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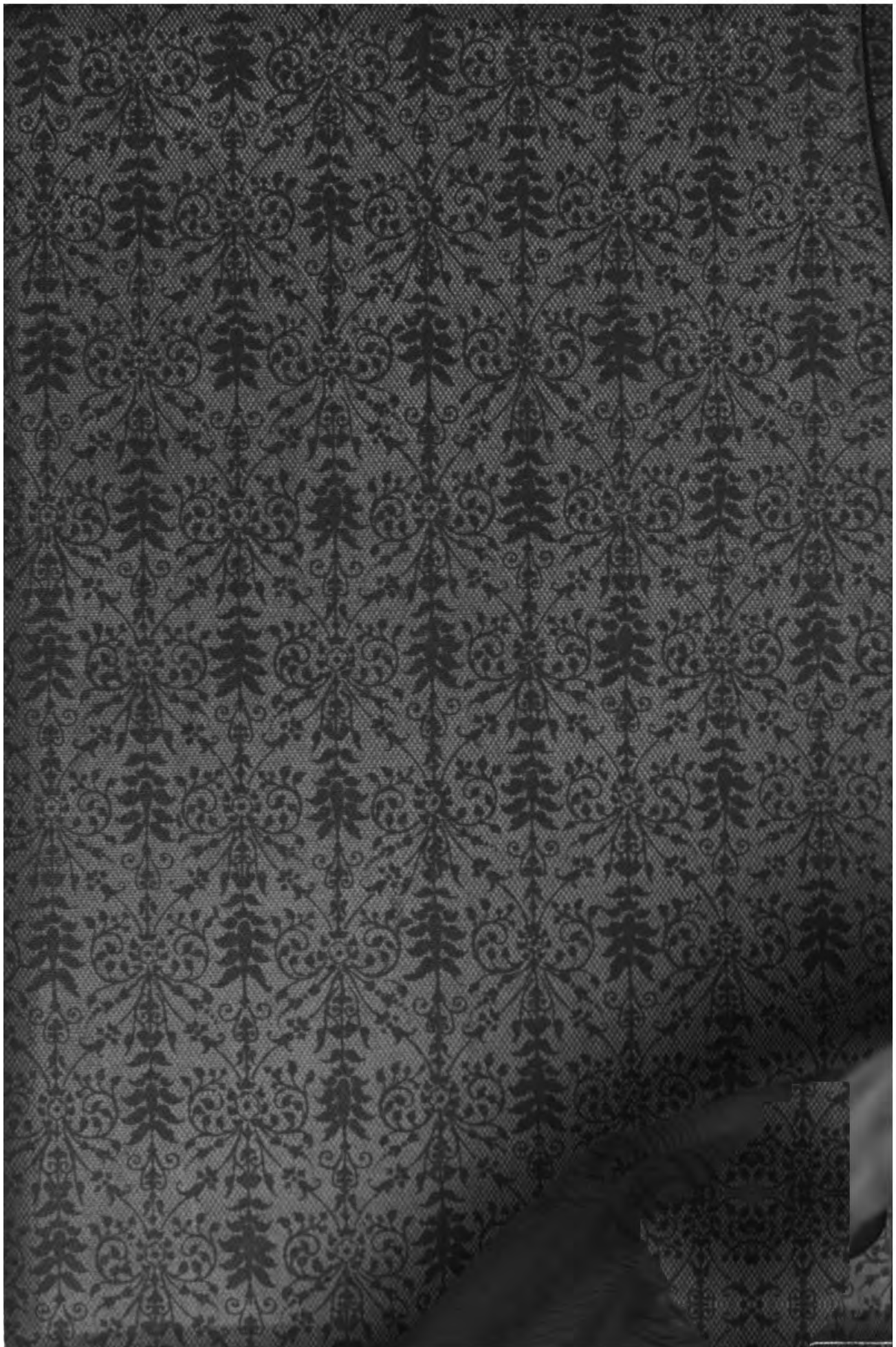
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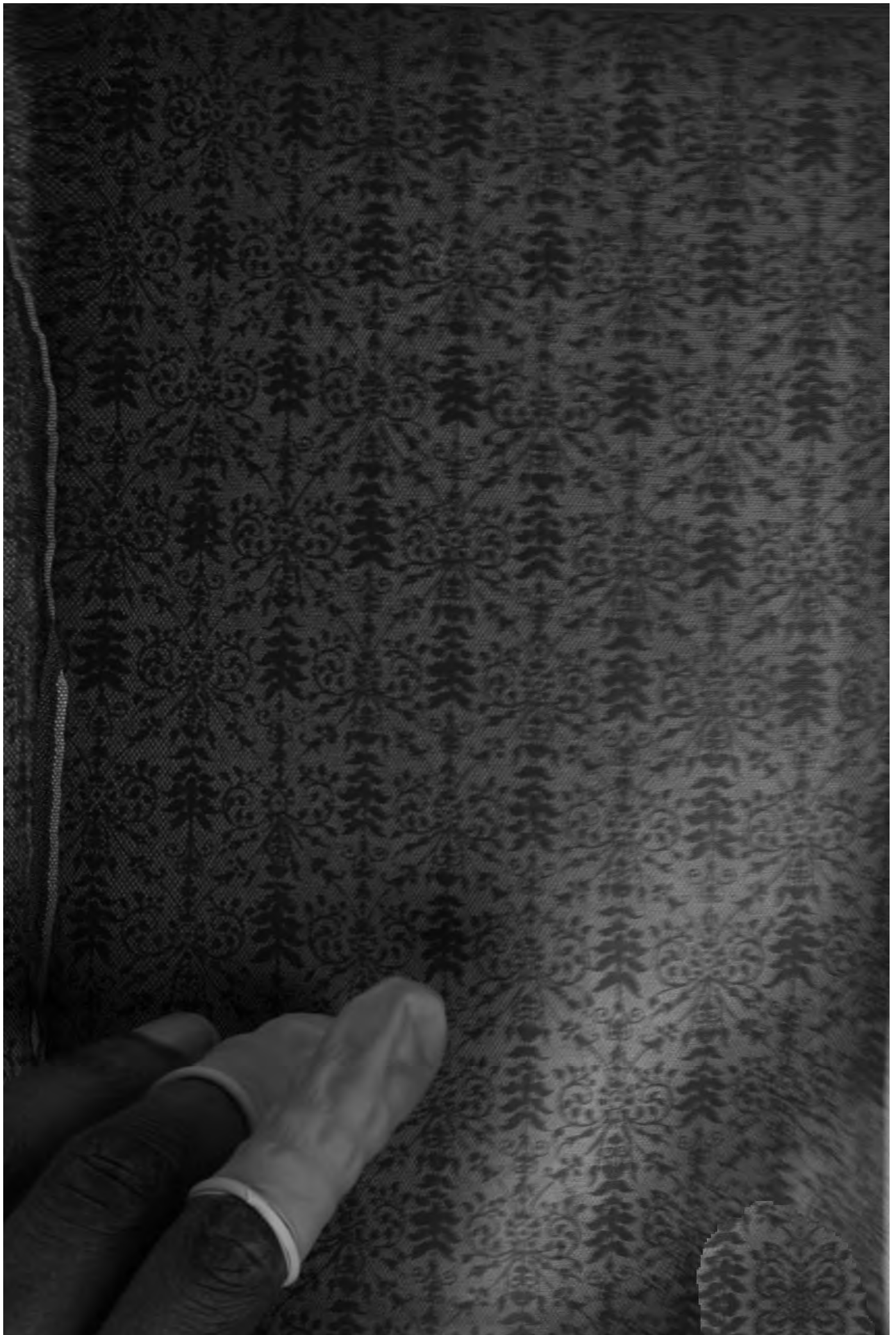


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GOLDEN APPLES
OF HESPERUS.





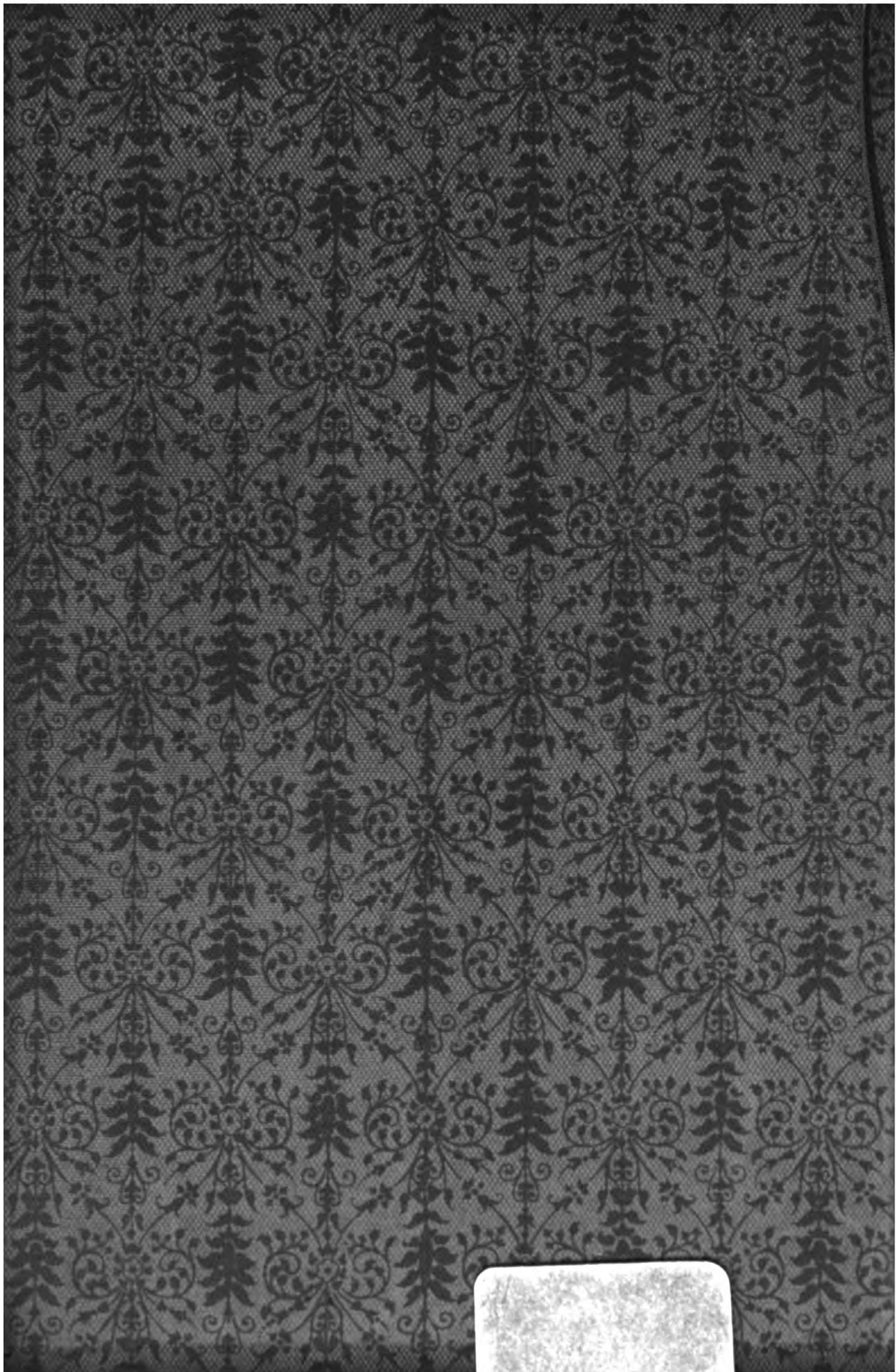


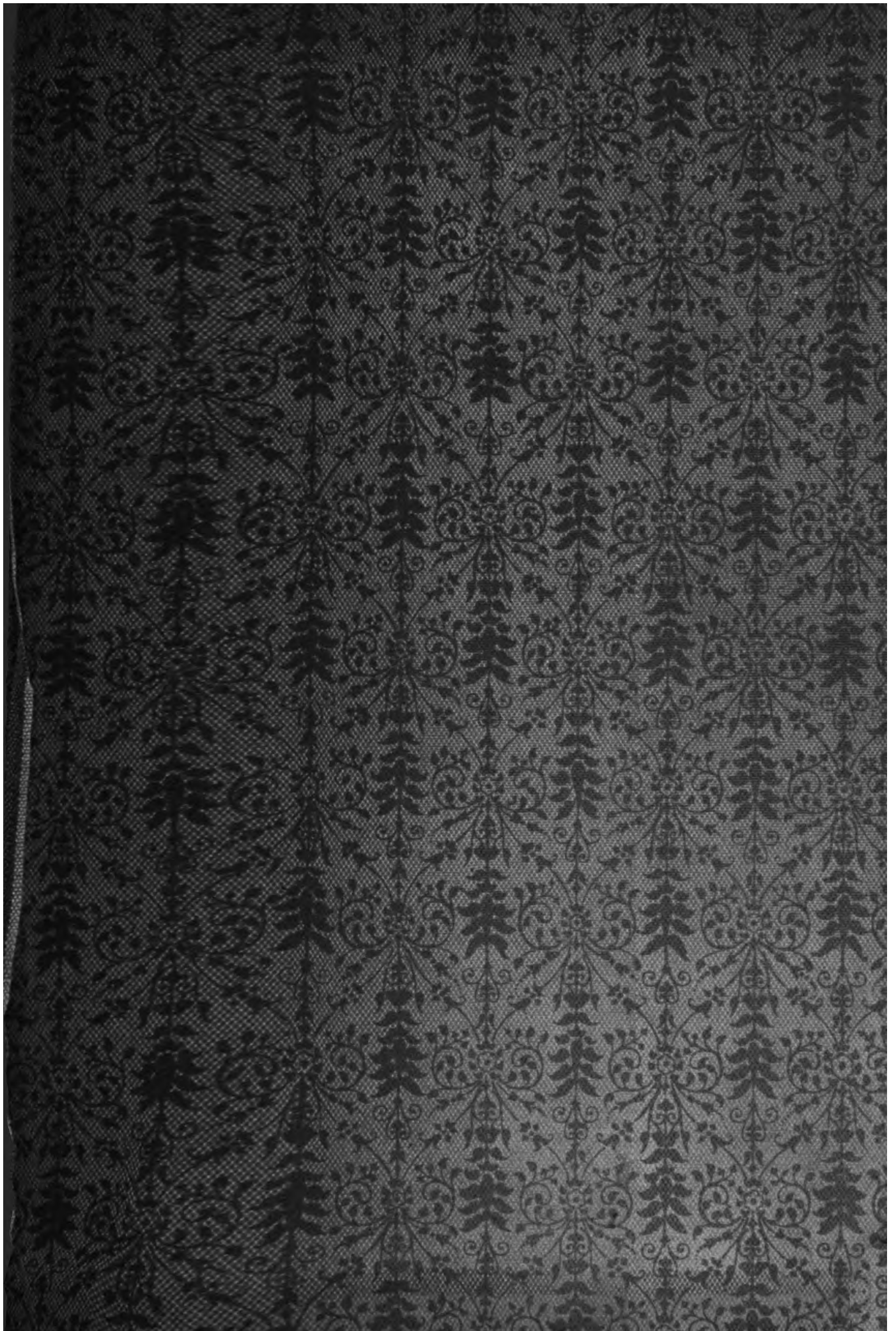
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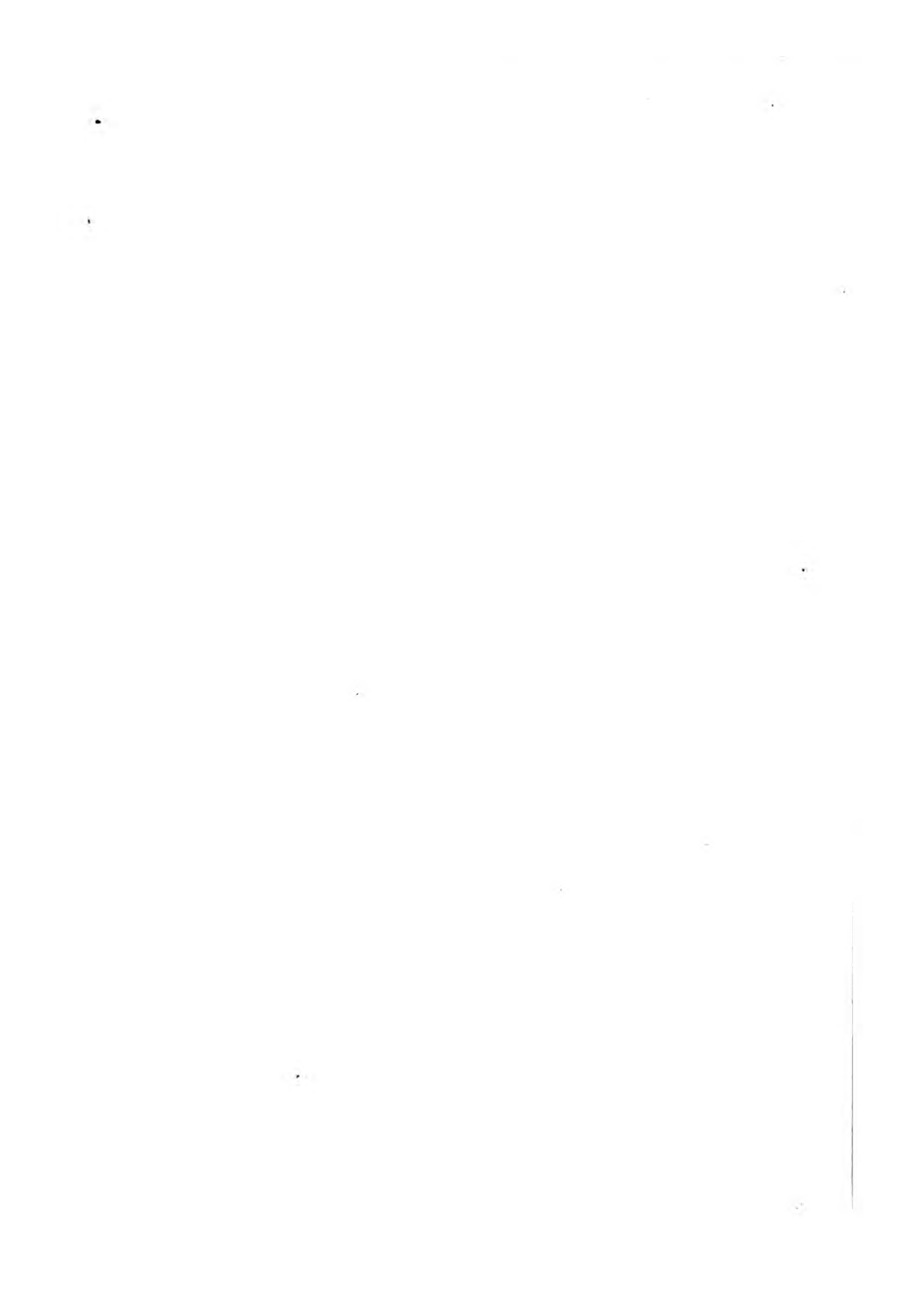


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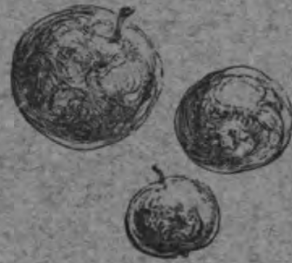


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GOLDEN APPLES
OF HESPERUS





GOLDEN APPLES
OF
HESPERUS

GOLDEN APPLES

OF

HESPERUS

POEMS NOT IN THE COLLECTIONS

"Inheritors of unfulfill'd renown."



TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE COPIES

1882

225 copies only.

No.



A. J. Ledore Private Press

U. S. A.



POEMS NOT IN THE COLLECTIONS: meaning such general "selections" as are in vogue and accessible to the ordinary readers (not students) of poetry. Except Keats' ODE TO PSYCHE (lately given by Trench), and some half dozen incompletely or incorrectly rendered from the earlier Poets, the poems here printed I have not been able to find in any popular anthology. Whether this neglect has been caused by a want of taste or by insufficient industry, of the purveyors for an unjudging public, it may not be of much consequence to determine; only when the works of Sidney, Landor, and Horne, have been passed by, there is no great ground for surprise at the overlooking of any others. I do not pretend to have, even now, stripped the poetic orchard. I have but picked a basket-full, part from branches uncared for, albeit well known, part from trees hereto unregarded, as samples of a plentiful remainder left for later gatherers.

Possibly, my work having been long in preparation, later editions of books examined, or some unseen newer collection, may contain a few of the poems here printed: but of this there does not appear sufficient likelihood to require another inquest.

For my text, I have sought the best authorities: yet may not always be correct. One wilful alteration needs explaining, and asks excuse. I can not be content to believe that Fletcher (page 57) could have written a line so faulty as—

“With her bells dim.”

or have so inadequately described the primrose — which is not a bell at all. The line I have printed instead might have been written, and mistaken by either transcriber or printer. The *hair-bell slim* would not be out of place in the Song.



Of the wood-cuts I may confess that I have but cared to adorn my pages with something less monotonous and less impertinent than printers' furniture, while yet avoiding the imposition of what it has been a custom to call illustrations. Some of the cuts (about a third) have been used before in a volume of my own Poems (1865), long out of print.

For anything unusual or unsatisfactory in the production of the book I ask consideration: the whole of it,—drawing, engraving, composition, and printing (the printing my first attempt), being the work of my own hands, at odd times, with long intervals, and many hindrances.

W. J. L.

New-Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

1882



THE GARDENS FAIR
OF HESPERUS AND HIS DAUGHTERS THREE
THAT SING ABOUT THE GOLDEN TREE.

MILTON







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I DEDICATE THIS BOOK
TO MY FRIEND
RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

For two reasons:—the first that it was partly suggested by his own choice volume of "Melodies and Madrigals," the second that I am indebted to him for most efficient aid during the progress of my work.

For these two reasons, and yet a third: the generous readiness to help, upon every occasion, which more than doubles my indebtedness.

W. J. LINTON.

GOLDEN APPLES
OF
HESPERUS

VENIET CORDATIOR ÆTAS;

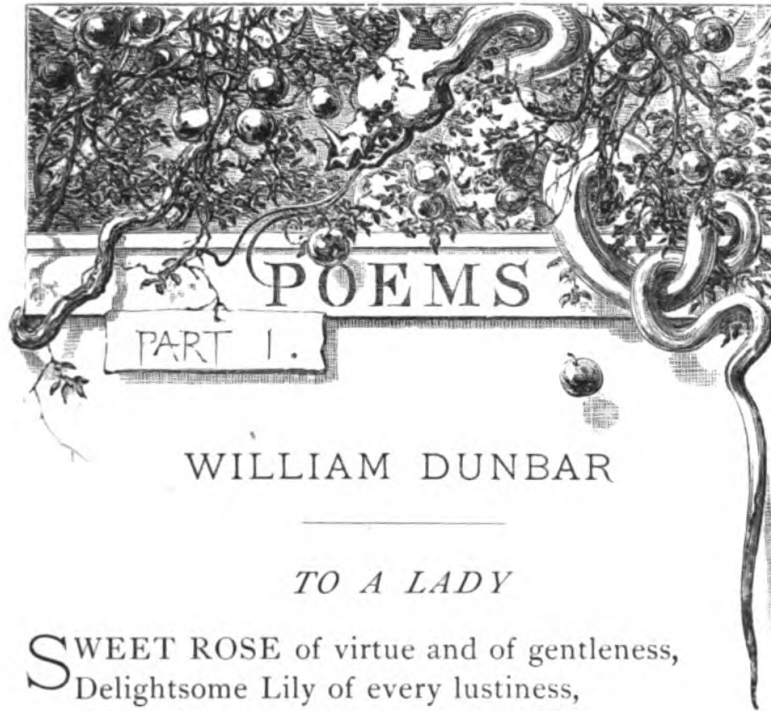
SI QUID MEREMUR SANA POSTERITAS SCIET.

