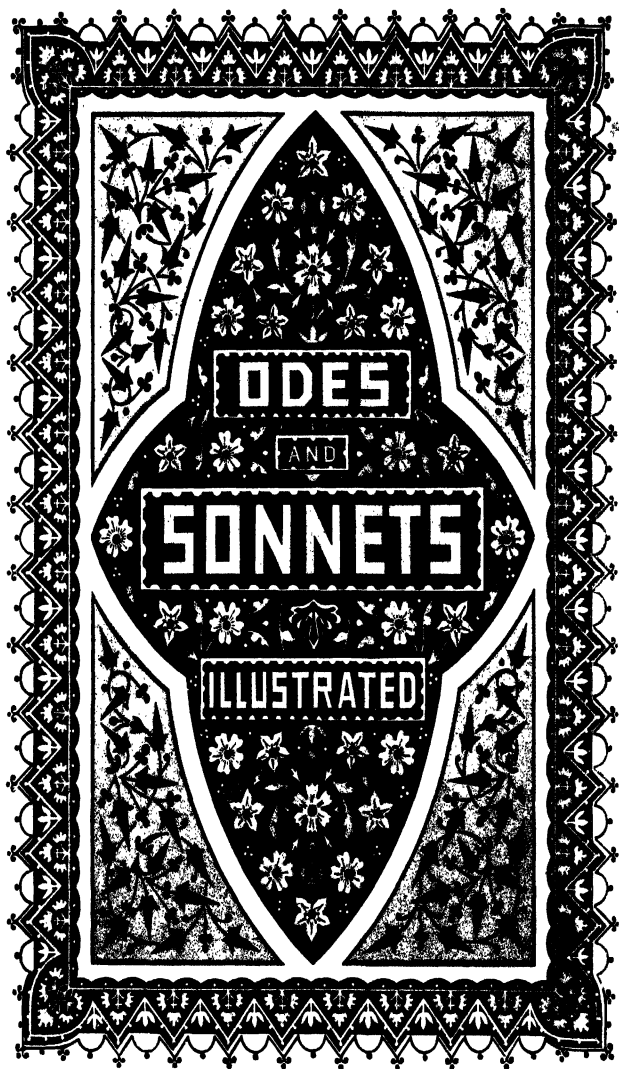


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ODES

AND

SONNETS

ILLUSTRATED

THE PICTURES IN THIS BOOK

ARE BY

BIRKET FOSTER,

THE ORNAMENTAL DESIGNS

BY

JOHN SLIERH.

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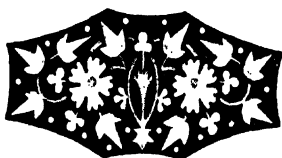
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Oh let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk.

THOMSON.



“sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers.
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers;
“sing of may-poles.”

HERRICK.



TO THE REDBREAST.

WHEN that the fields put on their gay attire,
Thou silent sitt'st near brake or river's brim,
Whilst the gay thrush sings loud from covert dim ;
But when pale Winter lights the social fire,
And meads with slime are sprent, and ways with mire,

ODES AND SONNETS.

Thou charm'st us with thy soft and solemn hymn
From battlement, or barn, or hay-stack trim ;
And now not seldom tunest, as if for hire,
Thy thrilling pipe to me, waiting to catch
The pittance due to thy well-warbled song ;
Sweet bird ! sing on ; for oft near lonely hatch,
Like thee, myself have pleased the rustic throng,
And oft for entrance, 'neath the peaceful thatch,
Full many a tale have told, and ditty long.

BAMPPYLDE.

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

ALL, beauteous stranger of the grove !
Thou messenger of Spring !
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear ;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,



ODES AND SONNETS.

And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood,
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

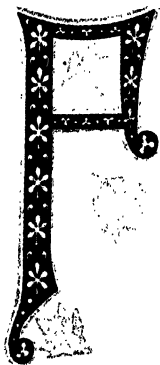
What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year !

O could I fly, I 'd fly with thee !
We 'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

JOHN LOGAN.

TO DAFFODILS.



AIRE daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon ;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon :

Stay, stay,
Untill the hast'ning day
Has run

But to the even-song ;
And having pray'd together, we
Will goe with you along !

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or any thing :

We die,
As your hours doe ; and drie
Away
Like to the summer's raine,
Or as the pearles of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

HERRICK.



ON THE MORNING.

RINGS the shrill peal of dawn gay chanticleer,
Thrice warning that the day-star climbs on high,

And pales his beam as Phœbus' car draws nigh.
 Now ere the lawns or distant cribs appear,
 Or ere the crows from wattled sheep-cote veer
 Their early flight, or wakeful herdsman's eye
 Discerns the smoky hamlet, let me ply
 My daily task, to guide the labouring steer,
 Plant the low shrub, remove the unsightly mound,
 Or nurse the flower, or tend the humming swarms.
 Thus ever with the morn may I be found,
 Far from the hunter-band's discordant yell ;
 So in my breast Content and Health shall dwell,
 And conscious Bliss, and love of Nature's charms.

BAMPFYLDE.

ON THE EVENING.

Slow sinks the glimmering beam from western sky ;
 The woods and hills, obscured by evening gray,
 Vanish from mortal sight, and fade away.
 Now with the flocks and yearlings let me hie
 To farm, or cottage lone, where, perch'd hard by,
 On mossy pale the redbreast tuncs his lay,
 Soft twittering, and bids farewell to day ;
 Then, whilst the watchdog barks, and ploughmen lie,



Lull'd by the rocking winds, let me unfold
 Whate'er in rhapsody, or strain most holy,
The hoary minstrel sang in times of old ;
For well I ween, from them the Nine inspire
Wisdom shall flow, and virtue's sacred fire,
 And Peace, and love, and heavenly Melancholy.

BAMPFYLDE.

ODE ON TIME.

Fly, envious Time, till thou run out thy race ;
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping Hours,
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace ;
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
 Which is no more than what is false and vain,
 And merely mortal dross ;
 So little is our loss,
 So little is thy gain !
 For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
 And, last of all, thy greedy self consumed,
 Then long eternity shall greet our bliss
 With an individual kiss ;
 And joy shall overtake us as a flood,
 When every thing that is sincerely good
 And perfectly divine,
 With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine
 About the supreme throne
 Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone
 When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
 Then, all this earthly grossness quit,
 Attired with stars we shall for ever sit,
 Triumphant over death, and chance, and thee, O Time.

MILTON.



ODE TO THE HARVEST MOON.

Moon of harvest, herald mild
Of plenty, rustic labour's child,
Hail! oh hail! I greet thy beam,
As soft it trembles o'er the stream,

ODES AND SONNETS.

And gilds the straw-thatch'd haulet wide,
Where innocence and peace reside ;
'Tis thou that gladd'st with joy the rustic throng,
Promptest the tripping dance, th' exhilarating song.

Moon of harvest, I do love
O'er the uplands now to rove,
While thy modest ray serene
Gilds the wide surrounding scene ;
And to watch thee riding high
In the blue vault of the sky,
Where no thin vapour intercepts thy ray,
But in unclouded majesty thou walkest on thy way.

