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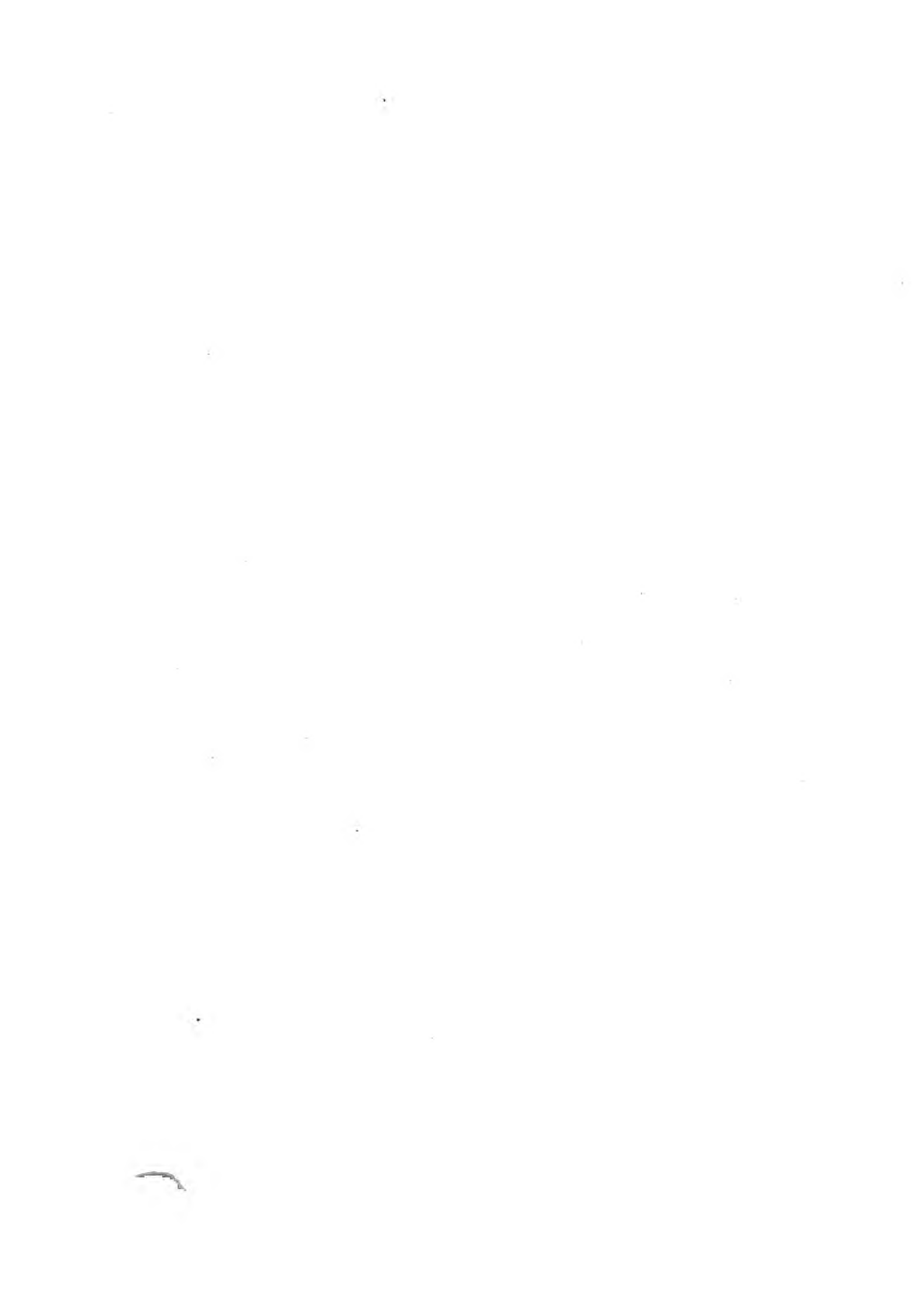
THE
QUIVER OF LOVE.



11-11-11

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THE QUIVER OF LOVE







ENT. STA. HALL

Greenaway & Crane



THE
QUIVER
of
LOVE

A COLLECTION
of
VALENTINES
ANCIENT & MODERN

LONDON · MARCUS WARD & CO · BELFAST



Greenaway - Crane

The Quiver of Love

A COLLECTION OF

VALENTINES

ANCIENT AND MODERN

With Illustrations in Colors

FROM DRAWINGS BY

WALTER CRANE AND K. GREENAWAY



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P R E F A C E .



ALTHOUGH numerous Selections of Poetry have been published, there are none which fill exactly the place of the present book. A Volume has long been wanted, consisting of Love Lyrics—all, strictly speaking, “Valentines,” or capable of being used as such—which would be suitable for a Gift-Book, either as a token of esteem, or as an indication of deeper regard.

The Poems have been selected more for the variety and suitability of their strains than for their poetical or literary merit. Thus it will be found that the lines of authors unknown to fame are often placed beside those of celebrated poets. The Pictures are added to beautify the volume, as well as to illustrate some of the best of the Poems—half of them being appropriated to the Old and half to the New Valentines.

Most of the modern verses are the copyright of the Publishers, while others, new or already published, belong to their respective authors, and are inserted here by their kind permission.

An alphabetical arrangement has been followed, as far as possible, for convenience of reference.





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Valentines Ancient and Modern.

THE LITTLE BIRD.



LITTLE bird has said to me,
As with light wing he flitted by,
That if I wished to send to thee
A message, he would swiftly fly,
And bear upon his tiny wing
The tale of love that should be thine,
If thou would'st list the strain I sing,
And answer me, my Valentine!

C. W. T.



A S O N G,

ADDRESSED TO MISS C—AM OF BRISTOL.

MS Spring now approaches with all his gay train,
And scatters his beauties around the green plain,
Come then, my dear charmer, all scruples remove,
Accept of my passion, allow me to love.

Without the soft transports which love must inspire,
Without the sweet torment of fear and desire,
Our thoughts and ideas are never refined,
And nothing but Winter can reign in the mind.

But love is the blossom, the spring of the soul;
The frosts of our judgments may check, not control;
In spite of each hindrance, the Spring will return,
And nature with transports refining will burn.

This passion celestial by Heaven was designed
The only fixed means of improving the mind;
When it beams on the senses, they quickly display
How great and prolific, how pleasing the ray.

Then come, my dear charmer, since love is a flame
Which polishes nature and angels your frame,
Permit the soft passion to rise in your breast,
I leave your good nature to grant me the rest.

Shall the beautiful flowerets all blossom around,
Shall Flora's gay mantle enamel the ground,
Shall the red blushing blossom be seen on the tree,
Without the least pleasure or rapture for me?

And yet if my charmer should frown when I sing,
Ah! what are the beauties, the glories of Spring?
The flowers will be faded, all happiness fly,
And clouds veil the azure of every bright sky.

Chatterton.

AS FAIR ART THOU.

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

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

Burns.



LOVE DYING OF UNKINDNESS.

AWAY, delights ; go seek some other dwelling,
For I must die ;
Farewell, false love ; thy tongue is ever telling
Lie after lie.
For ever let me rest now from your smarts ;
Alas ! for pity go,
And fire their hearts
That have been hard to thee ; mine was not so.

Never again deluding Love shall know me,
For I will die ;
And all those griefs that think to over-grow me,
Shall be as I ;
For ever will I sleep, while poor maids cry,
“ Alas ! for pity stay,
And let us die
With thee ; men cannot mock us in the clay.”

Beaumont and Fletcher.



ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

XH! not alone when Spring is smiling,
Ah! not alone when Summer reigns,
Our love shall last when days are waning,
And Winter holds the earth in chains.

What if the sun its beams is hiding,
Thine eyes give light enough for me;
What if the Summer flowers have faded,
Whilst roses in thy cheeks I see.

In the white snow that falls from heaven,
Thou type of my pure love shalt know;
And Winter's hand that stays the rivers
Shall my love's perfect strength forthshow.

For in our hearts, whilst love is glowing,
An everlasting sun doth shine,
And Winter's crown of gleaming crystal
Shall sparkle in its light divine.



SO FAIR IS LOVE.

AS the white Arum's cup doth hold
A flame of gold ;
So my pure love is lighted by a fire
That doth aspire
Through thy sweet answering love
To rise yet higher.
For Love doth make a heaven
Even on earth ;
In the soul-union given
There springs to birth
Such joy that man does dwell in blest content,
Through the most perfect gift by Heaven sent.
Ah ! may such happiness be mine and thine
Through mediation of St. Valentine.



ONE ONLY.

AND if the small flowers but knew it,
How deep are the wounds of my heart,
Weeping with me they would rue it,
To heal all my pain and smart.

And had the nightingales feeling
Of my weariness and grief,
Their songs would come gaily pealing,
To give my pain relief.

And if the stars in heaven
My sufferings could know,
Their light would soon be given
To mitigate my woe.

But none of them can know it,
One only knows my pain,
And she who alone could do it
Has rent my heart in twain.

Heine.

I LOVE THEE!

AN' thou wert my ain thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee;
An' thou wert my ain thing,
How dearly would I love thee!

Of race divine thou needs must be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee;
For Heaven's sake, oh, favour me!
Who only lives to love thee.

The gods one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can save;
Oh, for their sake, support a slave,
Who only lives to love thee.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love, and, for your sake,
What man can name I'll undertake,
So dearly do I love thee.

My passion, constant as the sun,
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
Till fate my thread of life have spun,
Which breathing out, I'll love thee.

THE WOODMAN'S DAUGHTER.

A LITTLE brown elf
Sat up in a tree,
And he sang to himself,
"Oh, who will love me?"

A little white maid
Went through the wood;
She was nothing afraid,
She was pure and good.

He dropped from the pine,
He kissed and caught her;
His sweet valentine
Was the woodman's daughter.

And lovers as true
As were he and she,
I hope that both you
And that I may be.

B. Montgomerie Ranking.



LIFE AND LOVE.

AH! life is but an April day,
Sunshine and rain;
Laughter and tears, a flash of joy,
Then pain.
One sun alone can shine on us
To bring fair weather;
That sun is love, which we must woo
Together.
We heed not then, my love and I,
Or cloud or thunder;
And if the waves of life dash high,
So creep we under
Love's mighty wing, and on his breast
All fears and cares are hushed to rest.

Julia Goddard.



A S T A R.

A STAR peeps down out of heaven,
As I tinkle my gay guitar ;
Your lattice, fair maid, is Heaven,
And you are the peeping star.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Tinkle, tinkle, gay guitar.