MILTÓN

THE SOUNDEST APPLES ARE NOT SOONEST RIPE.

LANDOR





WILLIAM DUNBAR

TO A LADY

SWEET ROSE of virtue and of gentleness,
Delightsome Lily of every lustiness,
Richest in bounty and in beauty clear
And every virtue that to heaven is dear,
Except only that ye are merciless !

Into your garth this day I did pursue :
There saw I flowers that fresh were of hue,
Both white and red most lusty were to seen,
And wholesome herbis upon stalkis green ;
Yet leaf nor flower find could I none of Rue.

I doubt that March, with his cold blastis keen,
Has slain this gentle herb that I of mene :
Whose piteous death does to my heart such pain
That I would make to plant his root again,
So comforting his leaves unto me been.

ADVICE TO LOVERS

IF ye would love and lovèd be,
In mind keep well these thingis three,
And sadly in thy breast imprent,—
 Be secret, true, and patient !

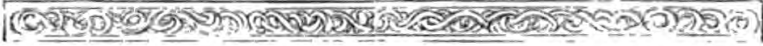
For he that patience can not leir,
He shall displeasance have perquier,
Though he had all this worldis rent :
 Be secret, true, and patient !

For who that secret can not be,
Him all good fellowship shall flee,
And credence none shall him be lent :
 Be secret, true, and patient !

And he that is of heart untrue,
From he be ken'd, farewell ! adieu !
Fie on him ! fie ! his fame is went :
 Be secret, true, and patient !

Thus he that wants ane of these three
Ane lover glad may never be,
But aye in some thing discontent :
 Be secret, true, and patient !

Nought with thy tongue thyself discure
The thingis thou hast of nature ;
For if thou dost, thou should repent :
 Be secret, true, and patient !



JOHN HEYWOOD

A PRAISE OF HIS LADY

GIVE PLACE, you Ladies! and begone;
Boast not yourselves at all!
For here at hand approacheth One
Whose face will stain you all.

The virtue of her lively looks
Excels the precious stone;
I wish to have none other books
To read or look upon.

In each of her two crystal eyes
Smileth a naked boy:
It would you all in heart suffice
To see that lamp of joy.

I think Nature hath lost the mould
Where She her shape did take;
Or else I doubt if Nature could
So fair a creature make.

She may be very well compared
Unto the Phœnix kind,
Whose like was never seen or heard
That any man can find.

In life she is Diana chaste,
In truth Penelope;
In word and eke in deed steadfast:
What will you more we say?

If all the world were sought so far,
Who could find such a wight?
Her beauty twinkleth like a star
Within the frosty night.

Her rosiall colour comes and goes
With such a comely grace,
More readier too than doth the rose,
Within her lively face.

At Bacchus' feast none shall her meet,
Ne at no wanton play,
Nor gazing in an open street,
Nor gadding as a stray.

The modest mirth that she doth use
Is mix'd with shamefacedness ;
All vice she doth wholly refuse,
And hateth idleness.

O Lord ! it is a world to see
How virtue can repair
And deck in her such honesty
Whom Nature made so fair.

Truly She doth as far exceed
Our women now-a-days
As doth the gillyflower a weed,
And more a thousand ways.

How might I do to get a graff
Of this unspotted tree?
For all the rest are plain but chaff
Which seem good corn to be.

This gift alone I shall her give :
When Death doth what he can,
Her honest fame shall ever live
Within the mouth of man.



NICOLAS GRIMAOLD

A TRUE LOVE

What sweet relief the showers to thirsty plants we see,
What dear delight the blooms to bees, my true Love is to me ;
As fresh and lusty Ver foul Winter doth exceed,
As morning bright with scarlet sky doth pass the evening's weed,
As mellow pears above harsh crabs esteemed be,
So doth my Love surmount them all whom yet I hap to see.
The oak shall olives bear, the lamb the lion fray,
The owl shall match the nightingale in tuning of her lay,
Or I my Love let slip out of mine entire heart :
So deep reposed in my breast is She for her desert.
For many blessed gifts, O happy, happy land !
Where Mars and Pallas strive to make their glory most to stand ;
Yet, land ! more is thy bliss that in this cruel age
A Venus imp thou hast brought forth, so steadfast and so sage.
Among the Muses nine a tenth if Jove would make,
And to the Graces three a fourth, Her would Apollo take.
Let some for honour hunt, or hoard the massy gold :
With Her so I may live and die, my weal can not be told.





BARNABE GOOGE

TO THE TUNE OF APELLES

THE rushing rivers that do run,
The vallies sweet adorned new
That lean their sides against the sun,
With flowers fresh of sundry hue,
Both ash and elm, and oak so high,
Do all lament my woeful cry.

While winter black with hideous storms
Doth spoil the ground of summer's green,
While spring-time sweet the leaf returns
That late on tree could not be seen,
While summer burns, while harvest reigns,
Still, still do rage my restless pains.

No end I find in all my smart,
But endless torment I sustain,
Since first, alas! my woeful heart
By sight of thee was forced to plain,—
Since that I lost my liberty,
Since that thou madest a slave of me.

My heart, that once abroad was free,
Thy beauty hath in durance brought ;
Once reason ruled and guided me,
And now is wit consumed with thought ;
Once I rejoiced above the sky,
And now for thee, alas! I die.

Once I rejoiced in company,
And now my chief and sole delight
Is from my friends away to fly
And keep alone my wearied sprite.
Thy face divine and my desire
From flesh have me transform'd to fire.

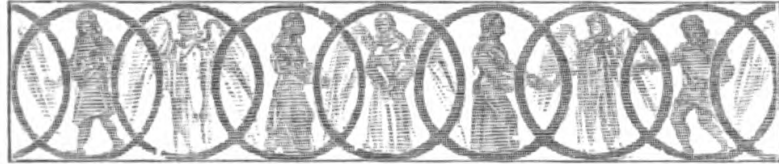
O Nature! thou that first didst frame
My Lady's hair of purest gold,
Her eyes of crystal to the same,
Her lips of precious rubies' mould,
Her neck of alabaster white,—
Surmounting far each other wight :

Why didst thou not that time devise,
Why didst thou not foresee, before
The mischief that thereof doth rise
And grief on grief doth heap with store,
To make her heart of wax alone
And not of flint and marble stone ?

O Lady! show thy favour yet :
Let not thy servant die for thee !
Where Rigour ruled let Mercy sit !
Let Pity conquer Cruelty !
Let not Disdain, a fiend of hell,
Possess the place where Grace should dwell !



ONCE MUSING AS I SAT,
And candle burning by,
When all were hush'd, I might discern
A simple sely Fly,
That flew before mine eyes,
With free rejoicing heart,
And here and there with wings did play,
As void of pain and smart.
Sometime by me she sat
When she had play'd her fill ;
And ever when she rested had
About she flutter'd still.
When I perceived her well
Rejoicing in her place,
O happy Fly ! quoth I, and eke
O worm in happy case !
Which of us two is best ?
I that have reason ? No :
But thou that reason art without,
And therewith void of woe.
I live, and so dost thou ;
But I live all in pain,
And subject am to Her, alas !
That makes my grief her gain.
Thou livest, but feel'st no grief ;
No love doth thee torment.
A happy thing for me it were
(If God were so content)
That thou with pen wert placèd here
And I sat in thy place :
Then I should joy as thou dost now,
And thou shouldst wail thy case.



SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

THE MEETING

IN A GROVE, most rich of shade,
Where birds wanton music made,
May, then young, his pied weeds showing,
New-perfumed with flowers fresh growing,

Astrophel with Stella sweet
Did for mutual comfort meet,
Both within themselves oppressed,
But each in the other blessed.

Him great harms had taught much care,
Her fair neck a foul yoke bare ;
But her sight his cares did banish,
In his sight her yoke did vanish.

Wept they had, alas the while !
But now tears themselves did smile,
While their eyes, by love directed,
Interchangeably reflected.

Sigh they did : but now betwixt
Sighs of woes were glad sighs mix'd ;
With arms cross'd, yet testifying
Restless rest, and living dying.

Their ears hungry of each word
Which the dear tongue would afford,
But their tongues restrain'd from walking
Till their hearts had ended talking.

But, when their tongues could not speak,
Love itself did silence break ;
Love did set his lips asunder,
Thus to speak in love and wonder.

Stella! sovereign of my joy,
Fair triumpher of annoy !
Stella, star of heavenly fire !
Stella, loadstar of desire !

Stella, in whose shining eyes
Are the lights of Cupid's skies,
Whose beams, where they once are darted,
Love therewith is straight imparted !

Stella, whose voice, when it speaks,
Senses all asunder breaks !
Stella, whose voice, when it singeth,
Angels to acquaintance bringeth !

Stella, in whose body is
Writ each character of bliss ;
Whose face all all beauty passeth,
Save thy mind, which yet surpasseth !

Grant, O grant,— but speech, alas !
Fails me, fearing on to pass ;
Grant,— O me ! what am I saying ?
But no fault there is in praying :

Grant — O Dear ! on knees I pray,
(Knees on ground he then did stay),
That, not I, but since I love you,
Time and place for me may move you.

Never season was more fit ;
Never room more apt for it ;
Smiling air allows my reason ;
These birds sing — “ Now use the season ! ”

This small wind, which so sweet is,
See how it the leaves doth kiss !
Each tree in its best attiring,
Sense of love to love inspiring.

Love makes earth the water drink ;
Love to earth makes water sink ;
And, if dumb things be so witty,
Shall a heavenly grace want pity ?

There his hands, in their speech, fain
Would have made tongue's language plain ;
But her hands, his hands repelling,
Gave repulse all grace excelling.

Then she spake : her speech was such
As not ears but heart did touch ;
While such wise she love denièd
As yet love she signifièd.

Astrophel ! said she, — my love
Cease in these effects to prove !
Now be still ! yet still believe me,
Thy grief more than death would grieve me.

If that any thought in me
Can taste comfort but of thee,
Let me, fed with hellish anguish,
Joyless, hopeless, endless languish !

If those eyes you praised be
Half so dear as you to me,
Let me home return stark-blinded
Of those eyes, and blinder-minded !

If to secret of my heart
I do any wish impart
Where thou art not foremost placèd,
Be both wish and I defacèd !

If more may be said, I say :
All my bliss in thee I lay :
If thou love, my love content thee !
For all love, all faith is meant thee.

Trust me, while I thee deny,
In myself the smart I try ;
Tyrant Honour doth thus use thee ;
Stella's self might not refuse thee.

Therefore, Dear ! this no more move,
Lest, though I leave not thy love,
Which too deep in me is framèd,
I should blush when thou art namèd !—

Therewithal away she went,
Leaving him so passion-rent
With what she had done and spoken,
That therewith my song is broken.

ABSENCE

○ DEAR LIFE! when shall it be
That mine eyes thine eyes shall see,
And in them thy mind discover:
Whether absence have had force
Thy remembrance to divorce
From the image of thy lover?

O, if I myself find not
After parting aught forgot
Nor debarr'd from Beauty's treasure,
Let not tongue aspire to tell
In what high joys I shall dwell!
Only thought aims at the pleasure.

Thought! therefore I will send thee
To take up the place for me;
Long I will not after tarry:
There, unseen, thou may'st be bold
Those fair wonders to behold
Which in them my hopes do carry.

Thought! see thou no place forbear!
Enter bravely everywhere!
Seize on all to her belonging!
But if thou wouldst guarded be,
Her beams fearing, take with thee
Strength of liking, rage of longing!

Think of that most grateful time,
When my leaping heart will climb
In my lips to have his bidding:

There those roses for to kiss,
Which do breathe a sugar'd bliss,
Opening rubies, pearls dividing!

Think of my most princely power,
Which, I blessed, shall devour
With my greedy licorous senses
Beauty, music, sweetness, love,
While she doth against me prove
Her strong darts but weak defences!

Think, think of those dallyings
When, with dove-like murmurings,
With glad moaning, passed anguish,
We change eyes and, heart for heart,
Each to other do depart
Joying till joy makes us languish!

O, my Thought! thy thoughts surcease!
Thy delights my woes increase;
My life melts with too much thinking:
Think no more,— but die in me
Till thou shalt revived be,
At her lips my nectar drinking!

OPPORTUNITY

ONLY JOY! now here you are,
Fit to hear and ease my care,
Let my whispering voice obtain
Sweet reward for sharpest pain:
Take me to thee, and thee to me!—
“No, no, no, no, my Dear! let be!”

Night hath closed all in her cloak ;
Twinkling stars love-thoughts provoke ;
Danger hence good care doth keep ;
Jealousy himself doth sleep :
Take me to thee, and thee to me !—
“ No, no, no, no, my Dear ! let be ! ”

Better place no wit can find,
Cupid's knot to loose or bind ;
These sweet flowers, our fine bed, too
Us in their best language woo :
Take me to thee, and thee to me ;—
“ No, no, no, no, my Dear ! let be ! ”

This small light the moon bestows
Serves thy beams but to disclose,
So to raise my hap more high ;
Fear not, else none can us spy :
Take me to thee, and thee to me !—
“ No, no, no, no, my Dear ! let be ! ”

That you heard was but a mouse ;
Dumb sleep holdeth all the house ;
Yet asleep, methinks they say —
Young fools ! take time while you may :
Take me to thee, and thee to me !—
“ No, no, no, no, my Dear ! let be ! ”

Niggard Time threats, if we miss
This large offer of our bliss,
Long stay ere he grant the same :
Sweet ! then, while each thing doth frame,
Take me to thee, and thee to me !—

“No, no, no, no, my Dear! let be!”

Your fair mother is a-bed,
Candles out and curtains spread;
She thinks you do letters write;
Write, but let me first indite:
Take me to thee, and thee to me!—
“No, no, no, no, my Dear! let be!”

Sweet! alas! why strive you thus?
Concord better fitteth us;
Leave to Mars the force of hands;
Your power in your beauty stands:
Take thee to me, and me to thee!—
“No, no, no, no, my Dear! let be!”

Woe to me, and do you swear
Me to hate but I forbear?
Cursèd be my destines all,
That brought me so high to fall!
Soon with my death I will please thee——
“No, no, no, no, my Dear! let be!”



STELLA! the fullness of my thoughts of thee
Can not be stay'd within my panting breast ;
But they do swell and struggle forth of me
Till that in words thy figure be express'd :
And yet, as soon as they so formed be,
According to my lord Love's own behest,
With sad eyes I their weak proportion see
To portrait that which in this world is best.
So that I can not choose but write my mind,
And can not choose but put out what I write :
While these poor babes their death in birth do find.
And now my pen these lines had dashed quite,
But that they stopp'd his fury from the same
Because their fore-front bare sweet Stella's name.

ALAS! have I not pain enough, my friend !
Upon whose breast a fiercer gripe doth tire
Than did on him who first stole down the fire,
While Love on me doth all his quiver spend,
But with your rhubarb words you must contend
To grieve me worse, in saying that Desire
Doth plunge my well-form'd soul even in the mire
Of sinful thoughts which do in ruin end?
If that be sin which doth the manners frame,
Well-staid with truth in word and faith of deed,
Ready of wit, and fearing nought but shame,—
If that be sin which in fix'd hearts doth breed
A loathing of all loose unchastity,—
Then love is sin, and let me sinful be !

O JOY too high for my low style to show !
 O bliss fit for a nobler state than me !
 Envy ! put out thine eyes, lest thou do see
 What oceans of delight in me do flow !
 My friend ! that oft saw through all masks my woe,
 Come, come, and let me pour myself on thee !
 Gone is the Winter of my misery ;
 My Spring appears : O see what here doth grow !
 For Stella hath, with words where faith doth shine,
 Of her high heart given me the monarchy.
 I, I,— O, I may say that she is mine !
 And though she give but thus conditionly,
 This realm of bliss while virtuous course I take,
 No kings be crown'd but they some covenants make.

MY MUSE may well grudge at my heavenly joy
 If still I force her in sad rhymes to creep :
 She oft hath drunk my tears now hopes to enjoy
 Nectar of mirth, since I Jove's cup do keep.
 Sonnets be not bound 'prentice to annoy ;
 Trebles sing high, so well as bases deep.
 Grief but Love's winter livery is : the boy
 Hath cheeks to smile, so well as eyes to weep.
 Come then, my Muse ! show thou height of delight
 In well-raised notes ; my pen, the best it may,
 Shall paint out joy though but in black and white.
 Cease, eager Muse ! peace, pen ! for my sake stay !
 I give you here my hand for truth of this :
 Wise silence is best music unto bliss.



SIR EDWARD DYER

THE FRIEND'S REMONSTRANCE

PROMETHEUS, when first from heaven high
He brought down fire, ere then on earth not seen,
Fond of delight, a Satyr, standing by,
Gave it a kiss, as it like sweet had been.
Feeling forthwith the other burning power,
Wood with the smart, with shouts and shrieking shrill,
He sought his ease in river, field, and bower ;
But for the time his grief went with him still.
So silly I, with that unwonted sight,
In human shape an angel from above,
Feeding mine eyes, the impression there did light ;
That since I run and rest as pleaseth Love.
The difference is : the Satyr's lips— my heart,—
He for a while, I evermore have smart.

HIS ANSWER

A SATYR once did run away for dread
With sound of horn which he himself did blow :
Fearing and fear'd, thus from himself he fled,
Deeming strange ill in that he did not know.
Such causeless fears when coward minds do take,
It makes them fly that which they fain would have :
As this poor beast, who did his rest forsake,
Thinking not why but how himself to save.

Even thus might I, for doubts which I conceive
 Of mine own words, my own good hap betray ;
 And thus might I, for fear of may-be, leave
 The sweet pursuit of my desired prey.
 Better like I thy Satyr, dearest Dyer !
 Who burn'd his lips to kiss fair shining fire.

Philip Sidney.



ON SIDNEY'S DEATH

HOW LONG with vain complaining,
 With dreary tears and joys refraining,
 Shall we renew his dying
 Whose happy soul is flying,
 Not in a place of sadness,
 But in eternal gladness?
 Sweet Sidney lives in heaven : then let our weeping
 Be turn'd to hymns and songs of pleasant keeping !

Thomas Watson





THOMAS WATSON

OF TIME

TIME wasteth years and months and days and hours :
Time doth consume fame, honour, wit, and strength :
Time kills the greenest herbs and sweetest flowers :
Time wears out youth and beauty's looks at length :
Time doth convey to ground both foe and friend,
And each thing else but Love, which hath no end.
Time maketh every tree to die and rot :
Time turneth oft our pleasures into pain :
Time causeth wars and wrongs to be forgot :
Time clears the sky which first hung full of rain :
Time makes an end of all humane desire,
But only this which sets my heart on fire.
Time turneth into nought each princely state :
Time brings a flood from new resolvèd snow :
Time calms the sea where tempest was of late :
Time eats whate'er the moon can see below :
And yet no time prevails in my behoof,
Nor any time can make me cease to love.

JEALOUS OF GANYMEDE

THIS latter night, amidst my troubled rest,
A dismal dream my fearful heart appall'd,
Whereof the sum was this : Love made a feast,
To which all neighbour Saints and Gods were call'd :
The cheer was more than mortal men can think,
And mirth grew on by taking in their drink.

Then Jove amidst his cups, for service done,
 'Gan thus to jest with Ganymede, his boy :
 I fain would find for thee, my pretty Son !
 A fairer wife than Paris brought to Troy.
 Why, Sir ! quoth he, if Phœbus stand my friend,
 Who knows the world, this gear will soon have end.
 Then Jove replied that Phœbus should not choose
 But do his best to find the fairest face ;
 And she once found should neither will nor choose,
 But yield herself and change her dwelling-place,
 Alas ! how much was then my heart affright :
 Which bade me wake and watch my Fair Delight.

THE KISS

I N time long past, when in Diana's chase
 A bramble bush prick'd Venus in the foot,
 Old Æsculapius help'd her heavy case
 Before the hurt had taken any root :
 Wherehence, although his beard were crising hard,
 She yielded him a kiss for his reward.
 My luck was like to his, this other day,
 When She whom I on earth do worship most
 For kissing me vouchsafèd thus to say —
 "Take this for once, and make thereof no boast !"
 Forthwith my heart gave signs of joy by skips,
 As though our souls had join'd by joining lips.
 And since that time I thought it not amiss
 To judge which were the best of all these three :
 Her breath, her speech, or that her dainty kiss :
 And (sure) of all the kiss best likèd me.

For that was it which did revive my heart,
Oppress'd and almost dead with daily smart.

MY LOVE IS PAST

L OVE hath delight in sweet delicious fare ;
Love never takes good Counsel for his friend ;
Love author is and cause of idle care ;
Love is distraught of wit and hath no end ;
Love shooteth shafts of burning hot desire ;
Love burneth more than either flame or fire.
Love doth much harm through jealousy's assault ;
Love once embraced will hardly part again ;
Love thinks in breach of faith there is no fault ;
Love makes a sport of others' deadly pain ;
Love is a wanton child, and loves to brawl ;
Love with his war brings many souls to thrall.
These are the smallest faults that lurk in Love ;
These are the hurts which I have cause to curse ;
These are those truths which no man can disprove ;
These are such harms as none can suffer worse.
All this I write that others may beware,
Though now myself twice free from all such care.

SONNET

B LAME me not, dear Love ! though I talk at randon,
Terming thee scornful, proud, unkind, disdainful,
Since all I do can not my woes abandon,
Or rid me of the yoke I feel so painful.
If I do paint thy pride or want of pity,
Consider likewise how I blaze thy beauty :

Inforcèd to the first in mournful ditty,
 Constrained to the last by servile duty.
 And take thou no offence if I misdeemed !
 Thy beauty's glory quencheth thy pride's blemish :
 Better it is of all to be esteemed
 Fair and too proud than not fair and too squeamish.
 And seeing thou must scorn, and 'tis approvèd,
 Scorn to be ruthless since thou art belovèd !



ANTHONY MUNDAY

DIRGE FOR ROBIN HOOD

WEEP, weep, ye woodmen ! wail ;
 Your hands with sorrow wring !
 Your master, Robin Hood, lies dead :
 Therefore sigh as you sing !

Here lie his primer and his beads—
 His bent bow and his arrows keen ;
 His good sword and his holy cross :
 Now cast on flowers fresh and green !

And, as they fall, shed tears and say
 Well, well-a-day ! well, well-a-day !
 Thus cast ye flowers fresh, and sing,
 And on to Wakefield take your way !



GEORGE PEELE

CUPID'S CURSE

ÆNONE — FAIR and fair and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,—
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A Love for any Ladie !

PARIS — Fair and fair and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,—
Thy Love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other Ladie.

ÆNONE — My Love is fair, my Love is gay,
As fresh as been the flowers in May ;
And of my Love my roundelay,
My merry merry merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's Curse —
They that do change old love for new,
Pray Gods, they change for worse !

BOTH — They that do change —

ÆNONE — Fair and fair and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,—
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A Love for any Ladie !

PARIS — Fair and fair and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,—

Thy Love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other Ladie.

ENONE — My Love can pipe, my Love can sing,
My Love can many a pretty thing ;
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry merry roundelays :
Amen to Cupid's Curse !

They that do change old love for new,
Pray Gods, they change for worse !

