

A BOOK OF ENGLISH POETRY.









A BOOK  
OF  
ENGLISH POETRY;

FOR  
THE SCHOOL, THE FIRESIDE, AND  
THE COUNTRY RAMBLE.

EDITED BY  
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"POETRY FOR SCHOOL AND HOME."

Who is it that ever was a scholar, that doth not carry away some verses  
which in his youth he learned, and even to old age serve him for hourly lessons!  
—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

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## PREFACE.

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It is hoped that the title-page of this work will sufficiently indicate its general character, and render a lengthened preface unnecessary. The Editor trusts that while it may be found specially adapted for *Schools*, as a Reading Book in English Poetry for the more advanced pupils, it may also be a welcome guest in the family and social circle; in winter, a cosy friend when sitting otherwise lonely in the chimney-corner; and one with whom, in the more genial seasons of the year, we may hold pleasant converse by the breezy hill-side or on the sea-shore; and thus be alike useful as a school-book, a presentation-volume, or a pocket-companion;—that it may in some degree deepen the love of Nature, give a pure and healthful stimulus to the Imagination and Fancy, minister to habits of elevated Reflection and Sentiment, strengthen the Social and Domestic Affections, favour the love of rational Freedom, and the growth of true Patriotism, and through all these lead the mind and heart onward and upward to Religion, which, pure and undefiled, is the perfect flower—the consummate and crowning excellence of human character.

If this volume at all answers the purposes for which it is designed, it is mainly due to the kind co-operation of the Authors and Publishers who have permitted the insertion of the numerous copyright pieces in this collection ; and to whom the thanks of the Editor and of his readers are due. While, however, borrowing largely from the works of living and recent Poets, their elder brethren have not been neglected ; it being the Editor's object to present as many of the best passages and minor poems in the English language as could be given within the compass of a pocket volume.

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PART I

POEMS OF NATURE.

---

'Tis born with all: the love of Nature's works  
Is an ingredient in the compound, man,  
Infused at the creation of the kind.  
And, though the Almighty Maker has throughout  
Discriminated each from each, by strokes  
And touches of his hand, with so much art  
Diversified, that two were never found  
Twins at all points—yet this obtains in all,  
That all discern a beauty in his works,  
And all can taste them: minds that have been form'd  
And tutor'd with a relish more exact,  
But none without some relish, none unmoved.

COWPER.

---

Nature's voice is sweet  
Wherever heard; her works, wherever seen,  
Are might and beauty to the mind and eye;  
To the lone heart, though oceans roll between,  
She speaks of things that but with life can die.

ELLIOTT.





## POEMS OF NATURE.

---

### *The World is too much with us.*

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;  
Little we see in nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers;  
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreath'd horn.

WORDSWORTH.

---

### *Ministrations of Nature.*

WITH other ministrations thou, O Nature,  
Healest thy wandering and distemper'd child!  
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,  
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets,  
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters;  
Till he relent, and can no more endure  
To be a jarring and discordant thing  
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;  
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,  
His angry spirit heal'd and harmonized  
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

COLERIDGE.

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*Flowers, the Stars of Earth.*

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,  
 One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,  
 When he call'd the flowers, so blue and golden,  
 Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,  
 As astrologers and seers of eld ;  
 Yet not wrapp'd about with awful mystery,  
 Like the burning stars which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,  
 God hath written in those stars above ;  
 But not less in the bright flowerets under us  
 Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation  
 Written all over this great world of ours ;  
 Making evident our own creation,  
 In these stars of earth—these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,  
 Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part  
 Of the self-same universal being,  
 Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sun-light shining ;  
 Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,  
 Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,  
 Buds that open only to decay ;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,  
 Flaunting gaily in the golden light ;  
 Large desires, with most uncertain issues ;  
 Tender wishes, blossoming at night !

These in flowers and men are more than seeming ;  
 Workings are they of the self-same powers,  
 Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,  
 Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,  
 Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born ;  
 Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,  
 Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn ;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,  
 And in Summer's green-emblazon'd field,  
 But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,  
 In the centre of his brazen shield ;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,  
 On the mountain-top, and by the brink  
 Of sequester'd pools in woodland valleys,  
 Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink ;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,  
 Not on graves of bird and beast alone,  
 But on old Cathedrals, high and hoary,  
 On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone ;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant ;  
 In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,  
 Speaking of the Past unto the Present,  
 Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers ;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,  
 Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,  
 Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,  
 How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like credulous affection  
 We behold their tender buds expand ;  
 Emblems of our own great resurrection,  
 Emblems of the bright and better land.

LONGFELLOW.

---

### The Primrose.

THE milk-white blossoms of the thorn  
 Are waving o'er the pool,  
 Moved by the wind that breathes along,  
 So sweetly and so cool.

The hawthorn clusters bloom above,  
 The primrose hides below,  
 And on the lonely passer-by  
 A modest glance doth throw !

NICOLL.

## Thanksgiving for Flowers.

O FATHER! Lord!

The All-beneficent! I bless thy name,  
 That thou hast mantled the green earth with flowers,  
 Linking our hearts to nature! By the love  
 Of their wild blossoms, our young footsteps first  
 Into her deep recesses are beguiled—  
 Her minster cells—dark glen and forest bower,  
 Where, thrilling with its earliest sense of thee,  
 Amidst the low, religious whisperings,  
 The shivery leaf sounds of the solitude,  
 The spirit wakes to worship, and is made  
 Thy living temple. By the breath of flowers,  
 Thou callest us, from city throngs and cares,  
 Back to the woods, the birds, the mountain-streams,  
 That sing of thee! back to free childhood's heart,  
 Fresh with the dews of tenderness! Thou bidd'st  
 The lilies of the field with placid smile  
 Reprove man's feverish strivings, and infuse  
 Through his worn soul a more unworldly life,  
 With their soft, holy breath. Thou hast not left  
 His purer nature, with its fine desires,  
 Uncared for in this universe of thine!  
 The glowing rose attests it, the beloved  
 Of poet-hearts, touch'd by their fervent dream.  
 With spiritual light, and made a source  
 Of heaven-ascending thoughts. E'en to faint age  
 Thou lend'st the vernal bliss: the old man's eye  
 Falls on the kindling blossoms, and his soul  
 Remembers youth and love, and hopefully  
 Turns unto thee, who call'st earth's buried germs  
 From dust to splendour; as the mortal seed  
 Shall, at thy summons, from the grave spring up  
 To put on glory, to be girt with power,  
 And filled with immortality. Receive  
 Thanks, blessings, love, for these, thy lavish boons,  
 And, most of all, their heavenward influences,  
 O thou that gavest us flowers!

MRS. HEMANS.

**Your Voiceless Lips, O Flowers! are Living Preachers.**

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers! are living preachers,  
 Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,  
 Supply to my fancy numerous teachers,  
 From loneliest nook.

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly artist!  
 With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,  
 What a delightful lesson thou impartest  
 Of love to all!

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary,  
 For such a world of thought could furnish scope,  
 Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,  
 Yet fount of hope!

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!  
 Upraised from seed or bulb interr'd in earth,  
 Ye are to me a type of resurrection,  
 And second birth!

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,  
 Far from all voice of teachers or divines,  
 My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining,  
 Priests, sermons, shrines!  
 HORACE SMITH.

**Flowers.**

Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,  
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,  
 That on the green turf suck the honied showers,  
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
 The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,  
 The glowing violet,  
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,  
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears:  
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
 And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,  
 To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.

MILTON.

*The Sensitive Plant.*

A SENSITIVE Plant in a garden grew,  
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,  
And it open'd its fan-like leaves to the light,  
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,  
Like the Spirit of Love felt every where ;  
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast  
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss  
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,  
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,  
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snow-drop, and then the violet,  
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,  
And their breath was mix'd with fresh odour, sent  
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument,

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,  
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,  
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,  
Till they die of their own dear loveliness ;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,  
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,  
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen  
Through their pavilions of tender green ;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,  
Which rung from its bells a sweet peal anew  
Of music, so delicate, soft, and intense,  
It was felt like an odour within the sense ;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath address'd,  
Which unveil'd the depth of her glowing breast,  
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air  
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare ;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,  
As a Mænad, its moonlight-coloured cup,  
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,  
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky ;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,  
 The sweetest flower for scent that blows ;  
 And all rare blossoms from every clime  
 Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream, whose inconstant bosom  
 Was pranked under boughs of embowering blossom,  
 With golden and green light slanting through  
 Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,  
 And starry river-buds glimmer'd by,  
 And around them the soft stream did glide and dance  
 With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,  
 Which led through the garden along and across,  
 Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,  
 Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells  
 As fair as the fabulous asphodels ;  
 And flowerets which, drooping as day droop'd too,  
 Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,  
 To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

SHELLEY.

---

### Daisies.

THESE flow'rs white and red,  
 Such that men callen Daisies in our town ;  
 To them have I so great affection,  
 As I said erst, when comen is the May,  
 That in my bed there daweth me no day  
 That I n'am up and walking in the mead  
 To see this flow'r against the sunné spread,  
 When it upriseth early by the morrow ;  
 That blissful sight softeneth all my sorrow ;  
 So glad am I when that I have presénce  
 Of it, to doen it all réverence.

CHAUCER.

*On a Daisy, on turning one down with the Plough.*

WEET, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,  
 Thou'st met me in an evil hour ;  
 For I maun crush among the stoure  
     Thy slender stem ;  
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,  
     Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,  
 The bonnie lark, companion meet !  
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet  
     Wi' spreckled breast,  
 When upward-springing, blithe, to greet  
     The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north  
 Upon thy early, humble birth ;  
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth  
     Amid the storm ;  
 Scarce rear'd above the parent earth  
     Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,  
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,  
 But thou, beneath the random bield  
     O' clod or stane,  
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,  
     Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
 Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,  
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
     In humble guise ;  
 But now the share uptears thy bed,  
     And low thou lies !

BURNS.

*The Wind-flower.*

LODGED in sunny cleft,  
 WHERE the cold breezes come not, blooms alone  
 The little wind-flower, whose just-open'd eye  
 Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at,  
 Startling the loiterer in the naked groves  
 With unexpected beauty, for the time  
 Of blossoms and green leaves is yet afar.

BRYANT.



*The Blue Eyebright.\**

BLUE Eyebright! loveliest flower of all that grow  
 In flower-loved England! Flower, whose hedge-side gaze  
 Is like an infant's! What heart doth not know  
 Thee, cluster'd smiler of the bank! where plays  
 The sunbeam with the emerald snake, and strays  
 The dazzling rill, companion of the road  
 Which the lone bard most loveth, in the days  
 When hope and love are young! O come abroad,  
 Blue Eyebright! and this rill shall woo thee with an ode.

Awake, blue Eyebright, while the singing wave  
 Its cold, bright, beauteous, soothing tribute drops  
 From many a grey rock's foot and dripping cave;  
 While yonder, lo, the starting stone-chat hops!  
 While here the cottar's cow its sweet food crops;  
 While blackfaced ewes and lambs are bleating there:  
 And, bursting through the briers, the wild ass stops—  
 Kicks at the strangers—then turns round to stare—  
 Then lowers his large red ears, and shakes his long dark  
 hair, ELLIOTT.

*To a Snowdrop.*

LOVE Flower! hemm'd in with snows as white as they,  
 But hardier far, once more I see thee bend  
 Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,  
 Like an unbidden guest. Though day by day,  
 Storms, sallying from the mountain-tops, way-lay  
 The rising sun, and on the plains descend;  
 Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend  
 Whose zeal outruns his promise! Blue-eyed May  
 Shall soon behold this border thickly set  
 With bright jonquils, their odours lavishing  
 On the soft west-wind and his frolic peers;  
 Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,  
 Chaste Snowdrop, venturous harbinger of Spring,  
 And pensive monitor of fleeting years!

WORDSWORTH.

\* The Geomander Speedwell.

*To the Small Celandine.\**

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,  
 Let them live upon their praises;  
     Long as there's a sun that sets,  
 Primroses will have their glory;  
     Long as there are violets,  
 They will have a place in story:  
 There's a flower that shall be mine,  
 'Tis the little celandine.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,  
 In the time before the thrush  
     Has a thought about her nest,  
 Thou wilt come with half a call,  
     Spreading out thy glossy breast  
 Like a careless prodigal;  
 Telling tales about the sun,  
 When we've little warmth, or none.

Comfort have thou of thy merit,  
 Kindly, unassuming Spirit!  
     Careless of thy neighbourhood,  
 Thou dost show thy pleasant face  
     On the moor, and in the wood,  
 In the lane;—there's not a place,  
 Howsoever mean it be,  
 But 'tis good enough for thee.

WORDSWORTH.

*On the Night-blooming Cereus.*

As the fair flower which shuns the golden day,  
 And blooms amidat the shades of sileut night,  
 Spreads her pale petals to the lunar ray,  
 And hails with balmy breath the silver light;  
 So virtue shuns the world's applause and gaze,  
 In secret sheds her balmy sweets abroad,  
 Nor seeks the voice of fame, nor glory's blaze,  
 But blooms and blossoms to the praise of God!

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

\* Common Flewort.

*To the Fringed Gentian.*

THOU blossom bright with autumn dew,  
 And colour'd with the heaven's own blue,  
 That openest when the quiet light  
 Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean  
 O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,  
 Or columbines, in purple dress'd,  
 Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,  
 When woods are bare and birds are flown,  
 And frosts and shortening days portend  
 The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye  
 Look through its fringes to the sky,  
 Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall  
 A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see  
 The hour of death draw near to me,  
 Hope, blossoming within the heart,  
 May look to heaven as I depart.

BRYANT.

*Spring Flowers.*

## DAFFODILS,

That come before the swallow dares, and take  
 The winds of March with beauty ; violets, dim,  
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
 Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,  
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
 Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady  
 Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips, and  
 The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,  
 The flower-de-luce being one !

SHAKESPEARE.

*The Lilies of the Field.*

FLOWERS! when the Saviour's calm benignant eye  
 Fell on your gentle beauty—when from you  
 That heavenly lesson for all hearts he drew,  
 Eternal, universal, as the sky—  
 Then, in the bosom of your purity,  
 A voice he set as in a temple-ahrine,  
 That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by  
 Unwarn'd of that sweet oracle divine.  
 And though too oft its low, celestial sound  
 By the harsh notes of work-day Care is drown'd,  
 And the loud steps of vain, unlistening Haste:  
 Yet the great ocean hath no tone of power  
 Mightier to reach the soul in thought's hush'd hour,  
 Than your's, ye lilies!—chosen thus and graced!  
MRS. HEMANS.

---

*To Daffodils.*

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see  
 You haste away so soon;  
 As yet the early rising sun  
 Has not attain'd his noon.  
Stay, stay,  
 Until the hasting day  
Has run  
 But to the even-song;  
 And, having pray'd together,  
 We will go with you along.  
  
 We have short time to stay as you,  
 We have as short a spring;  
 As quick a growth to meet decay  
 As you or any thing.  
We die  
 As your hours do, and dry  
Away,  
 Like to the summer's rain;  
 Or as the pearls of morning dew,  
 Ne'er to be found again.

HERRICK.

*The Daffodils.*

I WANDER'D lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host of golden daffodils ;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky-way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay ;  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced ; but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :  
A poet could not but be gay  
In such a jocund company !  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude ;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

WORDSWORTH.

*To the Blue Anemone.*

FLOWER ! the laurel still may shed  
Brightness round the victor's head ;  
And the rose, in beauty's hair,  
Still its festal glory wear ;  
And the willow-leaves droop o'er  
Brows which love sustains no more :  
But by living rays refined,  
Thou, the trembler of the wind,

Thou, the spiritual flower,  
 Sentient of each breeze and shower,  
 Thou, rejoicing in the skies,  
 And transpierced with all their dyes ;  
 Breathing vase, with light o'erflowing,  
 Gem-like to thy centre glowing,  
 Thou, the poet's type shalt be,  
 Flower of soul, Anemone !

MRS. HEMANS.

Trees.

I.

No tree in all the grove but has its charms,  
 Though each its hue peculiar ; paler some,  
 And of a wannish grey ; the willow such,  
 And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf ;  
 And ash, far stretching his umbrageous arm.  
 Of deeper green the elm, and deeper still,  
 Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.  
 Some glossy-leaved, and shining in the sun ;  
 The maple and the beech, of oily nuts  
 Prolific ; and the lime, at dewy eve  
 Diffusing odours ; nor unnoted pass  
 The sycamore, capricious in attire,  
 Now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn yet  
 Have changed the woods, in scarlet honours bright.

COWPER.

II.

AND forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,  
 Joying to hear the sweet birds' harmony,  
 Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dread,  
 Seem'd in their song to scorn the cruel sky ;  
 Much can they praise, the trees so straight and high,  
 The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,  
 The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,  
 The builder oak, sole king of forests all ;  
 The aspen, good for staves, the cypress, funeral.  
 The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors,  
 And poets sage ; the fir, that weepeth still ;  
 The willow, worn of forlorn paramours ;

The yew, obedient to the bender's will ;  
 The birch for shafts, the willow for the mill ;  
 The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,  
 The fruitful olive, and the platane round,  
 The carver holm, the maple, seldom inward sound.

SPENSER.

## III.

TREES, gracious trees !—how rich a gift ye are !  
 Crown of the earth to human hearts and eyes !  
 How doth the thought of home, in lands afar,  
 Link'd with your forms, and kindly whisperings rise !  
 How the whole picture of a childhood lies,  
 Oft midst your boughs forgotten, buried deep !  
 Till, gazing through them up the summer skies,  
 As hush'd we stand, a breeze perchance may creep,  
 And old, sweet leaf-sounds reach the inner world  
 Where memory coils—and lo ! at once unfurl'd  
 The past, a glowing scroll, before our sight  
 Spreads clear ; while, gushing from their long-seal'd urn,  
 Young thoughts, pure dreams, undoubting prayers return,  
 And a lost mother's eye gives back its holy light.

MRS. HEMANS.

## Orchard Blossoms.

Doth thy heart stir within thee at the sight  
 Of orchard-blooms upon the mossy bough ?  
 Doth their sweet household-smile waft back the glow  
 Of childhood's morn—the wondering, fresh delight  
 In earth's new colouring, then all strangely bright,  
 A joy of fairy-land ? Doth some old nook,  
 Haunted by visions of thy first-loved book,  
 Rise on thy soul, with faint-streak'd blossoms white  
 Shower'd o'er the turf, and the lone primrose knot,  
 And robin's nest, still faithful to the spot,  
 And the bee's dreary chime ? O gentle friend !  
 The world's cold breath, not *Time's*, this life bereaves  
 Of vernal gifts ; Time hallows what he leaves,  
 And will for us endear spring memories to the end.

MRS. HEMANS.

*To Blossoms.*

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,  
 Why do ye fall so fast?  
 Your date is not so past,  
 But you may stay yet here a while  
 To blush and gently smile,  
 And go at last.

What, were ye born to be  
 An hour or half's delight,  
 And so to bid good-night?  
 'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth  
 Merely to show your worth,  
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we  
 May read how soon things have  
 Their end, though ne'er so brave;  
 And after they have shown their pride  
 Like you, a while, they glide  
 Into the grave.

HERBICK.

*Foliage.*

COME forth, and let us through our hearts receive  
 The joy of verdure. See! the honey'd lime  
 Shows cool green light o'er banks where wild-flowers weave  
 Thick tapestry, and woodbine tendrils climb  
 Up the brown oak, from buds of moss and thyme.  
 The rich deep masses of the sycamore  
 Hang heavy with the fulness of their prime;  
 And the white poplar, from its foliage hoar,  
 Scatters forth gleams like moonlight, with each gale  
 That sweeps the boughs; the chestnut-flowers are past,  
 The crowning glories of the hawthorn fail,  
 But arches of sweet eglantine are cast  
 From every hedge. Oh! never may we lose,  
 Dear friend! our fresh delight in simplest Nature's hues.

MRS. HEMANS.



*The Voice of the Grass.*

HERE I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;  
By the dusty road-side,  
On the sunny hill-side,  
Close by the noisy brook,  
In every shady nook,  
I come creeping, creeping everywhere,

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere ;  
All round the open door  
Where sit the aged poor,  
Here, where the children play  
In the bright and merry May,  
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;  
In the noisy city street  
My pleasant face you'll meet,  
Cheering the sick at heart,  
Toiling his busy part,  
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;  
You cannot see me coming,  
Nor hear my low sweet humming ;  
For in the starry night,  
And the glad morning light,  
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;  
More welcome than the flowers  
In summer's pleasant hours ;  
The gentle cow is glad,  
And the merry bird not sad,  
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;  
My humble song of praise  
Most gratefully I raise  
To Him, at whose command  
I beautify the land,  
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

SARAH ROBERTS.

## The Skylark.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !  
 Bird thou never wert,  
 That from heaven, or near it,  
 Pourest thy full heart  
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.  
 Higher still and higher,  
 From the earth thou springest  
 Like a cloud of fire ;  
 The blue deep thou wingest,  
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.  
 In the golden lightning  
 Of the sunken sun,  
 O'er which clouds are brightening,  
 Thou dost float and run ;  
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.  
 The pale purple even  
 Melts around thy flight ;  
 Like a star of heaven,  
 In the broad daylight  
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,  
 Keen as are the arrows  
 Of that silver sphere,  
 Whose intense lamp narrows  
 In the white dawn clear,  
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.  
 All the earth and air  
 With thy voice is loud,  
 As, when night is bare,  
 From one lonely cloud  
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.  
 What thou art we know not ;  
 What is most like thee ?  
 From rainbow clouds there flow not  
 Drops so bright to see,  
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.  
 Like a poet hidden  
 In the light of thought,  
 Singing hymns unbidden,  
 Till the world is wrought  
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden  
 In a palace tower,  
 Soothing her love-laden  
 Soul in secret hour

With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden  
 In a dell of dew,  
 Scattering unbeholden  
 Its aerial hue

Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the  
 view.

Like a rose embowered  
 In its own green leaves,  
 By warm winds deflowered,  
 Till the scent it gives

Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged  
 thieves.

Sound of vernal showers  
 On the twinkling grass,  
 Rain-awakened flowers,  
 All that ever was

Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,  
 What sweet thoughts are thine :  
 I have never heard  
 Praise of love or wine

That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,  
 Or triumphal chant,  
 Match'd with thine would be all  
 But an empty vaunt—

A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains  
 Of thy happy strain ?  
 What fields, or waves, or mountains ?  
 What shapes of sky or plain ?

What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance  
 Languor cannot be :  
 Shadow of annoyance  
 Never came near thee :

Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,  
 Thou of death must deem  
 Things more true and deep  
 Than we mortals dream,  
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream !  
 We look before and after,  
 And pine for what is not :  
 Our sincerest laughter  
 With some pain is fraught ;  
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.  
 Yet if we could scorn  
 Hate, and pride, and fear ;  
 If we were things born  
 Not to shed a tear,  
 I know not how thy joys we ever should come near.  
 Better than all measures  
 Of delightful sound,  
 Better than all treasures  
 That in books are found,  
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !  
 Teach me half the gladness  
 That thy brain must know,  
 Such harmonious madness  
 From my lips would flow,  
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.  
SHELLEY.

### To a Skylark.

ETHEREAL minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !  
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?  
 Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?  
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,  
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still !  
 Leave to the nightingale her shady wood,  
 A privacy of glorious light is thine ;  
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;  
 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam ;  
 True to the kindred points of heaven and home.  
WORDSWORTH.

To! here the gentle Lark!

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
 And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast  
 The sun ariseth in his majesty;  
 Who doth the world so gloriously behold,  
 That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

SHAKESPEARE.

To the Nightingale.

SWEET bird! that sing'st away the early hours  
 Of winters past or coming, void of care;  
 Well pleas'd with delights which present are,  
 Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers:  
 To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers,  
 Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,  
 And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,  
 A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.  
 What soul can be so sick which by thy songs  
 (Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven  
 Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,  
 And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven?  
 Sweet, artless songster! thou my mind dost raise  
 To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels' lays.

DRUMMOND.

A Nightingale Singing.

HER supple breast thrills out  
 Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt  
 Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,  
 And folds in wav'd notes, with a trembling bill,  
 The pliant series of her slippery song;  
 Then starts she suddenly into a throng  
 Of short, thick sobs,  
 That roll themselves over her lubric throat  
 In panting murmurs 'stilled out of her breast,  
 That ever bubbling spring, the sugar'd nest  
 Of her delicious soul, that there doth lie  
 Bathing in streams of liquid melody.

CRASHAWE.

*The Linnet.*

SOME humble heart is sore and sick with grief,  
 And straight thou comest with thy gentle song  
 To wile the sufferer from his hate or wrong,  
 By bringing Nature's love to his relief.  
 Thou churмест by the sick child's window long,  
 Till racking pain itself be woo'd to sleep;  
 And when away have vanish'd flower and leaf,  
 Thy lonely wailing voice for them doth weep—  
Linnet! wild linnet!

God saw how much of woe, and grief, and care,  
 Man's faults and follies on the earth would make;  
 And thee, sweet singer, for his creatures' sake,  
 He sent to warble wildly every where,  
 And by our souls to love to wake.  
 Oh, blessed wandering spirit! unto thee  
 Pure hearts are knit, as unto things too fair,  
 And good, and beautiful of earth to be—  
Linnet! wild linnet!  
NICOLL.

On hearing a Thrush sing in a Winter Morning Walk  
 on his Birthday.

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,  
 Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain;  
 See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,  
 At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,  
 Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart,  
 Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,  
 Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank Thee, Author of this opening day!  
 Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!  
 Riches denied, Thy boon was purer joys,  
 What wealth could neither give nor take away!  
 Yet come, thou child of poverty and care,  
 The mite high heaven bestow'd, that mite with  
 thee I'll share.  
BURNS.

## To the Cuckoo.

O BLITHE New-comer ! I have heard,  
 I hear thee, and rejoice.  
 O cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bird,  
 Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass  
 Thy twofold shout I hear,  
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
 At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the vale  
 Of sunshine and of flowers,  
 Thou bringest unto me a tale  
 Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring !  
 Even yet thou art to me  
 No bird, but an invisible thing,  
 A voice, a mystery ;

The same whom in my school-boy days  
 I listen'd to ; that cry  
 Which made me look a thousand ways  
 In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee often did I rove  
 Through woods and on the green ;  
 And thou wert still a hope, a love  
 Still long'd for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet ;  
 Can lie upon the plain  
 And listen, till I do beget  
 That golden time again.

O blessed bird ! the earth we pace  
 Again appears to be  
 An unsubstantial faëry place,  
 That is fit home for thee.

WORDSWORTH.

### The Stormy Petrel.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,  
 Tossing about on the roaring sea ;  
 From billow to bounding billow cast,  
 Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast :  
 The sails are scatter'd abroad, like weeds ;  
 The strong masts shake, like quivering reeds ;  
 The mighty cables, and iron chains,  
 The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,  
 They strain and they crack, and hearts of stone,  
 Their natural hard proud strength disown.

Up and down ! up and down !  
 From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,  
 Amidst the flashing and feathery foam,  
 The Stormy Petrel finds a home,—  
 A home—if such a place may be  
 For her who lives on the wide wide sea,  
 On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,  
 And only seeking her rocky lair  
 To warm her young, and to teach them to spring  
 At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing !

O'er the Deep ! O'er the Deep !  
 Where the whale, and the shark, and the sword-fish  
 sleep,  
 Outflying the blast and the driving rain,  
 The Petrel telleth her tale—in vain ;  
 For the mariner curseth the warning bird,  
 Who bringeth him news of the storm unheard !  
 —Ah ! thus does the prophet, of good or ill,  
 Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still :  
 Yet *he* never falters—So, Petrel ! spring  
 Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing !  
 PROCTER.



The Green Linnet.

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that shed  
 Their snow-white blossoms on my head,  
 With brightest sunshine round me spread  
     Of spring's unclouded weather :  
 In this sequester'd nook how sweet  
 To sit upon my orchard-seat !  
 And birds and flowers once more to greet,  
     My last year's friends together.

One have I mark'd, the happiest guest  
 In all this covert of the blest :  
 Hail to thee, far above the rest  
     In joy of voice and pinion !  
 Thou, Linnet ! in thy green array,  
 Presiding Spirit here to-day,  
 Dost lead the revels of the May ;  
     And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,  
 Make all one band of paramours,  
 Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,  
     Art sole in thy employment :  
 A Life, a Presence like the Air,  
 Scattering thy gladness without care,  
 Too blest with any one to pair ;  
     Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel-trees,  
 That twinkle to the gusty breeze,  
 Behold him perch'd in ecstasies,  
     Yet seeming still to hover ;  
 There ! where the flutter of his wings  
 Upon his back and body flings  
 Shadows and sunny glimmerings,  
     That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,  
 A brother of the dancing leaves ;  
 Then flits, and from the cottage eaves  
     Pours forth his song in gushes ;  
 As if by that exulting strain  
 He mock'd and treated with disdain  
 The voiceless form he chose to feign,  
     While fluttering in the bushes.

WORDSWORTH.

### The Robin and Blackbird.

WITH the sweet airs of spring the Robin comes ;  
 And in her simple song there seems to gush  
 A strain of sorrow when she visiteth  
 Her last year's wither'd nest. But when the gloom  
 Of the deep twilight falls, she takes her perch  
 Upon the red-stemm'd hazel's slender twig  
 That overhangs the brook, and suits her song  
 To the slow rivulet's inconstant chime.

In the last days of autumn, when the corn  
 Lies sweet and yellow in the harvest-field,  
 And the gay company of reapers bind  
 The bearded wheat in sheaves—then peals abroad  
 The blackbird's merry chant. I love to hear,  
 Bold plunderer, thy mellow burst of song  
 Float from thy watch-place on the mossy tree,  
 Close at the corn-field edge.

M'LELLAN.

### The Sun.

MOST glorious orb ! that wert a worship, ere  
 The mystery of thy making was reveal'd !  
 Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,  
 Which gladden'd, on their mountain tops, the hearts  
 Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they pour'd  
 Themselves in orisons ! Thou material god !  
 And representative of th' Unknown—  
 Who chose thee for his shadow. Thou chief star !  
 Centre of many stars ! which mak'at our earth  
 Endurable, and temperest the hues  
 And hearts of all who walk within thy rays !  
 Sire of the seasons ! Monarch of the climes,  
 And those who dwell in them ! for near or far  
 Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,  
 Even as our outward aspects ;—thou dost rise,  
 And shine, and set in glory. Fare thee well !  
 I ne'er shall see thee more.

BYRON.

*The Setting Sun.*

LOOK yonder, with delighted heart and eye,  
 On those low cottages that shine so bright  
 (Each with its garden plot of smiling green),  
 Robed in the glory of the setting sun !  
 But he is parting—fading—day is over—  
 Yonder he hastens to diffuse new life.  
 Oh, for a wing to raise me up from earth,  
 Nearer, and yet more near, to the bright orb,  
 That unrestrain'd I still might follow him !  
 Then should I see, in one unvarying glow  
 Of deathless evening, the reposing world  
 Beneath me—the hills kindling—the sweet vales,  
 Beyond the hills, asleep in the soft beams ;  
 The silver streamlet, at the silent touch  
 Of heavenly light, transfigured into gold,  
 Flowing in brightness inexpressible !  
 Nothing to stop or stay my godlike motion !  
 The rugged hill, with its wild cliffs, in vain  
 Would rise to hide the sun ; in vain would strive  
 To check my glorious course ; the sea already,  
 With its illumined bays, that burn beneath  
 The lord of day, before the astonished eyes  
 Opens its bosom—and he seems at last  
 Just sinking—No—a power unfelt before—  
 An impulse indescribable, succeeds !  
 Onward, entranced, I haste to drink the beams  
 Of the unfading light—before me day—  
 And night left still behind—and overhead  
 Wide heaven—and under me the spreading sea !  
 A glorious vision, while the setting sun  
 Is lingering ! Oh, to the spirit's flight,  
 How faint and feeble are material wings !  
 Yet such our nature is, that when the lark,  
 High over us, unseen, in the blue sky  
 Thrills his heart-piercing song, we feel ourselves  
 Press up from earth, as 'twere in rivalry,—  
 And when above the savage hill of pines,  
 The eagle sweeps with outspread wings,—and when  
 The crane pursues, high off, his homeward path,  
 Flying o'er watery moors and wide lakes lonely !

*Translated from Goethe.*

ANSTER.

## Sunset at Sea.

'Tis sunset ; to the firmament serene  
 The Atlantic wave reflects a gorgeous scene ;  
 Broad in the cloudless west, a belt of gold  
 Girds the blue hemisphere ; above unroll'd  
 The keen clear air grows palpable to sight,  
 Embodied in a flush of crimson light,  
 Through which the evening-star, with milder gleam,  
 Descends to meet her image in the stream.

MONTGOMERY.

## The Stars.

How calm,  
 How awful calm they shine—unmoved, untouched,  
 Amid the tempests of poor human thought !  
 There they have watched this weary earth grow old,  
 And still they beam as fair as at the first,  
 In all their radiant youth ! Still they keep watch  
 O'er the great march of life, and time, and change,  
 And even o'er *me* they bend ! Alas, alas !  
 Meek, silent witnesses of sin and shame,  
 How much do they endure to look upon !  
 Now, in the byeways of the lonely night,  
 Love wanders with her one child, Misery,  
 And cannot see the heavens through her tears.  
 Moaning, she wanders with slow fainting steps,  
 And bends her dying eyes upon the ground  
 To find a welcome grave.

WHITMORE.

## The Ocean.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;  
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,  
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
 Their clay creator the vain title take  
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;  
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,  
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar  
 Alike th' Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—  
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they  
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,  
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey  
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay  
 Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou,—  
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—  
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—  
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,  
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
 Dark-heaving ; boundless, endless, and sublime—  
 The image of Eternity—the throne  
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime  
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone  
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy  
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy  
 I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me  
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea  
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,  
 For I was as it were a child of thee,  
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

BYRON.

## The Sea at Midnight.

### I.

It is the midnight hour :—the beauteous sea,  
 Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven discloses,  
 While many a sparkling star, in quiet glee,  
 Far down within the watery sky reposes.  
 As if the ocean's heart were stirr'd  
 With inward life, a sound is heard,  
 Like that of dreamer murmuring in his sleep ;  
 'Tis partly the billow, and partly the air,  
 That lies like a garment floating fair  
 Above the happy deep.  
 The sea, I ween, cannot be fann'd  
 By evening freshness from the land,  
 For the land it is far away ;  
 But God hath will'd that the sky-born breeze  
 In the centre of the loneliest seas  
 Should ever sport and play.  
 The mighty Moon she sits above,  
 Encircled with a zone of love,  
 A zone of dim and tender light  
 That makes her wakeful eye more bright :  
 She seems to shine with a sunny ray,  
 And the night looks like a mellow'd day !  
 The gracious mistress of the Main  
 Hath now an undisturbéd reign,  
 And from her silent throne looks down,  
 As upon children of her own,  
 On the waves that lend their gentle breast  
 In gladness for her couch of rest.

WILSON.

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### II.

At midnight  
 The moon arose ; and, lo ! the ethereal cliffs  
 Of Caucasus, whose icy summits shone  
 Among the stars like sunlight, and around

Whose cavern'd base the whirlpools and the waves,  
 Bursting and eddying irresistibly,  
 Rage and resound for ever.

The crags closed round with black and jagged arms,  
 The shatter'd mountain overhung the sea,  
 And faster still beyond all human speed,  
 Suspended on the sweep of the smooth wave,  
 The little boat was driven. A cavern there  
 Yawn'd, and amid its slant and winding depths  
 Ingulf'd the rushing sea. SHELLEY

### Sitting on the Shore.

THE tide has ebb'd away :  
 No more wild dashings 'gainst the adamant rocks,  
 Nor swaying amidst seaweed false, that mocks  
 The hues of garden gay :  
 No laugh of little wavelets at their play :  
 No lucid pools reflecting heaven's clear brow—  
 Both storm and calm alike are ended now.

The rocks sit grey and lone :  
 The shifting sand is spread so smooth and dry  
 That not a tide might ever have swept by  
 Stirring it with rude moan :  
 Only some weedy fragment, idly thrown  
 To rot beneath the sky, tell what has been :  
 But Desolation's self has grown serene.

Afar the mountains rise,  
 And the broad estuary widens out,  
 All sunshine ; wheeling round and round about  
 Seaward, a white bird flies.

A bird ? Nay, seems it rather in these eyes  
 A spirit, o'er Eternity's dim sea,  
 Calling—" Come thou where all we glad souls be."

O life ! O silent shore,  
 Where we sit patient ! O great sea beyond,  
 To which we turn with solemn hope and fond,  
 But sorrowful no more !

A little while, and then we, too, shall soar  
 Like white-wing'd sea-birds into the Infinite Deep :  
 Till then, Thou, Father—wilt our spirits keep.

MISS MULLOCK.

### The Island.

THE island lies nine leagues away,  
 Along its solitary shore,  
 Of craggy rock and sandy bay,  
 No sound but ocean's roar,  
 Save, where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home ;  
 Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,  
 And on the glassy, heaving sea,  
 The black duck, with her glossy breast,  
 Sits awinging silently ;  
 How beautiful ! no ripples break the reach,  
 And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell ;  
 The brook comes tinkling down its side ;  
 From out the trees the Sabbath-bell  
 Rings cheerful, far and wide,  
 Mingling its sounds with bleatings of the flocks,  
 That feed about the vale amongst the rocks.

