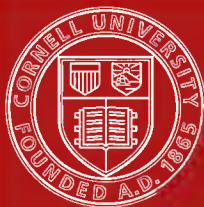

THE SPEAKING VOICE

ꠘꠘ by GEORGE C. WILLIAMS ꠘꠘ



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THE SPEAKING VOICE

A COLLECTION OF VOCAL EXERCISES

— BY —

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York State Association of Elocutionists, and present Dean
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INTRODUCTION

There is much discussion as to the relative merits of technical and expressional exercises for vocal development. It is only the extremist that decries either form of exercise; as both are essential,—the expressional generally accompanying and always supplementing the technical. Part I of this book is devoted strictly to technical exercises, Part III to expressional exercises, while both forms are included among the Exercises of Precision in Part II. The exercises of one part of this book should never be used exclusively; but exercises from all parts of the book should be used simultaneously.

No attempt is made herein at an exhaustive treatise of the Speaking Voice or a theoretical discussion of Vocal Problems,—such treatment must be deferred for a later volume. The author herein presents a series of practical exercises which he has found, through a teaching experience of many years, to be helpful and developing. This volume is planned for use in the class-room, the private studio, and by the individual as a means of self-culture.

The author wishes to gratefully acknowledge permission from J. B. Lippincott Company to print excerpts from the poem by T. B. Reed entitled "Drifting". Poems by H. W. Longfellow and O. W. Holmes are also used by permission of, and special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

By special permission, several of the exercises of this volume are taken from Clara Kathleen Rogers' excellent book entitled "English Diction". Dr. Frederick Martin, director of Speech Improvement in New York City Schools, has also kindly granted the use of several exercises found in his "Manual of Speech Training".

What is a good Speaking Voice? We recognize it when we hear it;—which is exceedingly rare. But no single standard can be chosen or adopted as a pattern. A Daniel Webster voice associated with a Chauncey Depew temperament would be an absurdity. The voice is a more direct manifestation of character and temperament than any other agency. If allowed a normal development it is, in its color and quality, the spokesman of the soul. In other cases it is a monument to neglect and misuse.

An important question with every person, irrespective of business or calling, should be, “How can I make my voice an effective instrument for the clear and convincing interpretation of my thought and feelings to the world about me?” In answer to this question we would say that the voice will reach its highest state of development only through three definite lines of training:

I Freedom of Action.

II Precision of Action.

III Healthy Exercise.

The exercises of this book have therefore been grouped under these three general headings.

I. FREEDOM OF ACTION

Ninety per cent of all vocal troubles are due to muscular contraction and consequent restriction of the tone. There is no more *conscious* physical effort in *ordinary speech* than occurs in *ordinary breathing*. Direct physical exertion is therefore a bar or hindrance to the naturally free voice. Once fully liberated from this restricting influence, which is sure to misdirect the energy, the vocal organs will co-ordinate and develop to their greatest strength, resonance, range and expression. In other words, vocal muscles will develop like any other muscles of the body, through simple, intelligent use, providing they are in no way hindered or restricted in their action.

Strange to say, however, through causes, which cannot be here discussed, because of the limits of this little volume, at least seventy-five per cent of all voices are suffering from some form of muscular restriction. This mis-application of energy is one of the great causes of various speech defects; and an early attention to these conditions in the grade work of our public schools forms one of the best Preventives for all vocal ailments. Occasionally it happens that a man or woman is fortunate enough to escape or avoid this restricting influence, and in such cases we generally have, what we are prone to call, a naturally beautiful voice, or a *naturally* graceful man or woman.

These muscular restrictions usually occur :

A. *At the waist*, restricting the normal and complete use of the lungs. This causes poor health and limited physical development, as well as feeble voices, for the lungs constitute the motor power for the voice.

B. *At the throat*, causing throat troubles, tonsilitis, hoarseness, restriction of tongue movement, etc. The throat is only the passage-way of the tone. All physical effort at this point may be likened to the squeezing of the bell of a horn in order to produce tone on that instrument. The more open and free the throat, the purer and stronger the tone.

C. *At the jaw*, causing poor articulation, muttering, and many speech defects.

EXERCISES

A. FOR FREEDOM OF RESPIRATORY MUSCLES

There is no need at this time for a lengthy discussion of Breathing Methods. Too much time in the past has been wasted in over-technical and hair-splitting treatment of this subject. Give the lungs all freedom for expansion. Breathe, as far as possible, "with the whole body", "using all the diameters of the chest" and making sure that the first impulse reaches to the very depth of the lungs. Avoid all effort toward "conscious breathing". Nature has provided an involuntary and automatic governor and regulator for our breathing apparatus, which needs no adjusting. Any "conscious" interference with this governor is usually harmful.

The following exercises should all be taken responsively, *not rhythmically*. *This is important*, as attention is thus held, definite control established and immediate development follows.

I. Physical Exercises

1. *Poise*. With weight resting on both feet, stretch the arms sideways at shoulder level, palms downward. "Press

the back of the neck against the collar-button!”, drawing the chin slightly in. Easily holding the position, sway forward from the ankles so that the weight of the body is over the balls of the feet, still keeping the heels on the floor. Now allow the arms to sink to the sides, and you will find the body in good poise. Sense the feeling of this position so that you can consciously return to it at will. In fact, the exercise should consist of “letting go” and then returning to this position until you find it easy and natural to do so. Avoid all stiffness or rigidity.

Do not assume an exaggerated “bantam” attitude. Good poise is a fundamental requisite for health and efficiency.

2. *Touching Floor.* With hands above the head, bend forward from the hips without bending the knees, touching the floor. Repeat eight times. Command: “Arms upward stretch! Touching floor without bending knees! Down! Up!”

3. *Steamboat.* With arms extended sideways at shoulder level, bend the trunk from the hips first to the right four times; then to the left four times; then alternating four times.

Command:—“Steamboat! Arms sideways lift! To the right bend! Stretch!”

4. *Chinning Bar.* With arms extended above head, palms facing backward, and clenched, slowly flex the arms, bringing in play the antagonistic muscles, while the body rises on the toes, keeping chin back and in.

Command:—“Chinning the bar! Arms upward stretch, palms backward! Clench hands! Arms slowly bend, resisting, with heel elevation, chin in! Up! Down!”

5. *Leg Elevation.* Lying on the back, raise the legs without bending the knees.

Command:—"Floor position, lying on the back! Legs upward lift. Sink!"

6. *Hopping.* Place hands on the floor. Shove feet back on toes until the legs are straight and the body in a horizontal position. Do not sag at the hips. Keeping hands on floor, jump the feet forward and back several times.

Command:—"Hands on floor place! Feet backward place! Hopping forward and back, One! Two!"

II. Breathing Exercises

7. *Simple Breathing.* Stand in poise as indicated in Exercise 1, making sure that all muscles of the body are free and relaxed. Take a slow, full, easy breath, allowing a free expansion of the entire chest and waist.

Command:—"Position! Breathe in! Out!"

8. *Touching Floor.* Standing in good poise, with hands above the head, fully inflate the lungs, then, retaining the breath, quickly bend forward touching the floor, as in Exercise 2, and immediately return to erect position. Slowly exhale. Caution. Do not hold bending position with lungs inflated. After touching the floor, *at once* raise the trunk and easily let out the breath.

Command:—"Breathing in and touching floor! Arms up! Breath in! Down! Up! Breath out!"

9. *Rapping on Chest.* Fill the lungs and, while holding the breath, rap sharply with the palms of both hands on all portions of the chest. Caution. Use this exercise only

when lungs are fully inflated; never when they are even partially deflated.

