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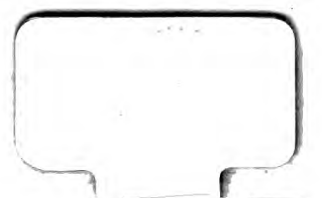


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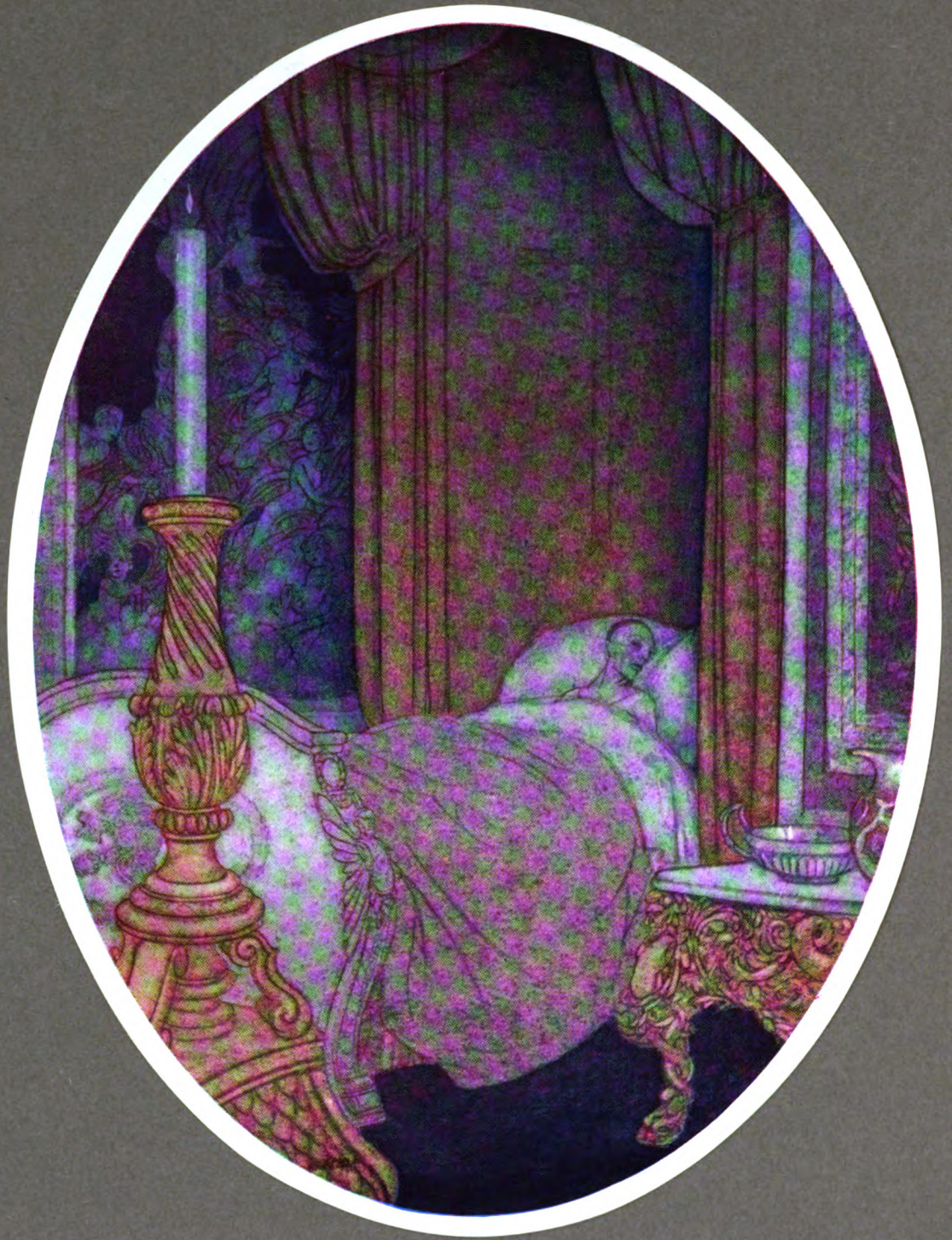


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**A PAINTER'S
ANTHOLOGY**





The Bishop of St. Praxed's Orders his Tomb.

A PAINTER'S ANTHOLOGY

MADE BY ARTHUR WATTS

WITH TWELVE PLATES IN COLOURS
EIGHT PLATES IN BLACK AND WHITE
AND FIFTY DECORATIONS IN THE TEXT



ARROWSMITH :: LONDON :: W.C.1



FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1924

Printed in Great Britain by
J. W. Arrowsmith Ltd., 11 Quay Street, Bristol.

ART produces something beyond the form of things,
Though its importance lies in preserving the form of things.
Poetry gives us thoughts beyond the domain of art,
But is valued in that it exhibits the characteristics of art.

AN ANCIENT CHINESE POET



HERE is the book that I was so often going to do — finished from cover to cover — and nothing remains but to dedicate it to You.

All the things that we liked so much are in it—the trees and the gardens, the statues and the fauns. The masked characters from Goldoni's Comedies are here, the prim early Victorians; even those grotesque little people who scamper through that extravagant world of Ingoldsby's have come crowding in But I doubt if you ever did like Ingoldsby very much. He's too violent, too fond of cutting his people's heads off or poisoning them or terrifying them out of their lives with spectres Well! Well! let him pass, Phyll, with old Jorrocks and Soapey Sponge and all those other queer heroes of mine that I'd have had in with the least shadow of an excuse.

It's a queer anthology I suppose as anthologies go. There's little method in its arrangement, and it is, I suspect, a trifle ingenuous. But it stands for all that I, as an artist, care about in poetry, and that, apparently, is all that my most noble of publishers ask of me. I started out by trying to use only those poems that gave me a very vivid picture or series of pictures. But I abandoned that idea early because so many of the ones that I loved best hadn't that quality at all. Chaucer's "Balade to his Ladye" for instance. That particular poem is dearer to me than any other that I know, and yet I wouldn't, couldn't illustrate a line of it. It's sheer magic, a gorgeous pattern of colour such as you yourself loved so much.

I know that many of the poems are, from a critical standpoint, second-rate. Some of them are near to being doggerel. They're nevertheless dear to me, far dearer than others that I ought to like. But, you know, I doubt if one does always love the highest when one sees it. I've memories of evenings at the Old Vic.: evenings when I was lured to certain plays of Shakespeare for my soul's sake. And, Heaven forgive me, those memories aren't of the plays, but of the actors, their faces, their comic legs, the smell and the meagre decoration of the theatre. So, you see, after all, I'm only one of those despised folk who know what they like.

Because, in my time, I've loved the sea much and known it a little, I could wish to have found at least one fine sea poem written from the point of view of a sailor. But it seems that until one comes to the work of living men, one may search without result. I've often wondered why this should be so—one might fairly expect to find in Elizabethan verse not one, but many such poems. And yet I have found nothing.

Of the drawings there is little to be said. They aren't in the accepted sense of the word "illustrations" or anything more than what you as a designer might have called "enrichments."

How much, how much, in the making of them I've missed your criticism that was at once so wise and gentle.

*Holly Place,
Hampstead.*

1924.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE thanks of the Compiler are given to those who have kindly permitted the use of copyright poems in this Anthology: to Mr. Humphrey Milford and to Mr. A. T. A. Dobson (on behalf of the Trustees of the late Mr. Austin Dobson), in respect of "On a Nankin Plate," "The Death of Procris," and "The Prayer of the Swine"; to Messrs. John Lane, the Bodley Head, Limited in respect of "Villanelle" by the late Dean Beeching; and to Mr. Wilfred Meynell in respect of the late Mrs. Meynell's poem "Parted."

**A PAINTER'S
ANTHOLOGY**



ON a time the amorous Silvy
Said to her shepherd, ' Sweet, how do ye?
Kiss me this once and then God be with ye,
My sweetest dear !
Kiss me this once and then God be with ye,
For now the morning draweth near.'

With that, her fairest bosom showing,
Op'ning her lips, rich perfumes blowing,
She said, ' Now kiss me and be going,
My sweetest dear !
Kiss me this once and then be going,
For now the morning draweth near.'

With that the shepherd waked from sleeping,
And spying where the day was peeping,
He said, ' Now take my soul in keeping,
My sweetest dear !
Kiss me and take my soul in keeping,
Since I must go, now day is near.'

ANONYMOUS

I

WHEN daisies pied and violets blue,
 And lady-smocks all silver-white,
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue

Do paint the meadows with delight,
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,
 Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,
 Cuckoo !

Cuckoo, cuckoo !—O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear !

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
 When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks
 The cuckoo then, on every tree,
 Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,
 Cuckoo !

Cuckoo, cuckoo !—O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear !

II

When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,
 When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl
 To-whit !

To-who !—a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit !
To-who !—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE





BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
Then heigh-ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
Then heigh-ho, the holly !
This life is most jolly.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

MY noble, lovely, little Peggy,
Let this my First Epistle beg ye,
At dawn of morn, and close of even,
To lift your heart and hands to Heaven.
In double duty say your prayer :
Our Father first, then *Notre Père*.

And, dearest child, along the day,
In every thing you do and say,
Obey and please my lord and lady,
So God shall love and angels aid ye.

If to these precepts you attend,
No second letter need I send,
And so I rest your constant friend.

MATTHEW PRIOR



SABRINA fair

Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassie, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braid of Lillies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair,
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,

Listen, and save !

Listen and appear to us,
In name of great Oceanus,
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys grave majestick pace,
By hoary Nereus wrinckled look,
And the Carpathian wisards hook,
By scaly Tritons winding shell,
And old sooth-saying Glaucus spell,
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands,
By Thetis tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the Songs of Sirens sweet,
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherwith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
By all the Nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosie head
From thy coral-pav'n bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have.

Listen and save.

JOHN MILTON

SWEET Echo, sweetest Nymph that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy shell
 By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-imbroider'd vale
 Where the love-lorn Nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well.
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair
 That likest thy Narcissus are?
 O if thou have
 Hid them in som flowery Cave,
 Tell me but where
Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphear,
So maist thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'ns Harmonies.