R. H. DANA

### A Wild Rocky Scene.

I REMEMBER,  
 Two miles on this side of the fort, the road  
 Crosses a deep ravine : 'tis rough and narrow,  
 And winds with short turns down the precipice ;  
 And in its depths there is a mighty rock,  
 Which has, from unimaginable years,  
 Sustain'd itself with terror and with toil  
 Over a gulf, and with the agony  
 With which it clings, seems slowly coming down ;  
 Even as a wretched soul, hour after hour,  
 Clings to the mass of life ; yet clinging, leans,  
 And, leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss  
 In which it fears to fall. Beneath this crag,  
 Huge as despair, as if in weariness,  
 The melancholy mountain yawns. Below,  
 You hear, but see not, an impetuous torrent



Raging among the caverns, and a bridge  
 Crosses the chasm; and high above these grow,  
 With intersecting trunks, from crag to crag,  
 Cedars, and yews, and pines; whose tangled hair  
 Is matted in one solid roof of shade  
 By the dark ivy's twine. At noonday here  
 'Tis twilight, and at sunset blackest night.

SHELLEY.

### In English Landscape.

THE thrushes sang,

And shook my pulses and the elm's new leaves;  
 And then I turn'd and held my finger up,  
 And bade him mark, that howsoe'er the world  
 Went ill, as he related, certainly  
 The thrushes still sang in it. At which word  
 His brow would soften, and he bore with me  
 In melancholy patience, not unkind;  
 While, breaking into voluble ecstasy,  
 I flatter'd all the beauteous country round,  
 As poets use—the skies, the clouds, the fields,  
 The happy violets, hiding from the roads  
 The primroses run down to, carrying gold—  
 The tangled hedge-rows, where the cows push out  
 Their tolerant horns and patient churning mouths  
 'Twixt dripping ash-boughs—hedge-rows all alive,  
 With birds, and gnats, and large white butterflies,  
 Which look as if the May-flower had caught life  
 And palpitated forth upon the wind—  
 Hills, vales, woods, netted in a silver mist;  
 Farms, granges, doubled up among the hills,  
 And cattle grazing in the water'd vales,  
 And cottage chimneys smoking from the woods,  
 And cottage gardens smelling everywhere,  
 Confused with smell of orchards. "See," I said,  
 "And see, is God not with us on the earth?  
 And shall we put Him down by aught we do?  
 Who says there's nothing for the poor and vile,  
 Save poverty and wickedness? behold!"  
 And ankle-deep in English grass I leap'd,  
 And clapp'd my hands, and call'd all very fair.

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

## A Scene in Kent.

'MONG the green lanes of Kent—green sunny lanes—  
 Where troops of children shout, and laugh, and play,  
 And gather daisies, stood an antique home ;  
 Within its orchard, rich with ruddy fruits,  
 For the full year was laughing in his prime.  
 Wealth of all flowers grew in that garden green,  
 And the old porch with its great oaken door  
 Was smother'd in rose-blooms, while o'er the walls  
 The honeysuckle clung deliciously.  
 Before the door there lay a plot of grass,  
 Snow'd o'er with daisies—flower by all beloved,  
 And famous in song—and in the midst,  
 A carved fountain stood, dried up and broken,  
 On which a peacock perch'd and sunn'd itself.  
 Beneath, two petted rabbits, snowy white,  
 Squatted upon the sward.  
 A row of poplars darkly rose behind,  
 Around whose tops, and the old-fashion'd vanes,  
 White pigeons flutter'd, and o'er all was bent  
 The mighty sky, with sailing sunny clouds.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

*Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on  
 revisiting the Banks of the Wye.*

FIVE years have past ; five summers, with the length  
 Of five long winters ! and again I hear  
 These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs  
 With a soft inland murmur.—Once again  
 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,  
 That on a wild secluded scene impress  
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion ; and connect  
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky.  
 The day is come when I again repose  
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view  
 These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,  
 Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,  
 Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves  
 'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see  
 These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines  
 Of sportive wood run wild : these pastoral farms

Green to the very door ; and wreaths of smoke  
 Sent up, in silence, from among the trees !  
 With some uncertain notice, as might seem  
 Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,  
 Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire  
 The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,  
 Through a long absence, have not been to me  
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :  
 But oft in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din  
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them  
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;  
 And passing even into my purer mind,  
 With tranquil restoration :—feelings too  
 Of unremember'd pleasure : such, perhaps,  
 As have no slight or trivial influence  
 On that best portion of a good man's life,  
 His little, nameless, unremember'd acts  
 Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,  
 To them I may have owed another gift,  
 Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood,  
 In which the burthen of the mystery,  
 In which the heavy and the weary weight  
 Of all this unintelligible world,  
 Is lighten'd :—that serene and blessed mood  
 In which the affections gently lead us on,—  
 Until the breath of this corporeal frame,  
 And even the motion of our human blood,  
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
 In body, and become a living soul :  
 While with an eye made quiet by the power  
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
 We see into the life of things.

If this  
 Be but a vain belief, yet oh ! how oft—  
 In darkness and amid the many shapes  
 Of joyless daylight ; when the fretful stir  
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,  
 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—  
 How oft, in spirit, have I turn'd to thee,  
 O sylvan Wye ! thou wanderer through the woods,  
 How often has my spirit turn'd to thee !

And now, with gleams of half-extinguish'd thought,  
With many recognitions dim and faint,  
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,  
The picture of the mind revives again :  
While here I stand, not only with the sense  
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts  
That in this moment there is life and food  
For future years. And so I dare to hope,  
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first  
I came among these hills ; when like a roe  
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides  
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,  
Wherever nature led : more like a man  
Flying from something that he dreads, than one  
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then  
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,  
And their glad animal movements all gone by)  
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint  
What then I was. The sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colours and their forms, were then to me  
An appetite ; a feeling and a love,  
That had no need of a remoter charm,  
By thought supplied, nor any interest  
Unborrow'd from the eye.—That time is past,  
And all its aching joys are now no more,  
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this  
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur ; other gifts  
Have follow'd ; for such loss, I would believe,  
Abundant recompense. For I have learn'd  
To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :  
A motion and a spirit that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,

And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still  
 A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
 And mountains ; and of all that we behold  
 From this green earth ; of all the mighty world  
 Of eye and ear—both what they half create,  
 And what perceive ; well pleased to recognise  
 In nature and the language of the sense,  
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
 Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,  
 If I were not thus taught, should I the more  
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay :  
 For thou art with me here upon the banks  
 Of this fair river ; thou my dearest Friend,  
 My dear, dear Friend ; and in thy voice I catch  
 The language of my former heart, and read  
 My former pleasures in the shooting lights  
 Of thy wild eyes. Oh ! yet a little while  
 May I behold in thee what I was once,  
 My dear, dear Sister ! and this prayer I make,  
 Knowing that nature never did betray  
 The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege,  
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
 From joy to joy : For she can so inform  
 The mind that is within us, so impress  
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
 Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon  
 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;  
 And let the misty mountain-winds be free  
 To blow against thee : and in after years,  
 When these wild ecstasies shall be matured  
 Into a sober pleasure ; when thy mind  
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
 Thy memory be as a dwelling-place  
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies ; oh ! then,  
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
 Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts

Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,  
 And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance—  
 If I should be where I no more can hear  
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams  
 Of past existence—wilt thou then forget  
 That on the banks of this delightful stream  
 We stood together; and that I, so long  
 A worshipper of Nature, hither came  
 Unwearied in that service: rather say  
 With warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal  
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,  
 That after many wanderings, many years  
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,  
 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me  
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

WORDSWORTH.

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*A Remembrance of Grasmere.*

O VALE and lake, within your mountain-urn  
 Smiling so tranquilly, and set so deep!  
 Oft doth your dreamy loveliness return,  
 Colouring the tender shadows of my sleep  
 With light Elysian; for the hues that steep  
 Your shores in melting lustre, seem to float  
 On golden clouds from spirit-lands remote,  
 Isles of the blest; and in our memory keep  
 Their place with holiest harmonies. Fair scene,  
 Most loved by evening and her dewy star!  
 Oh! ne'er may man, with touch unhallow'd, jar  
 The perfect music of thy charm serene!  
 Still, still unchanged, may *one* sweet region wear  
 Smiles that subdue the soul to love, and tears, and  
 prayer.

MRS. HEMANS.

A "place of nestling green for Poets made."

I stood tiptoe upon a little hill,  
 The air was cooling, and so very still  
 That the sweet buds which, with a modest pride,  
 Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,  
 Their scanty-leaved and finely tapering stems,  
 Had not yet lost their starry diadems  
 Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.  
 The clouds were pure and white as flocks new-shorn,  
 And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they slept  
 On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept  
 A little noiseless noise among the leaves,  
 Born of the very sigh that silence heaves;  
 For not the faintest motion could be seen  
 Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.  
 There was wide wandering for the greediest eye  
 To peer about upon variety;  
 Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,  
 And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim;  
 To picture out the quaint and curious bending  
 Of a fresh woodland alley never-ending:  
 Or by the bowery clefts and leafy shelves,  
 Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight:  
 With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,  
 And taper fingers catching at all things,  
 To bind them all about with tiny rings.  
 Linger awhile upon some bending planks  
 That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,  
 And watch intently Nature's gentle doings:  
 They will be found softer than ringdoves' cooings.  
 How silent comes the water round that bend!  
 Not the minutest whisper does it send  
 To the o'erhanging shallows: blades of grass  
 Slowly across the checker'd shadows pass.  
 Why, you might read two sonnets ere they reach  
 To where the hurrying freshnesses aye preach  
 A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds;  
 Where swarms of minnows show their little heads,  
 Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,  
 To taste the luxury of sunny beams  
 Temper'd with coolness. How they ever wrestle  
 With their own sweet delight, and ever nestle

Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand !  
 If you but scantily hold out the hand,  
 That very instant not one will remain ;  
 But turn your eye, and they are there again.  
 The ripples seem right glad to reach those crosses,  
 And cool themselves among the emerald tresses ;  
 The while they cool themselves, they freshness give,  
 And moisture, that the bowery green may live :  
 So keeping up an interchange of favours,  
 Like good men in the truth of their behaviours.  
 Sometimes goldfinches one by one will drop  
 From low hung branches : little space they stop ;  
 But sip, and twitter, and their feathers sleek ;  
 Then off at once, as in a wanton freak :  
 Or perhaps, to show their black and golden wings,  
 Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.

What next ! a tuft of evening primroses,  
 O'er which the mind may hover till it doses ;  
 O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,  
 But that 'tis ever startled by the leap  
 Of buds into ripe flowers ; or by the fitting  
 Of divers moths that aye their rest are quitting ;  
 Or by the moon lifting her silver rim  
 Above a cloud, and with a gradual swim  
 Coming into the blue with all her light.

KEATS.

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### Loch Katrine.

THE summer dawn's reflected hue  
 To purple changed Loch Katrine blue,  
 Mildly and soft the western breeze  
 Just kiss'd the lake, just stirr'd the trees,  
 And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,  
 Trembled but dimpled not for joy ;  
 The mountain-shadows on her breast  
 Were neither broken nor at rest ;  
 In bright uncertainty they lie,  
 Like future joys to Fancy's eye,  
 The water-lily to the light  
 Her chalice rear'd of silver bright ;



The doe awoke, and to the lawn,  
 Begemm'd with dew-drops, led her fawn;  
 The grey mist left the mountain-side,  
 The torrent show'd its glistening pride;  
 Invisible in flecked sky,  
 The lark sent down her revelry;  
 The blackbird and the speckled thrush  
 Good-morrow gave from brake and bush;  
 In answer coo'd the cushat-dove  
 Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

SCOTT.

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The Banks of the Tyne.

O YE dales

Of Tyne, and ye most ancient woodlands; where  
 Oft, as the giant flood obliquely strides,  
 And his banks open and his lawns extend,  
 Stops short the pleased traveller to view,  
 Presiding o'er the scene, some rustic tower  
 Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands:  
 O ye Northumbrian shades, which overlook  
 The rocky pavement and the mossy falls  
 Of solitary Wensbeck's limpid stream!  
 How gladly I recall your well-known seats  
 Beloved of old, and that delightful time  
 When all alone, for many a summer's day,  
 I wander'd through your calm recesses, led  
 In silence by some powerful hand unseen.  
 Nor will I e'er forget you; nor shall e'er  
 The graver tasks of manhood, or the advice  
 Of vulgar wisdom, move me to disclaim  
 Those studies which possess'd me in the dawn  
 Of life, and fix'd the colour of my mind  
 For every future year: whence even now  
 From sleep I rescue the clear hours of morn,  
 And, while the world around lies overwhelm'd  
 In idle darkness, am alive to thoughts  
 Of honourable fame, of truth divine  
 Or moral, and of minds to virtue won  
 By the sweet magic of harmonious verse.

AKENSIDE.

*Written while Sailing in a Boat at Evening.*

How richly glows the water's breast  
 Before us, tinged with evening hues,  
 While, facing thus the crimson west,  
 The boat her silent course pursues!  
 And see how dark the backward stream!  
 A little moment past so smiling!  
 And still, perhaps, with faithless gleam,  
 Some other loiterers beguiling.

WORDSWORTH.

*The Pleasures of a Forest Life.*

MARIAN, thou seest, though courtly pleasures want;  
 Yet country sport in Sherwood is not scant:  
 For the soul-ravishing delicious sound  
 Of instrumental music we have found  
 The winged quiristers, with divers notes  
 Sent from their quaint recording pretty throats,  
 On every branch that compasseth our bower,  
 Without command contenting us each hour.  
 For arras hangings and rich tapestry  
 We have sweet Nature's best embroidery.  
 For thy steel glass, wherein thou wou'st to look,  
 Thy crystal eyes gaze in a crystal brook.  
 At court a flower or two did deck thy head,  
 Now with whole garlands it is circled;  
 For what we want in wealth, we have in flowers;  
 And what we lose in halls we find in bowers.

SKELTON.

*The Forest at Noonday.*

THE noonday sun  
 Now shone upon the forest, one vast mass  
 Of mingling shade, whose brown magnificence  
 A narrow vale embosoma. There, huge caves,  
 Scoop'd in the dark base of those airy rocks,  
 Mocking its moans, respond and roar for ever.

The meeting boughs and implicated leaves  
 Wove twilight o'er the Poet's path, as led  
 By love, or dream, or god, or mightier Death,  
 He sought in Nature's dearest haunt, some bank,  
 Her cradle, and his sepulchre. More dark  
 And dark the shades accumulate—the oak,  
 Expanding its immense and knotty arms,  
 Embraces the light beech. The pyramids  
 Of the tall cedar, overarching, frame  
 Most solemn domes within, and far below,  
 Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,  
 The ash and the acacia floating hang  
 Tremulous and pale. Like restless serpents, clothed  
 In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,  
 Starr'd with ten thousand blossoms, flow around  
 The grey trunks; and, as gamesome infants' eyes,  
 With gentle meanings, and most innocent wiles,  
 Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,  
 These twine their tendrils, with the wedded boughs  
 Uniting their close union; the woven leaves  
 Make net-work of the dark blue light of day,  
 And the night's noontide clearness, mutable  
 As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft mossy lawns  
 Beneath these canopies extend their swells,  
 Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyed with blooms  
 Minute, yet beautiful. One darkest glen  
 Sends from its woods of musk-rose, twined with jasmine,  
 A soul-dissolving odour, to invite  
 To some more lovely mystery. Through the dell,  
 Silence and twilight here, twin-sisters, keep  
 Their noonday watch, and sail among the shades,  
 Like vaporous shapes half-seen; beyond, a well,  
 Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,  
 Images all the woven boughs above,  
 And each depending leaf, and every speck  
 Of azure sky, darting between their chasms;  
 Nor aught else in the liquid mirror laves  
 Its portraiture, but some inconstant star  
 Between one foliated lattice twinkling fair,  
 Or painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,  
 Or gorgeous insect, floating motionless,  
 Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings  
 Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.

SHELLEY.

*Forest Landscape.*

INTO that forest far they thence him led,  
 Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade  
 With mountains round about environed ;  
 And mighty woods which did the valley shade  
 And like a stately theatre it made,  
 Spreading itself into a spacious plain ;  
 And in the midst a little river play'd  
 Amongst the pumy stones, which seem'd to plain  
 With gentle murmur that his course they did restrain.  
 Beside the same a dainty place there lay,  
 Planted with myrtle-trees and laurels green,  
 In which the birds sung many a lovely lay  
 Of God's high praise and of their love's sweet tean,  
 As it an earthly paradise had been ;  
 In whose enclosed shadow there was pight  
 A fair pavilion, scarcely to be seen,  
 The which was all within most richly dight,  
 That greatest princes living it might well delight.  
SPENSER.

*The Pine Forest by the Sea.*

WE wander'd to the Pine Forest  
 That skirts the ocean's foam ;  
 The lightest wind was in its nest,  
 The tempest in its home.  
 The whisp'ring waves were half asleep,  
 The clouds were gone to play,  
 And on the bosom of the deep  
 The smile of heaven lay ;  
 It seem'd as if the hour were one  
 Sent from beyond the skies,  
 Which scatter'd from above the sun  
 A light of Paradise !  
 We paused amid the pines that stood  
 The giants of the waste,  
 Tortured by storms to shapes as rude  
 As serpents interlaced,—  
 And soothed by every azure breath  
 That under heaven is blown,  
 To harmonies and hues beneath,  
 As tender as its own :

Now all the tree-tops lay asleep  
 Like green waves on the sea ;  
 As still as is the silent deep  
 The ocean-woods may be.

How calm it was ! the silence there  
 By such a chain was bound,  
 That even the busy woodpecker  
 Made stiller by her sound  
 The inviolable quietness ;  
 The breath of peace we drew,  
 With its soft motion made not less  
 The calm that round us grew.  
 There seem'd from the remotest seat  
 Of the wide mountain waste,  
 To the soft flower beneath our feet,  
 A magic circle traced.  
 A spirit interfused around,  
 A thrilling silent life ;  
 To momentary peace it bound  
 Our mortal nature's strife ;  
 And still I felt the centre of  
 The magic circle there,  
 Was one fair form that fill'd with love  
 The lifeless atmosphere.

We paused beside the pools that lie  
 Under the forest boughs ;  
 Each seem'd as 'twere a little sky  
 Gulf'd in a world below ;  
 A firmament of purple light  
 Which in the dark earth lay,  
 More boundless than the depth of night,  
 And purer than the day—  
 In which the lovely forests grew,  
 As in the upper air,  
 More perfect both in shape and hue  
 Than any spreading there.

There lay the glade and neighbouring lawn,  
 And through the dark green woods  
 The white sun, twinkling like the dawn  
 Out of a speckled cloud.

Sweet views which in our world above  
 Can never well be seen,  
 Were imaged by the water's love  
 Of that fair forest green :  
 And all was interfused beneath  
 With an Elysian glow,  
 An atmosphere without a breath,  
 A softer day below.

SHELLEY.

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The grand old Woods.

O EVER welcome are the grand old woods,  
 Fresh in young April, quick with shooting green ;  
 Or rich in June, with luxury of leaves :  
 Right lovely are they in their growing pride,  
 But lovelier in their glory of decay.  
 Right joyous are they when the happy birds  
 Salute the morn with thousand-throated songs,  
 Or pour soft vespers to the setting sun,  
 Singing the summer day to balmy rest.  
 Or when alone the cuckoo's monotone  
 Lulls drowsy noon ; or when sweet Philomel  
 Trills passionate music to the listening night,  
 And wakes the dreaming rose-buds with her song.

O fair and joyous are the woods in summer !  
 But when the birds are still, and faded leaves  
 Fall in the silence, silently and slow,  
 Then their solemnities have deeper joy,  
 Though less of rapture. And it is the prime  
 Of the year's growth, and prodigality  
 Of ever-new delights, to linger long  
 When Queenly Autumn, laden with the wealth  
 Of all the seasons, passes in her pomp.

WHITMORE.

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Earth, Ocean, Air.

EARTH, Ocean, Air, beloved brotherhood !  
 If our great Mother have imbued my soul  
 With aught of natural piety to feel  
 Your love, and recompense the boon with mine ;

If dewy morn, and odorous noon, and even  
 With sunset and its gorgeous ministers,  
 And solemn midnight's tingling silentness ;  
 If Autumn's hollow sighs in the sere wood,  
 And Winter's robing with pure snow and crowns  
 Of starry ice the grey grass and bare boughs ;  
 If Spring's voluptuous pantings when she breathes  
 Her first sweet kisses, have been dear to me ;  
 If no bright bird, insect, or gentle beast  
 I consciously have injured, but still loved  
 And cherish'd these my kindred ;—then forgive  
 This boast, beloved brethren, and withdraw  
 No portion of your wonted favour now.      SHELLEY.

*Evening on Lake Teman.*

It is the hush of night, and all between  
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,  
 Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,  
 Save darken'd Jura, whose cap heights appear  
 Precipitously steep ; and drawing near,  
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,  
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the ear  
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,  
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more ;  
 He is an evening reveller, who makes  
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill ;  
 At intervals, some bird from out the brakes  
 Starts into voice a moment, then is still.  
 There seems a floating whisper on the hill,  
 But that is fancy, for the starlight dews  
 All silently their tears of love inail,  
 Weeping themselves away, till they infuse  
 Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.  
 Ye stars ! which are the poetry of heaven !  
 If in your bright leaves we would read the fate  
 Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,  
 That in our aspirations to be great,  
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,  
 And claim a kindred with you ; for ye are  
 A beauty and a mystery, and create  
 In us such love and reverence from afar,  
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves  
 a star.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,  
 But breathless, as we grow when feeling most ;  
 And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep :—  
 All heaven and earth are still : from the high host  
 Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,  
 All is concentr'd in a life intense,  
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,  
 But hath a part of being, and a sense  
 Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt  
 In solitude, where we are *least* alone ;  
 A truth, which through our being then doth melt,  
 And purifies from self : it is a tone,  
 The soul and source of music, which makes known  
 Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,  
 Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,  
 Binding all things with beauty ;—'t would disarm  
 The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm.

Not vainly did the early Persian make  
 His altar the high places, and the peak  
 Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take  
 A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek  
 The Spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak,  
 Uprear'd of human hauds. Come, and compare  
 Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,  
 With nature's realms of worship, earth and air ;  
 Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayer !  
 BYRON.

### The Alps at Haybrenk.

THE sunbeams streak the azure skies,  
 And line with light the mountain's brow ;  
 With hounds and horns the hunters rise,  
 And chase the roebuck through the snow.

The goats wind slow their wonted way,  
 Up craggy steeps and ridges rude,  
 Mark'd by the wild wolf for his prey,  
 From desert cave or hanging wood.

And while the torrent thunders loud,  
 And as the echoing cliffs reply,  
 The huts peep o'er the morning cloud,  
 Perch'd like an eagle's nest on high.

ROGERS.



## Night Storm on the Alps.

THE sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh, night,  
 And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,  
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,  
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among  
 Leaps the live thunder: Not from one lone cloud,  
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,  
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,  
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night: Most glorious night!  
 Thou wert not sent for slumber! Let me be  
 A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—  
 A portion of the tempest and of thee!  
 How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,  
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!  
 And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee  
 Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,  
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye!  
 With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul  
 To make these felt and feeling, well may be  
 Things that have made me watchful; the far roll  
 Of your departing voices is the knoll  
 Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.  
 But where of ye, O tempests! is the goal?  
 Are ye like those within the human breast?  
 Or do ye find at length, like eagles, some high nest?  
 BYRON.

## Summer Longings.

AH! my heart is weary waiting,  
 Waiting for the May—  
 Waiting for the pleasant rambles,  
 Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,  
 With the woodbine alternating,  
 Scent the dewy way.  
 Ah! my heart is weary waiting,  
 Waiting for the May.

Ah ! my heart is sick with longing,  
 Longing for the May—  
 Longing to escape from study,  
 To the young face fair and ruddy,  
 And the thousand charms belonging  
 To the summer's day.  
 Ah ! my heart is sick with longing,  
 Longing for the May.

Ah ! my heart is sore with sighing,  
 Sighing for the May—  
 Sighing for their sure returning,  
 When the summer beams are burning,  
 Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying  
 All the winter lay.

Ah ! my heart is sore with sighing,  
 Sighing for the May.

Ah ! my heart is pain'd with throbbing,  
 Throbbing for the May—  
 Throbbing for the sea-side billows,  
 Or the water-wooing willows ;  
 Where, in laughing and in sobbing  
 Glide the streams away.

Ah ! my heart, my heart is throbbing,  
 Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,  
 Waiting for the May.

Spring goes by with wasted warnings,  
 Moon-lit evenings, sun-bright mornings ;  
 Summer comes, yet dark and dreary  
 Life still ebbs away :

Man is ever weary, weary,  
 Waiting for the May !

McCARTHY.

### An April Day.

ALL day the low-hung clouds have dropt  
 Their garner'd fulness down ;  
 All day that soft grey mist hath wrapt  
 Hill, valley, grove, and town.

There has not been a sound to-day  
 To break the calm of nature,  
 Nor motion, I might almost say,  
 Of life, or living creature ;

Of waving bough, or warbling bird,  
Or cattle faintly lowing ;  
I could have half-believed I heard  
The leaves and blossoms growing.

I stood to hear—I love it well—  
The rain's continuous sound,  
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell,  
Down straight into the ground.

For leafy thickness is not yet  
Earth's naked breast to screen,  
Though every dripping branch is set  
With shoots of tender green.

Sure, since I look'd at early morn,  
Those honeysuckle buds  
Have swell'd to double growth ; that thorn  
Hath put forth larger studs ;

That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,  
The milk-white flowers revealing ;  
Even now, upon my senses first  
Methinks their sweets are stealing.

The very earth, the steamy air,  
Is all with fragrance rife ;  
And grace and beauty everywhere  
Are flushing into life.

Down, down they come—those fruitful stores !  
Those earth-rejoicing drops !  
A momentary deluge pours,  
Then thins, decreases, stops ;

And ere the dimples on the stream  
Have circled out of sight,  
Lo ! from the west, a parting gleam  
Breaks forth, of amber light.

But yet behold—abrupt and loud  
Comes down the glittering rain ;  
The farewell of a passing cloud,  
The fringes of her train.

CHAUCER. (*Modernised.*)

### Approach of Spring,

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost  
 Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost  
 Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream  
 Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream ;  
 But the warm sun thaws the benumb'd earth,  
 And makes it tender ; gives a second birth  
 To the dead swallow ; wakes in hollow tree  
 The drowsy cuckoo, and the humble bee.  
 Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring  
 In triumph to the world the youthful Spring :  
 The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,  
 Welcome the coming of the long'd-for May.

CAREW.

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### II.

The swallow, for a moment seen,  
 Skims in haste the village green ;  
 From the grey moor, on feeble wing,  
 The screaming plovers idly spring.  
 Fraught with a transient frozen shower  
 If a cloud should haply lour,  
 Sailing o'er the landscape dark,  
 Mute on a sudden is the lark ;  
 But when gleams the sun again,  
 O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,  
 And from behind his watery veil  
 Looks through the thin-descending hail ;  
 She mounts, and, lessening to the sight,  
 Salutes the blithe return of light,  
 And high her tuneful track purues  
 'Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.

WARTON.

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### III.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green  
 On every blooming tree,  
 And spreads her sheets o' daisies white  
 Out o'er the grassy lea.  
 And lav'rocks wake the merry morn,  
 Aloft on dewy wing ;  
 The merle, in his noontide bower,  
 Makes woodland echoes ring

The mavis wild, with many a note,  
Sings drowsy day to rest ;  
In love and freedom they rejoice,  
With care nor thrall oppress.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,  
The primrose down the brae ;  
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,  
And milk-white is the slae.

BURNS.

### The Voice of Spring.

I COME, I come ! ye have call'd me long—  
I come o'er the mountains with light and song !  
Ye may trace my step o'er the waking earth  
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,  
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,  
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers,  
By thousands, have burst from the forest-bowers,  
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes  
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains ;—  
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,  
To speak of the ruin or the tomb !

I have look'd on the hills of the stormy North,  
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,  
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,  
And the reindeer bounds through the pasture free,  
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,  
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,  
And call'd out each voice of the deep-blue sky ;  
From the night-bird's lay through the starry-time,  
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,  
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,  
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,  
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,  
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,  
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,  
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,  
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves !

MRS. HEMANS.

## Lines written in Early Spring.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes  
 While in a grove I sat reclin'd,  
 In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts  
 Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link  
 The human soul that through me ran ;  
 And much it grieved my heart to think  
 What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,  
 The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths ;  
 And 'tis my faith that every flower  
 Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopp'd and play'd,  
 Their thoughts I cannot measure :—  
 But the least motion which they made,  
 It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan  
 To catch the breezy air ;  
 And I must think, do all I can,  
 That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,  
 If such be Nature's holy plan,  
 Have I not reason to lament  
 What man has made of man ?

WORDSWORTH.

## Some thoughts from Abroad.

OH, to be in England,  
 Now that April's there,  
 And whoever wakes in England  
 Sees, some morning, unaware,  
 That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf  
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf ;  
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough  
 In England—now !

And after April, when May follows,  
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows—  
 Hark ! where my blossom'd pear-tree in the hedge  
 Leaves to the field and scatters on the clover  
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—  
 That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,  
 Lest you should think he never could recapture  
 The first fine careless rapture !  
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,  
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew  
 The buttercups, the little children's dower,  
 Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

BROWNING.

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 May.

THEN came fair May, the fairest maid on ground,  
 Deck'd all with dainties of her season's pride,  
 And throwing flowers out of her lap around :  
 Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,  
 The Twins of Leda, which, on either side,  
 Supported her like to their sovereign queen.  
 Lord ! how all creatures laugh'd when her they spied,  
 And leap'd and danced as they had ravish'd been ;  
 And Cupid's self about her flutter'd all in green.

SPENSER.

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 Song—on May Morning.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
 Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her  
 The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.  
 Hail bounteous May ! that dost inspire  
 Mirth and youth, and warm desire ;  
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.  
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

MILTON.

### A Spring Song.

SWALLOW, swallow, hither wing,  
 Hither, swallow, bringing spring ;  
 From the lake hath gone the teal,  
 Fled the widgeon from the stream,  
 Now no more our bursting woods  
 Hear the swooping merlin's scream ;  
 Come, thou dawn of summer, come,  
 Hither leaves and shadows bringing,  
 Bladed furrows—nested eaves,—  
 Sweetest songs the South is singing ;  
 Bringing violets—bringing spring,  
 Hither, swallow, hither wing.

Swallow, swallow, hither wing,  
 Dearest playmate of the spring ;  
 Come—the celandine no more  
 Dreads the gusty wrath of March,—  
 Golden tassell'd is the birch,—  
 Emerald fringes hath the larch ;—  
 Come, thou news of summer, come,  
 Trills and hedge-row twitterings bringing,  
 Quivering mountings of the lark,—  
 Shrillest songs the ousel's singing ;  
 Snowing orchards, flight of spring,  
 Hither, swallow, hither wing.

BENNETT.

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### Spring Morning.

SWEET is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,  
 With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,  
 When first on this delightful land he spreads  
 His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
 Glistening with dew ; fragrant the earth  
 After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on  
 Of grateful Evening mild : then silent Night,  
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
 And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.

MILTON.



### The Wood Lane in Spring.

I KNOW a lane thick set with golden broom,  
 Where the pale primrose and tall orchis bloom ;  
 And azure violets, lowly drooping, shed  
 Delicious perfumes round their mossy bed ;  
 And all the first-born blossoms of the year  
 That spring uncultured, bud and blossom here.  
 Oh ! 'tis a lovely spot ! high overhead  
 Gigantic oaks their lofty branches spread ;  
 The glossy ivy, the rich eglantine,  
 The rambling briony, and sweet woodbine,  
 Fling their fantastic wreaths from spray to spray,  
 And shower their treasures in the lap of May.  
 Here the blithe blackbird trills his matin song  
 Till woodland dells his bugle-notes prolong ;  
 And the gay linnet and the airy thrush  
 Responsive whistle from the hawthorn bush ;  
 Near, though unseen, the lonely cuckoo floats,  
 And wakes the morn with his complaining notes ;  
 Here the shy partridge leads her yellow brood,  
 And the majestic pheasant from the wood  
 No longer dreads the cruel fowler's gun,  
 But sports his gorgeous plumage in the sun.  
 'Tis passing sweet to rove these woodland bowers,  
 When the young sun has shed on leaves and flowers  
 A tender glory, and the balmy thorn  
 Spreads his white banner to the breath of morn—  
 Sporting a coronal of living light,  
 Strung from the dewdrops of the weeping night.  
 'Tis sweet to trace the footsteps of the spring  
 O'er the green earth—to see her lightly fling  
 Her flowery wreaths on Nature's breathing shrine,  
 And round the hoary woods her garlands twine ;  
 To hear her voice in every passing breeze  
 That stirs the new-born foliage on the trees.  
 'Tis sweet to hear the songs of birds arise  
 At early dawn—to gaze on cloudless skies—  
 To scatter round you, as you lightly pass,  
 A shower of diamonds from each blade of grass ;  
 And while your footsteps press the dewy sod,  
 "To look through Nature up to Nature's God."

MARY HOWITT.

## Song on Spring Morn.

THE year's at the spring,  
 And day's at the morn ;  
 Morning's at seven ;  
 The hill-side's dew-pearl'd.  
 The lark's on the wing ;  
 The snail's on the thorn ;  
 God's in his heaven—  
 All's right with the world !

BROWNING.

## Spring and Summer.

GRACEFULLY, gleefully, trippingly go  
 O'er the bright mountains the fawn and the roe ;  
 Joyfully, tunefully, lovingly sing  
 All the sweet birds in the ear of the spring.  
 Hopefully, carefully, joyfully she  
 Scatters her smiles o'er the mountains and lea.  
 Summer descends like a Bridegroom, whose glow  
 Crimsons the blossoms the spring bade to blow ;  
 Spring is his bride, and she sits at his feet,  
 Veil'd in his glory, but ruling him sweet.

HARRIS.

## Summer.

THEN came the jolly Summer, being dight  
 In a thin silken cassock colour'd greene,  
 That was unlynéd all, to be more light :  
 And on his head a girlond well beseene  
 He wore, from which as he had chauffed been  
 The sweat did drop ; and in his hand he bore,  
 A bowe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene  
 Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore,  
 And now would bathe his limbs with labor heated sore.

SPENSER.

## Summer—Early Morning.

'Tis morn, but yet the full and cloudless moon  
 Pours from her starry urn a chasten'd light ;  
 'Tis but a little space beyond the noon—  
 The still, delicious noon of summer's night ;

Forth from my home I take an early flight,  
 Down the lone vale pursue my devious way,  
 Bound o'er the meadows with a keen delight,  
 Brush from the forest leaves the dewy spray,  
 And scale the toilsome steep, to watch the kindling day.

The lark is up disdainful of the earth,  
 Exulting in his airy realm on high ;  
 His song, profuse in melody and mirth,  
 Makes vocal all the region of the sky ;  
 The moor-cock, startled with a sudden cry,  
 Springs from beneath my feet ; and, as I pass,  
 The sheep regard me with an earnest eye,  
 Ceasing to nibble at the scanty grass,  
 And scour the barren waste in one tumultuous mass.

But lo, the stars are waning, and the dawn  
 Blushes and burns athwart the east ;—behold,  
 The early sun, behind the upland lawn,  
 Looks o'er the summit with a front of gold ;  
 Back from his beaming brow the mists are roll'd,  
 And as he climbs the crystal tower of morn,  
 Rocks, woods, and glens their shadowy depths unfold ;  
 The trembling dews grow brighter on the thorn,  
 And Nature smiles as fresh as if but newly born.

God of the boundless universe ! I come  
 To hold communion with myself and Thee !  
 And though excess of beauty makes me dumb,  
 My thoughts are eloquent with all I see ;  
 My foot is on the mountains—I am free,  
 And buoyant as the winds that round me blow,  
 My dreams are sunny as yon pleasant sea,  
 And tranquil as the pool that sleeps below ;  
 While, circling round my heart, a poet's raptures glow.

Oh, glorious summer ! what a sight is here,  
 To wean the heart from selfishness and care !  
 Where the vast prospect, bright, distinct, and clear,  
 Looks up in silence through the stainless air ;  
 The moorlands are behind me, bleak and bare,  
 A rude and trackless wilderness of land ;  
 Beneath me lie the vales, calm, rich, and fair,  
 With Alpine summits rising on each hand ;  
 And stretching far before, the peopled plains expand.

PRINCE.

