





William Busfield.

Emily Harris.

The gift of my uncle.

Henry Harris

1847 (5/15)

5/15



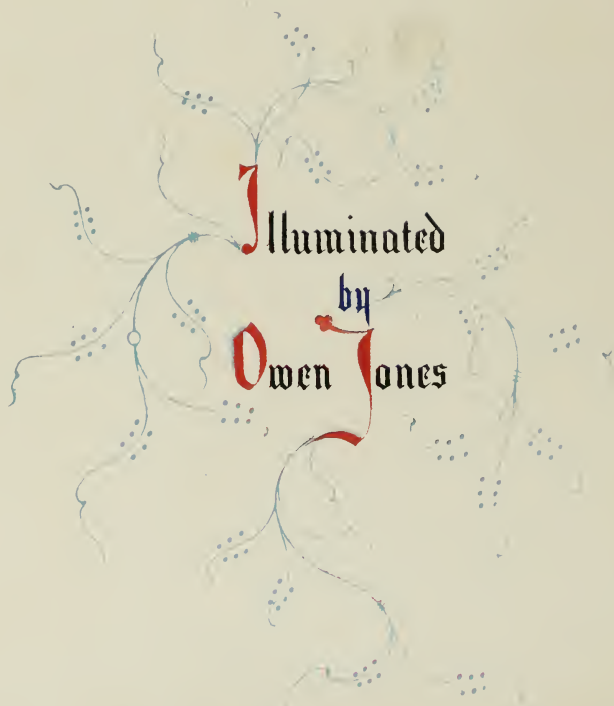
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1847 (5/15)
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LONDON LONGMAN AND CO 1846


NEW YORK WILEY AND PUTNAM



Illuminated
by
Owen Jones

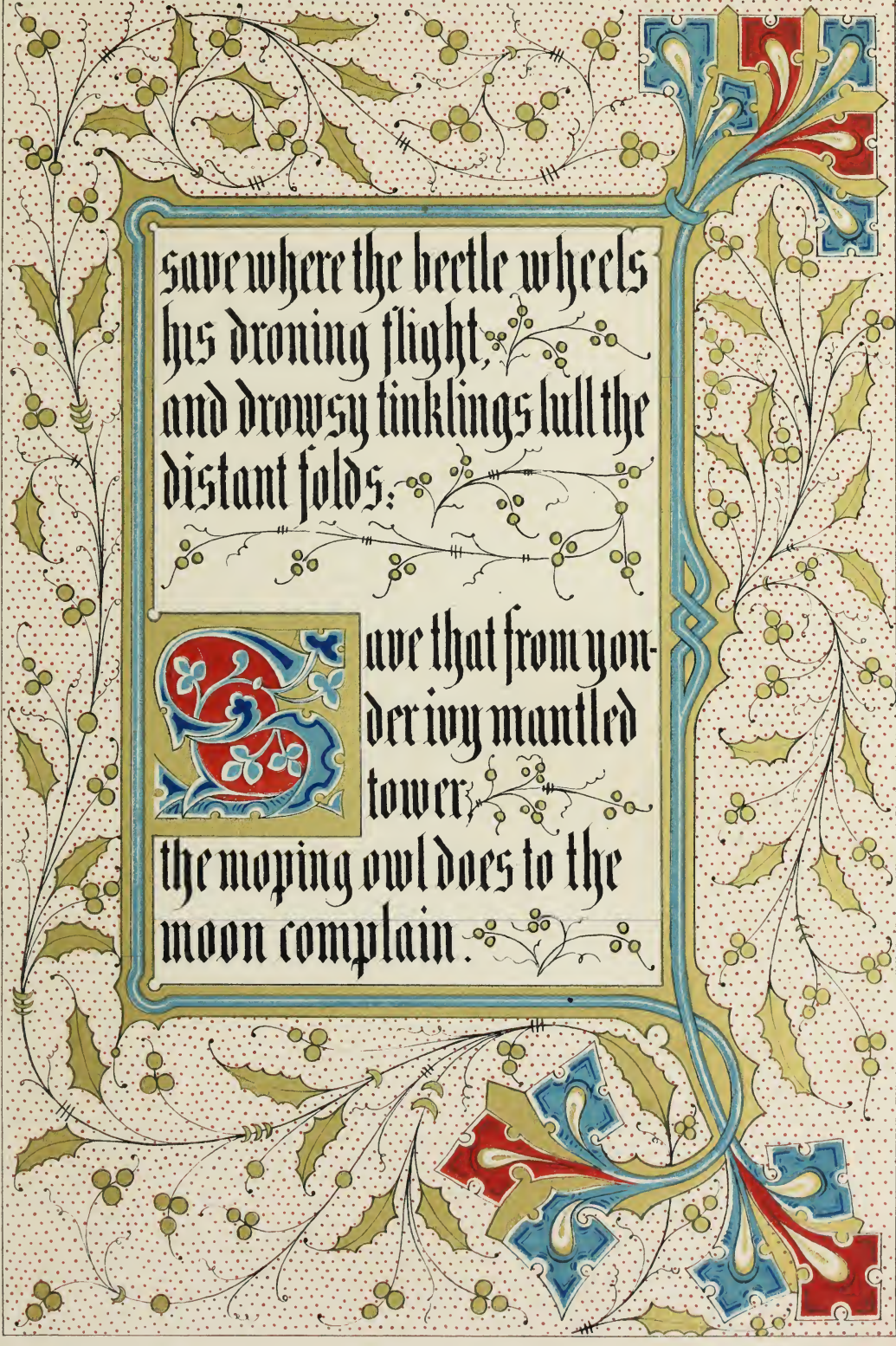
D the
urfew

tolls the knell of parting
day;
the lowing herd winds
slowly o'er the lea;




the ploughman homeward
plods his weary way
and leaves the world to dark-
ness and to me.

Now fades the
glimmering land-
scape on the sight
and all the air a solemn still-
ness holds.



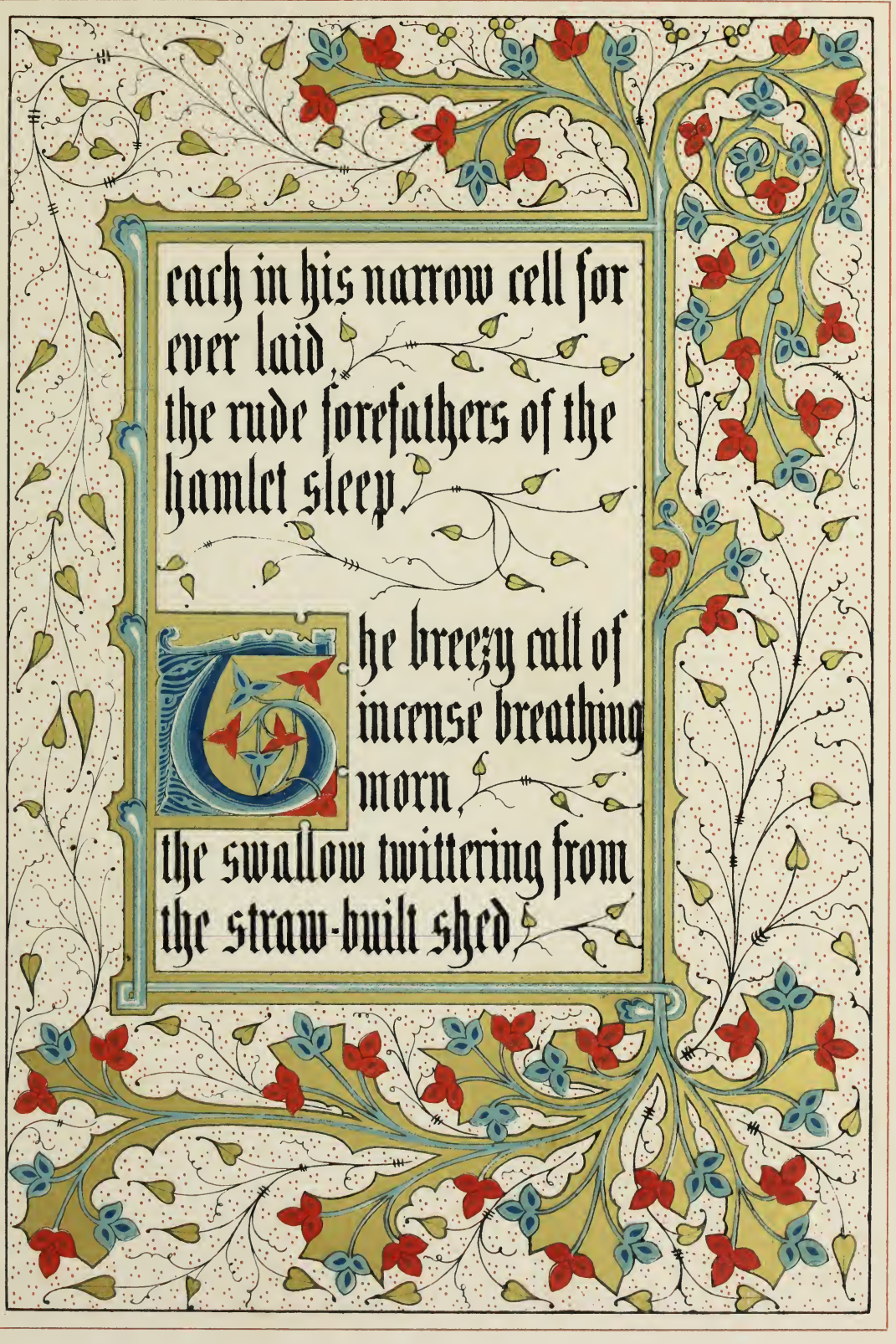
save where the beetle wheels
his droning flight,
and drowsy tinklings lull the
distant folds.