JOHN MILTON





THE Star that bids the Shepherd fold,
Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
And the gilded Car of Day,
His glowing Axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantick stream,
And the slope Sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky Pole,
Pacing toward the other gole
Of his Chamber in the East.
Mean while welcome Joy, and Feast,
Midnight shout, and revelry,
Tipsie dance and Jollity.
Braid your Locks with rosy Twine
Dropping odours, dropping Wine.
Rigor now has gon to bed ;
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and soure Severity,
With their grave Saws in slumber ly.
We, that are of purer fire
Imitate the Starry Quire,
Who in their nightly watchfull spears,
Lead in swift round the Months and Years.
The Sounds and Seas with all their finny drove
Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move,
And on the Tawny Sands and Shelves,
Trip the pert Faeries and the dapper Elves ;
By dimpled Brook and Fountain-brim,
The Wood-Nymphs, dect with Daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep :
What hath night to do with sleep ?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.
Com let us our rights begin,
'Tis onely daylight that makes Sin
Which these dun shades will ne're report.

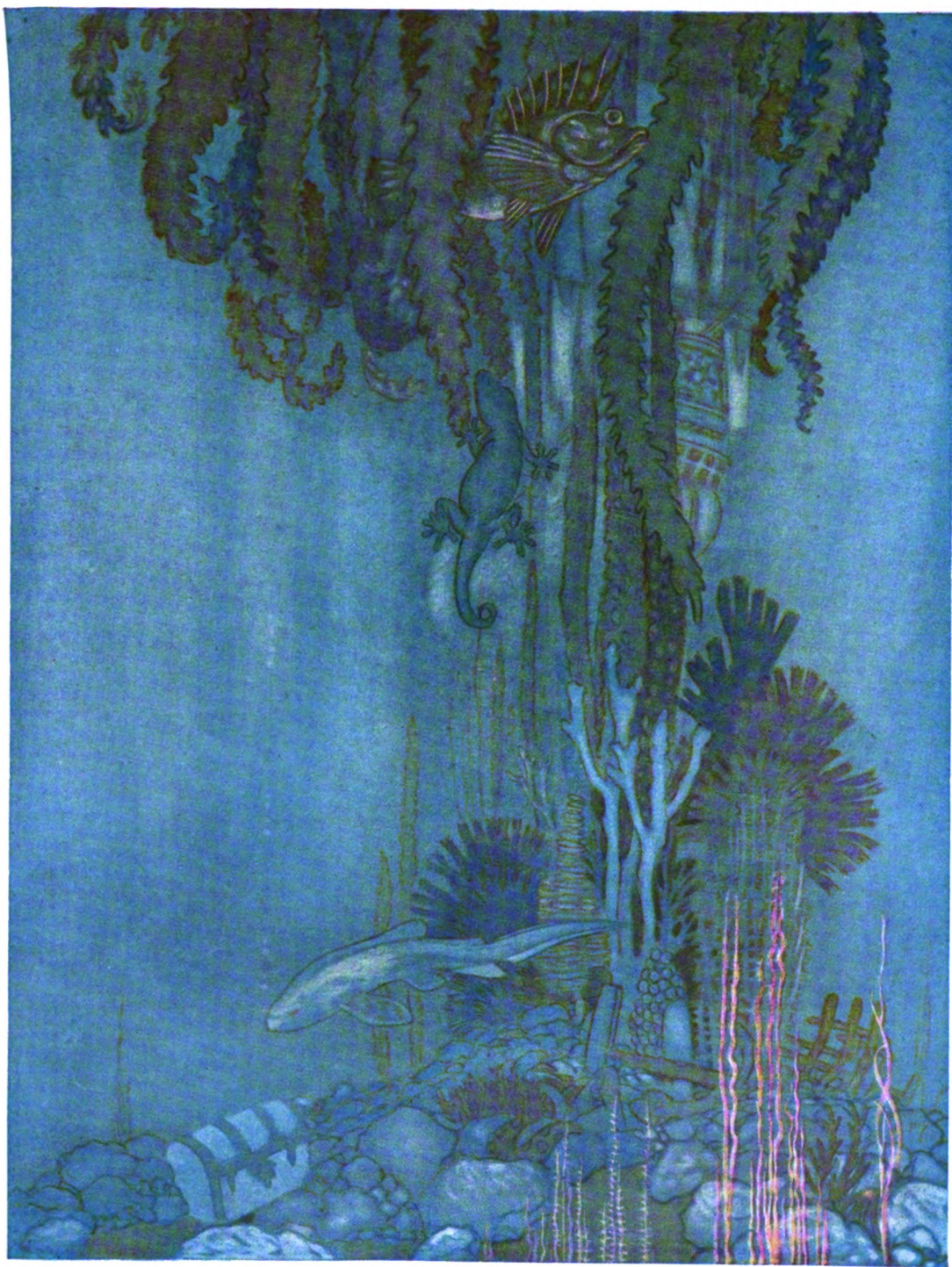
Hail, Goddess of Nocturnal sport,
Dark-vaild Cotytto, t' whom the secret flame
Of midnight Torches burns; mysterious Dame
That ne're art call'd, but when the Dragonwoom
Of Stygian darknes spets her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the ayr,
Stay thy cloudy Ebon chair,
Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend
Us thy vow'd Priests, til utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,
The nice Morn on th' Indian steep
From her cabind loop hole peep,
And to the tel-tale Sun discry
Our conceal'd Solemnity.
Com, knit hands, and beat the ground,
In a light fantastic round.

JOHN MILTON



METHOUGHT what pain it was to drown :
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks,
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon,
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea :
Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE





COME unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands :
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,—
The wild waves whist,—
Foot it featly here and there ;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark !
Bow, wow.
The watch-dogs bark :
Bow, wow.
Hark, hark ! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow !

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe, and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Thou hast finished joy and moan :
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



WEEP you no more, sad fountains ;
 What need you flow so fast ?
Look how the snowy mountains
 Heaven's sun doth gently waste !
But my Sun's heavenly eyes
 View not your weeping,
 That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
 Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
 A rest that peace begets ;
Doth not the sun rise smiling
 When fair at ev'n he sets ?
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes !
 Melt not in weeping,
 While she lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
 Sleeping.

ANONYMOUS

COME away ! come, sweet love !
The golden morning breaks ;
All the earth, all the air,
Of love and pleasure speaks !
Teach thine arms then to embrace,
And sweet rosy lips to kiss,
And mix our souls in mutual bliss !
Eyes were made for beauty's grace,
Viewing, ruing, love's long pain,
Procured by beauty's rude disdain.

Come away ! come, sweet Love !
The golden morning wastes,
While the sun from his sphere
His fiery arrows casts :
Making all the shadows fly,
Playing, staying in the grove
To entertain the stealth of love.
Thither, sweet Love ! let us hie,
Flying, dying in desire,
Wing'd with sweet hopes and heavenly fire.

Come away ! come, sweet Love !
Do not in vain adorn
Beauty's grace, that should rise
Like to the naked morn !
Lilies on the river's side,
And fair Cyprian flowers new-blown,
Desire no beauties but their own :
Ornament is nurse of pride.
Pleasure, measure love's delight,
Haste then, sweet love, our wishèd flight !

ANONYMOUS





IN the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
Forth I walk'd by the wood-side
Whereas May was in his pride :
There I spièd all alone
Phillida and Coridon.
Much ado there was, God wot !
He would love and she would not.
She said, Never man was true ;
He said, None was false to you.
He said, He had loved her long ;
She said, Love should have no wrong.
Corydon would kiss her then ;
She said, Maids must kiss no men
Till they did for good and all ;
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth
Never loved a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, faith and troth,
Such as seely shepherds use
When they will not love abuse,
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded ;
And Phillida with garlands gay
Was made the Lady of the May.

NICHOLAS BRETON

HYD, Absolon, thy giltē tresses clere ;
Ester, lay thou thy meknesse al a-doun ;
Hide, Jonathas, al thy frendly manere ;
Penalopee and Marcia Catoun,
Mak of your wyfhood no comparisoun ;
Hide ye your beauties, Isoude and Eleyne :
My lady cometh, that al this may disteyne !

Thy faire body, lat hit nat appere,
Lavyne ; and thou, Lucesse of Rome toun,
And Polixene, that boghten love so dere,
And Cleopatre, with al thy passioun,
Hyde ye your trouthe of love and your renoun :
And thou, Tisbe, that hast of love such peyne,
My lady cometh, that all this may disteyne !

Herro, Dido, Laudomia, all y-fere,
And Phyllis, hanging for thy Demophoun,
And Canace, espyed by thy chere,
Ysiphile, betrayed with Jasoun,
Maketh of your trouthe neyther boost noe soun ;
Nor Ypermistre or Adriane, ye tweyne ;
My lady cometh, that al this may distevne !

GEOFFREY CHAUCER



RAISE ye the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord from the heavens :

Praise him in the heights.

Praise ye him, all his angels :

Praise ye him, all his hosts.

Praise ye him, sun and moon :

Praise him, all ye stars of light.

Praise him, ye heavens of heavens,

And ye waters that be above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the Lord :

For he commanded, and they were created.

He hath also stablished them for ever and ever :

He hath made a decree which shall not pass.

Praise the Lord from the earth,

Ye dragons, and all deeps :

Fire, and hail ; snow, and vapours ;

Stormy wind fulfilling his word :

Mountains, and all hills ;

Fruitful trees, and all cedars :

Beasts, and all cattle ;

Creeping things, and flying fowl :

Kings of the earth, and all people ;

Princes, and all judges of the earth :

Both young men, and maidens ;

Old men, and children :

Let them praise the name of the Lord :

For his name alone is excellent ;

His glory is above the earth and heaven.

He also exalteth the horn of his people,

The praise of all his saints ;

Even of the children of Israel, a people near unto him.

Praise ye the Lord.