### A Summer Day.

It is a sultry day ; the sun has drunk  
 The dew that lay upon the morning grass ;  
 There is no rustling in the lofty elm  
 That canopies my dwelling, and its shade  
 Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint  
 And interrupted murmur of the bee,  
 Settling on the sick flowers, and then again  
 Instantly on the wing. The plants around  
 Feel the too potent fervours ; the tall maize  
 Rolls up its long green leaves ; the clover droops  
 Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms.  
 But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills,  
 With all their growth of woods silent and stern,  
 As if the scorching heat and dazzling light  
 Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds,  
 Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven—  
 Their bases on the mountains—their white tops  
 Shining in the far ether—fire the air  
 With a reflected radiance, and make turn  
 The gazer's eye away. For me, I lie  
 Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf,  
 Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun,  
 Retains some freshness, and I woo the wind  
 That still delays its coming. Why so slow,  
 Gentle and voluble spirit of the air ?  
 Oh come and breathe upon the fainting earth  
 Coolness and life. Is it that in the caves  
 He hears me ? See, on yonder woody ridge,  
 The pine is bending his proud top, and now  
 Among the nearer groves, chestnut and oak  
 Are tossing their green boughs about. He comes !  
 Lo, where the grassy meadow runs in waves !  
 The deep distressful silence of the scene  
 Breaks up with mingling of unnumber'd sounds  
 And universal motion. He is come,  
 Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,  
 And bearing on their fragrance ; and he brings  
 Music of birds and rustling of young boughs,  
 And sound of swaying branches, and the voice  
 Of distant waterfalls. All the green herbs  
 Are stirring on his breath : a thousand flowers,  
 By the road-side and borders of the brook,

Nod gaily to each other ; glossy leaves  
 Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew  
 Were on them yet, and silver waters break  
 Into small waves and sparkle as he comes.

BRYANT.

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Summer Noon.

THE mid-day hour of twelve the clock counts o'er,  
 A sultry stillness lulls the air asleep ;  
 The very buzz of flies is heard no more,  
 Nor faintest wrinkles o'er the waters creep.  
 Like one large sheet of glass the waters shine,  
 Reflecting on their face the hot sunbeam :  
 The very fish their sportive play decline,  
 Seeking the willow-shadows 'side the stream.  
 And, where the hawthorn branches o'er the pool,  
 The little bird, forsaking song and nest,  
 Flutters on dripping twigs his limbs to cool,  
 And splashes in the stream his burning breast.  
 Oh, free from thunder, for a sudden shower,  
 To cherish nature in this noon-day hour !

CLARE.

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How sweet at Summer's Noon to sit and Muse.

How sweet, at summer's noon, to sit and muse  
 Beneath the shadow of some ancient elm !  
 While at my feet the mazy streamlet flows  
 In tuneful lapse, laving the flowers that bend  
 To kiss its tide ; while sport the finny throng  
 On the smooth surface of the crystal depths  
 In silvery cirelets, or in shallows leap,  
 That sparkle to the sunbeam's trembling glare.  
 Around the tiny jets, where humid bells  
 Break as they form, the water-spiders weave,  
 Brisk on the eddying pools, their ceaseless dance.  
 The wild-bee winds her horn, lost in the cups  
 Of honey'd flowers, or sweeps with ample curve ;  
 While o'er the summer's lap is heard the hum  
 Of countless insects sporting on the wing,  
 Inviting sleep. And from the leafy woods  
 One varying song of bursting joy ascends.

GILLESPIE.

*Summer's Eve.*

CLEAR had the day been from the dawn,  
 All chequer'd was the sky,  
 Thin clouds, like scarfs of cobweb lawn,  
 Veil'd heaven's most glorious eye.

The wind had no more strength than this,  
 That leisurely it blew,  
 To make one leaf the next to kiss,  
 That closely by it grew.

The flowers, like brave embroider'd girls,  
 Look'd as they most desired,  
 To see whose head with orient pearls  
 Most curiously was tyred.

The rills that on the pebbles play'd,  
 Might now be heard at will ;  
 This world the only music made,  
 Else every thing was still.

And to itself the subtle air  
 Such sov'reignty assumes,  
 That it received too large a share  
 From Nature's rich perfumes.

DRAYTON.

*The Gladness of Nature.*

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,  
 When our mother, Nature, laughs around ;  
 When even the deep blue heavens look glad,  
 And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground ?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,  
 And the gossip of swallows through all the sky ;  
 The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,  
 And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,  
 And their shadows at play on the bright green vale ;  
 And here they stretch to the frolic chase,  
 And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,  
 There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,  
 There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,  
 And a laugh on the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles  
 On the dewy earth, that smiles in his ray,  
 On the leaping waters and gay young isles ;  
 Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

BRYANT.

### Autumn.

THE Summer-flower has run to seed,  
 And yellow is the woodland bough ;  
 And every leaf of bush and weed  
 Is tipt with Autumn's pencil now.

The woodbine-trees red berries bear,  
 That clustering hang upon the bower ;  
 While, fondly lingering here and there,  
 Peeps out a dwindling, sickly flower.

The trees' gay leaves are turned brown,  
 By every little wind undress'd ;  
 And as they flap and whistle down,  
 We see the bird's deserted nest.

No thrush or blackbird meets the eye,  
 Or fills the ear with summer's strain ;  
 They but dart out for worm and fly,  
 Then silent seek their rest again.

Beside the brook, in misty blue,  
 Bilberries glow on tendrils weak,  
 Where many a bare foot splashes through,  
 The pulpy, juicy prize to seek :

For 'tis the rustic boy's delight,  
 Now Autumn's sun so warmly gleams,  
 And these ripe berries tempt his sight,  
 To dabble in the shallow streams.

And oft his rambles we may trace,  
 Delved in the mud his printing feet,  
 And oft we meet a chubby face  
 All stained with the berries sweet.

'Tis lovely now to turn one's eye,  
 The changing face of heaven to mind ;  
 How thin-spun clouds glide swiftly by,  
 While lurking storms slow move behind.

Now suns are clear, now clouds pervade,  
 Each moment changed, and changed again ;  
 And first a light, and then a shade,  
 Swift glooms and brightens o'er the plain.

Hark ! started are some lonely strains :  
 The robin-bird is urged to sing ;  
 Of chilly evening he complains,  
 And, dithering, droops his ruffled wing.

Slow o'er the wood the puddock sails ;  
 And mournful, as the storms arise,  
 His feeble note of sorrow wails  
 To the unpitying, frowning skies.

More coldly blows the Autumn breeze ;  
 Old Winter grins a blast between ;  
 The north-winds rise and strip the trees,  
 And desolation shuts the scene.

CLARE.

## II.

THE lark is singing in the blinding sky,  
 Hedges are white with May. The bridegroom sea  
 Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,  
 And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,  
 He decorates her tawny brow with shells,  
 Retires a space to see how fair she looks,  
 Then proud, runs up to kiss her. All is fair—  
 All glad, from grass to sun ! Yet more I love  
 Than this, the shrinking day, that sometimes comes  
 In Winter's front, so fair 'mong its dark peers  
 It seems a straggler from the files of June,  
 Which in its wanderings had lost its wits,  
 And half its beauty ; and, when it return'd,  
 Finding its old companions gone away,  
 It join'd November's troop, then marching past ;  
 And so the frail thing comes, and greets the world  
 With a thin crazy smile, then bursts in tears,  
 And all the while it holds within its hand  
 A few half-wither'd flowers. I love and pity it !

ALEX. SMITH.



## To Autumn.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness !  
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;  
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
 With fruit, the vines that round the thatch-eaves run  
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,  
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;  
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
 With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,  
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
 Until they think warm days will never cease,  
 For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft beneath thy store ?  
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;  
 As on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
 Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
 Spares the next swath and all its twin'd flowers ;  
 And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ;  
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
 Thou watchest the last oozyngs, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?  
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,  
 While barr'd clouds bloom the softly-dying day,  
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;  
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
 Among the river sallows, borne aloft  
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;  
 And full grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;  
 Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft,  
 The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft,  
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

KEATS.

### In Autumn Morning.

THERE is a beautiful spirit breathing now  
 Its mellow richness on the cluster'd trees,  
 And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,  
 Pouring new glory on the Autumn woods,  
 And dipping in warm light the pillar'd clouds.  
 Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,  
 Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales  
 The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,  
 Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life  
 Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimson'd,  
 And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,  
 Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down  
 By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees  
 The golden robin moves. The purple finch,  
 That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,  
 A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,  
 And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud  
 From cottage roofs the warbling blue-bird sings,  
 And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,  
 Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

LONGFELLOW,

### In Autumn Evening.

THE winds breathe low ; the withering leaf  
 Scarce whispers from the tree,  
 So gently flows the parting breath  
 When good men cease to be.

And now, above the dews of night,  
 The yellow star appears ;  
 So faith springs in the heart of those  
 Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light  
 Its glory shall restore,  
 And eyelids that are seal'd in death  
 Shall wake to close no more.

PEABODY.

## October.

OCTOBER skies are misty, cool and gray,  
 The stubbles emptied of their latest sheaf,  
 The meadow of its mounds; a noble grief  
 Has beautified the woods in their decay;  
 How many colours on the falling leaf  
 Encourting our solemn hills to-day,  
 Whose afternoon is hush'd and wintry brief.  
 Only a robin sings from any spray,  
 And Night sends up her pale cold moon, and spills  
 White mist around the hollows of the hills,  
 Phantoms of firth or lake; the peasant sees  
 His cot and stackyard, with the homestead trees,  
 In-islanded; but no vain terror thrills  
 His perfect harvesting; he sleeps at ease.

ALLINGHAM.

## A Winter Night.

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh,  
 Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,  
 Were discord to the speaking quietude  
 That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,  
 Studded with stars unutterably bright,  
 Seems like a canopy which love has spread  
 To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,  
 Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;  
 Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,—  
 So stainless, that their white and glittering spires  
 Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,  
 Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower  
 So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it  
 A metaphor of peace; all form a scene  
 Where musing solitude might love to lift  
 Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;  
 Where silence, undisturb'd, might watch alone,  
 So cold, so bright, so still.

SHELLEY.

## Picture of Winter.

LASTLY came Winter, clothed all in frieze,  
 Chatt'ring his teeth for cold that did him chill ;  
 Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,  
 And the dull drops that, from his purpled bill,  
 As from a limbeck, did adown distil :  
 In his right hand a tipped staff he held,  
 With which his feeble steps he stayed still ;  
 For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld ;  
 That scarce his looséd limbs he able was to weld.  
SPENSER.

## The Snow Shower.

STAND here by my side, and turn, I pray,  
 On the lake below thy gentle eyes ;  
 The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,  
 And dark and silent the water lies :  
 And out of that frozen mist the snow  
 In wavering flakes begins to flow ;  
     Flake after flake,  
 They sink in the dark and silent lake.

See how, in a living swarm, they come  
 From the chambers beyond that misty veil ;  
 Some hover awhile in air, and some  
 Rush prone from the sky like summer hail,  
 All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,  
 Meet, and are still in the depth below :  
     Flake after flake,  
 Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

Here, delicate snow-stars, out of the cloud  
 Come floating downward in airy play,  
 Like spangles dropp'd from the glistening crowd  
 That whiten by night the Milky Way :  
 There, broader and burlier masses fall,  
 The sullen waters bury them all :  
     Flake after flake  
 All drown'd in the dark and silent lake.

And some, as on tender wings they glide  
 From their chilly birth-cloud, dim and gray,  
 Are join'd in their fall, and side by side  
 Come clinging along their unsteady way :  
 As friend with friend, or husband with wife,  
 Makes hand in hand the passage of life,  
 Each mated flake  
 Soon sinks in the dark but silent lake.

Lo ! while we are gazing, in swifter haste  
 Stream down the snows till the air is white ;  
 As myriads, by myriads madly chased,  
 They fling themselves from their shadowy height.  
 The fair, frail creatures of middle sky,  
 What speed they make with the grave so nigh :  
 Flake after flake,  
 To lie in the dark and silent lake !

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear :  
 They turn to me in sorrowful thought ;  
 Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,  
 Who were for a time, and now are not ;  
 Like these fair children of cloud and frost,  
 That glisten a moment and then are lost ;  
 Flake after flake  
 All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide :  
 A gleam of blue on the water lies ;  
 And far away on the mountain side  
 A sunbeam falls from the opening skies.  
 But the hurrying host that flew between  
 The cloud and the water no more is seen :  
 Flake after flake  
 At rest in the dark and silent lake.

BRYANT.

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### The Dead Cold Year.

THE warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,  
 The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,  
 And the year  
 On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead,  
 Is lying.

Come, months, come away,  
 From November to May,  
 In your saddest array ;  
 Follow the bier  
 Of the dead cold year,  
 And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.  
 The chill rain is falling, the nipt worm is crawling,  
 The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knolling  
 For the year ;  
 The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone  
 To his dwelling ;  
 Come, months, come away ;  
 Put on white, black, and gray,  
 Let your light sisters play—  
 Ye, follow the bier  
 Of the dead cold year,  
 And make her grave green with tear on tear.

SHELLEY.

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### Early Dawn.

THE point of one white star is quivering still  
 Deep in the orange light of widening morn,  
 Beyond the purple mountains : through a chasm  
 Of wind-divided mist, the darker lake  
 Reflects it. Now it wanes : it gleams again  
 As the waves fade, and as the burning shreds  
 Of woven cloud unravel in pale air :  
 'Tis lost ! and through yon peaks of cloud-like snow  
 The roseate sunlight quivers : hear I not  
 The Æolian music of her sea-green plumes  
 Wincing the crimson dawn !

SHELLEY.

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### Morning-Song.

HARK !—hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,  
 His steeds to water at those springs  
 On chaliced flowers that lies ;  
 And, winking, Mary-buds begin  
 To ope their golden eyes ;  
 With every thing that pretty bin :  
 My lady sweet, arise ;  
 Arise, arise !

SHAKESPEARE.

## Daybreak.

## I.

DAY had awaken'd all things that be,  
 The lark, and the thrush, and the swallow free,  
 And the milkmaid's song, and the mower's scythe,  
 And the matin-bell, and the mountain bee :  
 Fire-flies were quench'd on the dewy corn,  
 Glow-worms went out on the river's brim ;  
 Like lamps which a student forgets to trim :  
 The beetle forgot to wind his horn,  
 The crickets were still in the meadow and hill :  
 Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun,  
 Night's dreams and terrors, every one,  
 Fled from the brains which are their prey,  
 From the lamp's death to the morning ray.

SHELLEY.

## II.

SEE, the day begins to break,  
 And the light shoots like a streak  
 Of subtle fire ; the wind blows cold  
 While the morning doth unfold :  
 Now the birds begin to rouse,  
 And the squirrel from the boughs  
 Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit ;  
 The early lark, that erst was mute,  
 Carols in the rising day  
 Many a note and many a lay.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

## III.

SEE, love ! what envious streaks  
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east !  
 Night's candles are burnt out,—and jocund day  
 Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops !

SHAKESPEARE.

## SUNRISE.

WHAT soul was his, when, from the naked top  
 Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun  
 Rise up and bathe the world in light ! He look'd—  
 Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth,  
 And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay  
 In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touch'd,  
 And in their silent faces could he read  
 Unutterable love. Sound needed none,  
 Nor any voice of joy ; his spirit drank  
 The spectacle ; sensation, soul, and form,  
 All melted into him ; they swallow'd up  
 His animal being ; in them did he live,  
 And by them did he live ; they were his life.  
 In such access of mind, in such high hour  
 Of visitation, from the living God,  
 Thought was not ; in enjoyment it expired.  
 No thanks he breathed, he prefer'd no request ;  
 Rapt into still communion that transcends  
 The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,  
 His mind was a thanksgiving to the power  
 That made him ! it was blessedness and love !

WORDSWORTH.

## Morning.

1.

IN 'custom'd glory bright, that morn the sun  
 Rose, visiting the earth with light, and heat,  
 And joy ; and seem'd as full of youth, and strong  
 To mount the steep of heaven, as when the stars  
 Of morning sung to his first dawn, and night  
 Fled from his face ; the spacious sky received  
 Him, blushing as a bride when on her looks  
 The bridegroom ; and, spread out beneath his eye,  
 Earth smiled. Up to his warm embrace the dews,  
 That all night long had wept his absence, flew ;  
 The herbs and flowers their fragrant stores unlock'd,  
 And gave the wanton breeze that, newly woke,  
 Revell'd in sweets, and from its wings shook health,  
 A thousand grateful smells ; the joyous wood



Dried in his beams their locks, wet with the drops  
 Of night ; and all the sons of music sung  
 Their matin song—from arbour'd bower the thrush  
 Concerting with the lark that hymn'd on high.  
 On the green hill the flocks, and in the vale  
 The herds, rejoiced ; and, light of heart, the hind  
 Eyed amorously the milkmaid as she pass'd,  
 Not heedless, though she look'd another way.

POLLOCK.

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II.

Wish'd Morning's come ; and now, upon the plains  
 And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,  
 The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,  
 And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day.  
 The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd scrip  
 Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,  
 With much content and appetite he eats,  
 To follow in the field his daily toil,  
 And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits.  
 The beasts, that under the warm hedges slept,  
 And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are up ;  
 And, looking towards the neighbouring pastures, raise  
 Their voice, and bid their fellow-brutes good-morrow.  
 The cheerful birds, too, on the tops of trees,  
 Assemble all in choirs ; and with their notes  
 Salute and welcome up the rising sun.

OTWAY.

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Melodies of Morning.

BUT who the melodies of Morn can tell ?  
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain side ;  
 The lowing herd ; the sheepfold's simple bell ;  
 The pipe of early shepherd, dim descried  
 In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide  
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;  
 The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide ;  
 The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,  
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark ;  
 Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings ;  
 The whistling ploughman stalks afield ; and, hark !  
 Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings ;  
 Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs ;  
 Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour ;  
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings,  
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,  
 And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour.

BEATTIE.

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### Morn and Noon.

HAGGARD and chill, as a lost ghost, the Morn,  
 With hair unbraided, and unsandall'd feet,  
 Her colourless robe like a poor wandering smoke—  
 Moved feebly up the heavens, and in her arms  
 A shadowy burden heavily bore ; soon fading  
 In a dark rain, through which the sun arose  
 Scarce visible, and in his orb confused.

There was a slumb'rous silence in the air,  
 By noontide's sultry murmurs from without  
 Made more oblivious. Not a pipe was heard  
 From field or wood ; but the grave beetle's drone  
 Pass'd near the entrance ; once the cuckoo call'd  
 O'er distant meads, and once a horn began  
 Melodious plaint, then died away. A sound  
 Of murmurous music yet was on the breeze,  
 For silver gnats that harp on glassy strings,  
 And rise and fall in sparkling clouds, sustain'd  
 Their dizzy dances o'er the seething meads.

HORNE.

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### Noon.

Noon descends around me now :  
 'Tis the noon of Autumn's glow,  
 When a soft and purple mist  
 Like a vap'rous amethyst,

Or an air-dissolvéd star  
 Mingling light and fragrance, far  
 From the curv'd horizon's bound,  
 Fills the overflowing sky ;  
 And the plains that silent lie  
 Underneath ; the leaves unsodden  
 Where the infant frost has trodden  
 With his morning-winged feet,  
 Whose bright print is gleaming yet ;  
 And the red and golden vines  
 Piercing with their trellis'd lines  
 The rough, dark-skirted wilderness ;  
 The dun and bladed grass no less,  
 Pointing from this hoary tower  
 In the windless air ; the flower  
 Glimmering at my feet ; the line  
 Of the olive-sandall'd Appenine  
 In the south dimly islanded ;  
 And the Alps, whose snows are spread  
 High between the clouds and sun ;  
 And of living things each one ;  
 And my spirit which so long  
 Darken'd this swift stream of song,  
 Interpenetrated lie,  
 By the glory of the sky.

SHELLEY.

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### The Sunset.

HE walk'd along the pathway of a field,  
 Which to the east a hoar-wood shadow'd o'er,  
 But to the west was open to the sky.  
 There now the sun had sunk, but lines of gold  
 Hung on the ashen clouds, and on the points  
 Of the far level grass and nodding flowers,  
 And the old dandelion's hoary beard,  
 And, mingled with the shades of twilight, lay  
 On the brown massy woods ; and in the east  
 The broad and burning moon lingeringly rose  
 Between the black trunks of the crowded trees,  
 While the faint stars were gathering overhead.

SHELLEY.

## Twilight.

I LOVE thee, Twilight! as thy shadows roll,  
 The calm of evening steals upon my soul,  
 Sublimely tender, solemnly serene,  
 Still as the hour, enchanting as the scene.  
 I love thee, Twilight! for thy gleams impart  
 Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,  
 When o'er the harp of thought thy passing wind  
 Awakens all the music of the mind,  
 And joy and sorrow, as the spirit burns,  
 And hope and memory sweep the chords by turns,  
 While contemplation, on seraphic wings,  
 Mounts with the flame of sacrifice, and sings,  
 Twilight! I love thee; let thy glooms increase,  
 Till every feeling, every pulse, is peace.  
 Slow from the sky the light of day declines,  
 Clearer within, the dawn of glory shines,  
 Revealing, in the hour of Nature's rest,  
 A world of wonders in the poet's breast;  
 Deeper, O Twilight! then thy shadows roll,—  
 An awful vision opens on my soul.

MONTGOMERY.

## Eastern Twilight.

It is the hour when from the boughs  
 The nightingale's high note is heard;  
 It is the hour when lovers' vows  
 Seem sweet in every whisper'd word;  
 And gentle winds and waters near,  
 Make music to the lonely ear.  
 Each flower the dews have lightly wet,  
 And in the sky the stars are met,  
 And on the wave is deeper blue,  
 And on the leaf a browner hue,  
 And in the heaven that clear obscure,  
 So softly dark, and darkly pure,  
 Which follows the decline of day,  
 As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

BYRON.

## Evening.

## I.

COME, Evening, once again, season of peace ;  
 Return, sweet Evening, and continue long !  
 Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,  
 With matron step slow moving, while the Night  
 Treads on thy sweeping train ; one hand employ'd  
 In letting fall the curtain of repose  
 On bird and beast, the other charged for man  
 With sweet oblivion of the cares of day :  
 Not sumptuously adorn'd, nor needing aid,  
 Like homely-featured Night, of clustering gems ;  
 A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,  
 Suffices thee ; save that the moon is thine,  
 No less than hers, not worn indeed on high  
 With ostentatious pageantry, but set  
 With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,  
 Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.

COWPER.

## II.

WHEN eve is purpling cliff and cave,  
 Thoughts of the heart, how soft ye flow !  
 Not softer on the western wave  
 The golden lines of sunset glow.

Then all by chance or fate removed,  
 Like spirits, crowd upon the eye ;  
 The few we liked, the one we loved,  
 And the whole heart is memory :

And life is like a fading flower,  
 Its beauty dying as we gaze ;  
 Yet as the shadows round us lower,  
 Heaven pours above a brighter blaze.

CROLY.

## III.

THE sun is set ; the swallows are asleep ,  
 The bats are flitting fast in the gray air ;  
 The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep ;  
 And evening's breath, wandering here and there  
 Over the quivering surface of the stream,  
 Wakes not one ripple from its summer dream.

There are no dews on the dry grass to-night,  
 Nor damp within the shadow of the trees ;  
 The wind is intermitting, dry, and light ;  
 And in the inconstant motion of the breeze  
 The dust and straws are driven up and down,  
 And whirl'd about the pavement of the town.

The chasm in which the sun has sunk, is shut  
 By darkest barriers of enormous cloud,  
 Like mountain over mountain huddled—but  
 Growing and moving upwards in a crowd,  
 And over it a space of watery blue,  
 Which the keen evening star is shining through.  
SHELLEY.

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*The Evening Hour.*

SWEET Evening hour ! sweet Evening hour !  
 That calms the air and shuts the flower ;  
 That brings the wild-bee to its nest—  
 The infant to its mother's breast.

Sweet hour ! that bids the labourer cease,  
 That gives the weary team release,  
 And leads them home, and crowns them there  
 With rest and shelter, food and care.

O season of soft sounds and hues,  
 Of twilight walks among the dews ;  
 Of feelings calm and converse sweet,  
 And thoughts too shadowy to repeat !

Yes, lovely hour ! thou art the time  
 When feelings flow and wishes climb ;  
 When timid souls begin to dare,  
 And God receives and answers prayer.

Then, trembling, through the dewy skies,  
 Look out the stars, like thoughtful eyes  
 Of angels, calm reclining there,  
 And gazing on the world of care.

Sweet hour ! for heavenly musing made,  
 When Isaac walk'd and David pray'd ;  
 When Abraham's offering God did own,  
 And Jesus loved to be alone.

ANON.

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### The Evening Sky.

O EVENING grey ! how oft have I admired  
 Thy airy tapestry, whose radiance fired  
 The glowing minstrels of the olden time,  
 Until their very souls flow'd forth in rhyme !  
 And I have listen'd till my spirit grew  
 Familiar with their deathless strains, and drew  
 From the same source some portion of the glow  
 Which fill'd their spirits, when from earth below  
 They scann'd thy golden imagery. And I  
 Have consecrated *thee*, bright Evening Sky,  
 My fount of inspiration : and I fling  
 My spirit on thy clouds—an offering  
 To the great deity of dying day,  
 Who hath transfused o'er thee his purple ray.

JOHN BETHUNE.

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### The Evening Cloud.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,  
 A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow :  
 Long had I watch'd the glory moving on  
 O'er the still radiance of the lake below.  
 Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow !  
 Even in its very motion there was rest :  
 While every breath of wind that chanced to blow  
 Wasted the traveller to the beauteous west.  
 Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,  
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given ;  
 And by the breath of mercy made to roll  
 Right onwards to the golden gates of heaven,  
 Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,  
 And tells to man his glorious destinies.

WILSON.

G

*Moonrise.*

Soon will the moon and all her stars be here ;  
 A smiling light proclaims her o'er you hill ;  
 Slowly she raises up her radiant sphere,  
 And stillness at her smile becomes more still.  
 My heart forgets all thought of human ill,  
 And man seems happy as his place of birth ;  
 All things that yield him joy my spirit fill  
 With kindred joy ! and even his humblest mirth  
 Seems at this peaceful hour to beautify the earth.

WILSON.

*The Waning Moon.*

—AND like a dying lady, lean and pale,  
 Who totters forth, wrapt in a gaudy veil,  
 Out of her chamber, led by the insane  
 And feeble wanderings of her faded brain,  
 The moon arose upon the murky earth,  
 A white and shapeless mass.

SHELLEY.

*To the Moon.*

O MOON ! old boughs lisp forth a holier din  
 The while they feel thine airy fellowship.  
 Thou dost bless everywhere, with silver lip  
 Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping kine,  
 Couch'd in thy brightness, dream of fields divine :  
 Innumerable mountains rise, and rise  
 Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes ;  
 And yet thy benediction passeth not  
 One obscure hiding-place, one little spot  
 Where pleasure may be sent : the nested wren  
 Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken,  
 And from beneath a sheltering ivy leaf  
 Takes glimpses of thee ; thou art a relief  
 To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps  
 Within its pearly house :—The mighty deeps,  
 The monstrous sea, is thine—the myriad sea !  
 O Moon ! far spooming Ocean bows to thee,  
 And Tellus feels her forehead's cumbrous load.

KEATS.



How beautiful the Queen of Night.

How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high  
 Her way pursuing among scatter'd clouds,  
 Where, ever and anon, her head she shrouds,  
 Hidden from view in dense obscurity.  
 But look, and to the watchful eye  
 A bright'ning edge will indicate, that soon  
 We shall behold the struggling moon  
 Break forth—again to walk the clear blue sky.

WORDSWORTH.

A Night Piece.

THE sky is overcast  
 With a continuous cloud of texture, close,  
 Heavy, and wan, all whiten'd by the Moon,  
 Which through that veil is indistinctly seen,  
 A dull, contracted circle, yielding light  
 So feebly spread, that not a shadow falls,  
 Chequering the ground—from rock, plant, tree, or  
 tower.

At length a pleasant, instantaneous gleam  
 Startles the pensive traveller while he treads  
 His lonesome path, with unobserving eye  
 Bent earthwards. He looks up—the clouds are split  
 Asunder, and above his head he sees  
 The clear Moon, and the glory of the heavens ;  
 There, in a black-blue vault, she sails along,  
 Follow'd by multitudes of stars, that, small,  
 And sharp, and bright, along the dark abyss  
 Drive as she drives: how fast they wheel away,  
 Yet vanish not !—The wind is in the tree,  
 But they are silent ;—still they roll along  
 Immeasurably distant ; and the vault,  
 Built round by those white clouds—enormous clouds,  
 Still deepens its unfathomable depth.  
 At length the vision closes ; and the mind,  
 Not undisturb'd by the delight it feels,  
 Which slowly settles into peaceful calm,  
 Is left to muse upon the solemn scene.

WORDSWORTH.

*The Stillness of Night.*

THE crackling embers on the hearth are dead ;  
 The in-door note of industry is still ;  
 The latch is fast ; upon the window-sill  
 The small birds wait not for their daily bread :  
 The voiceless flowers—how quietly they shed  
 Their nightly odours ! and the household rill  
 Murmurs continuous dulcet sounds, that fill  
 The vacant expectation, and the dread  
 Of listening night. And haply now she sleeps ;  
 For all the garrulous noises of the air  
 Are hush'd in peace.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

*Midnight.*

MIDNIGHT was come, and every vital thing  
 With sweet sound sleep their weary limbs did rest :  
 The beasts were still, the little birds that sing,  
 Now sweetly slept, beside their mother's breast,  
 The old and all well shrouded in their nest ;  
 The waters calm, the cruel seas did cease,  
 The woods, and fields, and all things held their peace.

The golden stars were whirl'd amid their race,  
 And on the earth did laugh with twinkling light,  
 When each thing, nestled in his resting-place,  
 Forgot day's pain with pleasure of the night :  
 The hare had not the greedy hounds in sight,  
 The fearful deer of death stood not in doubt,  
 The partridge dream'd not of the falcon's foot.

The ugly bear now minded not the stake,  
 Nor how the cruel mastiffs do him tear ;  
 The stag lay still unrouse'd from the brake ;  
 The foamy boar fear'd not the hunter's spear :  
 All things were still in desert, bush, and brake.

SACKVILLE.

## II.

THE Moon shines white and silent  
On the mist, which, like a tide  
Of some enchanted ocean,  
O'er the wide marsh doth glide,  
Spreading its ghost-like billows  
Silently far and wide.

A vague and starry magic  
Makes all things mysteries,  
And lures the earth's dumb spirit  
Up to the longing skies,—  
I seem to hear dim whispers,  
And tremulous replies.

The fire-flies o'er the meadow  
In pulses come and go ;  
The elm-trees' heavy shadow  
Weighs on the grass below ;  
And faintly from the distance  
The dreaming cock doth crow.

All things look strange and mystic,  
The very bushes swell,  
And take wild shapes and motions,  
As if beneath a spell,—  
They seem not the same lilacs  
From childhood known so well.

The snow of deepest silence  
O'er every thing doth fall,  
So beautiful and quiet,  
And yet so like a pall,—  
As if all life were ended,  
And rest were come to all.

O, wild and wondrous midnight,  
There is a might in thee  
To make the charmed body  
Almost like spirit be,  
And give it some faint glimpses  
Of immortality.

LOWELL.

### Midnight at the Siege of Corinth.

'Tis Midnight : on the mountains brown  
 The cold round moon shines deeply down ;  
 Blue roll the waters, blue the sky  
 Spreads like an ocean hung on high,  
 Bespangled with those isles of light,  
 So wildly, spiritually bright ;  
 Who ever gazed upon them shining  
 And turn'd to earth without repining,  
 Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,  
 And mix with their eternal ray ?  
 The waves on either shore lay there,  
 Calm, clear, and azure as the air ;  
 And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,  
 But murmur'd meekly as the brook.  
 The winds were pillow'd on the waves ;  
 The banners droop'd along their staves,  
 And, as they fell around them furling,  
 Above them shone the crescent curling ;  
 And that deep silence was unbroke,  
 Save where the watch his signal spoke ;  
 Save where the steed neigh'd oft and shrill,  
 And echo answer'd from the hill,  
 And the wild hum of that wild host  
 Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,  
 As rose the Muezzin's \* voice in air  
 In midnight call to wonted prayer.

BYRON.

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### Night.

Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,  
 His day's hot task has ended in the west :  
 The Owl, Night's herald, shrieks—'tis very late ;  
 The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest ;  
 And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light,  
 Do summon us to part, and bid good-night.

SHAKESPEARE.

\* Muezzin, one appointed by the Turks (who do not use bells) to summon by his voice the religious to their devotions.





## P O E M S

OF

# IMAGINATION AND FANCY.

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### *Pleasures of the Imagination.*

O BLEST of heaven! whom not the languid songs  
Of luxury, the siren! not the bribes  
Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils  
Of pageant honour, can seduce to leave  
Those ever blooming sweets, which from the store  
Of Nature fair imagination culls  
To charm the enliven'd soul! What! though not all  
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights  
Of envied life; though only few possess  
Patrician treasures or imperial state!  
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,  
With richer treasures and an ampler state,  
Endows at large whatever happy man  
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,  
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns  
The princely dome, the column and the arch,  
The breathing marbles and the sculptured gold,  
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,  
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the spring  
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem  
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him the hand  
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch  
With blooming gold and blushes like the morn.  
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;

And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,  
 And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze  
 Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes  
 The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain  
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade  
 Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake  
 Fresh pleasure, unreprieved. Nor thence partakes  
 Fresh pleasure only: for the attentive mind,  
 By this harmonious action on her powers,  
 Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft  
 In outward things to meditate the charm  
 Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home  
 To find a kindred order, to exert  
 Within herself this elegance of love,  
 This fair inspired delight: her temper'd powers  
 Refine at length, and every passion wears  
 A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.  
 But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze  
 On Nature's form, where, negligent of all  
 These lesser graces, she assumes the port  
 Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd  
 The world's foundations; if to these the mind  
 Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far  
 Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms  
 Of servile custom cramp her generous power;  
 Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth  
 Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down  
 To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?  
 Lo! she appeals to Nature, to the winds  
 And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,  
 The elements and seasons: all declare  
 For what the eternal Maker has ordain'd  
 The powers of man: we feel within ourselves  
 His energy divine: he tells the heart,  
 He meant, he made us to behold and love  
 What He beholds and loves, the general orb  
 Of life and being; to be great like Him,  
 Beneficent and active. Thus the men  
 Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himself  
 Hold converse: grow familiar day by day  
 With his conceptions, act upon his plan,  
 And form to his the reliah of their souls.

AKENSIDE.



### Permanence of Beauty.

It THING of beauty is a joy for ever :  
 As loveliness increases ; it will never  
 Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep  
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.  
 Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing  
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,  
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth  
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,  
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd ways  
 Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,  
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall  
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,  
 Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon  
 For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils,  
 With the green world they live in ; and clear rills,  
 That for themselves a cooling covert make  
 'Gainst the hot season ; the mid-forest brake,  
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms :  
 And such is the grandeur of the dooms  
 We have imagined for the mighty dead ;  
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read ;  
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,  
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences  
 For one short hour ; no, even as the trees  
 That whisper round a temple become soon  
 Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,  
 The passion poesy, glories infinite,  
 Haunt us till they become a cheering light  
 Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,  
 That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'er-cast,  
 They always must be with us, or we die.

KEATS.

*Cloudland.*

OH ! it is pleasant with a heart at ease,  
 Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,  
 To make the shining clouds be what you please,  
 Or let the easily persuaded eyes  
 Own each quaint likeness, issuing from the mould  
 Of a friend's fancy; or with head bent low,  
 And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold  
 'Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller, go  
 From mount to mount through Cloudland, gorgeous  
 land !  
 Or listening to the tide with closèd sight,  
 Be that blind bard who, on the Chian strand,  
 By those deep sounds possess'd with inward light,  
 Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee  
 Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

COLERIDGE.

*Fancy.*

O sweet Fancy ! let her loose ;  
 Summer's joys are spoilt by use,  
 And the enjoying of the Spring  
 Fades as does its blossoming ;  
 Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,  
 Blushing through the mists and dew,  
 Cloys with tasting : What do then ?  
 Sit thee by the ingle, when  
 The sear fagot blazes bright,  
 Spirit of a winter's night ;  
 When the soundless earth is muffled,  
 And the cakèd snow is shuffled  
 From the ploughboy's heavy shoon ;  
 When the Night doth meet the Noon  
 In a dark conspiracy  
 To banish Even from her sky.  
 Sit thee there, and send abroad,  
 With a mind self-overawed,  
 Fancy, high-commission'd :—send her !

She has vassals to attend her ;  
She will bring, in spite of frost,  
Beauties that the earth hath lost ;  
She will bring thee, all together,  
All delights of summer weather ;  
All the buds and bells of May,  
From dewy sward or thorny spray ;  
All the heapèd Autumn's wealth,  
With a still mysterious stealth ;  
She will mix these pleasures up  
Like three fit wines in a cup,  
And thou shalt quaff it :—thou shalt hear  
Distant harvest-carols clear ;  
Rustle of the reapèd corn ;  
Sweet birds antheming the morn :  
And, in the same moment—hark !  
'Tis the early April lark,  
Or the rooks, with busy caw,  
Foraging for sticks and straw.  
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold  
The daisy and the marigold ;  
White-plumed lilies, and the first  
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst ;  
Shaded hyacinth, alway  
Sapphire queen of the mid-May,  
And every leaf, and every flower  
Pearl'd with the self-same shower.  
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep  
Meagre from its cellèd sleep ;  
And the snake all winter-thin  
Cast on sunny bank its skin ;  
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see  
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,  
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest  
Quiet on her mossy nest ;  
Then the hurry and alarm  
When the bee-hive casts its swarm ;  
Acorns ripe down-pattering,  
While the Autumn breezes sing.

KEATS.

*The Ancient Mariner.*

## PART I.

It is an ancient Mariner,  
And he stoppeth one of three.  
"By thy long gray-beard and glittering eye,  
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me ?