Pleasing 'tis, O modest moon !
Now the night is at her noon,
'Neath thy sway to musing lie,
While around the zephyrs sigh,
Fanning soft the sun-tann'd wheat,
Ripen'd by the summer's heat ;
Picturing all the rustic's joy
When boundless plenty greets his eye,
And thinking soon,
Oh, modest moon !
How many a female eye will roam

ODES AND SONNETS.

Along the road,
To see the load,
The last dear load of harvest home.

Storms and tempests, floods and rains,
Stern despoilers of the plains,
Hence away, the season flee,
Foes to light-heart jollity ;
May no winds careering high,
Drive the clouds along the sky ;
But may all nature smile with aspect boon,
When in the heavens thou show'st thy face, oh, Harvest
Moon !

'Neath yon lowly roof he lies,
The husbandman, with sleep-scal'd eyes ;
He dreams of crowded barns, and round
The yard he hears the flail resound ;
Oh ! may no hurricane destroy
His visionary views of joy :
God of the winds ! oh, hear his humble prayer,
And while the moon of harvest shines, thy blust'ring
whirlwind spare.

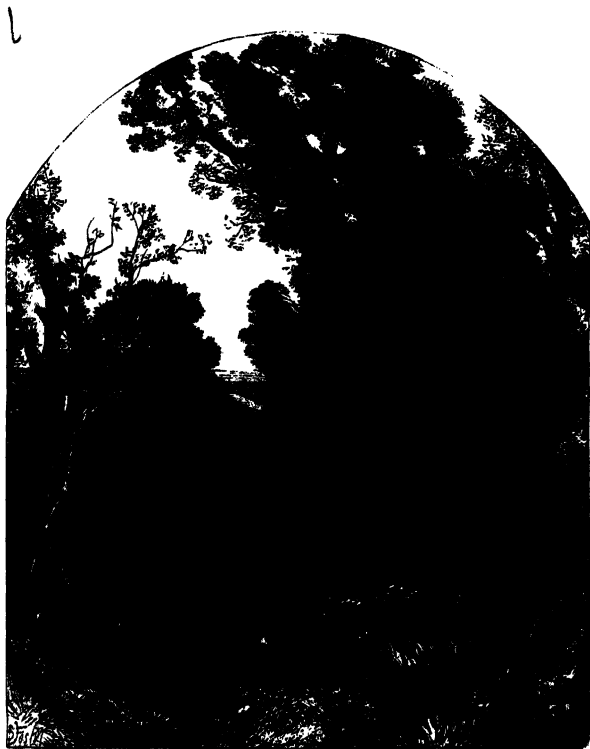
Sons of luxury to you
Leave I sleep's dull power to woo :

Press ye still the downy bed,
 While fev'rish dreams surround your head ;
 I will seek the woodland glade,
 Penetrate the thickest shade,
 Wrapt in contemplation's dreams,
 Musing high on holy themes,
 While on the gale
 Shall softly sail
 The nightingale's enchanting tune,
 And oft my eyes
 Shall grateful rise
 To thee, the modest Harvest Moon !

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

SONNET TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
 While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
 First heard before the shallow cuckow's bill,
 Portend success in love ; O if Jove's will
 Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate



For tell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh ;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why :
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

MILTON.

SONNET ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide ;
“ Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ? ”
I fondly ask : but Patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, “ God doth not need
Either man’s work or his own gifts ; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best : His state,
Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o’er land and ocean without rest ;
They also serve who only stand and wait.”—MILTON.



ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales,

O nymph reserved! while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed :

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum :
 Now teach me, maid composed,
 To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy dark'ning vale,
May not unscemly with its stillness suit,
 As, musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial loved return !

ODES AND SONNETS.

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
 The fragrant Hours, and Elves
 Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
 The pensive Pleasures sweet
 Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
 Whose walls more awful nod
 By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blust'ring winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
 That, from the mountain's side,
 Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
 Thy dewy fingers draw
 The gradual dusky veil.

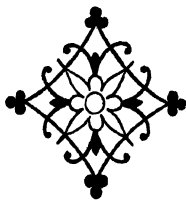
ODES AND SONNETS.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !

While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light :

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter, yellow through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes :

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name !



ODE ON SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care

 A few paternal acres bound,

Content to breathe his native air,

 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,

 Whose flocks supply him with attire,

Whose trees in summer yield him shade,

 In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find

 Hours, days, and years slide soft away,

In health of body, peace of mind,

 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease,

 Together mix'd ; sweet recreation ;

And innocence, which most does please

 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unscen, unknown,

 Thus unlamented let me die,

Steal from the world, and not a stone

 Tell where I lie.



SONNET.

How darkly o'er yon far-off mountain frowns
The gathered tempest ! from that lurid cloud
The deep-voiced thunders roll, awful and loud,
Though distant ; while upon the misty downs

ODES AND SONNETS.

Fast falls in shadowy streaks the pelting rain.

I never saw so terrible a storm !

Perhaps some way-worn traveller in vain

Wraps his torn raiment round his shivering form,
Cold even as hope within him ! I the while

Pause me in sadness, though the sunbeams smile

Cheerily round me. Ah, that thus my lot
Might be with peace and solitude assigned,

Where I might, from some little quiet cot,
Sigh for the crimes and miseries of mankind !

SOUTHEY.

SONNET.

STATELY yon vessel sails adown the tide

To some far-distant land adventurous bound,
The sailors' busy cries, from side to side,

Pealing among the echoing rocks resound ;
A patient, thoughtless, much-enduring band,

Joyful they enter on their ocean way,
With shouts exulting leave their native land,

And know no care beyond the present day.
But is there no poor mourner left behind,

Who sorrows for a child or husband there ?



Who at the howling of the midnight wind
Will wake and tremble in her boding prayer?
So may her voice be heard, and heaven be kind—
Go gallant ship, and be thy fortune fair!

SOUTHEY.

SONNET.

LIKE as a ship, that through the ocean wide,
 By conduct of some star, doth make her way,
 When as a storm hath dimm'd her trusty guide,
 Out of her course doth wander far astray ;
 So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray
 Me to direct, with clouds is overcast,
 Do wander now, in darkness and dismay,
 Through hidden perils round about me plast :
 Yet hope I well that, when this storm is past,
 My Helice, the lodestar of my life,
 Will shine again, and look on me at last,
 With lovely light to clear my cloudy grief.
 Till then I wander careful, comfortless,
 In secret sorrow, and sad pensiveness.

EDMUND SPENCER.

ODE TO PEACE.



COME, peace of mind, delightful guest !
 Return, and make thy downy nest
 Once more in this sad heart :
 Nor riches I nor power pursue,
 Nor hold forbidden joys in view ;
 We therefore need not part.

ODES AND SONNETS.

Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,
From avarice and ambition free,
 And pleasure's fatal wiles ?
For whom, alas ! dost thou prepare
The sweets that I was wont to share,
 The banquet of thy smiles ?