ENGLISH BIBLE



AM the rose of Sharon,
And the lily of the valleys.
As the lily among thorns,
So is my love among the daughters.
As the apple tree among the trees of the wood,

So is my beloved among the sons.
I sat down under his shadow with great delight,
And his fruit was sweet to my taste.
He brought me to the banqueting house,
And his banner over me was love.
Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples :
For I am sick of love.
His left hand is under my head,
And his right hand doth embrace me.
I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem,
By the roes, and by the hinds of the field,
That ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please.
The voice of my beloved ! behold he cometh
Leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.
My beloved is like a roe, or a young hart :
Behold, he standeth behind our wall,
He looketh forth at the windows,
Shewing himself through the lattice.
My beloved spake, and said unto me,
Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.
For, lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone ;
The flowers appear on the earth ;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land ;
The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs,
And the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell.
Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places
 of the stairs,
 Let me see thy countenance,
 Let me hear thy voice ;
 For sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.
 Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines :
 For our vines have tender grapes.
 My beloved is mine, and I am his :
 He feedeth among the lilies.
 Until the day break, and the shadows flee away,
 Turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart
 Upon the mountains of Bether.
 By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth ;
 I sought him, but I found him not.
 I will rise now, and go about the city
 In the streets, and in the broad ways
 I will seek him whom my soul loveth :
 I sought him, but I found him not.
 The watchmen that go about the city found me :
 To whom I said, Saw ye him whom my soul loveth ?
 It was but a little that I passed from them,
 But I found him whom my soul loveth :
 I held him, and would not let him go,
 Until I had brought him into my mother's house,
 And into the chamber of her that conceived me.
 I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem,
 By the roes, and by the hinds of the field,
 That ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please.
 Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke,
 Perfumed with myrrh and frankincense,
 With all powders of the merchant ?
 Behold his bed, which is Solomon's ;
 Threescore valiant men are about it,
 Of the valiant of Israel.
 They all hold swords, being expert in war :
 Every man hath his sword upon his thigh
 Because of fear in the night.

King Solomon made himself a chariot
Of the wood of Lebanon.
He made the pillars thereof of silver,
The bottom thereof of gold, the covering of it of purple ;
The midst thereof being paved with love,
For the daughters of Jerusalem.
Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold king Solomon
With the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his
 espousals,
And in the day of the gladness of his heart.

ENGLISH BIBLE



THE beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places :
 How are the mighty fallen !
 Tell it not in Gath,
 Publish it not in the streets of Askelon ;
 Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice,
 Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.
 Ye mountains of Gilboa,
 Let there be no dew, neither let there be rain, upon you, nor fields
 of offerings :
 For there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away,
 The shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil.
 From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty,
 The bow of Jonathan turned not back,
 And the sword of Saul returned not empty.
 Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives,
 And in their death they were not divided :
 They were swifter than eagles,
 They were stronger than lions.
 Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul,
 Who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights,
 Who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel.
 How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle !
 O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places.
 I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan :
 Very pleasant hast thou been unto me :
 Thy love to me was wonderful,
 Passing the love of women.
 How are the mighty fallen,
 And the weapons of war perished !

ENGLISH BIBLE

AND as I sat, over the light blue hills
 There came a noise of revellers : the rills
 Into the wide stream came of purple hue—
 'Twas Bacchus and his crew !
 The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills
 From kissing cymbals made a merry din—
 'Twas Bacchus and his kin !
 Like to a moving vintage down they came,
 Crown'd with green leaves, and faces all on flame ;
 All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,
 To scare thee, Melancholy !
 O then, O then, thou wast a simple name !
 And I forgot thee, as the berried holly
 By shepherds is forgotten, when in June,
 Tall chestnuts keep away the sun and moon :—
 I rush'd into the folly !

.

' Whence came ye, merry Damsels ! whence came ye,
 So many, and so many, and such glee ?
 Why have ye left your bowers desolate,
 Your lutes, and gentler fate ? '—

' We follow Bacchus ! Bacchus on the wing,
 A-conquering !
 Bacchus, young Bacchus ! good or ill betide,
 We dance before him thorough kingdoms wide :—
 Come hither, lady fair, and joinèd be
 To our wild minstrelsy ! '

' Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs ! whence came ye,
 So many, and so many, and such glee ?
 Why have ye left your forest haunts ? why left
 Your nuts in oak-tree cleft ? '—





' For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree ;
For wine we left our heath, and yellow brooms,
 And cold mushrooms ;
For wine we follow Bacchus through the earth ;
Great god of breathless cups and chirping mirth !
Come hither, lady fair, and joinèd be
 To our mad minstrelsy !'

Over wide streams and mountains great we went,
And, save when Bacchus kept his ivy tent,
Onward the tiger and the leopard pants,
 With Asian elephants :
Onward these myriads—with song and dance,
With zebras striped and sleek Arabians' prance,
Web-footed alligators, crocodiles,
Bearing upon their scaly backs, in files,
Plump infant laughers mimicking the coil
Of seamen and stout galley-rowers' toil :
With toying oars and silken sails they glide,
 Nor care for wind and tide.

Mounted on panthers' furs and lions' manes,
From rear to van they scour about the plains :
A three days' journey in a moment done ;
And always, at the rising of the sun,
About the wilds they hunt with spear and horn,
 On spleenful unicorn.

I saw Osirian Egypt kneel adown
 Before the vine-wreath crown !
I saw parch'd Abyssinia rouse and sing
 To the silver cymbals' ring !
I saw the whelming vintage hotly pierce
 Old Tartary the fierce !
The kings of Ind their jewel-sceptres vail,
And from their treasures scatter pearled hail ;
Great Brahma from his mystic heaven groans,
 And all his priesthood moans,

Before young Bacchus' eye-wink turning pale.
Into these regions came I, following him,
Sick-hearted, weary—so I took a whim
To stray away into these forests drear,
 Alone, without a peer :
And I have told thee all thou mayest hear.

JOHN KEATS



THE leaves are falling ; so am I ;
The few late flowers have moisture in the eye ;
So have I too.
Scarcely on any bough is heard
Joyous, or even unjoyous, bird
The whole wood through.

Winter may come : he brings but nigher
His circle (yearly narrowing) to the fire
Where old friends meet.
Let him ; now heaven is overcast,
And spring and summer both are past,
And all things sweet.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

MY heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,
That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage ! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth !
O for a beaker full of the warm South !
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainèd mouth ;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs ;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.





Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :
Already with thee ! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays ;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves ;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

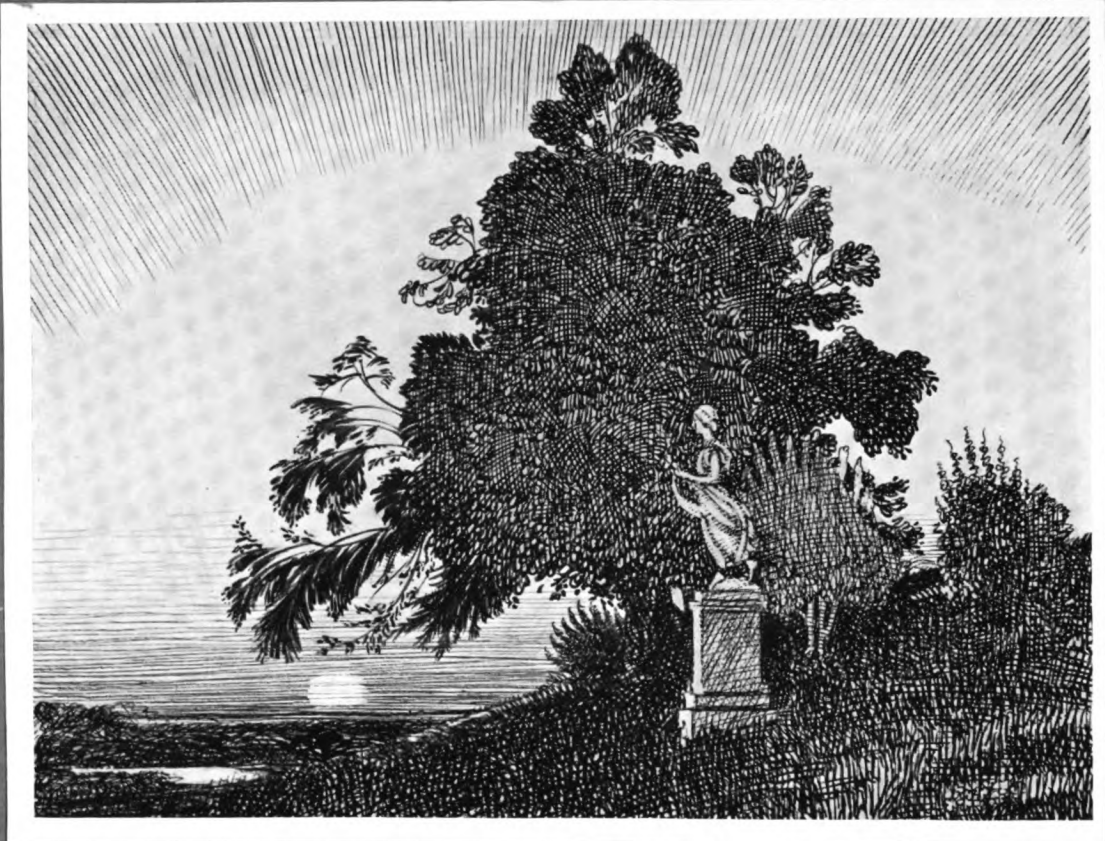
Darkling I listen ; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath ;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy !
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
No hungry generations tread thee down ;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown :

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
 The same that oftentimes hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades :
Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
 Fled is that music :—do I wake or sleep ?

JOHN KEATS





ALL ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground,
With his honour and his name
That defends our flock from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honour'd. Daffadillies,
Roses, pinks, and loved lillies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honour'd, ever young!
Thus great Pan is ever sung!

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me :
“ Pipe a song about a Lamb ! ”
So I piped with merry cheer.
“ Piper, pipe that song again ; ”
So I piped : he wept to hear.
“ Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe ;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer : ”
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.
“ Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read, ”
So he vanished from my sight,
And I plucked a hollow reed,
And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE





O, MY Luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June :
O, my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I :
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luve,
And fare thee weel awhile !
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

ROBERT BURNS

CUPID as he lay among
Roses, by a Bee was stung;
Whereupon, in anger flying
To his Mother, said thus, crying :
Help ! O help ! your boy 's a-dying.
And why, my pretty Lad, said she ?
Then, blubbering, replied he :
A wingèd Snake has bitten me,
Which Country people call a Bee.
At which she smil'd ; then, with her hairs
And kisses drying up his tears :
Alas ! said she, my Wag ! if this
Such a pernicious torment is :
Come tel me then, how great's the smart
Of those thou woundest with thy Dart !