Save that from yonder
ivy mantled
tower,
the moping owl does to the
moon complain.

The page is framed by a decorative border of green vines with red and blue flowers and yellow leaves. The text is enclosed in a blue and gold frame. The first line of text is in a black Gothic script. The second line begins with a large, ornate initial letter 'B' containing a floral design.

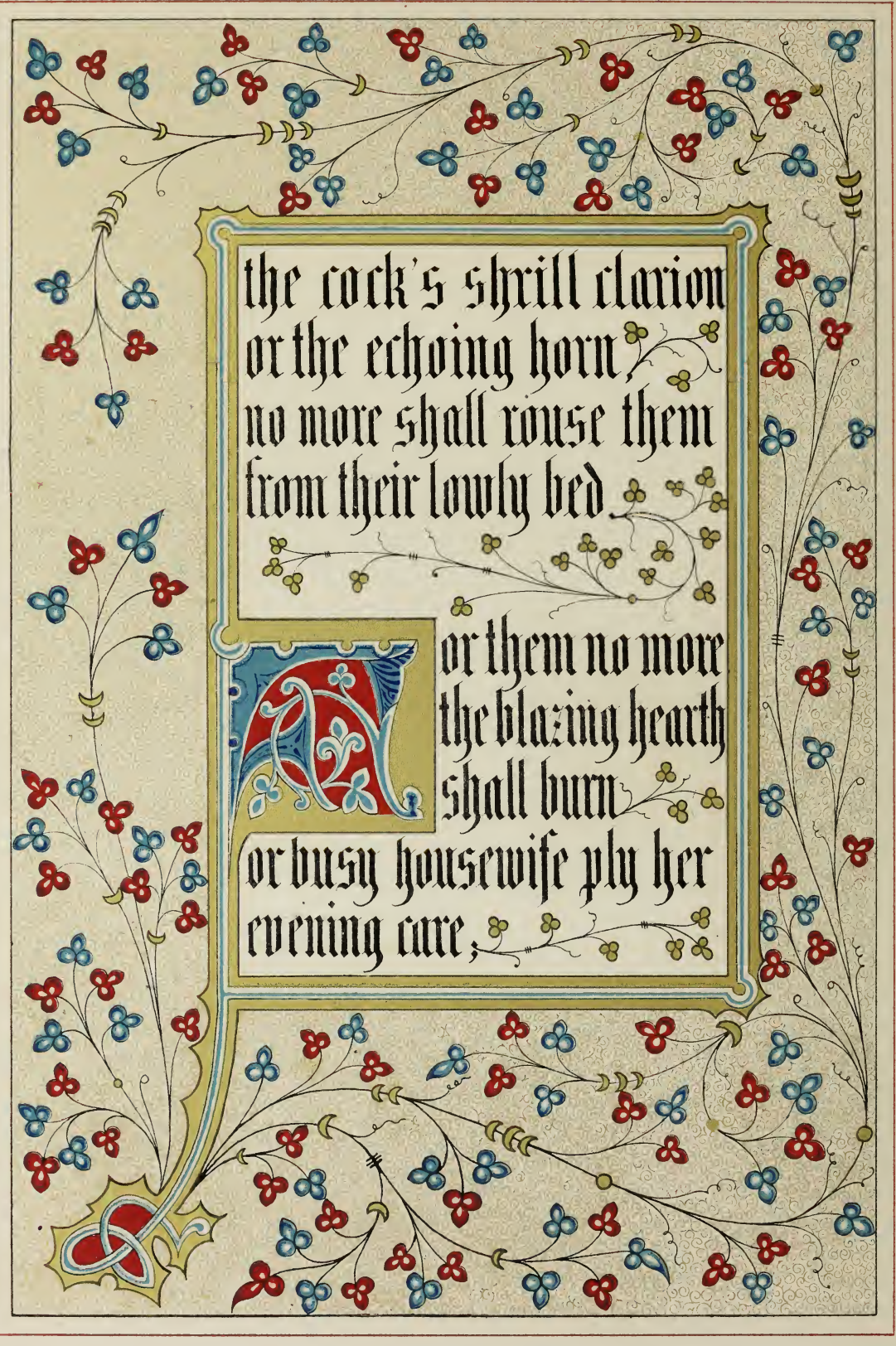
of such as, wandering
near her secret bower,
molest her ancient soli-
tary reign.

Beneath those rug-
ged elms, that
yew tree's shade,
where heaves the turf in
many a mouldering heap,



each in his narrow cell for
ever laid,
the rude forefathers of the
hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of
incense breathing
morn,
the swallow twittering from
the straw-built shed



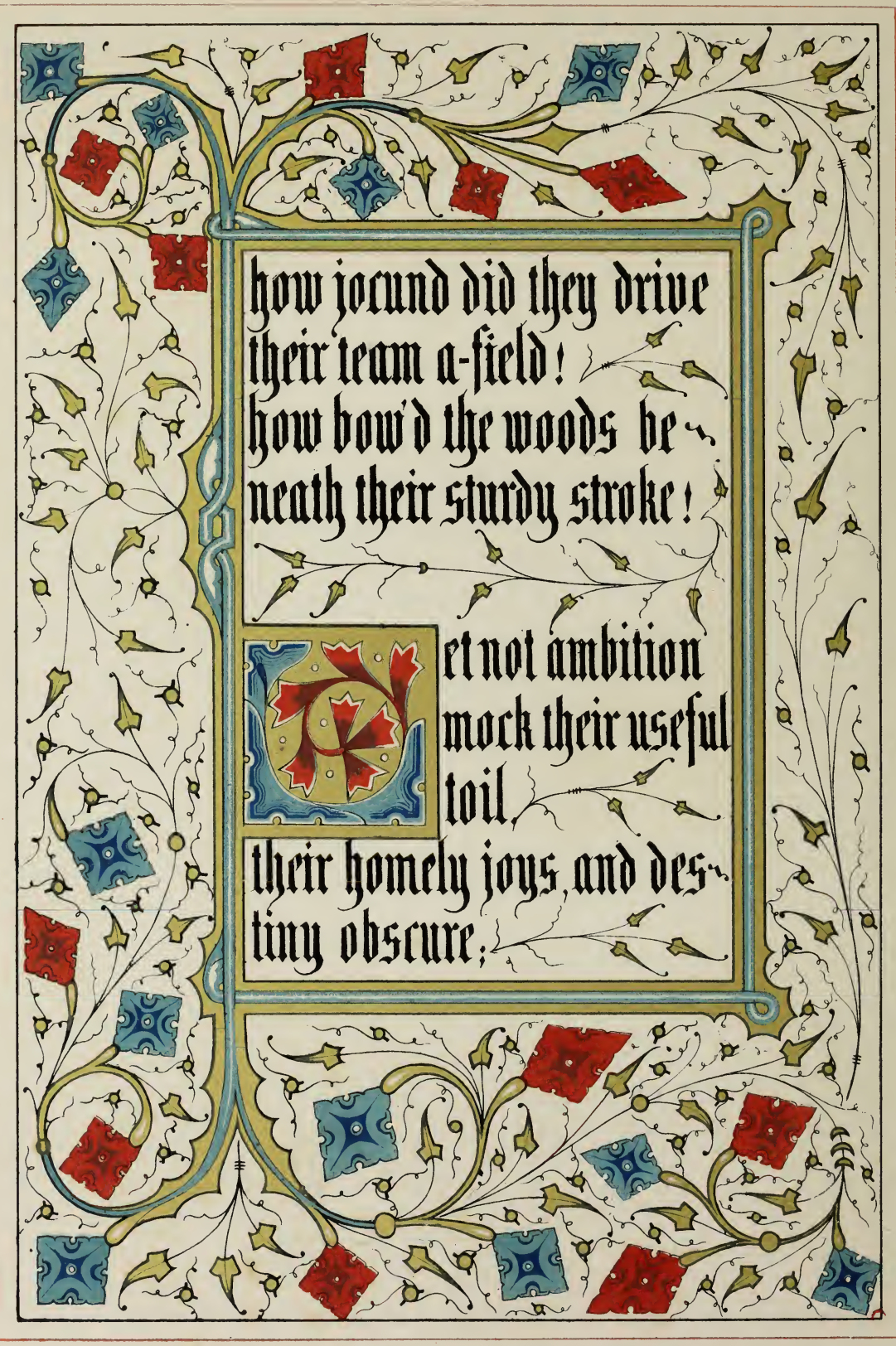
the cock's shrill clarion
or the echoing horn,
no more shall rouse them
from their lowly bed.

Nor them no more
the blazing hearth
shall burn,
or busy housewife ply her
evening care;


no children run to kisp their
sire's return,
or climb his knees the en-
vied kiss to share.



It did the harvest
to their sickle
yield,
their furrow oft the stub-
born glebe has broke;




how jocund did they drive
their team a-field!
how bow'd the woods be-
neath their sturdy stroke!




Let not ambition
mock their useful
toil,
their homely joys, and des-
tiny obscure;



nor grandeur hear, with
a disdainful smile,
the short and simple an-
nals of the poor.




Nor he boast of he-
raldry, the pomp
of power,
and all that beauty, all that
wealth, e'er gave,

The page is framed by a decorative border of black vines with red and blue flowers and green leaves. The text is enclosed in a gold rectangular frame. The first paragraph is in black Gothic script. The second paragraph begins with a large, ornate initial 'N' in red and blue, followed by black Gothic script. The text is as follows:

await, alike th' inevitable
hour; -
the paths of glory lead but
to the grave

Nor you, ye proud!
impute to these
the fault,
if memory o'er their tomb
no trophies raise!