The great, the gay, shall they partake
The heaven that thou alone canst make
 And wilt thou quit the stream
That murmurs through the dewy mead,
The grove and the sequester'd shed,
 To be a guest with them ?

For thee I panted, thee I prized,
For thee I gladly sacrific'd
 Whate'er I loved before ;
And shall I see thee start away,
And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say—
 Farewell ! we meet no more !

COWPER.



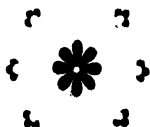


THE SPRING.

A SONNET.—FROM THE SPANISH.

THOSE whiter Lilies which the early morn
Seems to have newly woven of sleaved silk,
To which, on banks of wealthy Tagus born,
Gold was their cradle, liquid pearl their milk.
These blushing Roses, with whose virgin leaves
The wanton wind to sport himself presumes.
Whilst from their rifled wardrobe he receives
For his wings purple, for his breath perfumes.
Both those and these my Cælia's pretty foot
Trod up—but if she should her face display,
And fragrant breast—they'd dry again to the root,
As with the blasting of the mid-day's ray;
And this soft wind, which both perfumes and cools,
Pass like the unregarded breath of fools.

FANSHAWE.



SONNET.

SWEET is the rose, but growes upon a brere ;
 Sweet is the juniper, but sharpe his bough ;
 Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh nere ;
 Sweet is the fir bloome, but his braunches rough ;
 Sweet is the cypresse, but his rynd is rough ;
 Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill ;
 Sweet is the broome-flowre, but yet sowre enough ;
 And sweet is moly, but his root is ill.
 So every sweet with soure is tempred still;
 That maketh it be coveted the more :
 For casic things, that may be got at will,
 Most sorts of men doc set but little store.

Why then should I accompt of little paine,
 That endlesse pleasure shall unto me gaine !

SPENSER.

SONNET.

AMONGST the many buds proclaiming May,
 (Decking the fields in holy-day's array,
 Striving who shall surpass in bravery,)
 Mark the fair blooming of the hawthorn-tree ;
 Who, finely clothed in a robe of white,
 Feeds full the wanton eye with May's delight.
 Yet, for the bravery that she is in,
 Doth neither handle card nor wheel to spin,
 Nor changeth robes but twice, is never seen
 In other colours than in white or green.
 Learn then content, young shepherd, from this tree,
 Whose greatest wealth is Nature's livery ;
 And richest ingots never toil to find,
 Nor care for poverty, but of the mind.

BROWNE.

SONNET.

How sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks
 The wayward brain, to saunter through a wood !
 An old place, full of many a lovely brood,
 Tall trees, green arbours, and ground flowers in flocks ;
 And wild rose tip-toc upon hawthorn stocks,
 Like to a bonnie lass, who plays her pranks
 At wakes and fairs with wandering mountebanks,—



When she stands cresting the clown's head, and mocks
The crowd beneath her. Verily I think,

ODES AND SONNETS.

Such place to me is sometimes like a dream
Or map of the old world: thoughts, link by link,
Enter through ears and eyesight, with such gleam
Of all things, that at last in fear I shrink,
And leap at once from the delicious stream.

WORDSWORTH.

SONNET.

THINE eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,
And the wan lustre of thy features—caught
From contemplation—were serenely wrought,
Seems Sorrow's softness charm'd from its despair—
Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air,
That—but I know thy blessed bosom fraught
With mines of unalloy'd and stainless thought—
I should have deem'd thee doom'd to earthly care.
With such an aspect, by his colours blent,
When from his beauty-breathing pencil born,
(Except that thou hast nothing to repent)
The Magdalen of Guido saw the morn—
Such seem'st thou—but how much more excellent!
With nought Remorse can claim—nor Virtue scorn.

BYRON.

SONNET.

Thy check is pale with thought, but not from woe.

And yet so lovely, that if Mirth could flush

Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,

My heart would wish away that ruder glow :

And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes—but, oh !

While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush,

And into mine my mother's weakness rush,

Soft as the last drops round heaven's airy bow.

For, through thy long dark lashes low depending,

The soul of melancholy Gentleness

Gleams like a scraph from the sky descending,

Above all pain, yet pitying all distress ;

At once such majesty with sweetness blending.

I worship more, but cannot love thee less.

BYRON.



SONNET.

THE rolling wheel that runneth often round,
 The hardest steel in tract of time doth tear ;
 And drizzling drops, that often do redound,
 The firmest flint doth in continuance wear :
 Yet cannot I, with many a dropping tear
 And long entreaty, soften her hard heart,
 That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to hear,
 Or look with pity on my painful smart.
 But, when I plead, she bids me play my part ;
 And, when I weep, she says, 'Tears are but water ;
 And, when I sigh, she says, I know the art ;
 And, when I wail, she turns herself to laughter.
 So do I weep, and wail, and plead in vain,
 Whiles she as steel and flint doth still remain.

EDMUND SPENSER.

SONNET.

THE WINTER TRAVELLER.

God help thee, Traveller, on thy journey far ;
 The wind is bitter keen,—the snow o'erlays
 The hidden pits, and dangerous hollow ways,
 And darkness will involve thee.—No kind star
 To-night will guide thee, Traveller,—and the war



Of winds and elements on thy head will break,
And in thy agonising ear the shriek,
Of spirits howling on their stormy car,
Will often ring appalling—I portend
A dismal night—and on my wakeful bed
Thoughts, Traveller, of thee, will fill my head,

And him, who rides where wind and waves contend,
And strives, rude cradled on the seas, to guide
His lonely bark through the tempestuous tide.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

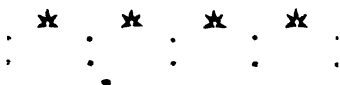
ODE WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXLVI.



How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung :
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there !

COLLINS



DESCRIPTION OF SPRING.

THE soote season that bud and bloome forth brings,
 With grene bath cladde the hyll, and cke the vale ;
 The nightingall with fethers new she sings ;
 The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.
 Somer is come, for every spray now springes ;
 The hart hath hung hys old head on the pale ;
 The buck in brake his winter coate he flynges ;
 The fishes flete with newe repayred scale ;
 The adder all her slough away she flynges ;
 The swift swallow pursueth the flyes smalle ;
 The busy bee her honey now she mynges ;
 Winter is worne that was the floures' bale.
 And thus I see among these pleasant thynges
 Each care decayes, and yet my sorrow sprynges.

EARL OF SURREY.



ODES AND SONNETS.

DEAR Chorister, who from those shadows sends
Ere that the blushing morn dare show her light,
Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends,
(Become all ear) stars stay to hear thy plight,
If one whose grief even reach of thought transcends,
Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight,
May thee importune who like case pretends,
And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite.
Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try,
And long, long sing) for what thou thus complains,
Since winter's gone, and sun in dappled sky
Enamour'd smiles on woods and flowery plains?
The bird, as if my questions did her move,
With trembling wings sigh'd forth, I love, I love.

DRUMMOND.