PARIS — They that do change old love for new,
Pray Gods, they change for worse !

BOTH — Fair and fair —

COLIN'S SONG

○ GENTLE LOVE ! ungentle for thy deed,
Thou makest my heart
A bloody mark,
With piercing shot to bleed :
Shoot soft, sweet Love ! for fear thou shoot amiss,
For fear too keen
Thy arrows been
And hit the heart where my Belovèd is !
Too fair that fortune were, nor never I
Shall be so blest
Among the rest,
That Love shall seize on her by sympathy :
Then since with Love my prayèrs bear no boot,
This doth remain
To cease my pain :
I take the wound and die at Venus' foot.



ROBERT GREENE

DORON AND CARMELA
AN ECLOGUE

DORON

SIT DOWN, CARMELA! here are cobs for kings,
Sloes black as jet, or like my Christmas shoes ;
Sweet cider, which my leathern bottle brings :
Sit down, Carmela ! let me kiss thy toes !

CARMELA

Ah, Doron ! ah, my heart ! thou art as white
As is my mother's calf or brinded cow ;
Thine eyes are like the slow-worms' in the night ;
Thine hairs resemble thickest of the snow.

The lines within thy face are deep and clear,
Like to the furrows of my father's wain ;
Thy sweat upon thy face doth oft appear
Like to my mother's fat and kitchen gain.

Ah, leave my toes, and kiss my lips, my Love !
My lips are thine, for I have given them thee ;
Within thy cap 'tis thou shalt wear my glove ;
At foot-ball sport thou shalt my champion be.

DORON

Carmela dear ! even as the golden ball
 That Venus got, such are thy goodly eyes ;
 When cherries' juice is jumbled therewithal,
 Thy breath is like the steam of apple pies.

Thy lips resemble two cucumbers fair ;
 Thy teeth like to the tusks of fattest swine ;
 Thy speech is like the thunder in the air :
 Would God thy toes, thy lips, and all were mine !

CARMELA

Doron ! what thing doth move this wishing grief ?

DORON

'Tis Love, Carmela ! ah, 'tis cruel Love,
 That, like a slave and caitiff villain thief,
 Hath cut my throat of joy for thy behove.

CARMELA

Where was he born ?

DORON

I' faith I know not where :
 But I have heard much talking of his dart.
 Ay me, poor man ! with many a trampling tear
 I feel him wound the fore-horse of my heart.

What, do I love ? O no, I do but talk ;
 What, shall I die for love ? O no, not so ;
 What, am I dead ? O no, my tongue doth walk :
 Come kiss, Carmela ! and confound my woe !

CARMELA

Even with this kiss, as once my father did,
 I seal the sweet indentures of delight :
 Before I break my vow the Gods forbid !
 No, not by day, nor yet by darksome night.

DORON

Even with this garland made of hollyhocks
 I cross thy brows from every shepherd's kiss.
 Heigh-ho, how glad am I to touch thy locks !
 My frolic heart even now a freeman is.

CARMELA

I thank you, Doron ! and will think on you ;
 I love you, Doron ! and will wink on you ;
 I seal your charter-patent with my thumbs.
 Come kiss, and part ! for fear my mother comes.

INFIDA'S SONG

SWEET ADON ! darest not glance thine eye —
 N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ami ! —
 Upon thy Venus that must die ?
 Je vous en priè, pity me !
 N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ! mon bel !
 N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ami !
 See how sad thy Venus lies,—
 N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ami ! —
 Love in heart and tears in eyes :
 Je vous en priè, pity me !
 N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ! mon bel !
 N'oserez-vous ? mon bel ami !

Thy face is fair as Paphos' brooks —
 N'oserez-vous? mon bel ami! —
 Wherein Fancy baits her hooks:
 Je vous en priè, pity me!
 N'oserez-vous? mon bel! mon bel!
 N'oserez-vous? mon bel ami!
 Thy cheeks like cherries that do grow —
 N'oserez-vous? mon bel ami! —
 Amongst the western mounts of snow:
 Je vous en priè, pity me!
 N'oserez-vous? mon bel! mon bel!
 N'oserez-vous? mon bel ami!
 Thy lips vermilion full of love,—
 N'oserez-vous? mon bel ami! —
 Thy neck as silver-white as dove:
 Je vous en priè, pity me!
 N'oserez-vous? mon bel! mon bel!
 N'oserez-vous? mon bel ami!
 Thine eyes like flames of holy fires —
 N'oserez-vous? mon bel ami! —
 Burn all my thoughts with sweet desires:
 Je vous en priè, pity me!
 N'oserez-vous? mon bel! mon bel!
 N'oserez-vous? mon bel ami!
 All thy beauties sting my heart;—
 N'oserez-vous? mon bel ami! —
 I must die through Cupid's dart:
 Je vous en priè, pity me!
 N'oserez-vous? mon bel! mon bel!
 N'oserez-vous? mon bel ami!

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

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

MENAPHON'S ROUNDELAY

WHEN tender ewes, brought home with evening sun,
 Wend to their folds,
 And to their holds
 The shepherds trudge when light of day is done,
 Upon a tree
 The Eagle, Jove's fair bird, did perch;
 There resteth he:
 A little Fly his harbour then did search,
 And did presume, though others laugh'd thereat,
 To perch whereas the princely Eagle sat.

The Eagle frown'd, and shook his royal wings,
 And charged the Fly
 From thence to hie:
 Afraid, in haste the little creature flings;
 Yet seeks again,

Fearful, to perk him by the Eagle's side :
 With moody vein
 The speedy post of Ganymede replied —
 Vassal ! avaunt ! or with my wings you die ;
 Is 't fit an Eagle seat him with a Fly ?

The Fly craved pity ; still the Eagle frown'd :
 The silly Fly,
 Ready to die,
 Disgraced, displaced, fell groveling to the ground :
 The Eagle saw,
 And with a royal mind said to the Fly —
 Be not in awe !

I scorn by me the meanest creature die :
 Then seat thee here ! The joyful Fly up flings,
 And sate safe, shadow'd with the Eagle's wings.

SWEET CONTENT

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

The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
 The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
 The mean agrees with country music best,
 The sweet consort of mirth and modest fare,—
 Obscurèd life sets down as type of bliss :
 A mind content both crown and kingdom is.



MICHAEL DRAYTON

WHAT LOVE IS

WHAT IS LOVE but the desire
Of that thing the fancy pleaseth?
A holy and resistless fire
Weak and strong alike that seizeth:
Which not Heaven hath power to let,
Nor wise Nature can not smother;
Whereby Phœbus doth beget
On the Universal Mother:
That the everlasting chain
Which together all things tied,
And unmoved doth them retain,
And by which they shall abide:
That consent we clearly find
Which doth things together draw
And so, strong in every kind,
Subjects them to Nature's law:
Whose high virtue Number teaches,
In which every thing doth move,
From the lowest depth that reaches
To the height of heaven above:
Harmony that, wisely found
When the cunning hand doth strike,
Whereas every amorous sound
Sweetly marries with the like.

H

The tender cattle scarcely take
 From their dams, the fields to prove,
 But each seeketh out a make :
 Nothing lives that doth not love.
 Not so much as but the plant—
 As Nature every thing doth pair—
 By it if the male do want,
 Doth dislike and will not bear.
 Nothing, then, is like to Love,
 In the which all creatures be :
 From it ne'er let me remove !
 Nor let it remove from me !

ROWLAND'S ROUNDELAY

*— To whom Her Swain, unworthy though he were
 Thus unto Her his Roundelay applies :
 To whom the rest the under-part did bear,
 Casting upon Her their still longing eyes.*

ROWLAND— Of her pure eyes, that now is seen,
 CHORUS— Come, let us sing, ye faithful swains !
 ROWLAND— O She alone the Shepherds' Queen,
 CHORUS— Her flock that leads :
 The Goddess of these meads,
 These mountains, and these plains.
 ROWLAND— Those eyes of hers that are more clear
 CHORUS— Than can poor shepherds' song express,
 ROWLAND— Than be his beams that rules the year :
 CHORUS— Fie on that praise
 In striving things to raise
 That doth but make them less !

- ROWLAND— That do the flowery Spring prolong,
CHORUS— So all things in her sight do joy,
ROWLAND— And keep the plenteous Summer young,
CHORUS— And do assuage
The wrathful Winter's rage
That would our flocks annoy.
- ROWLAND— Jove saw her breast that naked lay,
CHORUS— A sight most fit for Jove to see,
ROWLAND— And swore it was the Milky Way :
CHORUS— Of all most pure
The path, we us assure,
To his bright court to be.
- ROWLAND— He saw her tresses hanging down,
CHORUS— That movèd with the gentle air,
ROWLAND— And said that Ariadne's Crown
CHORUS— With those compared
The Gods should not regard,
Nor Berenice's Hair.
- ROWLAND— When She hath watch'd my flocks by night,
CHORUS— O happy flocks that She did keep !
ROWLAND— They never needed Cynthia's light,
CHORUS— That soon gave place,
Amazèd with her grace
That did attend thy sheep.
- ROWLAND— Above, where heaven's high glories are,
CHORUS— When She is placèd in the skies,
ROWLAND— She shall be call'd the Shepherds' Star :
CHORUS— And evermore
We shepherds will adore
Her setting and her rise.

SONG OF MOTTO AND PERKIN

MOTTO — Tell me, thou skilful shepherd swain !
Who's yonder in the valley set ?

PERKIN — O, it is She whose sweets do stain
The lily, rose, the violet.

MOTTO — Why doth the Sun, against his kind,
Stay his bright chariot in the skies ?

PERKIN — He pauseth, almost stricken blind
With gazing on her heavenly eyes.

MOTTO — Why do thy flocks forbear their food,
Which sometime was their chief delight ?

PERKIN — Because they need no other good
That live in presence of her sight.

MOTTO — How come these flowers to flourish still,
Not withering with sharp Winter's death ?

PERKIN — She hath robb'd Nature of her skill,
And comforts all things with her breath.

MOTTO — Why slide these brooks so slow away,
As swift as the wild roe that were ?

PERKIN — O muse not, shepherd ! that they stay,
When they her heavenly voice do hear.

MOTTO — From whence come all these goodly swains
And lovely girls attired in green ?

PERKIN — From gathering garlands on the plains,
To crown thy Syl : our shepherds' Queen.

The sun that lights this world below,
Flocks, brooks, and flowers, can witness bear,
These shepherds and these nymphs do know,
Thy Sylvia is as chaste as fair.

DEFIANCE TO LOVE

SHOOT, false Love! I care not :
Spend thy shafts, and spare not !
I fear not, I, thy might,
And less I weigh thy spite ;
All naked, I unarm me :
If thou canst, now shoot and harm me !
So lightly I esteem thee,
As now a child I deem thee.

Long thy bow did fear me,
While thy pomp did blear me :
But now I do perceive
Thy art is to deceive ;
And every simple lover
All thy falsehood can discover.
Then weep, Love! and be sorry,
For thou hast lost thy glory.





JOHN DAVIES

OF HEREFORD

THE PICTURE OF AN HAPPY MAN

HOW BLESS'D is he, though ever cross'd,
That can all crosses blessings make ;
That finds himself ere he be lost,
And lose that found, for virtue's sake.

Yea, bless'd is he in life and death,
That fears not death, nor loves this life ;
That sets his will his wit beneath ;
And hath continual peace in strife.

That striveth but with frail-Desire,
Desiring nothing that is ill ;
That rules his soul by Reason's squire,
And works by Wisdom's compass still.

That nought observes but what preserves
His mind and body from offence ;
That neither courts nor seasons serves,
And learns without experience.

That hath a name as free from blot
As Virtue's brow, or as his life
Is from the least suspect or spot,
Although he lives without a wife.

That doth, in spite of all debate,
Possess his soul in patience ;
And pray, in love, for all that hate ;
And hate but what doth give offence.

Whose soul is like a sea too still,
That rests, though moved : yea, moved (at least)
With love and hate of good and ill,
To waft the mind the more to rest.

That singly doth and doubles not,
But is the same he seems ; and is
Still simply so, and yet no sot,
But yet not knowing ought amiss.

That never sin concealed keeps,
But shows the same to God, or moe ;
Then ever for it sighs and weeps,
And joys in soul for grieving so.

That by himself doth others mete,
And of himself still meekly deems ;
That never sate in scorner's seat ;
But as himself the worst esteems.

That loves his body for his soul,
Soul for his mind, his mind for God,
God for Himself ; and doth controul
CONTENT, if it with Him be odd.

That to his soul his sense subdues,
His soul to reason, and reason to faith :
That vice in virtue's shape eschews,
And both by wisdom rightly weigh'th.

That rests in action, acting nought
But what is good in deed and show ;
That seeks but God within his thought,
And thinks but God to love and know.

That, all unseen, sees all (like Him),
And makes good use of what he sees ;
That notes the tracks and tricks of Time,
And flees with the one, the other flees.

That lives too low for envy's looks,
And yet too high for loath'd contempt ;
That makes his friends good men and books,
And nought without them doth attempt.

That lives as dying, living yet
In death, for life he hath in hope ;
As far from state as sin and debt,
Of happy life the means and scope.

That fears no frowns, nor cares for fawns
Of Fortune's favourites, or foes ;
That neither checks with kings nor pawns,
And yet still wins what checkers lose.

That ever lives a light to all,
Though oft obscurèd, like the sun ;
And though his fortunes be but small,
Yet Fortune doth not seek, nor shun;

That never looks but grace to find,
Nor seeks for knowledge to be known ;
That makes a kingdom of his mind,
Wherein, with God, he reigns alone.

This man is great with little state,
 Lord of the world epitomized :
 Who with staid front out-faceth Fate ;
 And, being empty, is sufficed,—
 Or is sufficed with little, since (at least)
 He makes his conscience a continual feast.

IN PRAISE OF MUSIC

THE motion which the nine-fold sacred quire
 Of angels make : the bliss of all the bless'd,
 Which (next the Highest) most fills the highest desire
 And moves but souls that move in Pleasure's rest :
 The heavenly charm that lullabies our woes,
 And recollects the mind that cares distract,
 The lively death of joyless thoughts oe'rthrows,
 And brings rare joys but thought on into act :
 Which like the Soul of all the world doth move,
 The universal nature of this All :
 The life of life, and soul of joy and love,
 High rapture's heaven : the That I can not call
 (Like God) by r^eal name : and what is this
 But Music, next the Highest, the highest bliss ?

THE SHOOTING STAR

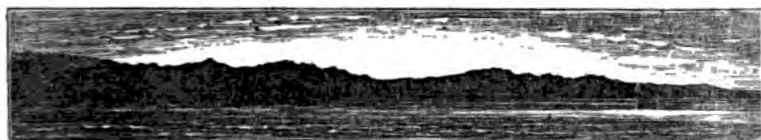
SO shoots a Star as doth my Mistress glide
 At midnight through my chamber, which she makes
 Bright as the sky when moon and stars are spied,
 Wherewith my sleeping eyes amazèd wake :
 Which ope no sooner than herself she shuts
 Out of my sight, away so fast she flies :

Which me in mind of my slack service puts ;
 For which all night I wake, to plague mine eyes.
 Shoot, Star ! once more, and if I be thy mark
 Thou shalt hit me, for thee I 'll meet withal.
 Let mine eyes once more see thee in the dark !
 Else they with ceaseless waking out will fall :
 And if again such time and place I lose
 To close with thee, let mine eyes never close.

LOVING THESE ALSO

I F there were, O ! an Hellespont of cream
 Between us, milk-white Mistress ! I would swim
 To you, to show to both my love's extreme,
 Leander-like,— yea ! dive from brim to brim.
 But met I with a butter'd pippin-pie
 Floating upon 't, that would I make my boat
 To waft me to you without jeopardy :
 Though sea-sick I might be while it did float.
 Yet if a storm should rise, by night or day,
 Of sugar-snows or hail of care-aways,
 Then if I found a pancake in my way,
 It like a plank should bear me to your quays.
 Which having found, if they tobacco kept,
 The smoke should dry me well before I slept.





JOHN DONNE

BREAK OF DAY

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 infancy.

'Tis true, 'tis day: what though 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 spite of darkness brought us hither,
Should in despite of light keep us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye:
If it could speak as well as spy,
This were the worst that it could say,
That being well I fain would stay,
And that I loved my heart and honour so
That I would not from him that had them go.

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 do
Such wrong as when a married man should woo.

THE FUNERAL

WHOEVER comes to shroud me, do not harm
 Nor question much
 That subtle wreath of hair about mine arm !
 The mystery, the sign you must not touch :
 For 'tis my outward soul,
 Viceroy to that which, unto heaven being gone,
 Will leave this to controul
 And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolution.

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall
 Through every part
 Can tie those parts and make me one of all,
 Those hairs, which upward grew and strength and art
 Have from a better brain,
 Can better do 't : except she mean'd that I
 By this should know my pain,
 As prisoners then are manacled, when they 're
 condemn'd to die.

Whate'er she mean'd by 't, bury it with me !
 For since I am
 Love's Martyr, it might breed idolatry
 If into other hands these relics came.
 As 'twas humility
 T' afford to it all that a soul can do,
 So 'tis some bravery
 That, since you would have none of me, I bury
 some of you.





BEN JONSON

EPITHALAMION

UP! youths and virgins! up, and praise
The God whose nights outshine his days!
Hymen, whose hallow'd rites
Could never boast of brighter lights,
Whose bonds pass liberty.
Two of your troop, that with the morn were free,
Are now waged to his war;
And what they are,
If you'll perfection see,
Yourselves must be.
Shine, Hesperus! shine forth, thou wished star!

What joy or honours can compare
With holy nuptials, when they are
Made out of equal parts
Of years, of states, of hands, of hearts;
When in the happy choice
The spouse and spousèd have the foremost voice?
Such, glad of Hymen's war,
Live what they are
And long perfection see:
And such ours be.

Shine, Hesperus ! shine forth, thou wished star !

The solemn state of this one night
 Were fit to last an age's light ;
 But there are rites behind
 Have less of state and more of kind :
 Love's wealthy crop of kisses,
 And fruitful harvest of his mother's blisses.
 Sound then to Hymen's war !
 That what these are,
 Who will perfection see
 May haste to be.

Shine, Hesperus ! shine forth, thou wished star !

Love's Commonwealth consists of toys ;
 His Council are those antic boys,
 Games, Laughter, Sports, Delights,
 That triumph with him on these nights :
 To whom we must give way,
 For now their reign begins, and lasts till day.
 They sweeten Hymen's war,
 And in that jar
 Make all, that married be,
 Perfection see.

Shine, Hesperus ! shine forth, thou wished star !

Why stays the bridegroom to invade
 Her that would be a matron made ?
 Good-night ! whilst yet we may
 Good-night to you a virgin say.
 To-morrow rise the same
 Your mother is, and use a nobler name !

Speed well in Hymen's war,
That what you are,
By your perfection, we
And all may see!

Shine, Hesperus! shine forth, thou wished star!

To-night is Venus' vigil kept.
This night no bridegroom ever slept;
And if the fair bride do,
The married say 'tis his fault too.

Wake then, and let your lights
Wake too, for they'll tell nothing of your nights,
But that in Hymen's war
You perfect are;
And such perfection we
Do pray should be.

Shine, Hesperus! shine forth, thou wished star!

That, ere the rosy-finger'd Morn
Behold nine moons, there may be born
A babe to uphold the fame
Of Ratcliffe's blood and Ramsay's name;
That may, in his great seed,

Wear the long honours of his father's deed.
Such fruits of Hymen's war
Most perfect are:
And all perfection we
Wish you should see.

Shine, Hesperus! shine forth, thou wished star!



ON MARGARET RATCLIFFE

MARBLE! weep, for thou dost cover
 A dead beauty underneath thee,
 Rich as Nature could bequeath thee:
 Grant then no rude hand remove her!
 All the gazers on the skies
 Read not in fair heaven's story
 Expresser truth or truer glory
 Than they might in her bright eyes.

Rare as wonder was her wit,
 And like nectar overflowing;
 Till Time, strong by her bestowing,
 Conquer'd hath both life and it:
 Life whose grief was out of fashion
 In these times. Few so have rued
 Fate in another. To conclude,—
 For wit, feature, and true passion,
 Earth! thou hast not such another.

*HER MAN**DESCRIBED BY HER OWN DICTAMEN*

O F your trouble, BEN! to ease me,
 I will tell what man would please me.
 I would have him, if I could,
 Noble, or of greater blood,—
 Titles, I confess, do take me,
 And a woman God did make me;
 French to boot, at least in fashion,

And his manners of that nation.
Young I'd have him too, and fair,
Yet a man; with crisped hair,
Cast in thousand snares and rings
For Love's fingers and his wings,
Chestnut colour,— or, more slack,
Gold upon a ground of black;
Venus' and Minerva's eyes,
For he must look wanton-wise;
Eye-brows bent like Cupid's bow;
Front an ample field of snow;
Even nose; and cheeks withal
Smooth as is the billiard-ball;
Chin as woolly as the peach;
And his lip should kissing teach,
Till he cherish'd too much beard
And made love, or me, afear'd.
He should have a hand as soft
As the down, and show it oft:
Skin as smooth as any rush,
And so thin to see a blush
Rising through it, ere it came;
All his blood should be aflame,
Quickly fired, as in beginners
In Love's school, and yet no sinners.
'Twere too long to speak of all:—
What we harmony do call
In a body should be there;
Well he should his clothes too wear,
Yet no tailor help to make him,—
Dress'd, you still for a man should take him,

J

And not think he had eat a stake
 Or were set up in a brake.
 Valiant he should be, as fire
 Showing danger more than ire ;
 Bounteous as the clouds to earth ;
 And as honest as his birth ;
 All his actions to be such
 As to do no thing too much,—
 Nor o'erpraise nor yet condemn,
 Nor out-value nor contemn,
 Nor do wrongs nor wrongs receive,
 Nor tie knots nor knots unweave ;
 And from baseness to be free,
 As he durst love Truth and Me.

 Such a man, with every part,
 I could give my very heart :
 But of one if short he came,
 I can rest me where I am.

IN THE PERSON OF WOMANKIND

MEN! if you love us, play no more
 The fools or tyrants with your friends,
 To make us still sing o'er and o'er
 Our own false praises for your ends :
 We have both wits and fancies too ;
 And if we must, let's sing of you !

 Nor do we doubt but that we can,
 If we would search with care and pain,
 Find some one good in some one man ;
 So, going thorough all your strain,

We shall at last of parcels make
One good enough — for a song's sake.

And as a cunning painter takes,
In any curious piece you see,
More pleasure while the thing he makes
Than when 'tis made, why so will we :
And having pleased our art we'll try
To make a new, and hang that by.

BEGGING ANOTHER

FOR LOVE'S SAKE kiss me once again !
I long and should not beg in vain ;
Here's none to spy thee :
Why do you doubt or stay ?
I'll taste as lightly as the bee,
That doth but touch his flower and flies away.

One more ! and, 'faith, I will be gone :
Can he that loves ask less than one ?
Nay ! you may err in this
And all your bounty wrong :
This could be call'd but half a kiss ;
What were but once to do we should do long.

I will but mend the last, and tell
Where, how, it would have relish'd well ;
Join lip to lip, and try !
Each suck the other's breath,
And whilst our tongues perplexed lie
Let who will think us dead, or wish our death.

SONG OF SATYRS

A CATCH

BUZZ! quoth the Blue-Fly,
 Hum! quoth the Bee;
 Buzz and hum! they cry,
 And so do we.
 In his ear! in his nose!
 Thus,— do you see?