The page is framed by a decorative border of thin black lines with small green dots. Inside, a dense pattern of black vines with red and blue three-petaled flowers and green leaves is scattered across the page. A central gold rectangular frame contains the text. At the top and bottom corners of this frame are large, stylized floral motifs in red, blue, and gold. The text is written in a black Gothic script. The first line is "where, through the long", the second "drawn aisle and fretted vault", the third "the pealing anthem swells", and the fourth "the note of praise".

where, through the long
drawn aisle and fretted vault
the pealing anthem swells
the note of praise.



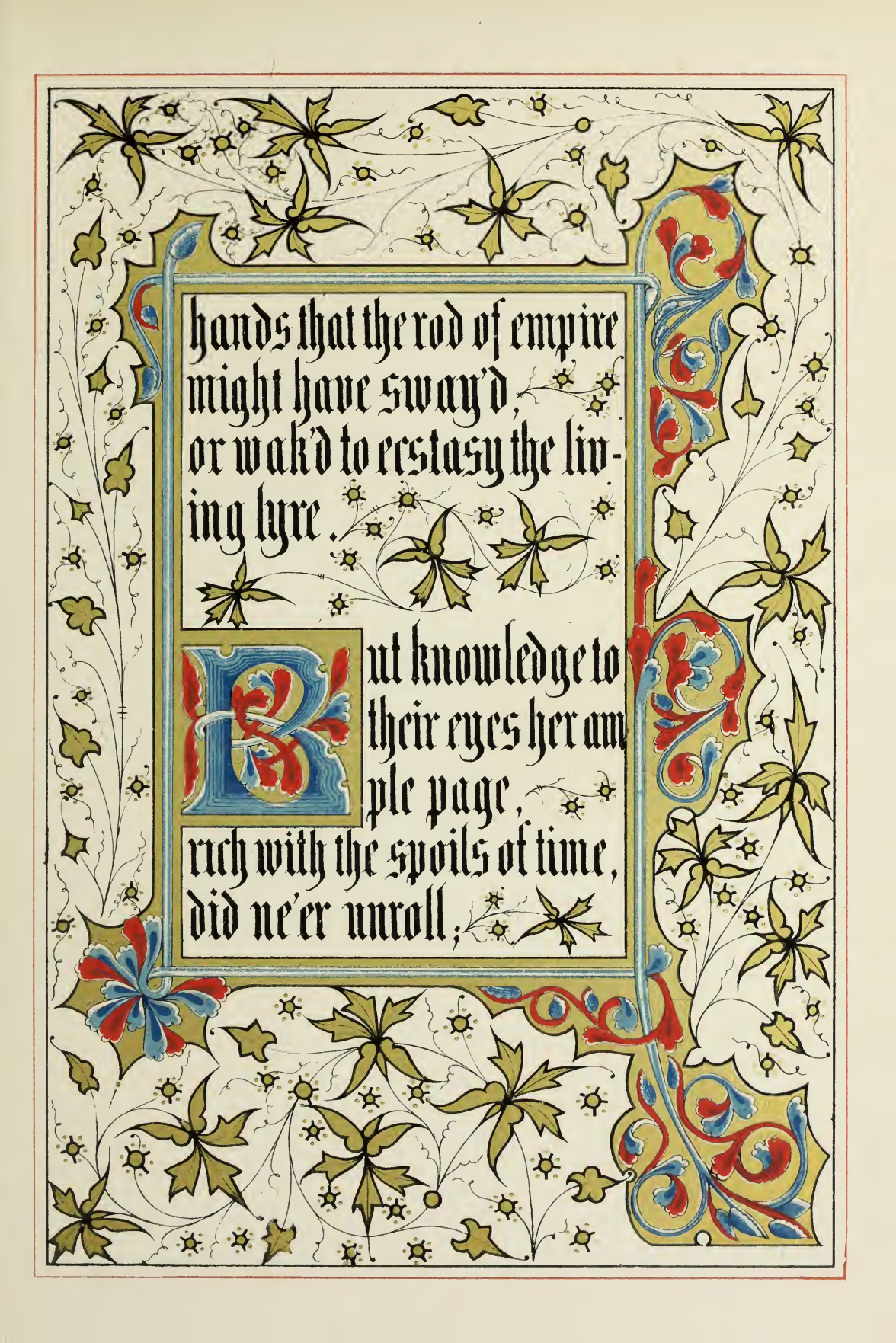
an storied urn,
or animated
bust,

back to its mansion call
the fleeting breath?

The page is framed by a decorative border of green leaves and small flowers. The text is enclosed in a blue and gold frame. The first line of text is in a black Gothic script. The second line begins with a large, ornate initial letter 'M' in blue and gold, with red and blue floral flourishes extending into the left margin. The text continues in black Gothic script.


can honour's voice pro-
voke the silent dust?
or flattery soothe the dull
cold ear of death?

Merhaps, in this
neglected spot is
laid,
some heart, once preg-
nant with celestial fire.

The page is framed by a wide, intricate border of green leaves and small yellow flowers. The text is enclosed in a decorative frame with gold and blue accents. The first line of text is written in a black Gothic script. The second line begins with a large, ornate initial 'B' in blue and red, followed by the rest of the text in black Gothic script.

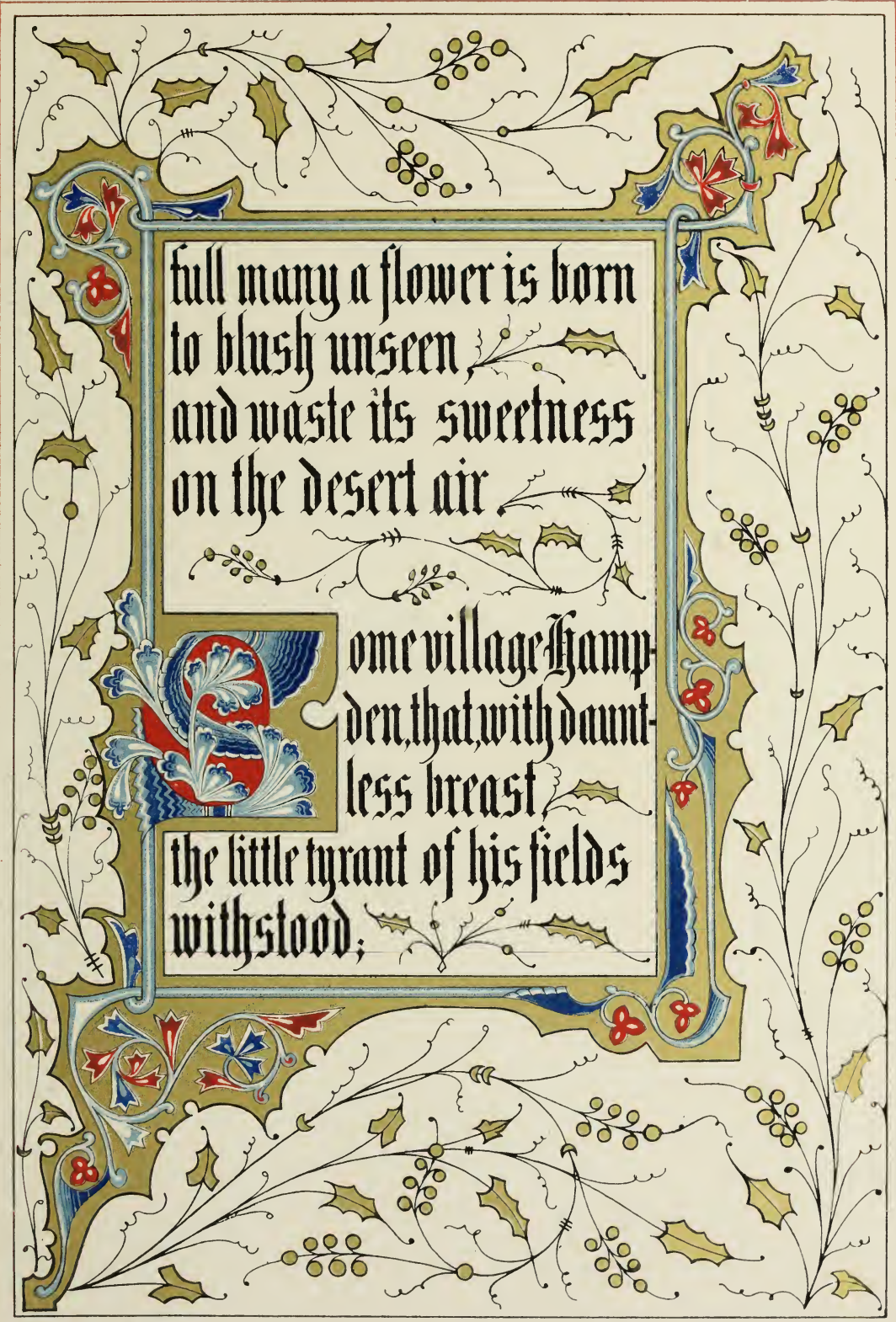
hands that the rod of empire
might have sway'd,
or wak'd to ecstasy the liv-
ing lyre.

But knowledge to
their eyes her ample page,
rich with the spoils of time,
did ne'er unroll;

The page is a full-page illumination. The background is a light cream color. A decorative border in gold, blue, and red surrounds the text. The border features stylized holly leaves and clusters of small green berries. The text is written in a black Gothic script. The first line of the first block is 'chill penury repress'd their', the second is 'noble rage', the third is 'and froze the genial current', and the fourth is 'of the soul.' The second block begins with a large, ornate initial 'A' in blue, red, and white, followed by 'ull many a gem', 'of purest ray', 'serene,', 'the dark unfathom'd caves', and 'of ocean bear,'.

