is only revealed on this earth to me!

EDWARD, LORD LYTTON.

[From *Kenelm Chillingly*, book viii. chap. v., where it is sung by "The Minstrel":—"If it be an idle question to ask a lover how long he has known the beloved one, so it is almost as idle to ask if she be not beautiful. He cannot but see in her face the beauty she has given to the world without."']

THE MARTYR.



It was the early morning
 When first she met my view,
 What time with heavy rain-drops
 Sparkled the spearlike dew :
 It was the fall of summer
 When she used to pass by me ;
 What time the year was weaning
 The fruit from the mother tree.

Ever, in early morning,
 Glided she forth alone ;
 Cold and silent she seemed
 As a lily carved in stone :
 Ever, in early morning,
 Forth the maiden goes,
 With water, cold as her glances,
 To water a lonely rose.

Drooping and dying the rose seem'd—
 Forth the maiden goes—
 Paler and paler her cheek grew,
 Redder and redder the rose !
 It was the early morning—
 The rose had gained its prime—
 A voice, like the voice of the maiden,
 Was heard in the village chime.

Still from the early morning,
 Went on a heavy work ;
 Deeply the green earth was wounded,
 In the shadow of the kirk.
 Then there was no more morning—
 Oh ! then my grief was strong—
 The rose decked the grave of the maiden
 Who had nourished it so long.

JAMES HANNAY.

[From *Singleton Fontenoy*, book iv. chap. iii. :—"Augusta sang the strange, irregular strain—
 quaint and sad, as a rude death's head and cross-bones on a country tomb."]

NOT NOW.



NOT now, thou shalt not bid me now
 The treasure of my love to tell,
 While fame upon thy flushing brow
 Proclaims her fight fought hard and well.
 Mine own, mine own, how vain to say
 My heart thine every triumph shares,
 But while the crowd their homage pay,
 My voice would seem but echoing theirs.

But ah! if e'er an hour should come,
 (Nay, fate hath no such hour in store,)
 When friends are cold, when praise is dumb,
 And those who sought thee seek no more;
 When meaner things are prized above
 That golden lyre, that seraph pen,
 Then, dearest, ask me how I love,
 And love me for my answer then.

CHARLES SHIRLEY BROOKS.

[From *Sooner or Later*, vol. i. chap. ii. :—"A lady's writing." . . . "They write the best songs, because they write straight from the heart to the heart."]

ALTON LOCKE'S SONG.



MARY, go and call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 Across the sands o' Dee."
 The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
 And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
 And o'er and o'er the sand,
 And round and round the sand,
 As far as eye could see;
 The blinding mist came down and hid the land—
 And never home came she.

"Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
 A tress o' golden hair,
 O' drownèd maiden's hair,
 Above the nets at sea?
 Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
 Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
 The cruel crawling foam,
 The cruel hungry foam,
 To her grave beside the sea :
 But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
 Across the sands o' Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

[From *Allon Locke*, chap. xxvi. :—"As I lay castle-building, Lilian's wild air rang still in my ears, and combined itself somehow with that picture of the Cheshire sands, and the story of the drowned girl, till it shaped itself into a song."]

EARL HALDAN'S DAUGHTER.



It was Earl Haldan's daughter,
 She look'd across the sea ;
 She look'd across the water,
 And long and loud laugh'd she :
 "The locks of six princesses
 Must be my marriage-fee,
 So hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat !
 Who comes a wooing me ?"

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,
 She walked along the sand ;
 When she was aware of a knight so fair,
 Come sailing to the land.
 His sails were all of velvet,
 His mast of beaten gold,
 And "hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat !
 Who saileth here so bold ?"

"The locks of five princesses
 I won beyond the sea ;
 I shore their golden tresses,
 To fringe a cloak for thee.
 One handful yet is wanting,
 But one of all the tale :
 So hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat !
 Furl up thy velvet sail !"

He leapt into the water,
That rover young and bold ;
He gript Earl Haldan's daughter,
He shore her locks of gold ;
"Go weep, go weep, proud maiden,
The tale is full to-day.
Now hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat !
Sail Westward ho and away !"

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

[From *Westward Ho*, chap. xii, where it is sung by Rose Salterne :—"Rose shrank from it. It is a loud and dashing ballad, which chimed in but little with her thoughts."]

THE RIVER'S SONG.



LEAR and cool, clear and cool,
 By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool ;
 Cool and clear, cool and clear,
 By shining shingle, and foaming weir ;
 Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
 And the ivied wall where the church bell rings,
 Undeiled, for the undeiled ;
 Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
 By the smoky town in its murky cowl ;
 Foul and dank, foul and dank,
 By wharf and sewer and slimy bank ;
 Darker and darker the further I go,
 Baser and baser the richer I grow ;
 Who dare sport with the sin deiled ?
 Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

Strong and free, strong and free,
 The flood-gates are open, away to the sea,
 Free and strong, free and strong,
 Cleansing my streams as I hurry along
 To the golden sands, and the leaping bar,
 And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
 As I lose myself in the infinite main
 Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.
 Undeiled, for the undeiled,
 Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

[From *The Water Babies*, chap. i. :—"The river chimed and tinkled far below, and this was the song which it sang."]

THE DAME'S SONG.