SONNET

TO A BROOK NEAR THE VILLAGE OF CORSTON.

As thus I bend me o'er thy babbling stream
And watch thy current, memory's hand portrays
The faint-formed scenes of the departed days,
Like the far forest by the moon's pale beam
Dimly descried, yet lovely. I have worn,



Upon thy banks, the livelong hour away,
When sportive childhood wantoned through the day,

Joyed at the opening splendour of the morn,
 Or, as the twilight darkened, heaved the sigh,
 Thinking of distant home; as down my cheek,
 At the fond thought, slow stealing on, would speak
 The silent eloquence of the full eye.
 Dim are the long past days, yet still they please
 As thy soft sounds half heard, borne on the inconstant breeze.

SOUTHEY.

SONNET.

WRITTEN AT WINSLADE IN HAMPSHIRE.

WINSLADE, thy beech-capt hills, with waving grain
 Mantled, thy chequer'd views of wood and lawn,
 Whilom could charm, or when the gradual dawn
 'Gan the gray mist with orient purple stain,
 Or Evening glimmer'd o'er the folded train:
 Her fairest landskips whence my Muse has drawn.
 Too free with servile courtly phrase to fawn,
 Too weak to try the buskin's stately strain:
 Yet now no more thy slopes of beech and corn,
 Nor views invite, since he far distant strays,
 With whom I traccd their sweets at eve and morn,
 From Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays;
 In this alone they please, how'er forlorn,
 That still they can recal those happier days.—WARTON.



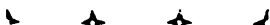
TO LEVEN-WATER.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love ;
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.
Pure stream ! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave ;

No torrents stain thy limpid source ;
 No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
 That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
 With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread ;
 While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
 In myriads cleave thy crystal flood ;
 The springing trout, in speckled pride ;
 The salmon, monarch of the tide ;
 The ruthless pike, intent on war ;
 The silver eel, and mottled par.
 Devolving from thy parent lake,
 A charming maze thy waters make,
 By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
 And hedges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
 May numerous herds and flocks be seen,
 And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
 And shepherds piping in the dale,
 And ancient faith that knows no guile,
 And industry inbrow'n'd with toil,
 And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
 The blessings they enjoy to guard.

SMOLLETT.



SONNET.

BECAUSE I breathe not love to every one,
 Nor do I use set colours for to wear,
 Nor nourish special locks of vowed hair
 Nor give each speech a full point of a groan ;
 The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
 Of them who in their lips Love's standard bear,
 What, he? say they of me, now I dare swear
 He cannot love ! no, no ; let him alone.
 And think so still, so Stella know my mind !
 Profess indeed I do not Cupid's art ;
 But you, fair maids, at length this true shall find,
 That his right badge is but worn in the heart.
 Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove .
 They love indeed, who quake to say they love .

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.



ODE.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flowery May, who, from her green lap, throws
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
 Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire !
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

MILTON.

TO MEADOWS.



Ye have been fresh and green,
 Ye have been fill'd with flowers ;
 And ye the walks have been,
 Where maids have spent their hours.

Ye have beheld where they
 With wicker arks did come,
 To kiss and bear away
 The richer cowslips home.



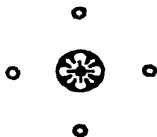
You 've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round,

Each virgin like a Spring
With honeysuckles crown'd.

But now we see none here,
Whose silvery feet did tread,
And, with dishevell'd hair,
Adorn'd this smoother mead.

Like unthrifts, having spent
Your stock, and needy grown,
Ye 're left here to lament
Your poor estates alone.

HERRICK.





SONNET.

THE merry cuckow, messenger of s¹
 His trompet shrill hath thrise already sounded,
 That warnes al lovers wayte upon their king,
 Who now is coming forth with girland crowned.
 With noyse whereof the quyre of byrds resounded,
 Their anthemes sweet, devized of loves prayse,
 That all the woods theyr eechoes back rebounded,
 As if they knew the meaning of their layes.
 But mongst them all, which did Loves honor rayse,
 No word was heard of her that most it ought ;
 But she his precept proudly disobayes,
 And doth his ydle message set at nought.

Therefore, O Love, unlesse she turne to thee
 Ere cuckow end, let her a rebell be !

SPENSER.

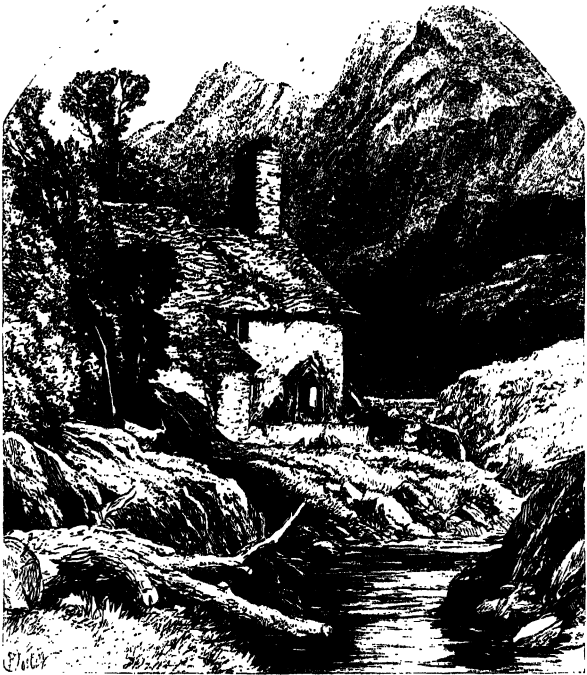


SONNET.

FAIR is the rising morn, when o'er the sky
 The orient sun expands his roseate ray,
 And lovely to the bard's enthusiast eye
 Fades the meek radiance of departing day ;
 But fairer is the smile of one we love,
 Than all the scenes in nature's ample sway,
 And sweeter than the music of the grove,
 The voice that bids us welcome. Such delight,
 Edith ! is mine ; escaping to thy sight
 From the hard durance of the empty throng.
 Too swiftly then towards the silent night,
 Ye hours of happiness ! ye speed along ;
 Whilst I, from all the world's cold cares apart,
 Pour out the feelings of my burthened heart.—SOUTHEY.

SONNET.

GIVE me a cottage on some Cambrian wild,
 Where, far from cities, I may spend my days :
 And, by the beauties of the scene beguiled,
 May pity man's pursuits, and shun his ways.
 While on the rock I mark the browsing goat,
 List to the mountain torrent's distant noise,
 Or the hoarse bittern's solitary note,



I shall not want the world's delusive joys ;
But, with my little scrip, my book, my lyre,
Shall think my lot complete, nor covet more ;
And when, with time, shall wane the vital fire,
I'll raise my pillow on the desert shore,
And lay me down to rest where the wild wave
Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely grave.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.



ODE.

Now the golden Morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
She woos the tardy Spring :
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground ;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet ;
Forgetful of their wintry trance
The birds his presence greet :
But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy ;
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.