Command:—"Rapping on chest! Breath in! Rap! Breath out!"

10. *Arms Flinging.* Bend arms forward, elbows on shoulder level, palms downward. Take a full breath as you fling the arms sharply sideway, and back on shoulder level and take a long step forward. Caution. Do not duck the head forward as you fling the arms.

Command:—"Arms forward bend! Arms flinging sideways with foot placing forward, right and left, breathing in! Fling! Back!"

11. *Arm Circumduction.* Extend arms sideways on shoulder level, palms downward. Stretch the arms to the finger tips as they slowly circle back, down, forward and up; taking in a *full easy breath* as the arms circle backward, exhaling as they come forward. Caution. The movement of the arms must accompany the breathing,—not the reverse. Do not allow the head to duck forward as arms go back. It is better that the members of the class should take their individual time on this exercise.

Command:—"Arms sideways lift! Arm Circumduction, breathing in and out! Start! Position!"

12. *Arm Elevation.* Arms raised to shoulder level, palms upward. Fully inflate the lungs as you raise the arms to limit above the head and rise on the toes. Caution. Keep head erect, chin in and body in good poise throughout.

Command:—"Arms sideways stretch, palms upward! Arm elevation and heel elevation with full breath! Up! Down!"

13. *Knee Flexion.* Same movement as No. 12. Instead of rising on toes, bend the knees to sitting position as you fill the lungs and elevate the arms. Caution. Bend knees as far as possible and *keep the trunk erect from the hips. Do not incline forward.*

Command:—"Arms sideways stretch, palms upward! Arm elevation with knee flexion, breathing in! Down! Up!"

14. *Diaphragmatic Exercise.* Place hands on sides over lower intercostals, fingers pointing forward. Exert a steady pressure with the hands against the sides while you take a slow deep breath, thus forcing the hands outward. When the lungs are filled, *slowly* give way to the pressure of the hands as they force the breath out.

15. *Dorsal Exercise.* Place hands on the hips, fingers pointing backward, the tips meeting at the lower lumbar region of the spine. Take a slow, easy, deep breath; expanding the dorsal and lumbar muscles so that the fingers are forced some distance apart.

B. FREEDOM OF THROAT MUSCLES

I. Physical Exercises for Neck and Upper Chest

16. *Spreading Shoulders.* With arms at side and elbows straight, roll the shoulders over and back as far as possible, while the arms rotate turning the palms forward. Caution. Do not duck the head forward during the exercise. Give the commands with considerable irregularity and broken rhythm.

Command:—"Spreading shoulders! 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1!"

17. *Rolling Arms at Shoulder Level.* Extend arms to the side at shoulder level, palms downward, hands clenched. Quickly roll the arms up, back, down, and forward in *response* to each count. Seek response and not rhythm through the commands.

Command:—"Arms sideways stretch, hands clenched! Rolling arms at shoulder level! 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1!"

18. *Spreading Elbows.* Bend arms forward, elbows at shoulder level, head erect, palms downward. With some resistance, forcibly press the hands up and back of ears.

Irregular Commands:—"Arms forward bend! Spreading elbows at shoulder level! 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1!"

19. *Head Flexion.* Place tips of fingers on back of neck, with elbows held back. With strong resistance and keeping chin well in, bend the head slowly back, then up.

Command:—"Neck firm! Head backward bend! Upward stretch!"

20. *Head Rotation with Flexion.* Turn head to right side; then bend straight back from the chin, which is held well in. Repeat on left side. Caution. Do not lean head to either side during backward flexion.

Command:—"Head to the right, turn! Backward bend! (chin in) Upward stretch!"

21. *Arms Swimming.* This movement is taken to three counts, and with weight on the advanced foot. 1. Bend the arms forward, elbows on shoulder level, hands back to back, fingers pointing forward. 2. Quickly extend arms

straight forward, palms outward. 3. With elbows straight fling arms back on shoulder level, *keeping head erect*.

Command:—"Right foot forward place! Arms swimming! One! Two! Three!"

II. Physical Exercises for the Tongue

(To be practiced with mirror)

All of these exercises should be given to irregular counts 1-8-1, unless otherwise indicated.

22. Point tongue outward and upward toward nose.

23. Point tongue outward and downward.

24. Rotate tip of tongue around lips, mouth well open, beginning at right side and rotating upward.

25. Rotate tongue around lips beginning at left side.

26. Raise tip of tongue to hard palate, mouth well open.

27. *Curling tip of tongue under*. Place tip at base of lower teeth, with mouth open, and press the middle part of tongue as far forward as possible.

28. *Lalling*. Raise the entire tongue, as far as possible, to and against the roof of the mouth.

29. *Clicking Exercise*. Raise back part of tongue to soft palate, as though to make the sound of K. It is a simple mechanical movement without tone. Repeat this in different rhythms, thus beating a tattoo with the back part of tongue.

30. Groove tongue and point it outward between the lips.

31. Place the finger and thumb under the chin about an inch back from the front. Bear down against slight pres-

sure, not with the jaw, which remains stationary, but with the hypoglossal muscle at the base of the tongue.

32. Raising and lowering the Uvula and Soft Palate. If difficulty is experienced with this exercise in the beginning, a quick, short, panting intake of breath may aid the movement; or thinking the yawn will expand the entire pharyngeal cavity. Be sure to *lower* the uvula at will, as well as raise it. The position should be held easily, not rigidly.

III. Vocal Exercises for Freeing the Throat

33. Sit, leaning well forward; slowly draw the chin down until it rests upon the chest, slightly stiffening the muscles of the neck; again raise it. Now, by contrast, see what the condition of the neck muscles are when the head is perfectly surrendered to gravity, that is, given up! "Let go" the neck. Do not draw the head down, but allow it to drop. Now slowly raise the head to upright position. Test the condition of the neck muscles, both by the general feeling of relaxation, and by the sense of touch. Now rise and stand at ease, or walk leisurely, retaining the same relaxed condition of the neck. Count numbers, speak conversational sentences, and sing easy passages, being careful to keep the same relaxation of muscles.

34. Assume the same relaxed condition of throat as in the preceding exercise, and utter the following vocal sounds with full, free, open voice. In the first column each vowel sound be given separately, somewhat sustained, with full voice, *but without effort*. The combinations of vowels in each of the other columns should be given on one breath, without pause between syllables, treating the same as one

word. The "a" used in these exercises is as in the word "say".

ah	ah-a	ah-a-ee	ah-a-ee-awe
a	a-ee	a-ee-awe	a-ee-awe-oh
ee	ee-awe	ee-awe-oh	ee-awe-oh-oo
awe	awe-oh	awe-oh-oo	ah-a-ee-awe-oh
oh	oh-oo		a-ee-awe-oh-oo
oo			ah-a-ee-awe-oh-oo
			oo-oh-awe-ee-a-ah

IV. Vocal Exercises for Tongue

35. 1 De, de	7 Do, do	Dah, dah
2 Je, je	8 Jo, jo	Jah, jah
3 Le, le	9 Lo, lo	Lah, lah
4 Ne, ne	0 No, no	Nah, nah
5 Te, te	To, to	Tah, tah
6 Che, che	Cho, cho	Chah, chah

36. Repeat the syllable "Koo" several times on the same breath, alternating the pitches of the syllables between two consecutive notes in the middle range of the voice; and making sure to avoid all throat contraction or effort. Now repeat this exercise several times, raising or lowering the pitch of the voice one tone on each repetition.