WHEN all the world is young, lad,
 And all the trees are green ;
 And every goose a swan, lad,
 And every lass a queen ;
 Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
 And round the world away ;
 Young blood must have its course, lad,
 And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
 And all the trees are blown ;
 And all the sport is stale, lad,
 And all the wheels run down ;
 Creep home, and take your place there,
 The spent and maimed among :
 God grant you find one face there,
 You loved when all was young.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

[From *The Water Babies*, chap. ii. :—"The dame grew so old that she could not stir abroad, and always she sung an old old song, as she sat spinning what she called her wedding dress. The children could not understand it, but they liked it none the less for that ; for it was very sweet, and very sad ; and that was enough for them."]

FRANCES' SONG.



HADOWS we are. Our triumph and our trouble
Pass like a dream, and we are passing too.
Life is a fancy, glory is a bubble;
Shadows we are, and shadows we pursue.

Sunlight has shadow, cool for those that wander;
Moonlight has shadow, safe for those that woo;
Ah, on what vanities our life we squander!
Shadows we are, and shadows we pursue.

Yet, while ambition in despair is dying,
Yet, while strong noon slopes slowly to the night,
Love's diamond lamp will set the phantoms flying,
Love scorns all shadows, being perfect light.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

[From *Frances*, vol. iii. chap. vi. : " ' Ah me, how true are the words of Burke . . . " What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue ! " ' "]

CECILIA'S SONGS.—I.



H touch that rosebud! it will bloom—
 My lady fair!
 A passionate red in dim green gloom,
 A joy, a splendour, a perfume
 That sleeps in air.

You touched my heart; it gave a thrill
 Just like a rose
 That opens at a lady's will;
 Its bloom is always yours until
 You bid it close.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

[From *Frances*, vol. iii. chap. i. :—"Julian Orchard's poems have reached England; Count Cassius had set one or two of them to music—so that Miss Wray, when asked to sing, was able to surprise the American poet with a canzonet of his own."]

CECILIA'S SONGS.—II.



HERE is travel deep in woods,
And travel high in air,
And travel over wide green seas,
And amid the cities fair.

You may follow the wandering swallow,
Or the passionate nightingale,
Dip for pearls with the diver,
Into the sunset sail.

But more than yield the wide seas,
More than the air above,
A man may find in his own heart
And the heart of his own true love.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

[From *Frances*, vol. iii. chap. xiv. :—" 'A very compendious art of travel,' said Mr. Gabriel Shirley."]

EMILY SHELDON'S SONG.



H braid thou lilies, maiden fair,
 Into the folds of thy dark-brown hair,
 White as the foam of the wide salt sea :
 Sing gay carols through field and street—
 Light be the dance of thy tiny feet :
 Love and Death do wait for thee.

Young Love waits his brow to rest
 Glowing with life on thy ivory breast,
 When summer is high over wold and lea :
 He'll sing thee songs of the golden South ;
 And the bitter sweet of his burning mouth
 In a thousand kisses shall cling to thee.

Ancient Death, a masquer quaint,
 Waits till thy voice grow weary and faint,
 And thy foot no longer dances free :
 Then, where the shadows of yew trees fall,
 And the river flows husht by the churchyard wall,
 To his clay-cold breast he foldeth thee.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

[From *The Vivian Romance*, vol. ii. chap. xii. :—"The fair Emily went to the piano, and burst into song in [this] fashion."]

CHARLIE HAWKER'S SONG.



WHAT'S the use of loving in
Such a world as this is,
Where they sing that love's a sin,
Deep in sin's abysses?

Toil and strive, and thereby thrive,
Shun whate'er is sunny;
If you have a mind to wive,
Mind you marry money.

May the God who made the sun,
Trees, birds, woman's beauty,
Scourge the fools who have begun
Thus to teach men duty.

While my lady's heart 's astir,
'Neath its milk-white cover,
All the birds shall sing of her,
All who see shall love her.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

[From *Sweet and Twenty*, vol. iii. chap. xix. :—"Charlie could sing a Cornish song in the dialect of his county, amid shouts of laughter, and he could sing a pretty pathetic ballad, and melt the hearts of the ladies of his audience."]

OLIVE WAYNFLETE'S SONG.



H, once it was a stately tree
 Whose summit caught the morning star—
 And now it is sole friend to me,
 My sad guitar.

When fluttered by the south wind's breath
 Gay music lived in every leaf—
 Now to my ear it murmureth
 Low songs of grief.

In circles swift the swallows sped,
 Its whispering boughs around, above—
 The swallows with the summer fled,
 Life fled with love.

Ghost-music of the glorious tree
 That reigned upon the hills afar—
 Sweet are thy mournful songs to me,
 My own guitar.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

[From *Marquis and Merchant*, vol. iii. chap. ix. :—"Olive Waynflete took the guitar, and her fingers taught it a mournful melody."]

OUT AT SEA.



PHŒBE dear, your quiet eyes
Shine on me ;
With the evening star they rise,
Out at sea !
Rippling o'er my ocean track
Their beauty gleams ;
Midnight watches bring them back,
And daylight dreams.
All I hope, and all I fear,
Loved by thee,
Haunts my heart, oh, Phœbe dear !
Out at sea !

HON. MRS. NORTON.

[From *Lost and Saved*, chap. ii. :—“ ‘ Don't you know any serious song, Ratty ? ’ said the young midshipman . . . ‘ Yes, I do know a little bit of a song, sir, but there's not much in it beyond the tune. ’”]

LORD GORING'S SONG.