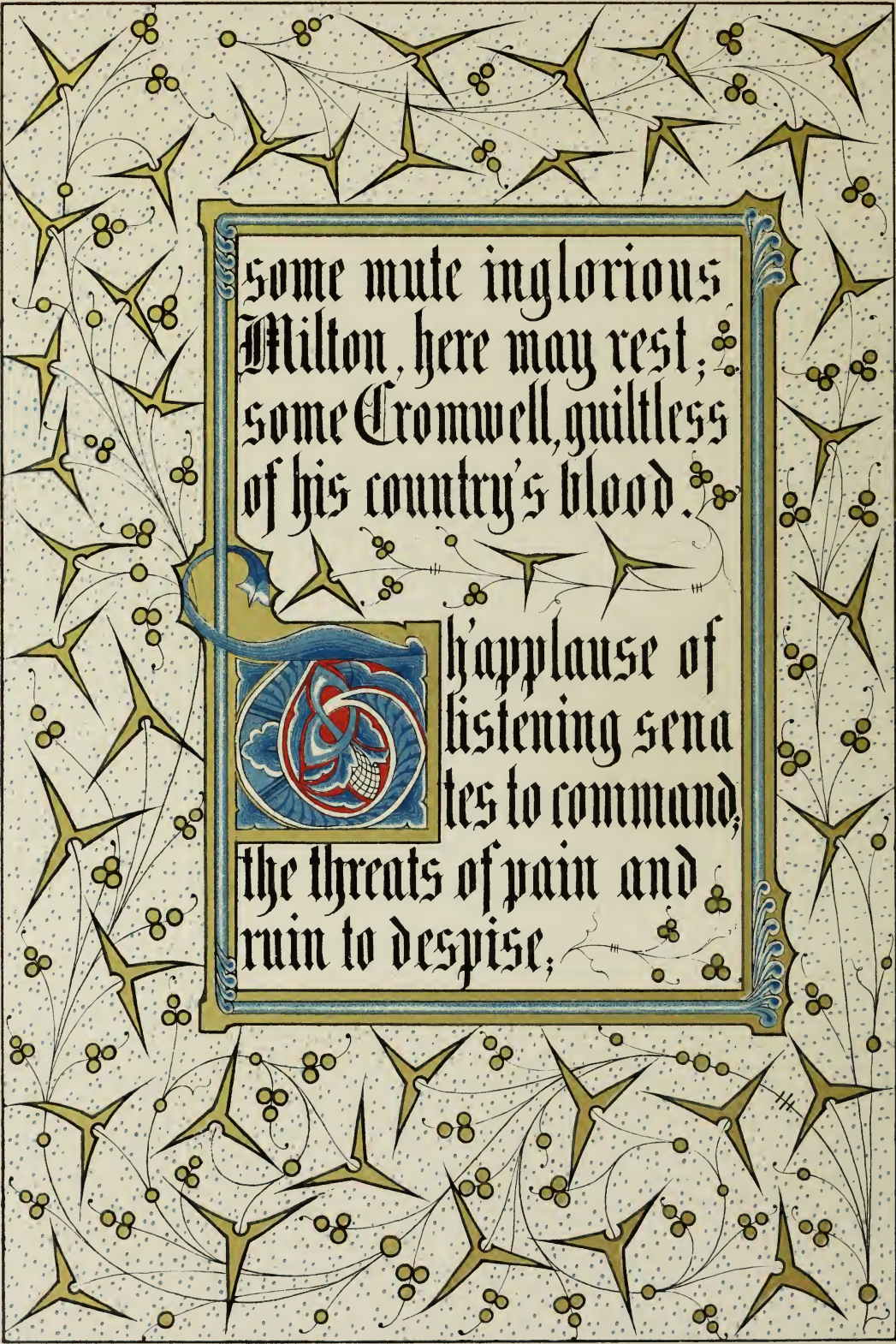
chill penury repress'd their
noble rage
and froze the genial current
of the soul.

Aull many a gem
of purest ray
serene,
the dark unfathom'd caves
of ocean bear,



full many a flower is born
to blush unseen,
and waste its sweetness
on the desert air.

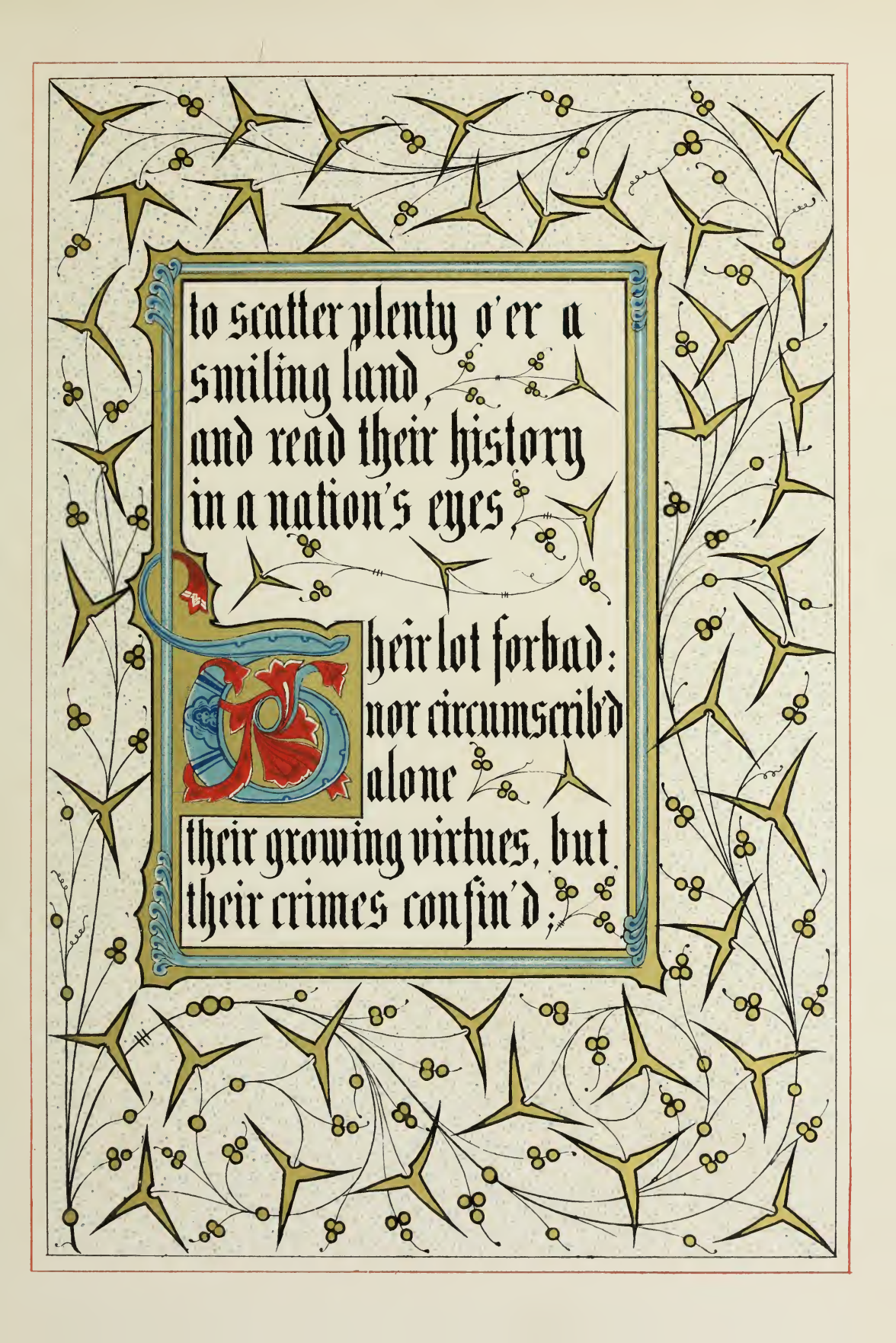
Some village Hamp-
den, that, with daunt-
less breast,
the little tyrant of his fields
withstood;



some mute inglorious
Milton, here may rest;
some Cromwell, guiltless
of his country's blood.