They tickle them.

He eat the Dormouse —
 Else it was he.

HER GLOVE

THOU more than most sweet Glove
 Unto my more sweet Love!
 Suffer me to store with kisses
 This empty lodging that now misses
 The pure rosy hand that wore thee,
 Whiter than the kid that bore thee.
 Thou art soft, but that was softer.
 Cupid's self hath kiss'd it ofter
 Than e'er he did his mother's doves,
 Supposing her the Queen of Loves
 That was thy mistress, Best of Gloves!



FRANCIS DAVISON

TO URANIA—FOR PARDON

SWEET! I do not pardon crave,
Till I have
By deserts this fault amended :
This, I only this desire,
That your ire
May with penance be suspended.

Not my will, but Fate, did fetch
Me, poor wretch,
Into this unhappy error :
Which to plague, no tyrant's mind
Pain can find
Like my heart's self-guilty terror.

Then, O then, let that suffice !
Your dear eyes
Need not, need not more afflict me ;
Nor your sweet tongue, dipp'd in gall,
Need at all
From your presence interdict me.

Unto him that Hell sustains
No new pains

Need be sought for his tormenting :
O, my pains Hell's pains surpass ;

Yet, alas !

You are still new pains inventing.

By my love, long, firm, and true,
Borne to you,—

By these tears my grief expressing,—

By this pipe, which nights and days

Sounds your praise,—

Pity me, my fault confessing !

Or, if I may not desire

That your ire

May with penance be suspended,

Yet let me full pardon crave

When I have

With soon death my fault amended.

URANIA'S ANSWER

IN INVERTED RHYMES—STAFF FOR STAFF

SINCE true penance hath suspended
Feigned ire,

More I'll grant than you desire.

Faults confess'd are half amended ;

And I have,

In this half, all that I crave.

Therefore banish now the terror

Which you find

In your guiltless grievèd mind !

For, though you have made an error,
From me, wretch,
First beginning it did fetch.

Ne'er my sight I'll interdict thee
More at all ;
Ne'er speak words more dipp'd in gall :
Ne'er, ne'er will I more afflict thee
With these eyes :
What is past shall now suffice.

Now new joys I'll be inventing,
Which, alas !
May thy passed woes surpass :
Too long thou hast felt tormenting ;
Too great pains
So great love and faith sustains.

Let these eyes, by thy confessing
Worthy praise,
Never see more nights nor days,—
Let my woes be past expressing,—
When to you
I cease to be kind and true !

Thus are both our states amended :
For you have
Fuller pardon than you crave ;
And my fear is quite suspended,
Since mine ire
Wrought the effect I most desire.

*UPON HER PROTESTING
THAT SHE LOVED HIM*

LADY! you are with beauties so enriched,
Of body and of mind,
As I can hardly find
Which of them all hath most my heart bewitched.

Whether your skin so white, so smooth, so tender,
Or face so lovely fair,
Or heart-ensnaring hair,
Or dainty hand, or leg and foot so slender.

Or whether your sharp wit and lively spirit,
Where pride can find no place,
Or your most pleasing grace,
Or speech, which doth true eloquence inherit.

Most lovely all, and each of them doth move me
More than words can express ;
But yet I must confess
I love you most because you please to love me.



*Enter Hymen with torch burning: a Boy in a white robe
before him, singing.*

ROSES, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone ;
But in their hue ;
Maiden pinks, of odours faint ;
Daisies, smell-less yet most quaint ;
And sweet thyme true ;

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger ;
With hair-bells slim ;
Ox-lips, in their cradles growing ;
Mary-golds, on death-beds blowing ;
Lark-heels trim :

Here strew flowers!

All dear Nature's children sweet
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense !
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious or bird fair,
Be absent hence !

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
 The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
 Nor chattering pie,
 On our bird-house perch, or sing,
 Or with them any discord bring;
 But from it fly!

TELL ME!

HE — TELL me, Dearest! what is love?

SHE — 'Tis a lightning from above;
 'Tis an arrow; 'tis a fire;
 'Tis a boy they call Desire.

BOTH — 'Tis a grave
 Gapes to have
 Those poor fools that long to prove.

HE — Tell me more! Are women true?

SHE — Yes! some are; and some as you.
 Some are willing, some are strange,
 Since you men first taught to change.

BOTH — And till troth
 Be in both
 All shall love to love anew.

HE — Tell me more yet! Can they grieve?

SHE — Yes! and sicken sore, but live,
 And be wiser and delay
 When you men are wise as they.

BOTH — Then I see
 Faith will be
 Never till they both believe.

WEDDING SONG

HOLD BACK thy hours, dark Night ! till we
 have done :

 The day will come too soon.

Young maids will curse thee if thou stealest away
 And leavest their losses open to the day.

 Stay ! stay, and hide
 The blushes of the bride !

Stay, gentle Night ! and with thy darkness cover
 The kisses of her lover !

Stay, and confound her tears and her shrill cryings,
 Her weak denials, vows, and often dyings !

 Stay, and hide all ;
 But help not, though she call !

SONG FOR A DANCE

SHAKE OFF your heavy trance !
 And leap into a dance

Such as no mortals use to tread :

 Fit only for Apollo

To play to, for the Moon to lead,

 And all the Stars to follow.



TRUE BEAUTY

MAY I FIND a woman fair,
And her mind as clear as air!
If her beauty go alone,
'Tis to me as if 'twere none.

May I find a woman rich,
And not of too high a pitch!
If that pride should cause disdain,
Tell me, Lover! where's thy gain.

May I find a woman wise,
And her falsehood not disguise!
Hath she wit as she hath will,
Double-arm'd she is to kill.

May I find a woman kind,
And not wavering like the wind!
How should I call that love mine
When 'tis his, and his, and thine?

May I find a woman true!
There is beauty's fairest hue:
There is beauty, love, and wit.
Happy he can compass it!





WILLIAM DRUMMOND

SEXTAIN

SINCE gone is my delight and only pleasure,
The last of all my hopes, the cheerful sun
That clear'd my life's dark day, Nature's sweet treasure,
More dear to me than all beneath the moon,
What resteth now but that upon this mountain
I weep till heaven transform me to a fountain?

Fresh, fair, delicious, crystal pearly fountain,
On whose smooth face to look She oft took pleasure!
Tell me (so may thy streams long cheer this mountain,
So serpent ne'er thee stain, nor scorch thee sun,
So may with gentle beams thee kiss the moon!)
Dost thou not mourn to want so fair a treasure?

While She her glass'd in thee rich 'Tagus' treasure
Thou envy needed not, nor yet the fountain
In which the hunter saw the naked Moon;
Absence hath robb'd thee of thy wealth and pleasure,
And I remain like marigold, of sun
Deprived, that dies, by shadow of some mountain.

Nymphs of the forests, nymphs who on this mountain
Are wont to dance, showing your beauty's treasure
To goat-feet Sylvans and the wondering Sun!

Whenas you gather flowers about this fountain,
Bid Her farewell who placèd here her pleasure ;
And sing her praises to the stars and moon !

Among the lesser lights as is the Moon,
Blushing through scarf of clouds on Latmos mountain
Or when her silver locks she looks for pleasure
In Thetis' stream proud of so gay a treasure,
Such was my Fair when she sat by this fountain,
With other nymphs, to shun the amorous Sun.

As is our earth in absence of the sun,
Or when of sun deprivèd is the moon,
As is without a verdant shade a fountain,
Or wanting grass a mead, a vale, a mountain,—
Such is my state, bereft of my dear treasure,
To know whose only worth was all my pleasure.

Ne'er think of pleasure, heart !— eyes ! shun the sun ;
Tears be your treasure, which the wandering moon
Shall see you shed, by mountain, vale, and fountain.



MADRIGAL

SWEET ROSE! whence is this hue
 Which doth all hues excel?
 Whence this most fragrant smell?
 And whence this form and gracing grace in you?
 In flowery Pæstum's field perhaps ye grew,
 Or Hybla's hills you bred,
 Or odoriferous Enna's plains you fed,
 Or Tmolus, or where boar young Adon slew.
 Or hath the Queen of Love you dyed of new
 In that dear blood, which makes you look so red?
 No! none of these, but cause more high you bliss'd:
 My Lady's breast you bare, and lips you kiss'd.

MADRIGAL

A DÆDAL of my death —
 I semble now that subtle worm uneth:
 Which, prone to its own ill, can take no rest:
 For, with strange thoughts possess'd,
 I feed on fading leaves
 Of hope, which me deceives
 And thousand webs doth warp within my breast.
 And thus in end unto myself I weave
 A fast-shut prison— No! but even a grave.





WILLIAM BROWNE

VENUS AND ADONIS

VENUS by Adonis' side
Crying kiss'd and kissing cried ;
Wrung her hands and tore her hair
For Adonis dying there.

Stay ! quoth she : O stay and live !
Nature surely doth not give
To the earth her sweetest flowers
To be seen but some few hours.

On his face, still as he bled,
For each drop a tear she shed,
Which she kiss'd or wiped away,—
Else had drown'd him where he lay.

Fair Proserpina, quoth she,
Shall not have thee yet from me ;
Nor thy soul to fly begin
While my lips can keep it in.

Here she closed again. And some
Say — Apollo would have come
To have cured his wounded limb,—
But that she had smother'd him.



ROBERT HERRICK

THE TEAR

GLIDE, gentle Streams! and bear
Along with you my tear
To that coy Girl
Who smiles, yet slays
Me with delays,
And strings my tears as pearl.

See! see! She's yonder set,
Making a carcanet
Of maiden flowers:
There, there present
This orient
And pendant pearl of ours!

Then say I've sent one more
Gem to enrich her store;
And that is all
Which I can send
Or vainly spend,
For tears no more will fall.

Nor will I seek supply
Of them, the springs once dry;
But I'll devise

(Among the rest)
 A way that 's best
 How I may save mine eyes.

Yet say, should She condemn
 Me to surrender them,—
 Then say, my part
 Must be to weep
 Out them, to keep
 A poor yet loving heart.

Say too, She would have this :
 She shall. Then my hope is
 That, when I 'm poor,
 And nothing have
 To send or save,
 I 'm sure She 'll ask no more.

TO WATER-NYMPHS

DRINKING AT A FOUNTAIN

REACH with your whiter hands to me
 Some crystal of the spring !
 And I about the cup shall see
 Fresh lilies flourishing.

Or else, sweet Nymphs ! do you but this :
 To the glass your lips incline,
 And I shall see by that one kiss
 The water turn'd to wine.

WHAT I FANCY I approve :
No dislike there is in love.
Be my Mistress short or tall,
And distorted therewithal,
Be She likewise one of those
That an acre hath of nose,
Be her forehead and her eyes
Full of incongruities,
Be her cheeks so shallow too
As to show her tongue wag through,
Be her lips ill hung or set,
And her grinders black as jet,
Hath She thin hair, hath She none,
She 's to me a paragon.

A VALENTINE

CHOOSE ME your Valentine !
Next, let us marry !
Love to the death will pine
If we long tarry.

Promise and keep your vows,
Or vow you never !
Love's doctrine disallows
Troth-breakers ever.

You have broke promise twice,
Dear ! to undo me.
If you prove faithless thrice,
None then will woo ye.

PANSIES

FROLIC VIRGINS once these were,
Over-loving, living here,—
Being here their ends denied,
Ran for Sweethearts mad, and died.
Love, in pity of their tears,
And their loss in blooming years,
For their restless here-spent hours
Gave them hearts' ease, turn'd to Flowers.

TO DAISIES

SHUT NOT so soon! the dull-eyed Night
Has not as yet begun
To make a seizure on the light
Or to seal up the sun.

No marigolds yet closèd are,
No shadows great appear,
Nor doth the early shepherd's star
Shine like a spangle here.

Stay but until my Julia close
Her life-begetting eye :
And let the whole world then dispose
Itself to live or die.





JAMES SHIRLEY

THE LOOKING-GLASS

WHEN this crystal shall present
Your beauty to your eye,
Think! that lovely face was meant
To dress another by.
For not to make them proud
These glasses are allow'd
To those are fair,
But to compare
The inward beauty with the outward grace,
And make them fair in soul as well as face.

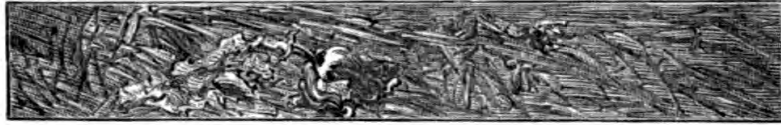
ON HER DANCING

I STOOD and saw my Mistress dance,
Silent, and with so fix'd an eye,
Some might suppose me in a trance:
But being asked why,
By One that knew I was in love,
I could not but impart
My wonder, to behold her move
So nimbly with a marble heart.

TO ONE SAYING SHE WAS OLD

TELL ME NOT Time hath play'd the thief
Upon her beauty! My belief
Might have been mock'd, and I had been
An heretic, if I had not seen
My Mistress is still fair to me,
And now I all those graces see
That did adorn her virgin brow.
Her eye hath the same flame in 't now,
To kill or save, the chemist's fire
Equally burns,— so my desire ;
Not any rose-bud less within
Her cheek ; the same snow on her chin ;
Her voice that heavenly music bears
First charm'd my soul, and in my ears
Did leave it trembling ; her lips are
The self-same lovely twins they were ;—
After so many years I miss
No flower in all my paradise.
Time ! I despise thy rage and thee :
Thieves do not always thrive, I see.





WILLIAM HABINGTON

QUI QUASI FLOS EGREDITUR

FAIR MADAM! you
May see what's man in yon bright rose:
Though it the wealth of Nature owes,
It is oppress'd and bends with dew.

Which shows, though Fate
May promise still to warm our lips,
And keep our eyes from an eclipse,
It will our pride with tears abate.

Poor silly flower!
Though on thy beauty thou presume,
And breath which doth the Spring perfume,
Thou may'st be cropp'd this very hour.

And though it may
Then thy good fortune be to rest
On the pillow of some Lady's breast,
Thou 'lt wither and be thrown away.

For 'tis thy doom,
However, that there shall appear
No memory that thou grew'st here,
Ere the tempestuous winter come.

But flesh is loath
 By meditation to foresee
 How loathed a nothing it must be,—
 Proud in the triumphs of its growth ;

And tamely can
 Behold this mighty world decay
 And wear by the age of Time away,
 Yet not discourse the fall of man.

But, Madam ! these
 Are thoughts to cure sick human pride ;
 And medicines are in vain applied
 To bodies far 'bove all disease.

For you so live
 As the Angels, in one perfect state :
 Safe from the ruins of our fate
 By virtue's great preservative.

And though we see
 Beauty enough to warm each heart,
 Yet you, by a chaste chemic art,
 Calcine frail love to piety.

FINE YOUNG FOLLY

FINE young Folly ! though you were
 That fair beauty I did swear,
 Yet you ne'er could reach my heart :
 For we courtiers learn at school
 Only with your sex to fool ;
 You're not worth the serious part.

When I sigh and kiss your hand,
Cross my arms and wondering stand,
 Holding parley with your eye ;
Then dilate on my desires,
Swear the sun ne'er shot such fires :
 All is but a handsome lie.

When I eye your curl or lace,
Gentle Soul ! you think your face
 Straight some murder doth commit ;
And your virtue doth begin
To grow scrupulous of my sin,
 When I talk to show my wit.

Therefore, Madam ! wear no cloud,
Nor to check my love grow proud :
 For in sooth I much do doubt
'Tis the powder in your hair,
Not your breath, perfumes the air ;
 And your clothes that set you out.

Yet, though truth has this confess'd,
And I vow I love in jest,
 When I next begin to court
And protest an amorous flame
You will swear I earnest am :—
 Bedlam ! this is pretty sport.



THE PERFECTION OF LOVE

YOU who are earth and can not rise
 Above your sense,
 Boasting the envied wealth which lies
 Bright in your Mistress' lips or eyes,
 Betray a pitied eloquence.

That which doth join *our* souls so light
 And quick doth move
 That, like the eagle in his flight,
 It doth transcend all human sight,
 Lost in the element of love.

You poets reach not this who sing
 The praise of dust,
 But kneaded, when by theft you bring
 The rose and lily from the Spring
 To adorn the wrinkled face of Lust.

When *we* speak love, nor art nor wit
 We gloss upon:
 Our souls engender, and beget
 Ideas,— which you counterfeit
 In your dull propagation.

While Time seven ages shall disperse
 We'll talk of love;
 And when our tongues hold no commerce
 Our thoughts shall mutually converse,
 And yet the blood no rebel prove.

And though we be of several kind,
 Fit for offence,
 Yet are we so by love refined
 From impure dross, we are all mind :
 Death could not more have conquer'd sense.

How suddenly those flames expire
 Which scorch our clay !
 Prometheus-like when we steal fire
 From heaven, 'tis endless and entire ;
 It may know age, but not decay.



SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE

OF BEAUTY

LET us use it while we may
 Snatch those joys that haste away !
 Earth her winter coat may cast,
 And renew her beauty past :
 But, our winter come, in vain
 We solicit Spring again ;
 And when our furrows snow shall cover
 Love may return, but never lover.





EDMUND WALLER

*TO A FAIR LADY
PLAYING WITH A SNAKE*

STRANGE, that such horror and such grace
Should dwell together in one place :
A Fury's arm, an Angel's face !

'Tis innocence, and youth, which makes
In Chloris' fancy such mistakes :
To start at love and play with snakes.

By this and by her coldness barr'd,
Her servants have a task too hard :
The Tyrant has a double guard.

Thrice happy Snake, that in her sleeve
May boldly creep ! we dare not give
Our thoughts so unconfined a leave.

Contented in that nest of snow
He lies, as he his bliss did know ;
And to the wood no more will go.

Take heed, fair Eve ! you do not make
Another tempter of this Snake :
A marble one so warm'd would speak.

TO MY YOUNG LADY LUCY SIDNEY

WHY came I so untimely forth
 Into a world which, wanting thee,
 Could entertain us with no worth
 Or shadow of felicity,
 That time should me so far remove
 From that which I was born to love?

Yet, Fairest Blossom! do not slight
 That age which you may know so soon:
 The rosy morn resigns her light
 And milder glory to the noon;
 And then what wonders shall you do
 Whose dawning beauty warms us so?

Hope waits upon the flowery prime;
 And Summer, though it be less gay,
 Yet is not look'd on as a time
 Of declination or decay:
 For with a full hand that does bring
 All that was promised by the Spring.

*TO A LADY**WHO GAVE HIM A LOST COPY OF A POEM*

NOTHING lies hid from radiant eyes;
 All they subdue become their spies;
 Secrets, as choicest jewels, are
 Presented to oblige the Fair:
 No wonder then that a lost thought

Should there be found where souls are caught.
 The picture of fair Venus (that
 For which men say the Goddess sat)
 Was lost, till Lely from your look
 Again that glorious image took.
 If Virtue's self were lost, we might
 From your fair mind new copies write.
 All things but one you can restore :
 The heart you get returns no more.

STAY, PHŒBUS!

STAY, Phœbus! stay!
 The world to which you fly so fast,
 Conveying day
 From us to them, can pay your haste
 With no such object nor salute your rise
 With no such wonder as De Mornay's eyes.

Well does this prove
 The error of those antique books
 Which made you move
 About the world: Her charming looks
 Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,
 Did not the rolling earth snatch her away.





SIR JOHN SUCKLING

LOVING AMISS

HONEST LOVER whosoever!
If in all thy love there ever
Was one wavering thought, thy flame
Were not still even, still the same,
 Know this :
 Thou lovest amiss
And, to love true,
Thou must begin again and love anew.

If when She appears i' the room
Thou dost not quake and art struck dumb,
And in striving this to cover
Dost not speak thy words twice over,
 Know this :
 Thou lovest amiss
And, to love true,
Thou must begin again and love anew.

If fondly thou dost not mistake
And all defects for graces take,
Persuade thyself that jests are broken
When she hath little or nought spoken,
 Know this :
 Thou lovest amiss

And, to love true,
Thou must begin again and love anew.

If when thou appear'st to be within
Thou lett'st not men ask and ask again,
And when thou answerest, if it be
To what was ask'd thee properly,

Know this :

Thou lovest amiss

And, to love true,
Thou must begin again and love anew.

If when thy stomach calls to eat
Thou cutt'st not fingers 'stead of meat
And, with much gazing on her face,
Dost not rise hungry from thy place,

Know this :

Thou lovest amiss

And, to love true,
Thou must begin again and love anew.

If by this thou dost discover
That thou art no perfect lover
And, desiring to love true,
Thou dost begin to love anew,

Know this :

Thou lovest amiss

And, to love true,
Thou must begin again and love anew.





RICHARD LOVELACE

THE GRASSHOPPER

To my noble friend — Mr. Charles Cotton

○ THOU that swing'st upon the waving hair
Of some well-filled oaten beard,
Drunk every night with a delicious tear
Dropp'd thee from heaven, where thou wast rear'd!

The joys of earth and air are thine entire,
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly;
And when thy poppy works, thou dost retire
To thy carved acorn-bed to lie.

Up with the day, the sun thou welcomest then,
Sport'st in the gilt plaits of his beams;
And all these merry days makest merry men,
Thyself, and melancholy streams.

But, ah! the sickle! golden ears are cropp'd,
Ceres and Bacchus bid good-night,
Sharp frosty fingers all your flowers have topp'd,
And what scythes spared winds shave off quite.

Poor verdant fool, and now green ice! thy joys
(Large and as lasting as thy perch of grass)
Bid *us* lay in 'gainst winter rains, and poise
Their floods with an o'erflowing glass.

Thou best of men and friends ! *we* will create
A genuine summer in each other's breast
And, spite of this cold time and frozen fate,
Thaw us a warm seat to our rest.

Our sacred hearths shall burn eternally,
As Vestal flames ; the North-Wind, he
Shall strike his frost-stretch'd wings, dissolve, and fly
This Ætna in epitome.

Dropping December shall come weeping in,
Bewail the usurping of his reign ;
But, when in showers of old Greek we begin,
Shall cry he hath his crown again.

Night, as clear Hesper, shall our tapers whip
From the light casements where we play,
And the dark hag from her black mantle strip,
And stick there everlasting day.

Thus richer than untempted kings are we
That, asking nothing, nothing need.
Though lord of all that seas embrace, yet he
That wants himself is poor indeed.





JOSEPH RUTTER

SONG OF VENUS

COME, Lovely Boy! unto my court,
And leave these uncouth woods and all
That feed thy fancy with love's gall
But keep away the honey and the sport!

CHORUS OF GRACES — Come unto me!
And with variety

Thou shalt be fed: which Nature loves, and I.

There is no music in a voice
That is but one, and still the same:
Inconstancy is but a name
To fright poor lovers from a better choice.

CHORUS — Come then to me! —

Orpheus that on Eurydicè
Spent all his love, on others scorn,
Now on the banks of Hebrus torn
Finds the reward of foolish constancy.

CHORUS — Come then to me! —

And sigh no more for one love lost!
I have a thousand Cupids here
Shall recompense with better cheer
Thy misspent labours and thy bitter cost.

CHORUS — Come then to me! —

MARRIAGE HYMN

HYMEN ! God of marriage bed !
 Be thou ever honoured :
 Thou whose torch's purer light
 Death's sad tapers did affright,
 And instead of funeral fires
 Kindled lovers' chaste desires :
 May their love
 Ever prove
 True and constant ; let not age
 Know their youthful heat to assuage !