HO! fill me a flagon as deep as you please,
 Ho! pledge me the health that we quaff on our knees;
 And the knave who refuses to drink till he fall,
 Why the hangman shall crop him—ears, lovelocks, and all!
 Then a halter we'll string,
 And the rebel shall swing,
 For the gallants of England are up for the King!

 Ho! saddle my horses as quick as you may,
 The sorrel, the black, and the white-footed bay;
 The troops shall be mustered, the trumpets shall peal,
 And the Roundheads shall taste of the Cavaliers' steel!
 For the little birds sing,
 There are hawks on the wing
 When the gallants of England are up for the King!

 Ho! fling me my beaver, and toss me my glove
 That but yesterday clung to the hand of my love,
 To be bound on my crest—to be borne in the van,
 And the rebel that reaps it must fight like a man!
 For the sabre shall swing
 And the head-pieces ring,
 When the gallants of England strike home for the King!

 Ho! crush me a cup to the queen of my heart;
 Ho! fill me a brimmer, the last ere we part;
 A health to Prince Rupert! Success and renown!
 To the dogs with the Commons! and up with the Crown!
 Then the stirrup-cup bring,
 Quaff it round in a ring!
 To your horses! and ride to the death for the King!

GEORGE JOHN WHYTE MELVILLE.

[From *Holmby House*, chap. xii. :—"His lordship was now at the height of his revelry, and was trilling forth in his rich sweet voice a jingling Cavalier melody."]

HUNTING SONG.



SOME love to ride o'er the flowing tide,
 And dash through the pathless sea ;
 But the steed's brave bound, and the opening hound,
 And the rattling burst for me.
 Some track the deer o'er the mountain clear ;
 But though weary the stalker's eye,
 Be it mine to speed o'er the grassy mead,
 And ride to a scent breast-high.
 Breast-high, etc.

There are those that love all the joys to prove
 That crowd in the mantling bowl ;
 Who bow to the nod of the Thracian god,
 And yield him up their soul.
 Some speed the ball through the lamp-lit hall,
 With music and revel free ;
 Or woo beauty's glance in the maze's dance,
 But the joys of the chase for me.
 For me, etc.

When we mount and away at the break of day,
 And we hie to the woodland side ;
 How the crash resounds as we cheer our hounds,
 And still at their sterns we ride.
 Then at dewy eve, when our sport we leave,
 And the board we circle round,
 How each boasts the speed of his fastest steed,
 And the dash of his favourite hound.
 His hound, etc.

Then those that will may the bumper fill,
Or trace out the dance with glee ;
But the steed's brave bound, and the opening hound,
And the rattling burst for me.
For me, etc.

G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE.

[From *Tilbury Nogo*, chap. iv. :—"One song rang in my ears or months afterwards : it was to the air of 'Some love to roam o'er the dark sea foam,' and was, in fact, a mere parody on that song, but devoted to the sport we were all assembled to enjoy."]

A WORD FOR CHAMPAGNE.



SIGH not for woman, I court not her charms—
 The long waving tresses, the melting dark eye—
 For the sting of the adder still lurks in her arms,
 And falsehood is wafted with each burning sigh.
 Such pleasure is poisoned, such ecstasy pain—
 Forget her! remembrance shall fade in champagne!

For the bright-headed bumper shall sparkle as well,
 Though Cupid be cruel, and Venus be coy;
 And the blood of the grape gushes up with a spell
 Which years shall not deaden, nor care shall alloy.
 It thrills through the life-blood, it mounts to the brain—
 Then crown the tall goblet once more with champagne!

The miser may gloat o'er his coffers of gold;
 The merchant may balance investment and sale;
 The land-holder swell with delight to behold
 How his acres are yellowing far o'er the vale:
 But mine be the riches that blush on that plain
 Where the vintage of Sillery teems with champagne!

Rejoiced is the sage when his labours are crowned,
 And the chaplets of laurel his temples adorn—
 When pure gems of science are scattered around
 A name still undying to ages unborn;
 But benumbed are his senses, and weary his brain—
 Let him quaff at the fountain which foams with champagne!

Ambition is noble, they tell ye—to sway
The fate of an empire, a nation to rule ;
To be flattered and worshipped, the god of a day,
And then learn to cringe in adversity's school ;
But vexed is the spirit, the labour is vain ;
And the crest-fallen statesman flies back to champagne !

Then give me champagne ! and contentment be mine !
Women, wealth, and ambition—I cast them away.
My garlanded forehead let vine-leaves entwine !
And life shall to me be one long summer's day,
With the tears of the clustering grape for its rain,
And its sunshine—the bright golden floods of champagne !

G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE.

[From *Tilbury Nogo*, chap. xiii. where it is sung by “a pale, haggard youth, whose handsome features seemed wasted with dissipation, and on whose brow, young as it was, care had too evidently imprinted her unsparing seal :”—“ ‘ Bravo ! Bravo ! ’ ‘ More champagne ! ’ was the chorus to such appropriate sentiments.”]

ISHTAR'S SONG.



LEEP, my love, sleep ; rest, my love rest ;
 Dieth the moan of the wind in the tree,
 Foldeth her pinions the bird in her nest,
 Sinketh the sun to his bed in the sea.
 Sleep, sleep—lull'd on my breast,
 Tossing and troubled and thinking of me.

Hush, my love, hush ; with petals that close,
 Bowing and bending their heads to the lea,
 Fainteth the lily, and fadeth the rose,
 Sighing and sad for desire of the bee.
 Hush, hush ; drooping like those,
 Weary of waking and watching for me.