"The bridegroom's doors are open wide,  
And I am next of kin ;  
The guests are met, the feast is set :  
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,  
"There was a ship," quoth he.  
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon !"  
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—  
The Wedding-Guest stood still,  
And listens like a three-years' child :  
The Mariner bath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone :  
He cannot choose but hear ;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"The ship was cheer'd, the harbour clear'd,  
Merrily did we drop  
Below the kirk, below the hill,  
Below the light-house top.

"The sun came up upon the left,  
Out of the sea came he !  
And he shone bright, and on the right  
Went down into the sea.

"Higher and higher every day,  
Till over the mast at noon"—  
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,  
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,  
Red as a rose is she :  
Nodding their heads, before her goes  
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,  
Yet he cannot choose but hear ;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner.

“ And now the storm-blast came, and he  
Was tyrannous and strong :  
He struck with his o’ertaking wings,  
And chased us south along.

“ With sloping masts, and dipping prow,  
As who pursued with yell and blow  
Still treads the shadow of his foe,  
And forward bends his head,  
The ship drove fast, loud roar’d the blast,  
And southward aye we fled.

“ And now there came both mist and snow,  
And it grew wondrous cold ;  
And ice mast-high came floating by,  
As green as emerald.

“ And through the drifts the snowy clifts  
Did send a dismal sheen :  
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—  
The ice was all between.

“ The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around :  
It crack’d and growl’d, and roar’d and howl’d,  
Like noises in a swound !

“ At length did cross an Albatross,  
Through the fog it came ;  
As it had been a Christian soul,  
We hail’d it in God’s name.

“ It ate the food it ne’er had eat,  
And round and round it flew.  
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;  
The helmsman steer’d us through !

"And a good south wind sprung up behind ;  
 The Albatross did follow,  
 And every day, for food or play,  
 Came to the mariners' hollo !

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,  
 It perch'd for vespers nine :  
 Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,  
 Glimmer'd the white moon-shine."

"God save thee, ancient Mariner,  
 From the fiends that plague thee thus !  
 Why look'st thou so !" "With my cross-bow  
 I shot the Albatross."

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PART II.

"THE sun now rose upon the right :  
 Out of the sea came he,  
 Still hid in mist, and on the left  
 Went down into the sea.

"And the good south wind still blew behind,  
 But no sweet bird did follow,  
 Nor any day for food or play,  
 Came to the mariners' hollo !

"And I had done a hellish thing,  
 And it would work 'em wo ;  
 For all averr'd, I had kill'd the bird  
 That made the breeze to blow.  
 Ah wretch ! said they, the bird to slay  
 That made the breeze to blow !

"Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,  
 The glorious sun uprist :  
 Then all averr'd, I had kill'd the bird  
 That brought the fog and mist.  
 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,  
 That bring the fog and mist.

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,  
 The furrow follow'd free ;  
 We were the first that ever burst  
 Into that silent sea.

"Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropp'd down,  
'Twas sad as sad could be ;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea !

"All in a hot and copper sky,  
The bloody Sun, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the Moon.

"Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

"Water, water, everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink ;  
Water, water, everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.

"The very deep did rot : O Christ !  
That ever this should be !  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea.

"About, about, in reel and rout  
The death-fires danced at night ;  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

"And some in dreams assured were  
Of the Spirit that plagued us so ;  
Nine fathom deep he had follow'd us  
From the land of mist and snow.

"And every tongue, through utter drought,  
Was wither'd at the root ;  
We could not speak, no more than if  
We had been choked with soot.

"Ah ! well-a-day ! what evil looks  
Had I from old and young !  
Instead of the cross, the Albatross  
About my neck was hung."

## PART III.

- "THERE pass'd a weary time. Each throat  
 Was parch'd, and glazed each eye,  
 A weary time! a weary time!  
 How glazed each weary eye,  
 When, looking westward, I beheld  
 A something in the sky.
- "At first it seem'd a little speck,  
 And then it seem'd a mist;  
 It moved and moved, and took at last  
 A certain shape, I wist.
- "A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!  
 And still it near'd and near'd:  
 As if it dodged a water-sprite,  
 It plunged and tack'd and veer'd.
- "With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
 We could nor laugh nor wail;  
 Through utter drought all dumb we stood!  
 I bit my arm, I suck'd the blood,  
 And cried, A sail! a sail!
- "With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
 Agape they heard me call:  
 Gramerey! they for joy did grin,  
 And all at once their breath drew in,  
 As they were drinking all.
- "See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!  
 Hither to work us weal,—  
 Without a breeze, without a tide,  
 She steadies with upright keel!
- "The western wave was all a-flame,  
 The day was wellnigh done!  
 Almost upon the western wave  
 Rested the broad bright Sun;  
 When that strange shape drove suddenly  
 Betwixt us and the Sun.
- "And straight the Sun was fleck'd with bars,  
 (Heaven's Mother send us grace!)  
 As if through a dungeon-grate he peer'd  
 With broad and burning face.



"Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)  
 How fast she nears and nears!  
 Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,  
 Like restless gossameres?"

"Are those her ribs through which the Sun  
 Did peer, as through a grate?  
 And is that woman all her crew?  
 Is that a Death? and are there two?  
 Is Death that woman's mate?"

"Her lips were red, her looks were free,  
 Her locks were yellow as gold:  
 Her skin was as white as leprosy,  
 The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,  
 Who thicks man's blood with cold.

"The naked hulk alongside came,  
 And the twain were casting dice;  
 'The game is done! I've won, I've won!'  
 Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

"The Sun's rim dips, the stars rush out:  
 At one stride comes the dark;  
 With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea  
 Off shot the spectre-bark.

"We listen'd and look'd sideways up!  
 Fear at my heart, as at a cup,  
 My life-blood seem'd to sip!  
 The stars were dim, and thick the night,  
 The steersman's face by his lamp gleam'd white  
 From the sails the dew did drip—  
 Till clomb above the eastern bar  
 The horned Moon, with one bright star  
 Within the nether tip.

"One after one, by the star-dogg'd Moon,  
 Too quick for groan or sigh,  
 Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang,  
 And cursed me with his eye.

"Four times fifty living men,  
 (And I heard nor sigh nor groan)  
 With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  
 They dropp'd down one by one.

"The souls did from their bodies fly,—  
 They fled to bliss or woe !  
 And every soul, it pass'd me by,  
 Like the whizz of my cross-bow !"

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 PART IV.

"I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner,  
 I fear thy skinny hand !  
 And thou art long, and lank, and brown,  
 As is the ribb'd sea-sand.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,  
 And thy skinny hand, so brown."—  
 "Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest,  
 This body dropp'd not down.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone !  
 Alone on a wide wide sea !  
 And never a saint took pity on  
 My soul in agony.

"The many men, so beautiful !  
 And they all dead did lie :  
 Auld a thousand thousand slimy things  
 Lived on ; and so did I.

"I look'd upon the rotting sea,  
 And drew my eyes away ;  
 I look'd upon the rotting deck,  
 And there the dead men lay.

"I look'd to heaven, and tried to pray ;  
 But or ever a prayer had gush'd,  
 A wicked whisper came, and made  
 My heart as dry as dust.

"I closed my lids, and kept them close,  
 And the balls like pulses beat ;  
 For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,  
 Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
 And the dead were at my feet.

"The cold sweat melted from their limbs,  
Nor rot nor reek did they :  
The look with which they look'd on me  
Had never pass'd away.

"An orphan's curse would drag to hell  
A spirit from on high ;  
But oh ! more horrible than that  
Is the curse in a dead man's eye !  
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,  
And yet I could not die.

"The moving Moon went up the sky,  
And nowhere did abide :  
Softly she was going up,  
And a star or two beside—

"Her beams bemock'd the sultry main,  
Like April hoar-frost spread ;  
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,  
The charm'd water burnt away,  
A still and awful red.

"Beyond the shadow of the ship  
I watch'd the water-snakes :  
They moved in tracks of shining white,  
And when they rear'd, the elfish light  
Fell off in hoary flakes.

"Within the shadow of the ship  
I watch'd their rich attire :  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
They coil'd and swam ; and every track  
Was a flash of golden fire.

"O happy living things ! no tongue  
Their beauty might declare :  
A spring of love gush'd from my heart,  
And I bless'd them unaware :  
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
And I bless'd them unaware.

"The self-same moment I could pray ;  
And from my neck so free  
The Albatross fell off, and sank  
Like lead into the sea."

## PART V,

- " Oh sleep ! it is a gentle thing,  
 Beloved from pole to pole !  
 To Mary Queen the praise be given !  
 She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,  
 That slid into my soul.
- " The silly buckets on the deck,  
 That had so long remain'd,  
 I dreamt that they were fill'd with dew ;  
 And when I awoke, it rain'd.
- " My lips were wet, my throat was cold,  
 My garments all were dank ;  
 Sure I had drunken in my dreams,  
 And still my body drank.
- " I moved, and could not feel my limbs :  
 I was so light—almost  
 I thought that I had died in sleep,  
 And was a blessed ghost.
- " And soon I heard a roaring wind :  
 It did not come a-near ;  
 But with its sound it shook the sails,  
 That were so thin and sere.
- " The upper air burst into life !  
 And a hundred fire-flags sheen,  
 To and fro they were hurried about !  
 And to and fro, and in and out,  
 The wan stars danced between,
- " And the coming wind did roar more loud,  
 And the sails did sigh like sedge ;  
 And the rain pour'd down from one black cloud ;  
 The Moon was at its edge.
- " The thick black cloud was cleft, and still  
 The Moon was at its side ;  
 Like waters shot from some high crag,  
 The lightning fell with never a jag,  
 A river steep and wide.
- " The loud wind never reach'd the ship,  
 Yet now the ship moved on !  
 Beneath the lightning and the Moon  
 The dead men gave a groan,

"They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,  
Nor spake nor moved their eyes;  
It had been strange, even in a dream,  
To have seen those dead men rise.

"The helmsman steer'd, the ship moved on;  
Yet never a breeze up blew;  
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,  
Where they were wont to do:  
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—  
We were a ghastly crew.

"The body of my brother's son  
Stood by me, knee to knee:  
The body and I pull'd at one rope,  
But he said nought to me."

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"  
"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest,  
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,  
Which to their corpses came again,  
But a troop of spirits blest:

"For when it dawn'd—they dropp'd their arms,  
And cluster'd round the mast;  
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,  
And from their bodies pass'd.

"Around, around, flew each sweet sound,  
Then darted to the Sun;  
Slowly the sounds came back again,  
Now mix'd, now one by one.

"Sometimes a-dropping from the sky  
I heard the sky-lark sing;  
Sometimes all little birds that are,  
How they seem'd to fill the sea and air  
With their sweet jargoning!

"And now 'twas like all instruments,  
Now like a lonely flute;  
And now it is an angel's song,  
That makes the heavens be mute.

"It ceased; yet still the sails made on  
A pleasant noise till noon,  
A noise like of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.

- “Till noon we quietly sail'd on,  
Yet never a breeze did breathe :  
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,  
Moved onward from beneath.
- “Under the keel nine fathom deep,  
From the land of mist and snow,  
The spirit slid : and it was he  
That made the ship to go.  
The sails at noon left off their tune,  
And the ship stood still also.
- “The Sun, right up above the mast,  
Had fix'd her to the ocean :  
But in a minute she 'gan stir,  
With a short uneasy motion—  
Backwards and forwards half her length  
With a short uneasy motion.
- “Then like a pawing horse let go,  
She made a sudden bound :  
It flung the blood into my head,  
And I fell down in a swoond.
- “How long in that same fit I lay,  
I have not to declare ;  
But ere my living life return'd,  
I heard, and in my soul discern'd  
Two voices in the air.
- “‘Is it he ?’ quoth one, ‘Is this the man ?  
By him who died on cross,  
With his cruel bow he laid full low  
The harmless Albatross.
- “‘The spirit who bideth by himself  
In the land of mist and snow,  
He loved the bird that loved the man  
Who shot him with his bow.’
- “The other was a softer voice,  
As soft as honey-dew ;  
Quoth he, ‘The man hath penance done  
And penance more will do.’”

## PART VI.

## First Voice.

“ But tell me, tell me! speak again,  
 Thy soft response renewing—  
 What makes that ship drive on so fast?  
 What is the ocean doing?’

## Second Voice.

“ Still as a slave before his lord,  
 The ocean hath no blast;  
 His great bright eye most silently  
 Up to the Moon is cast—

“ If he may know which way to go;  
 For she guides him smooth or grim.  
 See, brother, see! how graciously  
 She looketh down on him.’

## First Voice.

“ But why drives on that ship so fast,  
 Without or wave or wind?’

## Second Voice.

“ The air is cut away before,  
 And closes from behind.

“ Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!  
 Or we shall be belated:  
 For slow and slow that ship will go,  
 When the Mariner’s trance is abated.’

“ I woke, and we were sailing on  
 As in a gentle weather:  
 ’Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;  
 The dead men stood together.

“ All stood together on the deck,  
 For a charnel-dungeon fitter:  
 All fix’d on me their stony eyes,  
 That in the Moon did glitter.

“ The pang, the curse, with which they died,  
 Had never pass’d away:  
 I could not draw my eyes from theirs,  
 Nor turn them up to pray.

“ And now this spell was snapt : once more  
I view'd the ocean green,  
And look'd far forth, yet little saw  
Of what had else been seen—

“ Like one, that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And having once turn'd round walks on,  
And turns no more his head ;  
Because he knows, a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.

“ But soon there breathed a wind on me,  
Nor sound nor motion made :  
Its path was not upon the sea,  
In ripple or in shade.

“ It raised my hair, it fann'd my cheek  
Like a meadow-gale of spring—  
It mingled strangely with my fears,  
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

“ Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,  
Yet she sail'd softly too :  
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—  
On me alone it blew.

“ Oh ! dream of joy ! is this indeed  
The light-house top I see ?  
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?  
Is this mine own countree ?

“ We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,  
And I with sobs did pray—  
O let me be awake, my God !  
Or let me sleep away.

“ The harbour-bay was clear as glass,  
So smoothly it was strewn !  
And on the bay the moonlight lay,  
And the shadow of the Moon.

“ The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,  
That stands above the rock :  
The moonlight steep'd in silentness,  
The steady weathercock.



"And the bay was white with silent light,  
Till rising from the same,  
Full many shapes that shadows were,  
In crimson colours came.

"A little distance from the prow  
Those crimson shadows were :  
I turn'd my eyes upon the deck—  
Oh, Christ ! what saw I there !

"Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,  
And, by the holy rood !  
A man all light, a seraph-man,  
On every corse there stood.

"This seraph-band, each waved his hand :  
It was a heavenly sight !  
They stood as signals to the land,  
Each one a lovely light ;

"This seraph-band, each waved his hand,  
No voice did they impart—  
No voice ; but oh ! the silence sank  
Like music on my heart.

"But soon I heard the dash of oars,  
I heard the Pilot's cheer ;  
My head was turn'd perforce away,  
And I saw a boat appear.

"The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,  
I heard them coming fast :  
Dear Lord in heaven ! it was a joy  
The dead men could not blast.

"I saw a third—I heard his voice :  
It is the Hermit good !  
He singeth loud his godly hymns  
That he makes in the wood.  
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away  
The Albatross's blood."

## PART VII.

- "THIS Hermit good lives in that wood  
 Which slopes down to the sea.  
 How loudly his sweet voice he rears !  
 He loves to talk with mariners  
 That come from a far countree.
- "He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—  
 He hath a cushion plump :  
 It is the moss that wholly hides  
 The rotted old oak-stump.
- "The skiff-boat near'd : I heard them talk,  
 'Why, this is strange, I trow !  
 Where are those lights, so many and fair,  
 That signal made but now !'
- "'Strange, by my faith,' the Hermit said—  
 'And they answer'd not our cheer !  
 The planks look warp'd, and see these sails,  
 How thin they are and sere !  
 I never saw aught like to them,  
 Unless perchance it were
- "'Brown skeletons of leaves that lag  
 My forest-brook along ;  
 When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,  
 And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,  
 That eats the she-wolf's young.'
- "'Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look'—  
 (The Pilot made reply)  
 'I am a-fear'd.'—'Push on, push on !'  
 Said the Hermit cheerily.
- "The boat came closer to the ship,  
 But I nor spake nor stirr'd ;  
 The boat came close beneath the ship,  
 And straight a sound was heard.
- "Under the water it rumbled on,  
 Still louder and more dread :  
 It reach'd the ship, it split the bay ;  
 The ship went down like lead.

"Stunn'd by that loud and dreadful sound,  
Which sky and ocean smote,  
Like one that hath been seven days drown'd  
My body lay afloat ;  
But swift as dreams, myself I found  
Within the Pilot's boat.

"Upon the whirl, where sunk the ship,  
The boat spun round and round ;  
And all was still, save that the hill  
Was telling of the sound.

"I moved my lips—the Pilot shriek'd  
And fell down in a fit ;  
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,  
And pray'd where he did sit.

"I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,  
Who now doth crazy go,  
Laugh'd loud and long, and all the while  
His eyes went to and fro.

'Ha, ha !' quoth he, 'full plain I see  
The devil knows how to row.'

"And now, all in my own cuntry,  
I stood on the firm land !  
The Hermit stepp'd forth from the boat,  
And scarcely he could stand.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man !'  
The Hermit cross'd his brow.

'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—  
What manner of man art thou ?'

"Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd  
With a woful agony,  
Which forced me to begin my tale ;  
And then it left me free.

"Since then, at an uncertain hour,  
That agony returns :  
And till my ghastly tale is told,  
This heart within me burns.

"I pass, like night, from land to land ;  
I have strange power of speech ;  
That moment that his face I see,  
I know the man that must hear me :  
To him my tale I teach.

"What loud uproar bursts from that door!"

"The wedding-guests are there :  
But in the garden-bower the bride  
And bride-maids singing are :  
And hark ! the little vesper bell,  
Which biddeth me to prayer !"

"O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been  
Alone on a wide wide sea :  
So lonely 'twas, that God himself  
Scarce seemed there to be.

"O sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
'Tis sweeter far to me,  
To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company !—

"To walk together to the kirk,  
And all together pray,  
While each to his great Father bends,  
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,  
And youths and maidens gay !

"Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell  
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest :  
He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small ;  
For the dear God that loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

The Mariner whose eye is bright,  
Whose beard with age is hoar,  
Is gone : and now the Wedding-Guest  
Turns from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stum'd,  
And is of sense forlorn :  
A sadder and a wiser man,  
He rose the morrow morn.

COLERIDGE.

## The Raven.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I ponder'd, weak and weary,  
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—  
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door.  
 "'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber-door—  
 Only this, and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,  
 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
 Eagerly I wish'd the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow  
 From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—  
 For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
 Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
 Thrill'd me—fill'd me with fantastic terrors never felt before;  
 So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,  
 "'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door—  
 Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door;  
 This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
 "Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;  
 But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
 And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,  
 That I scarce was sure I heard you:"—here I open'd wide the door;—  
 Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,  
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;  
 But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,  
 And the only word there spoken was the whisper'd word, "Lenore?"  
 This I whisper'd, and an echo murmur'd back the word, "Lenore!"—  
 Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
 Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.  
 "Surely," said I, "surely that is, something at my window lattice;  
 Let me see, then, what thence is, and this mystery explore—  
 Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—  
 'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,  
 In there stepp'd a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.  
 Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopp'd or stay'd he;  
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perch'd above my chamber-door—  
 Perch'd upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—  
 Perch'd, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,  
 "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,  
 Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly shore—  
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"  
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvell'd this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
 Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;  
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
 Ever yet was bless'd with seeing bird above his chamber-door—  
 Bird or beast upon the sculptur'd bust above his chamber-door,  
 With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only  
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.  
 Nothing farther then he utter'd; not a feather then he flutter'd—  
 Till I scarcely more than mutter'd, "Other friends have flown before—  
 On the morrow he will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before."  
 Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,  
 Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful Disaster  
 Follow'd fast and follow'd faster, till his songs one burden bore—  
 Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore,  
 Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,  
 Straight I wheel'd a cushion'd seat in front of bird, and bust, and door;  
 Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—  
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore,  
 Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burn'd into my bosom's core;  
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining  
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,  
 But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er,  
*She* shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfum'd from an unseen censer  
 Swung by Seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.  
 "Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath  
 sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!  
 Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"  
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—  
 Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest toss'd thee here ashore,  
 Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—  
 On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore,  
 Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"  
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—  
 By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—  
 Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn,  
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—  
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore?"  
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shriek'd upstarting—  
 "Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!  
 Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!  
 Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!  
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"  
 Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never fitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,  
 On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;  
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,  
 And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;  
 And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor,  
 Shall be lifted—nevermore!

Poe.

### The Happy Valley.

It was a valley fill'd with sweetest sounds,  
 A languid music haunted everywhere,—  
 Like that with which a summer-eve abounds,  
 From rustling corn, and song-birds calling clear,  
 Down sloping uplands, which some wood surrounds,  
 With tinkling rills just heard, but not too near;  
 And low of cattle on the distant plain,  
 And peal of far-off bells, now caught, then lost again.

It seem'd like Eden's angel-peopled vale,  
 So bright the sky, so soft the streams did flow;  
 Such tones came riding on the musk-wing'd gale,  
 The very air seem'd sleepily to blow;  
 And choicest flowers enamell'd every dale,  
 Flush'd with the richest sunlight's rosy glow:  
 It was a valley drowsy with delight,  
 Such fragrance floated round, such beauty dimm'd the sight.

The golden-belted bees humm'd in the air,  
 The tall silk grasses bent and waved along;  
 The trees slept in the steeping sunbeam's glare,  
 The dreamy river chimed its undersong,

And took its own free course without a care :

Amid the boughs did lute-tongued songsters throng,  
And the green valley throb'd beneath their lays,  
While echo echo chased, through many a leafy maze.

And shapes were there, like spirits of the flowers,  
Sent down to see the Summer-beauties dress,  
And feed their fragrant mouths with silver showers ;  
Their eyes peep'd out from many a green recess,  
And their fair forms made light the thick-set bowers ;  
The very flowers seem'd eager to caress  
Such living sisters ; and the boughs, long-leaved,  
Cluster'd to catch the sighs their pearl-flush'd bosoms  
heaved.

One through her long loose hair was backward peeping,  
Or throwing, with raised arm, the locks aside ;  
Another high a pile of flowers was heaping,  
Or looking love askance, and, when descried,  
Her coy glance on the bedded greensward keeping ;  
She pull'd the flowers to pieces as she sigh'd,—  
Then blush'd like timid day-break when the dawn  
Looks crimson on the night, and then again 's withdrawn.

One, with her warm and milk-white arms outspread,  
On tip-toe tripp'd along a sun-lit glade ;  
Half turn'd the matchless sculpture of her head,  
And half shook down her silken circling braid ;  
She seem'd to float on air, so light she sped ;  
Her back-blown scarf an arch'd rainbow made,  
She skimm'd the wavy flowers, as she pass'd by,  
With fair and print-like feet, like clouds along the sky.

One sat alone within a shady nook,  
With wild-wood songs the lazy hours beguiling ;  
Or looking at her shadow in the brook,  
Trying to frown, then at the effort smiling—  
Her laughing eyes mock'd every serious look ;  
'Twas as if Love stood at himself reviling :  
She threw in flowers, and watch'd them float away,  
Then at her beauty look'd, then sang a sweeter lay.

Others on beds of roses lay reclined,  
The regal flowers athwart their full lips thrown,  
And in one fragrance both their sweets combined,  
As if they on the self-same stem had grown ;



So close were rose and lip together twined,  
 A double flower that from one bud had blown,  
 Till none could tell, so sweetly were they blended,  
 Where swell'd the curving lip, or where the rose-bloom  
 ended.

One, half-asleep, crushing the twin'd flowers,  
 Upon a velvet slope like Dian lay;  
 Still as a lark that 'mid the daisies cowers:  
 Her loop'd-up tunic, toss'd in disarray,  
 Show'd rounded limbs too fair for earthly bowers;  
 They look'd like roses on a cloudy day,  
 The warm white dull'd amid the colder green;  
 The flowers too rough a couch that lovely shape to screen.

Some lay like Thetis' nymphs along the shore,  
 With ocean-pearl combing their golden locks,  
 And singing to the waves for evermore;  
 Sinking like flowers at eve beside the rocks,  
 If but a sound above the muffled roar  
 Of the low waves was heard. In little flocks  
 Others went trooping through the wooded alleys,  
 Their kirtles glancing white, like streams in sunny valleys.

They were such forms as, imaged in the night,  
 Sail in our dreams across the heavens' steep blue;  
 When the closed lid sees visions streaming bright,  
 Too beautiful to meet the naked view,  
 Like faces form'd in clouds of silver light.  
 Women they were! such as the angels knew—  
 Such as the Mammoth look'd on, ere he fled,  
 Scared by the lovers' wings, that stream'd in sunset red.

MILLER.

### *A Dream of Winter changed to Spring.*

I DREAM'D that, as I wander'd by the way,  
 Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring,  
 And gentle odours led my steps astray,  
 Mix'd with a sound of waters murmuring  
 Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay  
 Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling  
 Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,  
 But kiss'd it and then fled, as Thou mightest in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,  
 Daisies, those pearl'd Arcturi of the earth,  
 The constellated flower that never sets ;  
 Faint oxlips ; tender blue-bells, at whose birth  
 The sod scarce heaved ; and that tall flower that wets  
 Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,  
 When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.  
 And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,  
 Green cow-bind and the moonlight-colour'd May,  
 And cherry-blossoms, and white-cups, whose wine  
 Was the bright dew yet drain'd not by the day ;  
 And wild roses, and ivy serpentine  
 With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray ;  
 And flowers azure, black, and streak'd with gold,  
 Fairer than any waken'd eyes behold.  
 And nearer to the river's trembling edge  
 There grew broad flag-flowers, purple pranked with white,  
 And starry river-buds among the sedge,  
 And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,  
 Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge  
 With moonlight beams of their own watery light ;  
 And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green  
 As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.  
 Methought that of these visionary flowers  
 I made a nosegay, bound in such a way  
 That the same hues, which in their natural bowers  
 Were mingled or opposed, the like array  
 Kept these imprison'd children of the Hours  
 Within my hand—and then, elate and gay,  
 I hasten'd to the spot whence I had come,  
 That I might there present it—O ! to Whom ?

SHELLEY.

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*To the Daisy.*

WITH little here to do or see  
 Of things that in the great world be,  
 Daisy ! again I talk to thee,  
     For thou art worthy ;  
 Thou unassuming Common-place  
 Of Nature, with that homely face,  
 And yet with something of a grace  
     Which Love makes for thee !

Oft on the dappled turf at ease  
 I sit and play with similes,  
 Loose types of things through all degrees,  
     Thoughts of thy raising :  
 And many a fond and idle name  
 I give to thee, for praise or blame,  
 As is the humour of the game,  
     While I am gazing.

A nun demure of lowly port ;  
 Or sprightly maiden of Love's court,  
 In thy simplicity the sport  
     Of all temptations ;  
 A queen in crown of rubies drest ;  
 A starveling in a scanty vest ;  
 Are all, as seems to suit thee best,  
     Thy appellations.

A little cyclops, with one eye  
 Staring, to threaten and defy,  
 That thought comes next—and instantly  
     The freak is over,  
 The shape will vanish, and behold  
 A silver shield with boss of gold,  
 That spreads itself, some fairy bold  
     In fight to cover !

I see thee glittering from afar—  
 And then thou art a pretty star ;  
 Not quite so fair as many are  
     In heaven above thee !  
 Yet like a star, with glittering crest,  
 Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest ;—  
 May peace come never to his nest  
     Who shall reprove thee !

Bright *Flower!* for by that name at last,  
 When all my reveries are past,  
 I call thee, and to that cleave fast,  
     Sweet silent creature !  
 That breath'st with me in sun and air,  
 Do thou, as thou art wont, repair  
 My heart with gladness, and a share  
     Of thy meek nature !

## Stanzas written in Dejection near Naples.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,  
 The waves are dancing fast and bright,  
 Blue isles and snowy mountains wear  
 The purple noon's transparent light :  
 The breath of the moist air is light  
 Around its unexpanded buds ;  
 Like many a voice of one delight,  
 The winds', the birds', the ocean-floods',  
 The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor  
 With green and purple sea-weeds strown :  
 I see the waves upon the shore,  
 Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown :  
 I sit upon the sands alone,  
 The lightning of the noon-tide ocean  
 Is flashing round me, and a tone  
 Arises from its measured motion,  
 How sweet ! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas ! I have nor hope nor health,  
 Nor peace within nor calm around,  
 Nor that content surpassing wealth  
 The sage in meditation found,  
 And walk'd with inward glory crown'd—  
 Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.  
 Others I see whom these surround—  
 Smiling they live, and call life pleasure ;  
 To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,  
 Even as the winds and waters are ;  
 I could lie down like a tired child,  
 And weep away the life of care  
 Which I have borne, and yet must bear,  
 Till death like sleep might steal on me,  
 And I might feel in the warm air  
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea  
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

SHELLEY.

## A Dream.

I HEARD the dogs bark in the moonlight night,  
 And I went to the window to see the sight ;  
 All the dead that ever I knew  
 Going one by one, and two by two.

On they pass'd, and on they pass'd ;  
 Town's-fellows all from first to last ;  
 Born in the moonlight of the lane,  
 And quench'd in the heavy shadow again.

School-mates marching as when we play'd  
 At soldiers once—but now more staid ;  
 Those were the strangest sights to me  
 Who were drown'd, I knew, in the awful sea.

Straight and handsome folk ; bent and weak too ;  
 And some that I loved, and gasp'd to speak to ;  
 Some just buried a day or two,  
 And some of whose death I never knew.

A long, long crowd—where each seem'd lonely ;  
 And yet of them all there was one, one only—  
 That raised a head or look'd my way,  
 And she seem'd to linger, but might not stay.

How long since I saw that fair pale face !  
 Ah, mother dear ! might I only place  
 My head on thy breast, a moment to rest,  
 While thy hand on my tearful cheek were prest !

On, on, a moving bridge they made  
 Across the moon-stream from shade to shade :  
 Young and old, and women and men ;  
 Many long-forgot, but remember'd then.

And first there came a bitter laughter ;  
 And a sound of tears the moment after ;  
 And then a music so lofty and gay,  
 That every morning, day by day,  
 I strive to recall it if I may.

ALLINGHAM.

## An Invocation.

HEAR, sweet spirit, hear the spell,  
 Lest a blacker charm compel !  
 So shall the midnight breezes swell  
 With thy deep, long-lingering knell,  
 And at evening evermore,  
 In a chapel on the shore,  
 Shall the chanters, sad and saintly,  
 Yellow tapers burning faintly,  
 Doleful masses chant for thee,  
 Miserere, Domine !

Hark ! the cadence dies away  
 On the yellow moonlight sea :  
 The boatmen rest their oars and say,  
 Miserere, Domine !

COLERIDGE.

## Dirge sung by a Spirit-Maiden over the Poet Shelley.

FEED him with jonquils and anemones,  
 With jasmies, myrtles, roses where he lies ;  
 Let all your kisses melt upon his mouth,  
 Balm-winds, fresh breathing from the tropic South ;  
 Myrrh, cassia, nutmeg-trees of Ceylon lave  
 Him in your odours, fan him as ye wave,  
 O golden palms ! and thou, wild tamarind-tree,  
 Droop thy long sprays, caress him balmily ;  
 Ye crimson cactus-flowers, that nimble bees  
 Vainly explore, oppress not his mild eyes ;  
 O sleep-diffusing poppies, rain not down  
 Your heavy juice ; nor, sable cypress, frown  
 On him reposing ; silver lime-flowers, pour  
 Faint, starlike incense-drops from your full store ;  
 Sweet pansies pillow him ; thy pipe, O Pan,  
 Blow with a mellow strain, thy syrinx blow ;  
 Our darling is deliver'd from his woe,  
 Freed from the hate of love-regardless man.  
 Our darling is not dead, he lieth here,  
 Where the blind, groping earth-worm finds him not.  
 As water-lilies mourn the fading year,  
 Fond hearts deplore him on the earth. No spot  
 Defiles the crystal pureness of his fame.

The efflorescence of his being blooms  
 On earth, blooms splendidly. Like May he came,  
 Sowing rich beauty over dens and tombs,  
 And rocky peaks and solitudes. He sped  
 Like a clear streamlet o'er its jagged bed,  
 That by no torture can be hush'd asleep,  
 But pours in music hastening to the deep.  
 Peace, peace, bewail him not with garlands sere,  
 Ye Autumn Months, his is no funeral bier.  
 No pale dissolving *Eidolon* is he  
 Of that which was, but never more shall be ;—  
 Shelley, the Spirit, lives eternally !

HARRIS.

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### Sappho.

SHE lay among the myrtles on the cliff ;  
 Above her glared the noon ; beneath, the sea,  
 Upon the bright horizon Athos' peak  
 Welter'd in burning haze ; all airs were dead ;  
 The cicale slept among the tamarisk's hair ;  
 The birds sat dumb and drooping. Far below  
 The lazy sea-weed glisten'd in the sun ;  
 The lazy sea-fowl dried their steaming wings ;  
 The lazy swell crept whispering up the ledge,  
 And sank again. Great Pan was laid to rest ;  
 And Mother Earth watch'd by him as he slept,  
 And hush'd her myriad children for awhile.  
 She lay among the myrtles on the cliff ;  
 And sigh'd for sleep, for sleep that would not hear,  
 But left her tossing still ; for night and day  
 A mighty hunger yearn'd within her heart,  
 Till all her veins ran fever ; and her cheek,  
 Her long thin hands, and ivory-channell'd feet,  
 Were wasted with the wasting of her soul.  
 Then peevishly she flung her on her face,  
 And hid her eyeballs from the blinding glare,  
 And finger'd at the grass, and tried to cool  
 Her crisp hot lips against the crisp hot sward :  
 And then she raised her head, and upward cast  
 Wild looks from homeless eyes, whose liquid light  
 Gleam'd out between deep folds of blue-black hair,  
 As gleam twin lakes between the purple peaks  
 Of deep Parnassus, at the mournful moon.

Beside her lay her lyre. She snatch'd the shell,  
 And waked wild music from its silver strings ;  
 Then toss'd it sadly by.—“ Ah, hush ! ” she cries,  
 “ Dead offspring of the tortoise and the mine !  
 Why mock my discords with thine harmonies ?  
 Although a thrice-Olympian lot be thine,  
 Only to echo back in every tone  
 The moods of nobler natures than thine own.”

\* \* \* \* \*

KINGSLEY.

Colian *Sarg*.

WHAT saith the river to the rushes grey,  
 Rushes sadly bending,  
 River slowly wending ?

Who can tell the whisper'd things they say ?  
 Youth and time and manhood's prime  
 For ever ever fled away !

Cast your wither'd garlands in the stream,  
 Low autumnal branches,  
 Round the skiff that launches  
 Wavering downward through the lands of dream.  
 Ever, ever fled away !  
 This the burden, this the theme.

What saith the river to the rushes grey,  
 Rushes sadly bending,  
 River slowly wending ?

It is near the closing of the day.  
 Near the night. Life and light  
 For ever ever fled away !

Draw him tideward down ; but not in haste.  
 Mouldering daylight lingers ;  
 Night with her cold fingers

Sprinkles moonbeams on the dim sea-waste.  
 Ever, ever fled away !  
 Vainly cherish'd ! vainly chased !

What saith the river to the rushes grey,  
 Rushes sadly bending,  
 River slowly wending ?

Where in darkest glooms his bed we lay,  
 Up the cave moans the wave,  
 For ever ever fled away !

ALLINGHAM.



*Fable is Love's World.*

OH, never rudely will I blame this faith  
 In the might of stars and angels! 'Tis not merely  
 The human being's pride that peoples space  
 With life and mystical predominance;  
 Since likewise for the stricken heart of love  
 This visible nature, and this common world,  
 Is all too narrow; yea, a deeper import  
 Lurks in the legend told my infant years  
 Than lies upon that truth we live to learn.  
 For fable is love's world, his home, his birthplace:  
 Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays, and talismans,  
 And spirits; and delightedly believes  
 Divinities, being himself divine.  
 The intelligible forms of ancient poets,  
 The fair humanities of old religion,  
 The power, the beauty, and the majesty,  
 That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,  
 Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,  
 Or chasms and watery depths; all these have vanish'd.  
 They live no longer in the faith of reason!  
 But still the heart doth need a language, still  
 Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,  
 And to yon starry world they now are gone,  
 Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth  
 With man as with their friend; and to the lover,  
 Yonder they move, from yonder-visible sky  
 Shoot influence down: and even at this day  
 'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,  
 And Venus who brings every thing that's fair!

*Translated from Schiller.* COLERIDGE.

*Fairy Lore.*

O LIST the mystic lore sublime  
 Of fairy tales of ancient time!  
 I learn'd them in the lonely glen,  
 The last abodes of living men;  
 There never stranger came our way  
 By summer night, or winter day;  
 Where neighbouring hind or cat was none,  
 Our converse was with heaven alone—

With voices through the cloud that sung,  
 And brooding storms that round us hung.  
 O, lady, judge, if judge ye may,  
 How stern and ample was the sway  
 Of themes like these when darkness fell,  
 And grey-hair'd sires the tale would tell !  
 When doors were barr'd, and elder dame  
 Plied at her task beside the flame,  
 That through the smoke and gloom alone  
 On dim and umber'd faces shone—  
 The bleat of mountain goat on high,  
 That from the cliff came quavering by ;  
 The echoing rock, the rushing flood,  
 The cataract's swell, the moaning wood ;  
 The undefined and mingled hum—  
 Voice of the desert never dumb !  
 All these have left within this heart  
 A feeling tongue can ne'er impart ;  
 A wilder'd and unearthly flame,  
 A something that's without a name.