My horse is of Shetland breed,
My spurs are of shimmering gold ;
Come down, fair maid, for indeed
The moonshine is cruelly cold.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Tinkle, tinkle, gay guitar.

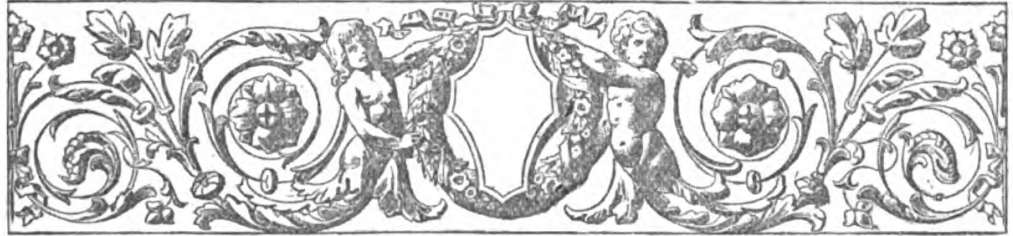
We'll gallop all over the moor,
We'll dance with the fays in the wood,
I'll tinkle my gay guitar,
And sing as a true lover should.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Tinkle, tinkle, gay guitar.

Joseph M'Kay.

A L W A Y S !

AT the break of morn, when the noon is bright,
At the evening's close, in the gloom of night,
In city or woodland, by land or sea,
In thought I am ever watching o'er thee.
Secure in thy love, the time I abide,
When with joy I can claim thee, my own fair bride.





A B S E N C E.



EING your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.

Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
When you have bid your servant once adieu.

Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose;
But like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
Save, where you are, how happy you make those.

So true a fool is love, that in your will,
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

Shakespeare.

TO ANTHEA,
WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANYTHING.

BID me to live, and I will live
Thy faithful friend to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou can'st find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
To honour thy decree;
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see;
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair and I'll despair,
Under that cypress tree;
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me,
And hast command of every part
To live and die for thee.

R. Herrick.

BEAUTY CLEAR AND FAIR.

BEAUTY clear and fair,
Where the air
Rather like a perfume dwells ;
Where the violet and the rose
Their blue veins in blush disclose,
And come to honour nothing else.

Where to live near,
And planted there,
Is to live and still live new ;
Where to gain a favour is
More than light, perpetual bliss—
Make me live by serving you.

Dear, again back recall
To this light
A stranger to himself and all ;
Both the wonder and the story
Shall be yours, and eke the glory—
I am your servant, and your thrall.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

BETTER, BEST.

BESIDE the rushing river
That speeds away apace,
Above whose tide the branches quiver,
Whose flood the lilies grace,
I knelt to do my lady's will,
Her basket with the buds to fill.

But as I pulled them, ever
She craved for more and stood
To point where grew a fairer—never
Was such a wilful mood
As hers, for still she held for best
The buds unplucked, and urged my quest.

Now this was naught but dreaming,
Yet lest my dream prove true,
Take that thou hast, nor still be deeming
Most sweetness have things new!
Thou hast my heart, nor shalt thou find
A truer,—why then still unkind?

B. Montgomerie Ranking.





AN INVITATION.



COME dance in the meadows,
The cowslips are there,
Nodding their heads
In the sweet scented air.

The bluebells make music
Which we cannot hear,
And play for the fairies,
Whose delicate ear

Can catch all the talk
Of each insect and flower :
They see in my eyes
Love increasing each hour.

M. E. G.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

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

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

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With bucklets of the purest gold.

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

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

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

Marlowe.

A TOKEN.

CLEMATIS wounding leaves I send
With myrtle branch entwined,
In token that sweet love alone
My broken heart can bind.
Ah! keep the dangerous flowers and give
The myrtle back that I may live.

Julia Goddard.



LOVE UPBRAIDING.

TO BE HIS 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 ye never;
Love's doctrine disavows
Troth-breakers ever.

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

Herrick.







DO I LOVE YOU?



O I love you? Let me see
What the pretty flowerets say—
Roses, daisies, buttercups,
This for "yea," and this for "nay."
Ah! why need you look so grave?
You the roses plucked for me;
Is it any fault of mine
If 'mongst them a thorn should be?

Daisies were for pearls, you said,
Yellow buttercups for gold,
Roses beauty; and, through these,
You shall have your fortune told.

But, alas! the stupid flowers,
They the truth don't always tell;
You must learn alone from me
If, or not, I love you well.

Julia Goddard.

TO A CHILD.

DEAREST Maiden! I love you
More than breath of Summer roses,
More than violets washed with dew,
Though so pleasant to our noses.

Dearest Maiden! even more
Than the sunset's hues of scarlet;
Than the garden's richest store—
Raspberry creams or apple charlotte.

Dearest Maiden! do not weep,
Like the roses wet with showers:
Sunset fades, but I will keep
Faithful when the tempest lowers.

Dearest Maiden! then believe
These my vows and protestations;
When I'm older you'll receive
More, much more, if you have patience.

M. E. G.

THE SEA OF LOVE.

DEEP, deep the briny sea
Where corals grow and twine,
Swift, swift the swallow's flight
Where water lilies shine.

But deeper, deeper far
My love than any sea;
And swifter, swifter are
My thoughts that fly to thee.

For all the coral deep below,
And all the lilies fairest blow,
Are not so red, so white, I know,
As thy fair cheek, thy lip's sweet glow.

M. E. G.



SPEED THE HOUR!

DAISIES are the eyes of earth,
And the eye of heaven
Is the moon, that spies our mirth,
When the promise given
Makes two blithe hearts dance as one,
Warm as under noonday sun.

Love, the brightness of thine eyes
Tricks the simple flowers,
For they deem that day doth rise,
And each bud that cowers
In the darkness, lifts its head,
Wondering whence such beams are shed.

Pale with envy grows the moon,
But a month of sweetness
She shall bless, all golden soon
When in Love's completeness
On thy hand my ring doth shine:
Speed the hour, sweet Valentine!

B. Montgomerie Ranking.

HE LOVES ME : HE LOVES ME NOT.

DAISY! each petal
My fortune may settle,—
Soon, late, or never :
Now, then, for ever,
Give me a token!
One little word
Unuttered, but heard :
One little sigh,—
One glance of an eye :
I'll take it as spoken.
Soon, late, or never :
Tall, short, or clever :
Never, for ever,
Which shall it be ?
Daisy, tell me,
Am I heart-broken ?

F. R.



EXCHANGE OF LOVE.

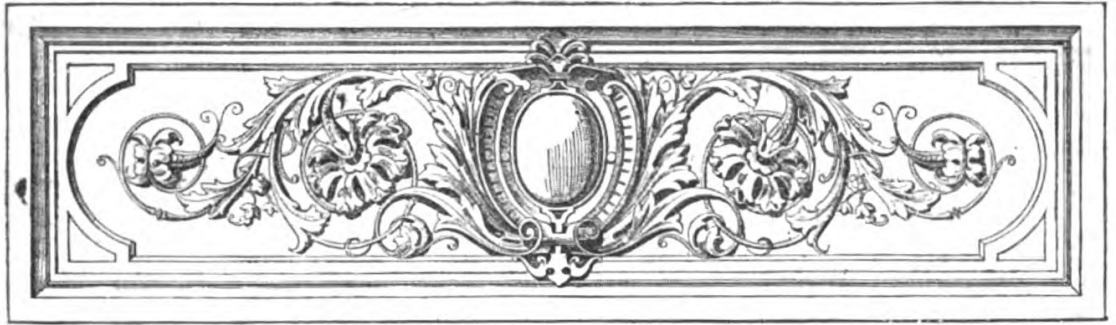
DO you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet and thrush say, "I love and I love!"
In the Winter they're silent—the wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving—all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings and he sings, and for ever sings he—
"I love my love, and my love loves me!"

S. T. Coleridge.









SPRING.



FRESH Spring, the herald of Love's mighty king,
In whose cote-armour richly are displayed
All sorts of flowers, the which on earth do spring,
In goodly colours gloriously arrayed ;
Goe to my love, where she is carelesse lay'd,
Yet in her winter's bowre not well awake ;
Tell her the joyous time wil not be staid,
Unlesse she doe him by the forelock take ;
Bid her therefore herselfe soone ready make,
To wayt on Love amongst his lovely crew ;
Where every one, that misseth then her mate,
Shall be by him amearst with penance dew,
Make hast therefore, sweet Love, whilst it is prime,
For none can call again the passéd time.

Spenser, Sonnet lxx.

CAN I FORGET THEE ?

FORGET thee? If to dream by night, and muse on thee by day,
If all the worship deep and wild a poet's heart can pay,
If prayers in absence breathed for thee to Heaven's protecting power,
If wingéd thoughts that flit to thee, a thousand in an hour,
If busy Fancy blending thee with all my future lot—
If this thou call'st "forgetting," thou, indeed, shalt be forgot!

Forget thee? Bid the forest birds forget their sweetest tune.
Forget thee? Bid the sea forget to swell beneath the moon;
Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's refreshing dew;
Thyself forget thine own "dear land," and its "mountains wild and blue;"
Forget each old familiar face, each long-remembered spot—
When these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt be forgot!

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace, still calm and fancy-free,
For God forbid thy gladsome heart should grow less glad for me;
Yet, while that heart is still unwon, oh! bid not mine to rove,
But let it nurse its humble faith and uncomplaining love—
If these, preserved for patient years, at last avail me not,
Forget me then; but ne'er believe that thou can'st be forgot!

Moultrie.

WHICH IS BEST ?

FIVE blue eggs in a nest,
Two brown birds on a tree,
And which do you think is best,
The eggs, or the birds, or me ?

The eggs may sing in time,
I sing to you to-day ;
The birds are in singing prime,
But who knows what they say ?

The eggs may fall and break,
The birds may fly away,
If winds the tree should shake,
But I shall always stay.

Then say you love me, dear !
And whatsoever weather
May come, I shall not fear,
We'll brave the worst together !

B. Montgomerie Ranking.

LOVE'S PETITION.

FAIR, sweet, and young, receive a prize
Reserved for your victorious eyes :
From crowds, whom at your feet you see,
Oh, pity and distinguish me !
As I from thousand beauties more
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

Your face for conquest was designed ;
Your every motion charms my mind ;
Angels, when you your silence break,
Forget their hymns to hear you speak ;
But when at once they hear and view,
Are loth to mount, and long to stay with you.

No graces can your form improve,
But all are lost unless you love ;
While that sweet passion you disdain,
Your veil and beauty are in vain :
In pity then prevent my fate,
For after dying all reprieve's too late.

Dryden.