Peace, my love, peace ; falleth the night,
 Veiling in shadows her glory for thee ;
 Eyes may be darken'd, while visions are bright,
 Senses be fettered, though fancy is free.
 Peace, peace ; slumbering light,
 Longing and loving and dreaming of me.

G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE.

[From *Sarchedon*, chap. xxx. :—"Softly, sweetly, she sang him [Ninyas] a drowsy lullaby."]

BELTENEBROSA'S SONG.



IF I were a queen I'd make it a rule
 For women to govern and men obey ;
 And hobbledehoyes to be kept at school,
 And elderly gentlemen hidden away,
 But maids should marry at sweet sixteen
 If I were a queen, if I were a queen !

If I were a queen I'd soon arrange
 For a London season the whole year round ;
 And once a week, if we wanted a change,
 We would dine by the river and sit on the ground,
 When lawns are sunny, and leaves are green—
 If I were a queen, if I were a queen !

If I were a queen the lady should choose,
 Taking her pick of them, round and square ;
 None selected should ever refuse,
 Bound to wed, be she dark or fair,
 Stout and stumpy, or lank and lean,
 If I were a queen, if I were a queen !

If I were a queen, on Valentine's day
 Every girl should receive by post
 Flaming letters in full array,
 Of darts and hearts burnt up to a toast ;
 With bows and arrows, and Cupids between—
 If I were a queen, if I were a queen !

If I were a queen, I'd never allow
Tax on unregistered goods like these—
A woman's reason, a lover's vow,
A stolen kiss, or a silent squeeze ;
A wish unspoken, a blush unseen—
If I were a queen, if I were a queen !

G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE.

[From *Black but Comely*, chap. xxviii. :—“ ‘What says Madame Beltenebrosa?’ asked Lady Mary ; ‘she seems to be a queen.’ ‘I wish I were,’ answered the gipsy. ‘Why, what would you do?’ snapped her ladyship. ‘I’ll tell you,’ said Beltenebrosa ; ‘I am sure my own sex would like to put me on the throne at once.’”]

WILL LADISLAW'S SONG.



me, O me, what frugal cheer
 My love doth feed upon!
 A touch, a ray, that is not here,
 A shadow that is gone:

A dream of breath that might be near,
 An inly-echoed tone,
 The thought that one may think me dear,
 The place where one was known,

The tremor of a banished fear,
 An ill that was not done—
 O me, O me, what frugal cheer
 My love doth feed upon!

GEORGE ELIOT.

From *Middlemarch*, book v. chap. xlvii:—"Will went along . . . experimenting in tunes to suit some words of his own, sometimes trying a ready-made melody, sometimes improvising. The words were not exactly a hymn, but they certainly fitted his Sunday experience."]

A SERENADE OF SEVILLE.



COME forth, come forth,—the star we love
 Is high o'er Guadalquiver's grove,
 And tints each tree with golden light ;
 Ah! Rosalie, one smile from thee were far more bright!

Come forth, come forth,—the flowers, that fear
 To blossom in the sun's career,
 The moonlight with their odours greet ;
 Ah! Rosalie, one sigh from thee were far more sweet!

Come forth, come forth,—one hour of night,
 When flowers are fresh and stars are bright,
 Were worth an age of gaudy day ;
 Then Rosalie, fly, fly to me—nor longer stay!

— BENJAMIN, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

[From *Henrietta Temple*, book vi. chap. xiv., where it is sung by Count Mirabel:—"When I was with the Duc d'Angoulême in Spain, we sometimes indulged in a serenade at Seville. I will try to remember one' . . . 'I hope the lady came,' said Miss Temple, 'after such a pretty song,' 'Of course,' said the count, 'they always come.'"]

CAPTAIN ARMINE'S SONG.



MY heart is like a silent lute
Some faithless hand has thrown aside ;
These chords are dumb, those tones are mute,
That once sent forth a voice of pride !
Yet even o'er the lute neglected
The wind of Heaven will sometimes fly,
And even thus the heart dejected
Will sometimes answer to a sigh !

And yet to feel another's power
May grasp the prize for which I pine,
And others now may pluck the flower
I cherished for this heart of mine—
No more, no more ! The hand forsaking,
The lute must fall, and shivered lie
In silence ; and my heart, thus breaking,
Responds not even to a sigh.

BENJAMIN, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

[From *Henrietta Temple*, chap. xv :—Henrietta, whom Captain Armine loves, is, at this period, engaged to be married to Lord Montfort.]

ESCLAIRMONDE.



HE crown is proud
 That decks our brow ;
 The laugh is loud
 That glads us now ;
 The sounds that fall
 Around—above—
 Are laden all
 With love—with love—
 With love—with love.

Heaven cannot show,
 'Mid all its sheen,
 Orbs of such glow
 As here are seen ;
 And monarch ne'er
 Exulting owned,
 Queen might compare
 With Esclairmonde—
 With Esclairmonde.

From Bacchus' fount
 Deep draughts we drain ;
 Their spirits mount,
 And fire our brain ;
 But in our heart
 Of hearts enthroned,
 From all apart
 Rests Esclairmonde—
 Rests Esclairmonde.

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

[From *Crichton*, book ii. chap. ix., where it is sung by Henry III. of France, and called a "rondel."]

MY OLD COMPLAINT :

ITS CAUSE AND CURE.