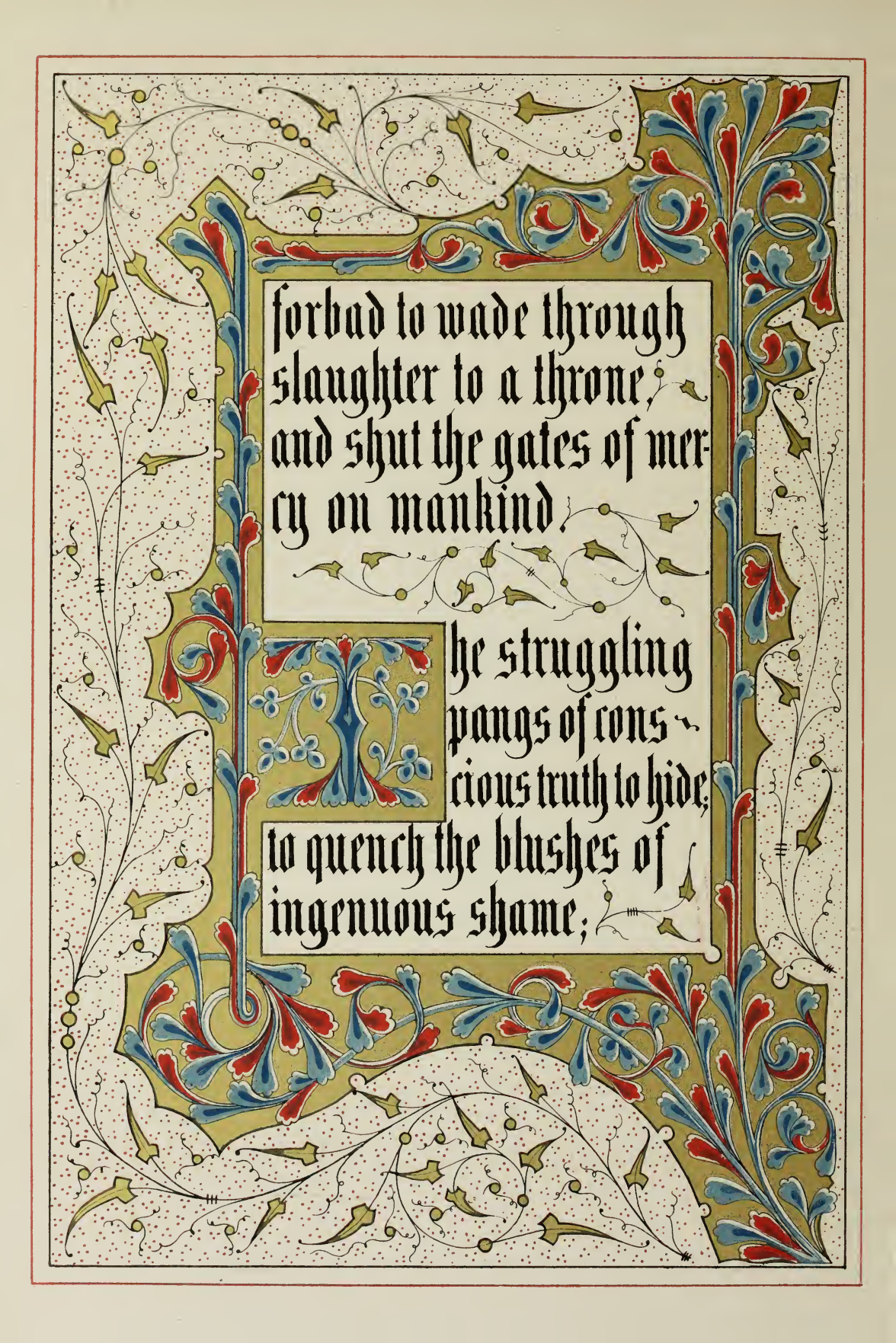


H'applause of
listening sena
tes to command,
the threats of pain and
ruin to despise;



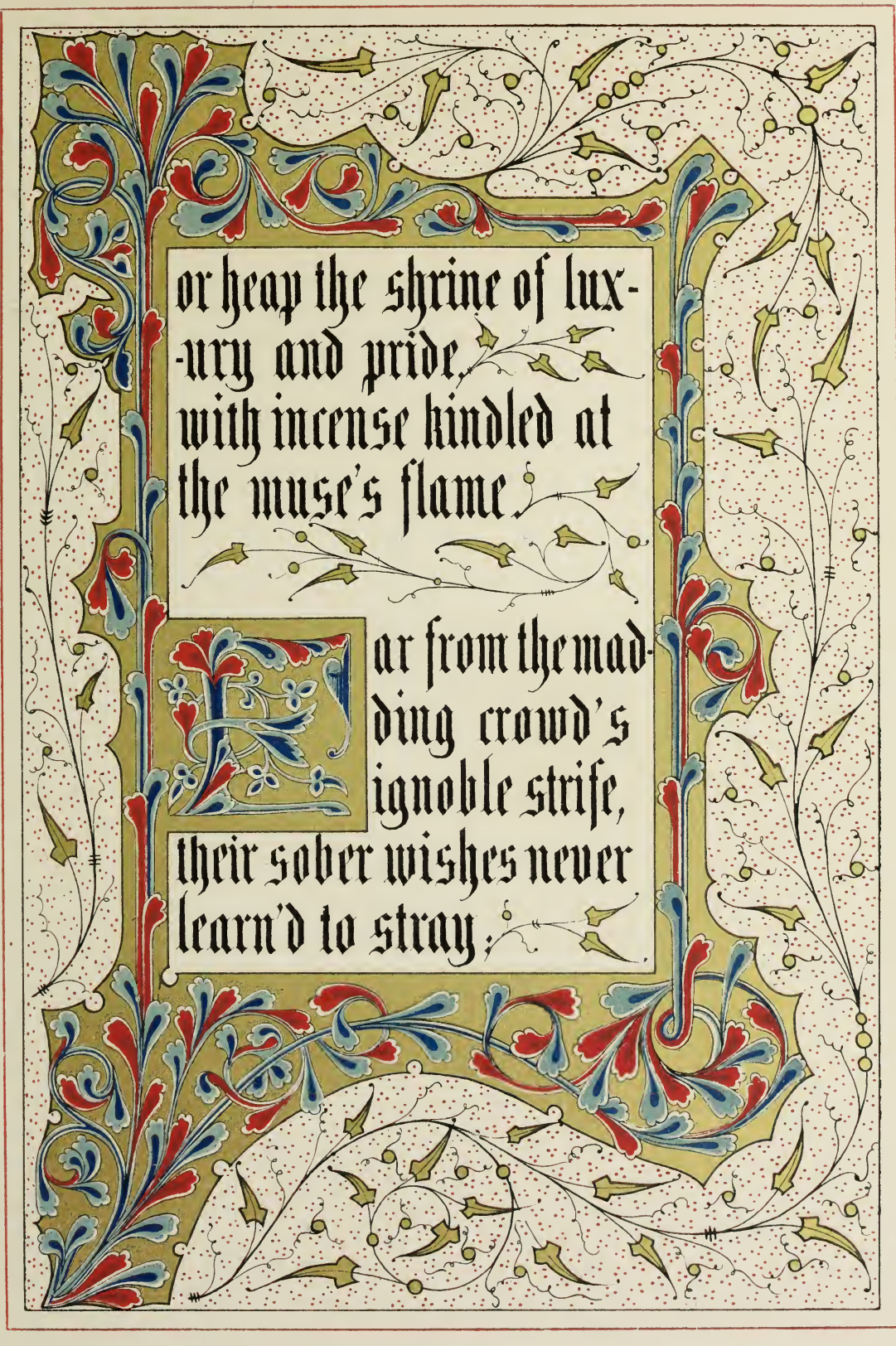
to scatter plenty o'er a
smiling land,
and read their history
in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad:
nor circumscrib'd
alone
their growing virtues, but
their crimes confin'd;

The page is framed by a decorative border of blue and red acanthus leaves on a gold background, with delicate green and gold filigree and dots in the white background. The text is in a black Gothic script.

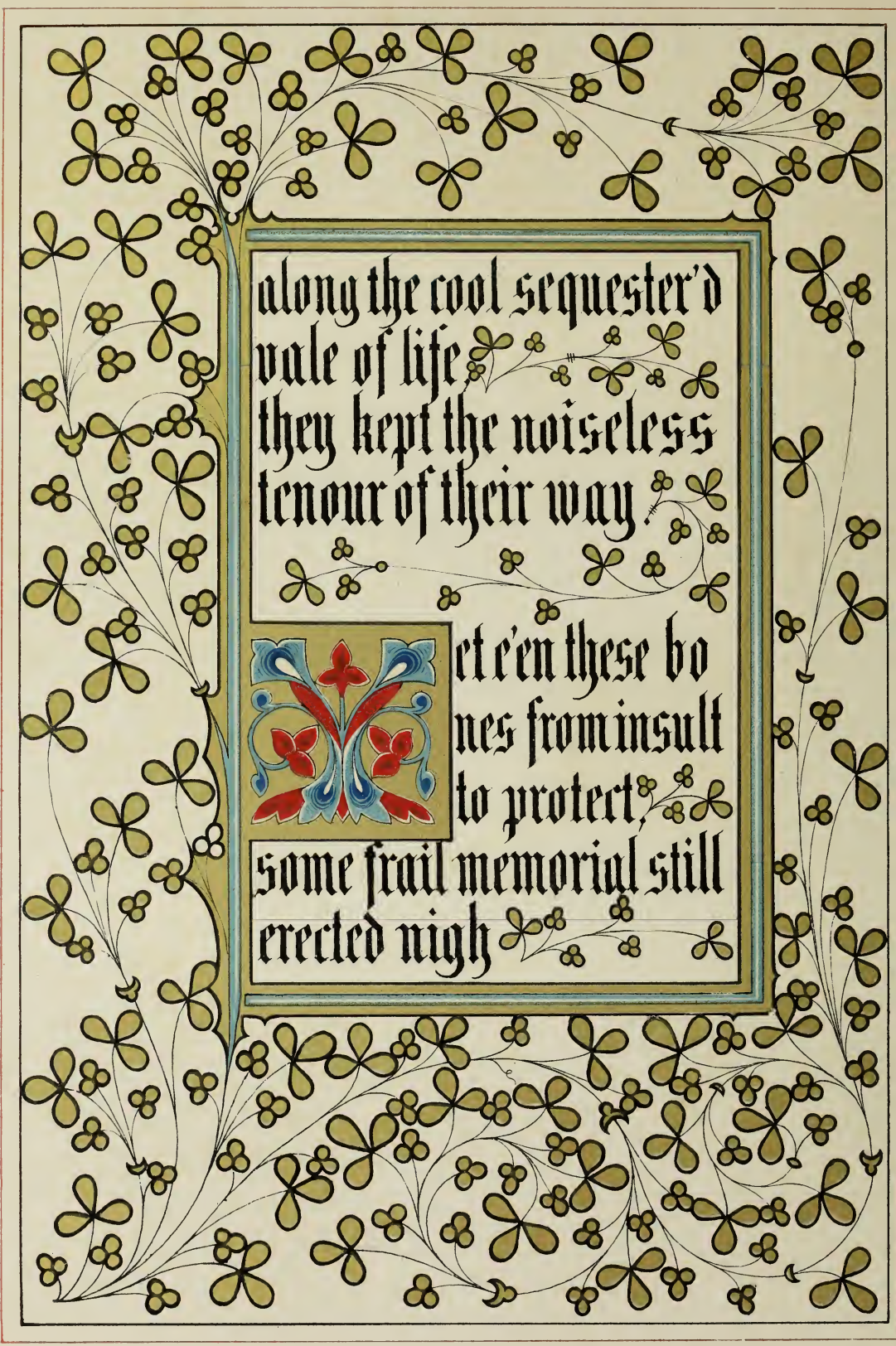
forbad to wade through
slaughter to a throne,
and shut the gates of mer-
cy on mankind.