LOVE IN ABSENCE.

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

Shakespeare.



LOVE'S PROTESTATION.

FIRST shall the heavens want starry light ;
The seas be robbéd of their waves ;
The day want sun, and sun want bright ;
The night want shade, the dead men graves ;
The April flowers and leaf and tree,
Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the tops of highest hills
By humble plains be overpried,
And poets scorn the Muses' quills,
And fish forsake the water glide,
And Iris lose her coloured weed,
Before I fail thee at thy need.

First direful Hate shall turn to Peace,
And Love relent in deep disdain,
And Death his fatal stroke shall cease,
And Envy pity every pain,
And Pleasure mourn, and Sorrow smile,
Before I talk of any guile.

First Time shall slay his slayless race,
And Winter bless his brows with corn,
And snow bemoisten July's face,
And Winter, Spring, and Summer mourn,
Before my pen, by help of Fame,
Cease to recite thy sacred name.

Thomas Lodge.

MAGNOLIA.

FAR off I heard of thy fair charms,
And when I nearer drew,
I found reports sweet words had been
As the Magnolia tree,
Which breathes afar in rich perfume
The tale of its surpassing bloom.

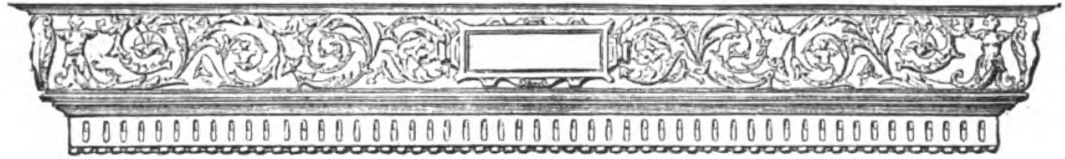


FROM THE GARDEN OF LOVE.

FLOWERS are fair, but fade away,
Yet I send thee flowers to-day ;
For although they e'en must die,
Round them memories fond shall lie.
Magic spells be o'er them cast,
Through the witchcraft of the past,
That can make of withered stem
Jewel worth a diadem.
For in Love's own clasp once holden,
Quick they gain a value golden ;
'Neath Love's eyes they brighter bloom,
Love sheds on them rare perfume ;
And their petals are beset
With gems meet for a coronet—
Such the flowers I send—they grew
In Love's garden but for you.

Julia Goddard.





GO, LOVELY ROSE!



O, lovely Rose!
Tell her, that wasted her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seemed to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That had'st thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee—
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

Waller.

DO I FORGET THEE ?

GO in the summer when the morning breaketh,
And all around is lulled 'midst placid light ;
When the sweet tiny field-flower awaketh,
And softly sighs its perfumes exquisite.
Behold the lark—up to the clear sky winging,
Trilling aloud his luscious free-born notes ;
From his bright-speckled breast the dew-drops flinging
Away, away, till, lost to sight, he floats.
Doth not the field-flower love the coming morning,
Uncloſing every leaf to drink the light ?
Doth not the lark's eye swell to meet the dawning,
His wings spread strong, to reach his airy height ?
If flower and bird change not, why question me—
Do I forget thee ?

Go in the noontide, when the sun is gleaming,
To the deep forest—watch the panting deer
Under the trees umbrageous, watchful dreaming,
Timidly starting at each sound they hear :
List to the throstle and the blackbird singing,
Whilst the calm breathing wind just rocks the leaves ;
The emerald wood with melody is ringing,
As light with shade and music interleaves :

Do not the shy deer court the boughs o'ershading?
Their wide, hot nostrils snuff the welcome bowers;
The songsters of the grove are serenading,
Each to its mate the joyful tidings pours:
If such as these change not, why question me—
Do I forget thee?

Go in the evening—watch the streamlet flowing,
O'er pebbly banks, through green and velvet meads;
The sportive fish, in gold and silver glowing,
Flash in their crystal home as day recedes:
And mark the sunflower, when the west is streaming
With rainbow clouds of light as Sol retires,
Turneth its face to catch his last smile beaming,
Then bowing to its grave, the earth, expires:
Do not the sporting fish, when day's descending,
Leap to the streamlet's bosom in their play?
Doth not the sunflower, faithful in its tending,
Linger to catch the last departing ray?
Beloved, if these change not, why question me—
Do I forget thee?

T. J. Ouseley.



THE SURPRISE.

I DREAMT I saw you yesternight,
And claspt my hands about your eyes,
Nor dared to venture in your sight
Until you pardoned the surprise.

So take my letter, Valentine,
My name and mission quickly guess—
I fear to offer word or sign ;
I wait until you whisper "Yes."

ETERNAL LOVE.

I HAVE loved thee long, and I love thee now ;
And, though the world should perish,
O'er its dying embers still would glow
The flames of the love I cherish.

And I will love till life be past,
Till death's dark hour is nearing,
Into the eternal grave at last
My life's great love-wound bearing.

Heine.







LOVE'S FLAME.



OW ill doth he deserve a lover's name,
Whose pale, weak frame
Cannot retain
His heat, in spite of absence or disdain;
But doth at once, like paper set on fire,
Burn and expire!
True love cannot change his seat,
Nor did he ever love that could retreat.

That noble flame, which my breast keeps alive,
Shall still survive
When my soul's fled;
Nor shall my love die when my body's dead,
That shall wait on me in the lower shade,
And never fade.
My very ashes in their urn
Shall, like a hallowed lamp, for ever burn.

Thomas Carew.

LOVE AND FREEDOM.

HOW delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there's no untying!

Yet remember, 'midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but Love has ruing;
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears from other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries;
Longest stays when sorest chidden,
Laughs and flies when pressed and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odour to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind Love to last for ever.

Love's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel;
Love's wings moult when caged and captured,
Only free he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging?
Or the ring-dove's neck from changing?
No! nor fettered Love from dying
In the knot there's no untying.

A B S E N C E.

NOW like a winter has my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,
What old December's bareness everywhere!

And yet this time removed was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widowed wombs after their lord's decease.

Yet this abundant issue seemed to me
But hope of orphans, and unfathered fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

Shakespeare.

THE BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL.

HER blue eyes they beam and they twinkle,
Her lips have made smiling more fair;
On cheek and on brow there's no wrinkle,
But thousands of curls in her hair.

She's little—you don't wish her taller;
Just half through the teens is her age;
And baby or lady to call her,
Were something to puzzle a sage.

Her walk is far better than dancing;
She speaks as another might sing;
And all by an innocent chancing,
Like lambkins and birds in the spring.

Unskilled in the airs of the city,
She's perfect in natural grace;
She's gentle, and truthful, and witty,
And ne'er spends a thought on her face.

Her face, with the fine glow that's in it,
As fresh as an apple-tree bloom;
And oh! when she comes, in a minute,
Like sunbeams she brightens the room.

As taking in mind as in feature,
How many will sigh for her sake!
I wonder, the sweet little creature,
What sort of a wife she would make.

W. Allingham.

TRUE BEAUTY.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

Thomas Carew.

LOVE'S MANY WAYS.

HOW do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.





SPRING GARLANDS.



N spring the linnet's mate,
When first the primrose springs,
And early spring-time doth relate,
With many a whispering voice, the fate
Of summer's queens and kings.

For Twelfth-night may give rule
For one short, fleeting hour;
But richer than the crowns of Yule
Are those sweet wreaths that banish dule,
And speak the spring-time's power.

Then high each heart's hope towers,
Young lovers garlands twine,
From winter's sleep awaken flowers,
The throstles sing in woodland bowers,
And each takes Valentine.

B. Montgomerie Ranking.

UNUTTERED WORDS.

WATCHED the live-long day
For a messenger to bear
The words that I fain would say
To my little ladye fair.

I tried to entice a bird
To carry them on his wing ;
But my pleading he never heard
In his rapid fluttering.

And the bee was cold and tired,
And would go home to dine ;
He never even enquired
Who might be my Valentine.

And so I sung to the wind
The tale that I longed to tell ;
And hoped that the breeze might find
The maiden I loved so well,

And breathe it lightly around ;
And she, I think, will divine
In the breeze's gentle sound
Who would be her Valentine.

C. W. T.

A DREAM PICTURE.

I MUST strive, while life beats through me,
For the beautiful flower life bore;
What value had all life to me,
Could I love that flower no more?

And oh! that I once could capture,
And hold her embraced again,
And her lips and cheeks in rapture
Kiss wildly with life's sweet pain!

And that once from her mouth, though sadly,
A word of love might come!
Ah, then, ye grim ghosts, how gladly
I'd pass to your terrible home!

They have heard my vow, and they hold me,
And bow to it fearfully;
Loved heart, for thy love I have sold me!
Loved heart! say,—oh, lovest thou *me*?

Heinz.



FORGIVENESS.

IF ever chance should be
That I should anger thee,
What other hope for me
Than at thy feet to sink, my dear,
And crave thy clemency ?

And then thine eye, perchance,
Half-shut, with look askance,
Upon my face should glance ;
And sure thou would'st relent, my dear,
And make the poor heart dance !

Then if it pleased thee wed
Whom thou had'st succouréd,
Such bliss would so be shed
On thy true Valentine, my dear,—
No further may be said !

B. Montgomerie Ranking.



ACROSS THE SEA.

I WALKED in the lonesome evening,
And who so sad as I,
When I saw the young men and maidens
Merrily passing by?
To thee, my love, to thee—
So fain would I come to thee!
While the ripples fold upon sands of gold,
And I look across the sea.

I stretch out my hands; who will clasp them?
I call—thou repliest no word;
O why should heart-longing be weaker
Than the waving wings of a bird!
To thee, my love, to thee—
So fain would I come to thee!
For the tide's at rest from east to west,
And I look across the sea.

There's joy in the hopeful morning,
There's peace in the parting day,
There's sorrow with every lover
Whose true love is far away.
To thee, my love, to thee—
So fain would I come to thee!
And the water's bright in a still moonlight,
As I look across the sea.

W. Allingham.

IF DOUGHTY DEEDS.

IF doughty deeds my lady please,
 Right soon I'll mount my steed;
 And strong his arm, and fast his seat
 That bears frae me the meed.
 I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
 Thy picture at my heart;
 And he that bends not to thine eye
 Shall rue it to his smart!

Then tell me how to woo thee, Love;
 O tell me how to woo thee!
 For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take
 Tho' ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
 I'll dight me in array;
 I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
 And squire thee all the day.
 If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
 These sounds I'll strive to catch;
 Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysel',
 That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,
I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue;
For you alone I strive to sing,
O tell me how to woo!
Then tell me how to woo thee, Love;
O tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

Graham of Gartmore.