I'M sadly afraid of my Old Complaint—
 Dying of thirst.—Not a drop have I drunk
 For more than an hour: 'Tis too long to wait.
 Wonderful how my spirits have sunk!
 Provocation enough it is for a saint,
 To suffer so much from my Old Complaint!

What is it like, my Old Complaint?
 I'll tell you anon, since you wish to know.
 It troubles me now, but it troubled me first,
 When I was a youngster, years ago!
 Bubble-and-squeak is the image quaint
 Of what it is like, my Old Complaint!

The Herring, in a very few minutes, we're told,
 Loses his life, ta'en out of the sea;
 Rob me of wine, and you'll behold
 Just the same thing happen to me.
 Thirst makes the poor little Herring so faint;—
 Thirst is the cause of my Old Complaint!

The bibulous Salmon is ill content,
 Unless he batheth his jowl in brine:
 And so, my spirits are quickly spent,
 Unless I dip *my* muzzle in Wine!
 Myself in the jolly old Salmon I paint:—
 Wine is the cure of my Old Complaint!
 Give me full bottles and no restraint,
 And little you'll hear of my Old Complaint!

I never indulge in fanciful stuff,
Or idly prate, if my flagon be full ;
Give me good Claret, and give me enough,
And then my spirits are never dull.
Give me good Claret and no constraint ;
And I soon get rid of my Old Complaint !
Herring and Salmon my friends will acquaint
With the Cause and the Cure of my Old Complaint !

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

[From *The Flitch of Bacon*, part i. chap x., where it is sung by Captain Juddock.]

REGINA'S SONG.



WHEN for a *buonomano*,
Cometh at break of day
Knock at the *terzo piano*,
A little voice answers,
Chi è?

"I, the *jacchino*, awaiting
The bounty of *cara lei!*"
She droppeth a paul from the grating,
And silently steals away.

When with a long low mumble
Of lips that appear to pray,
At noon comes a knock, so humble
The little voice answers,
Chi è?

"I, the poor monk." Just a little
She opens, but nought doth say,
Gives him *baiocchi* or victual,
And silently steals away.

But when, as the shadows longer
Stretch half athwart the way,
There cometh a knock—much stronger—
The little voice answers,
Chi è?

And when I answer her, "Io!"
No bolts nor bars delay,
But with the wild whisper, "Ah, Dio!"
We kiss and we steal away!

ALFRED AUSTIN.

[From *Won by a Head*, vol. iii., chap. xii., where it is sung by Regina Benvenuto. "It was Regina's voice, singing with all her wonderful flexibility of voice and expression, this simple, but, perhaps, singular song."]

JACK'S SONG.



H the days were long,
 And the summers were long,
 When Jane and I went courtin';
 The hills were blue beyond the sky;
 The heather was soft where we did lie;
 We kissed our fill, did Jane and I,
 When Jane and I went courtin'.

When Jane and I went courtin',
 Oh the days were long,
 And the summers were long!
 We walked by night along the quay;
 Above, the stars; below, the sea;
 And I kissed Jane, and Jane kissed me,
 When Jane and I went courtin'.

But Jane she married the sodger-chap;
 An end to me and my courtin'.
 And I took ship, and here I am;
 And where I go, I care not a damn—
 Rio, Jamaica, Seringapatam—
 Good-bye to Jane and the courtin'.

WILLIAM BLACK.

[From *Sunrise*, vol. i. chap. xix. :—"Jack wanders out—the breath of the morning stirs his memories—he thinks of other days. Then comes in Jack's song, which neither Calabressa nor any one else present could say was meant to be comic or pathetic, or a demoniac mixture of both."]

“ES RITTEN DREI REITER.”



THREE horsemen rode out to the gate of the town : Good-bye !
 Fine-Sweetheart, she looked from her window down : Good-bye !
 And if ill-fate such grief must bring,
 Then reach me hither your golden ring !
 Good-bye ! Good-bye ! Good-bye !
 Ah, parting wounds so bitterly !

And it is Death that parts us so : Good-bye !
 Many a rose-red maiden must go : Good-bye !
 He sunders many a man from wife :
 They knew how happy a thing was life.
 Good-bye ! Good-bye ! Good-bye !
 Ah, parting wounds so bitterly !

He steals the infant out of its bed : Good-bye !
 And when shall I see my nut-brown maid ? Good-bye ;
 It is not to-morrow : ah, were it to day !
 There are two that I know that would be gay !
 Good-bye ! Good-bye ! Good-bye !
 Ah, parting wounds so bitterly !

WILLIAM BLACK.

[From *A Daughter of Ith*, chap. xlvii. where it is sung by Coquette:—“ I suppose you never heard of an old German song that it is very strange and sad . . . ‘What does it mean?’ asked the boy. ‘I think it means,’ says Coquette, looking away over the moor, ‘that everybody in the world is miserable.’”]

ZELDA'S SONG.



I, so mean, were Royal Queen
 Of England, France, or Spain,
 Sceptre and Crown, I'd throw them down,
 So I might sail the main.
 For a Sailor lad my heart has had
 That sails upon the sea,
 And, mirk or glim, I'd sail with him,
 If he would sail with me.

If he, the last before the mast,
 To whom my heart is true,
 Were o'er them all made Admiral
 And Captain of the Crew—
 Through evil name, through sin and shame,
 I'd sail the wide world's sea :
 Fall foul or fair, I would not care,
 If he would care for me.