Maids ! prepare the genial bed :
 Then come, Night ! and hide that red
 Which from her cheeks his heart does burn,
 Till the envious Day return
 And the lusty bridegroom say
 — I have chased her fears away,
 And instead
 Of virginhed
 Given her a greater good,
 Perfection and womanhood.





ANDREW MARVELL

ON THE PICTURE OF T. C.

In a prospect of flowers.

SEE! with what simplicity
This Nymph begins her golden days.
In the green grass she loves to lie,
And there with her fair aspect tames
The wilder flowers, and gives them names ;
But only with the roses plays,
And them does tell
What colour best becomes them, and what smell.

Who can foretell for what high cause
This Darling of the Gods was born?
Yet this is She whose chaster laws
The wanton Love shall one day fear,
And, under her command severe,
See his bow broke and ensigns torn.
Happy who can
Appease this virtuous enemy of man !

O then let me in time compound ;
And parley with those conquering eyes
Ere they have tried their force to wound,
Ere with their glancing wheels they drive

In triumph over hearts that strive,
 And them that yield but more despise!
 Let me be laid
 Where I may see the glories from some shade!

Meantime, whilst every verdant thing
 Itself does at thy beauty charm,
 Reform the errors of the Spring!
 Make that the tulips may have share
 Of sweetness, seeing they are fair;
 And roses of their thorns disarm;
 But most procure
 That violets may a longer age endure!

But O, Young Beauty of the Woods!
 Whom Nature courts with fruits and flowers,
 Gather the flowers, but spare the buds!
 Lest Flora, angry at thy crime
 — To kill her infants in their prime,
 Should quickly make the example yours;
 And, ere we see,
 Nip in the blossom all our hopes in thee.

A DEFINITION OF LOVE

MY LOVE is of a birth as rare
 As 'tis for object strange and high:
 It was begotten by Despair
 Upon Impossibility.

Magnanimous Despair alone
 Could show me so divine a thing,

Where feeble Hope could ne'er have flown
But vainly flapp'd its tinsel wing.

And yet I quickly might arrive
Where my extended soul is fix'd :
But Fate does iron wedges drive,
And always crowds itself betwixt.

For Fate with jealous eye does see
Two perfect loves, nor lets them close :
Their union would her ruin be
And her tyrannic power depose.

And therefore her decrees of steel
Us as the distant poles have placed —
Though Love's whole world on us doth wheel,
Not by themselves to be embraced :

Unless the giddy heaven fall
And earth some new convulsion tear,
And, us to join, the world should all
Be cramp'd into a planisphere.

As lines, so loves oblique may well
Themselves in every angle greet :
But ours, so truly parallel,
Though infinite can never meet.

Therefore the love which us doth bind,
But Fate so enviously debars,
Is the conjunction of the mind
And opposition of the stars.

CLORINDA AND DAMON

CLORINDA

DAMON! come drive thy flocks this way!

DAMON

No! 'Tis too late they went astray.

CLORINDA

I have a grassy 'scutcheon spied,
Where Flora blazons all her pride:
The grass I aim to feast thy sheep,
The flowers I for thy temples keep.

DAMON

Grass withers and the flowers too fade.

CLORINDA

Seize the short joys then ere they vade!
Seest thou that unfrequented cave?

DAMON

That den?

CLORINDA

Love's shrine.

DAMON

But virtue's grave.

CLORINDA

In whose cool bosom we may lie,
Safe from the sun.

DAMON

Not heaven's eye.

MARVELL

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CLORINDA

Near this a fountain's liquid bell
Tinkles within the concave shell.

DAMON

Might a soul bathe there and be clean,
Or slake its drought?

CLORINDA

What is 't you mean?

DAMON

Clorinda! pastures, caves, and springs,—
These once had been enticing things.

CLORINDA

And what late change?

DAMON

The other day

Pan met me.

CLORINDA

What did great Pan say?

DAMON

Words that transcend poor shepherds' skill;
But he e'er since my songs does fill,
And his name swells my slender oat.

CLORINDA

Sweet must Pan sound in Damon's note.

DAMON

Clorinda's voice might make it sweet.

O

CLORINDA

Who would not in Pan's praises meet?

CHORUS

Of Pan the flowery pastures sing:
Caves echo, and the fountains ring.
Sing then while he doth us inspire!
For all the world is our Pan's quire.

THE FAIR SINGER

TO make a final conquest of all me
Love did compose so sweet an enemy,
In whom both beauties to my death agree,
Joining themselves in fatal harmony:
That while she with her eyes my heart doth bind
She with her voice might captivate my mind.

I could have fled from One but singly fair.—
My disentangled soul itself might save,
Breaking the curled trammels of her hair:
But how should I avoid to be her slave,
Whose subtle art invisibly can wreath
My fetters of the very air I breathe?

It had been easy fighting in some plain
Where victory might hang in equal choice,
But all resistance against her is vain
Who has the advantage both of eyes and voice:
And all my forces needs must be undone,
She having gained both the wind and sun.

MAKING HAY-ROPES

AMETAS

THINK'ST THOU that this love can stand,
Whilst thou still dost say me Nay?
Love unpaid does soon disband:
Love binds love, as hay binds hay.

THESTYLIS

Think'st thou that this rope would twine
If we both should turn one way?
Where both parties so combine
Neither love will twist nor hay.

AMETAS

Thus you vain excuses find,
Which yourself and us delay:
And love ties a woman's mind
Looser than with ropes of hay.

THESTYLIS

What you can not constant hope
Must be taken as you may.

AMETAS

Then let's both lay by our rope,
And go kiss within the hay!





SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE

FALSE LYCORIS

LATELY, by clear Thames, his side,
Fair Lycoris I espied,
With the pen of her white hand
These words printing on the sand :
*None Lycoris doth approve
But Mirtillo for her love.*

Ah, false Nymph ! those words were fit
In sand only to be writ :
For the quickly rising streams
Of Oblivion and the Thames
In a little moment's stay
From the shore wash'd clean away
What thy hand had there impress'd,
And Mirtillo from thy breast.





ALEXANDER BROME

PALINODE

NO MORE, no more of this, I vow !
'Tis time to leave this fooling now,
Which few but fools call wit.
There was a time when I begun,
And now 'tis time I should have done
And meddle no more with it :
He physic's use doth quite mistake,
Who physic takes for physic's sake.

My heat of youth, and love, and pride,
Did swell me with their strong spring-tide,
Inspired my brain and blood ;
And made me then converse with toys
Which are call'd Muses by the boys,
And dabble in their flood.
I was persuaded in those days
There was no crown like love and bays.

But now my youth and pride are gone,
And age and cares come creeping on,
And business checks my love :
What need I take a needless toil
To spend my labour, time, and oil,
Since no design can move ?
For now the cause is ta'en away
What reason is 't the effect should stay ?

'Tis but a folly now for me
 To spend my time and industry
 About such useless wit :
 For when I think I have done well,
 I see men laugh, but can not tell
 Where 't be at me or it.
 Great madness 'tis to be a drudge,
 When those that can not write dare judge.

Besides the danger that ensu'th
 To him that speaks or writes the truth,
 The premium is so small :
 To be call'd Poet and wear bays,
 And factor turn of songs and plays,—
 This is no wit at all.
 Wit only good to sport and sing
 Is a needless and an endless thing.



Give me the wit that can't speak sense,
 Nor read it but in 's own defence,
 Ne'er learn'd but of his Gran'am !
 He that can buy and sell and cheat
 May quickly make a shift to get
 His thousand pound *per annum* ;
 And purchase without more ado
 The poems, and the poet too.





RICHARD BROME

BEGGARS' SONG

COME! COME AWAY! the Spring,
By every bird that can but sing
Or chirp a note, doth now invite
Us forth to taste of his delight,
In field, in grove, on hill, in dale;
But above all the nightingale,
Who in her sweetness strives to outdo
The loudness of the hoarse cuckoo.

Cuckoo! cries he; jug, jug, jug! sings she:
From bush to bush, from tree to tree.
Why in one place then tarry we?

Come away! Why do we stay?
We have no debt or rent to pay;
No bargains or accompts to make;
Nor land nor lease, to let or take.
Or if we had, should that remove us
When all the world's our own before us,
And where we pass and make resort
It is our kingdom and our court.



Cuckoo! cries he; jug, jug, jug! sings she:
From bush to bush, from tree to tree.
Why in one place then tarry we?



HENRY VAUGHAN

EPITHALAMIUM

TO THE BEST AND MOST ACCOMPLISH'D COUPLE—

BLESSINGS as rich and fragrant crown your heads
As the mild heaven on roses sheds
When at their cheeks like pearls they wear
The clouds that court them in a tear!
And may they be fed from above
By Him which first ordain'd your love!

Fresh as the Hours may all your pleasures be,
And healthful as Eternity!
Sweet as the flowers' first breath, and close
As the unseen spreadings of the Rose
When she unfolds her curtain'd head
And makes her bosom the Sun's bed!

Soft as yourselves run your whole lives, and clear
As your own glass, or what shines there!
Smooth as Heaven's face, and bright as he
When without mask or tiffany,
In all your time not one jar meet,—
But peace as silent as his feet!

Like the Day's warmth may all your comforts be,
Untoil'd for and serene as he,
Yet free and full as is that sheaf
Of sunbeams gilding every leaf

When now the tyrant heat expires
And his cool'd locks breathe milder fires !

And as the parcel'd glories he doth shed
Are the fair issues of his head,
Which, ne'er so distant, are soon known
By the heat and lustre for his own,
So may each branch of yours we see
Your copies and our wonders be !

And when no more on earth you may remain,
Invited hence to heaven again,
Then may your virtuous virgin-flames
Shine in those heirs of your fair names,
And teach the world that mystery —
Yourselves in your posterity !

So you to both worlds shall rich presents bring ;
And, gather'd up to heaven, leave here a Spring.





RICHARD FLECKNOE

CHLORIS

CHLORIS! if ere May be done
You but offer to be gone,
Flowers will wither, green will fade,
Nothing fresh nor gay be had.
Farewell pleasure! farewell Spring!
Farewell every sweeter thing!
The Year will pine away and mourn,
And Winter instantly return.

But, if you vouchsafe to stay
Only till the end of May,
Take it upon Flora's word,
Never sweeter Spring was tow'rd,
Never was Favonian wind
More propitiously inclined,
Never was in heaven nor earth
Promised more profuser mirth.

Such sweet force your presence has
To bring a joy to every place;
Such a virtue has your sight,
All are cheer'd and gladdened by 't;
Such a freshness as does bring
Along with it perpetual Spring;
Such a gaiety the while,
As makes both heaven and earth to smile.



R. FLETCHER

AN EPITAPH

ON HIS DECEASED FRIEND

HERE LIES the ruin'd Cabinet
Of a rich Soul more highly set :
The dross and refuse of a Mind
Too glorious to be here confined.
Earth for a while bespoke his stay,
Only to bait, and so away :
So that what here he doated on
Was merely accommodation.
Not that his active soul could be
At home but in eternity,
Yet, while he bless'd us with the rays
Of his short-continued days,
Each minute had its weight of worth,
Each pregnant hour some star brought forth.
So, while he travel'd here beneath,
He lived when others only breathe :
For not a sand of time slipp'd by
Without its action sweet as high.
So good, so peaceable, so bless'd,—
Angels alone can speak the rest.





JOHN HALL

EPITAPH

*On a Gentleman and his Wife who died both within
a very few days.*

THRICE happy pair! who had and have
Living one bed, now dead one grave :
Whose love being equal, neither could
A life unequal wish to hold ;
But left a question, whether one
Did follow 'cause her mate was gone,
Or the other went before to stay
Till that his fellow came away :
So that one pious tear now must
Besprinkle either parent's dust,
And two great sorrows jointly run
And close into a larger one,
Or rather turn to joy, to see
The burial but the wedding be.





WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

THE HAMADRYAD

RHAICOS was born amid the hills wherefrom
Gnidos, the light of Caria, is discern'd :
And small are the white-crested that play near,
And smaller onward are the purple waves.
Thence festal choirs were visible, all crown'd
With rose and myrtle if they were in-born ;
If from Pandion sprang they, on the coast
Where stern Athenè raised her citadel,
Then olive was entwined with violets
Cluster'd in bosses, regular and large.
For various men wore various coronals ;
But one was their devotion : 'twas to her
Whose laws all follow, her whose smile withdraws
The sword from Arès, thunderbolt from Zeus,
And whom in his chill caves the mutable
Of mind, Poseidon the sea-king, reveres,

And whom his brother, stubborn Dis, hath pray'd
 To turn in pity the averted cheek
 Of her he bore away, with promises,
 Nay! with loud oath before dread Styx itself,
 To give her daily more and sweeter flowers
 Than he made drop from her on Enna's dell.

Rhaicos was looking from his father's door
 At the long trains that hasten'd to the town
 From all the valleys, like bright rivulets
 Gurgling with gladness, wave outrunning wave,
 And thought it hard he might not also go
 And offer up one prayer, and press one hand,
 He knew not whose. The father call'd him in,
 And said—"Son Rhaicos! those are idle games:
 Long enough I have lived to find them so."
 And ere he ended sigh'd, as old men do
 Always, to think how idle such games are.
 "I have not yet," thought Rhaicos in his heart,
 And wanted proof.

"Suppose thou go and help
 Echeion at the hill, to bark yon oak
 And lop its branches off, before we delve
 About the trunk and ply the root with axe:
 This we may do in winter."

Rhaicos went:
 For thence he could see further, and see more
 Of those who hurried to the city gate.
 Echeion he found there, with naked arm
 Swart-hair'd, strong-sinew'd, and his eyes intent
 Upon the place where first the axe should fall:

He held it upright. "There are bees about,
Or wasps, or hornets," said the cautious eld:
"Look sharp, O son of Thallinos!" The youth
Inclined his ear, afar, and warily,
And cavern'd in his hand. He heard a buzz
At first, and then the sound grew soft and clear,
And then divided into what seem'd tune,
And there were words upon it, plaintive words.
He turn'd, and said—"Echeion! do not strike
That tree: it must be hollow, for some God
Speaks from within. Come thyself near!" Again
Both turn'd toward it: and behold! there sat
Upon the moss below, with her two palms
Pressing it on each side, a maid in form.
Downcast were her long eyelashes, and pale
Her cheek, but never mountain-ash display'd
Berries of colour like her lip so pure,
Nor were the anemones about her hair
Soft, smooth, and wavering, like the face beneath.
"What dost thou here?" Echeion, half afraid,
Half angry, cried. She lifted up her eyes,
But nothing spake she. Rhaicos drew one step
Backward, for fear came likewise over him,
But not such fear: he panted, gasp'd, drew in
His breath, and would have turn'd it into words,
But could not into one.

"O send away
That sad old man!" said she. The old man went
Without a warning from his master's son,
Glad to escape, for sorely he now fear'd;
And the axe shone behind him in their eyes.

HAMADRYAD

And wouldst thou too shed the most innocent
Of blood? No vow demands it; no God wills
The oak to bleed.

RHAICOS

Who art thou? whence? why here?
And whither wouldst thou go? Among the robed
In white or saffron, or the hue that most
Resembles dawn or the clear sky, is none
Array'd as thou art. What so beautiful
As that grey robe which clings about thee close
Like moss to stones adhering, leaves to trees,
Yet lets thy bosom rise and fall in turn,
As, touch'd by zephyrs, fall and rise the boughs
Of graceful platan by the river-side.

HAMADRYAD

Lovest thou well thy father's house?

RHAICOS

Indeed

I love it, well I love it, yet would leave
For thine, where'er it be, my father's house,
With all the marks upon the door, that show
My growth at every birth-day since the third,
And all the charms, o'erpowering evil eyes,
My mother nail'd for me against my bed,
And the Cydonian bow (which thou shalt see)
Won in my race last Spring from Eutychos.

HAMADRYAD

Bethink thee what it is to leave a home
Thou never yet hast left, one night, one day.

RHAICOS

No ! 'tis not hard to leave it ; 'tis not hard
 To leave, O Maiden ! that paternal home,
 If there be one on earth whom we may love,
 First, last, for ever ; one who says that she
 Will love for ever too. To say which word,
 Only to say it, surely is enough . .
 It shows such kindness . . if 'twere possible
 We at the moment think she would indeed.

HAMADRYAD

Who taught thee all this folly at thy age ?

RHAICOS

I have seen lovers and have learn'd to love.

HAMADRYAD

But wilt thou spare the tree ?

RHAICOS

My father wants
 The bark ; the tree may hold its place awhile.

HAMADRYAD

Awhile ! thy father numbers then my days ?

RHAICOS

Are there no others where the moss beneath
 Is quite as tufty ? Who would send thee forth
 Or ask thee why thou tarriest ? Is thy flock
 Anywhere near ?

HAMADRYAD

I have no flock : I kill
 Nothing that breathes, that stirs, that feels the air,
 The sun, the dew. Why should the beautiful
 (And thou art beautiful) disturb the source

Q

Whence springs all beauty? Hast thou never heard
Of Hamadryads?

RHAICOS

Heard of them I have :
Tell me some tale about them. May I sit
Beside thy feet? Art thou not tired? The herbs
Are very soft ; I will not come too nigh ;
Do but sit there, nor tremble so, nor doubt !
Stay ! stay an instant ! let me first explore
If any acorn of last year be left
Within it : thy thin robe too ill protects
Thy dainty limbs against the harm one small
Acorn may do. Here 's none. Another day
Trust me ! till then let me sit opposite.

HAMADRYAD

I seat me ; be thou seated, and content !

RHAICOS

O sight for Gods ! Ye men below ! adore
The Aphroditè. Is she there below ?
Or sits she here before me ? as she sat
Before the shepherd on those heights that shade
The Hellespont, and brought his kindred woe.

HAMADRYAD

Reverence the Higher Powers ; nor deem amiss
Of her that pleads to thee, and would repay . .
Ask not how much . . but very much. Rise not !
No, Rhaicos ! no ! Without the nuptial vow
Love is unholy. Swear to me that none
Of mortal maids shall ever taste thy kiss,
Then take thou mine ! then take it, not before !

RHAICOS

Hearken, all Gods above! O Aphroditè!
 O Herè! let my vow be ratified.
 But wilt thou come into my father's house?

HAMADRYAD

Nay! and of mine I can not give thee part.

RHAICOS

Where is it?

HAMADRYAD

In this oak.

RHAICOS

Ay, now begins

The tale of Hamadryad: tell it through!

HAMADRYAD

Pray to thy father never to cut down
 My tree; and promise him, as well thou mayst,
 That every year he shall receive from me
 More honey than will buy him nine fat sheep,
 More wax than he will burn to all the Gods.
 Why fallest thou upon thy face? Some thorn
 May scratch it, rash young man! Rise up, for shame!

RHAICOS

For shame I can not rise. O pity me!
 I dare not sue for love . . . but do not hate!
 Let me once more behold thee . . . not once more,
 But many days: let me love on . . . unloved!
 I aim'd too high: on my own head the bolt
 Falls back, and pierces to the very brain.

HAMADRYAD

Go . . . rather go, than make me say I love!

RHAICOS

If happiness is immortality
 (And whence enjoy it else the Gods above?)
 I am immortal too : my vow is heard :
 Hark ! on the left . . . Nay, turn not from me now !
 I claim my kiss.

HAMADRYAD

Do men take first, then claim ?
 Do thus the seasons run their course with them ?

Her lips were seal'd, her head sank on his breast :
 'Tis said that laughs were heard within the wood :
 But who should hear them ? and whose laughs ?
 and why ?



Savoury was the smell, and long past noon,
 Thallinos ! in thy house : for marjoram,
 Basil and mint, and thyme and rosemary,
 Were sprinkled on the kid's well roasted length,
 Awaiting Rhaicos. Home he came at last,
 Not hungry but pretending hunger keen,
 With head and eyes just o'er the maple plate.
 "Thou seest but badly, coming from the sun,
 Boy Rhaicos !" said the father. "That oak's bark

Must have been tough, with little sap between :
 It ought to run ; but it and I are old."
 Rhaicos, although each morsel of the bread
 Increased by chewing, and the meat grew cold
 And tasteless to his palate, took a draught
 Of gold-bright wine, which, thirsty, as he was,
 He thought not of until his father fill'd
 The cup, averring water was amiss,
 But wine had been at all times pour'd on kid . . .
 It was religion.

He thus fortified

Said, not quite boldly, and not quite abash'd,
 "Father ! that oak is Zeus's own ; that oak
 Year after year will bring thee wealth from wax
 And honey. There is one who fears the Gods
 And the Gods love . . . that one "

(He blush'd, nor said

What one)

"Hath promised this, and may do more.
 We have not many moons to wait until
 The bees have done their best : if then there come
 Nor wax nor honey, let the tree be hewn !"
 "Zeus hath bestow'd on thee a prudent mind,"
 Said the glad sire : "but look thou often there,
 And gather all the honey thou canst find
 In every crevice, over and above
 What hath been promised ! would they reckon that ?"

Rhaicos went daily ; but the Nymph was oft
 Invisible. To play at love, she knew,
 Stopping its breathings when it breathes most soft,
 Is sweeter than to play on any pipe.

She play'd on his : she fed upon his sighs ;
They pleased her when they gently waved her hair,
Cooling the pulses of her purple veins,
And when her absence brought them out they pleased.
Even among the fondest of them all,
What mortal or immortal maid is more
Content with giving happiness than pain ?
One day he was returning from the wood
Despondently. She pitied him, and said —
“Come back !” and twined her fingers in the hem
Above his shoulder. Then she led his steps
To a cool rill that ran o'er level sand
Through lentisk and through oleander ; there
Bathed she his feet, lifting them on her lap
When bathed, and drying them in both her hands.
He dared complain, for those who most are loved
Most dare it ; but not harsh was his complaint.
“O thou inconstant !” said he, “if stern law
Bind thee, or will, stronger than sternest law,
O, let me know henceforward when to hope
The fruit of love that grows for me but here !”
He spake ; and pluck'd it from its pliant stem.
“Impatient Rhaicos ! why thus intercept
The answer I would give ? There is a bee
Whom I have fed, a bee who knows my thoughts
And executes my wishes : I will send
That messenger. If ever thou art false,
Drawn by another, own it not, but drive
My bee away ! then shall I know my fate,
And (for thou must be wretched) weep at thine.
But often as my heart persuades to lay

Its cares on thine and throb itself to rest,
Expect her with thee, whether it be morn,
Or eve, at any time when woods are safe."

Day after day the Hours beheld them bless'd,
And season after season : years had pass'd,
Bless'd were they still. He who asserts that Love
Ever is sated of sweet things, the same
Sweet things he fretted for in earlier days,
Never, by Zeus ! loved he a Hamadryad.

The nights had now grown longer, and perhaps
The Hamadryads find them lone and dull
Among their woods : one did, alas ! She call'd
Her faithful bee ; 'twas when all bees should sleep,
And all did sleep but hers. She was sent forth
To bring that light which never wintry blast
Blows out, nor rain nor snow extinguishes :
The light that shines from loving eyes upon
Eyes that love back, till they can see no more.