Hogg.

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*The Return of the Fairies.*

THE music of an infant's feet  
 Upon the floor, is passing sweet  
 For Father's heart and Mother's ear,  
 As Angel chanting in his Sphere.

How soft the feather'd warblers sing  
 What time the primrose decks the Spring ;  
 'Tis true their lays breathe small of art,  
 Yet they are fresh from Nature's Heart.

The skylark sings—" Rejoice ! rejoice !"  
 The robin pipes with cheerful voice ;  
 And the small wren joins in the tune,  
 While smiles in Heaven the young May-moon.

These vernal warblers all appear  
 As harbingers of Summer near ;  
 Their notes, that fall like April showers,  
 Are Angel-music to the flowers.

Not theirs the grand triumphal chant  
Of Summer days, but still they pant  
With music, and the inmost core  
Of life with love flows o'er and o'er.

And thus the Fairy-music falls  
On Earth from Heaven's effulgent halls ;  
And thus, like drops of crimson rain,  
The Fairies troop to Earth again.

They bless the flowers and bridal birds,  
And all the bleating flocks and herds ;  
And where they dwell more sweet the air,  
And thrill'd with music soft and rare.

Small seems it to the worldly great  
That Fairy land regains its state ;  
But simple children wake to song,  
Attended by the Fairy throng.

And Poets wise again resume  
An empire over fields bestrewn  
With thoughts, that shape themselves as sweet  
As myrtle-groves, where Fairies meet.

One draught from Nature's simple well,  
One thrill from hearts with love that swell,  
One leaf from Nature's garden green,  
One elfin dance by maiden seen,

One page from Nature's book divine,  
Bestow'd from Heaven on men of Time,  
Bespeak the grand Ausonian years,  
Wherein Apollo and his Peers,

Enthroned, amid the rising Sun,  
Shall make the vibrant horizon  
Resound with music tuneful—grand,  
And Earth be like their Morning Land.

HARRIS.

## Fairy Songs.

## I.

COME, follow, follow me,  
 Ye fairy elves that be  
 Light tripping o'er the green,  
 Come follow Mab, your queen ;  
 Hand in hand we'll dance around,  
 For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,  
 And snoring in their nest,  
 Unheard and unespied  
 Through the key-holes we do glide ;  
 Over tables, stools, and shelves,  
 We trip it with our fairy elves.

Then o'er a mushroom's head  
 Our table-cloth we spread ;  
 A grain of rye or wheat  
 The diet that we eat :  
 Pearly drops of dew we drink,  
 In acorn-cups fill'd to the brink.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,  
 Serve for our minstrelsy,  
 Grace said, we dance awhile,  
 And so the time beguile ;  
 And, if the moon doth hide her head,  
 The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grass  
 So nimbly do we pass,  
 The young and tender stalk  
 Ne'er bends where we do walk ;  
 Yet in the morning may be seen  
 Where we the night before have been.

SHAKESPEARE.

## II.

THE fairy beam upon you,  
 The stars to glisten on you ;  
     A noon of light  
     In the noon of night  
 Till the fire-drake hath o'ergone you :

The wheel of fortune guide you,  
 The boy with the bow beside you  
     Run aye in the way  
     Till the bird of day  
 And the luckier lot betide you !

BEN JONSON.

III.

SHED no tear ! O shed no tear !  
 The flower will bloom another year.  
 Weep no more ! O weep no more !  
 Young buds sleep in the root's white core.  
 Dry your eyes ! O dry your eyes !  
 For I was taught in Paradise  
 To ease my breast of melodies—

Shed no tear.

Overhead ! look overhead !  
 'Mong the blossoms white and red—  
 Look up, look up ! I flutter now  
 On this fresh pomegranate bough.  
 See me ! 'tis this silvery bill  
 Ever cures the good man's ill.  
 Shed no tear ! O shed no tear !  
 The flower will bloom another year.  
 Adieu, adieu—I fly—adieu !  
 I vanish in the heaven's blue—

Adieu, adieu !

KEATS.

*A Lake and a Fairy Boat Song.*

A LAKE and a fairy boat,  
 To sail in the moonlight clear—  
 And merrily we would float  
     From the dragons that watch us here !  
 Thy gown should be snow-white silk ;  
     And strings of orient pearls,  
 Like gossamers dipp'd in milk,  
     Should twine with thy raven curls !  
 Red rubies should deck thy hands,  
     And diamonds should be thy dower—  
 But fairies have broke their wands,  
     And wishing has lost its power.

Hood.

*Song of Apollo.*

I WILL teach you how to blow  
A silver horn, whose notes shall flow  
Like woodland echoes far below ;

And I will teach you how to sing  
Sweet thoughts, like doves upon the wing ;  
And I for you from Heaven will bring

The sacred pipe that ancient Pan,  
Before Earth's silver age began,  
As parting gift bestow'd on man ;

And I will send that ancient sage,  
Who dwelt in Eden's Golden Age,  
And he shall ope that mystic page,

Whose golden words to golden airs  
Are set, like heavenly thoughts to prayers ;  
And I will lead you up the stairs

That wind from Heaven to Heaven, and ye  
Shall dwell for evermore with me,  
And share my crown of melody.

HARRIS.

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*La Belle Dame sans Merci.*

A BALLAD.

"O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
Alone, and palely loitering ?  
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,  
And no birds sing.

"O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
So haggard and so woe-begone ?  
The squirrel's granary is full ;  
And the harvest's done.

"I see a lily on thy brow  
With anguish moist and fever-dew,  
And on thy cheeks a fading rose,  
Fast withering too."

- " I met a lady in the meads,  
Full beautiful—a faëry's child,  
Her hair was long, her foot was light,  
And her eyes were wild.
- " I made a garland for her head,  
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone ;  
She look'd at me as she did love,  
And made sweet moan.
- " I set her on my pacing steed,  
And nothing else saw all day long ;  
For sidelong would she bend, and sing  
A faëry's song.
- " She found me roots of relish sweet,  
And honey wild, and manna dew ;  
And sure in language strange she said—  
' I love thee true !'
- " She took me to her elfin grot,  
And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore,  
And there I shut her wild wild eyes  
With kisses four.
- " And there she lullèd me asleep,  
And there I dream'd—ah ! woe betide !  
The latest dream I ever dream'd  
On the cold hill's side.
- " I saw pale kings and princes too,  
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all ;  
They cried—' La Belle Dame sans Merci  
Hath thee in thrall !'
- " I saw their starved lips in the gloom,  
With horrid warning, gaped wide ;  
And I awoke and found me here,  
On the cold hill's side.
- " And this is why I sojourn here, \*  
Alone and palely loitering ;  
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,  
And no birds sing."

KEATS.

x

## A Ruined Chapel by the Shore.

By the shore, a plot of ground  
Clips a ruin'd chapel round,  
Buttress'd with a grassy mound ;  
Where Day and Night and Day go by,  
And bring no touch of human sound.

Washing of the lonely seas,  
Shaking of the guardian trees,  
Piping of the salted breeze ;  
Day and Night and Day go by  
To the endless tune of these.

Or when, as winds and waters keep  
A hush more dead than any sleep,  
Still morns to stiller evenings creep,  
And Day and Night and Day go by ;  
Here the silence is most deep.

The chapel-ruins, lapsed again  
Into Nature's wide domain,  
Sow themselves with seed and grain  
As Day and Night and Day go by ;  
And hoard June's sun and April's rain.

Here fresh funeral tears were shed ;  
And now, the graves are also dead ;  
And suckers from the ash-tree spread,  
While Day and Night and Day go by ;  
And stars move calmly overhead. ALLINGHAM.

## Kubla Khan ; or, A Vision in a Dream.

## A FRAGMENT.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree :  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man,  
Down to a sunless sea.

So ! twice five miles of fertile ground,  
With walls and towers were girdled round :  
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,  
Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree ;  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.



But oh ! that deep romantic chasm, which slanted  
 Down the green hill, athwart a cedarn cover !  
 A savage place ! as holy and enchanted  
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
 By woman, wailing for her spirit-lover ;  
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
 As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
 A mighty fountain momently was forced ;  
 Amid whose swift half intermitted burst  
 Huge fragments, vaulted like rebounding hail,  
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :  
 And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever,  
 It flung up momently the sacred river.  
 Five miles meandering, with a mazy motion,  
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
 Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man,  
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean ;  
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far,  
 Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure,  
 Floated midway on the waves ;  
 Where was heard the mingled measure,  
 From the fountain and the caves.  
 It was a miracle of rare device,  
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !  
 A damsel with a dulcimer,  
 In a vision once I saw :  
 It was an Abyssinian maid,  
 And on her dulcimer she play'd,  
 Singing of Mount Abora.  
 Could I revive within me  
 Her symphony and song,  
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me,  
 That, with music loud and long,  
 I would build that dome in air,  
 That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !  
 And all who heard, should see them there,  
 And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !  
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair !  
 Weave a circle round him thrice,  
 And close your eyes with holy dread,  
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

COLERIDGE.

### The Awakened Conscience.

CHEER'D by this hope she bends her thither ;—  
 Still laughs the radiant eye of heaven,  
 Nor have the golden bowers of even  
 In the rich West begun to wither ;—  
 When, o'er the vale of BALBEC winging  
 Slowly, she sees a child at play,  
 Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,  
 As rosy and as wild as they ;  
 Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,  
 The beautiful blue damsel-flies,\*  
 That flutter'd round the jasmine stems  
 Like winged flowers or flying gems :—  
 And, near the boy when tired with play  
 Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,  
 She saw a wearied man dismount  
 From his hot steed, and on the brink  
 Of a small imaret's rustic fount †  
 Impatient fling him down to drink.  
 Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd  
 To the fair child who fearless sat,  
 Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd  
 Upon a brow more fierce than that,—  
 Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,  
 Like thunder clouds of gloom and fire ;  
 In which the PERI's eye could read  
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed ;  
 The ruin'd maid—the shrine profaned—  
 Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd  
 With blood of guests ! *there* written, all  
 Black as the damning drops that fall  
 From the denouncing angel's pen,  
 Ere mercy wipes them out again.  
 Yet tranquil now that man of crime  
 (As if the balmy evening time  
 Soften'd his spirit) look'd and lay,  
 Watching the rosy infant's play :—  
 Though still, whene'er his eye by chance  
 Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance

\* A beautiful insect so named.

† A place where lodging and food is furnished gratis to pilgrims for three days.

Met that unclouded joyous gaze,  
 As torches that have burnt all night  
 Through some impure and godless rite,  
 Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But, hark! the vesper calls to prayer,  
 As slow the orb of daylight sets,  
 Is rising sweetly on the air  
 From SYRIA's thousand minarets!\*

The boy has started from the bed  
 Of flowers, where he had laid his head,  
 And down upon the fragrant sod  
 Kneels, with his forehead to the south,  
 Lispering the eternal name of God  
 From Purity's own cherub mouth,  
 And looking, while his hands and eyes  
 Are lifted to the glowing skies,  
 Like a stray babe of Paradise  
 Just lighted on that flow'ry plain,  
 And seeking for its home again.  
 Oh! 'twas a sight—that heaven—that child—  
 A scene, which might have well beguiled  
 Ev'n haughty Eblis of a sigh  
 For glories lost and peace gone by!  
 And how felt *he*, the wretched man  
 Reclining there—while memory ran  
 O'er many a year of guilt and strife,  
 Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,  
 Nor found one sunny resting-place,  
 Nor brought him back one branch of grace.  
 "There *was* a time," he said in mild,  
 Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child!  
 "When, young and happy, pure as thou,  
 "I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now——"  
 He hung his head—each nobler aim,  
 And hope, and feeling, which had slept

\* "Such Turks as at the common hour of prayer are on the road, or so employed as not to find convenience to attend the mosques, are still obliged to execute that duty; nor are they ever known to fail, whatever business they are then about, but pray immediately when the hour alarms them, whatever they are about, in that very place they chance to stand on; inasmuch that when a jannissary, whom you have to guard you up and down the city, hears the notice which is given him from the steeples, he will turn about, stand still, and beckon with his hand, to tell his charge he must have patience for awhile; when, taking out his handkerchief, he spreads it on the ground, sits cross-legged thereupon, and says his prayers, though in the open market, which, having ended, he leaps briskly up, salutes the person whom he undertook to convey, and renews his journey with the mild expression of *Ghell gohanum ghell*; or, Come, dear, follow me."—ABRAHAM HILL'S *Travels*.

From boyhood's hour, that instant came  
 Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept !  
 Blest tears of soul-felt penitence !  
 In whose benign, redeeming flow  
 Is felt the first, the only sense  
 Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

And now—behold him kneeling there  
 By the child's side, in humble prayer,  
 While the same sunbeam shines upon  
 The guilty and the guiltless one,  
 And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven  
 The triumph of a soul forgiven.

MOORE.

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### Excelsior.

THE shades of night were falling fast,  
 As through an Alpine village pass'd  
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
 A banner with the strange device,  
 Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath,  
 Flash'd like a falchion from its sheath,  
 And like a silver clarion rung  
 The accents of that unknown tongue,  
 Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light  
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;  
 Above the spectral glaciers shone,  
 But from his lips escaped a groan,  
 Excelsior !

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said ;  
 "Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
 The roaring torrent is deep and wide !"  
 But loud that clarion voice replied  
 Excelsior !

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest  
 Thy weary head upon this breast !"  
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
 But still he answer'd with a sigh,  
 Excelsior !

" Beware the pine-tree's wither'd branch!  
 Beware the awful avalanche!"  
 This was the peasant's last Good-night;  
 A voice replied, far up the height,  
 Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward  
 The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
 Utter'd the oft-repeated prayer,  
 A voice cried through the startled air,  
 Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,  
 Half-buried in the snow was found,  
 Still grasping in his hand of ice  
 That banner with the strange device,  
 Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,  
 Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
 And from the sky, serene and far,  
 A voice fell, like a falling star,  
 Excelsior! LONGFELLOW.

### The Fallen Angels gathered again to War.

ALL these and more came flocking; but with looks  
 Downcast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd  
 Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their Chief  
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost  
 In loss itself: which on his countenance cast  
 Like doubtful hue: but he, his wonted pride  
 Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore  
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised  
 Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.  
 Then straight commands, that at the warlike sound  
 Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd  
 His mighty standard: that proud honour claim'd  
 Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall;  
 Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd  
 The imperial ensign; which full high advanced,  
 Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,  
 With gems and golden lustre rich emblaz'd,  
 Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while  
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:

At which the universal host up sent  
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond  
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.  
All in a moment through the gloom were seen  
Ten thousand banners rise into the air  
With orient colours waving : with them rose  
A forest huge of spears ; and thronging helms  
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array  
Of depth immeasurable : anon they move  
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood  
Of flutes and soft recorders ; such as raised  
To height of noblest temper heroes old  
Arming to battle ; and instead of rage  
Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved  
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat ;  
Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage  
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase  
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,  
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,  
Breathing united force with fix'd thought,  
Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd  
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil : and now  
Advanced in view they stand ; a horrid front  
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise  
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield ;  
Awaiting what command their mighty chief  
Had to impose : he through the arm'd files  
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse  
The whole battalion views ; their order due,  
Their visages and stature as of gods ;  
Their number last he sums. And now his heart  
Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength,  
Glories : for never, since created man,  
Met such embodied force, as named with these  
Could merit more than that small infantry  
Warr'd on by cranes ; though all the giant brood  
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were join'd  
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side  
Mix'd with auxiliar gods ; and what resounds  
In fable or romance of Uther's son  
Begirt with British and Armoric knights ;  
And all who since, baptized or infidel,  
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,  
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,  
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,

When Charlemain with all his peerage fell  
 By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond  
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed  
 Their dread commander; he above the rest,  
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
 Stood like a tower: his form had not yet lost  
 All her original brightness; nor appear'd  
 Less than arch-angel ruin'd, and th' excess  
 Of glory obscured; as when the sun new risen  
 Looks through the horizontal misty air  
 Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon  
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
 On half the nation, and with fear of change  
 Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone  
 Above them all the Arch-Angel; but his face  
 Deep scars of thunder had entrench'd, and care  
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows  
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride  
 Waiting revenge.

MILTON.

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### The Last Man.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,  
 The Sun himself must die,  
 Before this mortal shall assume  
 Its Immortality!  
 I saw a vision in my sleep,  
 That gave my spirit strength to sweep  
 Adown the gulf of Time!  
 I saw the last of human mould  
 That shall Creation's death behold,  
 As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,  
 The Earth with age was wan,  
 The skeletons of nations were  
 Around that lonely man!  
 Some had expired in fight,—the brands  
 Still rusted in their bony hands;  
 In plague and famine some!  
 Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;  
 And ships were drifting with the dead  
 To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,  
 With dauntless words and high,  
 That shook the sere leaves from the wood  
 As if a storm pass'd by,  
 Saying, " We are twins in death, proud Sun,  
 Thy face is cold, thy race is run,  
 'Tis Mercy bids thee go.  
 For thou, ten thousand thousand years,  
 Hast seen the tide of human tears,  
 That shall no longer flow.

" What though beneath thee man put forth  
 His pomp, his pride, his skill ;  
 And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,  
 The vassals of his will ;—  
 Yet mourn I not thy parted way,  
 Thou dim discrowned king of day :  
 For all those trophied arts  
 And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,  
 Heal'd not a passion or a pang  
 Entail'd on human hearts.

" Go, let oblivion's curtain fall  
 Upon the stage of men,  
 Nor with thy rising beams recall  
 Life's tragedy again.  
 Its piteous pageants bring not back,  
 Nor waken flesh, upon the rack  
 Of pain anew to writhe ;  
 Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,  
 Or mown in battle by the sword  
 Like grass beneath the scythe.

" Ev'n I am weary in yon skies  
 To watch thy fading fire ;  
 Test of all sumless agonies,  
 Behold not me expire.  
 My lips that speak thy dirge of death—  
 Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath  
 To see thou shalt not boast.  
 The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—  
 The majesty of darkness shall  
 Receive my parting ghost.



- " This spirit shall return to Him  
 That gave its heavenly spark ;  
 Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim  
 When thou thyself art dark !  
 No ! it shall live again, and shine  
 In bliss unknown to beams of thine,  
 By Him recall'd to breath,  
 Who captive led captivity,  
 Who robb'd the grave of victory,  
 And took the sting from death !
- " Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up  
 On Nature's awful waste,  
 To drink this last and bitter cup  
 Of grief that man shall taste—  
 Go, tell the night that hides thy face,  
 Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race  
 On Earth's sepulchral clod,  
 The darkening universe defy  
 To quench his Immortality,  
 Or shake his trust in God !"

CAMPBELL.

---

 Wisdom.

THERE in his bosom Sapience doth sit,  
 The sovereign darling of the Deity,  
 Clad like a queen in royal robes, most fit  
 For so great power and peerless majesty ;  
 And all with gems and jewels gorgeously  
 Adorn'd, that brighter than the stars appear,  
 And make her native brightness seem more clear.

And on her head a crown of purest gold  
 Is set, in sign of highest sovereignty ;  
 And in her hand a sceptre she doth hold  
 With which she rules the house of God on high,  
 And manageth the ever-moving sky,  
 And in the same these lower creatures all  
 Subjected to her power imperial.

Both heaven and earth obey unto her will,  
 And all the creatures which they both contain :  
 For of her fulness, which the world doth fill,  
 They all partake, and do in state remain,  
 As their great Maker did at first ordain ;  
 Through observation of her high behest,  
 By which they first were made and still increase.

The fairness of her face no tongue can tell ;  
 For she the daughters of all women's race,  
 And angels eke, in beauty doth excel,  
 Sparkled on her from God's own glorious face,  
 And more increased by her own goodly grace,  
 That it doth far exceed all human thought,  
 Nor can on earth compared be to aught.

SPENSER.

---

The Spirit's Epilogue in Comus.

To the Ocean now I fly,  
 And those happy climes that lie  
 Where day never shuts his eye,  
 Up in the broad fields of the sky :  
 There I suck the liquid air  
 All amidst the gardens fair  
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three,  
 That sing about the golden tree :  
 Along the crispéd shades and bowers  
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring ;  
 The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,  
 Thither all their bounties bring ;  
 There eternal summer dwells,  
 And west-winds, with musky wing,  
 About the cedarn alleys fling  
 Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.  
 Iris there with humid bow  
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow  
 Flowers of more mingled hue  
 Than her purpled scarf can shew,  
 And drenches with Elysian dew  
 (List, mortals, if your ears be true),  
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,  
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,  
 Waxing well of his deep wound  
 In slumber soft, and on the ground  
 Sadly sits the Assyrian queen :  
 But far above in spangled sheen  
 Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,  
 Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced.  
 After her wandering labours long,  
 Till free consent the gods among

Make her his eternal bride,  
 And from her fair unspotted side  
 Two blissful twins are to be born,  
 Youth and Joy ; so Jove hath sworn.  
 But now my task is smoothly done,  
 I can fly, or I can run  
 Quickly to the green earth's end,  
 Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend ;  
 And from thence can soar as soon  
 To the corners of the moon.

Mortals, that would follow me,  
 Love Virtue ; she alone is free :  
 She can teach ye how to climb  
 Higher than the sphery chime ;  
 Or, if Virtue feeble were,  
 Heaven itself would stoop to her.

MILTON.

---

### The Winged Hours.

Behold !

THE rocks are cloven, and through the purple night  
 I see cars drawn by rainbow-winged steeds,  
 Which trample the dim winds : in each there stands  
 A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.  
 Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there,  
 And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars :  
 Others, with burning eyes, lean forth, and drink  
 With eager lips the wind of their own speed,  
 As if the thing they loved fled on before,  
 And now, even now, they clasp'd it. Their bright locks  
 Stream like a comet's flashing hair : they all  
 Sweep onward.

These are the immortal Hours,  
 Of whom thou didst demand. One waits for thee.

SHELLEY.

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### Mnemosyne.

IN a dim and distant far land,  
 In a glorious golden star-land,  
 Out of Time, beyond the Sea,  
 O'er an empire all agree  
 Many-peopled, loyal, free,  
 Queenly rules Mnemosyne !

High enthroned in palace golden,  
 Fairer Queen was ne'er beholden ;  
 Men of every clime and sea  
 Bend to her a reverent knee,  
 Swell her train, and about with glee—  
 " God save our Queen Mnemosyne ! "

All the Arts they call her Mother !  
 Science, too—their younger brother—  
 Waits upon her, as a lover  
 Doth around his mistress hover :—  
 Beauty, Order, Liberty,  
 Environ Queen Mnemosyne !

She inspires their every duty,  
 Gives to every grace new beauty :  
 Wit and Fancy to her bring  
 Many a votive offering ;  
 The little birds on every tree,  
 Praise the good Mnemosyne !

She, as in a book, doth read  
 Every thought and every deed ;  
 Before her, as an open scroll,  
 Naked stands the human soul :—  
 Trembling, fearing, hoping, see—  
 It supplicates Mnemosyne !

Every heart with grief o'erladen,  
 Every love-distracted maiden,  
 Slaves who toil beneath the line,  
 Wretches who in dungeons pine ;  
 All to her for refuge flee,  
 Powerful Mnemosyne !

Sin, and Shame, and Misery,  
 All despairing souls that be,  
 Own her power for good or ill,  
 Court her favour, dread her will.  
 As in a mirror, Destiny  
 Reflects the great Mnemosyne !

Mighty kings bow down to her,  
 Yea, and all that ever were,  
 High, or low, or bound, or free,  
 Who hath empire wide as she—  
 Out of Time, beyond the Sea—  
 Sovereign Queen Mnemosyne !

SHORTER.

PART III.

---

P O E M S

OF

REFLECTION AND SENTIMENT.

---

O DERM not midst this worldly strife,  
An idle art the Poet brings :  
Let high Philosophy control  
And sages calm the stream of life,  
'Tis he refines its fountain-springs,  
The nobler passions of the soul.

CAMPBELL.

---

He saw thro' life and death, thro' good and ill,  
He saw thro' his own soul  
The marvel of the everlasting will,  
An open scroll,  
Before him lay : with echoing feet he threaded  
The secretest walks of fame :  
The viewless arrows of his thoughts were headed  
And wing'd with flame.

TRIMPTON.

---

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie ;  
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,  
The silence that is in the starry sky,  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

WORDSWORTH.



# P O E M S

or

## REFLECTION AND SENTIMENT.

---

### Ode to Duty.

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God!

O Duty! if that name thou love  
Who art a light to guide, a rod  
To check the erring, and reprove;  
Thou, who art victory and law  
When empty terrors overawe;  
From vain temptations dost set free;  
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye

Be on them; who, in love and truth,  
Where no misgiving is, rely

Upon the genial sense of youth:  
Glad hearts without reproach or blot;  
Who do thy work, and know it not:  
Oh! if through confidence misplaced  
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast

Serene will be our days and bright,

And happy will our nature be,  
When love is an unerring light,  
And joy its own security.

And they a blissful course may hold  
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,  
Live in the spirit of this creed;  
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried ;  
 No sport of every random gust,  
 Yet being to myself a guide,  
 Too blindly have reposed my trust :  
 And oft when in my heart was heard  
 Thy timely mandate, I deferr'd  
 The task, in smoother walks to stray ;  
 But Thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,  
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
 I supplicate for thy control ;  
 But in the quietness of thought :  
 Me this uncharter'd freedom tires ;  
 I feel the weight of chance-desires :  
 My hopes no more must change their name,  
 I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear  
 The godhead's most benignant grace ;  
 Nor know we any thing so fair  
 As the smile upon thy face :  
 Flowers laugh before Thee on their beds  
 And fragrance in thy footing treads ;  
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,  
 And the most ancient heavens, through Thee are fresh and  
 strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !  
 I call thee : I myself commend  
 Unto thy guidance from this hour ;  
 Oh, let my weakness have an end !  
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
 The spirit of self-sacrifice :  
 The confidence of reason give,  
 And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live !  
 WORDSWORTH.

### *A Life Lost.*

MEN think it is an awful sight  
 To see a soul just set adrift  
 On that drear voyage from whose night  
 The ominous shadows never lift ;



But 'tis more awful to behold  
 A helpless infant newly born,  
 Whose little hands unconscious hold  
 The keys of darkness and of morn.  
 Mine held them once; I flung away  
 Those keys that might have open set  
 The golden sluices of the day,  
 But clutch the keys of darkness yet;  
 I hear the reapers singing go  
 Into God's harvest; I, that might  
 With them have chosen, here below  
 Grope shuddering at the gate of night.  
 O glorious Youth! that once wast mine!  
 O high ideal! all in vain  
 Ye enter at this ruin'd shrine  
 Whence worship ne'er shall rise again;  
 The bat and owl inhabit here,  
 The snake rests in the altar-stone,  
 The sacred vessels moulder near,  
 The image of the God is gone.

LOWELL.

---

### A Psalm of Tift.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
 "Life is but an empty dream!"  
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
 And things are not what they seem.  
 Life is real! Life is earnest!  
 And the grave is not its goal;  
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"  
 Was not spoken of the soul.  
 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
 Is our destined end or way;  
 But to act, that each to-morrow  
 Find us farther than to-day.  
 Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
 In the bivouac of Life,  
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle !  
 Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !  
 Let the dead Past bury its dead !  
 Act,—act in the living Present !  
 Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us  
 We can make our lives sublime,  
 And, departing, leave behind us  
 Footprints in the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
 Some forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,  
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
 With a heart for any fate ;  
 Still achieving, still pursuing,  
 Learn to labour and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.

### Aspirations of Youth.

HIGHER, higher will we climb  
 Up the mount of Glory ;  
 That our names may live through time  
 In our country's story ;  
 Happy, when her welfare calls,  
 He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil  
 In the mines of knowledge ;  
 Nature's wealth and learning's spoil,  
 Win from school and college ;  
 Delve we there for richer gems  
 Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward will we press  
 Through the path of duty ;  
 Virtue is true happiness,  
 Excellence true beauty.  
 Minds are of supernal birth,  
 Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer and closer then we knit  
 Hearts and hands together,  
 Where our fireside comforts sit  
 In the coldest weather :  
 O ! they wander wide, who roam,  
 For the joys of life, from home.  
 Nearer, dearer bands of love  
 Draw our souls in union,  
 To our Father's house above,  
 To the saints' communion ;  
 Thither every hope ascend,  
 There may all our labours end.

MONTGOMERY.

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### The Happy Life.

How happy is he born and taught,  
 That serveth not another's will ;  
 Whose armour is his honest thought,  
 And simple truth his utmost skill !  
 Whose passions not his masters are,  
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
 Untied unto the worldly care  
 Of public fame or private breath ;  
 Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
 Or vice ; who never understood  
 How deepest wounds are given by praise ;  
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;  
 Who hath his life from rumours freed,  
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;  
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
 Nor ruin make oppressors great ;  
 Who God doth late and early pray,  
 More of his grace than gifts to lend ;  
 And entertains the harmless day  
 With a religious book or friend ;  
 This man is freed from servile bands  
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;  
 Lord of himself, though not of lands ;  
 And, having nothing, yet hath all.

WOTTON.

*In short measures Life may perfect be.*

It is not growing like a tree  
 In bulk, doth make man better be ;  
 Or standing like an oak three hundred year,  
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear :  
 A lily of a day  
 Is fairer far in May,  
 Although it fall and die that night—  
 It was the plant and flower of Light !  
 In small proportions we just beauties see ;  
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

B. JONSON.

*Education the duty of the State.*

O FOR the coming of that glorious time  
 When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth  
 And best protection, this imperial Realm,  
 While she exacts allegiance, shall admit  
 An obligation, on her part, to teach  
 Them who are born to serve her and obey ;  
 Binding herself by statute to secure  
 For all the children whom her soil maintains  
 The rudiments of letters, and inform  
 The mind with moral and religious truth,  
 Both understood and practised,—so that none,  
 However destitute, be left to droop  
 By timely culture unsustain'd ; or run  
 Into a wild disorder ; or be forced  
 To drudge through a weary life without the help  
 Of intellectual implements and tools ;  
 A savage horde among the civilized,  
 A servile band among the lordly free !  
 This sacred right, the lisping babe proclaims  
 To be inherent in him, by Heaven's will,  
 For the protection of his innocence ;  
 And the rude boy—who, having overpast  
 The sinless age, by conscience is enroll'd,  
 Yet mutinously knits his angry brow,  
 And lifts his wilful hand on mischief bent,  
 Or turns the godlike faculty of speech  
 To impious use—by process indirect  
 Declares his due, while he makes known his need.

This sacred right is fruitlessly announced,  
 This universal plea in vain address'd,  
 'To eyes and ears of parents who themselves  
 Did, in the time of their necessity,  
 Urge it in vain ; and, therefore, like a prayer  
 That from the humblest floor ascends to Heaven,  
 It mounts to reach the State's parental ear ;  
 Who, if indeed she owns a mother's heart,  
 And be not most unfeelingly devoid  
 Of gratitude to Providence, will grant  
 The unquestionable good—which, England, safe  
 From interference of external force,  
 May grant at leisure ; without risk incurr'd  
 That what in wisdom for herself she doth,  
 Others shall e'er be able to undo.

WORDSWORTH.

---

*Tast.*

WHAT then is taste, but these internal powers  
 Active, and strong, and feelingly alive  
 To each fine impulse ? a discerning sense  
 Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust  
 From things deform'd or disarranged, or gross  
 In species ? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,  
 Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow ;  
 But God alone, when first his active hand  
 Imprints the secret bias of the soul.  
 He, mighty parent ! wise and just in all,  
 Free as the vital breeze or light of Heaven,  
 Reveals the charms of nature. Ask the swain  
 Who journeys homeward from a summer day's  
 Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils  
 And due repose, he loiters to behold  
 The sunshine gleaming, as through amber clouds,  
 O'er all the western sky ; full soon, I ween,  
 His rude expression and untutor'd airs,  
 Beyond the power of language, will unfold  
 The form of beauty smiling at his heart,  
 How lovely ! how commanding ! But though heaven  
 In every breast hath sown these early seeds  
 Of love and admiration, yet in vain,  
 Without fair culture's kind parental aid,  
 Without enlivening suns, and genial showers

And shelter from the blast—in vain we hope  
 The tender plant should rear its blooming head,  
 Or yield the harvest promised in its spring.  
 Nor yet will every soil with equal stores  
 Repay the tiller's labour; or attend  
 His will, obsequious, whether to produce  
 The olive or the laurel. Different minds  
 Incline to different objects: one pursues  
 The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;  
 Another sighs for harmony, and grace,  
 And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightning fires  
 The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground;  
 When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,  
 And ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,  
 Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky  
 Amid the mighty uproar, while below  
 The nations tremble, Shakespeare looks abroad  
 From some high cliff superior, and enjoys  
 The elemental war. But Waller longs  
 All on the margin of some flowery stream  
 To spread his careless limbs amid the cool  
 Of plantain shades, and to the listening deer  
 The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain  
 Resound soft-warbling all the livelong day:  
 Consenting zephyr sighs; the weeping rill  
 Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves,  
 And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn:  
 Such and so various are the tastes of men!

AKENSIDE.

### How to build up the Palace of the Mind.

THE swallow's nest of mud beneath the eaves  
 Holds not the white swan's golden feather'd brood.  
 If thou would'st make thy thought, O man, the home  
 Where other minds may 'habit, build it large.  
 Make its vast roof translucent to the skies,  
 And let the upper glory dawn thereon,  
 Till morn and evening, circling round, shall drop  
 Their jewell'd plumes of sun-flame and of stars.  
 Build thou that home upon a mountain top,  
 Where all the free winds shall have space to blow.  
 Open its casements to the East and West,  
 To North and South, to Greece and Palestine.

Let all sweet flowers bloom in its green retreats ;  
Let every wild-bird find sweet welcome there ;  
And every thing that shares the breathing joy  
Of universal air and earth, be free  
Of thy well-ordered empire ; and inlay  
With precious gems, with diamond and white pearl,  
And blood-red ruby and green emerald,  
The sumptuous pavement till it shines afar  
Like the Apocalyptic shrine, whose walls  
Of massive light from Earth and Sun received  
All varying lustres, and diffused their beams.  
Fresco its inner walls with all that Art  
E'er pictured of the Beautiful, but still  
Let Nature freely come to see that Art  
Hath rightly drawn her perfect loveliness.  
Fill the grand halls with statues of old time.  
Let Gods and Demi-Gods and Heroes range  
With Goddesses and Graces. Let the Saints  
And Seers and Sages, and the valiant throng  
Of modern Heroes, and the ever young  
And ever tuneful Poets of all climes,  
And Hierophants of all religions, have  
Their place among them, some in silver carved,  
Some in the Parian marble, some in gold ;  
Each symbolizing that interior truth  
Or outward use he lived, taught, acted, sung,  
Or sought to live, or act, or sing, that men,  
Tired by that pure ideal, might become  
Gods, and the Earth a new-born Paradise.  
Gather all books within its Libraries.  
Bid Greece awake through all her words of fire,  
And Athens wear her violet crown again,  
And the seven cities plead for Homer dead.  
Let Marathon and Salamis come forth,  
Leuctra and Thermopylæ, with all  
The hosts who fling their free lives on the pile  
Of patriotic virtue, or who cast  
The gage of battle to unnumber'd foes,  
And then redeem'd it, giving to the earth  
Their dust, their lives to the great mother-land,  
Their Spirits to the Hero-halls above.  
Chant thou thy Epic, Homer ; tell the tale  
Of Troy to modern hearts of living men.  
Bid India from her Sanscrit speak ; let all  
The Vedas wide unroll their parchment gates.

Gather the wisdom of the Pyramids,  
The secrets that Egyptian Hierophants  
Practised in crypts and caverns, which they veil'd  
In many a rite and symbol—none forget.  
Let every Nation's mind unfold its thought,  
And every Sage depict the starry scheme ;  
And every Hero tell how once he died ;  
And every Poet sing, while Nature smiles  
To find her buried eras bloom anew.  
Forget not thine own time ; give ample place  
To wisdom shower'd from heaven, renewing earth.  
Let Dante sing from out his Middle Age ;  
And Machiavelli with his subtle skill  
Unveil the craft of tyrants ; nor forget  
The richly-flower'd muse of Camoens ;  
Or love-lays, born of Europe's loyal heart,  
Chanted by Troubadours in sweet Provence.  
Let manly Chaucer tread his pilgrim round ;  
And Spenser preach of heavenly chastity ;  
Let Herbert almost like an Angel sing ;  
And Shakespeare in one panoramic scene  
Reveal life's actual drama, clothing all  
His varied forms with living flesh and blood,  
Giving to each a true authentic heart,  
Whose arteries and veins run warm with love.  
Let the blind Psalmist of the Commonwealth,  
Who look'd with inward sight where burns the sun  
Of spirit-light o'er Eden of old time,  
In classic English utter all his thought.  
Let Byron pour from out his burning mind  
The seething torrents of unresting soul,  
The passion dreams of a wild fever'd heart,  
A world of rebel Genii, sin-accursed,  
Yet aching, hungering for divinity.  
Let Keats, the child Adonis, stand beside  
The waking figure of his Grecian urn,  
Interpreting the meaning of all tears  
Shed by the Graces in enamour'd dreams,  
Or smiles that drop from out the Sun-god's eyes,  
When morn is on the mountains, and the stars  
Close their white buds and grow invisible.  
Let the lost Pleiad, Chatterton, attune  
His harp in that bright brotherhood of song ;  
Let Wordsworth dream of heaven amid his hills ;  
And Coleridge stir the heart as with a trump



Blown by a young Archangel ; nor forget  
 The living in thy reverence for the dead.  
 Make wide Valhalla for the better gods  
 Than Thor and Odin, giants of young time ;  
 Thy master-singers, Germany, whose names  
 Shall brighten like their fame till round the world  
 The rainbow of their living thought hath grown.