He struggling
pangs of cons-
cious truth to hide,
to quench the blushes of
ingenuous shame;



or heap the shrine of lux-
-ury and pride,
with incense kindled at
the muse's flame.

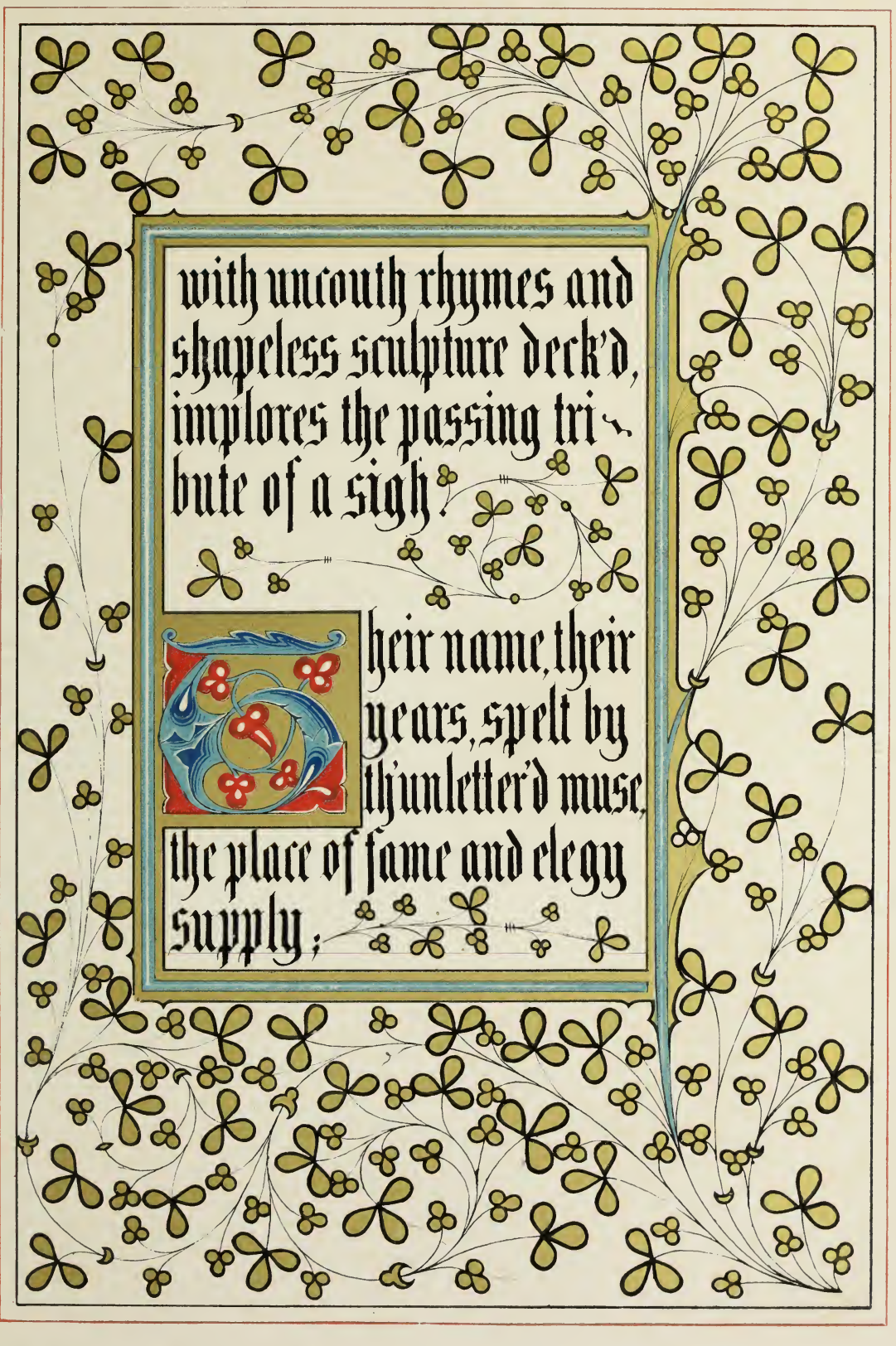
Afar from the mad-
ding crowd's
ignoble strife,
their sober wishes never
learn'd to stray;



along the cool sequester'd
vale of life,
they kept the noiseless
tenour of their way.




et e'en these bo
nes from insult
to protect,
some frail memorial still
erected nigh



with uncouth rhymes and
shapeless sculpture deck'd,
implores the passing tri-
bute of a sigh.




their name, their
years, spelt by
th'unletter'd muse,
the place of fame and elegy
supply;



and many a holy text
around she strews,
that teach the rustic mora-
list to die.



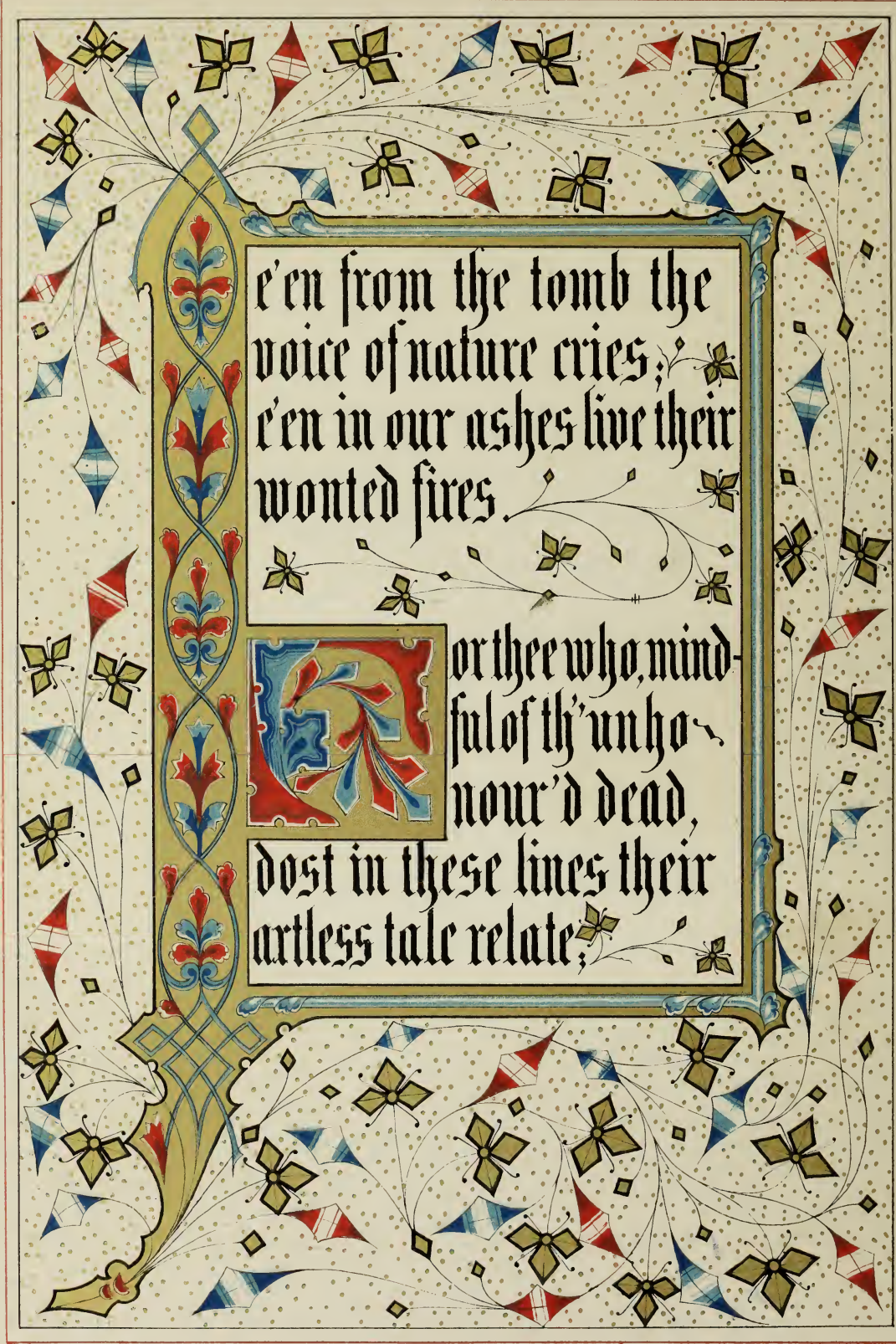
or who, to dumb
forgetfulness a
prey,
this pleasing, anxious
being e'er resign'd,




left the warm precincts of
the cheerful day,
nor cast one longing, lin-
gering look behind?