ROBERT HERRICK

O, THE month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolic, so gay, and so green, so green, so green !
O, and then did I unto my true love say,
Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my Summer's Queen.

Now the nightingale, the pretty nightingale,
The sweetest singer in all the forest quire,
Entreats thee, sweet Peggy, to hear thy true love's tale :
Lo, yonder she sitteth, her breast against a briar.

But O, I spy the cuckoo, the cuckoo, the cuckoo ;
See where she sitteth ; come away, my joy :
Come away, I prithee, I do not like the cuckoo
Should sing where my Peggy and I kiss and toy.

O, the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolic, so gay, and so green, so green, so green ;
And then did I unto my true love say,
Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my Summer's Queen.

BEN JONSON



HOW happy uncle us'd to be
O' zummer time, when aunt an' he
O' Zunday evenens, eärm in eärm,
Did walk about ther tiny farm
While birds did zing, an' gnats did zwarm,
Drough grass a'most above ther knees,
An' roun' by hedges an' by trees
Wi' leafy boughs a-swayen.

His hat wer broad, his cwoat wer brown,
Wi' two long flaps a-hangèn down ;
An' vrom his knee went down a blue
Knit stockèn to his buckled shoe ;
An' aunt did pull her gown-tail drough
Her pocket-hole to keep en neat,
As she mid walk, or teäke a seat
By leafy boughs a-swayen.

An' vust they 'd goo to zee their lots
O' pot-yarbs in the gearden plots ;
An' he, i'-maybe, gwain drough hatch
Would zee aunt's vovls upon a patch
O' zeeds, an' vow if he could catch
Em wi' his gun, they shoudden vlee
Noo mwore into their roostèn tree,
Wi' leafy boughs a-swayen.

An' then vrom geärden tha did pass
Drough archet var to zee the grass,
An' if the blooth, so thick an' white,
Mid be at al a-touch'd wi' blight,
An' uncle, happy at the zight,
Did guess what cider there mid be
In al the archet, tree wi' tree,
Wi' tutties all a-swayen.

An' then tha stump'd along vrom there
A-vield, to zee the cows an' meare ;
An' she, when uncle come in zight,
Look'd up, an' prick'd her yers upright,
An' whicker'd out wi' al her might ;
An' he, a-chucklèn, went to zee
The cows below the shiädy tree,
Wi' leafy boughs a-swayen.

An' last ov al, they went to know
How vast the grass in meäd did grow ;
An' then aunt zed 'twer time to goo
In huome, a-holdèn up her shoe
To show how wet 'e wer wi' dew.
An' zoo they toddled huome to rest,
Lik' culvers vlee-en to ther nest
In leafy boughs a-swayen.

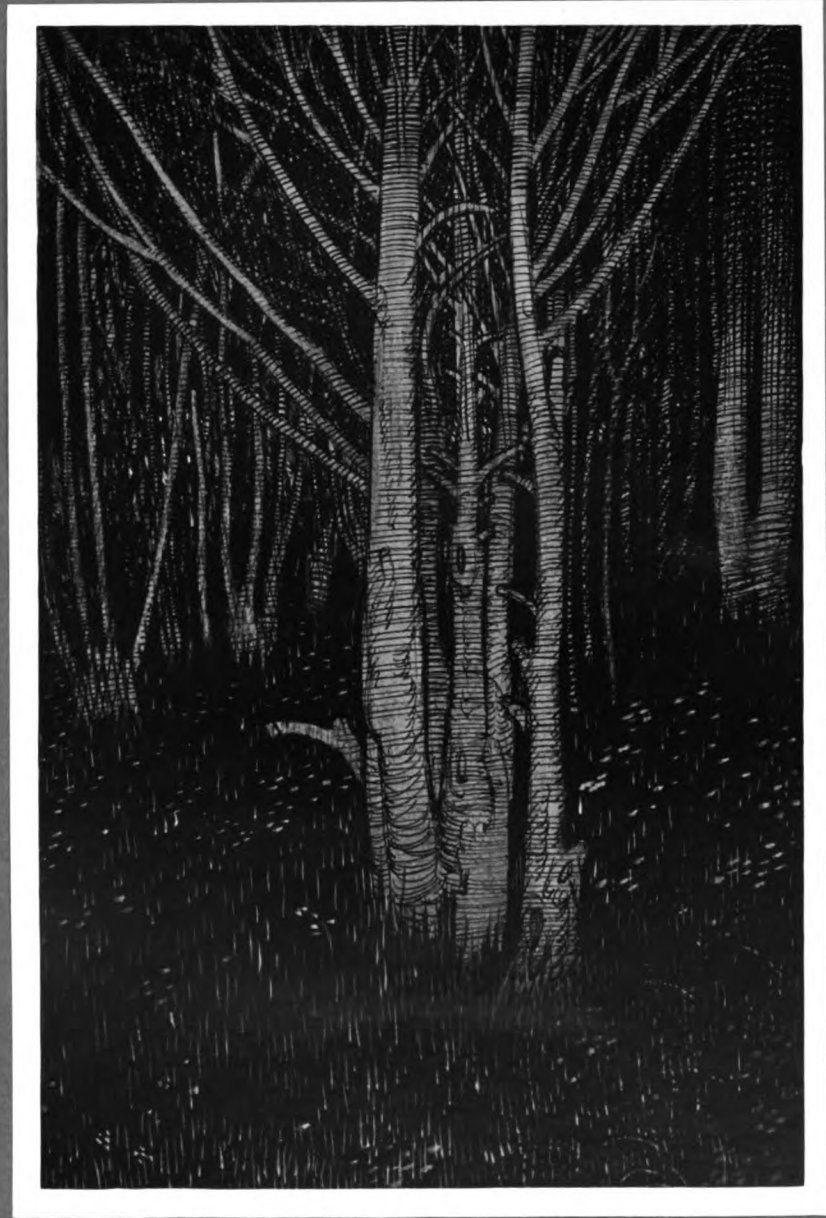
WILLIAM BARNES

MYDNYGHT was cum, and every vitall thing
With swete sound slepe theyr weary lymys did rest :
The beasts were still, the lytle byrdes that syng
Now sweetely slept besides theyr mothers brest,
The olde and all were shrowded in theyr nest.
The waters calme, the cruel seas did ceas,
The wuds, the fyeldes, and all things held theyr peace.

The golden stars wer whyrlde amyde theyr race,
And on the earth did laugh with twinkling light,
When eche thing nestled in his restyng place,
Forgat dayes payne with pleasure of the nyght :
The hare had not the greedy houndes in sight,
The fearful deer of death stood not in doubt,
The partrydge drempt not of the falcon's foot.

The ougly beare nowe myndeth not the stake,
Nor howe the cruell mastyves do him tear ;
The stag lay still unroused from the brake,
The fomy boar feard not the hunter's spear.
All thing was still in desert, bush, and brear,
With quyete heart now from their travailes rest,
Soundly they slept in midst of all their nest.

THOMAS SACKVILLE





SWEET baby, sleep ! what ails my dear,
What ails my darling thus to cry ?
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear
To hear me sing thy lullaby :
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep ;
Be still, my dear ; sweet baby, sleep.

.
The King of kings, when He was born,
Had not so much for outward ease ;
By Him such dressings were not worn,
Nor such like swaddling-clothes as these.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,
Where oxen lay, and asses fed :
Warm rooms we do to thee afford,
An easy cradle or a bed.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

GEORGE WITHER

CHILD of the muses and the moon,
O nightingale, return and sing,
Thy song is over all too soon.

Let not night's quire yield place to noon,
To this red breast thy tawny wing,
Child of the muses and the moon.

Sing us once more the old sad tune
Pandion heard when he was king,
Thy song is over all too soon.

Night after night thro' leafy June
The stars were hush'd and listening,
Child of the muses and the moon.

Now new moons grow to plenilune
And wane, but no new music bring,
Thy song is over all too soon.

Ah, thou art weary ! well, sleep on,
Sleep till the sun brings back the Spring ;
Thy song is over all too soon,
Child of the muses and the moon.

H. C. BEECHING





STAY, O Sweet ! and do not rise,
The light, that shines, comes from thine eyes ;
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
Because that you and I must part.
Stay, or else my joys will die,
And perish in their infancie.

'Tis true, 'tis day ; what tho' it be ?
O ! wilt thou therefore rise from me ?
Why should we rise, because 'tis light ?
Did we lie down, because 'twas night ?
Love, which in spight of darkness brought us hither,
Should in despight of light keep us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye ;
If it could speak as well as spie
This were the worst that it could say,
That being well, I fain would stay,
And that I lov'd my heart and honour so,
That I would not from her, that had them, goe.

Must business thee from hence remove ?
Oh ! that 's the worst disease of love ;
The poor, the foul, the false love can
Admit, but not the busied man.
He which hath business, and makes love doth doe
Such wrong, as when a married man doth wooe.

JOHN DONNE

THE groves of Blarney,
They look so charming,
All by the purling
Of sweet silent brooks,
And deck'd with roses,
Which spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order
By the sweet rocks ;
'Tis there 's the daisy
And sweet carnation,
The blooming pink,
And the blushing rose,
The daffy-down-dilly,
Besides the lily,
Flowers that adorn
The sweet rock close.

'Tis Lady Jeffreys
That owns this station,
Like Alexander
Or Helen fair :
There 's no commander
Throughout this nation
For emulation
Can with her compare.
There's castles round her
That no nine-pounder
Could dare to plunder
Her place of strength ;
But Oliver Cromwell,
He did her pummell,
And made a breach
In her battlements.





There 's gravel walks there
For contemplation,
And conversation
 In sweet solitude ;
'Tis there the lover
May hear the dove, or
The gentle plover
 In the afternoon.
And if a lady
Would be so engaging
As to take a walk in
 These shady bowers,
'Tis there her lover
He might transport her
To some dark fort
 Underneath the flowers.