37. With relaxed throat yawn the following syllables:

Skah	Skaw
Glahgle	Glawgle
Klahk	Klawk
Gahg	Gawg
Lahl	Lawl

38. Think the "yawn" and prolong the following vowel combination on one breath, "ee-oo-awe-ah".

Practice also the following Expressional Exercises included in Part III: 1; 4; 7-12; 25; 28; 29.

C. FOR FREEDOM OF THE MUSCLES OF THE JAW

One of the greatest hindrances to easy and effective utterance is a stiff and inflexible jaw. It must first be liberated mechanically, and then be taught to move in flexible, elastic but not extravagant action.

I. Physical Exercises

39. Sit leaning forward, as in preparation for throat exercise No. 33; drop the head, allowing the jaw to hang down, as if falling asleep. Repeat this until you can feel a slight sense of weight in the lower jaw, then shake the jaw by the head and by the hand, moving it vertically and laterally. The important thing is to gain such flexibility as shall insure prompt, elastic action.

II. Vocal Exercises

40. With the muscles of the throat and jaw in the relaxed condition indicated in Exercise 39, utter the following syllables, first aloud, then silently:

ee-yah; ee-yaw; ee-yoi.

41. Sing the syllable "fah" up and down the scale slowly. Allow the jaw to hang with perfect freedom, but do not consciously pull the jaw down as far as possible. The aim is flexibility of the jaw muscles, not a wide opening.

42. dah	daw	doi
fah	faw	foi
lah	law	loi
mah	maw	moi

nah	naw	noi
pah	paw	poi
tah	taw	toi
vah	vaw	voi

Practice also the following Expressional Exercises included in Part III: 1-3; 7; 11; 13; 25; 26; 40-45.

V. FLEXIBILITY, RESONANCE, ETC.

Freedom means flexibility. A monotone, or a narrow range of voice is never natural. This is always the result of muscular restriction. Monotony of tone color or lack of resonance in the voice is caused in the same manner. Use any muscle in the body for an extended period in a limited capacity and it will soon lose all inclination to move except along the narrow machine-like groove in which it has been tutored.

Any voice, still possessing elements of youth and vitality, is sure to rebound from this muscular restriction, once it is thoroughly freed; and ultimately regain its normal flexibility, power and range. If, however, it has been restrained for a long period of time, its recovery of all its varied tone elements may be correspondingly slow. The following exercises will be found helpful in the development of definite vocal powers, which, for reasons already stated, may be limited or unresponsive.

A. Flexibility and Range of Voice

43. Stand easily erect in good poise with throat muscles in condition indicated in Exercise 33.

Beginning on the middle note of the voice,—usually about middle C on the piano,—count up and down the scale, being sure that the neck and throat muscles are kept

perfectly relaxed. Do not sing this exercise but talk it easily, distinctly and naturally. At first one may count down three and up five and back. As the throat muscles relax and the voice becomes more and more flexible, one tone after another can be added until the speaking voice embraces at least two octaves that can be used with perfect ease.

It will sometimes aid to move about the room and "dangle" the arms while practicing, in order to avoid a stiff and unresponsive condition.

44. In like manner count up to seven and back *on one tone*. Now repeat this exercise on consecutive pitches up and down the musical scale. Never allow the slightest feeling of strain in the voice. Always meet such a condition by a short pause and a perfectly relaxed condition of the vocal organs in the renewal of the practice.

45. Practice Exercise 34 up and down the musical scale in like manner.

Practice also the following Expressional Exercises included in Part III: 33-35; 39; 46; 53-55; 58; 59.

B. Resonance

There is neither space or need in this book for a discussion of the different vocal registers or the resonance cavities. It is sufficient to say that the normal voice naturally modulates through all of the voice registers and uses all of the resonance cavities. There is no easier way to secure *Chest Resonance* than through the free and proper use of the respiratory organs. At least one-third of all of the phonetic sounds used in ordinary speech form an absolute obstruction to the emission of the tone through the mouth.

As the only other passage-way is through the nose, this tone obstruction naturally produces what is termed *Head Resonance*, unless throat contraction or tongue resistance forbids the same.

Head resonance can often be secured through pure imitation, although the following exercises will be found helpful in securing this very essential quality of tone for both speakers and singers.

46. With the aim of causing vibrations in the upper part of the nasal chamber, utter the following sustained humming sounds without pause, running one word into the next: "Neen, noon, nane, nun, nah." Sustain the final syllable "nah", imparting to it, as much as possible, the humming "n" quality of tone.

47. Hum the letter "m", projecting the sound, not through the nose, but at the lips. Feel the vibration first on the lips, then try to make this trembling effect spread throughout the face. Always *think* of the resonance quality you wish to develop in the voice.

48. Utter the following exercise in the same way up and down the scale: "Moo-*een*, moo-*ane*, moo-*ine*, moo-*ohn*, moo-*ah*." Do not allow the tone to go to the *front* nasal passage.

49. In like manner practice the following syllables: "Noo-*ee*, noo-*a*, noo-*i*, noo-*oh*, noo-*ah*." Do not pause between the two syllables but, in each case place the vowel tone in the same location as the humming "n". Practice lightly up and down the scale with relaxed throat muscles.

50. In the same way practise the following sentence up and down the scale: "Neither Nina New nor Nora Nigh."

51. Now practise the prolonged vowel tones without the humming “n”, making sure to secure the same head placement.

Practice also the following Expressional Exercises included in Part III: 18; 21; 22; 24; 28-30; 47.

II. PRECISION OF ACTION

Precision in speech means distinct utterance and Pure Diction. Poor diction is the most common criticism of the American voice; and this criticism cannot be made with too great severity, for it is well deserved. This deplorable condition exists chiefly because so little attention is paid to the subject of phonics and purity of speech in the Public Schools. The student usually receives a brief, and more or less careless, course in phonics in the lower grades, and from that time forward the subject is generally forgotten by both teacher and pupil. As a result the student quite naturally receives the impression that phonics is a primary subject, for small children only. He considers the further study of phonics as beneath his attention, until he enters business or social activities. Then the real importance of clear, distinct speech is brought very forcibly to his attention. As a matter of fact, some form of exercise in pure diction should be continued throughout the entire public school curriculum. Pure diction will thus become a habit. Then, and then only, will the American voice suggest culture and refinement, instead of the reverse.

A speaker must have an exceedingly important message and a commanding presence in order to hold the attention of an audience, if that audience must make any exertion in order to understand what is being said. On the other hand, a speaker with a clear, distinct, pleasant voice is able to hold the attention by the mere charm of his voice, even when discussing matters of comparatively small importance.

Precision of action should first be acquired in connection with the proper sounding of the various vowels and con-

sonants. Care should be taken to acquire a clear, distinct and firm voicing of each of the following phonetic sounds. Try to *feel* the sound; but do not allow any rigidity of the lips or voice muscles.

I. CONSONANT EXERCISES.

52.

M

Place the lips together, causing the sound to flow through the nose.

arm, home, man, mate, me, make, mob.

- 1 A man made a mat.
- 2 Many more men may march.
- 3 Mr. March met many merry men in the meadow.
- 4 Moore's music makes men march.
- 5 Many a man is a mere mummy.
- 6 Mary has an amazing manner of mixing her metaphors.
- 7 Melancholy music makes me miserable.

53.

P

Press the lips together lightly, then quickly expel the breath between them.

ape, apple, open, pay, pipe, pump, poem.