Gather the ripe fruit of all Sciences  
 Until thy plenteous board gleams rich and rare  
 With cluster'd branches of Hesperian gold.  
 Let every Art stand in its perfect form,  
 And preach the gospel of invention to  
 The eager intellect. "More Light ! More Light !"  
 Be this thy motto ; yoke the patient years  
 To plough the fallow-fields of History  
 For buried treasures, gems and precious coins  
 And marbles, that shall come from out the dust  
 To tell how beautiful Antiquity  
 Sat on her ivory throne ; how look'd, how spake  
 The hero-ages of departed time.

Then, when thy mind grows like the purple East  
 With dawn-fires from the Sun of Light, go forth,  
 And, in that rich and eminent domain,  
 Gather together all sweet charities,  
 And bid them dwell with thee. In that fair home  
 Let Freedom rule, and, having won the world  
 In winning its transcendent essence, give  
 That world, thy heart, thy life away in love.

Be thou like God, drinking His essence in,  
 And clothing thyself with it as the earth  
 Attires its dainty limbs with emerald green.  
 As young Desire seeks Beauty, seek to gain  
 Complete symmetrical development,  
 That thou may'st minister in things of use  
 To all who seek the palace of thy mind.  
 Give thy thought freely ; give it modestly,  
 Patient of contradiction. Think not wine  
 The better because drawn or served by thee.  
 Force not the overflowing cup too long  
 On him whom thou dost honour, lest he grow  
 Surcharged in brain and curse instead of bless.  
 Be modest in thy opulence, and know  
 This fact, that thou may'st learn a truth from all.

Take what thy brother offers thee ; perchance  
 The simplest nature may have woke to see  
 At early morn an Angel in the sun,  
 And brought from him great message to thy soul.  
 In all thou doest first of all be true  
 To thine own consciousness, to man, to God.

HARRIS.

Reflections in a Winter Walk at Noon.

AGAIN I tread

The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,  
 Whose outspread branches overarch the glade ;  
 The roof, though moveable through all its length,  
 As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,  
 And, intercepting in their silent fall  
 The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.  
 No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.  
 The redbreast warbles still, but is content  
 With slender notes, and more than half suppress'd :  
 Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light  
 From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes  
 From many a twig the pendant drops of ice,  
 That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below.  
 Stillness accompanied with sounds so soft,  
 Charms more than silence. Meditation here  
 May think down hours to moments. Here the heart  
 May give a useful lesson to the head,  
 And learning wiser grow without his books.  
 Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,  
 Have oft-times no connection. Knowledge dwells  
 In heads replete with thoughts of other men ;  
 Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.  
 Knowledge, a rude, unprofitable mass,  
 The mere materials with which wisdom builds,  
 Till smooth'd, and squared, and fitted to its place,  
 Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.  
 Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much ;  
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

COWPER.

*Self-Knowledge.*

If thou be one whose heart the holy forms  
 Of young imagination have kept pure,  
 Stranger! henceforth be warn'd; and know that pride,  
 Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,  
 Is littleness; that he who feels contempt  
 For any living thing, hath faculties  
 Which he has never used; that thought with him  
 Is in its infancy. The man whose eye  
 Is ever on himself, doth look on one,  
 The least of Nature's works—one who might move  
 The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds  
 Unlawful ever. O, be wiser thou!  
 Instructed that true knowledge leads to love—  
 True dignity abides with him alone,  
 Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,  
 Can still suspect, and still revere himself,  
 In lowliness of heart.

WORDSWORTH.

*The Ladder of St. Augustine.*

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou said,  
 That of our vices we can frame  
 A ladder, if we will but tread  
 Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events,  
 That with the hour begin and end;  
 Our pleasures and our discontents  
 Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,  
 That makes another's virtues less;  
 The revel of the ruddy wine,  
 And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;  
 The strife for triumph more than truth;  
 The hardening of the heart that brings  
 Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill, all evil deeds,  
That have their root in thoughts of ill ;  
Whatever hinders or impedes  
The action of the nobler will ;—

All these must first be trampled down  
Beneath our feet, if we would gain,  
In the bright field of Fair Renown,  
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar ;  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees, by more and more,  
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone  
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,  
When nearer seen, and better known,  
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains that uprear  
Their frowning foreheads to the skies,  
Are cross'd by pathways, that appear  
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reach'd and kept,  
Were not attain'd by sudden flight ;  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore  
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,  
We may discern—unseen before—  
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past  
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
If, rising on its wrecks, at last  
To something nobler we attain.

LONGFELLOW.

## The Good Great Man.

"How seldom, Friend, a good great man inherits  
 Honour or wealth, with all his worth and pains !  
 It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,  
 If any man obtain that which he merits,  
 Or any merit that which he obtains."  
 For shame, dear Friend! renounce this canting strain !  
 What would'st thou have a good great man obtain ?  
 Place—titles—salary, a gilded chain,  
 Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain ?—  
 Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends !  
 Hath he not always treasures, always friends,  
 The good great man ?—three treasures—love, and light,  
 And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath ;—  
 And three firm friends, more sure than day and night—  
 Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

COLERIDGE.

## Earthly Glories Ebanescent.

So fails, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,  
 All that this world is proud of. From their spheres  
 The stars of human glory are cast down ;  
 Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,  
 Princes, and emperors, and the crowns and palms  
 Of all the mighty, wither'd and consumed !  
 Nor is power given to lowliest innocence  
 Long to protect her own. The man himself  
 Departs ; and soon is spent the line of those  
 Who, in the bodily image, in the mind,  
 In heart or soul, in station or pursuit,  
 Did most resemble him. Degrees and ranks,  
 Fraternities and orders—heaping high  
 New wealth upon the burthen of the old,  
 And placing trust in privilege confirm'd  
 And re-confirm'd—are scold'd at with a smile  
 Of greedy foretaste, from the secret stand  
 Of Desolation aim'd : to slow decline  
 These yield, and these to sudden overthrow :  
 Their virtue, service, happiness, and state  
 Expire ; and Nature's pleasant robe of green,  
 Humanity's appointed shroud, enwraps  
 Their monuments and their memory.

WORDSWORTH.

*Better to have the Poet's Heart than Brain.*

BETTER to have the poet's heart than brain,  
 To feel than write ; but better far than both,  
 To be on Earth a poem of God's making ;  
 To have one's soul a leaf, on which God's pen  
 In various words, as of triumphant music,  
 That mingleth joy and sorrow, setteth forth  
 That out of darkness he hath brought the light.  
 To such perchance the poet's voice is given  
 To tell the mighty tale to other worlds.

MACDONALD.

*Life's Gauds.*

As withereth the primrose by the river,  
 As fadeth summer's sun from gliding fountains,  
 As vanisheth the light-blown bubble ever,  
 As melteth snow upon the mossy mountains ;  
 So melts, so vanisheth, so fades, so withers,  
 The rose, the shine, the bubble, and the snow,  
 Of praise, pomp, glory, joy, which short life gathers,  
 Vain praise, fair pomp, sweet glory, brittle joy :—  
 The wither'd primrose by the morning river,  
 The faded summer's sun from weeping fountains,  
 The light-blown bubble vanished for ever,  
 The molten snow upon the mossy mountains,  
 Are emblems that the treasures we uplay  
 Soon wither, vanish, fade, and melt away.

BOLTON.

*Present Blessings not Prized.*

So it falls out,  
 That what we have we prize not to the worth  
 While we enjoy it ; but, being lack'd and lost,  
 Why then we reck the value ; then we find  
 The virtue that possession would not show us  
 While it was ours.

SHAKESPEARE.

*My Mind to me a Kingdom is.*

My mind to me a kingdom is,  
 Such perfect joy therein I find,  
 That it excels all other bliss  
 That God or nature hath assign'd :  
 Though much I need that most would have,  
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

I see that plenty surfeits oft,  
 And hasty climbers soonest fall ;  
 I see that such as are aloft,  
 Mishap doth threaten most of all :  
 These get with toil, and keep with fear ;  
 Such cares my mind can never bear.

I press to bear no haughty sway ;  
 I wish no more than may suffice ;  
 I do no more than well I may,  
 Look what I want, my mind supplies :  
 Lo, thus I triumph like a king,  
 My mind's content with any thing.

I laugh not at another's loss,  
 Nor grudge not at another's gain ;  
 No worldly waves my mind can toss ;  
 I brook what is another's bane :  
 I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend ;  
 I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,  
 And conscience clear my chief defence ;  
 I never seek by bribes to please,  
 Nor by desert to give offence ;  
 Thus do I live, thus will I die ;  
 Would all do so as well as I !

BYRD.

*It is the Mind that makes the Body rich.*

It is the mind that makes the body rich ;  
 And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,  
 So honour peereth in the meanest habit.  
 What ! is the jay more precious than the hawk  
 Because his feathers are more beautiful ?  
 Or is the adder better than the eel  
 Because his painted skin contents the eye ?

SHAKESPEARE.

M

## 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, that 'grees with country music best,  
 The sweet consort of mirth's and music's fare.  
 Obscured life sets down a type of bliss ;  
 A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

GREENE.

## The Happy Man.

HE is the Happy Man, whose life e'en now  
 Shows somewhat of that happier life to come :  
 Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,  
 Is pleas'd with it, and, were he free to choose,  
 Would make his fate his choice ; whom peace, the fruit  
 Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,  
 Prepare for happiness ; bespeak him one  
 Content indeed to sojourn while he must  
 Below the skies, but having there his home.  
 The world o'erlooks him in her busy search  
 Of objects, more illustrious in her view ;  
 And, occupied as earnestly as she,  
 Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.  
 She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not ;  
 He seeks not her's for he has proved them vain.  
 He cannot skim the ground like summer birds  
 Pursuing gilded flies ; and such he deems  
 Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.  
 Therefore in contemplation is his bliss,  
 Whose power is such, that whom she lifts from earth  
 She makes familiar with a world unseen,  
 And shows him glories yet to be reveal'd.

COWPER.



### 3. Doubting Heart.

WHERE are the swallows fled ?  
 Frozen and dead,  
 Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.  
 O doubting heart !  
 Far over purple seas,  
 They wait in sunny ease,  
 The balmy southern breeze,  
 To bring them to their northern home once more.

Why must the flowers die ?  
 Prison'd they lie  
 In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.  
 O doubting heart !  
 They only sleep below  
 The soft white ermine snow  
 While winter winds shall blow,  
 To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays  
 These many days ;  
 Will dreary hours never leave the earth ?  
 O doubting heart !  
 The stormy clouds on high  
 Veil the same sunny sky  
 That soon—for spring is nigh—  
 Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light  
 Is quench'd in night :  
 What sound can break the silence of despair ?  
 O doubting heart !  
 The sky is overcast,  
 Yet stars shall rise at last,  
 Brighter for darkness past,  
 And angels' silver voices stir the air.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

From *Dejection: an Ode.*

A GRIEF without a pang, void, dark, and drear,  
 A stifled, drowsy, unimpassion'd grief,  
 Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,  
 In word, or sigh, or tear—  
 O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,  
 To other thoughts by yonder throistle woo'd,  
 All this long eve, so balmy and serene,  
 Have I been gazing on the western sky,  
 And its peculiar tint of yellow green:  
 And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!  
 And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,  
 That give away their motion to the stars;  
 Those stars, that glide behind them or between,  
 Now sparkling, now bedimm'd, but always seen:  
 Yon crescent Moon as fix'd as if it grew  
 In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;  
 I see them all so excellently fair,  
 I see, not feel how beautiful they are!

My genial spirits fail;  
 And what can these avail  
 To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?  
 It were a vain endeavour,  
 Though I should gaze for ever  
 On that green light that lingers in the west:  
 I may not hope from outward forms to win  
 The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

O Lady! we receive but what we give,  
 And in our life alone does nature live:  
 Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!  
 And would we aught behold, of higher worth,  
 Than that inanimate cold world allow'd  
 To the poor loveless, ever-anxious crowd,  
 Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth,  
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud  
 Enveloping the Earth—  
 And from the soul itself must there be sent  
 A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,  
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

O pure of heart ! thou need'st not ask of me  
 What this strong music in the soul may be !  
 What, and wherein it doth exist,  
 This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,  
 This beautiful and beauty-making power.

Joy, virtuous Lady ! Joy that ne'er was given,  
 Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,  
 Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,  
 Joy, Lady ! is the spirit and the power  
 Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower,

A new Earth and new Heaven,  
 Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—  
 Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—  
 We in ourselves rejoice !

And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,  
 All melodies the echoes of that voice,  
 All colours a suffusion from that light.

COLERIDGE.

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### *Time and Change.*

REVOLUTIONS sweep  
 O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast  
 Of dreaming sorrow ; cities rise and sink,  
 Like bubbles on the water ; fiery isles  
 Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back  
 To their mysterious caverns ; mountains rear  
 To heaven their bald and blacken'd cliffs, and bow  
 Their tall heads to the plain ; new empires rise,  
 Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,  
 And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,  
 Startling the nations,—and the very stars,  
 Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,  
 Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,  
 And like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,  
 Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away,  
 To darkle in the trackless void : yet Time—  
 Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,  
 Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not  
 Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,  
 To sit and muse, like other conquerors,  
 Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

PRENTICE.

*The Ruins of the Coliseum by Moonlight.*

I stood within the Coliseum's wall,  
 'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome ;  
 The trees which grew along the broken arches  
 Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars  
 Shone through the rents of ruin ; from afar  
 The watch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber ; and  
 More near from out the Cæsars' palace came  
 The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,  
 Of distant sentinels the fitful song  
 Begun and died upon the gentle wind.  
 Some cypresses upon the time-worn breach  
 Appear'd to skirt the horizon, yet they stood  
 Within a bowshot—where the Cæsars dwelt,  
 And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst  
 A grove which springs through levell'd battlements,  
 And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,  
 Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth ;—  
 But the gladiator's bloody circus stands,  
 A noble wreck in ruinous perfection !  
 While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,  
 Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—  
 And thou did'st shine, thou rolling moon, upon  
 All this, and cast a wide and tender light,  
 Which soften'd down the hoar austerity  
 Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,  
 As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries ;  
 Leaving that beautiful which still was so,  
 And making that which was not, till the place  
 Became religion, and the heart ran o'er  
 With silent worship of the great of old !  
 The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule  
 Our spirits from their urns.

BYRON.

*Succession of Human Beings.*

LIKE leaves on trees the life of man is found,  
 Now green in youth, now withering on the ground ;  
 Another race the following spring supplies,  
 They fall successive and successive rise ;  
 So generations in their course decay ;  
 So flourish these, when those have pass'd away.

SHENSTONE.

## London at Sunrise.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

EARTH has not anything to shew more fair :  
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
 A sight so touching in its majesty :  
 This city now doth like a garment wear  
 The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,  
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie,  
 Open unto the fields and to the sky,  
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
 Never did sun more beautifully steep,  
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;  
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !  
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :  
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;  
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

WORDSWORTH.

## The Winter Sycamore.

YE wintry flowers, whose pensive dyes  
 Wake, where the summer's lily sleeps !  
 Ye are like orphans, in whose eyes  
 Their low-laid mother's beauty weeps.

Oh ! not like stars that come at eve,  
 Through dim clouds gathering one by one ;  
 And teach the failing heart to grieve,  
 Because another day is gone !

But like the hopes that linger yet  
 Upon the grave of sorrow's love ;  
 And dare Affection to forget  
 The form below, the soul above.

Or like the thoughts that bid Despair  
 Repose in faith on Mercy's breast ;  
 Givers of wings—from toil and care  
 To fly away, and be at rest.

ELLIOTT.

## Leaves and Men.

Drop, drop into the grave, Old Leaf,  
 Drop, drop into the grave ;  
 Thy acorn's grown, thy acorn's sown—  
 Drop, drop into the grave.  
 December's tempests rave, Old Leaf,  
 Above thy forest-grave, Old Leaf,  
 Drop, drop into the grave.

The birds in spring, will sweetly sing  
 That death alone is sad ;  
 The grass will grow, the primrose show  
 That death alone is sad.  
 Lament above thy grave, Old Leaf,  
 For what has life to do with grief ?  
 'Tis death alone that's sad.

What then ? We two have both lived through  
 The sunshine and the rain ;  
 And bless'd be He, to me and thee,  
 Who sent his sun and rain !  
 We've had our sun and rain, Old Leaf,  
 And God will send again, Old Leaf,  
 The sunshine and the rain.

Race after race of leaves and men,  
 Bloom, wither, and are gone ;  
 As winds and waters rise and fall,  
 So life and death roll on ;  
 And long as ocean heaves, Old Leaf,  
 And bud and fade the leaves, Old Leaf,  
 Will life and death roll on.

How like am I to thee, Old Leaf !  
 We'll drop together down ;  
 How like art thou to me, Old Leaf !  
 We'll drop together down.  
 I'm gray, and thou art brown, Old Leaf,  
 We'll drop together down, Old Leaf,  
 We'll drop together down.

Drop, drop into the grave, Old Leaf,  
 Drop, drop into the grave ;  
 Thy acorn's grown, thy acorn's sown—  
 Drop, drop into the grave.  
 December's tempests rave, Old Leaf,  
 Above thy forest-grave, Old Leaf ;  
 Drop, drop into the grave !

ELLIOTT.

*The Harvests of Time.*

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 footfall !  
 On, on, for ever !

Yon sheaves were once but seed :  
 Will ripens into deed.  
 As eave-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 footfall !  
 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 !

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

*Human Life.*

BETWEEN two worlds, Life hovers like a star  
 'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge ;  
 How little do we know that which we are !  
 How less what we may be ! The eternal surge  
 Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar  
 Our bubbles ; as the old burst, new emerge,  
 Lash'd from the foam of ages, while the grave  
 Of empires heaves but like some passing wave.

BYRON.

## A Simile.

SLOWLY, slowly up the wall  
 Steals the sunshine, steals the shade,  
 Evening damps begin to pall,  
 Evening shadows are display'd.  
 Round me, o'er me, everywhere  
 All the sky is grand with clouds,  
 And athwart the evening air  
 Wheel the swallows home in crowds.  
 Shafts of sunshine from the west  
 Paint the dusky windows red ;  
 Darker shadows, deeper rest,  
 Underneath, and overhead.  
 Darker, darker, and more wan  
 In my breast the shadows fall ;  
 Upward steals the life of man,  
 As the sunshine from the wall.  
 From the wall into the sky,  
 From the roof along the spire ;  
 Ah ! the souls of those that die  
 Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

LONGFELLOW.

## Man's Spiritual Power.

As the ample Moon,  
 In the deep stillness of a summer even,  
 Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,  
 Burns, like an unconsuming fire of light,  
 In the green trees ; and, kindling on all sides  
 Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil  
 Into a substance glorious as her own,—  
 Yea, with her own incorporate, by power  
 Capacious and serene ; like power abides  
 In man's celestial spirit ; virtue thus  
 Sets forth and magnifies herself ; thus feeds  
 A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire.  
 From the encumbrances of mortal life,  
 From error, disappointment,—nay, from guilt ;  
 And sometimes, so relenting justice wills,  
 From palpable oppressions of despair.

WORDSWORTH.



*A Reflection at Sea.*

SEE how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,  
 Yon little billow heaves its breast;  
 And foams and sparkles for a while,  
 And murmuring then subsides to rest!  
 Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,  
 Rises on Time's eventful sea;  
 And, having swell'd a moment there,  
 Thus melts into eternity.

MOORE.

*Dreams of the Dead.*

OFF in still night-dreams a departed face  
 Bends o'er me with sweet earnestness of eye,  
 Wearing no more of earthly pains a trace,  
 But all the tender pity that may be  
 On the clear brow of immortality,  
 Calm, yet profound. Soft rays illumine that mien;  
 Th' unshadow'd moonlight of some far off sky  
 Around it floats, transparently serene  
 As a pure veil of waters. O rich Sleep!  
 The spells are mighty in thy regions deep,  
 Which glorify with reconciling breath,  
 Effacing, brightening, giving forth to shine  
 Beauty's high truth; and how much more divine  
 Thy power when link'd, in this, with thy stern brother  
 Death!

MRS. HEMANS.

*Dreams.*

THE mysteries of the Angel-World  
 Are half unfolded when we sleep;  
 In dreams the sails of thought, uncurl'd,  
 Waft us like barques where Angels keep  
 Close-veil'd within the unknown seas  
 Their watch. To saint upon his knees,  
 Great God! how near thou comest down;  
 What radiant light, what spirit-crown,  
 What bosom heart's-ease Thou dost give  
 To those who in Thy covenant live!

HARRIS.

*The Fight of Stars.*

THE night is come, but not too soon ;  
And sinking silently,  
All silently, the little moon  
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,  
But the cold light of stars ;  
And the first watch of night is given  
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love—  
The star of love and dreams ?  
O no ! from that blue tent above,  
A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,  
When I behold afar,  
Suspended in the evening skies,  
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength ! I see thee stand  
And smile upon my pain ;  
Thou beckonest with thy mailèd hand,  
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,  
But the cold light of stars ;  
I give the first watch of the night  
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquer'd will,  
He rises in my breast,  
Serene, and resolute, and still,  
And calm, and self-possess'd.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,  
That readest this brief psalm,  
As one by one thy hopes depart,  
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know, ere long—  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.

LONGFELLOW.

## Virtue.

## I.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
 The bridal of the earth and sky,  
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;  
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave  
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,  
 Thy root is ever in its grave,  
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,  
 A box where sweets compacted lie,  
 Thy music shows ye have your closes,  
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
 Like season'd timber, never gives ;  
 But, though the whole world turn to coal,  
 Then chiefly lives. HERBERT.

## II.

THE heart, unalter'd in its mood,  
 That joys alone in doing good,  
 And follows in the heavenly road,  
 And steps where once an angel trod,—  
 The joys within such heart that burn,  
 No loss can quench, nor time o'erturn !  
 The stars may from their orbits bend,  
 The mountains rock, the heavens rend,  
 The sun's last ember cool and quiver,  
 But Virtue still shall glow for ever ! HOGG.

## A Just Man's Purposes.

No wrath of men, or rage of seas,  
 Can shake a just man's purposes ;  
 No threats of tyrants, or the grim  
 Visage of them can alter him ;  
 But what he doth at first intend,  
 That he holds firmly to the end. HERRICK.

*Speak gently to the Erring.*

SPEAK gently to the erring—  
 Ye know not all the power  
 With which the dark temptation came  
 In some unguarded hour :  
 Ye may not know how earnestly  
 They struggled, or how well,  
 Until the hour of weakness came,  
 And sadly thus they fell !

Speak gently of the erring—  
 Oh ! do not thou forget,  
 However darkly stain'd by sin,  
 He is thy brother yet.  
 Heir of the self-same heritage,  
 Child of the self-same God,  
 He hath but stumbled in the path  
 Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak kindly to the erring—  
 For is it not enough  
 That innocence and peace are gone,  
 Without thy censure rough ?  
 It surely is a weary lot  
 That sin-crush'd heart to bear ;  
 And they who share a happier fate  
 Their chidings well may spare.

Speak kindly to the erring—  
 Thou yet may'st lead him back,  
 With holy words, and tones of love,  
 From Misery's thorny track :  
 Forget not thou hast often sinn'd,  
 And sinful yet must be ;  
 Deal kindly with the erring one,  
 As God has dealt with thee.

LEE.

*A Good Conscience the Best Defence.*

WHAT stronger breastplate than a heart untainted ?  
 Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just ;  
 And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,  
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

SHAKESPEARE

## Hobleness of a Lowly Mind.

O ! I would walk  
 A WEARY journey, to the farthest verge  
 Of the big world, to kiss that good man's hand,  
 Who, in the blaze of wisdom and of art,  
 Preserves a lowly mind ; and to his God,  
 Feeling the sense of his own littleness,  
 Is as a child in meek simplicity !  
 What is the pomp of learning ? the parade  
 Of letters and of tongues ? even as the mists  
 Of the gray morn before the rising sun,  
 That pass away and perish. Earthly things  
 Are but the transient pageants of an hour ;  
 And earthly pride is like the passing flower  
 That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.

WHITE.

## Forgiveness of Injuries.

LEARN from yon orient shell to love thy foe,  
 And store with pearls the hand that brings thee woe :  
 Free, like yon rock, from base vindictive pride,  
 Emblaze with gems the wrist that rends thy side :  
 Mark, where yon tree rewards the stony shower  
 With fruit nectareous, or the balmy flower :  
 All nature calls aloud, shall man do less  
 Than heal the smiter, and the railer bless ?  
*Transl. from Hafiz.*

SIR W. JONES.

## We have all of us one Human Heart.

MAN is dear to man ; the poorest poor  
 Long for some moments in a weary life  
 When they can know and feel that they have been,  
 Themselves, the fathers and the dealers-out  
 Of some small blessings ; have been kind to such  
 As needed kindness, for this single cause,  
 That we have all of us one human heart.

WORDSWORTH.

### Power of Gentleness.

SPEAK you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you.  
 I thought that all things had been savage here;  
 And therefore put I on the countenance  
 Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,  
 That in this desert inaccessible,  
 Under the shade of melancholy boughs,  
 Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;  
 If ever you have look'd on better days;  
 If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;  
 If ever sat at any good man's feast;  
 If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,  
 And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;  
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:  
 In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

SHAKESPEARE.

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### Charity.

THE blessings which the weak and poor can scatter  
 Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing  
 To give a cup of water; yet its draught  
 Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,  
 May give a shock of pleasure to the frame  
 More exquisite than when nectarean juice  
 Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.  
 It is a little thing to speak a phrase  
 Of common comfort, which by daily use  
 Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear  
 Of him who thought to die unmourn'd, 'twill fall  
 Like choicest music; fill the glazing eye  
 With gentle tears; relax the knotted hand  
 To know the bonds of fellowship again;  
 And shed on the departing soul a sense  
 More precious than the benison of friends  
 About the honour'd death-bed of the rich,  
 To him who else were lonely,—that another  
 Of the great family is near, and feels.

TALFOURD,

*— a couplet —*

## Compassion.

THE sweetest voice  
 That warbles in the grove, is not so sweet  
 As thine, Compassion—nor the boldest deed  
 Of hero's arm so worthy of the lyre  
 As act of Mercy; nor, in all the round  
 Of being, is there aught in God's pure eye,  
 So bless'd, so sanctified as those kind thoughts  
 That stir the bosom of Benevolence.  
 What are the joys of Heaven but those of Love?  
 What God's own bliss?—The bliss of doing good  
 Unlimited and perfect! DRUMMOND.

## Perseverance.

TIME hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
 A great-sized monster of ingratitude's:  
 Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd  
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
 As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,  
 Keeps honour bright; to have done, is to hang  
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail,  
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way,  
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow,  
 Where one but goes abreast. Keep then the path;  
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,  
 That one by one pursue; if you give way,  
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,  
 Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,  
 And leave you hindmost.  
 Or, like a gallant horse, fallen in first rank,  
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,  
 O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in present,  
 Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;  
 For time is like a fashionable host,  
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,  
 And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,  
 Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,  
 And farewell goes out sighing. Oh! let not virtue seek  
 Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty, wit,  
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,  
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
 To envious and calumniating time. SHAKESPEARE.

## Never say Fail.

KEEP working—'tis wiser  
 Than sitting aside,  
 And dreaming and sighing  
 And waiting the tide.

In life's earnest battle  
 They only prevail  
 Who daily march onward,  
 And never say fail!

In life's rosy morning,  
 In manhood's firm pride,  
 Let this be the motto  
 Your footsteps to guide:

In storm and in sunshine,  
 Whatever assail,  
 We'll onward and conquer,  
 And never say fail!

ANON.

## Procrastination.

TO-MORROW, and to-morrow, and to-morrow  
 Creeps in this petty space from day to day,  
 To the last syllable of recorded time,  
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
 The way to dusky death.

SHAKESPEARE.

BE wise to-day ; 'tis madness to defer :  
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead :  
 Thus on till wisdom is push'd out of life.  
 Procrastination is the thief of time ;  
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled.

YOUNG.

OH, seize the instant time ; you never will  
 With waters once pass'd by impel the mill !

TRENCH.



## Rest.

SWEET is the pleasure  
Itself cannot spoil !  
Is not true leisure  
One with true toil !

Thou that would'st taste it,  
Still do thy best ;  
Use it, not waste it,  
Else 'tis no rest.

Would'st behold beauty  
Near thee ? all round ?  
Only hath duty  
Such a sight found.

Rest is not quitting  
The busy career ;  
Rest is the fitting  
Of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion  
Clear without strife,  
Fleeting to ocean  
After its life.

Deeper devotion  
Nowhere hath knelt ;  
Fuller emotion  
Heart never felt.

'Tis loving and serving  
The Highest and Best :  
'Tis onwards ! unswerving,  
And that is true rest.

DWARF.

## Eternal Hope.

ETERNAL Hope ! when yonder spheres sublime,  
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of Time,  
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.—  
When all the sister planets have decay'd ;  
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,  
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below ;  
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,  
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile. CAMPBELL.

### Hopes.

HOPES are inspirations ; first they grow  
 In crypt-like hearts, where secret splendours glow  
 Of Love and Wisdom. Hopes are Truths divine,  
 That stand above the sentried lights of time,  
 With faces fill'd with dawn-light and with forms  
 Invincible ; and there above all storms  
 They chant their revelation, leading on  
 Humanity to destinies unknown.

HARRIS.

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### The Seaton.

THE scene was more beautiful far, to my eye,  
 Than if day in its pride had array'd it ;  
 The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure-arch'd sky  
 Look'd pure as the Spirit that made it.

The murmur arose as I silently gazed  
 On the shadowy waves' playful motion ;  
 From the dim distant isle till the beacon-fire blazed,  
 Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast  
 Was heard in his wildly breathed numbers ;  
 The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girded nest,  
 The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.

I sigh'd as I look'd from the hill's gentle slope ;  
 All hush'd was the billows' commotion ;  
 And I thought that the beacon look'd lovely as hope,  
 That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,  
 Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,  
 Will Memory sometimes rekindle the star  
 That blazed on the breast of the billow.

In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,  
 And death stills the soul's last emotion,  
 O then may the seraph of mercy arise  
 Like a star on eternity's ocean !

MISS PARDOE.

## Wishes.

WOULD that I were a river,  
 To wander all alone  
 Through some sweet Eden of the wild,  
 In music of my own ;  
 And bathed in bliss, and fed with dew,  
 Distill'd o'er mountains hoary,  
 Return unto my home in heaven,  
 On wings of joy and glory!

Or that I were a skylark,  
 To soar and sing above,  
 Filling all hearts with joyful sounds,  
 And my own soul with love !  
 Then o'er the mourner and the dead,  
 And o'er the good man dying ;  
 My song should come like buds and flowers,  
 When music warbles flying.

O, that a wing of splendour,  
 Like yon wild cloud, were mine !  
 Yon bounteous cloud, that gets to give,  
 And borrows to resign !  
 On that bright wing, to climes of spring,  
 I'd bear all wintry bosoms,  
 And bid Hope smile on weeping thoughts,  
 Like April on her blossoms.

ELLIOTT.

## Sorrows.

FLOWERS by heedless footsteps prest,  
 All their sweets surrender ;  
 Gold must brook the fiery test,  
 Ere it show its splendour.

Stars come forth when Night her shroud  
 Draws, as daylight fainteth ;  
 Only on the tearful cloud,  
 God his rainbow painteth.

ANON.

## Times go by Turns.

THE lopped tree in time may grow again,  
 Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;  
 The sorriest wight may find release of pain,  
 The driest soil suck in some moistening shower:  
 Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,  
 From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow;  
 She draws her favours to the lowest ebb:  
 Her tides have equal times to come and go;  
 Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;  
 No joy so great but runneth to an end,  
 No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,  
 Not endless night, yet not eternal day:  
 The saddest birds a season find to sing,  
 The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.  
 Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,  
 That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;  
 That net that holds no great, takes little fish;  
 In some things all, in all things none are cross'd;  
 Few all they need, but none have all they wish.  
 Umingled joys here to no man befall;  
 Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

SOUTHWELL

## Temperance.

THOUGH I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;  
 For in my youth I never did apply  
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;  
 Nor did I with unbaakful forehead woo  
 The means of weakness and debility;  
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
 Frosty, but kindly.

SHAKESPEARE.

## Moralising in the Forest.

*Duke.* Come, shall we go and kill us venison ?  
 And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools—  
 Being native burghers of this desert city—  
 Should, in their own confines, with forked heads  
 Have their round haunches gored.

*Lord.* Indeed, my lord,  
 The melancholy Jaques grieves at that ;  
 And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp  
 Than doth your brother, that hath banish'd you.  
 To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself  
 Did steal behind him as he lay along  
 Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood :  
 To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,  
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,  
 Did come to languish ; and indeed, my lord,  
 The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,  
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
 Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears  
 Coursed one another down his innocent nose  
 In piteous chase : and thus the hairy fool,  
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,  
 Augmenting it with tears.

*Duke.* But what said Jaques ?  
 Did he not moralise this spectacle ?

*Lord.* Oh yes ! into a thousand similes.  
 First, for his weeping in the needless stream :  
 " Poor deer," quoth he, " thou makest a testament,  
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more  
 To that which had too much." Then, being alone,  
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends ;  
 " 'Tis right," quoth he ; " thus misery doth part  
 The flux of company." Anon, a careless herd,  
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,  
 And never stays to greet him. " Ay," quoth Jaques,  
 " Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;  
 'Tis just the fashion. Wherefore do you look  
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?"  
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through  
 The body of the country, city, court,  
 Yea, and of this our life ; swearing that we

Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and, what's worse,  
To fright the animals, and to kill them up  
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

*Duke.* And did you leave him in this contemplation ?

*Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting  
Upon the sobbing deer.

SHAKESPEARE.

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### The Conitct Ship.

MORN on the waters! and, purple and bright,  
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light ;  
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,  
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on ;  
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,  
And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale ;  
The winds come around her, in murmur and song,  
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along.  
See ! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,  
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds :  
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,  
Over the waters—away, and away !  
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,  
Passing away, like a dream of the heart !  
Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,  
Music around her, and sunshine on high—  
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,  
Oh ! there be hearts that are breaking below !

Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,  
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,  
Treading its depths in the power of her might,  
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light !  
Look to the waters!—asleep on their breast,  
Seems not the ship like an island of rest ?  
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,  
Like a heart-cherish'd home on some desolate plain !  
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,  
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,  
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,  
A phantom of beauty—could deem with a sigh,  
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,  
And that souls that are smitten lie bursting within ?

Who—as he watches her silently gliding—  
 Remembers that wave after wave is dividing  
 Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,  
 Hearts which are parted and broken for ever ?  
 Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,  
 The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave ?

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,  
 Like a vessel at sea, amidst sunshine and song !  
 Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,  
 With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurl'd ;  
 All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,  
 Yet, charter'd by sorrow, and freighted with sighs,  
 Fading and false is the aspect it wears,  
 As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears ;  
 And the withering thoughts which the world cannot  
     know,  
 Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below ;  
 Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore  
 Where the dreams of our childhood are vanish'd and  
     o'er.

HERVEY.

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*Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.*

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day ;  
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea ;  
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
 And leaves the world—to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds ;  
 Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,  
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
 The moping owl does to the moon complain  
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
 The swallow twittering from her straw-built shed,  
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care;  
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;  
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:—  
 How jocund did they drive their team a-field!  
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure;  
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,  
 The short and simple annals of the poor!

The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of Power,  
 And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,  
 Await alike the inevitable hour:  
 The paths of Glory lead—but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,  
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid  
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
 Hands that the rod of Empire might have sway'd,  
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;  
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,  
 And froze the genial current of the soul!

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
 The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear;  
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air!



Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest—  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade ; nor circumscribed alone  
Their glowing virtues, but their crimes confined—  
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide ;  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame ;  
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride,  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray :  
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way !

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spell'd by the unletter'd muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply ;  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
To teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd—  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires :  
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires !

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonour'd dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,  
If, 'chance, by lonely Contemplation led,  
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate ;

Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say—

“Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,  
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove ;  
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,  
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love !

“One morn I miss'd him on the accustom'd hill,  
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;  
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

“The next with dirges due, in sad array,  
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne ;  
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,  
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

#### THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,  
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;  
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;  
Heaven did a recompence as largely send ;—  
He gave to Misery all he had—a tear ;  
He gain'd from Heaven, 'twas all he wish'd—a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,  
The bosom of his Father and his God.)

GRAY.

*Time Rolls his Ceaseless Course.*

TIME rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,  
 Who danced our infancy upon their knee,  
 And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,  
 Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,  
 How are they blotted from the things that be!  
 How few, all weak and wither'd of their force,  
 Wait on the verge of dark eternity,  
 Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,  
 To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless  
 course.

SCOTT.