For there 's the cave where
No day-light enters,
But cats, rats and badgers
 For ever breed ;
And moss by nature
That makes it sweeter,
Than a coach and six,
 Or a bed of down.
'Tis there the lake 's
Well stored with perches,
And comely eels in
 The verdant mud,
Besides the leeches,
And groves of beeches,
All Standing in ranks
 To guard the flood.

There are statues gracing
This noble place in,
All heathen
 Goddesses so fair,

Bold Neptune, Plutarch,
And Nicodemus,
All mother naked
 In the open air.
So now to finish
This brave narration,
Which my poor geni
 Could not entwine,
But were I Homer
Or Nebuchadnezzar,
'Tis in every feature
 I'd make it shine.

R. A. MILLIKIN



SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king ;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing—
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo.

The palm and may, make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet—
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo.
Spring, the sweet Spring.

THOMAS NASHE

I MET a traveller from an antique land
Who said : Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed :
And on the pedestal these words appear :
‘ My name is Ozymandias, king of kings :
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair ! ’
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY





QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep :
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose ;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close :
Bless us then with wishèd sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal-shining quiver ;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever :
Thou that mak'st a day of night—
Goddess excellently bright.

BEN JONSON



IN petticoat of green,
Her hair about her eyne,
Phillis, beneath an oak,
Sat milking her fair flock.
'Mongst that sweet-strained moisture, rare delight !
Her hand seem 'd milk, in milk it was so white.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND, OF HAWTHORNDEN

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?

O sweet content !

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplex'd ?

O punishment !

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vex'd

To add to golden numbers golden numbers ?

O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;

Honest labour bears a lovely face ;

Then hey nonny nonny—hey nonny nonny !

Canst drink the waters of the crisp'd spring ?

O sweet content !

Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears ?

O punishment !

Then he that patiently want's burden bears,

No burden bears, but is a king, a king !

O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !

Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;

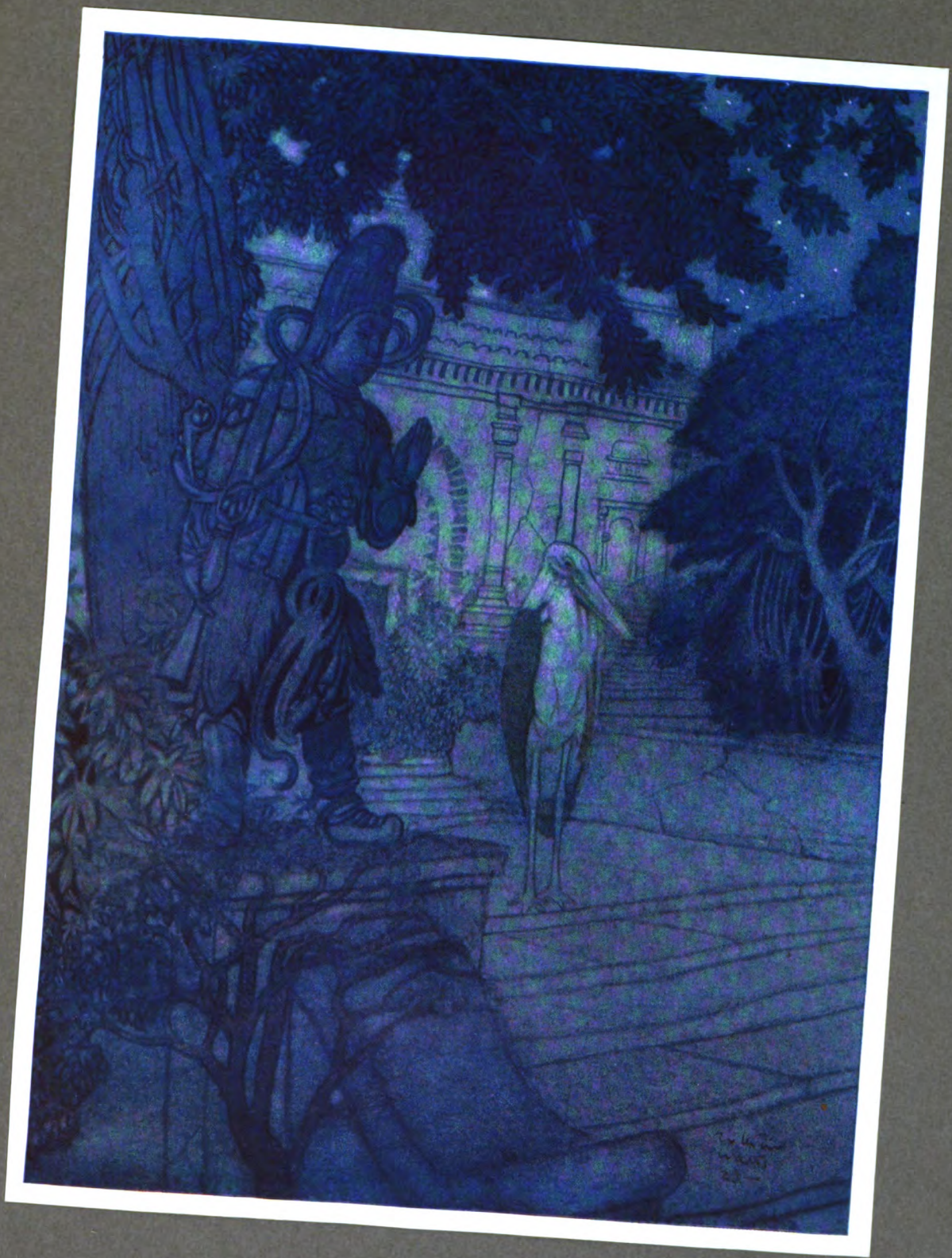
Honest labour bears a lovely face ;

Then hey nonny nonny—hey nonny nonny !

THOMAS DEKKER

THERE is a silence where hath been no sound,
 There is a silence where no sound may be,
 In the cold grave—under the deep, deep sea,
Or in wide desert where no life is found,
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound ;
 No voice is hush 'd—no life treads silently,
 But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
That never spoke, over the idle ground :
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
 Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
Though the dun fox or wild hyæna calls,
 And owls, that flit continually between,
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan—
There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.

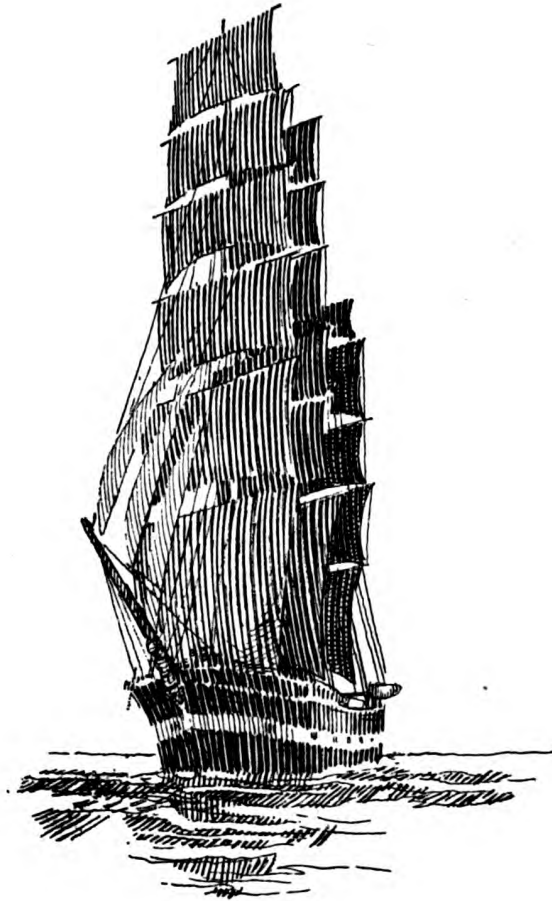
THOMAS HOOD





NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-west died away ;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay ;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay ;
In the dimmest North-east distance dawn'd Gibraltar grand and gray ;
' Here and here did England help me : how can I help England ? '—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

ROBERT BROWNING





PROCRIS, the nymph, had wedded Cephalus :—

He, till the spring had warmed to slow-winged
days

Heavy with June, untired and amorous,

Named her his love ; but now, in unknown ways,

His heart was gone ; and evermore his gaze
Turned from her own, and ever farther ranged
His woodland war ; while she, in dull amaze,
Beholding with the hours her husband changed,
Sighed for his lost caress, by some hard god estranged.

So, on a day, she rose and found him not.
Alone, with wet, sad eye, she watched the shade
Brighten below a soft-rayed sun that shot
Arrows of light through all the deep-leaved glade ;
Then, with weak hands, she knotted up the braid
Of her brown hair, and o'er her shoulders cast
Her crimson weed ; with faltering fingers made
Her golden girdle's clasp to join, and past
Down to the trackless wood, full pale and overcast.

And all day long her slight spear devious flew,
And harmless swerved her arrows from their aim,
For ever, as the ivory bow she drew,
Before her ran the still unwounded game.
Then, at the last, a hunter's cry there came,
And, lo, a hart that panted with the chase ;
Thereat her cheek was lightened as with flame,
And swift she gat her to a leafy place,
Thinking, " I yet may chance unseen to see his face."

Leaping he went, this hunter Cephalus,
Bent in his hand his cornel bow he bare,
Supple he was, round-limbed and vigorous,
Fleet as his dogs, a lean Laconian pair.

He, when he spied the brown of Procris' hair
Move in the covert, deeming that apart
Some fawn lay hidden, loosed an arrow there ;
Nor cared to turn and seek the speeded dart,
Bounding above the fern, fast following up the hart.

But Procris lay among the white wind-flowers,
Shot in the throat. From out the little wound
The slow blood drained, as drops in autumn showers
Drip from the leaves upon the sodden ground.
None saw her die but Lelaps, the swift hound,
That watched her dumbly with a wistful fear,
Till, at the dawn, the hornèd wood-men found
And bore her gently on a sylvan bier,
To lie beside the sea,—with many an uncouth tear.