- 1 Peter paid a penny for the paper.
- 2 My pet pigeon is prinking its pin feathers.
- 3 Pick a primrose and put it on Pearl's pie-pan.
- 4 Put a piece of paper on our milk-pail.
- 5 Paul was prepared to paper the pantry.
- 6 Patsy picked a pink apple for pretty Peggy.
- 7 Porter made Paul mix a pint of paint.

54.

B

Press the lips together and produce a vibration in the throat; then quickly expel the sound between the lips.

hobby, ebb, boy, baby, bite, bib, ball.

- 1 A big boy bought a bat and ball.
- 2 Bob was beaten and banged about in the bath-house.
- 3 A big, black, barbed beetle crawled up my back.
- 4 Barbara was bending over the babbling, bubbling brook.
- 5 Blackberries and barberries abound in Berkshire.
- 6 Bessie bought bread, butter and berries in a basket.
- 7 Billy Bell broke his pipe blowing soap-bubbles.

55.

W

Protrude the lips as for the sound of "oo". As the breath is forced through the lips, forcibly jerk them apart.
was, war, we, win, woe, wet, wood.

- 1 We worked with a will and won.
- 2 Winnie wore a white water-lily in the wild woods.
- 3 She was woefully wounded by William's wicked words.
- 4 Walter went West to woo the woman who is now his wife.
- 5 We were working by the wind-mill.
- 6 What will the wild winds and waves work?

56.

Wh

The "H" is pronounced before the "W".
what, when, why, whale, white, which, where.

- 1 Why weep when we win!
- 2 Where is our poor whip-poor-will?
- 3 We whipped the waves into a white foam.
- 4 White wings are worth while when we wander where the swallows wheel.
- 5 Which boy whistled and which one whispered?
- 6 What webs we weave when we whimsically wander wheresoever we will.
- 7 When the wee whistler was well whipped.

57.

F

Press the lower lip lightly against the upper teeth and force the breath between them.

fate, four, fun, face, five, fist, fife.

- 1 Fee, fi, fo, fum.
- 2 His fife and staff lay on the turf.
- 3 All foes fear our famous fighters.
- 4 Fred felt no fear while fighting the fire.
- 5 Four fine foxes faced five fierce foes.
- 6 We found the thief far off from the farm.
- 7 Fanny's speech was forceful, firm, free and fluent.

58.

V

Produce as for F, adding a vibration of the voice in the throat.

wave, five, move, over, very, van, voice, visit.

- 1 Five boys are moving the van.
- 2 Phil's vest is made of velvet.
- 3 She is a violent, vicious, vindictive little viper, tart as vinegar.
- 4 Wave upon wave of vapor poured out of a valve in our vat.
- 5 The five fever patients are progressing favorably.
- 6 When I move over Viola's way we will visit.
- 7 Vowels and verbs verily do violence to my nerves in making verses.

59.

Th (soft)

Place the tip of the tongue between the teeth and expel the breath.

both, mouth, froth, thin, thick, thumb, thirst.

A thick thatch maketh a cottage thoroughly dry.

- 2 We thought Beth was an author.
- 3 Matthew threw six thick thistle sticks.
- 4 Ethel's birth-day comes on Thursday the fifth.
- 5 When vexed with anything think it over.
- 6 To think a thought is theoretically to tell a thought.
- 7 Edith put her thick thumb in her mouth.

60.

Th (hard)

Produce as for Th soft, adding a vibration of the voice in the throat. The mouth should be opened instantly for a following vowel.

with, father, this, then, they, that, there.

- 1 Their mother is taller than father.
- 2 This is the feather that they wished.
- 3 Even though they were there they missed their mother.
- 4 That man went with father and brother.
- 5 They and theirs wish well thee and thine.
- 6 Mother makes me bathe in this bathing-suit.
- 7 My father bequeathed a farthing to my brother.

61.

T

Press the tip of the tongue against the hard palate just back of the teeth. Quickly expel the breath as you nimbly draw away the tongue and open the mouth.

not, meat, let, butter, top, teeth, tin.

- 1 Two and two are four.
- 2 The top of Tom's tent is torn.
- 3 When I tasted the tart it was bitter.
- 4 Ten tiny, timid fairies went out on tiptoe.
- 5 Teddie tore the towel to tatters.
- 6 The tutor bought the pattern for ten tin toys.
- 7 Little Tommy Tuttle tip-toed on top of the table.

✓ 62.

D

Produce as for T, adding a vibration of the voice in the throat.

glad, bad, sad, do, day, doll, den.

- 1 To do, to dare, to die.
- 2 What did Dan do with the dime?
- 3 Dick paid dearly for his dreadful blunder.
- 4 Daisy was determined to do her duty.
- 5 They found his body in a dark, damp, dingy ditch.
- 6 Dorothy did her duty and bought a bond.
- 7 Ding-dong, dingle-dangle, dilly-dally, luddy-fuddy.

✓ 63.

S (soft),

Produce a soft hissing sound by slightly raising the tip of the tongue and expelling the breath through the center of the nearly closed teeth.

hiss, loss, moss, see, say, sail, sister.

- 1 Sam sang a song for us on Sunday.
- 2 Sometimes the hisses seemed seriously sent.
- 3 Sister Susan sighed sentimentally under the stars.
- 4 The sled slipped successfully down the smooth slope.
- 5 Mr. Smith will sell satin at the sales in September.
- 6 Seven sisters were at the dance on Saturday.
- 7 Several singers were soon seated at the supper table.

✓ 64.

Z

Produce as for S, adding the vibration of the voice in the throat.

eyes, was, buzz, dizzy, zone, zero, Zion.

- 1 Busy bees buzz in the fields.
- 2 Does she seem pleased with his prize.

- 1 I was not amazed, for it was easy to foresee those results.
- 2 Did Daisy bathe the boy's eyes?
- 3 It is wise to visit zoos and museums.
- 4 The Zebra in some zones suffers in zero weather.
- 5 Baby Susie wanted to seize Miss Zorn's zither.

65. Sh

Hold the teeth as for S; arch the middle of the tongue and direct the breath against the front teeth while protruding the lips.

dish, bush, sash, shoe, she, ship, sure.

- 1 Be sure and push up the sash and the window shade.
- 2 Ships throw shadows on the ocean.
- 3 She showed her wish was for social position.
- 4 She shouted out of sheer joyousness.
- 5 She cherished a wish to make a full confession to the bishop.
- 6 The shepherd sheared the sheep.
- 7 After a shower of refreshing rain that washed the bushes the sunshine was propitious.

66. Ch

Ch is a combination of T and Sh. Run the T into the Sh and stop abruptly.

watch, march, match, cheese, chalk, chair, church.

- 1 We had such a search for the chicken.
- 2 He chooses all the chants we sing in the church.
- 3 Much cheese is made by the Dutch.
- 4 Will you reach Charles his crutch?
- 5 Charles pitched the ball to Archie.
- 6 Chester watched the church sexton ring the chimes.
- 7 My chum searched with a match for the merchant's charm.

67. J and Soft G

Produce as Ch, adding the vibration of the voice in the throat.

age, joy, jam, jump, judge, jest, jelly.

- 1 George is generally joyous and genial.
- 2 John has been to Japan and Java.
- 3 The Jew jumped from the barge and joined Jonah.
- 4 Jack made a jocose rejoinder to the jolly old gentleman.
- 5 The Judge and the jury were justified in their judgment of the soldier.
- 6 Jimmie and Marjorie jumped with joy at the sight of jelly and jam.
- 7 He was jealous because Jenny gave the jewels to James.