Rhaicos was sitting at his father's hearth :
Between them stood the table, not o'erspread
With fruits which autumn now profusely bore,
Nor anise cakes, nor odorous wine ; but there
The draft-board was expanded, at which game
Triumphant sat old Thallinos ; the son
Was puzzled, vex'd, discomfited, distraught.
A buzz was at his ear ; up went his hand,
And it was heard no longer. The poor bee
Return'd (but not until the morn shone bright)
And found the Hamadryad with her head
Upon her aching wrist ; and show'd one wing

Half broken off, the other's meshes marr'd,
 And there were bruises which no eye could see
 Saving a Hamadryad's. At this sight
 Down fell the languid brow, both hands fell down,
 A shriek was carried to the ancient hall
 Of Thallinos: he heard it not: his son
 Heard it, and ran forthwith into the wood.
 No bark was on the tree, no leaf was green,
 The trunk was riven through. From that day forth
 Nor word nor whisper sooth'd his ear, nor sound
 Even of insect wing: but loud laments
 The woodmen and the shepherds one long year
 Heard day and night; for Rhaicos would not quit
 The solitary place, but moan'd and died.

Hence milk and honey wonder not, O Guest!
 To find set duly on the hollow stone.



MARGARET

MOTHER! I can not mind my wheel;
 My fingers ache, my lips are dry:
 O, if you felt the pain I feel,—
 But O, who ever felt as I?
 No longer could I doubt him true:
 All other men may use deceit;
 He always said my eyes were blue,
 And often swore my lips were sweet.

*BLESSING ON PYTHAGORAS**By an ancient Pythagorean*

BLESSED BE HE who taught us to abstain
 From flesh of animal, and bean as bad,
 But stated days appointed wherein fish,
 Marine or fluvial, scaly or smooth-skinn'd,
 And pullet eggs, and certain mild legumes
 Which rise not up rebellious like the bean,
 Were unprohibited! Be blessed he
 Who fearless walk'd upon his golden thigh
 Over the sea from Egypt's holy land
 Until at length he reach'd our Italy,
 Pythagoras!

We still keep his commands,
 Save only those which rigidly forbid
 Bloodshed, of beast not only, but of man;
 This the most righteous pray the Gods to grant.

I do confess, and would repent, my sins,
 But harder is repentance than confession,
 For bovine I have eaten, nor abstain'd
 From porcine, and would rather shed such blood
 Than blood of fellow-man.

“Thou art perverse,”
 The righteous say, and deem this abstinence
 Capricious.

“Why not slay him if thou slay
 Creatures more innocent?”

Such argument
 Baffles reply; therefore I, hastening home,
 Lay napkin upon knee and carve my beef.

TO YOUTH

WHERE art thou gone? light-ankled Youth!
With wing at either shoulder,
And smile that never left thy mouth
Until the Hours grew colder.

Then somewhat seem'd to whisper near
That thou and I must part:
I doubted it,— I felt no fear,
No weight upon the heart.

If aught befell it, Love was by
And roll'd it off again:
So, if there ever was a sigh,
'Twas not a sigh of pain.

I may not call thee back; but thou
Returnest when the hand
Of gentle Sleep waves o'er my brow
His poppy-crested wand.

Then smiling eyes bend over mine;
Then lips once-press'd invite:
But Sleep hath given a silent sign,
And both, alas! take flight.





JOHN KEATS

TO PSYCHE

○ GODDESS! hear these tuneless numbers, wrung
By sweet enforcement and remembrance dear,
And pardon that thy secrets should be sung
Even into thine own soft-conched ear:
Surely I dream'd to-day, or did I see
The winged Psyche with awaken'd eyes?—
I wandered in a forest thoughtlessly,
And on the sudden, fainting with surprise,
Saw two fair creatures, couched side by side,
In deepest grass, beneath the whispering roof
Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran
A brooklet, scarce espied:
'Mid hush'd, cool-rooted flowers fragrant-eyed,
Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian,
They lay calm-breathing on the bedded woof,
Their arms embracèd and their pinions too:
Their lips touch'd not, but had not bade adieu,
As if disjoined by soft-handed slumber
And ready still past kisses to outnumber
At tender eye-dawn of aureorean love.
The winged boy I knew:
But who wast thou, O happy, happy dove?
His Psyche true.

O latest-born and loveliest vision far
 Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy!
 Fairer than Phœbe's sapphire-region'd star,
 Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the sky:
 Fairer than these, though temple thou hast none,
 Nor altar heap'd with flowers,
 Nor Virgin-choir to make delicious moan
 Upon the midnight hours,
 No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet
 From chain-swung censer teeming,
 No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat
 Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming.
 O Brightest! though too late for antique vows,
 Too, too late for the fond believing lyre,
 When holy were the haunted forest boughs,
 Holy the air, the water, and the fire,—
 Yet even in these days, so far retired
 From happy pieties, thy lucent fans
 Fluttering among the faint Olympians
 I see, and sing, by my own eyes inspired.
 So let me be thy choir, and make a moan
 Upon the midnight hours,
 Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet
 From swung censer teeming,
 Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat
 Of pale-mouth'd prophet dreaming!
 Yes! I will be thy priest, and build a fane
 In some untrodden region of my mind,
 Where branched thoughts, new grown, with
 pleasant pain,
 Instead of pines, shall murmur in the wind:





CHARLES WELLS

KISS NO MORE THE VINTAGES,
Thou hot-lipp'd Sun !
Flow no more the merry wine
From the dark tun !
Above my bed hang dull nightshade,
And o'er my brows the willow ;
With maiden flowers from dewy bowers
Cover my last pillow !
Away ! away to the green sward !
My young heart breaks :
Break the earth, and lay me deep !
Love my breath takes.
Angels ! pity, and hear this ditty
Breathed from a poor girl's lips :
O'er her lover ever hover.
Scattering earthly bliss !
Come, thou iron-crowned Death !
Into my stretched arms,
Bridegroom to my maiden breast ;
End my sad alarms !
Lead 'on, lead on, thou Love of bone !
Over the heath wild ;
And 'neath the grass secure fast
Thy melancholy child.



JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS

TO JOHN KEATS

I

ROBIN THE OUTLAW! Is there not a mass
Of freedom in the name? It tells the story
Of clenched oaks, with branches bow'd and hoary,
Leaning in agèd beauty o'er the grass;
Of dazèd smile on cheek of border lass,
Listening 'gainst some old gate at his strange glory;
And of the dappled stag, struck down and gory,
Lying with nostril wide in green morass.
It tells a tale of forest days, of times
That would have been most precious unto thee:
Days of undying pastoral liberty,
Sweeter than music o'ld of abbey chimes,
Sweet as the virtue of Shaksperian rhymes:
Days shadowy with the magic green-wood tree.

2

THE trees in Sherwood Forest are old and good,
The grass beneath them now is dimly green:
Are they deserted all? Is no young mien,
With loose-slung bugle, met within the wood?
No arrow found, foil'd of its antler'd food,
Stuck in the oak's rude side? Is there nought seen

To mark the revelries which there have been,
In the sweet days of merry Robin Hood?
Go there, with summer and with evening! go
In the soft shadows, like some wandering man!
And thou shalt far amid the forest know
The archer men in green, with belt and bow,
Feasting on pheasant, river-fowl and swan,
With Robin at their head, and Marian.

3

WITH coat of Lincoln green and mantle too,
And horn of ivory mouth, and buckle bright,
And arrows wing'd with peacock-feathers light,
And trusty bow well-gather'd of the yew,
Stands Robin Hood; and near, with eyes of blue
Shining through dusk hair, like the stars of night,
And habited in pretty forest plight,
His green-wood beauty sits, young as the dew.
O gentle-tressed girl, Maid Marian!
Are thine eyes bent upon the gallant game
That stray in the merry Sherwood? thy sweet fame
Can never, never die. And thou, high man!
Would we might pledge thee, with thy silver can
Of Rhenish, in the woods of Nottingham.



ON THE PICTURE OF A LADY

SORROW hath made thine eyes more dark and keen,
 And set a whiter hue upon thy cheeks ;
 And round thy pressed lips drawn anguish streaks,
 And made thy forehead fearfully serene :
 Even in thy steady hair her work is seen,—
 For its still parted darkness (till it breaks
 In heavy curls upon thy shoulders) speaks,
 Like the stern wave, how hard the storm hath been.
 So look'd that hapless lady of the South,
 Sweet Isabella, at that dreary part
 Of all the passion'd hours of her youth :
 When her green basil-pot by brothers' art
 Was stolen away. So look'd her pained mouth,
 In the mute patience of a breaking heart.

BLUE EYES

THAT peasant girl's blue eyes
 Are beauty's stars to me :
 They 're not like summer skies,
 Nor like the deep blue sea,—
 Nor of the hare-bell's hue :
 And yet they are sweetly blue.

That peasant girl is fair,
 And when your eyes behold
 Her white hand wreath her hair,
 'Tis ivory lost in gold :
 But still you 'll turn to woo
 Those eyes so sweetly blue.

SONG

GO WHERE the water glideth gently ever,
Glideth by meadows that the greenest be ;
Go, listen to our own belovèd river :
And think of me !

Wander in forests where the small flower layeth
Its fairy gem beside the giant tree ;
Listen the dim brook pining while it playeth :
And think of me !

Watch when the sky is silver pale at even,
And the wind grieveth in the lonely tree ;
Go out beneath the solitary heaven :
And think of me !

And when the moon riseth as she were dreaming,
And treadeth with white feet the lulled sea,
Go, silent as a star beneath her beaming,
And think of me !





THOMAS HOOD

SIGNS OF LOVE

I F to believe that dreams were truth,
And all the fond romance of youth,
Each pictured charm that fancy prized,
In one fair form now realized ;
If to sum up in that dear scope
My all of joy, my all of hope,
Where faithlessness there could be none,
For all the sex was merged in one ;
If to be happy in her nearness,
Holding her very silk in dearness,
As if my heart could have no home :
But where She was or was to come ;
If from the contact of a finger
An after bliss for days could linger,
A feeling kept secure, and chaste,
Till by the next sweet touch effaced ;
If to pine after power and glory
But for one sake ; if in love-story
To make each tenderest phrase refer
All that is bright and good to Her ;
If with all thoughts to haunt her bower,
True as the bee is to the flower,
Her image join'd with all day scheming
And nightly worship'd in all dreaming :

If these be signs that love delivers,
I am thy lover, fair Grace Rivers!

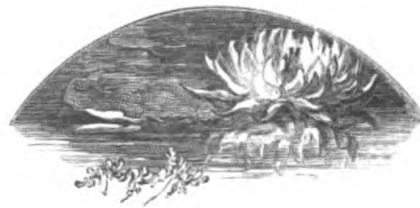
LOVE'S CONSTANCY

STILL GLIDES the gentle streamlet on,
With shifting current new and strange;
The water that was here is gone:
But those green shadows do not change.

Serene, or ruffled by the storm,
On present waves, as on the past,
The mirror'd grove retains its form,
The self-same trees their semblance cast.

The hue each fleeting globule wears,
That drop bequeaths it to the next:
One picture still the surface bears
To illustrate the murmur'd text.

So, Love! however time may flow,
Fresh hours pursuing those that flee,
One constant image still shall show
My tide of life is true to thee.





THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

SEAMEN THREE

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

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

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

CASTLES IN THE AIR

MY thoughts by night are often fill'd
 With visions false as fair :
 For in the past alone I build
 My castles in the air.

I dwell not now on what may be :
 Night shadows o'er the scene :
 But still my fancy wanders free
 Through that which might have been.

BEYOND THE SEA

BEYOND THE SEA, beyond the sea,
 My heart is gone, far, far from me ;
 And ever on its track will flee
 My thoughts, my dreams, beyond the sea.

Beyond the sea, beyond the sea,
 The swallow wanders fast and free.
 O, happy bird ! were I like thee,
 I too would fly beyond the sea.

Beyond the sea, beyond the sea,
 Are kindly hearts and social glee ;
 But here for me they may not be :
 My heart is gone beyond the sea.



*MARGARET LOVE PEACOCK**Three years old.*

LONG NIGHT succeeds thy little day :
 O, blighted blossom ! can it be
 That this grey stone and grassy clay
 Have closed our anxious care of thee ?

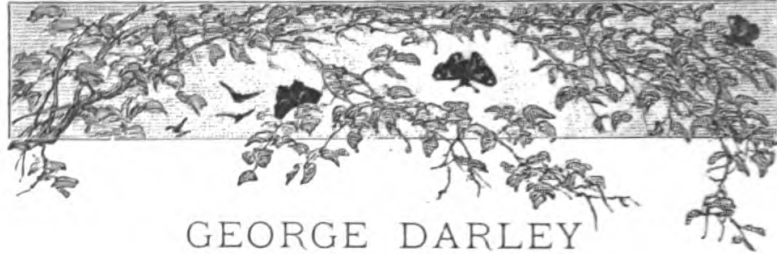
The half-form'd speech of artless thought,
 That spoke a mind beyond thy years,
 The song, the dance by Nature taught,
 The sunny smiles, the transient tears,

The symmetry of face and form,
 The eye with light and life replete,
 The little heart so fondly warm,
 The voice so musically sweet,—



These, lost to hope, in memory yet
 Around the hearts that loved thee cling,
 Shadowing with long and vain regret
 The too fair promise of thy Spring.





GEORGE DARLEY

SYLVIA'S SONG

THE STREAMS that wind amid the hills
And lost in pleasure slowly roam,
While their deep joy the valley fills,—
Even these will leave their mountain home ;
So may it, Love ! with others be,
But I will never wend from thee.

The leaf forsakes the parent spray,
The blossom quits the stem as fast ;
The rose-enamour'd bird will stray
And leave his eglantine at last :
So may it, Love ! with others be,
But I will never wend from thee.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

ROMANZO — O fairest ! SYLVIA — O rarest !
BOTH — Creature of no mortal birth !
ROMANZO — If thou 'rt woman,
SYLVIA — If thou 'rt human,
BOTH — Heaven is sure outdone on earth.
ROMANZO — Pearly brow and golden hair,
Lips that seem to scent the air,
Eyes as bright and sweet and blue

As violets fill'd with orbs of dew :
O fairest !

SYLVIA — O rarest !

God-like form and gracious mien,
As he once a king had been :
Glory's star is on his brow,
He is King of Shepherds now.

O rarest !

ROMANZO — O fairest !

FLORETTA'S SONG

I DO love the meadow beauties,
And perform them tender duties :
So the fair ones let me use 'em
For my brow and for my bosom.
Follow, follow, follow me !
And I 'll choose a brooch for thee.

Here be pansies just a-blowing,
Here be lords and ladies glowing ;
What a crowd of maiden-blushes
Court a kiss on yonder bushes !
Follow, follow, follow me !
And I 'll get a kiss for thee.

Down the slopy hillocks sweetest
Grows the blue pervinkè, meetest
For a garland ; should the wreather
Cowslip choose, she may have either.
Follow, follow, follow me !
And I 'll show them both to thee.

DIRGE

WAIL! wail ye o'er the Dead!
 Wail, wail ye o'er her!
 Youth's ta'en and Beauty's fled:
 O then deplore her!

Strew! strew, ye Maidens! strew
 Sweet flowers and fairest:
 Pale rose, and pansy blue,
 Lily the rarest!

Wail! —

Lay, lay her gently down
 On her moss pillow,
 While we our foreheads crown
 With the sad willow!

Wail! —

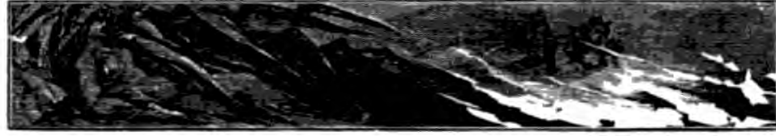
Raise, raise the song of woe,
 Youths! to her honour;
 Fresh leaves and blossoms throw,
 Virgins! upon her.

Wail! —

Round, round the cypress bier
 Where she lies sleeping,
 On every turf a tear,
 Let us go, weeping!

Wail! —





THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

SONG OF THE STYGIAN NAIADS

PROSERPINE may pull her flowers,
Wet with dew or wet with tears,
Red with anger, pale with fears :
Is it any fault of ours
If Pluto be an amorous king,
And comes home nightly laden,
Underneath his broad bat-wing,
With a gentle mortal maiden ?
Is it so? Wind! is it so?
All that you and I do know
Is that we saw fly and fix
'Mongst the reeds and flowers of Styx,
Yesterday,
Where the Furies made their hay
For a bed of tiger-cubs,
A great fly of Beelzebub's,—
The bee of hearts, which mortals name
Cupid, Love, and Fie-for-shame.

Proserpine may weep in rage,
But, ere I and you have done
Kissing, bathing in the sun,
What I have in yonder cage,
Bird or serpent, wild or tame,

She shall guess and ask in vain :
 But if Pluto does it again,
 It shall sing out loud his shame.
 What hast caught then? what hast caught?
 Nothing but a poet's thought
 Which so light did fall and fix
 'Mongst the reeds and flowers of Styx
 Yesterday,
 Where the Furies made their hay
 For a bed of tiger-cubs,
 A great fly of Beelzebub's,—
 The bee of hearts, which mortals name
 Cupid, Love, and Fie-for-shame.

THE REASON WHY

I LOVE THEE, and I love thee not :
 I love thee, yet I 'd rather not,—
 All of thee, yet I know not what.
 A flowery eye and tender,
 A swan-like neck as slender,
 And on it a brown little spot
 For tears to fall afraid on,
 And kisses to be paid on,
 Have other Maidens too.
 Then why love I, Love! none but you?
 If I could find the reason why,
 Methinks my love would quickly die.
 Ay! knew I how to hate thee, Maid!
 I 'd hate thee for I know not what,
 Excepting that I 'd rather not

Be thy friend or foeman :
 For thou art the only woman
 On whom to think my heart 's afraid :
 For if I would abhor thee,
 The more I must long for thee :
 What others force me to
 I turn me from ; why not from you ?
 If I could find the reason why,
 Methinks my love would quickly die.

Yet shouldst thou cause my heart to move
 To longings,— that I 'd rather not :
 And tried I hate, I know not what
 My heart would do, for mourning ;
 Love I, it bursts, love scorning.
 O loveliest hate ! most hateful love !
 This combat and endeavour
 Is what enslaves me ever :
 I 'll neither of the two,
 Or hate or love the love of you.
 And now I 've found the reason why,
 I know my love can never die.

SONG

WILL you sleep these dark hours, Maiden !
 Beneath the vine that rested
 Its slender boughs, so purple laden,
 All the day around that elm
 (In the mead, nightingale-nested)
 Which yon dark hill wears for helm,
 Pasture-robed and forest-crested ?

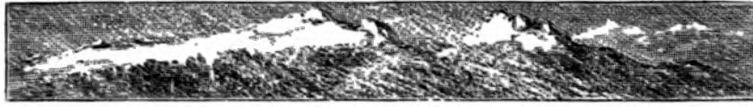
There the Night, of lovely hue,
Peeps the fearful branches through,
And ends in those two eyes of blue.

SEA SONG

TO SEA! TO SEA! The calm is o'er:
The wanton water leaps in sport,
And rattles down the pebbly shore;
The dolphin wheels, the sea-cows snort,
And unseen mermaids' pearly song
Comes bubbling up the weeds among.
Fling broad the sail! dip deep the oar!
To sea! to sea! the calm is o'er.

To sea! to sea! our wide-wing'd bark
Shall billowy cleave its sunny way,
And with its shadow, fleet and dark,
Break the caved Tritons' azure day:
Like mighty eagles soaring light
O'er antelopes on Alpine height.
The anchor heaves, the ship swings free,
The sail swells full: to sea! to sea!





EBENEZER ELLIOTT

THE SINLESS CAIN

WHAT IS that flesh-bound spectre,
Whose thoughts none understand?
The sleeping mastiff heareth
The shunn'd of every land.
The spirit in his famish'd eyes
Seems bare to sun and sky ;
And insolence grows mad with pride
When that sad form comes nigh.

In every clime and country
There lives a Man of Pain,
Whose nerves, like chords of lightning,
Bring fire into his brain :
To him a whisper is a wound,
A look or sneer a blow ;
More pangs he feels in years or months
Than dunce-throng'd ages know.

Yet Pity speaks, like Hatred,
Of him where'er he goes ;
As if his soul were marble,
Men polish it with woes.
Though soft and warm as "weeping blood,"
And true, his heart, as Truth,
They coffin winter in his thoughts,
And crown with snow his youth.

He drinks the wine of curses,
 He eats reproach for bread,
 The fire unblown of slander
 Is flame upon his head :
 So in to-morrow's unmade grave
 He counts life's heavy hours ;
 While rancour makes his bed of snakes,
 And mockery calls them flowers.

Amid the bless'd a stranger,
 Or foodless with his mate,
 From home and hope an exile,
 Or paid for love with hate,
 All lonely by some throng'd fire-side,
 Or homeless in his home,—
 Well may he wish to herd with wolves,
 Or marry ocean's foam.

"Why was I given in marriage?"
 Said Love, when he was born :
 Behold him, the Benoni
 Of glory's natal morn !
 The mind of man shall be his shroud ;
 His life is deathless death ;
 Bleach'd on the surge of endless years,
 He sighs,— and hath no breath.

Why marvel that his spirit
 Seems dry as dead men's bones ?
 That maidens fear his gestures,
 And start to hear his tones ?
 Why marvel that, with maniac steps,

He moveth fast and slow,
If he was call'd a Man of Grief
Six thousand years ago?

By Babylonian rivers,
In Israel's dreadful day,
With soul bow'd like the willows,
For prostrate Solyma,
He, saddest, sweetest bard of all
Whom God's dark wing had swept
From pride into captivity,
Remembering Zion, wept.

Ere Rome was he wrote ballads
On Troy, the fate o'erthrown ;
And he will sigh for London
In manless ruin strown ;
Then o'er Australia hungering,
Poor waif of land and sea,
Ask bread through alleys yet unbuilt,
Where London is to be ;

Or from some Pandour'd palace,
That looks o'er slaves afar,
Say to his royal legions —
"Go tame the earth with war!"
That unborn scribes may write again
The tale of chain'd or free,
Unless mankind meantime recant
Their blood-idolatry.

Behold him! Say, what art thou
Whose thoughts none understand?

The sleeping mastiff hears thee,
Thou scorn'd of every land!
Famine, that laid thy vitals bare
To wind and sun and sky,
Sees nothing sadder than thy cheek,
Or wilder than thy eye.

What art thou? Did thy boyhood
Cull shells on Severn's side?
Art thou "the wondrous stripling
That perish'd in his pride"?
Or art thou he whom wonder call'd
The Avonian's youthful peer,
The second Shakspeare? Bread! O, bread!
Poor Otway! it is here.

Thou changest:— Art thou Dante,
The famed in peace and war,
Whom weeps ungrateful Florence,
Beneath her mournful star?
Then hast thou known "how sad the sound
Of feet on strangers' stairs,
How bitter strangers' bread" to him
Who eats it, and despairs.

What? Canning? scoundrel-murder'd,
And musing still with fools:
Who would not be a genius,
To manage harpies' tools?
Who would not soothe a State, to shield
A harpy-bullied Throne;
And die, consumed in fire from heaven,

By palaced beggars blown.

Thou changest :— Trampled Hargreaves !

Rejoin thy nameless dust !

Not even to the lifeless

Will cruel man be just.

Changed :— Thought-worn Crompton !

thy sad face

Casts gloom on cloudless day :

Fool, even in death ! why linger here,

Trade's meek reproach ? Away !

Stay'st thou, amid the fortunes

Which thy scorn'd genius made,

To hear a Peel or Arkwright

Cry "Manacles for Trade !"

Or can it please thy pensive soul

To meet an upstart's eye,

And see the reptile stalk erect,

A wealth-rewarded Lie ?

Thou changest :— Art thou Byron,

Who barter'd peace for stone ;

And didst thou wed a shadow,

To perish all alone ?

Changed :— Art thou he, once many-throned,

Who wifeless, sonless, died,

While son and wife walk'd clad in smiles

His paltry foe beside ?