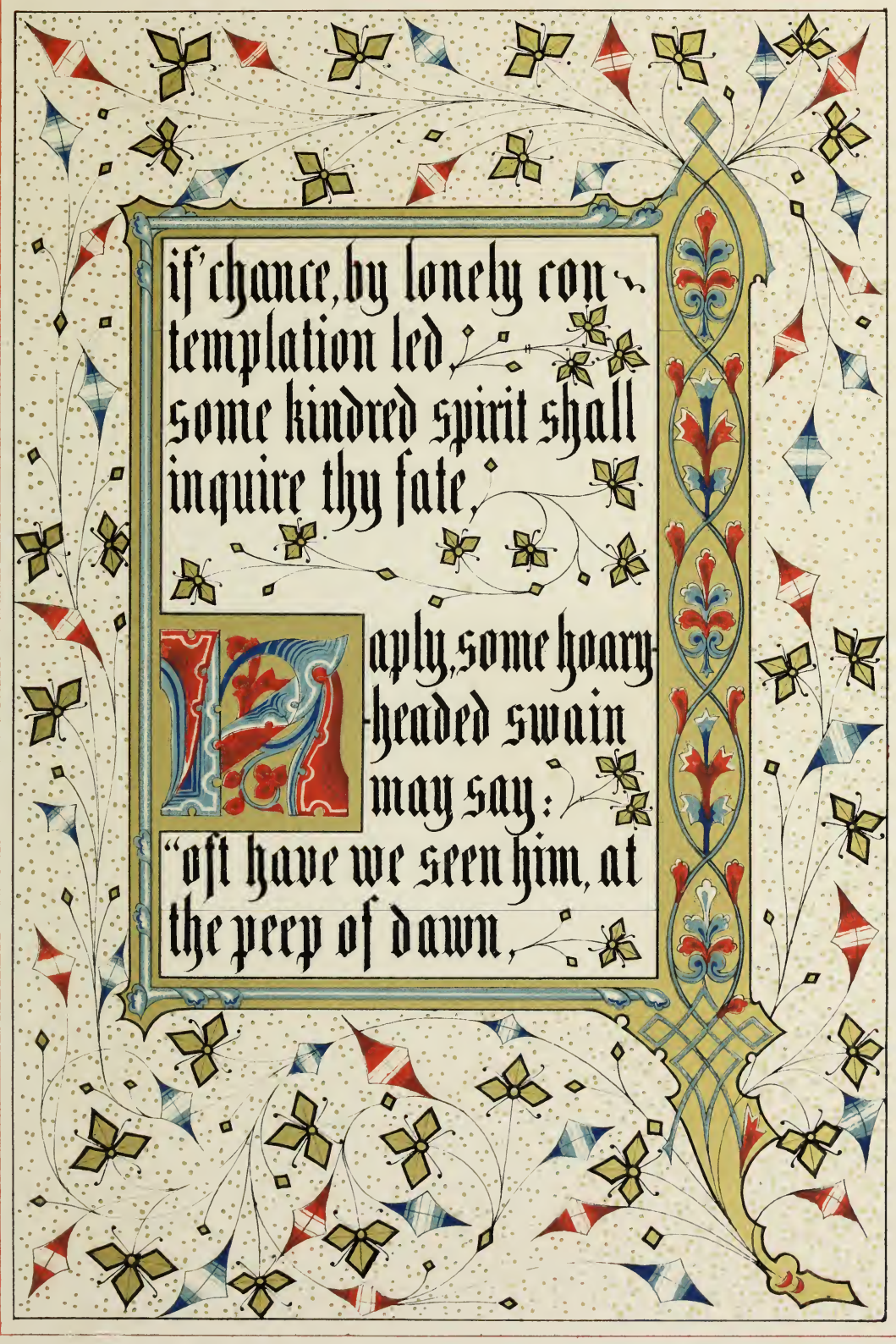
In some fond
breast the par-
ting soul relies;
some pious drops the clo-
sing eye requires;

The page is framed by a decorative border featuring a repeating pattern of stylized butterflies in shades of green and blue, interspersed with small red and white pennants. The background is filled with a fine, dotted pattern. The text is enclosed in a rectangular frame with ornate, scrolled corners.

e'en from the tomb the
voice of nature cries;
e'en in our ashes live their
wonted fires.

A large, decorative initial letter 'F' is rendered in a vibrant palette of red, blue, and gold. The letter is filled with intricate floral and foliate patterns, creating a complex, swirling design. It is positioned at the start of the second line of text.


For thee who, mind-
ful of th' unho-
nour'd dead,
dost in these lines their
artless tale relate;

A highly decorative border surrounds the text. It features a repeating pattern of stylized butterflies in shades of green and yellow, and pennants in red, white, and blue. The background is filled with a fine, dotted pattern. The text is enclosed in a rectangular frame with ornate, scrolled corners.

if chance, by lonely con-
templation led,
some kindred spirit shall
inquire thy fate,

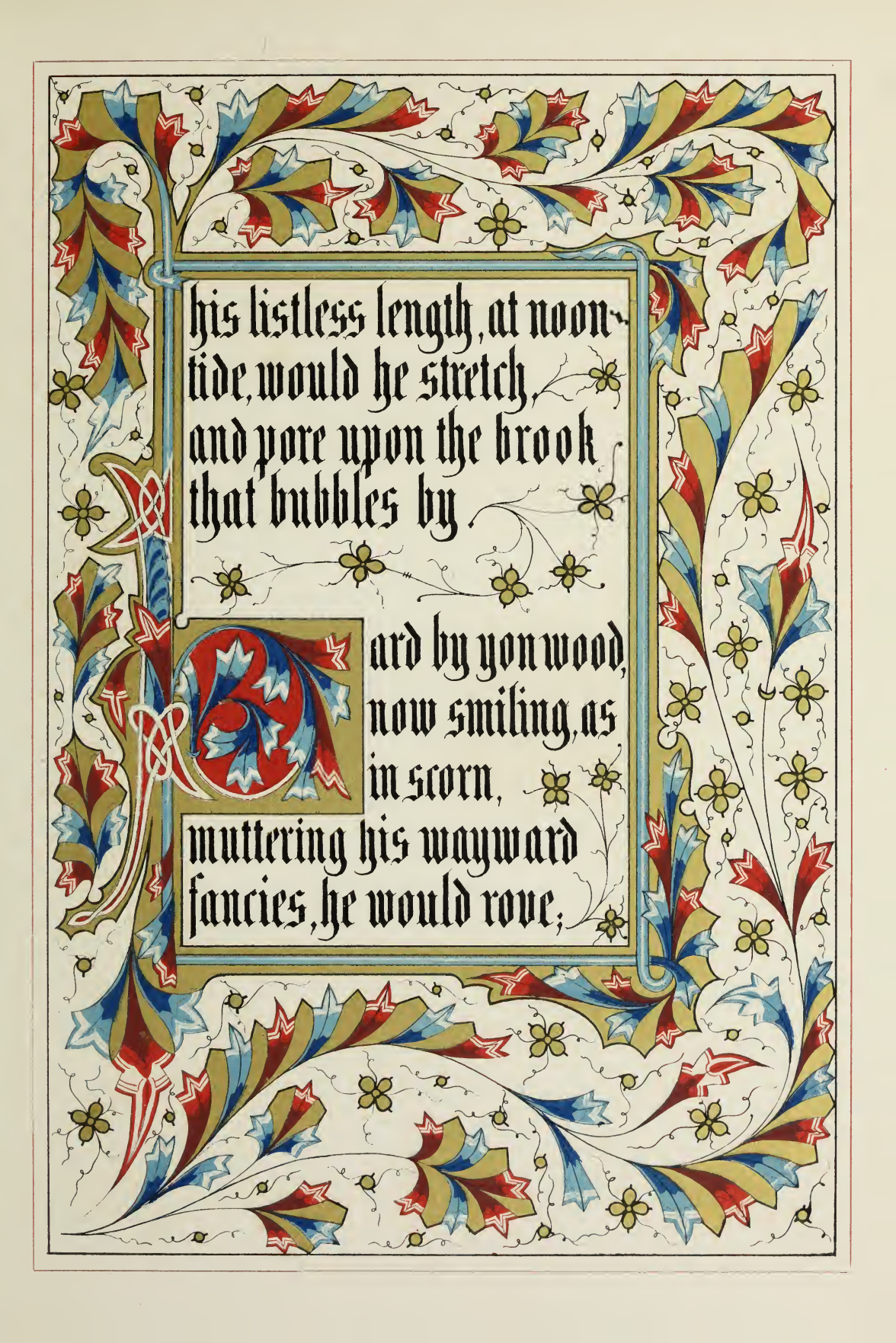
Waply, some hoary-
headed swain
may say:

“oft have we seen him, at
the peep of dawn,



brushing, with hasty steps,
the dews away,
to meet the sun upon the
upland lawn.

Here, at the foot
of yonder nod-
ding beech,
that wreathes its old fan-
tastic roots so high,

The page is framed by a wide, ornate border of stylized leaves and flowers in red, blue, and gold. The text is arranged in two paragraphs within a central rectangular frame. The first paragraph is in a black Gothic script. The second paragraph begins with a large, decorative initial 'A' in red, blue, and gold, followed by text in black Gothic script.


his listless length, at noon-
tide, would he stretch,
and pore upon the brook
that bubbles by.

Ard by yon wood,
now smiling, as
in scorn,
muttering his wayward
fancies, he would rove;

The page is framed by a decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves in red, blue, and yellow. The text is enclosed in a rectangular frame with a decorative corner. The text is written in a black Gothic script. The first line is "now drooping woeful, wan," followed by "like one forlorn." The second line is "or craz'd with care, or cross'd" and the third line is "in hopeless love." Below the text is a large, ornate initial letter "N" in blue and gold, containing three red flowers. To the right of the "N" is the text "ne morn, I miss'd" followed by "him on the cus-" and "tom'd hill,". Below this is "along the heath, and near" and "his favourite tree;".

now drooping woeful, wan,
like one forlorn.
or craz'd with care, or cross'd
in hopeless love.