A BIRD SONG.

IT'S a year almost that I have not seen her—
Oh, last summer green things were greener,
Brambles fewer, the blue sky bluer.

It's well-nigh summer, for there's a swallow;
Come one swallow, his mate will follow;
The bird race quicken and wheel and thicken.

Oh, happy swallow, whose mate will follow
O'er height, o'er hollow! I'd be a swallow,
To build this weather one nest together.

Christina G. Rossetti.

I LOVE THEE!

I LOVE thee—I love thee!
'Tis all that I can say;—
It is my vision in the night,
My dreaming in the day;
The very echo of my heart,
The blessing when I pray;
I love thee—I love thee!
Is all that I can say.

I love thee—I love thee!
Is ever on my tongue;
In all my proudest poesy,
That chorus still is sung.
It is the verdict of my eyes
Amidst the gay and young;
I love thee—I love thee!
A thousand maids among.

I love thee—I love thee!
Thy bright and hazel glance,
The mellow lute upon those lips,
Whose tender tones entrance;
But most, dear heart of hearts, thy proofs,
That still these words enhance;
I love thee—I love thee!
Whatever be thy chance.

Thomas Hood.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

IN the young year, when through the cloudless mind
But light dreams float, and blossoms strew the ground,
Among mossed apple-trees a trunk I found,
And carved a name I knew across the rind.
Then in the pink, soft, settling drift reclined,
I slept, and dreamed that she my heart had crowned;
E'en then must pass throughout this orchard, bound
On errand slight, or purpose scarce defined.
And (in my dream) meseemed my lady meek
Did come, in truth, and read the deep-cut name;
And dearer grew her eyes, and in her cheek
The sweet blood fluttered like a little flame.
There in a shower of bloom, I woke to speak,
And, lo! my love suffused in gentle shame.

Austin Dobson.



VENUS AND CUPID.

⚡ SAW, in secret to my dame,
How little Cupid humbly came,
And said to her, "All hayle, my mother!"
But when he saw me laugh, for shame
His face with bashful blood did flame,
Not knowing Venus from the other.
"Then, never blush, Cupid," quoth I,
"For many have erred in this beauty."

Spenser, Poem iii.

HE LOVES ME WELL.

⚡ NEED not send you flowers—you are them all—
Rose, lily, jasmine, sweetest violet;
Yet stay, I do bethink me, I will choose
A tiny daisy with its fringe well set.
Then, ere it goes, the petals I will count,
To be assured its message it will tell—
Ah! see, I've plucked the traitor petal out,
Now, when you count, you'll find, "He loves me well."

A. S.





THE SELF-BANISHED.

IT is not that I love you less
Than when before your feet I lay;
But to prevent the sad increase
Of hopeless love, I keep away.

In vain, alas! for everything
Which I have known belong to you;
Your form does to my fancy bring,
And make my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the spring, from the new sun,
Already has a fever got,
Too late begins those shafts to shun,
Which Phoebus through his veins has shot:

Too late he would the pain assuage,
And to thick shadows does retire;
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vowed I have, and never must
Your banished servant trouble you;
For if I break, you may distrust,
The vow I made to love you too.

Edmund Waller.

A LOVER FOR A FRIEND.

WS it not, Celia, in your power
To say how long our love will last?
It may be we, within this hour,
May lose those joys we now do taste:
The blessèd, who immortal be,
From change of love are only free.

Then, since we mortal lovers are,
Ask not how long our love will last;
But while it does, let us take care
Each minute be with pleasure past.
Were it not madness to deny
To love, because we're sure to die?

Fear not; though love and beauty fail,
My reason shall my heart direct;
Your kindness now shall then prevail,
And passion turn into respect.
Celia, at worst, you'll in the end
But change a lover for a friend.

Sir George Etherege.

LOVE UNCHANGING.

I CANNOT change, as others do,
Though you unjustly storm ;
Since the poor swain that sighs for you,
For you alone was born.
No, Phillis, no ; your heart to move
A surer way I'll try ;
And to revenge my slighted love,
Will still live on, will still live on, and die.

When killed with grief Amyntas lies,
And you to mind shall call
The sighs that now unpitied rise,
The tears that warmly fall ;
That welcome hour that ends his smart
Will then begin your pain ;
For such a faithful, tender heart,
Can never break, can never break in vain.

John, Earl of Rochester.



FICKLE.

I DO confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee,
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak, had power to move thee;
But I can let thee now alone
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, but find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets;
Thy favours are but like the wind,
That kisses everything it meets:
And since thou can with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kissed by none.

The morning rose that untouched stands,
Armed with her briars, how sweetly smells!
But, plucked and strained through ruder hands,
Her scent no longer with her dwells.
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate ere long will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been a while;
Like sere flowers to be thrown aside;—
And I will sigh, while some will smile
To see thy love for more than one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

Sir Robert Aytoun.

WAITING.

I STAND below in the valley,
You on the height above,
In all the beauty of womanhood,
In the sunshine of youth and love.
And I watch with an eager longing,
As I wait here day by day,
For a look, a word, or a smile
That shall light my desolate way.
All I ask is for one small corner,
Kept safely for me apart,
In the fair and spacious mansion
Of thy tender woman's heart.

TO LUCASTA.

IF to be absent were to be
Away from thee;
Or that when I am gone
You or I were alone;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind, or swallowing wave.

Though seas and land betwixt us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls:
Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown, and greet as angels greet.

So then we do anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive i' the skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfined
In heaven, their earthly bodies left behind.

Richard Lovelace.

RED ROSE AND WHITE.

I WOULD I were the red rose
That grows beside your dwelling,
Then you would smile at my bright hue,
And my sweet breath should gladden you,
When bitter thoughts were welling.

Oh, would I were the white rose
That clusters round your bower,
Then you might pluck me for delight,
And lay me in your bosom white,
As pure as my fair flower.

I care not—white or ruddy—
So I were near you ever,
Till frost of age should shed my leaves,
And I, content, should know “She grieves
That aught us twain should sever.”

B. Montgomerie Ranking.



SEND ME BACK MY HEART.

PRITHEE send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine ;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why, then, should'st thou have mine ?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain ;
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together ?
O Love! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever ?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out ;
For when I think I'm best resolved,
Then I am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe ;
I will no longer pine ;
For I'll believe I have her heart,
As much as she has mine.

Sir John Suckling.

TO ELECTRA.

I DARE not ask a kiss,
I dare not beg a smile;
Lest, having that, or this,
I might grow proud the while.

No, no; the utmost share
Of my desire shall be
Only to kiss the air
That lately kisséd thee.

Robert Herrick.



I WOULD I WERE A FLOWER.

WOULD I were a flower,
 And love the scent I bore;
 For in your inmost bower
 I would bloom evermore.

I would I were a bird,
 And in a cage there hung—
 Where you came by and heard
 The ceaseless songs I sung.

For all my songs should be
 With love so full and strong,
 That you should stay by me,
 To hear me all day long.

R. I. O.

I SEND THEE LOVE?

SEND thee love? Alas, my love is such
 I cannot send, though it be overmuch!
 I send thee love? Alas, my love is so
 You will not take, nor from me will it go.

F. W. B.

LISTENING.

LISTEN when the sad wind grieves
In dark fir boughs above;
I listen to the poplar leaves,
But nought they say of love.

I listen to the nightingale,
But nought of love sings she;
Is there no love in all the vale?
Or is love dead in me?

R. I. O.

SIGNS OF LOVE.

SEND a sign of love; the shadow sends
The breeze before it, whispering, "He is coming;"
And the glad field her leaves and flowers bends,
And hushes all her myriad insects' humming.

I send a sign of love; the morning sends
A rosy cloud, his mounted messenger;
And the glad earth in ecstasy attends—
Sure now her love himself will come to her.

Oh! fairer than the field, than the whole earth;
Would that thy lover's coming in thy sight
Were as the rain-cloud to a land of dearth,
Were as the morning to a world of night.

F. W. B.



FAREWELL!



KISS me, sweet love! I know not if again,
Ere life be pain—

If, while we two are young and kisses sweet,
Our lips shall meet.

Kiss me, sweet love! a kiss that shall remain
Through days of pain;

Kiss me, that I may know your kiss is sweet,
For we *shall* meet;

And I shall claim a kiss again, again,
So good-bye, sweet!

F. W. B.





FAIR, KIND, AND TRUE.



LET not my love be called idolatry,
Nor my belovéd as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
“Fair, kind, and true” is all my argument,
“Fair, kind, and true” varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
“Fair, kind, and true” have often lived alone,
Which three till now never kept seat in one.

Shakespeare.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

LOVE me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song.
Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste.
Still I would not have thee cold,
Not too backward or too bold;
Love that lasteth till 'tis old
Fadeth not in haste.

If thou lovest me too much,
It will not prove as true as touch;
Love me little more than such,
For I fear the end.
I am with little well content,
And a little from thee sent
Is enough, with true intent,
To be steadfast friend.

Say thou lov'st me while thou live,
I to thee my love will give,
Never dreaming to deceive
While that life endures :

Nay, and after death, in sooth,
I to thee will keep my truth,
As now, when in my May of youth.
 This my love assures.

Constant love is moderate ever,
And it will through life persever;
Give me that, with true endeavour
 I will it restore.

A suit of durance let it be,
For all weathers; that for me,
For the land or for the sea,
 Lasting evermore.

Winter's cold or Summer's heat,
Autumn's tempests on it beat,
I can never know defeat,
 Never can rebel.

Such the love that I would gain,
Such the love, I tell thee plain,
Thou must give, or woo in vain;
 So to thee farewell.

Anonymous.



WE TWO.

MEET all your looks be grave and cold,
Or smile upon me still;
And give your hand, or else withhold;
Take leave howe'er you will.
No lingering trace within your face
Of love's regard is seen.
We two no more shall be—
Never—what we've been.

It is not now a longing day
Divides us, nor a year;
Your heart from mine has turned away,
Nor henceforth sheds a tear.
The winter snow may come and go,
And April shadows green:
We two no more shall be—
Never—what we've been.

Ah never! countless hours that bring
Full many a chance and change,
May choose a beggar-boy for king,
Or cleave a mountain-range.
The salt-sea tide may yet be dried
That rolls far lands between:
We two no more can be—
Never—what we've been.

W. Allingham.

TRUE LOVE.

MET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments; love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.

Oh no! it is an ever-fixéd mark
That looks on tempest and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come.
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom.

If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Shakespeare.