SONNET

TO THE RIVER TRENT.—WRITTEN ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

ONCE more, O TRENT! along thy pebbly marge
A pensive invalid, reduced and pale,
From the close sick-room newly let at large,
Woos to his wan-worn cheek the pleasant gale.
Oh! to his ear how musical the tale
Which fills with joy the throstle's little throat!
And all the sounds which on the fresh breeze sail,
How wildly novel on his senses float!
It was on this, that many a sleepless night,
As, lone, he watch'd the taper's sickly gleam,
And at his casement heard, with wild affright,
The owl's dull wing, and melancholy scream,
On this he thought, this, this his sole desire,
Thus once again to hear the warbling woodland choir.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

SONNET

DURING A TEMPEST.

O GOD! have mercy in this dreadful hour
On the poor mariner!—In comfort here,
Safe sheltered as I am, I almost fear
The blast that rages with resistless power.

What were it now to toss upon the waves,—
The maddened waves,—and know no succour near;
The howling of the storm alone to hear,

And the wild sea that to the tempest raves,
To gaze amid the horrors of the night,
And only see the billows' gleaming light;

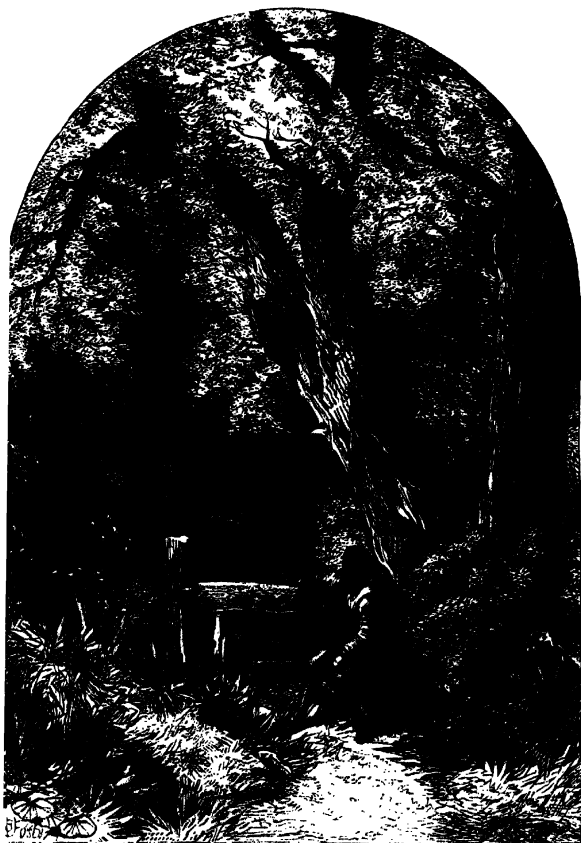
And in the dread of death to think of her
Who as she listens sleepless to the gale,
Puts up a silent prayer and waxes pale!

O God! have mercy on the mariner.

SOUTHEY.

SONNET.

LIKE as the culver, on the bared bough,
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,
And in her songs sends many a wishful vow
For his return that seems to linger late;
So I alone, now left disconsolate,



Mourne to myself the absence of my Love,
And, wand'ring here and there, all desolate,

ODES AND SONNETS.

Seek with my playnts to match that mournful dove ;
Ne joy of aught that under heaven doth hove,
Can comfort me, but her owne joyous sight,
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move,
In her unspotted pleasauns to delight.
Dark is my day, whyles her fayre light I miss,
And dead my life, that wants such lively bliss.—SPENSER.

SONNET

ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET poet of the woods, a long adieu !
Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year !
Ah ! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
And pour thy music on the night's dull ear.
Whether on Spring thy wandering flights await,
Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
The pensive Muse shall own thee for her mate,
And still protect the song she loves so well.
With cautious step the love-lorn youth shall glide
Thro' the lone brake that shades thy mossy nest ;
And shepherd-girls from eyes profane shall hide
The gentle bird, who sings of pity best :
For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
And still be dear to sorrow, and to love.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.



SONNET.

FROM you have I been absent in the spring,
 When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
 Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
 Could make me any summer's story tell,
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew
 Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
 Drawn after you; you pattern of all those.
 Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
 As with your shadow I with these did play.

SHAKSPEARE.



SONNET

TO THE EVENING RAINBOW.

MILD arch of promise ! on the evening sky
Thou shinest fair, with many a lovely ray,
Each in the other melting. Much mine eye
Delights to linger on thee ; for the day,
Changeful and many-weathered, seemed to smile,
Flashing brief splendour through its clouds awhile
Which deepened dark anon, and fell in rain :
But pleasant it is now to pause, and view
Thy various tints of frail and watery hue,
And think the storm shall not return again.
Such is the smile that piety bestows
On the good man's pale cheek, when he, in peace,
Departing gently from a world of woes,
Anticipates the realm where sorrows cease.

SOUTHEY.

MORNING.

THE AUTHOR CONFINED TO COLLEGE.

ONCE more the vernal sun's ambrosial beams
The fields as with a purple robe adorn :
Cherwell, thy sedgy banks and glist'ring streams
All laugh and sing at mild approach of morn ;



Thro' the deep groves I hear the chanting birds,
And thro' the clover'd vale the various-lowing herds.

Up mounts the mower from his lowly thatch,
Well pleased the progress of the spring to mark,
The fragrant breath of breezes pure to catch,

And startle from her couch the early lark ;
 More genuine pleasure soothes his tranquil breast,
 Than high-throned kings can boast, in eastern glory drest.

The pensive poet thro' the green-wood steals,
 Or treads the willow'd marge of murmuring brook ;
 Or climbs the steep ascent of airy hills ;
 There sits him down beneath a branching oak,
 Whence various scenes, and prospects wide below,
 Still teach his musing mind with fancies high to glow.

But I nor with the day awake to bliss,
 (Inelegant to me fair Nature's face,
 A blank the beauty of the morning is,
 And grief and darkness all for light and grace ;)
 Nor bright the sun, nor green the meads appear,
 Nor colour charms mine eye, nor melody mine ear.

Me, void of elegance and manners mild,
 With leaden rod, stern Discipline restrains ;
 Stiff Pedantry, of learned Pride the child,
 My roving genius binds in Gothic chains ;
 Nor can the cloister'd Muse expand her wing,
 Nor bid these twilight roofs with her gay carols ring.

WARTON.

ODE TO VERTUE.

WEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and skie ;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose huc, angric and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives ;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.



SONNET.

Thrice happy he, who by some shady grove,
 Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own ;
 Though solitary, who is not alone,
 But doth converse with that Eternal Love.
 O how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,
 Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
 Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
 Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve !
 O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
 And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flowers unfold,
 Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath !
 How sweet are streams to poison drunk in gold !
 The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights ;
 Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

DRUMMOND.

THE RETURN.

As, when to one who long hath watch'd, the morn,
 Advancing slow, forewarns the approach of day
 (What time the young and flowery-kirtled May
 Decks the green hedge and dewy grass unshorn
 With cowslips pale, and many a whitening thorn),



And now the sun comes forth with level ray,
Gilding the high wood top and mountain gray ;

And, as he climbs, the meadows 'gins adorn ;
 The rivers glisten to the dancing beam,
 Th' awaken'd birds begin their amorous strain,
 And hill and vale with joy and fragrance teem.
 Such is the sight of thee ; thy wish'd return
 To eyes, like mine, that long have waked to mourn,
 That long have watch'd for light, and wept in vain.