68. L

Raise the tongue to the palate, the tip pressing lightly against the base of the front teeth, and allow the voice to escape.

doll, call, sell, lady, laugh, loss, light.

- 1 The light in the parlor lamp was low.
- 2 Many lovely lakes lie in the Emerald Isle.
- 3 One lives well who lives wisely.
- 4 She works hurriedly and awkwardly, consequently she works badly.
- 5 Let lovely lilacs line Lee's lonely lane.
- 6 He was lucid and logical, lordly and loyal.
- 7 Elizabeth and Dolly lived with Lilly on Long Island.

69. R

Raise the sides of the tongue and allow the voice to escape with plenty of vibration.

ear, oar, far, rat, red, right, run.

- 1 Reach that red rose for me.
- 2 Pretty, pretty, prattling creature.
- 3 She rose from her rest wearily, drearily and dreamily.
- 4 The orator roused his hearers by rising and roaring with excitement.
- 5 Our preference is for a rural rather than a royal residence.
- 6 I dread the dreaming of dreadful dreams.
- 7 Richard and Robert read their readers every night in our room.

✓ 70. N

Press the tongue against the roof of the mouth, driving the voice through the nose.

on, can, fun, new, nap, name, nine.

- 1 Never have I known such a noisy man.
- 2 Neatness is natural to persons of native refinement.
- 3 Ned bought a new fish-net Monday noon.
- 4 "Now or never," said Nelson's nephew to the new naval men.
- 5 The Norwegian minister was newly nominated.
- 6 The news of his annihilation nearly unnerved him.
- 7 Ninety-nine noisy Indians ran down the narrow runway.

1 71. NG

Holding the lips and teeth apart, press the back part of the tongue against the soft palate, and produce a continued vibration of voice through the nasal cavities as for N.

song, ring, bang, wrong, wing, tongue, King.

- 1 The bells ring, "Ding dong, ding, dong".
- 2 The clang of the fire-gong rang down the long lane.
- 3 We won the long war by fighting, working and saving.

- 5 The singer sang a laughing song for the happy throng.
- 6 Wrong doing is sure to bring sorrow and weeping.
- 7 The strong iron-monger grew anxious with waiting.
- 7 The jester jumped off the donkey and through the ring.

72.

K or Hard C

Arch the rear of the tongue and quickly expel the breath over the obstruction thus formed.

ark, make, cake, car, key, coat, kick.

- 1 The cook baked a cake.
- 2 Katy caught a cold and could not come.
- 3 Critical comments can work to our cost.
- 4 The doctor cured the king of the cold he caught in the cathedral.
- 5 He has a knack of cackling like a chicken.
- 6 Broken bricks, cobbles and coal crowded the track.
- 7 He caught his cousin in the act of kicking the cat.

73.

G (hard)

Produce as for K, adding the vibration of the voice in the throat.

bag, egg, log, good, go, give, gun.

- 1 He gave Margaret a good gargle.
- 2 Gregory greeted the gang with great gallantry.
- 3 The organ-grinder was grateful for my gift.
- 4 The gambler was gagged and dragged aboard the brig.
- 5 Growling, grumbling, gruffness, and grog are his prevailing sins.
- 6 There was no good ground for either gaiety or gloom.
- 7 Great greed brought ghastly results to the rogue.

74.

Y

Separate the teeth and lips, arching the tongue as for "ee", and drive the voice over the obstruction thus formed.

yard, year, yell, yes, you, yon, young.

- 1 Yesterday you were yelling in the yard.
- 2 The yolk of the egg is yellow.
- 3 Yankee youths on the yachts yelled, "Ye Ho".
- 4 Miss Young gave your yellow yarn to a yowling youngster.
- 5 Will you go with William to New York?
- 6 The yeoman in the yard yawned wearily.
- 7 Every year the youngsters yearn for Yuletide.

75.

H

Separate the teeth and lips fully and expel the breath.

Ha! harm, home, heel, hit, hen, hut.

- 1 He heard the hoofs of his horse.
- 2 Helen has a horn in her hand.
- 3 Henry must hurry home to help his mother.
- 4 The whole house howled as the Hindu hauled the hen from under his hat.
- 5 The hound howled behind the house.
- 6 Did you hear the horn of the hunter?
- 7 He hankered after home, health and happiness.

II. VOWEL EXERCISES

76. *Drill Chant of Prominent Vowel Sounds*

- 1 A (long) as in fate, make, take, date, fade, cane, save.
- 2 A (short) as in man, hat, back, ham, had, tap, cap.
- 3 A (Italian) as in arm, father, far, alms, farm, harm, palm.

✓ A (short Italian) as in ask, pass, dance, last, fast, chant, staff.

5 A as in all, talk, water, fall, small, yawn, awe.

6 E (long) as in eve, meet, deed, creed, eel, deer, feed.

7 E (short) as in pet, ten, end, net, get, bet, let.

8 I (long) as in tide, bide, fine, line, ice, fire, bite.

9 I (short) as in pit, ill, did, fit, sit, lid, mill.

10 O (long) as in old, note, bone, grow, low, sold, mode.

O (short) as in odd, dot, got, lot, top, rot, mop.

11 U (long) as in use, mute, tune, duty, duke, pure, lute.

12 U (short) as in up, us, tub, cut, but, fun, gun.

13 oo as in food, moon, fool, cool, goose, boot, doom.

14 oo as in good, foot, wool, book, hook, took, look.

15 ow, as in owl, bow, loud, thou, proud, now, how.

16 oi as in boy, oil, toy, joy, toil, voice, boil.

First acquire the correct sounding of each of the above vowel sounds. Then practise them, skipping about from one sound to another. Do not always practise vowel sounds in the same order.

Practise also the following Expressional Exercises included in Part III: 16; 17; 19; 20; 31; 32.

III. LIP EXERCISES

(Accent all syllables beginning with capital letters)

77. Repeat with firmness and accuracy "ee-oh-ah-oo".

78. bi, bi—boh, boh—bah, bah

fi, fi—foh, foh—fah, fah

mi, mi—moh, moh—mah, mah

pi, pi—poh, poh—pah, pah

vi, vi—voh, voh—vah, vah

- 6 wi, wi—woh, woh—wah, wah
- 7 qwi, qwi—qwoh, qwoh—qwah, qwah

- 79. 1 Pi—bi—pi—bi—Pi—bi—mi.
- 2 Bi—mi—bi—mi—Bi—mi—pi.
- 3 Mi—pi—mi—pi—Mi—pi—bi.

- 80. 1 We whip—We whip—Why weep?—Why weep?
- 2 Well, when—Well, when—What web?—What web?
- 3 With which—With which—White wings—White wings.
- 4 Worth while—Worth while—Whose wish?—Whose wish?

- 81. 1 Pim—mim—mip—pip—pim.
- 2 Bim—mim—mib—bib—bim.
- 3 Mip—pib—bim—mip—pib.
- 4 Fim—mim—mif—fif—fim.
- 5 Vim—mim—miv—viv—vim.
- 6 Fib—bip—pif—fim—miv.
- 7 Miv—vib—biv—vip—pif.
- 8 Wib—bip—wiv—vim—mif.
- 9 Whip—pib—whif—fim—miv.
- 10 Wip—pib—whiv—vim—mif.
- 11 Fiv—viv—vif—fif—fiv.

82. S and Z Exercise

- 1 Sis—sis—sis—Sis—sis—sis—Sis—sis—sis—Sis.
- 2 Ziz—ziz—ziz—Ziz—ziz—ziz—Ziz—ziz—ziz—Ziz.
- 3 Siz—sis—Siz—sis—Siz—sis—Siz.
- 4 Zis—ziz—Zis—ziz—Zis—ziz—Zis.
- 5 Siz—ziz—zis—sis—siz.