R. E. FRANCILLON.

[From *Zelda's Fortune*, book iii. chap. ii. :—"Lord Lisburn was too intent upon the full contralto to hear a knock at the door. 'I should think he would sail with you,' he said enthusiastically, 'if that's how you ask him.'"]

THE APPLE-WOMAN'S SONG.



WHEN I sit on market-days amid the comers and the goers,
 Oh! full oft I have a vision of the days without alloy,
 And a ship comes up the river with a jolly gang of towers,
 And a "pull'e haul'e, pull'e haul'e, yoy! heave, hoy!"

There is busy talk around me, all about mine ears it hummeth,
 But the wooden wharves I look on, and a dancing, heaving buoy,
 For 'tis tide-time in the river, and she cometh—oh! she cometh!
 With a "pull'e haul'e, pull'e haul'e, yoy! heave, hoy!"

Then I hear the water washing, never golden waves were brighter,
 And I hear the capstan creaking—'tis a sound that cannot cloy.
 Bring her to, to ship her lading, brig or schooner, sloop or lighter,
 With a "pull'e haul'e, pull'e haul'e, yoy! heave, hoy!"

"Will ye step aboard, my dearest? for the high seas lie before us."
 So I sailed adown the river in the days without alloy.
 We are launched! But when, I wonder, shall a sweeter sound float o'er us
 Than yon "pull'e haul'e, pull'e haul'e, yoy! heave, hoy!"

JEAN INGELOW.

[From *Motsa the Fairy*, chap. ix.]

LIKE A LAVEROCK IN THE LIFT.



IT'S we two, it's we two, it's we two for aye,
 All the world and we two, and Heaven be our stay.
 Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
 All the world was Adam once, with Eve by his side.

What's the world, my lass, my love?—what can it do?
 I am thine, and thou art mine; life is sweet and new.
 If the world has missed its mark, let it stand by,
 For we two have gotten leave, and once more we'll try.

Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
 It's we two, it's we two, happy side by side.
 Take a kiss from me thy man; now the song begins:
 "All is made afresh for us, and the brave heart wins."

When the darker days shall come, and no sun will shine,
 Thou shalt dry my tears, lass, and I'll dry thine.
 It's we two, it's we two, while the world's away,
 Sitting by the golden sheaves on our wedding day.

JEAN INGELOW.

[From *Mopsa the Fairy*, chapter xi., where it is sung by the apple-woman:—"So she began to sing, and the air was darkened by great flocks of these guinea-fowl. They alighted just as she had said, and kept time with their heads and their feet, nodding like a crowd of mandarins; and yet it was nothing but a stupid old song that you would have thought could have no particular meaning for them."]

THE ANCIENT WOMAN'S SONGS.—I.



LIGHT of dead and of dying days !
O Love ! in thy glory go,
In a rosy mist and a moony haze,
O'er the pathless peaks of snow.

But what is left for the cold grey soul,
That moans like a wounded dove ?
One wine is left in the broken bowl—
'Tis—*To love, and love, and love.*

GEORGE MACDONALD.

' [From *Phantastes*, chap. xix. :—"Whether I fainted or slept, I do not know, but as I returned to consciousness, before I seemed to have power to move, I heard the woman singing and could distinguish the words . . . Now I could weep."].

THE ANCIENT WOMAN'S SONG.—II.



BETTER to sit at the waters' birth,
Than a sea of waves to win,
To live in the love that floweth forth,
Than the love that cometh in.

Be thy heart a well of love, my child,
Flowing, and free, and sure ;
For a cistern of love, though undefiled,
Keeps not the spirit pure.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

From *Phantastes*, chap. xix. :—“When she saw me weeping she sang I rose from the earth, loving the white lady as I had never loved her before.”]

PHANTASTES' SONG.



LADY, thy lover is dead," they cried ;
"He is dead, but hath slain the foe ;
He hath left a name to be magnified
In a song of wonder and woe."

"Alas ! I am well repaid," said she,
"With a pain that stings like joy ;
For I feared, from his tenderness to me,
That he was but a feeble boy.

"Now I shall hold my head on high,
The queen among my kind.
If ye hear a sound, 'tis only a sigh
For a glory left behind."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

[From *Phantastes*, chap. xx. :—"I tried to repay them with song, and many were the tears they shed over my ballads and dirges."]

ADELA CATHCART'S SONG.



THE waters are rising and flowing
Over the weedy stone—
Over and over it going:
It is never gone.

So joy on joy may go sweeping
Over the head of pain—
Over and over it leaping:
It will rise again.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

[From *Adela Cathcart*, vol. ii. chap. iv.]

DIAMOND'S SONG.



HERE did you come from, baby dear?
 Out of everywhere into here.
 Where did you get your eyes so blue?
 Out of the sky as I came through.
 What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
 Some of the starry spikes left in.
 Where did you get that little tear?
 I found it waiting when I got here.
 What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
 A soft hand stroked it as I went by.
 What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
 I saw something better than any one knows.
 Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
 Three angels gave me at once a kiss.
 Where did you get this pearly ear?
 God spoke, and it came out to hear.
 Where did you get those arms and hands?
 Love made itself into hooks and bands.
 Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
 From the same box as the cherubs' wings.
 How did they all just come to be you?
 God thought about me, and so I grew.
 But how did you come to us, you dear?
 God thought about you, and so I am here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

[From *At the Back of the North Wind*, chap. xviii. :—" 'You never made that song, Diamond,' said his mother. 'No mother, I wish I had. But it's mine for all that.' 'What makes it yours?' 'I love it so.'"]