BAMPFYLDE.

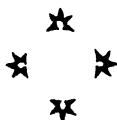


ON THE SABBATH MORNING.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
 That slowly wakes while all the fields are still !
 A soothing calm on every breeze is borne ;
 A graver murmur gurgles from the rill ;
 And Echo answers softer from the hill ;
 And softer sings the linnet from the thorn ;
 The sky-lark warbles in a tone less shrill.
 Hail, light serene ! hail, sacred Sabbath-morn !
 The rooks float silent by in airy drove ;
 The sun a placid yellow lustre throws ;

The gales, that lately sigh'd along the grove,
Have hush'd their downy wings in dead repose ;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move ;
So smiled the day when the first morn arose !

JOHN LEYDEN.



ODE TO THE EVENING STAR.

How sweet thy modest light to view,
Fair star ! to love and lovers dear ;
While trembling on the falling dew,
Like beauty shining through the tear :
Or hanging o'er that mirror-stream
To mark each image trembling there,
Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam
To see thy lovely face so fair.

ODES AND SONNETS.

Though blazing o'er the arch of night,
The moon thy timid beams outshine,
As far as thine each starry night—
Her rays can never vie with thine.
Thine are the soft enchanting hours,
When twilight lingers on the plain,
And whispers to the closing flow'rs
That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that murmuring, bland
As music, wafts the lover's sigh,
And bids the yielding heart expand
In love's delicious ecstasy.
Fair star! though I be doom'd to prove
That rapture's tears are mix'd with pain ;
Ah! still I feel 'tis sweet to love—
But sweeter to be loved again.

LEYDEN.

SONNET TO A REDBREAST.

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past or coming, void of care,
Well-pleas'd with delights which present are,



Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers !
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare ;
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs,
Attired in sweetness, sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites and wrongs.
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven ?

ODES AND SONNETS.

Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

SONNET.

With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the skies !
How silently, and with how wan a face !
What ! may it be, that e'en in heav'nly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries ?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's ease :
I read it in thy looks ; thy languish'd grace
To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.
Then, ev'n of fellowship, O moon, tell me,
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit ?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn, whom that love doth possess ?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness ?

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.



SONNET.

As I have seen the lady of the May
 Set in the arbour (on a holy-day)
 Built by the May-pole, where the joend swains
 Dance with the maidens to the bagpipe's strains,
 When envious night commands them to be gone,
 Call for the merry youngsters one by one,
 And for their well performance soon disposes,
 To this a garland interwove with roses ;
 To that a carved hook, or well-wrought scrip,
 Gracing another with her cherry lip ;
 To one her garter, to another then
 A handkerchief cast o'er and o'er again ;
 And none returneth empty that have spent
 His pains to fill their rural merriment.

BROWNE.



ODES AND SONNETS.

SONNET

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF SPRING.

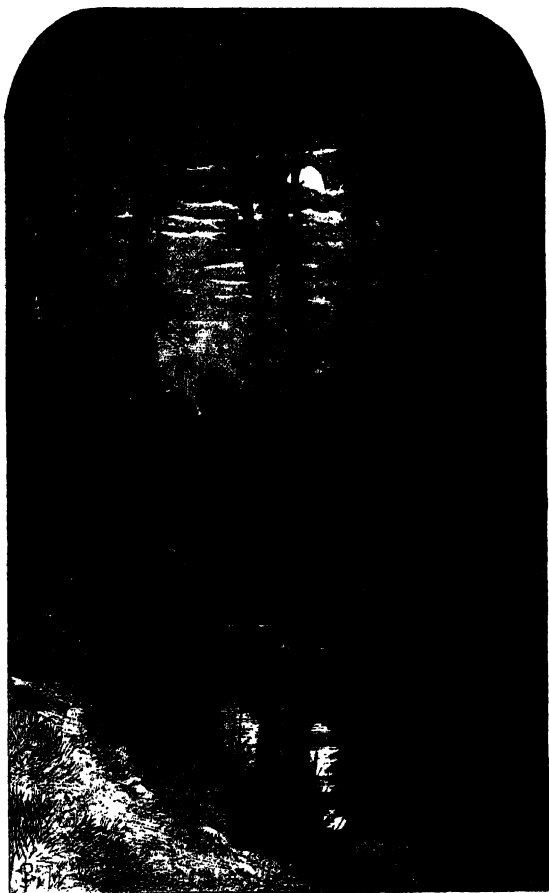
THE garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
Each simple flower, which she had nursed in dew,
Anemones, that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and harebell mildly blue.
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.
Ah, poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion, and corrosive care,
Bid all thy fairy colours fade away!
Another May new buds and flowers shall bring;
Ah! why has happiness no second spring?

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

EVENING ODE.

TO STELLA.

EVENING now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts she brings;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes shake the reed:



Shake the reed, and curl the stream
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam :

Near the chequer'd, lonely grove,
 Hears, and keeps thy secrets, love !
 Stella, thither let us stray,
 Lightly o'er the dewy way.
 Phœbus drives his burning car
 Hence, my lovely Stella, far ;
 In his stead, the queen of night
 Round us pours a lambent light :
 Light that seems but just to show
 Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow :
 Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
 Evening's silent hours employ,
 Silence best, and conscious shades,
 Please the hearts that love invades,
 Other pleasures give them pain,
 Lovers all but love disdain.

JOHNSON.

MAY-DAY ODE.

QUEEN of fresh flowers,
 Whom vernal stars obey,
 Bring thy warm showers,
 Bring thy genial ray.
 In nature's greenest livery drest,



Descend on earth's expectant breast,
To earth and Heaven welcome guest,
Thou merry month of May !

Mark ! how we meet thee
At dawn of dewy day !
Hark ! how we greet thee
With our roundelay !
While all the goodly things that be
In earth, and air, and ample sea,
Are waking up to welcome thee,
Thou merry month of May !

Flocks on the mountains,
And birds upon their spray.
Tree, turf, and fountains
All hold holiday ;
And Love, the life of living things,
Love waves his torch, and clasps his wings,
And loud and wide thy praises sings,
Thou merry month of May !

HEBER.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
 Fair Venus' train, appear,
 Disclose the long-expected flowers,
 And wake the purple year!
 The Attic warbler pours her throat,
 Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
 The untaught harmony of spring;
 While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
 Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
 Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
 A broader, browner shade;
 Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
 O'er-canopies the glade,
 Beside some water's rushy brink
 With me the Muse shall sit, and think
 (At ease reclined in rustic state)
 How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
 How low, how little are the Proud,
 How indigent the Great?

Still is the toiling hand of Care:
 The panting herds repose:



✓

Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows !
The insect youth are on the wing.