None morn, I miss'd
him on the cus-
tom'd hill,
along the heath, and near
his favourite tree;

The page is framed by a highly decorative border. The top and bottom corners feature large, stylized floral motifs in red, blue, and yellow, with green leaves and small black dots. The left and right sides are filled with vertical floral patterns, including red and blue flowers and green leaves. The text is enclosed in a rectangular frame with a gold border. The text is written in a black Gothic script. The first line is "another came, - nor yet", the second is "beside the rill,", the third is "nor up the lawn, nor at", and the fourth is "the wood, was he;".

another came, - nor yet
beside the rill,
nor up the lawn, nor at
the wood, was he;

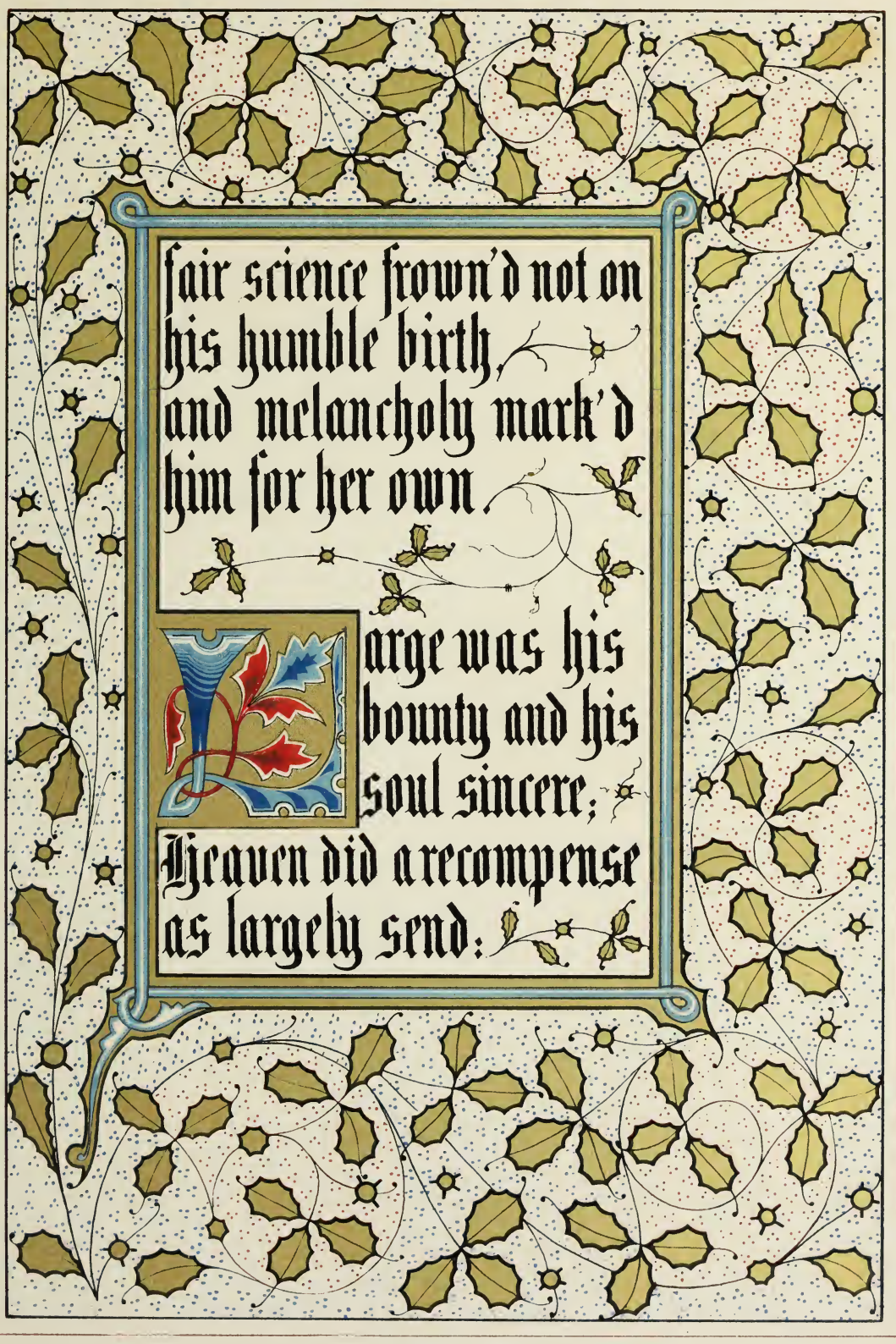
A large, decorative initial letter 'T' in blue and gold, with red and blue floral motifs inside the vertical stem. The text continues from the previous block.

The next, with
dirges due, in
sad array
slow through the church
way path we saw him borne.

approach and read, (for
thou canst read) the lay,
grav'd on the stone beneath
yon aged thorn."



ere rests his
head upon the
lap of earth,
a youth, to fortune and to
fame unknown;

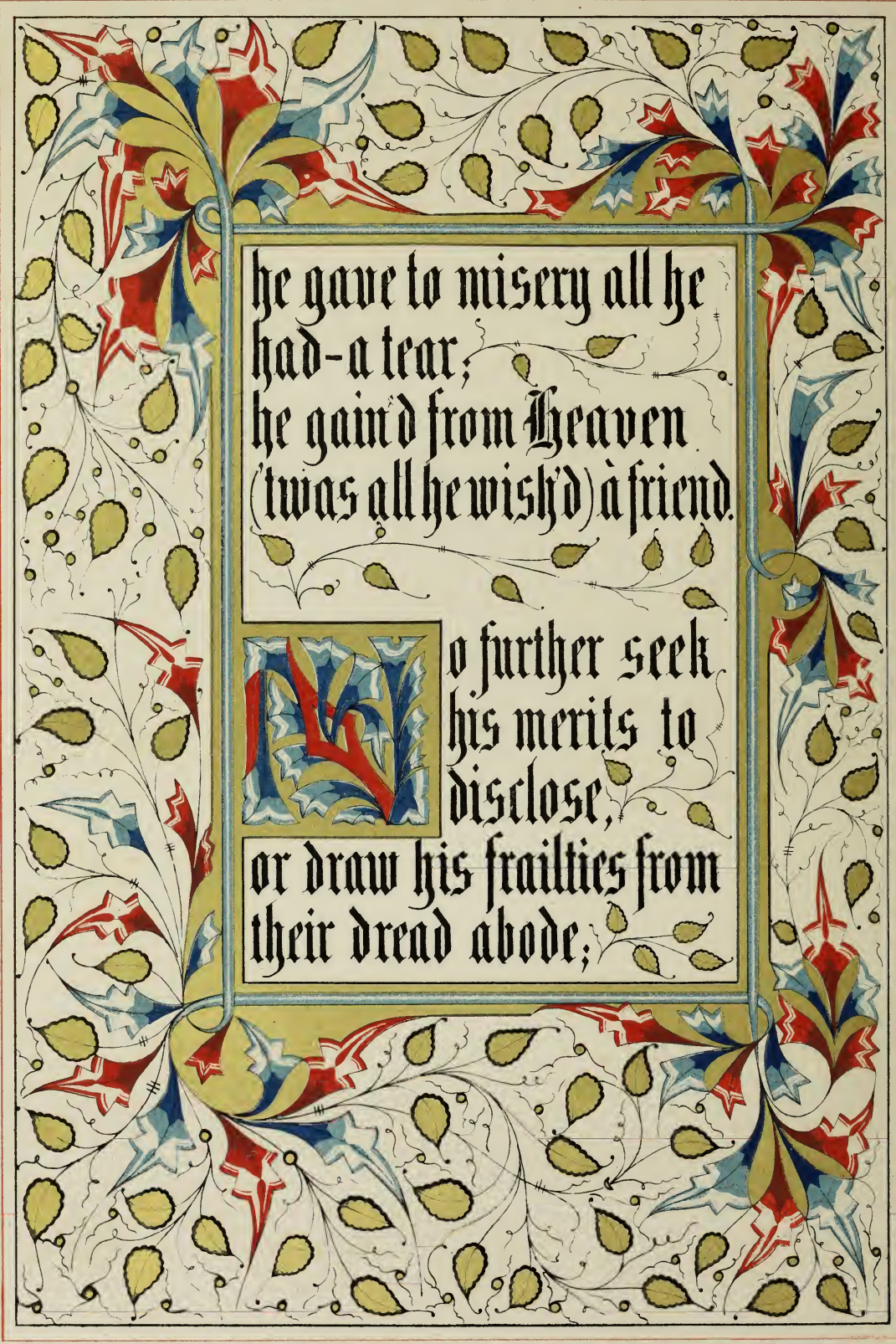


fair science frown'd not on
his humble birth,
and melancholy mark'd
him for her own.



Large was his
bounty and his
soul sincere;


Heaven did a recompense
as largely send:

The page is framed by a decorative border of stylized green leaves and red, blue, and white floral motifs. The text is arranged in two main sections. The first section is a four-line stanza in black Gothic script. The second section begins with a large, ornate initial 'N' in blue and red, followed by three lines of text in black Gothic script.

he gave to misery all he
had-a tear;
he gain'd from Heaven
(twas all he wish'd) a friend.



o further seek
his merits to
disclose,
or draw his frailties from
their dread abode;

The page is framed by a decorative border of stylized green leaves and red, blue, and white floral motifs. A central rectangular frame contains the text. The text is written in a black Gothic script. The word 'God' is significantly larger than the other words and is decorated with a blue and red floral flourish. The background of the page is filled with a repeating pattern of small green leaves and stems.

(there they alike in trem-
bling hope repose,
the bosom of his father and
his God.