IV. TIP OF TONGUE EXERCISES

(Accent all syllables beginning with capital letters)

83. ¹ Ta, ta—te, te—tah, tah.
² Tha, tha—the, the—thah, thah.
³ Na, na—ne, ne—nah, nah.
⁴ Da, da—de, de—dah, dah.
⁵ Ja, ja—je, je—jah, jah.
⁶ Cha, cha—che, che—chah, chah.
⁷ La, la—le, le—lah, lah.
84. (Repeat each exercise three times.)
¹ Ta, tha, Na, da, ja.
² Tha, na, Da, ja, cha.
³ Na, da, Ja, cha, la.
⁴ Da, ja, Cha, la, ta.
⁵ Ja, cha, La, ta, da.
⁶ Cha, la, Ta, da, ja.
⁷ La, ta, Da, ja, cha.
85. (Repeat each exercise three times.)

- ¹ Tid, din, nil, lir, rit.
² Dit, til, lin, nir, rid.
³ Nil, lit, tid, dir, rin.
⁴ Lid, dit, tin, nir, ril.
⁵ Ril, lit, tin, nid, dil.

V. BACK PART OF TONGUE EXERCISES

86. ¹ Gag, geeg, gig, gug.
² Kak, keek, kik, kuk.
³ Qwak, qweek, kwik, qwuk.
⁴ Kax, keex, kix, kux.
⁵ Kang, keeng, king, kung.
gag—kak—kag—gag—gak.

VI. COMBINATION EXERCISES

- ✓ 87. 1 Ipit—tipit. Ipitip—tipitip.
 2 Ipik—kipik. Ipikip—kipikip.
 3 Itik—kitik. Itikit—kitikit.
 4 Ipitik—kitipik. —, —, —, —.
 5 Ipif—fipif. Ipifip—pifipif.
 6 Ifwif—fwif—fwif.
 7 Ipifwipif, pifipwifip.
 8 Ifith, thithif; —, —, —, —.
 9 Ifwith, wif; —, —.
 10 Ithis, sithis; —, —, —, —.
 11 Ithish, shithish; —, —, —, —.
 12 Isish, shisis; —, —, —, —.
 13 Ithisish, thisishith.

88. Pip, pit, pet, pack, push, puss.
 1 Tip, tit, tot, tight, touch, teach.
 2 Keep, kit, kick, cup, catch, crutch.
 3 Foot, feet, frump, fresh, fish.
 4 Church, chick, chip, chump, chess.
 5 Sip, such, skit, six, sat, sash.

89. *Exercises in Articulation and Enunciation*

1. Did you cross the creek in coming?
2. Take tape to tie the cape.
3. Lucy likes light literature.
4. The splendor falls on castle walls.
5. He told me that he tolled the bell.
6. The strife ceaseth, and the good man rejoiceth.
7. "Did you say a nice house or an ice-house?"

8. "Did you say you saw the spirit sigh, or the spirit's eye, or the spirit's sigh?"

"I said I saw the spirit's eye; not the spirit sigh, nor the spirit's sigh."

9. He spoke of it particularly, and pre-emptorially declared it inexplicable.

10. "She uttered a shrill shriek, and shrank from the shriveled form."

11. The cell door opened as he ceased to speak.

12. I will show you a ship of state sailing in shallow seas.

13. It is the first step that costs.

14. He was over-whelmed with whirlwinds.

15. A world too wide for his shrunk shank.

16. The Japanese sunk six Russian ships.

17. Geese cackle, cattle low, crows caw, cocks crow.

18. She says she will sew a shirt.

19. Thrice the shrew threw the shoe.

20. Some shun sunshine! Do you shun sunshine?

21. The sea ceaseth and it sufficeth us.

22. The old, cold scold sold a school coal-scuttle.

23. I fancy the first Frenchman fenced furiously.

24. Sweet is the capture when the captive finds the captor a captive, too.

25. To do the truth daily try to think the truth.

26. The cart caught the father farther from the hearth than Hawth expected.

27. With worthiness we welcome Willie Varden.

28. When the wee whistler was very well whipped.

29. Why were virtue's warnings whimsically vetoed?
30. Fine white wine vinegar with veal.
31. Shaw's shabby, shameful shoes shocked shady shoppers.
32. A giddy, giggling girl goes gaily gabbling to a gawky, grinning, graceless gaby.
33. The old black cow kicked down the five-barred gate.

Practise also the following Expressional Exercises included in Part III: 3; 5; 13; 14; 27.

III. EXERCISES FOR EXPRESSION

In order to secure the full benefit from the following Expressional Exercises, which should be used in conjunction with the Technical Exercises, it is advisable to commit the following selections as they are used. A much greater fulness and freedom of expression will thus be obtained.

1.

“The wind, one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, ‘Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a madcap galloping chase!
I’ll make a commotion in every place!’ ”

2.

“Oh hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!”

3.

✓ Yoho! past hedges, gates and trees; past cottages and barns, and people going home from work. Yoho! past donkey-chaises, drawn aside into the ditch, and empty cars with rampart horses.

Yoho! down the pebbly dip, and through the merry water-splash, and up at a canter to the level road again.
Yoho! Yoho! *Dickens.*

4.

“The funniest story I ever heard,
The funniest thing that ever occurred,
Was the story of Mrs. Mehitabel Bird,
Who wanted to be a Mason.”

5.

Lady Gay Spanker

Max Harkaway—How did my filly behave herself, Gay

Lady Gay Spanker—Gloriously, Max, gloriously! There were sixty horses in the field, all mettle to the bone. The start was a picture! Away we went, in a cloud-pellmell, helter-skelter—the fools first, as usual, using themselves up. We soon passed them—first your Kitty, then my Blueskin, and Craven's colt last. Then came the tug!—Kitty skimmed the walls, Blueskin flew over the fences, the colt neck-and-neck and half a mile to run. At last, the colt balked a leap and went wild. Kitty and I had it all to ourselves; she was three lengths ahead, as we breasted the last wall, six feet if an inch, and a ditch on the other side. Now, for the first time I gave Blueskin his head—ha! ha! Away we flew, like a thunderbolt! Over went the filly—I over the same spot, leaving Kitty in the ditch; walked the steeple, eight miles in thirty minutes, and scarcely turned a hair.

Boucicault.

6.

L'Allegro

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jolity,
Quips and Cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek;
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
'Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe.

—*Milton.*

7.

The Laughing Song

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

When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene;
When Mary, and Susan, and Emily,
With their sweet round mouths sing, "Ha, ha, he!"

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread;
Come live, and be merry, and join with me
To sing the sweet chorus of "Ha, ha, he!"

—*Wm. Blake.*

8.

The Boys

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar; we're twenty tonight.

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsey—young jackanapes!—show him the door!
"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! white if we please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can
freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close—you'll see not the sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old;
That boy we call "Doctor" and this we call "Judge!"
It's a neat little fiction—of course it's all fudge.

Yes, we're boys—always playing with tongue or with pen;
And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, it's gold and it's gray!
The stars of its winter, and the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of Thy Children, THE BOYS!

—*Oliver W. Holmes.*

9.

The Good Time Coming

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon-balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger;
We'll win our battle by its aid;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
The pen shall supersede the sword,
The Right, not Might, shall be the lord
In the good time coming.

Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger ;
The proper impulse has been given ;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming ;
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger ;—
'Twill be strong enough one day ;—
Wait a little longer.