Eager to taste the honied spring,
 And float amid the liquid noon :
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,
 Some show their gaily-gilded trim
 Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
 Such is the race of Man ;
 And they that creep, and they that fly,
 Shall end where they began.
 Alike the Busy and the Gay
 But flutter thro' life's little day,
 In Fortune's varying colours drest :
 Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischaunce,
 Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
 They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
 The sportive, kind reply :
 Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?
 A solitary fly !
 Thy joys no glittering female meets,
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
 No painted plumage to display :
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
 We frolic while 'tis May.



SONNET.

It is a beautiful evening, calm and free,
 The holy time is quiet as a nun
 Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity:
 The gentleness of heaven is on the sea—
 Listen! the mighty being is awake,
 And doth with his eternal motion make
 A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
 Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,
 If thou appear'st untouched by solemn thought,
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
 Thou liest "in Abraham's bosom" all the year,
 And worshipping'st at the temple's inner shrine,
 God being with thee when we know it not.

WORDSWORTH



THE HAMLET.

WRITTEN IN WHICHWOOD FOREST.

THE hinds how blest, who ne'er beguiled
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn wild ;
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care, and guilty gain !

When morning's twilight-tinctured beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew ;
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That nodding shades a craggy dell.

'Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear ;
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue ;
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds :
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay :
Each native charm their steps explore
Of Solitude's sequester'd store.



For them the moon with cloudless ray
Mounts, to illumine their homeward way :

Their weary spirits to relieve,
 The meadows incense breathe at eve.
 No riot mars the simple fare,
 That o'er a glimmering hearth they share :
 But when the curfew's measured roar
 Duly, the darkening valleys o'er,
 Has echoed from the distant town.
 They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
 No trophied canopies, to close
 Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
 Of health around the clay-built room,
 Or through the primrosed coppice stray,
 Or gambol in the new-mown hay ;
 Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
 Or drive afield the tardy kine ;
 Or hasten from the sultry hill,
 To loiter at the shady rill ;
 Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest,
 To rob the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honied flow'rs
 The curling woodbine's shade embow'rs :
 From the small garden's thymy mound
 Their bees in busy swarms resound :



Nor fell Disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime :
But when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar ;
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.—WARTON.

ODE.

ON yonder verdant hillock laid,
Where oaks and elms, a friendly shade,
 O'erlook the falling stream,
Oh, master of the Latin lyre,
Awhile with thee will I retire
 From summer's noontide beam.

And, lo, within my lonely bower,
The industrious bee from many a flower
 Collects her balmy dews :
“ For me,” she sings, “ the gems are born,
For me their silken robe adorn,
 Their fragrant breath diffuse.”

Sweet murmurer ! may no rude storm
This hospitable scene deform,
 Nor check thy gladsome toils ;
Still may the buds unsullied spring,
Still showers and sunshine court thy wing
 To these ambrosial spoils.



SONNET

TO THE THRUSH, IN JANUARY.

SING ON, sweet Thrush, upon the leafless bough .
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain ;
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd brow.
So in lone Poverty's dominion drear
Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid movements, bids them part.
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.
I thank thee, Author of this opening day !
Thou whose bright sun now gilds the orient skies !
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take away !
Yet come, thou child of poverty and care ;
The mite high Heav'n bestowed, that mite with thee
I'll share.

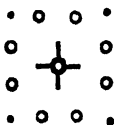


SONNET.

THE Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said,
 "Bright is thy veil, O Moon, as thou art bright!"
 Forthwith, that little cloud, in ether spread,
 And penetrated all with tender light,
 She cast away, and showed her fulgent head
 Uncovered;—dazzling the beholder's sight
 As if to vindicate her beauty's right,
 Her beauty thoughtlessly disparaged.
 Meanwhile that veil, removed or thrown aside,
 Went, floating from her, darkening as it went;
 And a huge mass, to bury or to hide,
 Approached this glory of the firmament;
 Who meekly yields, and is obscured;—content
 With one calm triumph of a modest pride.

WORDSWORTH.

ODES AND SONNETS.



SONNET.

A MOON-LIGHT NIGHT.

Low on the utmost boundary of the sight,
The rising vapours catch the silver light :
Thence Fancy measures, as they parting fly,
Which first will throw its shadow on the eye,
Passing the source of light ; and thence away,
Succeeded quick by brighter still than they.
For yet above these wafted clouds are seen
(In a remoter sky, still more serene,)
Others detached in ranges through the air,
Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair,
Scattered immediately wide from east to west,
The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest.
These, to the raptur'd mind, aloud proclaim
Their Mighty Shepherd's everlasting name.

BLOOMFIELD.

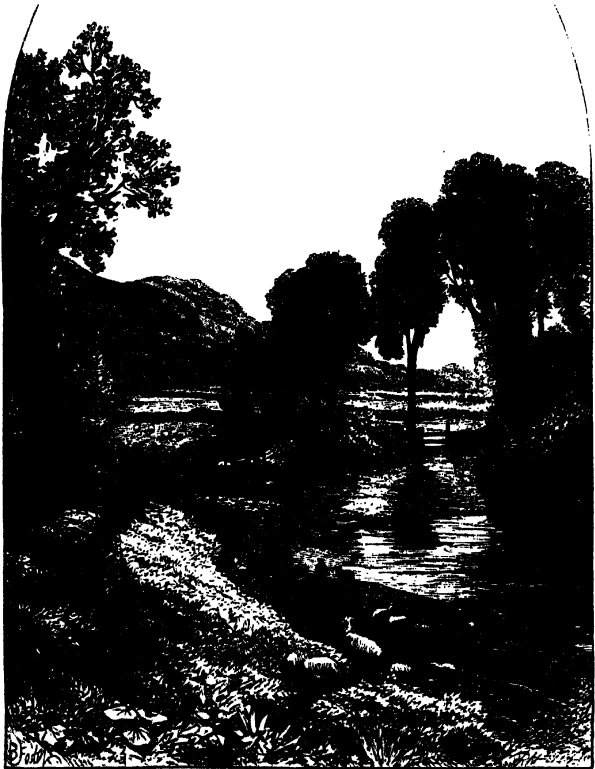
SONNET TO SLEEP.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,
 One after one ; the sound of rain, and bees
 Murmuring ; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky ;
 I've thought of all by turns ; and still I lie
 Sleepless ; and soon the small birds' melodies
 Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees ;
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.
 Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,
 And could not win thee, Sleep ! by any stealth :
 So do not let me wear to-night away :
 Without thee what is all the morning's wealth ?
 Come, blessed barrier betwixt day and day,
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health !

WORDSWORTH.

SONNET.

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy ;



Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,

And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unscen to west with this disgrace :
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendour on my brow ;
But out, alack ! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no wit disdaineth ;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

SHAKSPEARE.



SONNET.