*Memories of the Dead.*

THEN let us be content in spirit, though  
 We cannot walk, as we are fain to do,  
 Within the solemn shadow of our griefs  
 For ever—but must needs come down again  
 From the bright skirts of those protecting clouds,  
 To tread the common paths of earth anew.  
 Then let us be content to leave behind us  
 So much; which yet we leave not quite behind;  
 For the bright memories of the holy dead,  
 The blessed ones departed, shine on us  
 Like the pure splendours of some clear large star,  
 Which pilgrims, travelling onward, at their backs  
 Leave, and at every moment see not now;  
 Yet, whensoever they list, may pause and turn,  
 And with its glories gild their faces still:  
 Or as beneath a northern sky is seen  
 The sunken sunset living in the west,  
 A tender radiance there surviving long,  
 Which has not faded all away, before  
 The flaming banners of the morn advance  
 Over the summits of the orient hills.

TRENCH.

Goodness in Things Evil.

I.

THERE is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out.

SHAKESPEARE.

II.

"THE Nature's law

That none, the meanest of created things,  
Of forms created the most vile and brute,  
The dullest or most noxious, should exist  
Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of good,  
A life and soul, to every mode of being  
Inseparably link'd. Then be assured  
That least of all can aught—that ever own'd  
The heaven-regarding eye and front sublime  
Which man is born to—sink, howe'er depress'd,  
So low as to be scorn'd without a sin ;  
Without offence to God cast out of view ;  
Like the dry remnant of a garden-flower,  
Whose seeds are shed, or as an implement  
Worn out and worthless.

WORDSWORTH.

Ⓢ What a Glory doth this World put on.

O WHAT a glory doth this world put on  
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth  
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks  
On duties well perform'd and days well spent !  
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves  
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings,  
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death  
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go  
To his long resting-place without a tear.

LONGFELLOW.

*Complets.*

In vain our labours are whatsoe'er they be,  
Unless God gives the Benedicite.

Mercy the wise Athenians held to be  
Not an affection, but a Deitie.

Whatever comes, let's be content withall ;  
Among God's blessings, there is no one small.

Three fatal sisters wait upon each sin ;  
First, Fear and Shame without, then Guilt within.

That man must govern with a gentle hand,  
Who will have love comply with his command.

This is my comfort ; when Fortune's most unkind,  
She can but spoil me of my means, not mind.

Conquer we shall, but we must first contend ;  
'Tis not the fight that crowns us, but the end.

Man must do well out of a good intent,  
Not for the servile fear of punishment.

In prayer the lips ne'er act the winning part,  
Without the sweet concurrence of the heart.

HERRICK.

*Suffering is a Holy Thing.*

O LIFE, O Death, O World, O Time,  
O Grave, where all things flow,  
'Tis yours to make our lot sublime,  
With your great weight of woe !

Though sharpest anguish hearts may wring,  
Though bosoms torn may be,  
Yet suffering is a holy thing ;  
Without it what were we ?

TRENCH.

*The Worth of Hours.*

BELIEVE not that your inner eye  
 Can ever in just measure try  
 The worth of Hours as they go by ;

For every man's weak self, alas !  
 Makes him to see them, while they pass,  
 As through a dim or tainted glass :

But if in earnest care you would  
 Mete out to each its part of good,  
 Trust rather to your after-mood.

Those surely are not fairly spent,  
 That leave your spirit bow'd and bent  
 In sad unrest and ill-content :

And more,—though free from seeming harm,  
 You rest from toil of mind or arm,  
 Or slow retire from pleasure's charm,—

If then a painful sense comes on  
 Of something wholly lost and gone,  
 Vainly enjoy'd or vainly done,—

Of something from your being's chain  
 Broke off, nor to be link'd again  
 By all mere memory can retain,—

Upon your heart this truth may rise,—  
 Nothing that altogether dies  
 Suffices man's just destinies !

So should we live, that every Hour  
 May die as dies the natural flower,—  
 A self-reviving thing of power ;

That every thought and every deed  
 May hold within itself the seed  
 Of future good and future need ;

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ  
 Is to develop, not destroy,  
 Far better than a barren joy.

MILNE

PART IV.

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P O E M S

OF THE

SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC

AFFECTIONS.

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Is aught so fair  
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,  
In the bright eye of Hesper, or the morn,  
In Nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair  
As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush  
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?  
The graceful tear that streams for others' woes,  
Or the mild majesty of private life,  
Where Peace, with ever-blooming olive, crowns  
The gate; where Honour's liberal hands effuse  
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings  
Of Innocence and Love protect the scene?

AKENSIDE.

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With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,  
And each for other's welfare kindly speers:  
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet;  
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;  
The parents partial, eye their hopeful years;  
Anticipation forward points the view.

BURKE.





# P O E M S

OF THE

## SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

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### The May-Queen.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;  
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;  
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'  
the May.

There's many a black black eye, they say, but none so bright  
as mine;  
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline;  
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say;  
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the  
May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,  
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break;  
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'  
the May.

As I came up the valley whom think ye should I see,  
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree;  
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday--  
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'  
the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,  
And I ran by him, without speaking, like a flash of light;  
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'  
the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be:  
 They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that to me?  
 There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day;  
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'  
 the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,  
 And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen;  
 For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from far away;  
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'  
 the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers,  
 And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;  
 And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and  
 hollows gray;  
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'  
 the May.

The night winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow grass,  
 And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;  
 There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day;  
 And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'  
 the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,  
 And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,  
 And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play,  
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'  
 the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,  
 To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year:  
 To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest merriest day,  
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'  
 the May.

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### New-Year's Eve.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,  
 For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year.  
 It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,  
 Then you may lay me low i' the mould, and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set and left behind  
 The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;  
 And the New-year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see  
 The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers ; we had a merry day ;  
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of  
May,

And we danced about the May-pole, and in the hazel copse,  
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills : the frost is on the pane :  
I only wish to live till the snow-drops come again :  
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high :  
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall elm-tree,  
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,  
And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er the wave,  
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine,  
In the early early morning the summer sun 'ill shine,  
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,  
When you are warm asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light  
You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night ;  
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool  
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,  
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.  
I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you pass,  
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now ;  
You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere I go ;  
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,  
You should not fret for me, mother, you have another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place ;  
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face :  
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,  
And be often often with you, when you think I'm far away.

Goodnight, goodnight, when I have said goodnight for ever-  
more,

And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door ;  
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green :  
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary floor :  
Let her take 'em—they are her's : I shall never garden more :  
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rose-bush that I set  
About the parlour-window and the box of mignonette.

Good-night, sweet mother; call me before the day is born.  
 All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;  
 But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year,  
 So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

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### The Conclusion.

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and yet alive I am;  
 And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.  
 How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!  
 To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's here.

O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,  
 And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise,  
 And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,  
 And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,  
 And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be done!  
 But still I think it can't be long before I find release;  
 And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

O blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair!  
 And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there!  
 O blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head!  
 A thousand times I blest him as he knelt beside my bed!

He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd me all the sin.  
 Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in:  
 Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be,  
 For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat,  
 There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet:  
 But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,  
 And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call;  
 It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all;  
 The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,  
 And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie dear;  
 I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here;  
 With all my strength I pray'd for both, and so I felt resign'd,  
 And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listen'd in my bed,  
 And then did something speak to me—I knew not what was said;  
 For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,  
 And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping; and I said, "It's not for them: it's mine."  
 And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.  
 And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars,  
 Then seem'd to go right up to Heaven and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know  
 The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.  
 And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day.  
 But Effie you must comfort *her* when I am past away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret;  
 There's many worthier than I, would make him happy yet.  
 If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his wife;  
 But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life.

O look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;  
 He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know,  
 And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine—  
 Wild-flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

O sweet and strange it seems to me, that era this day is done  
 The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun—  
 For ever and for ever with those just souls and true—  
 And what is life, that we should moan? why make we such ado?

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home—  
 And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—  
 To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—  
 And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

TENNYSON.

### Absalom.

THE waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low  
 On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curl'd  
 Their glossy rings beneath it, like the still,  
 Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.  
 The reeds bent down the stream; the willow leaves,  
 With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,  
 Forgot the lifting winds; and the big stems,  
 Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,  
 Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,  
 And lean'd, in graceful attitudes, to rest.

How strikingly the course of nature tells,  
 By its light heed of human suffering,  
 That it was fashion'd for a happier world !  
 King David's limbs were weary. He had fled  
 From far Jerusalem ; and now he stood,  
 With his faint people, for a little rest  
 Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind  
 Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow  
 To its refreshing breath ; for he had worn  
 The mourner's covering, and he had not felt  
 That he could see his people until now.  
 They gather'd round him on the fresh green bank,  
 And spoke their kindly words ; and, as the sun  
 Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,  
 And bow'd his head upon his hands to pray.  
 Oh ! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts  
 Come crowding thickly up for utterance,  
 And the poor common words of courtesy  
 Are such a very mockery—how much  
 The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer !  
 He pray'd for Israel—and his voice went up  
 Strongly and fervently. He pray'd for those  
 Whose love had been his shield—and his deep tones  
 Grew tremulous. But, oh ! for Absalom—  
 For his estranged, misguided Absalom—  
 The proud, bright being, who had burst away  
 In all his princely beauty, to defy  
 The heart that cherish'd him—for him he pour'd,  
 In agony that would not be controll'd,  
 Strong supplication, and forgave him there,  
 Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath  
 Was straighten'd for the grave ; and, as the folds  
 Sunk to the still proportions, they betray'd  
 The matchless symmetry of Absalom.  
 His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls  
 Were floating round the tassels as they sway'd  
 To the admitted air, as glosy now  
 As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing  
 The snowy fingers of Judea's daughters.  
 His helm was at his feet : his banner, soil'd  
 With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,  
 Reversed, beside him : and the jewell'd hilt,

Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,  
 Rested, like mockery, on his cover'd brow.  
 The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,  
 Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,  
 The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,  
 And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,  
 As if he fear'd the slumberer might stir.  
 A slow step startled him. He grasp'd his blade  
 As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form  
 Of David enter'd, and he gave command,  
 In a low tone, to his few followers,  
 And left him with his dead. The king stood still  
 Till the last echo died: then, throwing off  
 The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back  
 The pall from the still features of his child,  
 He bow'd his head upon him, and broke forth  
 In the resistless eloquence of woe:

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou should'st die!  
 Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!  
 That death should settle in thy glorious eye,  
 And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!  
 How could he mark thee for the silent tomb!  
 My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,  
 As to my bosom I have tried to press thee!  
 How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,  
 Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,  
 And hear thy sweet '*my father!*' from these dumb  
 And cold lips, Absalom!

"But death is on thee: I shall hear the gush  
 Of music, and the voices of the young;  
 And life will pass me in the mantling blush,  
 And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;—  
 But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come  
 To meet me, Absalom!

"And oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,  
 Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,  
 How will its love for thee, as I depart,  
 Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!  
 It were so sweet amid death's gathering gloom,  
 To see thee, Absalom!

“ And now, farewell ! ’Tis hard to give thee up,  
 With death so like a gentle slumber on thee ;—  
 And thy dark sin !—Oh ! I could drink the cup,  
 If from this woe its bitterness had won thee,  
 May God have call’d thee, like a wanderer, home,  
 My lost boy, Absalom ! ”

He cover’d up his face, and bow’d himself  
 A moment on his child : then, giving him  
 A look of melting tenderness, he clasp’d,  
 His hands convulsively, as if in prayer ;  
 And, as if strength were given him of God,  
 He rose up calmly, and composed the pall  
 Firmly and decently—and left him there—  
 As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

WILLIS.

To his Sister—From the Rhine.

THE castled crag of Drachenfels  
 Frowns o’er the wide and winding Rhine,  
 Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
 Between the banks which bear the vine,  
 And hills all rich with blossom’d trees,  
 And fields which promise corn and wine,  
 And scatter’d cities crowning these,  
 Whose far white walls along them shine,  
 Have strew’d a scene which I should see  
 With double joy wert *thou* with me.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,  
 And hands which offer early flowers,  
 Walk smiling o’er this paradise ;  
 Above, the frequent feudal towers  
 Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,  
 And many a rock which steeply lowers,  
 And noble arch in proud decay,  
 Look o’er this vale of vintage bowers ;  
 But one thing want these banks of Rhine—  
 Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine !

I send the lilies given to me ;  
 Though long before thy hand they touch,  
 I know that they must wither’d be,  
 But yet reject them not as such ;



For I have cherish'd them as dear,  
 Because they yet may meet thine eye,  
 And guide thy soul to mine even here,  
 When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,  
 And knowest them gather'd by the Rhine,  
 And offer'd from my heart to thine !

The river nobly foams and flows,  
 The charm of this enchanted ground,  
 And all its thousand turns disclose  
 Some fresher beauty varying round :  
 The haughtiest breast its wish might bound  
 Through life to dwell delighted here ;  
 Nor could on earth a spot be found  
 To nature and to me so dear,  
 Could thy dear eyes, in following mine,  
 Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine !

BYRON

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### The Fountain.

We talk'd with open heart, and tongue  
 Affectionate and true,  
 A pair of friends, though I was young,  
 And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,  
 Beside a mossy seat ;  
 And from the turf a fountain broke,  
 And gurgled at our feet.

"Now, Matthew !" said I, "let us match  
 This water's pleasant tune  
 With some old border song, or catch  
 That suits a summer's noon ;

"Or of the church-clock and the chimes  
 Sing here beneath the shade,  
 That half-mad thing of witty rhymes,  
 Which you last April made !"

In silence Matthew lay and eyed  
 The spring beneath the tree ;  
 And thus the dear old man replied,  
 The gray-hair'd man of glee :

"No check, no stay this Streamlet fears;  
 How merrily it goes!  
 'Twill murmur on a thousand years,  
 And flow as now it flows.

"And here on this delightful day,  
 I cannot choose but think  
 How oft, a vigorous man, I lay  
 Beside this fountain's brink.

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,  
 My heart is idly stirr'd,  
 For the same sound is in my ears  
 Which in those days I heard.

"Thus fares it still in our decay:  
 And yet the wiser mind  
 Mourns less for what age takes away,  
 Than what it leaves behind.

"The blackbird amid leafy trees,  
 The lark above the hill,  
 Let loose their carols when they please,  
 Are quiet when they will.

"With nature never do *they* wage  
 A foolish strife; they see  
 A happy youth, and their old age  
 Is beautiful and free:

"But we are press'd by heavy laws,  
 And often, glad no more,  
 We wear a face of joy, because  
 We have been glad of yore.

"If there is one who needs bemoan  
 His kindred laid in earth,  
 The household hearts that were his own,  
 It is the man of mirth.

"My days, my Friend, are almost gone,  
 My life has been approved,  
 And many love me; but by none  
 Am I enough beloved."

"Now both himself and me he wrongs,  
 The man who thus complains!  
 I live and sing my idle songs  
 Upon these happy plains.

" And, Matthew, for thy children dead  
 I'll be a son to thee !"  
 At this he grasp'd my hand, and said,  
 " Alas ! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain side ;  
 And down the smooth descent  
 Of the green sheep-track did we glide,  
 And through the woods we went ;

And ere we came to Leonard's rock,  
 He sang those witty rhymes  
 About the crazy old church-clock,  
 And the bewilder'd chimes.

WORDSWORTH.

*A Star has left the Kindling Sky.\**

A STAR has left the kindling sky—  
 A lovely northern light ;  
 How many planets are on high,  
 But that has left the night !

I miss its bright familiar face,  
 It was a friend to me ;  
 Associate with my native place,  
 And those beyond the sea.

It rose upon our English sky,  
 Shone o'er our English land,  
 And brought back many a loving eye,  
 And many a gentle hand.

It seem'd to answer to my thought,  
 It call'd the past to mind,  
 And with its welcome presence brought  
 All I had left behind.

The voyage it lights no longer, ends  
 Soon on a foreign shore ;  
 How can I but recall the friends  
 That I may see no more ?

\* These were the last verses of Miss Landon; and are written in allusion to the pole-star which, in her voyage to Africa she had nightly watched till it sunk below the horizon.

Fresh from the pain it was to part—  
 How could I bear the pain !  
 Yet strong the omen in my heart  
 That says—We meet again.  
 Meet with a deeper, dearer love :  
 For absence shews the worth  
 Of all from which we then remove,  
 Friends, home, and native earth.  
 Thou lovely polar star, mine eyes  
 Still turn'd the first on thee,  
 Till I have felt a sad surprise  
 That none look'd up with me.  
 But thou hast sunk upon the wave,  
 Thy radiant place unknown ;  
 I seem to stand beside a grave,  
 And stand by it alone.  
 Farewell ! ah, would to me were given  
 A power upon thy light !  
 What words upon our English heaven  
 Thy loving rays should write !  
 Kind messages of love and hope  
 Upon thy rays should be ;  
 Thy shining orbit should have scope  
 Scarcely enough for me.  
 Oh, fancy vain, as it is fond,  
 And little needed too ;  
 My friends ! I need not look beyond  
 My heart to look for you.

L. E. LANDON.

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### Solitude.

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK, DURING HIS SOLITARY  
 ABODE ON THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

I AM monarch of all I survey ;  
 My right there is none to dispute ;  
 From the centre all round to the sea  
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.  
 O Solitude ! where are the charms  
 That sages have seen in thy face ?  
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms  
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,  
 I must finish my journey alone,  
 Never hear the sweet music of speech;  
 I start at the sound of my own.  
 The beasts that roam over the plain  
 My form with indifference see;  
 They are so unacquainted with man,  
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, Friendship, and Love,  
 Divinely bestow'd upon man,  
 O had I the wings of a dove  
 How soon would I taste you again!  
 My sorrows I then might assuage  
 In the ways of religion and truth,  
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
 And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,  
 Convey to this desolate shore  
 Some cordial endearing report  
 Of a land I shall visit no more;  
 My friends, do they now and then send  
 A wish or a thought after me!  
 O tell me I yet have a friend,  
 Though a friend I am never to see!

How fleet is a glance of the mind!  
 Compared with the speed of its flight,  
 The tempest itself lags behind,  
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.  
 When I think of my own native land,  
 In a moment I seem to be there;  
 But alas! recollection at hand  
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,  
 The beast is laid down in his lair;  
 Even here is a season of rest,  
 And I to my cabin repair.  
 There's mercy in every place,  
 And mercy, encouraging thought!  
 Gives even affliction a grace,  
 And reconciles man to his lot.

COWPER.

### Friends.

SOME I remember, and will ne'er forget ;  
 My early friends, friends of my evil day :  
 Friends in my mirth, friends in my misery too,  
 Friends given by God in mercy and in love ;  
 My counsellors, my comforters, and guides,  
 My joy in grief, my second bliss in joy ;  
 Companions of my young desires ; in doubt,  
 My oracles, my wings in high pursuit.  
 O, I remember, and will ne'er forget  
 Our meeting spots, our chosen sacred hours,  
 Our burning words that utter'd all the soul,  
 Our faces beaming with unearthly love ;  
 Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope  
 Exulting, heart embracing, heart entire !  
 As birds of social feather helping each  
 His fellow's flight, we soar'd into the skies,  
 And cast the clouds beneath our feet, and earth,  
 With all her tardy leaden-footed cares,  
 And talk'd the speech, and ate the food of heaven !  
 These I remember, these selectest men,  
 And would their names record ; but what avails  
 My mention of their names ? Before the throne  
 They stand illustrious 'mong the loudest harps,  
 And will receive thee glad, my friend and theirs—  
 For all are friends in heaven, all faithful friends ;  
 And many friendships in the days of time  
 Begun, are lasting here, and growing still ;  
 So grows ours evermore, both theirs and mine.

POLLOCK.

### The Sight of other Days.

OFF in the stilly night  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Fond Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me :  
     The smiles, the tears  
     Of boyhood's years,  
 The words of love then spoken :  
     The eyes that shone,  
     Now dimm'd and gone,  
 The cheerful hearts now broken !

Thus in the stilly night  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Sad Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
 The friends so link'd together  
 I've seen around me fall  
 Like leaves in wintry weather,  
 I feel like one  
 Who treads alone  
 Some banquet-hall deserted ;  
 Whose lights are fled,  
 Whose garlands dead,  
 And all but he departed !  
 Thus in the stilly night  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Sad Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me.

MOORE.

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*The Dissolution of Friendship.*

ALAS ! they had been friends in youth ;  
 But whispering tongues can poison truth ;  
 And constancy lives in realms above ;  
 And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;  
 And to be wroth with one we love  
 Doth work like madness in the brain.  
 And thus it chanced, as I divine,  
 With Roland and Sir Leoline,  
 Each spake words of high disdain  
 And insult to his heart's best brother :  
 They parted—ne'er to meet again !  
 But never either found another  
 To free the hollow heart from paining ;  
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
 Like cliffs which have been rent asunder.  
 A dreary sea now flows between ;  
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
 The marks of that which once hath been.

COLERIDGE.

## The Voice of 'One we Love.

WHEN twilight's parting flush  
 Turns to the purple shadows dim,  
 And the sea, with gentle hush,  
 Breathes a dulcet vesper hymn,  
 'Tis sweet to hear the breeze  
 Join the lullaby above—  
 But, oh! more sweet than these  
 Is the voice of one we love:

'Tis sweet to wake in June  
 To the skylark's matin lay;  
 To hear the thrush at noon  
 Pouring music from the spray;  
 At eve to lend our ear  
 To the wooing of the dove;  
 But naught so sweet and clear  
 As the voice of one we love.

Although, when years are flown,  
 A change of scene or lot  
 Each other cherish'd tone  
 From our memory may blot,  
 A sound there is that yet,  
 Whatever change we prove,  
 We never can forget—

'Tis the voice of one we love. HORACE SMITH.

## To a Distant Friend.

WHY art thou silent? Is thy love a plant  
 Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air  
 Of absence withers what was once so fair?  
 Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?  
 Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant,  
 Bound to thy service with unceasing care—  
 The mind's least generous wish a mendicant  
 For nought but what thy happiness could spare.  
 Speak!—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold  
 A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,  
 Be left more desolate, more dreary cold  
 Than a forsaken bird's-nest fill'd with snow  
 'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—  
 Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

WORDSWORTH.



The Old Couple Homeward Bound.

It stands in a sunny meadow,  
The house so mossy and brown,  
With its cumbrous old stone chimneys,  
And the grey roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms around it,  
The trees a century old;  
And the winds go chanting through them,  
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowslips spring in the marshes,  
And the roses bloom on the hill;  
And beside the brook in the pastures—  
The herds go feeding at will.

The children have gone and left them—  
They sit in the sun alone!  
And the old wife's ears are failing  
As she harks to the well-known tone

That won her heart in her girlhood,  
That has soothed her in many a care,  
And praises her now for the brightness  
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal—  
How, dress'd in her robe of white,  
She stood by her gay young lover  
In the morning's rosy light.

Oh! the morning is rosy as ever,  
But the rose from her cheek is fled;  
And the sunshine still is golden,  
But it falls on a silver'd head!

And the girlhood dreams, once vanish'd,  
Come back in her winter time,  
Till her feeble pulses tremble  
With the thrill of spring-tide's prime.

And looking forth from the window,  
She thinks how the trees have grown,  
Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,  
She cross'd the old door-stone.

Though dimm'd her eye's bright azure,  
 And dimm'd her hair's young gold:  
 The love in her girlhood plighted  
 Has never grown dim nor old.

They sat in peace in the sunshine,  
 Till the day was almost done ;  
 And then, at its close, an angel  
 Stole over the threshold-stone.

He folded their hands together—  
 He touch'd their eyelids with balm ;  
 And their last breath floated upward,  
 Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed  
 The unseen, mystical road,  
 That leads to the beautiful city,  
 " Whose builder and maker is God."

Perhaps in that miracle country  
 They will give her lost youth back ;  
 And the flowers of a vanish'd spring-time  
 Will bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught from the living waters  
 Shall call back his manhood's prime ;  
 And eternal years shall measure  
 The love that outlived time.

But the shapes that they left behind them,  
 The wrinkles and silver hair,  
 Made holy to us by the kisses  
 The angel had printed there,

We will hide away 'neath the willows,  
 When the day is low in the west ;  
 Where the sunbeams cannot find them,  
 Nor the winds disturb their rest.

And we'll suffer no tell-tale tombstone,  
 With its age and date, to rise  
 O'er the two who are old no longer,  
 In the Father's house in the skica.

ANON.

"Ah, ah! old worn-out soldier, is it you?"  
 Through the room ranged the imprison'd humble bee,  
 And bomb'd, and bounced, and struggled to be free;  
 Dashing against the panes with sullen roar,  
 That threw their diamond sunlight on the floor;  
 That floor, clean sanded, where my fancy stray'd  
 O'er undulating waves the broom had made;  
 Reminding me of those of hideous forms  
 That met us as we pass'd the Cape of Storms,  
 Where high and loud they break, and peace comes never;  
 They roll and foam, and roll and foam for ever.  
 But here was peace, that peace which home can yield;  
 The grasshopper, the partridge in the field,  
 And ticking clock, were all at once become  
 The substitute for clarion, fife, and drum.  
 While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still  
 On beds of moss that spread the window-sill,  
 I deem'd no moss my eyes had ever seen  
 Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh, and green,  
 And guess'd some infant hand had placed it there,  
 And prized its hue, so exquisite, so rare.  
 Feelings on feelings mingling, doubling rose;  
 My heart felt every thing but calm repose;  
 I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years,  
 But rose at once, and bursted into tears;  
 Then, like a fool, confused, sat down again,  
 And thought upon the past with shame and pain;  
 I raved at war and all its horrid cost,  
 And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost.  
 On carnage, fire, and plunder, long I mused,  
 And cursed the murdering weapons I had used.

Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard,  
 One bespoke age, and one a child's appear'd.  
 In stepp'd my father with convulsive start,  
 And in an instant clasp'd me to his heart.  
 Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid;  
 And stooping to the child, the old man said—  
 "Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again;  
 This is your uncle Charles, come home from Spain."  
 The child approach'd, and with her fingers light,  
 Stroked my old eyes, almost deprived of sight.  
 But why thus spin my tale—thus tedious be!  
 Happy old soldier! what's the world to me!

BLOOMFIELD.

## May-Day.

YOUNG folke now flocken in every where,  
 To gather May-baskets and smelling breere;  
 And home they hasten the posts to dight,  
 And all the kirk pillars ere daylight;  
 With hawthorne buds and sweet eglantine,  
 And garlands of roses and sops-in-wine.

Sicker, this morrow, no longer ago,  
 I saw a shole of shepherds out-go,  
 With singing, and shouting, and jolly chere;  
 Before them rode a lusty tabrere,  
 That to the many a hornpipe play'd,  
 Whereto they daunced each one with his maid.  
 To see these folks make such jovisaunce,  
 Made my heart after the pipe to daunce.  
 Tho' to the greene-wood they speeden them all,  
 To fetchen home May with their musical,  
 And home they bringen in a royal throne,  
 Crowned as a king, and his queen attone  
 Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend  
 A fayre flock of faeries, and a fresh band  
 Of lovely nymphs. O that I were there,  
 To helpen the ladies their May-bush bear!

SPENSER.

## Whitsun Sports.

How merrily, from distant towers,  
 Ring round the village bells! now on the gale  
 They rise with gradual swell, distinct and loud;  
 Anon they die upon the pensive ear,  
 Melting in faintest music.—They bespeak  
 A day of jubilee, and oft they bear  
 Commix'd, along the unfrequented shore,  
 The sound of village dance and tabor loud,  
 Startling the musing ear of solitude.  
 Such is the jocund wake of Whitsuntide,  
 When, with mirthful gambols, all the day  
 The rustic revellers ply the mazy dance  
 On the smooth-shaven green, and then at eve  
 Full many a tale of ancient days goes round.

WHITE.

## Lament of the Irish Emigrant.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,  
 Where we sat side by side,  
 On a bright May morning long ago,  
 When first you were my bride :  
 The corn was springing fresh and green,  
 And the lark sang loud and high—  
 And the red was on your lip, Mary,  
 And the love-light in your eye.

The *place* is little changed, Mary,  
 The day is bright as then,  
 The lark's loud song is in my ear,  
 And the corn is green again ;  
 But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,  
 And your breath, warm on my cheek,  
 And I still keep list'ning for the words  
 You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,  
 And the little church stands near ;  
 The church where we were wed, Mary,  
 I see the spire from here.  
 But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,  
 And my step might break your rest ;  
 For I've laid you, darling ! down to sleep  
 With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,  
 For the poor make no new friends ;  
 But oh ! they love the better still  
 The few our Father sends !  
 And you were all I had, Mary,  
 My blessing and my pride :  
 There's nothing left to care for now,  
 Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good brave heart, Mary,  
 That still kept hoping on,  
 When the trust in God had left my soul,  
 And my arm's young strength was gone ;  
 There was comfort ever on *your* lip,  
 And the kind look on your brow—  
 I bless you, Mary, for that same,  
 Though you cannot hear me now,

I thank you for the patient smile  
 When your heart was fit to break,  
 When the hunger pain was gnawing there,  
 And you hid it, for *my* sake !  
 I bless you for the pleasant word,  
 When your heart was sad and sore—  
 Oh ! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,  
 Where grief can't reach you more !

I'm bidding you a long farewell,  
 My Mary, kind and true ;  
 But I'll not forget *you*, darling !  
 In the land I'm going to ;  
 They say there's bread and work for all,  
 And the sun shines always there ;  
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,  
 Were it fifty times as fair.

And often in those grand old woods  
 I'll sit, and shut my eyes,  
 And my heart will travel back again  
 To the place where Mary lies ;  
 And I'll think I see the little stile  
 Where we sat side by side,  
 And the springing corn, and the bright May morn,  
 When first you were my bride.

MRS. BLACKWOOD.

### Domestic Love.

O, LOVE of loves ! to thy white hand is given  
 Of earthly happiness the golden key :  
 Thine are the joyous hours of winter's even,  
 When the babes cling around their father's knee ;  
 And thine the voice that, on the midnight sea,  
 Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,  
 Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.

CROLY.

## Domestic Peace.

TELL me, on what holy ground  
 May Domestic Peace be found ?  
 Halcyon daughter of the skies,  
 Far on fearful wings she flies,  
 From the pomp of sceptred state,  
 From the rebel's noisy hate ;  
 In a cottaged vale she dwells,  
 Listening to the Sabbath bells !  
 Still around her steps are seen  
 Spotless Honour's meeker mien,  
 Love, the sire of pleasing fears,  
 Sorrow smiling through her tears,  
 And, conscious of the past employ,  
 Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

COLERIDGE.

## The Peasant returning Homeward from his Toil.

FAINT and sweet  
 Twilight falls round the peasant's homeward feet,  
 Who, slow returning from his task of toil,  
 Sees the low sunset gild the cultured soil,  
 And, though such radiance round him brightly glows,  
 Marks the small spark his cottage window throws.  
 Still, as his heart forestalls his weary pace,  
 Fondly he dreams of each familiar face,  
 Recalls the treasures of his narrow life—  
 His rosy children and his sunburnt wife,  
 To whom *his* coming is the chief event  
 Of simple days in cheerful labour spent.  
 The rich man's chariot hath gone whirling past,  
 And these poor cottagers have only cast  
 One careless glance on all that show of pride,  
 Then to their tasks turn'd quietly aside ;  
 But *him* they wait for, him they welcome home,  
 Fix'd sentinels look forth to see him come ;  
 The fagot sent for when the fire grew dim,  
 The frugal meal prepared, are all for him ;  
 For him the watching of that sturdy boy,  
 For him those smiles of tenderness and joy,  
 For him—who plods his sauntering way along,  
 Whistling the fragment of some village song !

HON. MRS. NORTON.

## Children.

Come to me, O ye children !  
 For I hear you at your play,  
 And the questions that perplex'd me  
 Have vanish'd quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,  
 That look towards the sun,  
 Where thoughts are singing swallows  
 And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,  
 In your thoughts the brooklet's flow ;  
 But in mine is the wind of autumn,  
 And the first fall of the snow.

Ah ! what would the world be to us  
 If the Children were no more ?  
 We should dread the desert behind us  
 Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,  
 With light and air for food,  
 Ere their sweet and tender juices  
 Have been harden'd into wood,—

That to the world are Children ;  
 Through them it feels the glow  
 Of a brighter and sunnier climate  
 Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye Children !  
 And whisper in my ear  
 What the birds and the winds are singing  
 In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,  
 And the wisdom of our books,  
 When compared with your caresses,  
 And the gladness of your looks ?

Ye are better than all the ballads  
 That ever were sung or said ;  
 For ye are living poems,  
 And all the rest are dead.      LONGFELLOW.



## Childhood.

O THOU bright thing, fresh from the hand of God ;  
 The motions of thy dancing limbs are sway'd  
 By the unceasing music of thy being !  
 Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee.  
 'Tis ages since He made his youngest star—  
 His hand was on thee as 'twere yesterday,  
 Thou later revelation ! Silver stream,  
 Breaking with laughter from the lake divine  
 Whence all things flow. O bright and singing babe,  
 What wilt thou be hereafter ?

ALEX. SMITH.

## On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture.

OH that those lips had language ! Life has pass'd  
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.  
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,  
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;  
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,  
 " Grieve not, my child : chase all thy fears away !"  
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes  
 (Blest be the art that can immortalize,  
 The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim  
 To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,  
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here !  
 Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,  
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long.  
 I will obey, not willingly alone,  
 But gladly, as the precept were her own :  
 And, while that face renews my filial grief,  
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,  
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,  
 A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,  
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?  
 Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,  
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?  
 Perhaps thou gavest me, though unseen, a kiss ;  
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—  
 Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers—Yes.

I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial-day,  
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,  
 And, turning from my nursery window, drew  
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!  
 But was it such? It was. Where thou art gone  
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.  
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,  
 The parting sound shall pass my lips no more!  
 Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern;  
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.  
 What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,  
 And disappointed still, was still deceived.  
 By disappointment every day beguiled,  
 Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.  
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,  
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,  
 I learn'd at last submission to my lot;  
 But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,  
 Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;  
 And where the gardener Robin, day by day,  
 Drew me to school along the public way,  
 Delighted with my hauble coach, and wrapp'd  
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capp'd,  
 'Tis now become a history little known,  
 That once we called the pastoral house our own.  
 Short-lived possession! But the record fair  
 That Memory keeps of all thy kindness there,  
 Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced  
 A thousand other themes less deeply traced.  
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,  
 That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;  
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,  
 The biscuit or confectionery plum;  
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd  
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd;

All this, and more endearing still than all,  
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall;  
 Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,  
 That humour interposed too often makes;  
 All this, still legible in Memory's page,  
 And still to be so to my latest age,

Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay;  
 Such honours to thee as my numbers may;  
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,  
 Not scorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,  
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,  
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine,  
 I prick'd them into paper with a pin,  
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while,  
 Would'st softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile.)  
 Could those few pleasant hours again appear,  
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here!  
 I would not trust my heart—the dear delight  
 Seems so to be desired; perhaps I might.  
 But no;—what here we call our life is such,  
 So little to be loved, and thou so much,  
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain  
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast  
 (The storms all weather'd, and the ocean cross'd)  
 Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,  
 Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,  
 There sits quiescent on the floods, that show  
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,  
 While airs impregnated with incense play  
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;  
 So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore  
 "Where tempests never beat nor billows roar;"  
 And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide  
 Of life, long since has anchor'd by thy side.  
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,  
 Always from port withheld, always distress'd—  
 Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tost,  
 Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost;  
 And day by day some current's thwarting force  
 Sets me more distant from a prosperous course;  
 Yet O! the thought, that thou art safe, and he!  
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.  
 My boast is not that I deduce my birth  
 From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;  
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise—  
 The son of parents pass'd into the skies.

And now farewell!—Time unrevoked has run  
 His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.  
 By Contemplation's help, not sought in vain,  
 I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;  
 To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,  
 Without the sin of violating thine;  
 And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,  
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,  
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft—  
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

COWPER.

### Thoughts of Home.

#### A DEATH-BED COMPOSITION.\*

THOUGHTS of home! how sad they twine  
 Round this exiled heart of mine;  
 My cheek hath felt for many years  
 The scalding of those parting tears;  
 And on my spirit ever dwells  
 The burden of our last farewells.

Words of home! how welcome here,  
 Oft to strengthen, oft to cheer;  
 Fix'd by love beyond the range  
 Of the scatt'ring hand of change;  
 But the hearts that gave them worth  
 Never more shall meet on earth.

Scenes of home! how oft they rise,  
 Back'd by Memory's tinted skies;  
 Like island-gems on Ocean's breast  
 Glows every spot that love hath blest;  
 Till darkness rises o'er the deep,  
 And bids the exiled gazer weep.

MILLBANK.

\* I take this opportunity of paying a tribute of respect to the worth and genius of my dear friend, Joseph Millbank. These were, I believe, the last words, certainly the last verses, he wrote, a short time before his death, at Darebin-Creek, Melbourne, October 6, 1860.—EDITOR.

*The Dying Boy to the Sloe Blossom.*

BEFORE thy leaves thou comest once more,  
 White blossom of the sloe!  
 Thy leaves will come as heretofore;  
 But this poor heart, its troubles o'er,  
 Will then lie low.

Sweet violets in the budding grove,  
 Peep where the glad waves run;  
 The wren below, the thrush above,  
 Of bright to-morrow's joy and love  
 Sing to the sun.

And where the rose-leaf, ever bold,  
 Hears bees chant hymns to God,  
 The breeze-bow'd palm, moss'd o'er with gold,  
 Smiles on the well in summer cold,  
 And daisied sod.