AUSTIN DOBSON



I LOVED a lass, a fair one,
As fair as e'er was seen ;
She was indeed a rare one,
Another Sheba Queen.
But, fool as then I was,
I thought she loved me too :
But now, alas ! she 's left me,
Falero, lero, loo !

Her hair like gold did glisten,
Each eye was like a star,
She did surpass her sister,
Which pass'd all others far ;
She would me honey call,
She 'd,—oh she 'd kiss me too !
But now, alas ! she 's left me,
Falero, lero, loo !

.

Many a merry meeting
My love and I have had ;
She was my only sweeting,
She made my heart full glad ;
The tears stood in her eyes
Like to the morning dew :
But now, alas ! she 's left me,
Falero, lero, loo !

.

Her cheeks were like the cherry,
Her skin as white as snow ;
When she was blithe and merry,
She angel-like did show ;
Her waist exceeding small,
The fives did fit her shoe :
But now, alas ! she 's left me,
Falero, lero, loo !

In summer time or winter
She had her heart's desire ;
I still did scorn to stint her
From sugar, sack, or fire ;
The world went round about,
No cares we ever knew :
But now, alas ! she 's left me,
Falero, lero, loo !

As we walked home together
At midnight through the town,
To keep away the weather
O'er her I 'd cast my gown.
No cold my love should feel,
Whate'er the heavens could do ;
But now, alas ! she 's left me,
Falero, lero, loo !

Like doves we should be billing,
And clip and kiss so fast ;
Yet she would be unwilling
That I should kiss the last.
They 're Judas-kisses now,
Since that they proved untrue ;
For now, alas ! she 's left me,
Falero, lero, loo !

To maidens' vows and swearing
Henceforth no credit give ;
You may give them the hearing
But never them believe ;
They are as false as fair,
Unconstant, frail, untrue :
For mine, alas ! hath left me,
Falero, lero, loo !

GEORGE WITHER





HE wanton troopers, riding by,
Have shot my fawn, and it will die !

.
I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,

And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness ;
And all the spring-time of the year
It only lovèd to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie ;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes ;
For in the flaxen lilies' shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips e'en seemed to bleed ;
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill ;
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within. . .

ANDREW MARVELL

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a Love once, fairest among women :
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man :
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me ; all are departed—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB





SO, we 'll go no more a-roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we 'll go no more a-roving
By the light of the moon.

LORD BYRON





'TIS a dull sight
To see the year dying,
When winter winds
Set the yellow wood sighing :
Sighing, O ! sighing.

When such a time cometh
I do retire
Into an old room
Beside a bright fire :
O, pile a bright fire !

And there I sit
Reading old things,
Of knights and lorn damsels,
While the wind sings—
O, drearily sings !

I never look out
Nor attend to the blast ;
For all to be seen
Is the leaves falling fast :
Falling, falling !

But close at the hearth,
Like a cricket, sit I,
Reading of summer
And chivalry—
Gallant chivalry !

Then with an old friend
I talk of our youth—
How 'twas gladsome, but often
Foolish, forsooth :
But gladsome, gladsome !

Or, to get merry
We sing some old rhyme,
That made the wood ring again
In summer time—
Sweet summer time !

Then go we to smoking,
Silent and snug :
Nought passes between us,
Save a brown jug—
Sometimes !

And sometimes a tear
Will rise in each eye,
Seeing the two old friends
So merrily—
So merrily !

And ere to bed
Go we, go we,
Down on the ashes
We kneel on the knee,
Praying together !

Thus, then, live I,
Till, 'mid all the gloom,
By Heaven ! the bold sun
Is with me in the room,
Shining, shining !

Then the clouds part,
Swallows soaring between ;
The spring is alive,
And the meadows are green !

I jump up like mad,
Break the old pipe in twain,
And away to the meadows,
The meadows again !

EDWARD FITZGERALD



THE moon 's my constant mistress,
And the lovely owl my marrow ;
The flaming drake,
And the night-crow, make
The music to my sorrow.

I know more than Apollo ;
For oft when he lies sleeping,
I behold the stars
At mortal wars,
And the rounded welkin weeping,

The moon embrace her shepherd,
And the queen of love her warrior ;
While the first does horn
The stars of the morn,
And the next the heavenly farrier.

With a heart of furious fancies,
Whereof I am commander :
With a burning spear,
And a horse of air,
To the wilderness I wander ;

With a knight of ghosts and shadows,
I summoned am to tourney :
Ten leagues beyond
The wide world's end ;
Methinks it is no journey.

ANONYMOUS

SINCE there 's no help, come let us kiss and part—
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And, when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
—Now if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

MICHAEL DRAYTON



OUR revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air :
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on ; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



HUDDLING they came, with shag sides caked of mire,—
With hoofs fresh sullied from the troughs o'erturned,—
With wrinkling snouts,—yet eyes in which desire
Of some strange thing unutterably burned,
Unquenchable ; and still where'er She turned
They rose about her, striving each o'er each,
With restless, fierce impórtuning that yearned
Through those brute masks some piteous tale to teach,
Yet lacked the words thereto, denied the power of speech.

AUSTIN DOBSON

THIS world a hunting is,
The prey poor man, the Nimrod fierce is Death;
His speedy greyhounds are
Lust, sickness, envy, care,
Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills which haunt us while we breathe.
Now, if by chance we fly
Of those the eager chase,
Old age with stealing pace
Casts up his nets, and there we panting die.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND, OF HAWTHORNDEN



I

O H, Galuppi, Baldassaro, this is very sad to find !
I can hardly misconceive you ; it would prove me deaf and blind ;
But although I give you credit, 'tis with such a heavy mind !

II

Here you come with your old music, and here 's all the good it brings.
What, they lived once thus at Venice, where the merchants were the kings,
Where St. Mark's is, where the Doges used to wed the sea with rings ?

III

Ay, because the sea 's the street there ; and 'tis arched by . . . what you call
. . . Shylock's bridge with houses on it, where they kept the carnival !
I was never out of England—it 's as if I saw it all !

IV

Did young people take their pleasure when the sea was warm in May ?
Balls and masks begun at midnight, burning ever to mid-day,
When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow, do you say ?





V

Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so around and lips so red,—
 On her neck the small face buoyant, like a bell-flower on its bed,
 O'er the breast's superb abundance where a man might base his head?

VI

Well (and it was graceful of them) they 'd break talk off and afford
 —She, to bite her mask's black velvet, he to finger on his sword,
 While you sat and played Toccatas, stately at the clavichord?

VII

What? Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminished sigh on sigh,
 Told them something? Those suspensions, those solutions—'Must we die?'
 Those commiserating sevenths—'Life might last! we can but try!'

VIII

'Were you happy?'—'Yes.'—'And are you still as happy?'—'Yes—and you?'
 —'Then more kisses'—'Did *I* stop them, when a million seemed so few?'
 Hark—the dominant's persistence, till it must be answered to!

IX

So an octave struck the answer. Oh, they praised you, I dare say!
 'Brave Galuppi! that was music! good alike at grave and gay!
 I can always leave off talking, when I hear a master play.'

X

Then they left you for their pleasure: till in due time, one by one,
 Some with lives that came to nothing, some with deeds as well undone,
 Death came tacitly and took them where they never see the sun.

XI

But when I sit down to reason,—think to take my stand nor swerve
 Till I triumph o'er a secret wrung from nature's close reserve,
 In you come with your cold music, till I creep thro' every nerve.

XII

Yes, you, like a ghostly cricket, creaking where a house was burned—
 'Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice spent what Venice earned!
 The soul, doubtless, is immortal—where a soul can be discerned.

XIII

' Yours for instance, you know physics, something of geology,
Mathematics are your pastime ; souls shall rise in their degree ;
Butterflies may dread extinction,—you 'll not die, it cannot be !

XIV

' As for Venice and its people, merely born to bloom and drop,
Here on earth they bore their fruitage, mirth and folly were the crop.
What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop ?

XV

' Dust and ashes !' So you creak it, and I want the heart to scold.
Dear dead women, with such hair, too—what 's become of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms ? I feel chilly and grown old.

ROBERT BROWNING



THE gray sea and the long black land ;
 And the yellow half-moon large and low ;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach ;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears ;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each !

ROBERT BROWNING



VANITY, saith the preacher, vanity !

Draw round my bed : is Anselm keeping back ?
Nephews—sons mine . . . ah God, I know not ! Well—
She, men would have to be your mother once,
Old Gandolf envied me, so fair she was !
What 's done is done, and she is dead beside.
Dead long ago, and I am Bishop since ;
And as she died so must we die ourselves,
And thence ye may perceive the world 's a dream.

Life, how and what is it ? As here I lie
In this state-chamber, dying by degrees,
Hours and long hours in the dead night, I ask
“ Do I live, am I dead ? ” Peace, peace seems all.
St. Praxed's ever was the church for peace ;
And so, about this tomb of mine. I fought
With tooth and nail to save my niche, ye know :
—Old Gandolf cozened me, despite my care ;

Shrewd was that snatch from out the corner South
He graced his carrion with, God curse the same !

Yet still my niche is not so cramped but thence
One sees the pulpit o' the epistle-side,
And somewhat of the choir, those silent seats,
And up into the aery dome where live
The angels, and a sunbeam 's sure to lurk :
And I shall fill my slab of basalt there,
And 'neath my tabernacle take my rest,
With those nine columns round me, two and two,
The odd one at my feet where Anselm stands :
Peach-blossom marble all, the rare, the ripe
As fresh-poured red wine of a mighty pulse
—Old Gandolf with his paltry onion-stone,
Put me where I may look at him ! True peach,
Rosy and flawless : how I earned the prize !

Draw close : that conflagration of my church
—What then ? So much was saved if aught were missed !
My sons, ye would not be my death ? Go dig
The white-grape vineyard where the oil-press stood,
Drop water gently till the surface sinks,
And if ye find . . . ah God, I know not, I ! . . .
Bedded in store of rotten fig-leaves soft,
And corded up in a tight olive-frail,
Some lump, ah God, of *lapis lazuli*,
Big as a Jew's head cut off at the nape,
Blue as a vein o'er the Madonna's breast . . .
Sons, all have I bequeathed you, villas, all,
That brave Frascati villa with its bath,
So, let the blue lump poise between my knees,
Like God the Father's globe on both his hands
Ye worship in the Jesu Church so gay,
For Gandolf shall not choose but see and burst !