THE weary yeare his race now having run,
 The new begins his compast course anew :
 With shew of morning mylde he hath begun,
 Betokening peace and plenty to ensew.
 So let us, which this change of weather vew,
 Change eke our myndes, and former lives amend ;
 The old yeares sinnes forepast let us eschew,
 And fly the faults with which we did offend.
 Then shall the new yeares joy forth freshly send,
 Into the glooming world, his gladsome ray :
 And all these stormes, which now his beauty blend,
 Shall turne to calmes, and tymely cleare away.
 So, likewise, Love ! cheare you your heavy sprigh
 And change old yeares amoy to new delight.

SPENSER.

ODES AND SONNETS.

ODE.

PACK clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow ;
Sweet air blow soft, mount larks aloft,
To give my love good-morrow !
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I 'll borrow ;
Bird prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
To give my love good-morrow !
To give my love good-morrow,
Notes from them both I 'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin red-breast,
Sing birds in every furrow ;
And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow !
Blackbird, and thrush, in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow !
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow !
To give my love good-morrow,
Sing birds in every furrow !

HEYWOOD.



TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

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

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

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

ODES AND SONNETS.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield ;
But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unscen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise :
But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade,
By love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !
Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent Lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er !

ODES AND SONNETS.

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven,
 To misery's brink,
Till, wrench'd of every stay but Heaven,
 He, ruin'd, sink !

BURNS.



ODE TO SPRING.

EARTH now is green, and heaven is blue ;
Lively Spring, which makes all new,
 Jolly Spring doth enter ;
Sweet young sunbeams do subdue
 Angry, aged Winter.
Winds are mild, and seas are calm,
Every meadow flows with balm,
 The earth wears all her riches ;
Harmonious birds sing such a psalm
 As ear and heart bewitches.

SIR J. DAVIES.

RETIREMENT.

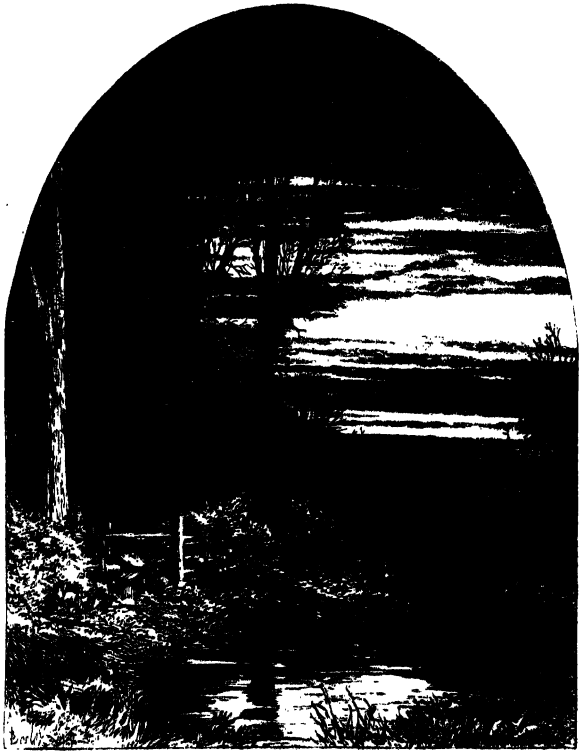
AN ODE.

ON beds of daisies idly laid,
The willow waving o'er my head,
Now morning, on the bending stem,
Hangs the round and glittering gem,
Lull'd by the lapse of yonder spring,
Of nature's various charms I sing:
Ambition, pride, and pomp, adieu,
For what has joy to do with you?
Joy, rose-lipt dryad, loves to dwell
In sunny field, or mossy cell;
Delights on echoing hills to hear
The reaper's song, or lowing steer;
Or view, with tenfold plenty spread,
The crowded corn-field, blooming mead;
While beauty, health, and innocence,
Transport the eye, the soul, the sense.

WARTON, SEN.

SONNET.

THAT time of year thou mayest in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.



In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,

As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

SHAKSPEARE.

ODE.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill :

Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death :
Not ty'd unto the world with care
Of prince's ear, or vulgar breath :

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat :
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make oppressors great :

Who envies none, whom chance doth raise,
Or vice: Who never understood
How deepest wounds are given with praise:
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend:
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or feare to fall:
Lord of himselfe, though not of lands:
And having nothing, yet hath all.

WORTON.

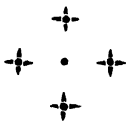


THE VIOLET.

SHELTER'D from the blight, ambition,
Fatal to the pride of rank,
See me in my low condition,
Laughing on the tufted bank.

On my robes, for emulation,
No variety's imprest :
Suited to an humble station,
Mine's an unembroider'd vest.

LANGHORNE.



ODE.

THE earth, late chok'd with showers,
Is now array'd in green,
Her bosom springs with flowers,
The air dissolves her teen ;



The woods are deck'd with leaves,
And trees are clothed gay ;

And Flora, crown'd with sheaves,
With oaken boughs doth play.
The birds upon the trees
Do sing with pleasant voices,
And chaunt in their degrees
Their loves and lucky choices.

LODGE.

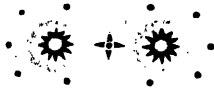


THE DAISY.

DAISIES, ye flowers of lowly birth,
Embroiderers of the carpet earth,
That stud the velvet sod ;
Open to Spring's refreshing air,
In sweetest, smiling bloom declare
Your Maker, and my God.

CLARE.

ODES AND SONNETS.



ODE TO MAY.

BORN in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May ! thy radiant form unfold,
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
For thee descends the sunny shower ;
The rills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Light Graces dress'd in flowery wreaths,
And tiptoe joys their hands combine ;
And Love his sweet contagion breathes,
And laughing dances round thy shrine.

Warm with new life, and glittering throngs,
On quivering fin and rustling wing,
Delighted join their votive songs,
And hail thee, " Goddess of the Spring ! "

DARWIN.



ODE.

COME live with me, and be my love ;
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies ;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle ;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull :

Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs :
And, if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

MARLOWE.

ODE.

WHEN May is in his prime,
Then may each heart rejoice :
When May bedecks each branch with green,
Each bird strains forth his voice.



The lively sap creeps up
Into the blooming thorn :
The flowers, which cold in prison kept,
Now laugh the frost to scorn.

All ye that live on earth,
And have your May at will,
Rejoice in May, as I do now,
And use your May with skill.

Use May, while that you may,
For May hath but his time ;
When all the fruit is gone, it is
Too late the tree to climb.

EDWARDS.

SONNET ON CHRISTMAS.

WITH footstep slow, in furry pall yclad,
His brow enwreath'd with holly never sere,
Old Christmas comes, to close the waned year ;
And aye the shepherd's heart to make right glad ;
Who, when his teeming flocks are homeward had
To blazing hearth repairs, and nut-brown beer,
And views, well-pleas'd, the ruddy prattlers dear
Hug the grey mongrel ; meanwhile maid and lad
Squabble for roasted crabs. Thee, sire, we hail,



Whether thine aged limbs thou dost enshroud
In vest of snowy white and hoary veil,
Or wrapp'st thy visage in a sable cloud ;
Thee we proclaim with mirth and cheer, nor fail
To greet thee well with many a carol loud.

BAMPFYLDE.