TO DORINDA, ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

LOOK how, my dear, the feathered kind,
By mutual caresses joyned,
Bill, and seem to teach us two
What we to love and custom owe.

Shall only you and I forbear
To meet, and make a happy pair?
Shall we alone delay to live?
This day an age of bliss may give.

But ah! when I the proffer make,
Still coyly you refuse to take
My heart I dedicate in vain;
The too mean present you disdain.

Yet, since the solemn time allows
To choose the object of our vows,
Boldly I dare profess my flame,
Proud to be yours by any name.

Satyrs of Boileau Imitated, 1696.

A REASON.

LOVE not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for my constant heart,—
For those may fail or turn to ill,
So thou and I shall sever:
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why—
So hast thou the same reason still
To doat upon me ever!

Anonymous.

ABSENT.

LOVELY, gleaming, golden star,
Greet my darling when afar!
Say I'm always, since we part,
Pale and true and sick at heart.

Heine.



A VALENTINE.



Y heart doth own a double fear,
A double pain, a double sigh;
The one when you are absent, dear,
The other when you're by.

At seeing you, my heart doth mourn,
With love that cannot find relief;
At missing you my heart is torn
With all the bitter pangs of grief.

And now I shed the burning tear,
And now I heave the useless sigh;
The one when you are absent, dear,
The other when you're by.



A DITTY.

MY true love hath my heart, and I have his,
M By just exchange one to the other given :
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss ;
There never was a better bargain driven :
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one ;
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides :
He loves my heart, for once it was his own ;
I cherish his because in me it bides :
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

Sir Philip Sidney.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

MUSE, bid the morn awake,
M Sad winter now declines,
Each bird doth choose a mate
This day—St. Valentine's ;
For that good bishop's sake
Get up, and let us see,
What beauty it shall be
That fortune us assigns.

Drayton.

 ABSORBING LOVE.

MY dreams, when I dream of thee,
M Are like flowers that blossom in Spring;
 My words, when I speak of thee,
 Are like songs that the sweet birds sing.

My thoughts, when I see thy face,
 Are like golden fruits on the tree,
 That tumble and roll from their place,
 In haste to be gathered of thee.

R. I. O.

 UNCONDESCENDING LOVE.

MY Love is like a summer cloud
M That gently glides o'er hill and plain;
 That fields and flowers, with voices loud,
 Woo to descend in rain.

Yet by her lovers all she sails,
 And will not give herself away;
 Though ev'n the shadow that she trails
 Where passing, makes us gay.

R. I. O.

TO HIS VALENTINE.

MY lips I'll softly lay
Upon her heavenly cheek,
Dyed like the dawning day,
As polished ivory sleek;
And in her ear I'll say,
"O thou bright morning star!
'Tis I that come so far,
My valentine to seek."

Each little bird, this tide,
Doth choose her lovèd peer,
Which constantly abide
In wedlock all the year,
As nature is their guide;
So may we two be true
This year, nor change for new,
As turtles coupled were.

Let's laugh at them that choose
Their valentines by lot;
To wear their names that use,
Whom idly they have got.
Such poor choice we refuse,
Saint Valentine befriend;
We thus this morn may spend,
Else, muse, awake her not.

Drayton.

SPRING SMILES.

SPRING smiles anew with myriad hue,
And laughs aloud in the breeze;
Pours forth her song blithe nests among,
Her dance in the waving trees:
And sweet such joys to hear and see,
Did but my Valentine rove with me!

Each path through life with flowers is rife,
And mirth is born in the breast,
And every day has its song and play,
And every age its zest:
And such long joys in store might be,
Would but my Valentine pair with me!

Enis Herne.

DISDAIN.

MY love, alas, our old acquaintance has forgot,
She never turns her eyes, and passing heeds me not;
Ah! scornful maiden! true hearts do not strew the ground,
When you relenting seek one, it may not be found.

F. R.





THE MESSAGE.

MY love in her garden
Is soft-voiced and tender,
O say, will she pardon
The message I send her?

The buds and the flowers
They smile round her feet,
The almond tree showers
Pink petals sweet.

Ye doves softly cooing,
Thou whispering wind,
Entreat to my wooing,
She be not unkind.

F. R.





THE HAPPY MAN.



No longer any choice remains ;
All beauty now I view,
All bliss that womankind contains,
Completely summed in you.

Your stature marks the proper height,
Your hair the finest shade ;
Complexion—Love himself aright
Each varying tint hath laid.

Your voice—the very tone and pitch
Whereto my heart replies !
Blue eyes, or black, or hazel—which
Are best ? *Your* coloured eyes.

Your manners, gestures, being of you,
Most easily excel.
Have you defects? I love them too,
I love yourself so well.

To me, once careworn, veering, vex't,
Kind fate my queen hath sent;
In full allegiance, unperplex't,
I live, with sweet content.

No longer any choice remains;
All beauty now I view,
All bliss that womankind contains,
Completely summed in you.

W. Allingham.

VALENTINE.

NO early buds of laughing spring
Upon this day to thee I bring,
Sweet Valentine.

But thoughts as pure as snowdrop fair
My loving heart to thee would bear,
My Valentine.

C. W. T.

STILL THE SAME.

NO, no, fair heretic; it needs must be
But an ill love in me,
And worse for thee;
For were it in my power
To love thee now this hour
More than I did the last,
I would then so fall
I might not love at all.
Love that can flow, and can admit increase,
Admits as well an ebb, and may grow less.

True love is still the same; the torrid zones,
And these more frigid ones,
It must not know.
For love grown cold or hot
Is lust or friendship, not
The thing we have.
For that's a flame would die,
Held down or up too high:
Then think I love more than I can express,
And would love more, could I but love thee less.

Sir John Suckling.



O FAIR SWEET FACE!



FAIR sweet face! O eyes celestial bright!
Twin stars in heaven that now adorn the night:
O fruitful lips, where cherries ever grow,
And damask cheeks, where all sweet beauties blow;
O thou, from head to foot divinely fair!
Cupid's most cunning net's made of that hair;
And, as he weaves himself for curious eyes,
"Oh me, oh me, I'm caught myself," he cries:
Sweet rest about thee: sweet and golden sleep,
Soft peaceful thoughts your hourly watches keep,
Whilst I in wonder sing this sacrifice
To beauty sacred, and those angel eyes!

Beaumont and Fletcher.

SONG.

ONE day as I in merry mood,
O'er meadow green was straying,
I spied a maiden passing fair
Amid the lambkins playing:
None so pretty,
None so witty,
E'er was seen in town or city;
Sweetly smiling
And beguiling,
She stole my heart away for ever;
Oh maiden fair,
Beyond compare,
Forget thee can I never.

Come, gentle dove, with azure wing,
And listen to my ditty;
Go, seek the maid, and try to move
Her bosom unto pity;
When you meet her,
Kindly greet her,
And with love-sick notes entreat her;

Softly cooing,
Sweetly wooing,
Oh, say my heart is hers for ever!
Oh, maiden fair,
Beyond compare,
Forget thee can I never.

Oliphant. (From the Welsh.)

UNCHANGABLE LOVE.

OH! never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seemed my flame to qualify:
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy heart doth lie.

That is my home of love; if I have ranged
Like him that travels, I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain.

Never believe, though in my nature reigned
All frailties that besiege, all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stained
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good:

For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose: in it thou art my all.

Shakespeare.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly like the West,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between;
But day and night, my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean.

Oh blaw, ye westlin' winds, blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees;
Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale,
Bring hame the laden bees;

And bring the lassie back to me
That's aye sae neat and clean;
A smile o' her wad banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows amang the knowes
Hae passed atween us twa!
How fond to meet, how wae to part,
That night she gaed awa!
The Powers aboon can only ken
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me
As my sweet, lovely Jean!

Burns.

THE KISS.

ONE day I found you fast asleep,
My dear, what could I do,
But o'er the greensward softly creep,
And give a kiss to you?

'Twas very wrong, I know, you'll say,
To kiss without your leave;
And for my fault day after day
I most sincerely grieve.

Until to me 'tis very clear,
I ne'er shall happy be,
Till you in sweet forgiveness, dear,
Return the kiss to me.

Julia Goddard.

BLIND LOVE.

OH me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight;
Or if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?

If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote,
Love's eye is not so true as all men's No.

How can it? Oh! how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vexed with watching and with tears?
No marvel then though I mistake my view:
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.

Oh, cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find!

Shakespeare.



THE HAWTHORN.

OH! the hawthorn bloom so white,
It opens to the night,
And scatters all its sweetness on the breeze;
When other flowers sleep,
It opes the bosom deep,
As harbouring for chance-belated bees.

And if you roam the lanes,
What time night-silence reigns,
You may guess a sudden gleaming in the dark,
Where the snowy thorn stands up,
And as from an incense-cup,
The sweetness rolls across the air,—and, hark!

Amongst the tall trees' leaving
The nightingale sits grieving
For her lost love, but nought of grief is mine!
For, hawthorn, in thy whiteness,
Thy sweetness, and thy brightness,
Thou clingest to me, dear, my Valentine!

B. Montgomerie Ranking.

O WERE MY LOVE.

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the Spring;
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing:

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
By Autumn wild and Winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renewed.

O gin my love were yon red rose
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa'!

Oh! there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Sealed on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fleyed awa' by Phœbus' light.

Burns.

THE TWO ROSES.

O H! placid river, winding
Through all the flowery lea,
Bear down my roses safely,
Until they reach the sea.

Ye branches overhanging
Deep pools and shallows grey,
My roses do not sever:
Delay them not, I pray.

For then my love and I,
In mutual devotion,
Shall floating side by side
Attain love's boundless ocean.

F. R.

DELAY NOT.

O H! gather the apple
Before the wind blow,
Lest it lose in its falling
Its exquisite glow;—
And the wasps and the hornet
An entrance shall find,
And leave for lost beauty
A withering rind.

R. I. O.

ONE WORD IS TOO OFTEN PROFANED.

ONE word is too often profaned
For me to profane it ;
One feeling too falsely disdained
For thee to disdain it ;
One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love ;
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above,
And the heavens reject not :
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow ;
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow ?

P. B. Shelley.



WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU.

O WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad;
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad:
Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;
Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er you meet me,
Gang by me as though that ye cared na a flie:
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

Burns.

OH! DINNA ASK ME.

OH! dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee;
 Troth I daurna tell;
 Dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee;
 Ask it o' yoursel'.

Oh! dinna look sae sair at me,
 For weel ye ken me true;
 Oh, gin ye look sae sair at me,
 I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw, braw town,
 And bonnier lassies see,
 Oh, dinna, Jamie, look at them,
 Lest you should mind na me.