Swift as a weaver's shuttle fleet our years :
Man goeth to the grave, and where is he ?

Did I say basalt for my slab, sons ? Black—
'Twas ever antique-black I meant ! How else
Shall ye contrast my frieze to come beneath ?
The bas-relief in bronze ye promised me,
Those Pans and Nymphs ye wot of, and perchance
Some tripod, thyrsus, with a vase or so,
The Saviour at his sermon on the mount,
St. Praxed in a glory, and one Pan
Ready to twitch the Nymph's last garment off,
And Moses with the tables . . .

But I know
Ye mark me not ! What do they whisper thee,
Child of my bowels, Anselm ? Ah, ye hope
To revel down my villas while I gasp
Bricked o'er with beggar's mouldy travertine
Which Gandolf from his tomb-top chuckles at !
Nay, boys, ye love me—all of jasper, then !
'Tis jasper ye stand pledged to, lest I grieve
My bath must needs be left behind, alas !
One block, pure green as a pistachio-nut,
There 's plenty jasper somewhere in the world—
And have I not St. Praxed's ear to pray
Horses for ye, and brown Greek manuscripts,
And mistresses with great smooth marbly limbs ?
That 's if ye carve my epitaph aright,
Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's every word,
No gaudy ware like Gandolf's second line—
Tully, my masters ? Ulpian serves his need !

And then how I shall lie through centuries,
 And hear the blessed mutter of the mass,
 And see God made and eaten all day long,
 And feel the steady candle-flame, and taste
 Good strong thick stupefying incense-smoke !
 For as I lie here, hours of the dead night,
 Dying in state and by such slow degrees,
 I fold my arms as if they clasped a crook,
 And stretch my feet forth straight as stone can point,
 And let the bed-clothes for a mort-cloth drop
 Into great laps and folds of sculptor's-work :
 And as yon tapers dwindle, and strange thoughts
 Grow, with a certain humming in my ears,
 About the life before I lived this life,
 And this life too, Popes, Cardinals and Priests,
 St. Praxed at his sermon on the mount,
 Your tall pale mother with her talking eyes,
 And new-found agate urns as fresh as day,
 And marble's language, Latin pure, discreet,
 —Aha, ELUCESCEBAT quoth our friend ?
 No Tully, said I, Ulpian at the best !
 Evil and brief hath been my pilgrimage.
 All *lapis*, all, sons ! Else I give the Pope
 My villas : will ye ever eat my heart ?
 Ever your eyes were as a lizard's quick,
 They glitter like your mother's for my soul,
 Or ye would heighten my impoverished frieze,
 Piece out its starved design, and fill my vase
 With grapes, and add a vizor and a Term,
 And to the tripod ye would tie a lynx
 That in his struggle throws the thyrsus down,
 To comfort me on my entablature
 Whereon I am to lie till I must ask
 " Do I live, am I dead ? "

There, leave me, there !

For ye have stabbed me with ingratitude

To death—ye wish it—God, ye wish it! Stone—
Gritstone, a-crumble? Clammy squares which sweat
As if the corpse they keep were oozing through—
And no more *lapis* to delight the world!
Well, go! I bless ye. Fewer tapers there,
But in a row: and, going, turn your backs
—Ay, like departing altar-ministrants,
And leave me in my church, the church for peace,
That I may watch at leisure if he leers—
Old Gandolf, at me, from his onion-stone,
As still he envied me, so fair she was!

ROBERT BROWNING



REMEMBER me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land ;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you plann'd :
Only remember me ; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve :
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

IT is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles at her ear :
For hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me,
In sorrow and in rest :
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom,
With her laughter or her sighs,
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.

LORD TENNYSON



Handwritten signature and text in the bottom right corner of the painting.



ASK me no more, where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose ;
For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day ;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past ;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars, light
That downwards fall in dead of night ;
For in your eyes they sit and there
Fixèd become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The Phœnix builds her spicy nest ;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

THOMAS CAREW



LITTLE think'st thou, poor flower,
Whom I've watched six or seven days,
And seen thy birth, and seen what every hour
Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,
And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough,
Little think'st thou,
That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
To-morrow find thee fallen, or not at all.

Little think'st thou, poor heart,
That labour'st yet to nestle thee,
And thinkest by hovering here to get a part
In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
And hopest her stiffness by long siege to bow,
Little think'st thou,
That thou to-morrow, ere that sun doth wake,
Must with this sun and me a journey take.

But thou which lovest to be
Subtle to plague thyself, wilt say,
Alas! if you must go, what's that to me?
Here lies my business, and here I will stay;
You go to friends, whose love and means present
Various content
To your eyes, ears, and taste, and every part;
If then your body go, what need your heart?

Well then, stay here ; but know,
When thou hast stay'd and done thy most,
A naked thinking heart, that makes no show,
Is to a woman but a kind of ghost.
How shall she know my heart ; or having none,
 Know thee for one ?
Practice may make her know some other part ;
But take my word, she doth not know a heart.

Meet me at London, then,
Twenty days hence, and thou shalt see
Me fresher, and more fat, by being with men,
Than if I had stayed still with her and thee.
For God's sake, if you can, be you so too ;
 I will give you
There, to another friend, whom we shall find
As glad to have my body as my mind.

JOHN DONNE



O EARTH, lie heavily upon her eyes ;
Seal her sweet eyes weary of watching, Earth ;
Lie close around her ; leave no room for mirth
With its harsh laughter, nor for sound of sighs.
She hath no questions, she hath no replies,
Hushed in and curtained with a blessèd dearth
Of all that irked her from the hour of birth ;
With stillness that is almost Paradise.
Darkness more clear than noonday holdeth her,
Silence more musical than any song ;
Even her very heart has ceased to stir :
Until the morning of Eternity
Her rest shall not begin nor end, but be ;
And when she wakes she will not think it long.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

STREW on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew.
In quiet she reposes :
Ah ! would that I did too.

Her mirth the world required :
She bathed it in smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound.
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd, ample Spirit,
It flutter'd and fail'd for breath.
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty hall of Death.

MATTHEW ARNOLD



HARK ! ah, the Nightingale !
The tawny-throated !
Hark ! from that moonlit cedar what a burst !
What triumph ! hark—what pain !

O Wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still, after many years, in distant lands,
Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain
That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-world pain—
Say, will it never heal ?
And can this fragrant lawn
With its cool trees, and night,
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
And moonshine, and the dew,
To thy rack'd heart and brain
Afford no balm ?

Dost thou to-night behold
Here, through the moonlight on this English grass,
The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild ? |

Dost thou again peruse
With hot cheeks and sear'd eyes
The too clear web, and thy dumb Sister's shame ?

Dost thou once more assay
Thy flight, and feel come over thee,
Poor Fugitive, the feathery change
Once more, and once more seem to make resound
With love and hate, triumph and agony,
Lone Daulis, and the high Cephissian vale ?

Listen, Eugenia—
How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves !
Again—thou hearest !
Eternal Passion !
Eternal Pain !

MATTHEW ARNOLD







HE clasps the crag with crooked hands :
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls ;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

LORD TENNYSON



O! WHAT a plague is love!
How shall I bear it?
She will inconstant prove,
I greatly fear it.
She so torments my mind
That my strength faileth,
And wavers with the wind
As a ship saileth.
Please her the best I may,
She loves still to gainsay;
Alack and well a day!
Phillada flouts me.

At the fair yesterday
She did pass by me;
She look'd another way,
And would not spy me:
I woo'd her for to dine,
But could not get her;

Will had her to the wine—
He might entreat her.
With Daniel she did dance,
On me she look'd askance :
O thrice unhappy chance !
Phillada flouts me.

Fair maid, be not so coy,
Do not disdain me !
I am my mother's joy :
Sweet, entertain me !
She 'll give me, when she dies,
All that is fitting :
Her poultry and her bees,
And her goose sitting.
A pair of matrass beds,
And a bag full of shreds ;
And yet for all this guedes,
Phillada flouts me !

She hath a clout of mine
Wrought with blue coventry,
Which she keeps for a sign
Of my fidelity :
But i' faith, if she flinch
She shall not wear it ;
To Tib, my t'other wench,
I mean to bear it.
And yet it grieves my heart,
So soon from her to part :
Death strikes me with his dart !
Phillada flouts me.

Thou shalt eat crudded cream
All the year lasting,
And drink the crystal stream,
Pleasant in tasting ;

Whig and whey whilst thou lust
And bramble-berries ;
Pie-lid and pastry-crust,
Pears, plums, and cherries.
Thy raiment shall be thin,
Made of a weevil's skin,—
Yet all 's not worth a pin !
Phillada flouts me.

.

Fair maiden, have a care,
And in time take me ;
I can have those as fair
If you forsake me.
For Doll the dairy-maid,
Laugh'd at me lately,
And wanton Winifred
Favours me greatly.
One throws milk on my clothes,
T'other plays with my nose ;
What wanting signs are those ?
Phillada flouts me.

I cannot work nor sleep
At all in season ;
Love wounds my heart so deep,
Without all reason.
I 'gin to pine away,
In my love's shadow,
Like as a fat beast may,
Penn'd in a meadow.
I shall be dead, I fear,
Within this thousand year :
And all for that my dear
Phillada flouts me.

ANONYMOUS



FULL fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
Ding-dong.
Hark ! now I hear them—
Ding-dong Bell !