LESLIE'S SONG.



H! her cheek, her cheek was pale,
 Her voice was hardly musical;
 But your proud grey eyes grew tender,
 Child, when mine they met,
 With a piteous self-surrender,
 Margaret.

Child, what have I done to thee?
 Child, what hast thou done to me?
 How you froze me with your tone
 That last day we met!
 Your sad eyes then were cold as stone,
 Margaret.

Oh, it all now seems to me
 A far-off weary mystery!
 Yet—and yet her last sad frown
 Awes me still, and yet—
 In vain I laugh your memory down,
 Margaret.

W. H. MALLOCK.

[From *The New Republic*, book i. chap. iv. :—"Curiosity and criticism were both lost in surprise at the first sound of his rich and flexible voice, and still more so at the real passion which he breathed into the following words, rude and artless as they were."]

ALMERYL'S SONGS.—I.



W HETHER we die or we live
Matters it now no more:
Life has nought further to give,
Love is its crown and its core.
Come to us either, we're rife,—
Death or life!

Death can take not away,
Darkness and light are the same:
We are beyond the pale ray,
Wrapt in a rosier flame:
Welcome which will to one breath,—
Life or death!

GEORGE MEREDITH.

[From *The Shaving of Shagpat* (The Story of Bhanavar):—"Almeryl stretched his arm to the lattice, and drew it open, letting in the soft night wind, and the sound of the fountain and the bulbul and the beam of the stars, and versed to her in languor of deep love."]

ALMERYL'S SONGS.—II.



HE rose is living in her cheeks,
 The lily in her rounded chin ;
 She speaks but when her whole soul speaks,
 And then the two flow out and in,
 And mix their red and white to make
 The hue for which I'd Paradise forsake.

Her brow from her black falling hair
 Ascends like morn ; her nose is clear
 As morning hills, and finely fair
 With pearly nostrils curving near
 The red bow of her upper lip ;
 Her bosom's the white wave beneath the ship.

The fair full earth, the enraptured skies,
 She images in constant play :
 Night and the stars are in her eyes,
 But her sweet face is beaming day,
 A bounteous interblush of flowers :
 A dewy brilliance in a dale of bowers.

GEORGE MEREDITH

[From *The Shaving of Shagpat* (The Story of Bhanavar) :—"Almeryl hung over Bhanavar, and his heart ached to see the freshness of her wondrous loveliness ; and he sang, looking on her."

HUNTING GLEE.



HE Kaiser went a hunting,
 A hunting, tra-ra :
 With his bugle-horn at springing morn,
 The Kaiser trampled bud and thorn :
 Tra-ra !
 And the dew shakes green as the horsemen rear,
 And a thousand feathers they flutter with fear,
 And a pang drives quick to the heart of the deer,
 For the Kaiser's out a hunting,
 Tra-ra !
 Ta, ta, ta, ta,
 Tra-ra, tra-ra,
 Ta, ta, tra-ra, tra-ra,

The wild boar lay a-grunting,
 A-grunting, tra-ra !
 And boom ! comes the Kaiser to hunt up me ?
 Or, queak ! the small birdie that hops on the tree ?
 Tra-ra !
 O birdie, and boar, and deer, lie tame !
 For a maid in a bloom, or a full-blown dame,
 Are the daintiest prey, and the windingest game,
 When the Kaisers go a-hunting,
 Tra-ra !
 Ha, ha, ha, ha,
 Tra-ra, tra-ra,
 Ha-ha, tra-ra, tra-ra !

GEORGE MEREDITH

[From *Farina : a Legend of Cologne* :—"Voices singing a hunting glee, popular in that age, swelled up the clear morning air ; and gradually the words became distinct . . . the voices held long on the last note, and let it die in a forest cadence."]

KING ALFRED'S SONGS.—I.



STRIKE my harp with fetter'd hand,
 I sing to alien ear,
 And yet my song is sweet to me,
 And yet my harp is dear.

My foot is set on native soil,
 A soil that is not free;
 My kin are slain, my love is lost,
 My harp remains to me.

The ruin'd home that shelter'd me,
 The burnt and wasted plain,
 A smiling cot, a fertile vale,
 I find in song again.

And where I go, or friend or foe
 A welcome free affords
 The voice that sings to every heart,
 The hand that rules the chords.

JAMES PAYN.

[From *A Grape from a Thorn*, chap. xlv., where it occurs in the course of a poem on King Alfred's visit to the Danish camp. The king is supposed to sing this and the following song in his disguise as a minstrel.]

KING ALFRED'S SONGS.—II.



HE wolf and the wild dog
 Are under the hill,
 The hart's in the upland,
 The fox in the ghyll ;

 There's game for the hunter
 On mountain and moor,
 But mine be the forest,
 And mine the wild boar.

 His crash through the covert,
 From boar-hound to flee,
 His roar like the thunder
 Is music to me ;

 The trace of his black blood,
 And foam track afar,
 More glads me than wine-cup
 Fill'd high after war ;

 His warm lair abandon'd,
 When madden'd, half-blind,
 He comes swift as storm-bolt,
 My staunch dogs behind ;

 I, right in his pathway,
 With bowstring at strain,
 And dart drawn to stone-head,
 One moment remain ;

 The next through that red eye
 The arrow hath flown,
 The short sword finds scabbard,
 The death-mort is blown.

JAMES PAYN.

[See note to preceding song.]

ESTY'S SONG.