For I could never bide the lass
 That ye'd lo'e mair than me;
 And, oh, I'm sure, my heart would break
 Gin ye'd prove false to me.

Dunlop.

THE BELLS.

ON the hedge May-buds are blooming,
With their scent the air perfuming;
Through the woods the birds are singing;
And the river bells are ringing,
Soft and low, soft and clear,
“Love is crowned, and reigneth here.”

In my heart bright hope is glowing,
From my lips love-speeches flowing,
Asking for your answering voice;
But to make my heart rejoice,
As the bells chime, soft and clear,
Let your answer be, my dear,
“Love is crowned, and reigneth here.”

Julia Goddard.





OLD SONG.



RITHEE send me back my heart,
Since I can't have thine ;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why should you keep mine ?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To send it me were vain ;
For thou'st a thief in either eye,
Will steal it back again.

Anon.





AGAINST LOVE'S PRIDE.



WEET, be not proud of those two eyes
Which starlike sparkle in their skies;
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives; yours yet free.
Be you not proud of that rich hair
Which wantons with the love-sick air;
When as that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty's gone.

Herrick.



HOPELESS.

SOFT on thy snowy bosom
Love lays his golden head,
Crowned with each choicest blossom
The coming Spring can shed.

The zephyrs, amorous lispers,
There lull sweet Love to rest,
With such melodious whispers,
As in a sea-shell nest.

Oh! where soft Love may slumber,
While flowers their fragrance fling,
And zephyrs without number,
As in the poplar cling?

How can I hope my loving
Will find a welcome fair?
What can I find for moving
Her heart that is not there?

R. I. O.

SONNET TO MY VALENTINE.

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And Summer's lease hath all too short a date.

Sometime too hot the eye of Heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed:
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Shakespeare.



THE MANLY HEART.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair,
Or my cheeks make pale with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May—
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind;
Or a well disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her merit's value known
Make me quite forget mine own?

Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of Best;
If she seem not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
Who without them dare to woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I though great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she loves me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

George Wither.



HEARTLESS.

SWEET as the blooms of summer,
That scent for all the air ;
And bright for every comer,
You live but to be fair.

And we round you, the flower,
Flock, gay as butterflies,
To steal the honey dower
That in your petals lies.

You care not, undiscerning,
Your smiles so honey sweet,
To us are poison burning,
And slay us at your feet.

R. I. O.

SWEETHEART.

SWEETHEART, now answer me,
My tale is true,
From night to morn, from morn to night,
I dream of you.

Sweetheart, you sit and listen,
With blush upon your cheek ;
But when I ask for answer,
You will not speak.

Sweetheart, but say you love me,
And I'm content;
Or may I take for answer,
That silence gives consent.

Julia Goddard.

A WORD IN SEASON.

STAY, little maiden, stay!
Think of the coming day,
Take care, take care!
Far better not any
Than lovers too many,
Beware, beware!
Keep to one true love,
Else you may rue, love,
Take care, take care!
False swains may leave you,
Friends may deceive you,
Beware, beware!
Scorn not the warning rhyme,
Maiden, be wise in time,
Take care, take care!

Glynné.

MY LADY SLEEPS.

STARS of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!—My Lady sleeps!

Moon, on the summer night!
Far down yon western steps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!—My Lady sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps!—My Lady sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her her lover keeps
Watch, while in slumbers light
She sleeps!—My Lady sleeps!

Longfellow.

A TREASURE.

SAW a bird one morning fair,
"Follow, and I'll lead you where
Gold is hidden."

Then I met you on the heather,
And we onward went together,
Seeking for the treasure golden,
That in some charmed spot was holden,

But we found it never.

Lads and lasses smiled to see
That we could so happy be.
Sudden I the secret knew,
That the treasure was in you;
Then the bird soft cooed "adieu,"
And fled away for ever.

Julia Goddard.





WATCHFULNESS.



HY face is as the face of ocean,
Upon a moonlit summer night,
That changes with a ceaseless motion,
In restless waves of shade and light.

And I am as the merchant standing
Upon the shore with anxious eyes,
To watch the waves that may be stranding
On unknown rocks his argosies.

For all my hope and all my treasure
Is on this changing ocean fair;
That brings or wealth without a measure,
Or shipwreck and a life's despair.

F. W. B.

AN EMBLEM.

THE gift should ever be
An emblem of the giver;
As is the running sea
Given current by the river.

So may the gift I send
Be emblem of my loving,
And kindred current lend
Of love, thy life for moving!

R. I. O.

THE CARRIER PIGEON.

MAKE the message I commit
To thy faithful care;
Swiftly, swiftly carry it
Through the rushing air

Take it to my Valentine,
Bird more blest than I!
Oh, had I wings like thine,
I should not wish, but fly.

F. R.

CHERRY-RIPE.

THERE is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies blow ;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow ;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till "Cherry-Ripe" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when thy lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds filled with snow :
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till "Cherry-Ripe" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still ;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till "Cherry-Ripe" themselves do cry !

Richard Allison.





VALENTINE.

WHERE be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me:
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lulled winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep,
Whose breast is gently heaving
As an infant's asleep;
So the spirit bows before thee
To listen and adore thee;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

Byron.

 THE MUSIC OF THE HEART.

THIS heart has music in its strings,
 That mocks at Fate's endeavour,
 And still in joyous cadence sings
 Thy darling name for ever;
 And when as lightly on I wend,
 Comes Death, my course suspending,
 May Life still bring, howe'er it end,
 Such music with its ending!

R. I. O.

 THE ALMOND TREE.

THE youthful charms of her I love
 Are like the almonds blossoming,
 Whose blushing flowers adorn the bough,
 Ere Time the later leaves doth bring.

O maiden fair! how blest were I,
 If 'neath Love's banner fluttering free,
 We two might sail, through calm and gale,
 Together o'er life's changeful sea.

Julia Goddard.

BEAUTY'S SPELL.

THOU art lovelier than the coming
Of the fairest flowers of Spring,
When the wild bee wanders humming
Like a blessèd fairy thing:
Thou art lovelier than the breaking
Of the orient crimson morn,
When the gentlest winds are shaking
The dew-drops from the thorn.

I have seen the wild flowers springing
In wood, and field, and glen,
Where a thousand birds were singing,
And my thoughts were of thee then;
For there's nothing gladsome round me,
Nothing beautiful to see,
Since thy beauty's spell has bound me,
But is eloquent of thee.

 INCONSTANCY.

THE rover strays from flower to flower,
 And wanders, wanders ever;
 On each in turn he bends his gaze,
 To one thing constant never;
 Thou art the flow'ret, love, and I
 The restless, wandering butterfly.

Ah! stay my flight, my queen, my flower,
 And give me rest beside thee;
 United thus, not Death's dark hour
 Shall from my heart divide thee!

F. W. B.

 A W I S H.

THEY grow in sweetness side by side,
 They spread their blossoms free;
 The gazer's joy, the garden's pride,
 An emblem, love, of thee.

So may'st thou blossom, year by year,
 While yet to us thou'rt given;
 And when Life's summer's ended, dear,
 Bloom evermore in heaven!

R. I. O.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion.
Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother.
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea,—
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

P. B. Shelley.

AN APOLOGY FOR HAVING LOVED BEFORE.

THEY that never had the use
Of the grape's surprising juice,
To the first delicious cup
All their reason render up;
Neither do nor care to know
Whether it be best or no.

So they that are to love inclined,
Swayed by chance, not choice or art,
To the first that's fair or kind
Make a present of their heart:
It is not she that first we love,
But whom, dying, we approve.

To man, that is in th' ev'ning made,
Stars gave the first delight,
Admiring, in the gloomy shade,
Those little drops of light:
Then at Aurora, whose fair hand
Removed them from the skies,
He gazing towards the east did stand,
She entertained his eyes.

But when the bright sun did appear,
All these he 'gan despise ;
His wonder was determined there,
And could no higher rise.
He neither might nor wished to know
A more refulgent light :
For that (as mine your beauties now)
Employed his utmost sight.

Edmund Waller.

THE REEDS.

WHEN the reeds I will tell
That I love my love well,
They shall whisper to her,
As their slender leaves stir,
That no other than she
Can my Valentine be.
To the brookside O hie thee,
Where halcyons hover,
And hark, while they sigh thee
A vow from my lover.

M. E. G.

PRIVILEGED.

WHERE'S one both blythe and bonnie,
She's fair, and frank, and free,
A smile she has for all her friends,
But another smile for *me*.

Her eyes are bright and sparkling,
They dance with mirth and glee,
Brightly they shine on all she loves,
But brighter far on *me*.

Her mien is calm and trustful,
Fearless though modest she;
Her hand she gives to high and low,
But with tenderer clasp to *me*.

Her voice is soft and tuneful,
As the surge of the summer sea,
But the sweetest music of its notes
Is heard by none but *me*.

Loving she is, no hatred
In her pure soul could be;
But I only can know the full depths of her love,
For her heart belongs to *me*.

Julia Goddard.

THE VIOLET.

THE forward violet thus did I chide:

Sweet thief, whence did'st thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed,
The lily I condemnèd for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annexed thy breath;
But, for his theft, in spite of all his growth,
A vengeful canker ate him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

Shakespeare.



THE COWSLIP'S STORY.

THE cowslip sweet was a milkmaid once,
A milking maiden fair to see,
But the lover she worshipped was naught but a dunce,
And she grew yellow with jealousy.

For he followed a lass with bold black e'en,
And she was left to pine and cry,
And her poor heart bled; till in gown of sheen,
She laid herself down on a bank to die.

They buried her there, and out of her grave
There grew a plant with soft green leaves,
And a pale fair bud, that pity would crave,
Sprinkled with heart-drops, ever it grieves.

Now, maidens all, be wary and wise,
Choose not a love who will leave you to pine;
But whoso courts you in truthful guise,
Test him, and take him for Valentine.

B. Montgomerie Ranking.

NO ALTERNATIVE.

WHIS not your saying that you love
Can ease me of my smart;
Your actions must your words approve,
Or else you break my heart.

In vain you bid my passions cease,
And ease my troubled breast;
Your love alone must give me peace—
Restore my wonted rest.

But if I fail your heart to move,
Or 'tis not yours to give,
I cannot, will not, cease to love,
But I will cease to live.

Aphra Behn.



THE PEREMPTORY LOVER.

IT IS not your beauty, not your wit,
That can my heart obtain,
For they could never conquer yet
Either my breast or brain.
For if you'd not prove kind to me,
And true as heretofore,
Henceforth I'll scorn your slave to be,
And doat on you no more.