—*Charles Mackay.*

10.

Let Me Play the Fool

Let me play the fool :
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?
Sleep when he wakes ? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks,—
'There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond ;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,

And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"

O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
 That therefore are reputed wise,
 For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
 If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
 Which, hearing them, would call their brother fools.
 I'll tell thee more of this another time:
 But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
 For this fool gudgeon, this opinion,—
 Come, good Lorenzo,—Fare ye well awhile;
 I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

—*Shakespeare.*

11.

What May Said to December

Old December in his dotage
 Tottered down the hill one day,
 Stopped at Widow Worldly's cottage,
 Stopped to talk to little May.
 May was busy in the dairy,
 Old December said, "Good day."
 Thought she looked just like a fairy,
 Told her not to run away.
 "Prithee, dear, do you remember
 What I said last Christmas Day?"
 But May laughed at old December,
 Said she'd taken it in play:
 Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
 Said she'd taken it in play.
 Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
 "Nay, I meant each word I uttered
 That day 'neath the mistle-toe."

“Do you like your parsnips buttered?”

Little May asked, laughing low.

“Child, I wish that for one moment

You would try to serious be,

For I’ve spoken to your mother

And she tells me you are free.

But, my dear, you have one lover.”

(Here he dropped on gouty knee,

Nearly knocked the milk-pail over!)

“Do not laugh, dear—I am he!”

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

“Do not laugh, dear—I am he.”

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Are you, really?—He! He! He!

“Of my wealth you’ll be partaker,

I can’t spend it all myself,

Gold have I and many an acre—”

“Please, sir, put this on the shelf.”

“Child, my wishes are your mother’s,

She has told me so herself,

She prefers me to all others,

Think of her, you thoughtless elf.”

“That I will,” said May, “for really

I don’t care for lands or pelf,

And as mother loves you dearly

She may marry you herself.”

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

“She may marry you herself.”

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

—*Mark Ambient.*

12. *“The Year’s at the Spring”*

The year’s at the spring,
And day’s at the morn;
Morning’s at seven;
The hillside’s dew-pearled;
The lark’s on the wing;
The snail’s on the thorn;
God’s in His heaven—
All’s right with the world!

—*Robert Browning.*

13. *How They Brought the Good News*

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three,
“Good speed!” cried the watch as the gate-bolts undrew;
“Speed!” echoed the wall to us galloping through.
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace—
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, “Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault’s not in her.
We’ll remember at Aix;” for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of her flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

15.

“The youth was tall and nobly beautiful, a very Hercules in form, an Apollo in grace and charm of movement.”

16.

“Here I stand ; God help me ; I cannot do otherwise.”

Luther.

✓ 17.

“Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land ;
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand !”

Scott.

18.

Invictus

Out of the black night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be,
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud ;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

—*William Ernest Henley.*

19.

The Building of the Ship

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wriought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not the rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
 Each one its creed in music tells,
 In tones that float upon the air,
 As soft as song, as pure as prayer,
 And I will put in simple rhyme
 The language of the golden chime;
 My happy heart with rapture swells
 Responsive to the bells, sweet bells.

“In deeds of love excel! excel!”

Chimed out from ivied towers a bell:

“This is the church not built on sands,
 Emblem of one not built with hands;

Its form and sacred rites revere,

Come worship here! come worship here!

In rituals and faith excel!”

Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

“O swell! Ye purifying waters swell!”

In mellow tones rang out a bell,

“Though faith alone in Christ can save,
 Man must be plunged beneath the wave,
 To show the world unfaltering faith

In what the Sacred Scriptures saith:

O! swell! ye rising waters, swell!”

Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

“Farewell! farewell! base world, farewell!”

In touching tones exclaimed a bell;

“Life is a boon, to mortals given,

To fit the soul for bliss in Heaven;

Do not invoke the avenging rod,
Come here and learn the way to God:
Say to the world, Farewell! farewell!"
Pealed forth the Presbyterian bell.

"To all the truth, we tell! we tell!"
Shouted in ecstasies a bell.

"Come all ye weary wanderers, see!
Our Lord has made salvation free!
Repent, believe, have faith, and then
Be saved, and praise the Lord, Amen!
Salvation's free we tell! we tell!"
Shouted the Methodist bell.

—George W. Bungoy.

21.

Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. And he was afraid and said, How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of Heaven.

22.

"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou had'st formed the earth and the sea, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou are God."

23.

But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.

24.

“Angels and ministers of grace defend us,
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd;
Bring with thee airs from Heaven or blasts from Hell;
Be thy intents wicked or charitable;
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee.”

—*Shakespeare.*

✓ 25.

Freedom Calls You

Freedom calls you! Quick! be ready! Think of what
your sires have done! Onward! Strong and steady!
Drive the tyrant to his den! On! And let your watch-
word be COUNTRY, HOME and LIBERTY!

✓ 26.

“Your sword and buckler, boy! The foe, the foe!
Does he not tread on Roman ground? Come on,
Come on! Charge on him, drive him back or die!”

—*Sheridan Knowles.*

27.

“If on tomorrow morn
You fail to answer what I ask,
The lash shall force you! Do you hear?
Hence to your daily task.”

28.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.

Come away! Come away!
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen and
From mountains so rocky—
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill plaid and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come when
Forests are rended,
Come as the winds come when
Navies are stranded;
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;
See how they gather !
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set !
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset !

—*Highland Song by Sir Walter Scott.*

29.

The Onset

Sound an alarm ! The foe is come !
I hear the tramp,—the neigh,—the hum,
The cry and the blow of his daring drum :
Huzzah !

Sound ! The blast of our trumpet blown
Shall carry dismay into hearts of stone :
What ! Shall we shake at a foe unknown ?
Huzzah !—Huzzah !

Have we not sinews as strong as they ?
Have we not hearts that ne'er gave way ?
Have we not God on our side today ?
Huzzah !

Look, they are staggered on yon black heath !
Steady awhile, and hold your breath !
Now is your time, men,—Down like death !
Huzzah !—Huzzah !

Stand by each other and front your foes !
Fight whilst a drop of red blood flows !
Fight as ye fought for the old red rose !
Huzzah !

Sound! Bid your terrible trumpets bray!
Blow, till their brazen throats give way!
Sound to the battle! Sound, I say!
Huzzah!—Huzzah!

30.

Marmion to Douglas

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—"This to me!" he said,
"And 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas head!
And first I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate!
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,—
Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,—
I tell thee thou'rt defied!
And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Highland or Lowland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

Sir Walter Scott.

31.

The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;

The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man.

32.

How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquility! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.

33.

“Out there on the dreamy horizon,
Where the beckoning skys begin,
There lies a land that is girded
By the waves of Might Have Been.

34.

“Silently, one by one,
In the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars,
The forget-me-nots of the angels.”

Shelley.

35.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!—bird thou never wert,—that
from heaven, or near it, pourest thy full heart in profuse
strains of unpremeditated art. Higher still, and higher,
from the earth thou springest like a cloud of fire; the blue

deep thou wingest, and singing still dost soar, and soaring
ever singest. Better than all measures of delight or sound,
better than all treasures that in book are found, thy skill to
poet were, thou scorner of the ground! Teach me half the
gladness that thy brain must know, such harmonious mad-
ness from my lips would flow, the world should listen then,
as I am listening now. *Shelley.*

36.