Again thou changest :— Sad One !

How want-worn is thine hand.

No diadem *thou* wearest,

Thou scorn'd of every land !
 The eagle in thy famish'd eyes
 Looks faintly on the sky ;
 And insult waxeth red with rage
 When thy pale form draws nigh.

ELEGY ON WILLIAM COBBETT

○ BEAR HIM where the rain can fall,
 And where the winds can blow ;
 And let the sun weep o'er his pall
 As to the grave ye go !

And in some little lone churchyard,
 Beside the growing corn,
 Lay gentle Nature's stern prose bard,
 Her mightiest peasant-born !

Yes ! let the wild-flower wed his grave,
 That bees may murmur near,
 When o'er his last home bend the brave,
 And say — " A man lies here ! "

For Britons honour Cobbett's name,
 Though rashly oft he spoke ;
 And none can scorn, and few will blame,
 The low-laid heart of oak.

See, o'er his prostrate branches, see !
 E'en factious hate consents
 To reverence, in the fallen tree,
 His British lineaments.

Though gnarl'd the storm-tost boughs that braved
The thunder's gather'd scow.,
Not always through his darkness raved
The storm-winds of the soul.

O, no! in hours of golden calm
Morn met his forehead bold;
And breezy evening sang her psalm
Beneath his dew-dropp'd gold.

The wren its crest of fibred fire
With his rich bronze compared;
While many a youngling's songful sire
His acorn'd twiglets shared.


The lark, above, sweet tribute paid,
Where clouds with light were riven;
And true love sought his bluebell'd shade,
"To bless the hour of heaven."

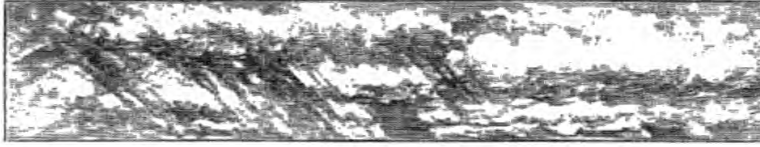
E'en when his stormy voice was loud,
And guilt quaked at the sound,
Beneath the frown that shook the proud
The poor a shelter found.

Dead oak! thou livest. Thy smitten hands,
The thunder of thy brow,
Speak, with strange tongues, in many lands,
And tyrants hear thee, now!

Beneath the shadow of thy name,
Inspired by thy renown,
Shall future patriots rise to fame,
And many a sun go down.

FLOWERS FOR THE HEART

FLOWERS! winter flowers! The child is dead,
The mother can not speak.
O, softly couch his little head!
Or Mary's heart will break. 
Amid those curls of flaxen hair
This pale pink ribbon twine;
And on the little bosom there
Place this wan lock of mine!
How like a form in cold white stone
The coffin'd infant lies!
Look, Mother! on thy little one:
And tears will fill thine eyes.
She can not weep; more faint she grows,
More deadly pale and still:—
Flowers! O, a flower! a winter rose,
That tiny hand to fill.
Go, search the fields! the lichen wet
Bends o'er the unfailing well;
Beneath the furrow lingers yet
The scarlet pimpernel.
Peeps not a snowdrop in the bower
Where never froze the spring?
A daisy? Ah, bring childhood's flower!
The half-blown daisy bring!
Yes! lay the daisy's little head
Beside the little cheek;
O haste! The last of five is dead:
The childless can not speak.



SARAH FLOWER ADAMS

HYMN

HE sendeth sun, he sendeth shower,
Alike they 're needful for the flower :
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father ! thy will, not mine, be done !

Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love ?
Creator ! I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to thee :
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father ! thy will, not mine, be done !

O, ne'er will I at life repine :
Enough that thou hast made it mine.
When falls the shadow cold of death
I yet will sing, with parting breath,
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father ! thy will, not mine, be done !



ORPHEUS' SWEETEST SONG

KNOWEST THOU Orpheus' sweetest song?
 Echo did ne'er the notes prolong
 She came from fairest haunt to hear,
 And stood with parted lips to listen near:
 So near that, all-incorporate with the strain,
 Her charmed breath ne'er gave it back again.
 The savage beasts there straying
 Like folded lambs are playing,
 'Mid stony hearts that melt, rude eyes that glisten;
 Each stream doth thither turn
 To rest upon her urn;
 The mountains twin the clouds and glide to listen;
 While the hush'd stars do let themselves adown,
 To hear a harmony divine as is their own.

And yet a sweeter song, for me,
 Won back his lost Eurydice.
 Pluto ne'er asks why Cerberus
 Hath let him pass. The rage of Tartarus
 Bland airs cool lovingly. With accents mild
 He sings the Queen of Hell into a child.
 Again with Enn's daughters,
 By flowery-margin'd waters,
 Her dewy fingers twine the perfumed wreath;
 A voice above them all
 Doth "Proserpina!" call;
 She feels upon her cheek her mother's breath:—
 'Tis Ceres speaks! Ah, no! The tears flow down:
 It is but love she hears, that claimeth back its own.

His sweetest song! His task is done;
 Eurydice, his own, is won:
 He hears her foot: her pants are there,
 He feels them busy in his clustering hair;
 One look! — His starry joy streams up on high,
 To win lost love, an immortality!
 And now they dwell for ever
 By the eternal river
 That winds untroubled through Elysian groves:
 There, linked hand in hand,
 Along the enamel'd strand,
 They live again the story of their loves.
 While round them blessed ghosts in silence throng,
 And listen yet untired to Orpheus' sweetest song.



YET fresh petals of dropt blossom
 Strew upon her loveliest bosom!
 Heap dark pansies at her feet!
 Thyme and briar-roses sweet,
 And the snow-flakes of the May
 If still lingering, softly lay
 All about her garment neat,
 Broidery fit for winding-sheet!
 Water-lilies round her head
 Wreath! so white regrets the dead
 Attend. — Whatever of most fair
 Wild or garden hath be there:
 Keeping Her, since she must die,
 Fragrant in our memory!



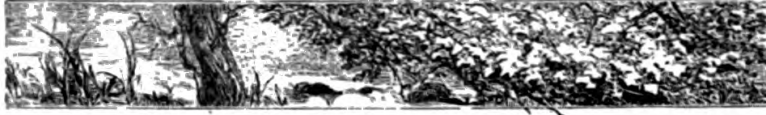
HARRIET MARTINEAU

BENEATH THIS STARRY ARCH
Nought resteth or is still ;
But all things hold their march,
As if by one great will :
Moves one, move all : hark to the foot-fall !
On, on, for ever !

Yon sheaves were once but seed ;
Will ripens into deed ;
As cave-drops swell the streams,
Day-thoughts feed nightly dreams ;
And sorrow tracketh wrong,
As echo follows song :
On, on, for ever !

By night, like stars on high,
The Hours reveal their train ;
They whisper, and go by :
I never watch in vain.
Moves one, move all : hark to the foot-fall !
On, on, for ever !

They pass the cradle-head,
And there a promise shed ;
They pass the moist new grave,
And bid rank verdure wave ;
They bear through every clime
The harvests of all time
On, on, for ever !



ROBERT NICOLL

ORDÈ BRAES

THERE 'S nae hame like the hame o' youth,
Nae ither spot sae fair ;
Nae ither faces look sae kind
As the smilin' faces there :
An' I hae sate by monie streams,
Hae travel'd monie ways :
But the fairest spot on the earth to me
Is bonnie Ordè Braes.



An ell-lang wee thing there I ran
Wi' the ither neebor bairns,
To pu' the hazel's shining nuts,
An' tɔ wander 'mang the ferns,
An' to feast on the bramble-berries brown,
An' gather the glossy slaes
By the burnie's side : an' aye sin syne
I hae loved sweet Ordè Braes.



The memories o' my father's hame
An' its kindly dwellers a',
O' the friends I loved wi' a young heart's love,
Ere Care that heart could thraw,
Are twined wi' the stanes o' the silver burn,
An' its fairy crooks an' bays,
That onward sang 'neath the gowden broom
Upon bonnie Ordè Braes.



Ance on a day there were happy hames
 By the bonnie Ordè side :
 Nane ken how meikle peace an' love
 In a straw-roof'd cot can bide :
 But thae hames are gane, an' the hand o' Time
 The roofless wa's doth raze ;
 Laneness an' Sweetness hand in hand
 Gang owre the Ordè Braes.

O, an the sun were shinin' now,
 An' O, an I were there,
 Wi' twa, three friends o' auld lang-syne,
 My wanderin' joy to share !
 For though on the hearth o' my bairnhood's hame
 The flock o' the hills may graze,
 Some kind hearts live to love me yet
 Upon bonnie Ordè Braes.

MINISTER TAM

A WEE RAGGIT LADDIE he cam' to our toun,
 Wi' his hair for a bonnet, his taes through his
 shoon ;

An' aye when we gart him rise up in the morn,
 The Ne'er-do-weel herdit the kye 'mang the corn.
 We sent him to gather the sheep on the hill,
 No for work, but to keep him frae mischief an' ill ;
 But he huntit the ewes an' he rade on the ram :
 Sic a hellicat deevil was Minister Tam !

My auld Auntie sent him for sugar an' tea,—
 She kent na, douce woman, how toothsome was he :

As hameward he cam' wi' 't he paikit a bairn,
 An' harried a nest down amang the lang fern ;
 Then, while he was restin' within the green shaw,
 My auld Auntie's sugar he lickit it a' ;
 Syne a drubbin' to miss he sair sickness did sham :
 Sic a slee tricky shangie was Minister Tam.

But a carritch he took when his ain deevil bade,
 And wi' learnin' the laddie had maistly gane mad :
 Nae apples he pu'd now, nae bee-bikes he smoor'd,
 The bonnie wee trouties gat rest i' the ford ;
 Wi' the lassies at e'enin' nae mair he wad fight,
 He was readin' an' spellin' frae mornin' till night ;
 He grew mim as a paddock an' quiet as a lamb :
 Gude-sakes ! sic a change was on Minister Tam.

His breeks they were torn an' his coat it was bare,
 But he gaed to the school, an' he took to the lear ;
 He fought wi' a masterfu' heart up the brae,—
 To see him aye toilin' I maistly was wae.
 But his wark now is endit : our Tammie has grown
 To a kirk wi' a steeple, a black silken gown.
 Sic a change frae our laddie wha barefooted cam',
 Wi' his wig white wi' pouter, is Minister Tam.

BONNIE BESSIE LEE

BONNIE BESSIE LEE had a face fu' o' smiles,
 An' mirth round her ripe lips was aye dancin' slee,
 An' light was the foot-fa' an' winsome were the wiles
 O' the flower o' the parochin, our ain Bessie Lee.

Wi' the bairnies she would rin, an' the school laddies paik,
An' o'er the broomy braes like a fairy would flee,
Till auld hearts grew young again wi' love for her sake :
There was life in the blithe blink o' bonnie Bessie Lee.

She grat wi' the waefu' and laugh'd wi' the glad,
An' light as the wind 'mang the dancers was she ;
An' a tongue that could jeer too the little limmer had,
Whilk keepit aye her ain side for bonnie Bessie Lee.

An' whiles she had a sweetheart, an' whiles she had twa,—
A limmer o' a lassie ! but, atween you-an' me,
Her warm wee bit heartie she never threw awa,
Though monie a ane had sought it frae bonnie Bessie Lee.

But ten years had gane since I gazed on her last,—
For ten years had parted my auld hame an' me ;
And I said to mysel' as her mither's door I pass'd,
“Will I ever get anither kiss frae bonnie Bessie Lee ?”

But Time changes a' things, the ill-natured loon !
Were it ever sae rightly, he 'll nae let it be :
But I rubbit o' my een, and I thought that I would swoon,
How the carl had come roun' about our ain Bessie Lee.

The wee laughin' lassie was a gude-wife grown auld,
Twa weans at her apron and ane on her knee ;
She was douce too, an' wise-like : an' wisdom 's sae cauld.
I would rather hae the ither ane than this Bessie Lee.



THE GRAVE OF BURNS

BY a kirk-yard yett I stood, while many enter'd in :
 Men bow'd wi' toil and age, wi' haffets auld an' thin,
 And ithers in their prime wi' a bearin' proud an' hie,
 An' maidens pure an' bonnie as the daisies o' the lea,
 An' matrons wrinkled auld wi' lyart heads an' grey,
 An' bairns like things owre fair for Death to wede away.

I stood beside the yett while onward still they went,
 The laird frae out his ha' an' the shepherd frae the bent :
 It seem'd a type o' man and o' the grave's domain,
 But these were livin' a' an' could straight come forth again.
 And o' the bedral auld wi' meikle courtesie
 I speer'd what it might mean, an' he bade me look an' see.

On the trodden path that led to the house o' worshiping,
 Or before its open doors, there stood nae livin' thing ;
 But awa among the tombs ilk comer quickly pass'd,
 An' upon ae lowly grave ilk seekin' ee was cast :
 There were sabbin' bosoms there, an' proud yet saften'd
 eyes,

And a whisper breathed around — "There the Loved
 and Honour'd lies !"

There was nae a murmur there, the deep-drawn breath
 was hush'd ;
 And o'er the maiden's cheek the tears o' feelin' gush'd ;
 An' the bonnie infant's face was lifted as in prayer ;
 An' manhood's brow was flush'd wi' the thoughts that
 movin' were :—

I stood beside the grave, and I gazed upon the stone :
 And the name of Robert Burns was engraven thereupon.



HENRY S. SUTTON

THE BATTLE OF GOD

SO strive, so rule, Almighty Lord of All!
So greatly win thy planet-victory!
So gloriously what baffles bring in thrall!
So strongly work, Earth's final jubilee
With gladness and with singing to instal!

And man may work with the great God: yea, ours
This privilege,— all others how beyond!
To tend the great Man-root until it flowers;
To scorn with godly laughter when Despond
Tamely before a hoary hindrance cowers;

Effectually the planet to subdue,
And break old savagehood in claw and tusk;
That noble end to trust in and pursue
Which under Nature's half-expressive husk
Lies ever from the base conceal'd from view;

To draw our fellows up, as with a cord
Of love, unto their high-appointed place,
Till, from our state barbaric and abhorr'd,
We do arise unto a royal race:
To be the blest companions of The Lord.





RICHARD HENGIST HORNE

DON QUIXOTE
AT THE GRAVE OF ROSINANTE

DROOP, stately trees !
And bow your heads with all their heaviest shades,
While your leaves quiver as the daylight fades ;
Let midnight dews distil upon this grave,
Where sleeps my friend — the loyal and the brave :
Droop, stately trees !

O, ignorant earth !
Canst thou indeed contain the spirit high
That bore me through my task of chivalry ?
Alive, so correspondent with my soul —
Can it be dead — erased from hope's white scroll —
Nothing, henceforth ?

This long, black shield —
This interposing darkness of despair
But separates us now, and taints the air,
Higher enchantments, bred of virtuous aim,
May melt, and give a constellated fame
In starry field !

Whate'er thy doom,
My heart, chief mourner, shall companion thee,
Thou rarest friend — true in extremity !

And this old, wither'd arm shall battle wage
 With death's foul Shadows, smiting back their rage
 Into the gloom.

JACOB VAN DORT
OR THE MODERN SADDUCEE

I

JACOB VAN DORT, of Amsterdam —
 A man consider'd thoroughly good,
 As husband, father, citizen,
 Incapable of lies or sham,
 I am —
 • Our people say I am ;—
 A model of sound flesh and blood :
 And at our synagogue, 'midst holy men,
 Devoutly I have ever knelt and stood.

II

Thus have I lived for ninety years in health,
 With fair fame, happiness, and wealth :
 Now I am lying
 Serenely dying,
 What have I done in my life's span —
 My little circle oppidan —
 To look for life beyond the fate
 Of worlds that have some final date?

III

What *is* this Immortality,—
 This dazzling prism beyond the range of Time?—
 Far as my brain can climb,—
 Then, struggling on — and shimmering back to me?

IV

It is not possible to gain
A truthful comprehension of this thought —
This dream so god-like and un-sane —
Fearing, resisting, hating to be naught.

V

Would not a million years,
In rising circles, satisfy man's hope? —
Ten millions, then, of life 'midst dying spheres —
Wouldst thou still cry "Give me yet wider scope"?

VI

We know not what we crave —
We plunge through wordy midnights of the mind —
And all because we dread our needful grave,
Seeking to reconstruct the laws design'd.

VII

What has the best man done —
What could the best that ever lived e'er do —
To justify a rank with Star and Sun?
Nay, more — for they may end when dates fall due.

VIII

Be rational, Van Dort! — firmly resign'd —
Die in thy senses!
Die as thou livedst, illusions all withstood,
And pious pretences!
Dying, you scarce can hold your health's strong mind;
But some of it keep clear:
Be trustful of the Power which brought you here
That your "hereafter" will be good,
And last as long as Nature means it should.

IX

Whate'er the Future bring to thee,
 Be grateful for all good thou hast enjoy'd,—
 O deeply grateful, if security
 From bodily pain and weakness hath been thine ;
 No faculties destroy'd,
 Worn dull, or cloy'd,
 While silver age did o'er thee smile and shine
 Write on my tomb
 In golden letters, but of simplest sort—
 "JACOB VAN DORT,
 Contented—grateful—whatsoever may come."

X

O, God-aspiring man !
 Who cravest a life beyond thy measuring brain—
 A Never-ceasing spin of thy small story—
 Which Million'd years on Millions no more hold
 Than morn's first clouds unroll'd
 Comprise a Universe of Everlasting glory—
Why should God give thy problem-dream
 A life to last beyond, or with each Solar Scheme ?

*SOLITUDE AND THE LILY**THE LILY*

I BEND above the moving stream,
 And see myself in my own dream,—
 Heaven passing, while I do not pass.
 Something divine pertains to me,
 Or I to it : reality
 Escapes me on this liquid glass.

SOLITUDE

The changeful clouds that float or poise on high
 Emblem earth's night and day of history :
 Renew'd for ever, evermore to die.
 Thy life-dream is thy fleeting loveliness ;
 But mine is concentrated consciousness,
 A life apart from pleasure or distress.
 'The grandeur of the Whole
 Absorbs my soul,
 While my caves sigh o'er human littleness.

THE LILY

Ah, Solitude !
 Of marble Silence fit abode,—
 I do prefer my fading face,
 My loss of loveliness and grace,
 With cloud-dreams ever in my view ;
 Also the hope that other eyes
 May share my rapture in the skies
 And, if illusion, feel it true.

*THE LAUREL-SEED**Marmora findit.*

I

A DESPOT gazed on sun-set clouds,
 Then sank to sleep amidst the gleam ;—
 Forthwith, a myriad starving slaves
 Must realize his lofty dream.

Year upon year, all night and day,
 They toil'd, they died — and were replaced ;

At length a marble fabric rose,
With cloud-like domes and turrets graced.

No anguish of those herds of slaves
E'er shook one dome or wall asunder,
Nor wars of other mighty Kings,
Nor lustrous javelins of the thunder.

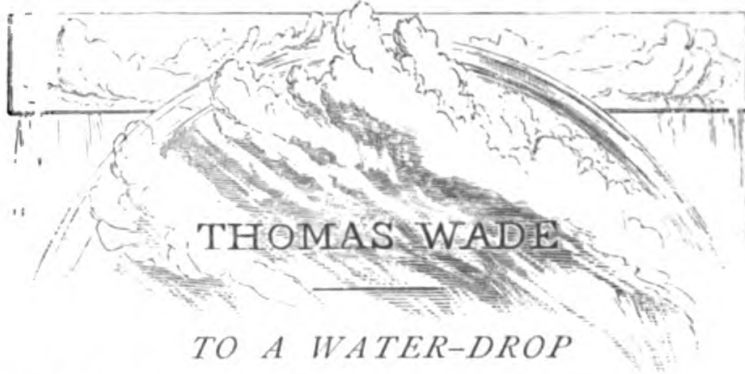
II

One sunny morn a lonely bird
Pass'd o'er, and dropt a laurel-seed ;
The plant sprang up amidst the walls
Whose chinks were full of moss and weed.

The laurel tree grew large and strong,
Its roots went searching deeply down ;
It split the marble walls of Wrong,
And blossom'd o'er the Despot's crown.

And in its boughs a nightingale
Sings to those world-forgotten graves ;
And o'er its head a skylark's voice
Consoles the spirits of the slaves.





ATOM of the sustaining element
Which of the old earth is the sap and blood !
That dwell'st apart
From that vast heart
Of which thou art one life-drop !— to the mood
Of thought thy narrow sphere lends spacious argument.

This is thy voice :— “ I am the globèd dew
Which trickles from the locks of twilight grey,
When the earth falls asleep, and when anew
She wakens blushing with a dream of day,
And the love-stricken star of the pale morning
Swoons in Aurora's eyelids,— till the grass,
Foliage, and flowers, are pearl'd with my adorning,
And not a leaf but drinks me as I pass.

“ I am the tears that gush from human eyes,
Even figured as themselves and glassy-sphered,
A sweeter dew let fall from clearer skies ;
And on the flower o' the cheek I hang endear'd :
I am the eyes, with air and fire enwove,
In triple glory ; and I am the light
Which moistly lies upon the lips of love,
When love to liquid kisses they invite.

“I am the rain which clouded heaven weepeth ;
In the rebounding hail I dance congeal'd ;
In the still snow, which mute as shadows sweepeth
Over the earth, I am by warmth reveal'd ;
And in the hoar frost is my gem secreted,
Soft-frozen dew ; and from the icicle
I come at the sun's call,— on bare bough greeted,
Or far amid the rocks in cavern'd cell.

“I form the clouds and mists ; the setting sun
Doth glorify me in the golden west,
The moon in silver cloud and halo dun,
And planets in their circlets of dim mist.
Without me were not the electric fire,
Thunder, wind, meteor, nor bright exhalation ;
And through me the ethereal beams transpire
Which weave the rainbow's sevenfold coruscation.

“I form the secret springs that feed the earth,—
The gushing brook, swift rill, and leaping fountain,
River, and lake, and waterfall,— and mirth
Bounds with my music adown many a mountain ;
And when the Winter with his cold hand chains
The fluent freedom which in me abided,
Ye may behold me fix'd in crystal plains,
And o'er me glide, swiftly as I have glided.

“I am the seed whence grew the unfathom'd ocean,
Boundless, and crested with a foaming glory ;
I form the billows, whose eternal motion
Shakes the strong rock and fells the mountain
hoary :—

Without me the wide earth were desolate,
Its sweets corruption, and its verdure sere ;
And splendour waits upon my flowing state,
Or in the curving wave or orb'd tear."

Atom of the earth-filling element !
I cast thee now into thy kindred sea :
Lo ! thou art mingled,—
As spirit, singled
From Nature's Soul awhile in us to be,
Is given to the Great Vast, and with its Depths reblent.

NYMPHS

BEAUTIFUL Things of Old ! why are ye gone for ever
Out of the earth ? O, why ?
Dryad and Oread, and ye, Nereids blue !
Whose presence woods and hills and sea-rocks knew.
Ye have pass'd from Faith's dim eye,
And save by poet's lip your names are honour'd never.
The sun on the calm sea sheddeth a golden glory,
The rippling waves break whitely,
The sands are level and the shingle bright,
The green cliffs wear the pomp of heaven's light,
And sea-weeds idle lightly
Over the rocks ; but ye appear not, Dreams of Story !
Nymphs of the Sea ! Faith's heart hath fled from ye —
hath fled ;
Ye are her boasted scorn ;
Save to the poet's soul, the sculptor's thought,
The painter's fancy, ye are now as nought :

Mute is old Triton's horn,
 And with it half the voice of the Old World is dead.
 Our creeds are not less vain ; our sleeping life still dreams :
 The present, like the past,
 Passes in joy and sorrow, love and shame ;
 Truth dwells as deep ; wisdom is yet a name ;
 Life still to death flies fast ;
 And the same shrouded light from the dark future gleams.
 Spirits of vale and hill, of river and of ocean,—
 Ye thousand deities !
 Over the earth be president again ;
 And dance upon the mountain and the main
 In view of mortal eyes :
 Love us, and be beloved, with the Old Time's devotion !