Think not my fancy to o'ercome
By proving thus unkind;
Nor smoothèd sigh, nor smiling frown,
Can satisfy my mind.
Pray let Platonics play such pranks;
Such follies I deride;
For love at least I will have thanks,—
And something else beside!

Then open-hearted be with me,
As I shall be with you,
And let your actions be as free
As virtue will allow.

If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,—
If true, I'll constant be—
If Fortune chance to change your mind,
I'll turn as soon as ye.

Since our affections well ye know
In equal terms do stand,
'Tis in your power to love or no;
Mine's likewise in my hand.
Dispense with your austerity,
Inconstancy abhor,
Or by great Cupid's deity,
I'll never love you more.

Anonymous.

TEACH ME TO LOVE.

TEACH me to love, for you can love so well,
All that is sweet in nature you hold dear;
Teach me this sweet wide love, for, woe to tell!
Nothing I love save you. Ah! much I fear
That all the love I have is given to thee,
And all thy love to all the world but me.

F. W. B.

AN OFFERING OF LOVE.

THE flowers that lie so nigh the earth
Their eyes to Heaven may raise,
Though lowly, look upon the sun,
Cheered by his kindly blaze.

Happy to gaze on him, they ope
Their blossoms fresh and bright,
Their broad fair leaves of chequered green
Grow golden in his light.

And then the sun looks down on them,
And through his glorious smile
He draws them nearer to himself,
And kisses them the while.

Ah, dearest! surely thou can'st not
My meaning fail to see—
I am the flower, thou art the sun;
Wilt thou not smile on me?

Julia Goddard.

VALENTINE.

TIS not the soft glance of thy bonnie bright eye,
'Tis not the rich hue of thy cheek's rosy dye,
'Tis not the dark ringlets that wantonly flow,
In clusters around thy bright forehead of snow ;
'Tis not thy dear form, though a stranger to art,
That forever will banish sweet peace from my heart ;
Ah, no ! 'tis the magic that dwells in thy smile,
Which in joy can enliven, in sorrow beguile,
Can chase the dark form of misfortune away,
And when pleasure surrounds us, can bid us be gay.
Then frown not, I pray, on this true love of thine,
And forever I'll prize thee, my dear Valentine !

E.



PENSEZ À MOI!

“**T**HINK of me!” when my gift you see,
So shall these flowers be mine and thine;
For if remembrance dwell with thee,
Then surely heart’s-ease shall be mine.

“Think of me!” whilst the morn is bright,
And earth for us is full of flowers;
Then shall I know that fairer light
Will rise to gild my evening hours.

“Think of me!” as the night grows dark,
And darkness shall no longer be;
For lighted up by love’s own spark,
The world hath lost all night for me.

“Think of me!” and in weal and woe
A brighter sun for both shall shine,
Sweet flowers around our pathway blow,
And heart’s-ease both be mine and thine.

Julia Goddard.

THE SWALLOW.

THE swallow comes and goes ;
In summer he is here,
But fears the winter's snows,
And shuns the fading year.

But not like him love I :
My love is ever green,
Or 'neath a sunny sky,
Or when the frosts are keen.

My heart is still unchanged the while
Thy frown is cold, or warm thy smile.

M. E. G.





THE TIME OF BLISS.



WHEN the spring is blythe and gay
Let us have a holiday,
Wandering through the budding grove,
Where the birds but sing of love,
And the hawthorn blossoms white
Shed around a sweet delight;
Or, through meadows we will stray,
Where the lambkins are at play,

And the streams, no more ice-bound,
Leap along with merry sound:
All the world to gladness springs,
Whilst Hope joyous waves her wings,
And Love smiling whispers—"This
Is my Eden-time of bliss."

Julia Goddard.

LOVED AND LOVER.

WHEN the vision of Spring, though distant,
And his voice on the hillside is known,
Blind thrills in the heart of the forest,
The breath of the life-giver own.

Then the hidden red blood of the forest
Surges in passionate floods,
And runs through the veins and blushes
In a myriad ruby buds.

But when Spring in his prime of presence,
Comes wooing the wild-wood green,
She veils her heart and her blushes
In a robe of maiden green.

F. J. Palgrave.



A BALLAD.

WHEN summer leaves were green and wide,
And sultry was the weather,
Home went two lovers side by side,
From raking hay together;
And he might plead and sue his fill,
But she said naught—yet listened still.

And when the woods were bleak and bare,
And skies were grey and freezing,
Still came no answer to his prayer,
Nor to his trouble easing;
And he must mourn his heavy fate,
Who sought in vain his fancied mate.

Come, own my love and constant truth!
You not so sore have tried me,
Yet let the crowning of our youth
No longer be denied me;
So coming spring shall garlands twine
To deck my dainty Valentine.

B. Montgomerie Ranking.

LOVE'S OMNIPRESENCE.

WHERE I as base as is the lowly plain,
And you, my love, as high as heaven above,
Yet should the thoughts of me, your humble swain,
Ascend to heaven, in honour of my love.

Were I as high as heaven above the plain,
And you, my love, as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,
Whereso'er you were, with you my love should go.

Were you the earth, dear love, and I the skies,
My love should shine on you like to the sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes,
Till heaven waxed blind, and till the world were done.
Whereso'er I am, below, or else above you,
Whereso'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

T. Sylvester.



THE RIVER.

WHEN the stream is lost
In the ocean wide,
And its fresh waves tossed
Into the bitter tide.

Will it lose its love
Of the home it had,
In the hills above
And the meadows glad ?

When your life is set
In another scene,
Will your heart forget
What before has been ?

Will your old love passed
With your old life be ?
Will you love to the last
As you have loved me ?

R. I. O.

SONNET TO MY LOVE.

WHEN in the chronicle of wasted time,
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty, making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead, and lonely knights.

Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best
Of hand, of foot, of lips, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have exprest
E'en such a beauty as you master now.

So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this one time, all your prefiguring;
And for thee looked, but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing.

For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

Shakespeare.

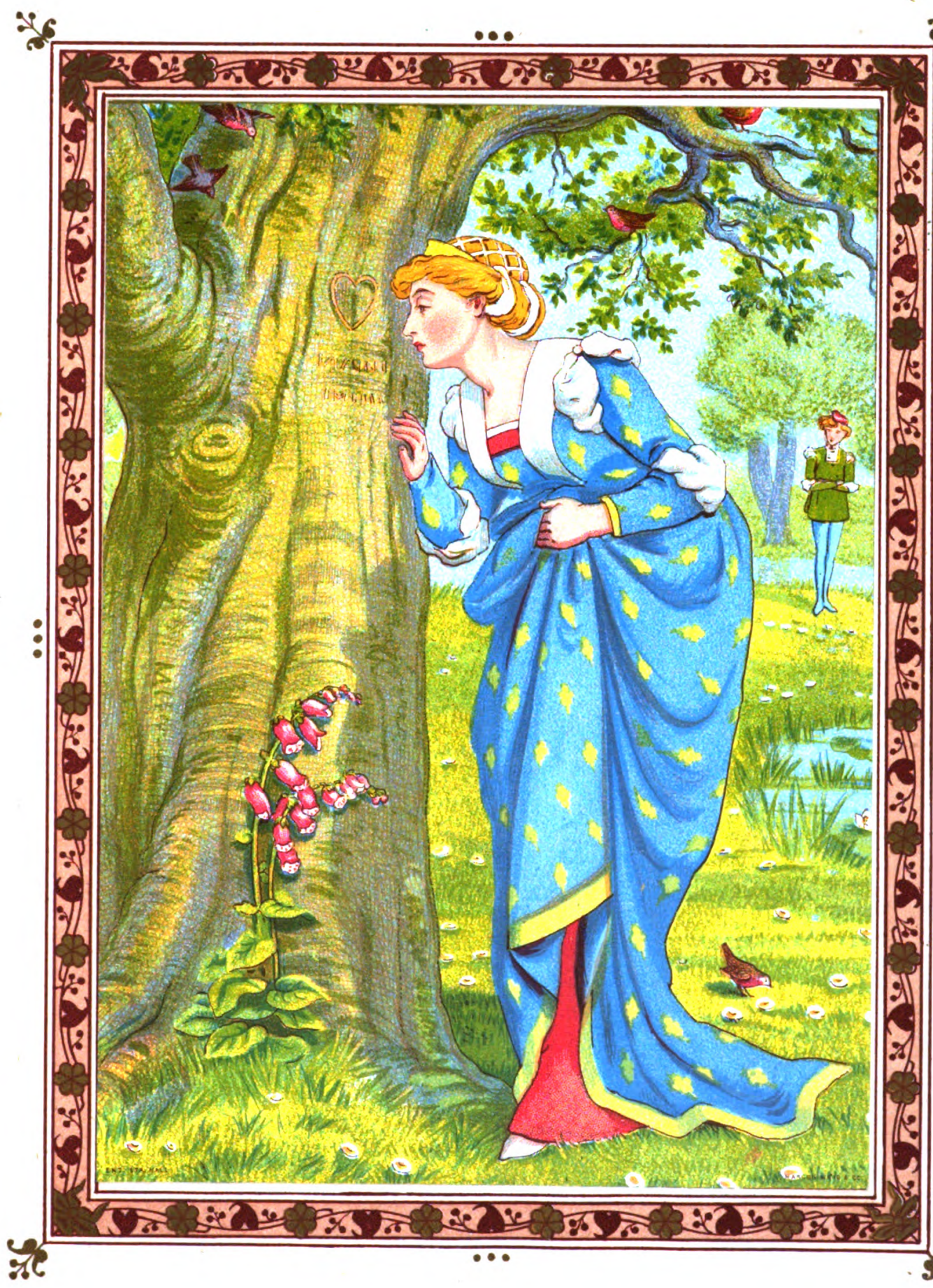
THE NAME ON THE TREE.

’TIS sweet when Spring unfolds the grove,
And mating birds from the thicket start,
To grave the trees with the name I love,
And the thoughts that rise in a yearning heart.
Oh, could'st thou see such a tell-tale tree,
’Twould utter a truth concerning thee!

For another tree is within my breast,
Traced with thy name in vigorous stroke,
Not on the soft bark lightly pressed,
But cut full deep in the heart of oak.
Oh that this tree could grow to be
Shelter and home henceforth to thee!

Anonymous.







THE FORGING OF THE RING.

WE forged a ring of the good red gold,
For the sign of a promise plighted—
Of a love that will never, never grow cold,
And two hearts in one united.