All that I know
Of a certain star
Is, it can throw
(Like the angled spar)
Now a dart of red,
Now a dart of blue;
Till all my friends have said
They would fain see, too,
My star that dartles the red and the blue!
Then it stops like a bird; like a flower hangs furled;
They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.
What matter to me if their star is a world?
Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it.

—*Robert Browning.*

37.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst Time or Fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.
What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruits of tears.

The stars come nightly to the sky ;
The tidal wave unto the sea ;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

38.

The Little Star

There's one great bunch of stars in heaven
That shine so sturdily,
Where good Saint Peter's sinewy hand
Holds up the dull gold-wroughten key.

And also there's a little star
So white, a virgin's it must be—
Perhaps the lamp my love in heaven
Hangs out to light the way for me.

—*Theophile Marziall.*

39.

Drifting

My soul today is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay ;
My winged boat, a bird afloat,
Swings round purple peaks remote ;

Round purple peaks it sails and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw, through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim, the mountains swim ;
While on Vesuvius's misty brim
With outstretched hands, the grey smoke stands,
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

I heed not if my rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff ;
With dreamful eyes my spirit lies
Under the walls of paradise.

Under the walls where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie, blown softly by,—
A cloud upon the liquid sky.

The day so mild, is heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled ;
The airs I feel around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail my hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail ;
A joy intense, the cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes my spirit lies
Where summer sings and never dies ;
Overveiled with vines she glows and shines
Among her future oils and wines.

O happy ship to rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip !
O, happy crew, my heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew !

No more, no more the worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar ;
With dreamful eyes my spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise !

—*Thomas B. Read.*

40.

“One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o’er and o’er ;
I’m nearer my home today
Than I ever have been before ;”

“Nearer my Father’s house,
Where many mansions be ;
Nearer the great white throne ;
Nearer the crystal sea.”

—*Cary.*

41.

“Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow, creeps into this
petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life’s but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more ; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.”

—*Shakespeare.*

42.

“Thou knowest best ;
My sins as scarlet are ; let me go hence,
And in some cloister’s school of penitence,
Across the stones that pave the way to Heaven,
Walk barefoot till my guilty soul be shriven.”

—*Longfellow.*

43.

“The home of our childhood, ah, could it receive
All its children, if but for a day ;
Could the hours as of old, on their bright wings of gold,
Bring the joys they have borne far away.”

—*E. A. Allen.*

44.

“Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead ;
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That was her book-case, this her bed,
She plucked that piece of geranium flower,
Beginning to die, too, like herself.”

—*Robert Browning.*

45,

Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening star, and one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar when I put out to
sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep, too full for sound
and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep turns
again home.

Twilight and evening bell, and after that the dark !
And may there be no sadness of farewell, when I embark ;
For tho' from out our bourne of time and place the flood
may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face when I have crost the
the bar.

—*Tennyson.*

46.

A Lost Chord

Seated one day at the organ, I was weary and ill at ease, and my fingers wandered idly over the noisy keys. I do not know what I was playing, or what I was dreaming then, but I struck one chord of music, like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight, like the close of an angel's psalm, and it lay on my fevered spirit, with a touch of infinite calm. It quieted pain and sorrow, like love overcoming strife; it seemed the harmonious echo from our discordant life. It linked all perplexed meanings into one perfect ease, and trembled away into silence, as if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly, that one lost chord divine, that came from the soul of the organ, and entered into mine. It may be that Death's bright angel will speak in that chord again. It may be that only in heaven I shall hear that grand Amen.

Adelaide Anne Proctor.

47.

The Famine

O the long and dreary winter!
O the cold and cruel winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
 Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.

Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage ;
With his mittens and his snowshoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise for weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever!

O the wasting of the famine!

O the blasting of the fever!

All the earth was sick and famished,
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven,
Like the eyes of wolves, glared at them!

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

48.

Seven Ages of Man

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages: At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms.
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad

Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and beared like a pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

—*Shakespeare.*

49.

To Be or Not to Be

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them. To die: to sleep:
 No more: and by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—
 To sleep! perchance to dream! ay, there's the rub;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action.

—*Shakespeare.*

50.

“For all I am so old my children never turned me out of doors. No, no, God bless them.”

51.

“The birds can fly, an' why can't I?
Must we give in, says he with a grin,
That the bluebird an' phoebe are smarter than we be?”

—*Trowbridge.*

52.

“Lo, dim in the starlight their white tents appear!
Ride softly! ride slowly! the onset is near.
More slowly! more softly! the sentry may hear!
Now fall on the foe like a tempest of flame!
Strike down the false banner whose triumph were shame!
Strike, strike for the true flag, for freedom and fame!”

53.

“Beyond the street a tower,—beyond the tower a moon,—
beyond the moon a star,—beyond the star, what?”

54.

The Prisoner of Chillon

“Lake Lemon lies by Chillon’s walls;
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massive waters meet and flow;
Beneath the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies, wherein we lay.
We heard it ripple night and day;
And sounding o’er our heads it knocked;
And I have felt the winter’s spray
Wash thru the iron bars, when
The winds were high and wanton in the happy sky.
And then the very rocks have rocked;
And I have felt them shake unshocked;
For I could have smiled to see
The death, that would have set me free.”

—Byron.

55.

As quiet as the lake that lies beneath me,
As quiet as the tranquil sky above me,
As quiet as the heart that beats no more,
This convent seems; above, below, all is peace.

56.

“Slow, steadily mounting,
Unheeding aught save the goal of fire,
Still higher and higher, an atom,
He moves on the face of the spire.”

57.

“Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops;
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.”

—*Shakespeare.*

58.

Sandalphon

Have you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told,
Of the limitless realms of the air,—
Have you read it,—the marvelous story
Of Sandalphon, the angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the angel of Prayer?

How erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial, he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress;

Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp strings are broken assunder
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
To sounds that ascend from below;—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore,
In the fever and passion of prayer,
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal,
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend I know,—
A fable, a phantom, a show,
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;
Yet the old mediæval tradition,
The beautiful strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
All throbbing and panting with stars,
Among them majestic is standing,
Sandalphon, the angel, expanding
His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain.

—Longfellow.

59. *Excerpt from "The Cataract of Lodore"*

The cataract strong then plunges along
Striking and raging as if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among; rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping, swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing, flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing, eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking, turning and twisting,
Around and around with endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting, a sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding, dizzying and deafening
The ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting, receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking, and darting and parting,
And threading and spreading, and whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping, and hitting and splitting,

And shining and twining, and rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking, and pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving, and tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going, and running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming, and dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping, and working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling, and heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning ;

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

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering ;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and pumping and bumping and jumping,

And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing ;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

—*Robert Southey.*

60.

The Bells

Hear the sledges with the bells—
 Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!
 While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells,
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
 Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight!
 From the molten-golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats

To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats

On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells,

What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!

How it swells!

How it dwells

On the future! how it tells

Of the rapture that impells

To the swinging and the ringing

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells—

To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarm bells—

Brazen bells!

What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!

In the startled ear of night

How they scream out their affright!

Too much horrified to speak,

They can only shriek, shriek,

Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,

In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,

Leaping higher, higher, higher,

With a desperate desire,

And a resolute endeavor

Now—now to sit or never,

By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells!

What a tale their terror tells

Of despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in their rolling

On the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human ;
 They are ghouls ;
 And their king it is who tolls ;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls
 A paen from the bells !
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the paen of the bells !
 And he dances, and he yells ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the paen of the bells—
 Of the bells !
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the sobbing of the bells ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 To the tolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