THE NET-BRAIDERS

WITHIN a low-thatch'd hut, built in a lane
 Whose narrow pathway tends toward the ocean,
 A solitude which, save of some rude swain
 Or fisherman, doth scarce know human motion,—
 Or of some silent poet to the main
 Straying, to offer infinite devotion
 To God in the free universe,— there dwelt
 Two women old, to whom small store was dealt
 Of the world's mis-named good, mother and child,
 Both aged and mateless. These two life sustain'd
 By braiding fishing-nets ; and so beguiled
 Time and their cares, and little e'er complain'd

Of Fate or Providence : resign'd and mild,
 Whilst day by day, for years, their hour-glass rain'd
Its trickling sand, to track the wing of Time,
They toil'd in peace ; and much there was sublime

In their obscure contentment : of mankind
 They little knew, or reck'd ; but for their being
They bless'd their Maker, with a simple mind ;
 And in the constant gaze of his all-seeing
Eye, to his poorest creatures never blind,
 Deeming they dwelt, they bore their sorrows fleeing,
Glad still to live, but not afraid to die,
In calm expectance of Eternity.

And since I first did greet those braiders poor,
 If ever I behold fair women's cheeks
Sin-pale in stately mansions, where the door
 Is shut to all but Pride, my cleft heart seeks
For refuge in my thoughts,— which then explore
 That pathway lone near which the wild sea breaks :
And to Imagination's humble eyes
That hut, with all its want, is Paradise.





EBENEZER JONES

WHEN THE WORLD IS BURNING

WHEN the world is burning,
Fired within, yet turning
Round with face unscathed ;
Ere fierce flames, uprushing,
O'er all lands leap, crushing,
Till earth fall, fire-swathed,—
Up, amidst the meadows,
Gently through the shadows,
Gentle flames will glide,
Small and blue and golden :
Though by bard beholden
When in calm dreams folden,
Calm his dreams will bide.

Where the dance is sweeping,
Through the greensward peeping,
Shall the soft lights start ;
Laughing maids, unstaying,
Deeming it trick-playing,
High their robes upswaying,
O'er the lights shall dart ;
And the woodland haunter
Shall not cease to saunter
When, far down some glade,

Of the great world's burning
One soft flame upturning
Seems, to his discerning,
Crocus in the shade.

RAIN

MORE than the wind, more than the snow,
More than the sunshine, I love rain :
Whether it droppeth soft and low,
Whether it rusheth amain.

Dark as the night it spreadeth its wings,
Slow and silently, up on the hills ;
Then sweeps o'er the vale, like a steed that springs
From the grasp of a thousand wills.

Swift sweeps under heaven the raven cloud's flight ;
And the land and the lakes and the main
Lie belted beneath with steel-bright light,
The light of the swift-rushing rain.

On evenings of summer, when sunlight is low,
Soft the rain falls from opal-hued skies ;
And the flowers the most delicate summer can show
Are not stirr'd by its gentle surprise.

It falls on the pools, and no wrinkling it makes,
But touching melts in, like the smile
That sinks in the face of a dreamer, but breaks
Not the calm of his dream's happy wile.

The grass rises up as it falls on the meads,
 The bird softlier sings in his bower,
 And the circles of gnats circle on like wing'd seeds
 Through the soft sunny lines of the shower.

SONG OF THE KINGS OF GOLD

O URS all are marble halls,
 Amid untrodden groves,
 Where music ever calls,
 Where faintest perfume roves ;
 And thousands toiling moan,
 That gorgeous robes may fold
 The haughty forms alone
 Of us — the Kings of Gold.

Chorus — We can not count our slaves,
 Nothing bounds our sway,
 Our will destroys and saves,
 We let, we create, we slay :
 Ha ! ha ! who are Gods ?

Purple and crimson and blue,
 Jewels and silks and pearl,
 All splendours of form and hue,
 Our charm'd existence furl :
 When darèd shadow dim
 The glow in our wine-cups roll'd ?
 When droop'd the banquet-hymn
 Raised for the Kings of Gold ?

Chorus — We can not count our slaves, —

The earth — the earth is ours !
Its corn, its fruits, its wine,
Its sun, its rain, its flowers,
Ours all, all ! — can not shine
One sunlight ray but where
Our mighty titles hold :
Wherever life is, there
Possess the Kings of Gold.

Chorus — We can not count our slaves, —

And all on earth that lives,
Woman, and man, and child,
Us trembling homage gives :
Aye trampled, sport-defiled,
None dareth raise one frown
Or slightest questioning hold ;
Our scorn but strikes them down
To adore the Kings of Gold.

Chorus — We can not count our slaves, —

On beds of azure down,
In halls of torturing light,
Our poison'd harlots moan,
And burning toss to sight :
They are ours, for us they burn ;
They are ours, to reject, to hold ;
We taste — we exult — we spurn —
For we are the Kings of Gold.

Chorus — We can not count our slaves, —

The father writhes a smile,
As we seize his red-lipp'd girl,
His white-loin'd wife ; ay ! while
Fierce millions burn to hurl
Rocks on our regal brows,
Knives in our hearts to hold,
They pale, prepare them bows
At the step of the Kings of Gold.

Chorus — We can not count our slaves, —

In a glorious sea of hate,
Eternal rocks we stand ;
Our joy is our lonely state,
And our trust our own right hand :
We frown, and nations shrink ;
They curse, but our swords are old ;
And the wine of their rage drink deep
The dauntless Kings of Gold.

Chorus — We can not count our slaves,

Nothing bounds our sway,
Our will destroys and saves,
We let, we create, we slay :

Ha ! ha ! who are Gods ?





WILLIAM BELL SCOTT

LADY JANET, MAY JEAN

'TWEEN sleeping and waking, 'tween fever and fear,
The lady Janet, May Jean,
Felt her mothering hour draw near ;
So wearily dreaming 'tween fever and fear ;

The shards have cut the shoeless feet.

May Jean she was with the snood on her head,
Lady Janet she would be were she wed,
But she lock'd herself in on her lonely bed

The housel is borne along the street.

Was it the wise-woman on the bower-stair
From lady Janet, May Jean ?

Wrapt in her thin arms what doth she bear
Against her hard bosom ? why speeds she and where ?

The wind is about in the crow's nest.

It was the wise-woman no one knew
Came down as the dark night mottled grew,
And, groping her way, to the postern flew.

The stream doth every cranny quest.

To shoot back the bar and make no sound,

O lady Janet, May Jean !

She laid down the fardel on the ground,

And the in-rushing cold wind swept all round ;—

Long willow leaves are white below.

But the house dog's near, his scent is keen,
The fardel and wise-wife he ran between,
He snatch'd and ran and was no more seen.

Black are the berries of nightshade and sloe.

On the carven bed in the lighted bower

Turn'd lady Janet, May Jean,

Waiting, it seem'd to her, hour on hour,

Hearing the wind creak the vane on the tower ;—

The tide-wave breathes by sink and swell.

Why is she watching with eye and ear,
Shadow'd and restless in fever and fear,
When the bolt is drawn and no one near?
Sees she or hears she anything
Except the lamp's flame and the moth's wing?

Sea-foam seethes the empty shell.

Yes, yes, she hears now a small faint cry,

Hears lady Janet, May Jean ;

She sees on the hearth the fardel lie,

And the shaggy-limb'd house dog standing by ;—

The brain swims when the hot winds blow.

Her fair-tress'd weak head she lifted then,
And she cried, "I am lost, O never again
Shall I know peace or be honour'd of men!"

The bare breast shrinks beneath the snow.

Her fair hair swept the bolster white,

The lady Janet's, May Jean's ;

And faintly she call'd, "Old witch of the night !

You have played me false, you 've deceived me quite."

The way to hell's by stepping-stones.

At once that wise-woman no one knew
Out of the carven bedstead grew ;
Like a real thing came she clear to view.

The raven is over the dead lamb's bones.

"The dog he follow'd me as I ran,
My lady Janet, May Jean !
And snatch'd it and stole it when I began
To gather the dry leaves and finish our plan."—

The eyes of the dying shine, I know.

"But hide it again, thou leman of Night,
Wise-woman, witch-woman, make me right ;
Hide it in safety before daylight !"

The warning cock three times will crow.

They are gone, that wise-woman has the power ;
And lady Janet, May Jean,
Again is alone in that lone bower,
Her whole soul listening beyond the tower ;

The dead are safe i' their graves, we say.

Why is her life in her eye and ear,
Writhing and striving in fever and fear,
When the bolt is drawn and no one near?
Sees she or hears she anything
Saving the lamp and the moth's quick wing?

They can not leave till the judgment day.

Yes, she hears again that cry !

Hears lady Janet, May Jean ;
She sees by the bedside the fardel lie,

With a gurgling hum as it stands by;—

As if it were a living being.

She stoops to kiss her forehead, she lifts her hand,

Forth a water she takes from the ground,

To wash the forehead of her dear child;

That lie in a bed where the spirits lie.

"Hush, hush, hush! it's a great ghost bed

That's in the tower, lady, May Jean!

I'm a-going to tell you all."

Then she looks at the new-born from my side:—

Close to her side, in the tower.

"Hush, hush!" she tries to say, she tries to say,

"Shush, shush, hush, hush, hush, hush, hush, hush,

Hide it for ever, hide it for ever!"

Her whisper, and her sigh.

Again she's alone, and within that tower

I feel, lady Janet, May Jean,

Lays down her head upon that high air,

Listens and looks through the walls of the tower:—

The little light, and the fire-stair.

Why is her heart in her eye and ear,

When e'er is the fever, and when e'er the fear,

When the light is dark, when and no one near?

Hears she or sees she anything?

The night that last hath burn'd its wing,

Clang o' the nut is heard i' the air.

She hears still nearer t' that new-born cry,

Hears lady Janet, May Jean;

She sees close to her the fardel lie,

With Mary the lilies all May standing by,
 In an arched doorway, as great as a light—
The lilies were there to be of a later
 Then Mary the lilies all May standing by,
 The stones of the arch that were set in place,
 And the lilies that were there to be of a later
When the lilies were there to be of a later

"Well, well, well, sister, they are long brothers,
 I eat my heart out, Mary, dear,
 Here's the lilies all May standing by,
 To be the lilies all May standing by,
The lilies were there to be of a later

It is a man with a heart as big as a man,
 That she first sees the smile of a rose
 Up in the air, the heart of a man,
And the lilies were there to be of a later

PARTING AND MELTING AGAIN

LAST time I parted from my Dear
 The linnets sang from the birch-bush,
 The thrush from the dell;
 The streamlet was wild and clear,
 It was the springtime of the year,
 And I, the linnets and the thrush
 I love them well,
 Since last I parted from my Dear.

But when he came again to me
 The linnets rustled high and low,
 Linnets and thrush were still;

With a gentle-faced grey ghost standing by ;—

Are they not really gone who die ?

She shakes back her tresses, she lifts her hand,
For holy water she had at command,
To scald the wicked like hot sand.

There's no lamp-light where spirits lie.

“Receive it back,” the grey ghost cried,

“Sweet lady Janet, May Jean !

I too, long ago, before I died,

Threw the loud-tongued new life from my side ;”—

Once the clock strikes, never more.

“Begone !” sore troubled, she tried to say,

“Sweet-tongued ghost woman, hide it away,

Hide it for ever before it is day !”

Voices pass from shore to shore.

Again she's alone, and within that bower

The lady Janet, May Jean,

Lays down her head for another hour,

Listens and looks through the walls of the tower ;—

The bell-ringer mounts the spire-stair.

Why is her heart in her eye and ear,

Whence is the fever, and whence the fear,

When the bolt is drawn and no one near ?

Hears she or sees she anything ?

The moth at last hath burn'd its wing.

Clang o' the matin is heard i' the air.

She hears still nearer that new-born cry,

Hears lady Janet, May Jean ;

She sees close to her the fardel lie,

With Mary the Bles-ed May standing by,
 In an arbour of white lilies great and high ;—
The light should burn bright on the altar.
 Then Mary the Blest bent down and undid
 The swathes of linen that were its bed,
 And took in her hand the small child's head.
Now the quire-leader opens the psalter.

“Welcome!” said she, “my son's young brother ;
 Dear lady Janet, May Jean,
 Here is the God's gift, His and no other,
 To be thine for ever, thou May and yet mother !”
The new day's dawning spreadeth wide.

It is but now that her eyes unclose,
 That she first sees the small face like a rose
 Upon her own white breast repose.
Sunrise clouds have gold inside.

PARTING AND MEETING AGAIN

LAST time I parted from my Dear
 The linnet sang from the briar-bush,
 The throstle from the dell ;
 The stream too carol'd full and clear,
 It was the spring-time of the year,
 And both the linnet and the thrush
 I love them well
 Since last I parted from my Dear.

But when he came again to me
 The barley rustled high and low,
 Linnet and thrush were still ;

Yellow'd the apple on the tree,
 'Twas autumn merry as it could be,
 What time the white ships come and go
 Under the hill ;
 They brought him back again to me,
 Brought him safely o'er the sea.

PYGMALION

“**M**ISTRESS of Gods and men ! I have been thine
 From boy to man, and many a myrtle rod
 Have I made grow upon thy sacred sod,
 Nor ever have I pass'd thy white shafts nine
 Without some votive offering for the shrine,
 Carved beryl or chased bloodstone ;— aid me now !
 And I will live to fashion for thy brow
 Heart-breaking priceless things : O, make her mine.”

Venus inclined her ear, and through the Stone
 Forthwith slid warmth like spring through sapling-stems,
 And lo ! the eyelid stirr'd, beneath had grown
 The tremulous light of life, and all the hems
 Of her zoned peplos shook — Upon his breast
 She sank, by two dread gifts at once oppress'd.





AUBREY THOMAS DE VERE

SONG

SEEK NOT the tree of silkiest bark
And balmiest bud,
To carve her name while yet 'tis dark
Upon the wood!
The world is full of noble tasks
And wreaths hard won :
Each work demands strong hearts, strong hands,
Till day is done.

Sing not that violet-veined skin,
That cheek's pale roses,
The lily of that form wherein
Her soul reposes !
Forth to the fight, true man ! true knight !
The clash of arms
Shall more prevail than whisper'd tale,
To win her charms.

The warrior for the True, the Right,
Fights in Love's name ;
The love that lures thee from that fight
Lures thee to shame :
That love which lifts the heart, yet leaves
The spirit free,—
That love, or none, is fit for one
Man-shaped like thee.

SORROW

WHEN I was young, I said to Sorrow
"Come, and I will play with thee!"
He is near me now all day,
And at night returns to say
"I will come again to-morrow —
I will come and stay with thee."

Through the world we walk together,—
His soft footsteps rustle by me :
To shield an unregarded head
He hath built a winter shed ;
And all night in rainy weather
I hear his gentle breathings by me.

NOTHING MORE

A SIGH in the morning grey,—
And a solitary tear,
Slow to gather, slow to fall,—
And a painful flush of shame
At the mention of thy name :
This is little, this is all,
False One ! that remains to say
That thy love of old was here,
That thy love hath pass'd away.





CHARLES G. ROSENBERG

THE WINGED HORSE

WAKE from your homes in tomb and shroud !
Wake, Splendours of the Past !
Joy divine, and Passion proud,
Hope sublime, and Vision vast !
Let our love your glories trace
Eye to eye and face to face ;
Let our arms your beauties bind :—
Or are ye like the wind
To sight impalpable, too thin for our embrace ?
Fire and water have we bound
To the car and to the wheel
With harness and with trace of steel ;
A living speech and utterance found
For the very lightning's speed :
Every element compell'd
To our luxury or need ;
And with a certain prophecy
Learn'd to count the courses held
By the chance-worlds that whirl on high,
The nightmares of a dreaming sky.
Surely it were an easy task
After this to bend and yoke
The mighty Thought of ages past,
The Horse our younger fathers broke :

The wondrous Steed
 Whose wind-wing'd speed
 Treads on the hill-top and the cloud,—
 The glorious Horse
 Whose sun-paved course
 The younger Greek and Roman bow'd,—
 The Steed whose mane,
 Like golden rain,
 A glory round the Italian shed
 On the great road through Hell and Heaven
 His restless will alone might tread,—
 The Horse with living music shod
 To the one bard of England given,
 By whom, as by a guiding God,
 His tramp of melody was driven
 Through every deep and hidden part
 Of that strange thing, the human heart.

And yet the Song is still,
 And on the cloud and hill
 Does the strong Steed unbitted stray ;
 The wave and air we tame,
 Harness the wind and flame,—
 Uncurb'd and free his glories play.
 None the Wing'd One's speed may yoke,—
 Lost the bit, the bridle broke,—
 Unknown the might, unseen the way.

He alone may mount the Steed
 To whom the ancient spell is known ;
 He its magic letters read
 Who has the Will, and he alone :

And the Will our souls have sold
For the love of steel and gold,—
Sold the mighty for the mean,
Truck'd the priceless for the vile,
Barter'd for the foul the clean ;
And, instead of weeping, smile.

In the name of Truth alone
Might the ancient rider feel
The strength to curb the heavenly Steed :
A very child would scarcely need
Scourge in hand or spur on heel
If that little word were known ;
But giant brawn and Titan force —
Strength of muscle and of mind —
Human wit and might combined,
Were those letters five unread,
Ill upon the task were sped
To mount and curb the glorious Horse.

Earth is old, but then was young :
They were children, We are men :
Youth's great hymn of faith is sung :
Clay which counts could worship then.

Give us a God — a living God,
One to wake the sleeping soul,
One to cleanse the tainted blood
Whose pulses in our bosoms roll :
A vigorous faith's refreshing breath,
To make us hunger for the True,—
A faith to quicken and renew
The nightmare of our Life-in-Death !

Come it how or whence it may,
 That Faith divine, that earnest Will,—
 This alone may teach the way
 To curb and bit the Wing'd One still.
 Truth and Faith are ever wed,—
 Faith alone the cloud may tread
 And look unblinded on the Sun.
 This was the magic of the Dead :
 They had a faith,— and we have none.



CHARLES WELDON

THE FOEM OF THE UNIVERSE

Nor rhythm has nor rhyme :
 Some God recites the wondrous song
 A stanza at a time.
 Great deeds he is foredoom'd to do—
 With Freedom's flag unfurl'd—
 Who hears the echo of that song
 As it goes down the world.
 Great words he is compell'd to speak
 Who understands the song :
 He rises up like fifty men,
 Fifty good men and strong.
 A stanza for each century :—
 Now heed it, all who can !
 Who hears it, he, and only he,
 Is the elected man.



DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

THE CARD-DEALER

COULD you not drink her gaze like wine?
Yet, though its splendour swoon
Into the silence languidly
As a tune into a tune,
Those eyes unravel the coil'd night
And know the stars at noon.

The gold that's heap'd beside her hand
In truth rich prize it were;
And rich the dreams that wreath her brows
With magic stillness there;
And he were rich who should unwind
That woven golden hair.

Around her, where she sits, the dance
Now breathes its eager heat;
And not more lightly or more true
Fall there the dancers' feet
Than fall her cards on the bright board,
As 'twere a heart that beat.

Her fingers let them softly through,
Smooth polish'd smiling things;
And each one as it falls reflects
In swift light-shadowings,

Blood-red and purple, green and blue,
The great eyes of her rings.

Whom plays she with? With thee who lovest
Those gems upon her hand ;
With me, who search her secret brows ;
With all men, bless'd or bann'd.
We play together, she and we,
Within a vain strange land.

A land without any order,—
Day even as night (one saith),—
Where who lieth down ariseth not
Nor the sleeper awakeneth ;
A land of darkness as darkness itself
And of the shadow of death.



What be her cards? you ask. Even these :
The heart, that doth but crave
More, being fed ; the diamond,
Skill'd to make base seem brave ;
The club, for smiting in the dark ;
The spade, to dig a grave.



And do you ask what game she plays?
With me 'tis lost or won ;
With thee it is playing still ; with him
It is not well begun :
But 'tis a game she plays with all
Beneath the sway o' the sun.



Thou seest the card that falls ;— she knows
The card that followeth :

Her game in thy tongue is call'd Life,
 As ebbs thy daily breath :
 When she shall speak, thou 'lt learn her tongue,
 And know she calls it Death.

HOARDED JOY

I SAID : "Nay ! pluck not,— let the first fruit be :
 Even as thou sayest, it is sweet and red,
 But let it ripen still. The tree's bent head
 Sees in the stream its own fecundity
 And bides the day of fullness. Shall not we
 At the same hour that day possess the shade,
 And claim our fruit before its ripeness fade,
 And eat it from the branch and praise the tree ?"
 I say : "Alas ! our fruit hath woo'd the sun
 Too long,— 'tis fallen and floats adown the stream.
 Lo, the last clusters ! pluck them every one,
 And let us sup with summer ; ere the gleam
 Of autumn set the year's pent sorrow free,
 And the woods wail like echoes from the sea."

SUDDEN LIGHT

I HAVE BEEN here before,
 But when or how I can not tell :
 I know the grass beyond the door,
 The sweet keen smell,
 The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

You have been mine before,—
 How long ago I may not know ;

*ONE GIRL**A combination from Sappho*

I

LIKE the sweet apple which reddens upon the top-
most bough,
At top on the topmost twig,— which the pluckers
forgot somehow,—
Forgot it not, nay,— but got it not, for none could
get it till now.

II

Like the wild hyacinth flower which on the hills is
found,
Which the passing feet of the shepherds for ever tear
and wound.
Until the purple blossom is trodden under the ground.





NOTES

- CHARLES WELLS — (Keats' friend) author of *Joseph and his Brethren*, a drama, 1824.
- JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS — (Mrs Hood's brother and friend of Keats) *Poems*, 1814, 1815, 1821.
- THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK — Songs in *Headlong Hall*, 1815, *Maid Marian*, 1822, and elsewhere.
- SARAH FLOWER ADAMS — *Vivia Perpetua*, a drama, 1841; Lyrics, and Hymns.
- ROBERT NICOLL — *Poems*, chiefly Scottish, collected soon after his death, in 1837.
- HENRY S. SUTTON — *Poems*, 1848; *Quinquenergia*, 1854.
- RICHARD HENGIST HORNE — *Death of Marlowe*, 1835, *Cosmo de' Medici*, 1837, and *Gregory the Seventh*, 1840, (tragedies); *Orion* (our one English epic since Milton), 1843; and numerous other poems ranging through nearly half a century to the present time.
- THOMAS WADE — *Mundi et Cordis Carmina*, 1835; *The Shadow-Seeker*; other poems; and dramas.
- EBENEZER JONES — *Studies of Sensation and Event*, 1843.
- WILLIAM BELL SCOTT — *The Year of the World*, 1846; *Poems by a Painter*, 1854; *Poems*, 1876
- CHARLES G. ROSENBERG — *Tiberius* (an unprinted play), and scattered poems.
- CHARLES WELDON — Poems in the New York *Tribune* of 1851, over the signature *O O*.