We fanned our furnace with sighs of pain,
'Twas lighted with glances meeting,
And we hammered our ring till it rang again,
With hearts that were anxiously beating.

And we made it so round, and true, and fair,
That there's not in the world a jewel,
For a token of love can with it compare
To soften the heart that is cruel.

F. R.

ROOM FOR LOVE.

WHEN to your room at dawn of day
The sunbeams haste, would you send them away?
When to your heart bright love would come,
Sweet, will you say there is no room?

R. I. O.

LOVE'S CONFESSION.

WHEN slumber first unclouds my brain,
And thought is free,
And sense refreshed renews her reign,—
I think of thee.

When next in prayer to God above
I bend my knee,
Then when I pray for those I love,—
I pray for thee.

And when the duties of the day
Demand of me
To rise and journey on life's way,—
I work for thee.

Or if, perchance, I sing some lay,
Whate'er it be;
All that the idle verses say,—
They say of thee.

If of an eye whose liquid light
Gleams like the sea,
They sing, or tresses brown and bright,—
They sing of thee.

And if a weary mood, or sad,
Possesses me,
One thought can all times make me glad,—
The thought of thee.

And when once more upon my bed,
Full wearily,
In sweet repose I lay my head,—
I dream of thee.

In short, one only wish I have,
To live for thee;
Or gladly, if one pang would save,—
I'd die for thee.

Anonymous.

THE RING.

WITHIN the ring we meet with tender kisses,
We clasp our hands together promising:
For all that love and youth have got of bliss is
Comprised within the circle of this ring.

F. R.

 TOKENS.

WHEN the birds are singing loud,
 We know the spring is nigh;
 When the bow is in the cloud,
 We know the rain goes by.

When grows the dark earth grey,
 The sun will soon appear,
 And when our hearts are gay,
 We know that Love is near.

R. I. O.

 A GARLAND.

WITH crocus gay
 And snowdrop white,
 I twine this day
 A garland bright,
 To bring to thee.

May thoughts as pure
 And hopes as fair
 Illume thy path,
 And with them bear
 Sweet joy to thee.

C. W. T.

VALENTINE.

WERT thou yet fairer in thy feature,
Which lies not in the power of nature;
Or had'st thou in thine eyes more darts
Than ever Cupid shot at hearts:
Yet if they were not thrown at me,
I would not cast a thought on thee.

I love thee not because thou'rt fair,
Softer than down, smoother than air;
Nor for the Cupids that do lie
In either corner of thine eye:
Would'st thou then know what it might be?
'Tis I love thee 'cause thou lov'st me.

Anonymous.



A WREATH.

WREATH of hawthorn, wreath of May,
 Bind her golden head by day!
 Flower of Eed, and flower of white,
 Perfume all her sleep at night!

Every kiss I give to you,
 Let it lie, like evening dew,
 Perfumed in your cup, and slip
 Sweeter thence to her sweet lip!

R. I. O.

TO MY OLD LOVE.

WHEN I loved you I can't but allow
 I felt many an exquisite minute;
 But the scorn that I feel for you now
 Hath even more luxury in it.

Thus whether we're on or we're off,
 Some witchery seems to await you;
 To love you was pleasant enough,
 But oh! 'tis delicious to hate you!

T. Moore.

WHY I LOVE.

WHY doth the stubborn iron prove
So gentle to the magnetic stone?
How know you that the orbs do move—
With music too—since heard of none?
And I will answer why I love.

'Tis not thy virtues, each a star,
Which in thy soul's bright sphere do shine,
Shooting their beauties from afar,
To make each gazer's heart like thine,
Our virtues often meteors are.

And yet these attributes might prove
Fuel enough to enflame desire;
But there was something from above
Shot without reason's guide, this fire
I know—yet know not why I love!

Habington.

DEAREST ELLEN.

WHEN the rosebud of summer, its beauties bestowing,
 On winter's rude blast, all its sweetness shall pour,
 And the sunshine of day in night's darkness be glowing,
 Oh! then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more.

When of hope the last spark which my smile loved to cherish
 In my bosom shall die, and its splendour be o'er,
 And the pulse of that heart which adores you shall perish,
 Oh! then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more.

Fitzsimons.

A QUESTION.

WHAT is the moonlight vale
 At even fair,
 If neither nightingale
 Nor dove be there?

What were a thousand flowers
 Without the rose?
 And what life's brightest hours,
 If love once close?

R. I. O.

WHEN IN DISGRACE.

WHEN, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone bewep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least,
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising ;
Haply I think on thee, and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate ;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.



THE SACRED LILY.

WHEN into life the Eastern love-god sprang,
He 'mongst the sacred lilies rose to view;
And as he passed adown the shining river,
On every side the beauteous buds he threw.
Then what to-day a better gift could be
Than Love's own consecrated flower for thee?

THE REASON.

WHY Valentine's a day to choose
A mistress, and our freedom lose?
May I my reason interpose,
The question with an answer close;
To imitate we have a mind,
And couple like the wingèd kind.

British Apollo, 1708.

THE MINUET.

WHEN golden youth is in its prime,
And lovers flock around;
And song and dance beguile the time,
And mirth and joy abound.

When with soft blush and voice so sweet,
You come, O gentle wooer,
And choose me for a partner meet,
In *Minuet de la Cour*.

May it foreshadow that our love
Shall gracefully endure,
So that life's dance may be for us
A *Minuet du Cœur*.

Julia Goddard.





CAUGHT.



ES, I am caught, my melting soul
To Venus bends without control,—
I pour the impassioned sigh—
Ye gods! what throbs my bosom move,
Responsive to the glance of love
That beams from Stella's eye!

Oh, how divinely fair that face!
And what a sweet resistless grace
On every feature dwells!
And on those features all the while
The softness of each frequent smile
Her sweet good-nature tells.

O Love! I'm thine—no more I sing
Heroic deeds—the sounding string
 Forgets its wonted strains;
For aught but love the lyre's unstrung;
Love melts and trembles on my tongue,
 And thrills in every vein.

Invoking the propitious skies,
The green-sod altar let us rise,
 Let holy incense smoke:
And if we pour the sparkling wine,
Sweet gentle peace may still be mine,
 This dreadful chain be broke!

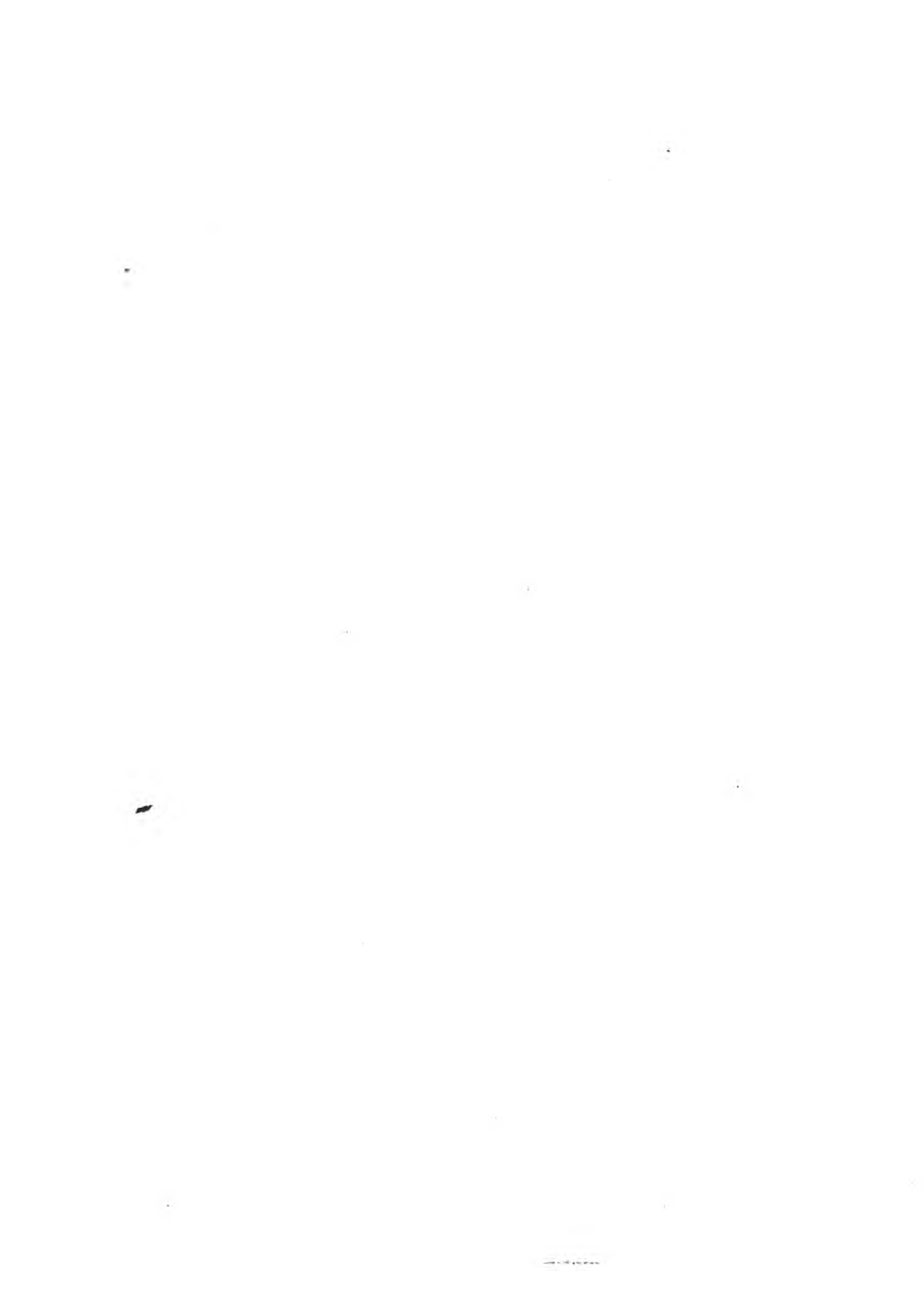
Chatterton.



YOU SAY, I LOVE NOT.

YOU say, I love not, 'cause I do not play
Still with your curls, and kiss the time away ;
You blame me, too, because I can't devise
Some sport, to please those babies in your eyes :
By Love's religion, I must here confess it,
The most I love, when I the least express it !
Small griefs find tongues ; full casks are ever found
To give, if any, yet but little sound ;
Deep waters noiseless are ; and this we know,
That chiding streams betray small depths below ;
So when Love speechless is, she doth express
A depth in love, and that depth bottomless.
Now since my love is tongueless, know me such,
Who speak but little, 'cause I love so much.

Herrick.



R-1/-