NCE in my youth I loved a sailor lad,—
 Loved him so dearly;
 His curling locks were black, his eyes were glad,
 Shining so clearly.

Always he thought of me, and I for him
 Watched the dark billow,
 And when the winds were wild, and stars were dim,
 Wet was my pillow.

Fresh as the curling foam that washed the shore
 His bright-eyed beauty;
 As later rolled the tides our love grew more,
 Though against duty;

For father bid me cease to watch his boat;
 So did my brother;
 They might as well have bade the waves to float
 One from another.

At last, when winds were high one bitter night,
 And mad the foam,
 His skiff returned not when the dawning light
 Brought others home.

And now, great as dead emperors or kings,
 He who did love me,
 The lad my father scorned, bears angels' wings,
 And dwells above me!

ANNA C. STEELE.

[From *Gardenhurst*, chap. xxxii., where it is sung by Esty Cadogan :—" She sang a little song of her own composition . . . ' Really, that's very pretty,' the Countess said."]

MACALLAN'S SONG.



HE rain was sweepin' down the hill,
 The wild wind scamping after,
 A daft auld crone sat by the mill,
 Wi' sang and eldritch laughter.
 And a' night lang she sat there still—
 Oh! crone was ne'er a dafter.

Her ain good son was stretched within,
 Wi' bluid his shroud was spotted :
 "For shame, gude wife, for shame, gang in,
 'Tis like ye hae forgot it ;
 Go wash frae bluid his braw white skin,
 And smooth his hair so clotted.

"'Twas said that laddie never knew
 A lealer, prouder mither ;
 To kiss his cheek there's nane but you,
 For strangers bore him hither ;
 To close his een o' bonny blue,
 Wha's fitter than his mither?"

Still, still the auld wife laughed and sung,
 Her grey hair round her wavin'—
 The wild winds screeched, the fir-tree swung,
 A' minglin' wi' her ravin'.
 But wae's the while, her laddie young
 Is stretched like cauld stane graven.

W. G. WILLS.

[From *The Love that Kills*, chap. ix. :—" 'Come, now, Miss Lizzie,' said he, ' I'll sing ye your ain waesome song, to please ye.'"]

NOTES.

P A E

1. DORUS sings another song, for which space may be found here. It occurs in book ii. :—

“ Since so mine eyes are subject to your sight,
That in your sight they fixèd have my brain ;
Since so my heart is fillèd with that light,
That only light doth all my life maintain :

“ Since in sweet you all goods so richly reign,
That where you are no wishèd good can want :
Since so your living image lives in me,
That in myself your self true love doth plant :

“ How can you him unworthy then decree,
In whose chief part your worths implanted be ?”

2. This song is given in Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, minus the concluding verse.
5. This Ode opens in somewhat the same strain as the Horatian “*Sunt quos curriculo.*”
8. “ In time I loath'd that now I love.” So Lord Vaux :—
- “ I loathe that I did love,
In youth that I thought sweet.”
12. The last two verses of the song are omitted.
25. This, of course, is not really a “rondeau,” in the strict meaning of that word ; but it is so styled by its writer, and hence the title here given to it.

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26. Hazlitt, comparing this song with a prose passage in the same story, says it is "written in a less sombre style, with a mixture of banter and irony. But it is distinguished by the same fulness of feeling, and the same simple, forcible, and perfect expression of it. There is nothing wanting, and nothing superfluous. The author has produced exactly the impression he intended."
28. "Scott," says Palgrave, "has given us nothing more complete and lovely than this little song, which unites simplicity and dramatic power to a wildwood music of the rarest quality." "Maisie" is "Mary."
32. Scott wrote: "I cannot suppress the pride of saying that these lines have been beautifully set to original music by Mrs. Arkwright of Derbyshire."
62. "From the Spanish."
65. The lines—

"Deep in each bosom's secret cell
The hermit-sorrows lie,"

will remind many readers of Keble's—

"Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe,
Our hermit-spirits dwell and range apart."

73. Suggested, of course, by the proverbial lines:

"Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl."

77. The query—

"Where's the snow
That fell the year that's fled?"

"almost persuades" one that Lover knew the original of

"Nay, but where is the last year's snow?"

80. Lover wrote: "The song was written to illustrate my belief that the most commonplace expression, appropriately applied, may successfully serve the purposes of the lyric; and here experience has proved me right, for this very song of 'What will you do?' (containing in it that other commonplace, 'That's what I'd do') has been received with special favour by the public."

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89. It is interesting to compare with Lever's lines the version which Thackeray has furnished (in *Rebecca and Rowena*) of the same original :—

“ The Pope he is a happy man,
His Palace is the Vatican :
And there he sits and drains his can ;
The Pope he is a happy man.
I often say when I'm at home,
I'd like to be the Pope of Rome.

“ And then there's Sultan Saladin,
That Turkish Soldan full of sin ;
He has a hundred wives at least,
By which his pleasure is increased ;
I've often wished, I hope no sin,
That I were Sultan Saladin.

“ But no, the Pope no wife may choose,
And so I would not wear his shoes ;
No wine may drink the proud Paynim,
And so I'd rather not be him ;
My wife, my wine, I love, I hope,
And would be neither Turk nor Pope.”

97. The idea embodied in this song is practically identical with that contained in the well-known lyric by Hartley Coleridge :—

“ Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me.”

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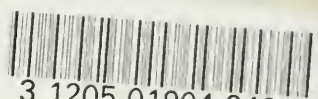
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