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

HOW many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep ! O sleep ! O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody ?
O thou dull god ! why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell ?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly death itself awakes ?
Canst thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king ? Then happy low, lie down !
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

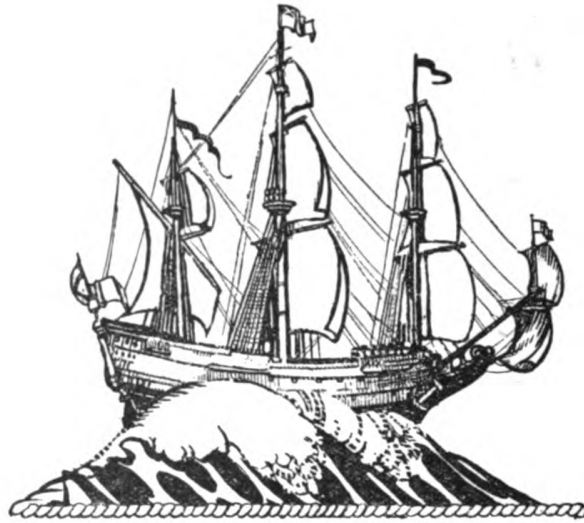
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE





MY true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for the other given :
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven.
His heart in me keeps me and him in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides :
He loves my heart, for once it was his own ;
I cherish his because in me it bides.
His heart his wound receivèd from my sight ;
My heart was wounded with his wounded heart ;
For as from me on him his hurt did light,
So still methought in me his hurt did smart :
Both equal hurt, in this change sought our bliss,
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY



FAREWELL, and adieu to you, gay Spanish ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain !
For we've received orders for to sail to old England,
But we hope in a short time to see you again.

We'll rant and we'll roar like true British heroes,
We'll rant and we'll roar across the salt seas,
Until we strike soundings in the Channel of old England ;
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues.

We hove our ship to, with the wind at sou'west, boys,
We hove our ship to, for to strike soundings clear ;
We got soundings in ninety-five fathoms and boldly
Up the Channel of old England our course we did steer.

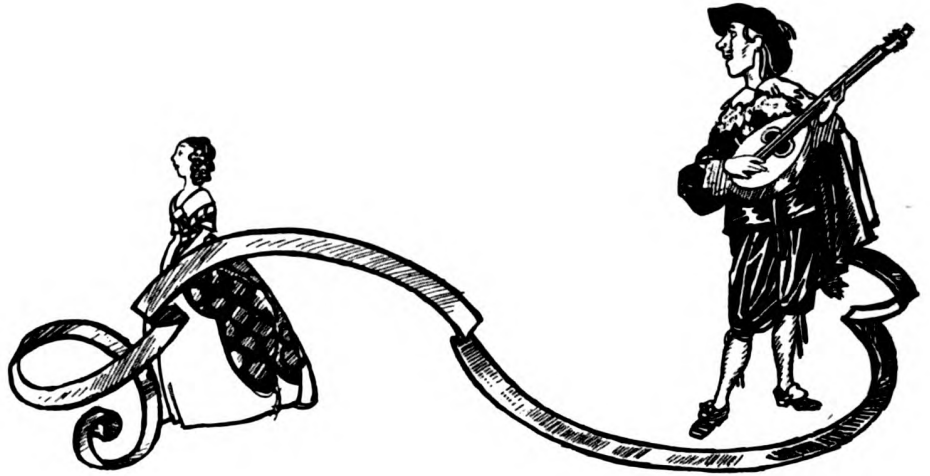
The first land we made, it was callèd the Deadman,
Next, Ramshead off Plymouth, Start, Portland and Wight ;
We passed by Beechy, by Fairleigh and Dungeness,
And hove our ship to, off the South Foreland light.

Then a signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,
All in the downs, that night for to sleep ;
Then stand by your stoppers, let go your shank-painters,
Haul all your clew garnets, stick out tacks and sheets.

So let every man toss off a full bumper,
Let every man toss off his full bowls ;
We'll drink and be jolly, and drown melancholy,
So here's a good health to all true-hearted souls.

ANONYMOUS





GO, thou perpetual whining lover,
For shame leave off this humble trade,
'Tis more than time thou gav'st it over,
For sighs and tears will never move her,
By them more obstinate she's made,
And thou by love, fond, constant love, betray'd.

The more, vain fop, thou su'st unto her,
The more she does torment thee still,
Is more perverse the more you woo her,
When thou are humblest lays thee lower,
And when most prostrate to her will
Thou meanly begg'st for life, does basely kill.

By Heav'n 'tis against all nature,
Honour and manhood, wit and sense,
To let a little female creature
Rule on the poor account of feature,
And thy unmanly patience
Monstrous and shameful as her insolence.

Thou may'st find forty will be kinder,
Or more compassionate at least,
If one will serve, two hours will find her,
And half this 'do for ever bind her,
As firm and true as thine own breast,
On love and virtue's double interest :

But if thou canst not live without her,
This only she, when it comes to 't,
And she relent not (as I doubt her)
Never make more ado about her,
To sigh and wimper is no boot ;
Go, hang thyself, and that will do 't.

CHARLES COTTON



OH! the balloon, the great balloon,
It left Vauxhall one Monday at noon,
And every one said we should hear of it soon
With news from Aleppo or Scanderoon.

But here 's Mr. Hughes !—What says young Mr. Hughes ?—
“ Why, I 'm sorry to say we 've not got any news
Since the letter they threw down in one of their shoes,
Which gave the mayor's nose such a deuce of a bruise,
As he popp'd up his eye-glass to look at their cruise
Over Dover ; and which the folks flock'd to peruse
At Squiers's bazaar, the same evening, in crews—
Politicians, news-mongers, town-council, and blues,
Turks, Heretics, Infidels, Jumpers, and Jews,
Scoring Bachelor's papers, and Warren's reviews :
But the wind was then blowing towards Helvoetsluys,
And my father and I are in terrible stews,
For so large a balloon is a sad thing to lose ! ”—

Here 's news come at last ;—Here 's news come at last !—
A vessel 's come in, which has sail'd very fast ;
And a gentleman serving before the mast,—
Mister Nokes—has declared that “ the party has past
Safe across to the Hague. where their grapnel they cast,
As a fat burgomaster was staring aghast
To see such a monster come borne on the blast,
And it caught in his waistband, and there it stuck fast ! ”—
Oh ! fie ! Mister Nokes,—for shame, Mr. Nokes !
To be poking your fun at us plain-dealing folks—
Sir, this isn't a time to be cracking your jokes,
And such jesting your malice but scurvily cloaks ;
Such a trumpery tale every one of us smokes,
And we know very well your whole story 's a hoax !—

' THOMAS INGOLDSBY '





THOUGH clock,
 To tell how night draws hence, I 've none,
 A cock
 I have to sing how day draws on.
 I have
 A maid, my Prew, by good luck sent,
 To save
 That little, Fates me gave or lent.
 A hen
 I keep, which creaking day by day,
 Tells when
 She goes her long white egg to lay.
 A goose
 I have, which with a jealous ear
 Lets loose
 Her tongue to tell that danger 's neare.
 A lamb
 I keep (tame) with my morseles fed,
 Whose dam
 An orphan left him (lately dead).
 A cat
 I keep, that plays about my house,
 Grown fat
 With eating many a miching mouse.
 To these
 A trasy I do keep whereby
 I please
 The more my rurall privacie :
 Which are
 But toyes to give my heart some ease :
 Where care
 None is, slight things do lightly please.

ROBERT HERRICK

DOL-DRUM the Manager never before
In his life-time had heard such a wild uproar.
Dol-drum the Manager turn'd to flee ;
But he says—says he, “ *Mort de ma vie !*
I shall *nevare* engage vid dat Fiddle-de-dee ! ”
Then all the gentlefolks flew in a rage,
And they jump'd from the Omnibus on to the Stage,
Lords, Squires, and Knights, they came down to the lights,
In their opera-hats, and their opera-tights.
Ma'am'selle Cherrytoes Shook to her very toes,
She couldn't hop on, so hopped off on her merry toes.
And the “ evening concluded ” with “ Three times three ! ”
“ Hip !—hip !—hurrah ! for Fiddle-de-dee ! ”

‘ THOMAS INGOLDSBY ’







WE be soldiers three,
Pardona moy je vous an pree,
Lately come forth of the Low Country
With never a penny of money.
Fa la la la lantido dilly.

Here, good fellow, I drink to thee,
Pardona moy je vous an pree,
To all good fellows wherever they be,
With never a penny of money.

And he that will not pledge me this,
Pardona moy je vous an pree,
Pays for the shot whatever it is,
With never a penny of money.

Charge it again, boy, charge it again,
Pardona moy je vous an pree,
As long as there is any ink in thy pen
With never a penny of money.

ANONYMOUS

“**A**H me, but it might have been !
Was there ever so dismal a fate ? ”—
Quoth the little blue mandarin.

“ Such a maid as was never seen !
She passed, though I cried to her ‘ Wait,’—
Ah me, but it might have been !

“ I cried, ‘ O my Flower, my Queen,
Be mine ! ’ ’Twas precipitate,”—
Quoth the little blue mandarin,—

“ But then . . . she was just sixteen,—
Long-eyed,—as a lily straight,—
Ah me, but it might have been !

“ As it was, from her palankeen,
She laughed—you ’re a week too late ! ’ ”
(Quoth the little mandarin.)

“ That is why, in a mist of spleen,
I mourn on this Nankin Plate.
Ah me, but it might have been ! ”
Quoth the little blue mandarin.

AUSTIN DOBSON





COME, sweet lass,
Let 's banish sorrow
'Till to-morrow ;
Come, sweet lass,
Let 's take a chirping glass.
Wine can clear
The vapours of despair,
And make us light as air ;
Then drink, and banish care.

TOM D'URFEY

FAREWELL to one now silenced quite,
Sent out of hearing, out of sight,—
My friend of friends, whom I shall miss.
He is not banished, though, for this,—
Nor he, nor sadness, nor delight.

Though I shall talk with him no more,
A low voice sounds upon the shore.
He must not watch my resting-place,
But who shall drive a mournful face
From the sad winds about my door ?

I shall not hear his voice complain
But who shall stop the patient rain ?
His tears must not disturb my heart,
But who shall change the years, and part
The world from every thought of pain ?

Although my life is left so dim,
The morning crowns the mountain-rim ;
Joy is not gone from summer skies,
Nor innocence from children's eyes,
And all these things are part of him.

He is not banished, for the showers
Yet wake this green warm earth of ours.
How can the summer but be sweet ?
I shall not have him at my feet,
And yet my feet are on the flowers.

ALICE MEYNELL



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