Well, lay me by my brother's side,  
 Where late we stood and wept;  
 For I was stricken when he died—  
 I felt the arrow as he sigh'd  
 His last, and slept.

ELLIOTT.

*The Dying Sister.*

WHAT matters it, though spring-time  
 Upon the earth is glowing!  
 What, though a thousand tender flowers  
 On the garden beds are blowing?

What matters it though pleasant birds  
 Among the leaves are singing;  
 And a myriad lives, each passing hour,  
 From mother-earth are springing!

What matters it! For one bright flower  
 Is pale, before them lying;  
 And one dear life, one precious life,  
 Is number'd with the dying.

Oh ! spring may come, and spring may go ;  
 Flowers, sunshine, cannot cheer them :  
 This living heart, this bright young life,  
 Will be no longer near them.

Two lights there were within the house,  
 Like angels round them moving ;  
 Oh ! must these two be parted now,  
 So lovely and so loving !

No longer on the same soft couch  
 Their pleasant rest be taking !  
 No longer by each other's smiles  
 Be greeted at their waking !

No longer, by each other's side  
 Over one book be bending !  
 Take thy last look, thy last embrace,  
 That joy, that life is ending.

Henceforth thou wilt be all alone ;  
 What shalt thou do, poor weeper !—  
 Oh, human love ! oh, human woe !  
 Is there a pang yet deeper ?

Ah ! yes, the eyes perceive no more ;  
 The last dear word is spoken ;  
 The hand returns no pressure now ;  
 Heart, heart, thou must be broken !

Can it live on without that love  
 For which its pulse beat ever ?  
 Alas that loving, trusting hearts  
 Must ache, and bleed, and sever !

Child, cease thy murmuring ; God is by  
 To unseal that mortal prison.  
 Mother, look up ; for, like our Lord,  
 Thy bleas'd one is risen :

Raise thy bow'd head, poor brais'd reed ;  
 Hope comes to the believing.  
 Father, be strong, be strong in faith ;  
 The dead, the dead is living !

Even from outward things draw peace ;  
 The long night-watch is ended ;  
 The morning sun upriseth now  
 In new day-glory splendid.

So, through the night of mortal life,  
 Your angel one hath striven :  
 The eternal suns shine not so bright  
 As the redeem'd in heaven.

To join the spirits of the just  
 Your chosen hath departed :  
 Be comforted, be comforted,  
 Ye bruised and broken-hearted !

MARY HOWITT.

### The Death of Mary.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,  
 I might not weep for thee ;  
 But I forgot, when by thy side,  
 That thou couldst mortal be :  
 It never through my mind had past  
 The time would e'er be o'er,  
 And I on thee should look my last,  
 And thou shouldst smile no more !

And still upon that face I look,  
 And think 'twill smile again ;  
 And still the thought I will not brook,  
 That I must look in vain !  
 But when I speak—thou dost not say  
 What thou ne'er left'st unsaid ;  
 And now I feel, as well I may,  
 Sweet Mary ! thou art dead !

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,  
 All cold and all serene—  
 I still might press thy silent heart,  
 And where thy smiles have been !  
 While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,  
 Thou seemest still mine own ;  
 But there I lay thee in thy grave—  
 And I am now alone !

I do not think, where'er thou art,  
 Thou hast forgotten me ;  
 And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart  
 In thinking, too, of thee :  
 Yet there was round thee such a dawn  
 Of light, ne'er seen before,  
 As fancy never could have drawn,  
 And never can restore !

WOLFE

### Death of Babe Christabel.

In this dim world of clouding cares,  
 We rarely know, till wilder'd eyes  
 See white wings lessening up the skies,  
 The angels with us unawares.

And thou hast stolen a jewel, Death !  
 Shall light thy dark up like a star,  
 A beacon kindling from afar  
 Our light of love, and fainting faith.

Through tears it gleams perpetually,  
 And glitters through the thickest glooms,  
 Till the eternal morning comes  
 To light us o'er the jasper sea.

With our best branch in tenderest leaf,  
 We've strewn the way our Lord doth come ;  
 And, ready for the harvest home,  
 His reapers bind our ripest sheaf.

Our beautiful bird of light hath fled :  
 Awhile she sat with folded wings—  
 Sang round us a few hoverings—  
 Then straightway into glory sped.

And white-wing'd angels nurture her ;  
 With heaven's white radiance robed and crown'd,  
 And all love's purple glory round,  
 She summers on the hills of myrrh.

Through childhood's morning-land, serene  
 She walk'd betwixt us twain, like love ;  
 While, in a robe of light above,  
 Her better angel walk'd unseen.

Till life's highway broke bleak and wild ;  
 Then, lest her starry garments trail  
 In mire, heart bleed, and courage fail,  
 The angel's arms caught up the child.

Her wave of life hath backward roll'd  
 To the great ocean ; on whose shore  
 We wander up and down, to store  
 Some treasures of the times of old :



And aye we seek and hunger on  
 For precious pearls and relics rare,  
 Strewn on the sands for us to wear  
 At heart, for love of her that's gone.

O weep no more ! there yet is balm  
 In Gilead ! Love doth ever shed  
 Rich healing where it nestles—spread  
 O'er desert pillows some green palm !

Strange glory streams through life's wild rents,  
 And through the open door of death  
 We see the heaven that beckoneth  
 To the belovèd going hence.

God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed ;  
 The best fruit loads the broken bough ;  
 \* And in the wounds our sufferings plough,  
 Immortal love sows sovereign seed.

MASSEY.

---

In Youth I Died.

In youth I died, in maiden bloom ;  
 With gentle hand Death touch'd my cheek,  
 And with his touch there came to me  
 A spirit calm and meek.

He took from me all wish to stay ;  
 He was so kind, I fear'd him not ;  
 My friends beheld my slow decline,  
 And mourn'd my joyless lot.

They saw but sorrow, I descried  
 The bliss that never fades away ;  
 They felt the shadow of the tomb,  
 I mark'd the heavenly day.

I heard them sob, as through the night  
 They kept their watch ; then on my ear,  
 Amid the sobbing, fell a voice  
 Their anguish could not hear.

"Come and fear not!" it softly cried;  
 "We wait to lead thee to thy home:"  
 Then leapt my spirit to reply,  
 "I come! I long to come!"

I heard them whisper o'er my bed,—  
 "Another hour and she must die!"  
 I was too weak to answer them,  
 That endless life was nigh.

Another hour, with bitter tears  
 They mourn'd me as untimely dead,  
 And heard not how I sang a song  
 Of triumph o'er their head.

They bore me to the grave, and thought  
 How narrow was my resting-place;  
 My soul was roving high and wide  
 At will through boundless space.

They clothed themselves in robes of black,  
 Through the sad aisles the requiem rang,  
 Meanwhile the white-robed choirs of heaven  
 A holy psalm sang.

Oft from my Paradise I come  
 To visit those I love on earth;  
 I enter, unperceived, the door;  
 They sit around the hearth,

And talk in sadden'd tones of me,  
 As one that never can return;  
 How little think they that I stand  
 Among them as they mourn!

But Time will ease their grief, and Death  
 Will purge the darkness from their eyes;  
 Then shall they triumph when they learn  
 Heaven's solemn mysteries.

ANON.

### *Footsteps of the Angels.*

WHEN the hours of Day are number'd,  
 And the voices of the Night  
 Wake the better soul, that slumber'd,  
 To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
 And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
 Shadows from the fitful fire-light,  
 Dance upon the parlour wall ;

Then the forms of the departed  
 Enter at the open door ;  
 The belovéd, the true-hearted,  
 Come to visit me once more ;

He, the young and strong, who cherish'd  
 Noble longings for the strife,  
 By the road-side fell and perish'd,  
 Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones, and weakly,  
 Who the cross of suffering bore,  
 Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
 Spake with us on earth no more ;

And with them the being beauteous  
 Who unto my youth was given,  
 More than all things else to love me,  
 And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,  
 Comes that messenger divine,  
 Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
 Lays her gentle hand in mine ;

And she sits and gazes at me  
 With those deep and tender eyes,  
 Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
 Looking downward from the skies.

Utter'd not, yet comprehended,  
 Is the spirit's voiceless prayer ;  
 Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
 Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depress'd and lonely,  
 All my fears are laid aside,  
 If I but remember only  
 Such as these have lived and died !

LONGFELLOW.

## Angel-Songs.

THOSE halting tones that sound to you,  
 Are not the tones I hear;  
 But voices of the loved and lost  
 Then meet my longing ear.

I hear my angel mother's voice—  
 Those were the words she sung;  
 I hear my brother's ringing tones,  
 As once on earth they rung;

And friends that walk in white above  
 Come round me like a cloud,  
 And far above those earthly notes  
 Their singing sounds aloud.

There may be discord as you say;  
 Those voices poorly ring;  
 But there's no discord in the strain  
 Those upper spirits sing.

For they who sing are of the blest,  
 The calm and glorified,  
 Whose hours are one eternal rest  
 On heaven's sweet floating tide.

Their life is music and accord;  
 Their souls and hearts keep time  
 In one sweet concert with the Lord—  
 One concert vast, sublime.

And through the hymns they sang on earth,  
 Sometimes a sweetness falls  
 On those they loved and left below,  
 And softly homeward calls.

Bells from our own dear fatherland,  
 Borne trembling o'er the sea—  
 The narrow sea that they have cross'd,  
 The shores where we shall be.

Oh sing, sing on! beloved souls;  
 Sing cares and griefs to rest;  
 Sing, till entrancèd we arise  
 To join you 'mid the blest.

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

*The Mystery.*

THOU art not dead; thou art not gone to dust;  
 No line of all thy loveliness shall fall  
 To formless ruin, smote by Time, and thrust  
 Into the solemn gulf that covers all.

THOU canst not wholly perish, though the sod  
 Sink with its violets closer to thy breast;  
 Though by the feet of generations trod,  
 The head-stone crumble from thy place of rest.

I keep for thee the living love of old,  
 And seek thy place in nature as a child  
 Whose hand is parted from his playmates' hold,  
 Wanders and cries along some dreary wild.

When in the watches of my heart I hear  
 The messages of purer life, and know  
 The footsteps of thy spirit lingering near  
 The darkness hides the way that I should go.

Canst thou not bid the empty realms restore  
 That form, the symbol of thy heavenly part?  
 Or in the fields of barren silence pour  
 That voice, the perfect music of thy heart?

Oh, once I once bending to these widow'd lips  
 Take back the tender warmth of life from me;  
 Oh, let thy kisses cloud with swift eclipse  
 The light of mine, and give me death with thee!  
BAYARD TAYLOR.

*Days gone by.*

In the silence of my chamber  
 When the night is still and deep,  
 And the drowsy heave of ocean  
 Murmurs in its charmed sleep,

Oft I hear the angel-voices  
 That have thrill'd me long ago—  
 Voices of my lost companions,  
 Lying deep beneath the snow.

O, the garden I remember,  
 In the gay and sunny spring,  
 When our laughter made the thickets  
 And the arching alleys ring !

O the merry burst of gladness !  
 O the soft and tender tone !  
 O the whisper never utter'd  
 Save to one fond ear alone !

O the light of life that sparkled  
 In those bright and bounteous eyes !  
 O the blush of happy beauty,  
 Tell-tale of the heart's surprise !

O the radiant light that girdled  
 Field and forest, land and sea,  
 When we all were young together,  
 And the earth was new to me !

Where are now the flowers we tended ?  
 Wither'd, broken, branch and stem ;  
 Where are now the hopes we cherish'd ?  
 Scatter'd to the winds with them.

For ye, too, were flowers, ye dear ones !  
 Nursed in hope and rear'd in love,  
 Looking fondly ever upward  
 To the clear blue heaven above.

ATTOUN.

Is it not sweet to think, hereafter.

Is it not sweet to think, hereafter,  
 When the spirit leaves this sphere,  
 Love, with deathless wing, shall waft her  
 To those she long hath mourn'd for here ?

Hearts, from which 'twas death to sever,  
 Eyes, this world can ne'er restore,  
 There, as warm, as bright as ever,  
 Shall meet us and be lost no more.

Oh ! if no other boon were given,  
 To keep our hearts from wrong and stain,  
 Who would not try to win a Heaven  
 Where all we love shall live again ?

MOORE.

## CASA WAPPY.\*

THOU wert a vision of delight  
 To bless us given ;  
 Beauty embodied to our sight,  
 A type of Heaven ;  
 So dear to us thou wert, thou art  
 Even less thine own self than a part  
 Of mine and of thy mother's heart,  
 Casa Wappy !

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,  
 Earth's undefiled ;  
 Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,  
 Our dear, sweet child !  
 Humbly we bow to God's decree ;  
 Yet had we hoped that time should see  
 Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,  
 Casa Wappy !

Do what I may, go where I will,  
 Thou meet'st at my sight ;  
 There dost thou glide before me still—  
 A form of light !  
 I feel thy breath upon my cheek—  
 I see thee smile, I hear thee speak—  
 Till, oh ! my heart is like to break,  
 Casa Wappy !

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,  
 Thy bat, thy bow,  
 Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball ;  
 But where art thou ?  
 A corner holds thine empty chair,  
 Thy playthings idly scatter'd there,  
 But speak to us of our despair,  
 Casa Wappy !

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam  
 Of casual mirth,  
 It doth not own, whate'er may seem,  
 An inward birth :

\* The self-conferred pet name of an infant son of the poet, taken from earth after a very brief illness.

We miss thy small step on the stair ;  
 We miss thee at thine evening prayer ;  
 All day we miss thee, everywhere,  
                   Casa Wappy !

Then be to us, O dear, lost child !  
       With beam of love,  
 A star, death's uncongenial wild  
       Smiling above ;  
 Soon, soon thy little feet have trod  
 The skyward path, the seraph's road,  
 That led thee back from man to God,  
                   Casa Wappy !

Farewell, then—for a while, farewell—  
       Pride of my heart !  
 It cannot be that long we dwell,  
       Thus torn apart :  
 Time's shadows like the shuttle flee ;  
 And dark howe'er life's night may be,  
 Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,  
                   Casa Wappy !

MOIR.

*That Name, how often every Day.*

THAT name ! how often every day  
 We spake it and we heard ;  
 It was to us, 'mid tasks or play,  
 A common household word.

'Tis breathèd yet, that name—but oh !  
       How solemn now the sound !  
 One of the sanctities which throw  
       Such awe our homes around.

TRENCH.

#### *Heroisms of Home.*

There are homesteads which have witness'd deeds  
 That battle-fields, with all their banner'd pomp,  
 Have little to compare with. Life's great play  
 May, so it have an actor great enough,  
 Be well perform'd upon a humble stage.

MARSTON.



PART V.

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P O E M S

OF

FREEDOM AND PATRIOTISM.

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We must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold  
Which Milton held.—In every thing we are sprung  
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

WORDSWORTH.

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What is it that you would impart to me?  
If it be sought toward the general good,  
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,  
And I will look on both indifferently:  
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love  
The name of honour more than I fear death.

SHAKESPEARE.

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Patriots have toll'd, and in their country's cause  
Bled nobly; and their deeds, as they deserve,  
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge  
Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic muse,  
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down  
To latest times; and sculpture, in her turn,  
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass  
To guard them, and t' immortalise her trust.

COWPER.

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## POEMS

OF

## FREEDOM AND PATRIOTISM.

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### Liberty.

Ye clouds! that far above me float and pause,  
Whose pathless march no mortal may control!  
Ye Ocean-Waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,  
Yield homage only to eternal laws!  
Ye Woods! that listen to the night-bird's singing,  
Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,  
Save when your own imperious branches, swinging,  
Have made a solemn music of the wind!  
Where, like a man beloved of God,  
Through glooms, which never woodman trod,  
How oft, pursuing fancies holy,  
My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,  
Inspired beyond the guess of folly,  
By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound!  
O ye loud Waves! and O ye Forests high!  
And O ye Clouds that far above me soar'd!  
Thou rising Sun! thou blue rejoicing Sky!  
Yea, every thing that is, and will be free!  
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,  
With what deep worship I have still adored  
The spirit of divinest Liberty.

COLERIDGE.

### Liberty.

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower  
 Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume ;  
 And we are weeds without it. All constraint,  
 Except what wisdom lays on evil men,  
 Is evil ; hurts the faculties, impedes  
 Their progress in the road of science, blinds  
 The eyesight of discovery, and begets  
 In those that suffer it a sordid mind,  
 Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit  
 To be the tenant of man's noble form.

COWPER.

### The Bard's Song of Freedom.

LOUD into pomp sonorous swell the chords !  
 Like linkèd legions march the melodies !  
 Till the full rapture swept the Bard along,  
 And o'er the listeners rush'd the stream of song !  
 And the Dead spoke ! From cairns and kingly graves,  
 The Heroes call'd ;—and saints from earliest shrines.  
 And the Land spoke ! Mellifluous river-waves ;  
 Dim forests awful with the roar of pines ;  
 Mysterious caves from legend-haunted deeps ;  
 And torrents flashing from untrodden steeps ;—  
 The Land of Freedom called upon the Free !  
 All Nature spoke ; the clarions of the wind ;  
 The organ-swell of the majestic sea ;  
 The choral stars ; the Universal Mind  
 Spoke, like the voice from which the world began,  
 " No chain for Nature and the Soul of Man !"  
 As leaps the war-fire on the beacon hills,  
 Leapt in each heart the lofty flame divine ;  
 As into sunlight flash the molten rills,  
 Flash'd the glad claymores, lightning line on line ;  
 From cloud to cloud, as slumber speeds along,  
 From rank to rank rush'd forth the choral song.  
 Woman and child—all caught the fire of men ;  
 To its own Heaven that Hallelujah rang ;  
 Life to the spectres had return'd again,  
 And from the grave an armed nation sprang.

E. B. LYTON.

## Chillon.

ETERNAL spirit of the chainless Mind !  
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty ! thou art,  
 For there thy habitation is the heart—  
 The heart, which love of thee alone can bind ;  
 And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—  
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,  
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,  
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.  
 Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,  
 And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,  
 Until his very steps have left a trace  
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,  
 By Bonnivard !—May none those marks efface !  
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

BYRON.

## The Antiquity of Freedom.

HERE are old trees, tall oaks and gnarled pines,  
 That stream with gray-green mosses ; here the ground  
 Was never trench'd by spade, and flowers spring up  
 Unsovn, and die ungather'd. It is sweet  
 To linger here, among the fitting birds  
 And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds  
 That shake the leaves, and scatter, as they pass,  
 A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set  
 With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades—  
 Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—  
 My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,  
 Back to the earliest days of liberty.

Oh FREEDOM ! thou art not, as poets dream,  
 A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,  
 And wavy tresses gushing from the cap  
 With which the Roman master crown'd his slave  
 When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,  
 Arm'd to the teeth, art thou ; one mailed hand  
 Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword ; thy brow,  
 Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarr'd  
 With tokens of old wars ; thy massive limbs  
 Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launch'd  
 His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee ;

R

They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven.  
 Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep,  
 And his swart armourers, by a thousand fires,  
 Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee bound,  
 The links are shiver'd, and the prison walls  
 Fall outward: terribly thou springest forth,  
 As springs the flame above a burning pile,  
 And shoutest to the nations, who return  
 Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birthright was not given by human hands:  
 Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,  
 While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,  
 To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,  
 And teach the reed to utter simple airs.  
 Thou by his side amid the tangled wood,  
 Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,  
 His only foes; and thou with him didst draw  
 The earliest furrows on the mountain side,  
 Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,  
 Thy enemy, although of reverend look,  
 Hoary with many years, and far obey'd,  
 Is later born than thou; and as he meets  
 The grave defiance of thine elder eye,  
 The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,  
 But he shall fade into a feebler age;  
 Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares,  
 And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap  
 His wither'd hands, and from their ambush call  
 His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send  
 Quaint maskers, wearing fair and gallant forms,  
 To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words  
 To charm thy ear; while his slyimps by stealth  
 Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread  
 That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms  
 With chains couceal'd in chaplets. Oh! not yet  
 Mayst thou unbrace thy corslet, nor lay by  
 Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids  
 In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,  
 And thou must watch and combat till the day  
 Of the new earth and heaven. But wouldst thou rest  
 Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,  
 These old and friendly solitudes invite

Thy visit. They, while yet the forest-trees  
 Were young upon the unviolated earth,  
 And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,  
 Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

BRYANT.

From the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington."

WHO is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,  
 With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,  
 With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest !  
 Mighty seaman, this is he  
 Was great by land as thou by sea.  
 Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,  
 The greatest sailor since our world began.  
 Now, to the roll of muffled drums,  
 To thee the greatest soldier comes ;  
 For this is he  
 Was great by land as thou by sea ;  
 His martial wisdom kept us free ;  
 O warrior-seaman, this is he,  
 This is England's greatest son,  
 Worthy of our gorgeous rites,  
 And worthy to be laid by thee ;  
 He that gain'd a hundred fights,  
 And never lost an English gun ;  
 He that in his earlier day  
 Against the myriads of Assaye  
 Clash'd with his fiery few and won :  
 And underneath another sun  
 Made the soldier, led him on,  
 And ever great and greater grew,  
 Beating from the wasted vines  
 All their marshals' bandit swarms  
 Back to France with countless blows ;  
 Till their host of eagles flew  
 Past the Pyrenean pines,  
 Follow'd up in valley and glen  
 With blare of bugle, clamour of men,  
 Roll of cannon and clash of arms,  
 And England pouring on her foes.  
 Such a war had such a close.

He withdrew to brief repose.  
 Again their ravening eagle rose  
 In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,  
 And barking for the thrones of kings,  
 Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown  
 On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler down ;  
 A day of onsets of despair !  
 Dash'd on every rocky square  
 Their surging charges foam'd themselves away ;  
 Last, the Prussian trumpet blew ;  
 Through the long-tormented air  
 Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,  
 And down we swept and charged and overthrew.  
 So great a soldier taught us there,  
 What long-enduring hearts could do  
 In that world's-earthquake, Waterloo !  
 Mighty seaman, tender and true,  
 And pure as he from taint of craven guile,  
 O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,  
 O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,  
 If aught of things that here befall  
 Touch a spirit among things divine,  
 If love of country move thee there at all,  
 Be glad because his bones are laid by thine !  
 And through the centuries let a people's voice  
 In full acclaim,  
 A people's voice,  
 The proof and echo of all human fame,  
 A people's voice, when they rejoice  
 At civic revel and pomp and game,  
 Attest their great commander's claim,  
 With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,  
 Eternal honour to his name.

TENNYSON.

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To Milton.

MILTON ! thou shouldst be living at this hour :  
 England hath need of thee : she is a fen  
 Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,  
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men,  
 Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;



And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
 Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart :  
 Thou hast a voice whose sound was like the sea :  
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
 In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart  
 The lowliest duties on herself didst lay.

WORDSWORTH.

---

England.

I TRAVELL'D among unknown men,  
 In lands beyond the sea ;  
 Nor, England ! did I know till then  
 What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past that melancholy dream !  
 Nor will I quit thy shore  
 A second time ; for still I seem  
 To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel  
 The joy of my desire ;  
 And she I cherish'd turn'd her wheel  
 Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings show'd, thy nights conceal'd  
 The bowers where Lucy play'd ;  
 And thine too is the last green field  
 That Lucy's eyes survey'd.

WORDSWORTH.

---

John of Gaunt's Eulogy on England.

THIS royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,  
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
 This other Eden, demi-paradise ;  
 This fortress, built by nature for herself  
 Against infection, and the hand of war ;  
 This happy breed of men, this little world,  
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,

Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
 Against the envy of less happier lands ;  
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
 Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,  
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home  
 (For Christian service, and true chivalry)  
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,  
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son :  
 This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,  
 Dear for her reputation through the world.

SHAKESPEARE.

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 Britain.

You ask me why, though ill at ease,  
 Within this region I subsist,  
 Whose spirits fail within the mist,  
 And languish for the purple seas ?  
 It is the land that freemen till,  
 That sober-suited Freedom chose ;  
 The land where, girt with friends or foes,  
 A man may speak the thing he will ;  
 A land of settled government,  
 A land of just and old renown,  
 Where Freedom broadens slowly down,  
 From precedent to precedent ;  
 Where faction seldom gathers head,  
 But by degrees to fulness wrought ;  
 The strength of some diffusive thought  
 Hath time and space to work and spread.  
 Should banded unions persecute  
 Opinion, and induce a time  
 Where single thought is civil crime,  
 And individual freedom mute ;  
 Though Power should make from land to land  
 The name of Britain trebly great—  
 Though every channel of the state  
 Should almost choke with golden sand ;  
 Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,  
 Wild wind ! I seek a warmer sky,  
 And I will see before I die  
 The palms and temples of the South.

TENNYSON.

### Lobe of England.

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still—  
 My country! and while yet a nook is left  
 Where English minds and manners may be found,  
 Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime  
 Be fickle, and thy year most part deform'd  
 With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,  
 I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,  
 And fields without a flower, for warmer France  
 With all her vines; nor for Ansonia's groves  
 Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.  
 To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime  
 Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire  
 Upon thy foes, was never meant my task:  
 But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake  
 Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart  
 As any thunderer there. And I can feel  
 Thy follies too; and with a just disdain  
 Frown at effeminate, whose very looks  
 Reflect dishonour on the land I love.

COWPER.

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### Our dear Mother Isle.

O DEAR Britain! O my Mother Isle!  
 Needs must thou prove a name most dear and holy  
 To me, a son, a brother, and a friend,  
 A husband, and a father! who reverse  
 All bonds of natural love, and find them all  
 Within the limits of thy rocky shores.  
 O native Britain! O my Mother Isle!  
 How should'st thou prove aught else but dear and holy  
 To me, who from thy lakes and mountain-hills,  
 Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,  
 Have drunk in all my intellectual life,  
 All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,  
 All adoration of the God in nature,  
 All lovely and all honourable things,  
 Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel  
 The joy and greatness of its future being!

There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul  
 Unborrow'd from my country. O divine  
 And beauteous island! thou hast been my sole  
 And most magnificent temple, in the which  
 I walk with awe, and sing my stately songs,  
 Loving the God that made me!

COLERIDGE.

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### Men of England.

MEN of England! who inherit  
 Rights that cost your sires their blood!  
 Men whose undegenerate spirit  
 Has been proved on land and flood:—

By the foes ye've fought uncounted,  
 By the glorious deeds ye've done,  
 Trophies captured—breaches mounted—  
 Navies conquer'd—kingdoms won!

Yet remember, England gathers  
 Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,  
 If the freedom of your fathers  
 Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,  
 Where no public virtues bloom?  
 What avail in lands of slavery,  
 Trophied temples, arch, and tomb?

Pageants!—Let the world revere us  
 For our people's rights and laws,  
 And the breasts of civic heroes  
 Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,  
 Sydney's matchless shade is yours—  
 Martyrs in heroic story,  
 Worth a hundred Agincourts!

We're the sons of sires that baffled  
 Crown'd and mitred tyranny:—  
 They defied the field and scaffold  
 For their birthrights—so will we!

CAMPBELL.

### Our Rifles are ready! Hurrah!

A SONG FOR VOLUNTEERS.

Who says we are craven and cold,  
 Unworthy the land of our sires :—  
 That our souls worship nothing but gold,  
 That quench'd are our patriot fires?  
 They lie!—For our dear native land,  
 Renown'd from the ages afar,  
 Prepared against all foes we stand,  
 Our Rifles are ready! Hurrah!  
 Then up with the Rifle! Hurrah!

Our isle is the home of the free,  
 It owns neither tyrant nor slave;  
 To defend it on land or on sea,  
 We have hearts ever ready and brave.  
 And if ever a despot should dare  
 To threaten invasion or war,  
 We'd soon give him cause to beware  
 Of us and our Rifles. Hurrah!  
 Our Rifles are ready! Hurrah!  
 SHORTER

### True and False Fidelity.

WE love  
 The king who loves the law, respects his bounds,  
 And reigns content within them: him we serve  
 Freely, and with delight, who leaves us free;  
 But recollecting still that he is man,  
 We trust him not too far. King though he be,  
 And king in England too, he may be weak,  
 And vain enough to be ambitious still;  
 May exercise amiss his proper powers,  
 Or covet more than freemen choose to grant:  
 Beyond that mark is treason. He is ours  
 To administer, to guard, to adorn the state,  
 But not to warp or change it. We are his  
 To serve him nobly in the common cause,  
 True to the death, but not to be his slaves.

Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love  
 Of kings, between your loyalty and ours.  
 We, love the man, the paltry pageant, you :  
 We, the chief patron of the commonwealth ;  
 You, the regardless author of its woes :  
 We, for the sake of liberty, a king ;  
 You, chains and bondage for a tyrant's sake :  
 Our love is principle, and has its root  
 In reason—is judicious, manly, free ;  
 Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,  
 And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.  
 Were kingship as true treasure as it seems,  
 Sterling, and worthy of a wise man's wish,  
 I would not be a king to be beloved  
 Causeless, and daub'd with undiscerning praise,  
 Where love is mere attachment to the throne,  
 Not to the man who fills it as he ought.

COWPER.

*Henry V. to his Soldiers before Harfleur.*

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;  
 Or close the wall up with our English dead !  
 In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man  
 As modest stillness and humility ;  
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
 Then imitate the action of the tiger ;  
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage :  
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;  
 Let it pry through the portage of the head  
 Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,  
 As fearfully as doth a gallèd rock  
 O'erhang and jutting his confounded base,  
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.  
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,  
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit  
 To his full height !—On, on, you noble English,  
 Whose blood is fetch'd from fathers of war-proof !  
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,  
 Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,  
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument ;  
 Dishonour not your mothers ; now attest,  
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you !

Be copy now to men of grosser blood,  
 And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,  
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear  
 That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not;  
 For there is none of you so mean and base  
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.  
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
 Straining upon the start. The game's a-foot;  
 Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,  
 Cry—God for Harry, England! and Saint George!  
 SHAKESPEARE.

### The Battle of the Baltic.

OF Nelson and the North,  
 Sing the glorious day's renown,  
 When to battle fierce came forth  
 All the might of Denmark's crown,  
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone;  
 By each gun the lighted brand,  
 In a bold determined hand,  
 And the Prince of all the land  
 Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat  
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine;  
 While the sign of battle flew  
 On the lofty British line:  
 It was ten of April morn by the chime:  
 As they drifted on their path,  
 There was silence deep as death;  
 And the boldest held his breath,  
 For a time.—

But the might of England flush'd  
 To anticipate the scene;  
 And her van the fleetest rush'd  
 O'er the deadly space between.  
 "Hearts of oak!" our captains cried; when each gun  
 From its adamant lips  
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
 Like the hurricane eclipse  
 Of the sun.

Again! again! again!  
 And the havoc did not slack,  
 Till a feeble cheer, the Dane,  
 To our cheering, sent us back:—  
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—  
 Then ceased—and all is wail,  
 As they strike the shatter'd sail;  
 Or, in conflagration pale,  
 Light the gloom.—

Out spoke the victor then,  
 As he hail'd them o'er the wave;  
 "Ye are brothers! ye are men!  
 And we conquer but to save:—  
 So peace instead of death let us bring;  
 But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
 With the crews, at England's feet,  
 And make submission meet  
 To our king."—

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,  
 That he gave her wounds repose;  
 And the sounds of joy and grief  
 From her people wildly rose,  
 As Death withdrew his shades from the day.  
 While the sun look'd shining bright,  
 O'er a wide and woful sight,  
 Where the fires of funeral light  
 Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise!  
 For the tidings of thy might,  
 By the festal cities' blaze,  
 While the wine-cup shines in light;  
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar,  
 Let us think of them that sleep,  
 Full many a fathom deep,  
 By thy wild and stormy steep,  
 Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride  
 Once so faithful and so true,  
 On the deck of fame that died,  
 With the gallant good Riou:  
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!  
 While the billow mournful rolls,  
 And the mermaid's song condoles,  
 Singing glory to the souls  
 Of the brave!

CAMPBELL.



## Henry V.'s Speech before the Battle of Agincourt.

*West.*—O that we now had here  
But one ten thousand of those men in England  
That do no work to-day!

*K. Hen.*—What's he that wishes so?  
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:  
If we are mark'd to die, we are enough  
To do our country loss; and, if to live,  
The fewer men the greater share of honour.  
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.  
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;  
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;  
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;  
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:  
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,  
I am the most offending soul alive.  
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England.  
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,  
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,  
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:  
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,  
That he who hath no stomach to this fight,  
Let him depart: his passport shall be made,  
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:  
We would not die in that man's company,  
That fears his fellowship to die with us.  
This day is call'd the Feast of Crispian:  
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named,  
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.  
He that shall live this day, and see old age,  
Will, yearly on the vigil, feast his friends  
And say—"To-morrow is Saint Crispian!"  
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,  
And say—"These wounds I had on Crispin's day."  
Old men forget, yet all shall be forgot,  
But he'll remember, with advantages,  
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,  
Familiar in their mouths as household-words,—  
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—  
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd;—  
This story shall the goodman teach his son;

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
 From this time to the ending of the world,  
 But we in it shall be remember'd ;—  
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers—  
 For he, to-day, that sheds his blood with me,  
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,  
 This day shall gentle his condition :  
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,  
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here ;  
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks  
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

SHAKESPEARE.

### The Battle of Hastby.

#### A LAY OF THE PURITANS.

Oh ! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the north,  
 With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red ?  
 And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout ?  
 And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread ?

Oh evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,  
 And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod ;  
 For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,  
 Who sate in the high places, and slew the saints of God !

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,  
 The General rode along us to form us for the fight,  
 When a murmuring sound broke out, and swell'd into a shout,  
 Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark ! like the roar of the billows on the shore,  
 The cry of battle rises along their charging line !  
 For God ! for the Cause ! for the Church ! for the Laws !  
 For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine !

The furious German comes with his clarions and his drums,  
 His bravoes of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall,  
 They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes—close your  
 ranks :—

For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here :—they rush on. We are broken—we are gone :—  
 Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.  
 O Lord, put forth thy might ! O Lord, defend the right !  
 Stand back to back in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound :—the centre hath given ground :—  
Hark ! hark !—What means the trampling of horsemen on  
our rear ?

Whose banner do I see, boys ? 'Tis he, thank God ! 'tis he, boys.  
Bear up another minute. Brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,  
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,  
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,  
And at a shock have scatter'd the forest of his pikes.

MACAULAY.

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### *Ye Mariners of England.*

YE mariners of England,  
That guard our native seas ;  
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze !  
Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe,  
And sweep through the deep  
While the stormy winds do blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave !—  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And Ocean was their grave :  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep  
While the stormy winds do blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,  
No towers along the steep ;  
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak,  
She quells the floods below,—  
As they roar on the shore  
When the stormy winds do blow :  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor-flag of England  
 Shall yet terrific burn ;  
 Till danger's troubled night depart,  
 And the star of peace return.  
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors,  
 Our song and feast shall flow  
 To the fame of your name,  
 When the storm hath ceased to blow ;  
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

CAMPBELL.

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### Some Thoughts, from the Sea.

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

BROWNING.

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### Political Greatness.

NOR happiness, nor majesty, nor fame,  
 Nor peace, nor strength, nor skill in arms or arts,  
 Shepherd those herds whom tyranny makes tame ;  
 Verse echoes not one beating of their hearts :  
 History is but the shadow of their shame ;  
 Art veils her gloss, or from the pageant starts,  
 As to oblivion their blind millions fleet !  
 Staining that heaven with obscene imagery  
 Of their own likeness. What are numbers, knit  
 By force or custom ? Man who man would be,  
 Must rule the empire of himself ; in it  
 Must be supreme, establishing his throne  
 On vanquish'd will, quelling the anarchy  
 Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.

SHELLEY.

*The Old Freedom of Switzerland.*

TELL TO HIS WIFE.

WHEN I wedded thee,  
 The land was free! O! with what pride I used  
 To walk those hills, and look up to my God,  
 And bless him that it was so! It was free!—  
 From end to end, from cliff to lake 'twas free!—  
 Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks,  
 And plough our valleys, without asking leave;  
 Or as our peaks that wear their caps of snow,  
 In very presence of the regal sun!  
 How happy was I in it then! I loved  
 Its very storms! Yes, Emma, I have sat  
 In my boat at night, when, midway o'er the lake,  
 The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge  
 The wind came roaring—I have sat and eyed  
 The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled  
 To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,  
 And think I had no master save his own!  
 You know the jutting cliff, round which a track  
 Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow  
 To such another one, with scanty room  
 For two a-breast to pass? O'ertaken there  
 By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along;  
 And while gust follow'd gust more furiously,  
 As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,  
 And I have thought of other lands, whose storms  
 Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just  
 Have wish'd me there—the thought that mine was free  
 Has check'd that wish, and I have raised my head,  
 And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,  
 Blow on! This is the land of liberty!

KNOWLES.

*Tell on the Mountains.*

Y<sup>e</sup> crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!  
 I hold to you the hands you first beheld,  
 To show they still are free. Methinks I hear  
 A Spirit in your echoes answer me,  
 And bid your tenant welcome home, again!

Hail!—Hail! O sacred forms, how proud you look!  
 How high you lift your heads into the sky!  
 How huge you are! how mighty, and how free!  
 How do you look, for all your barèd brows,  
 More gorgeously majestic than kings  
 Whose loaded coronets exhaust the mine!  
 Ye are the things that tower—that shine—whose smile  
 Makes glad—whose frown is terrible—whose forms,  
 Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear  
 Of awe divine—whose subject never kneels  
 In mockery, because it is your boast  
 To keep him free! ye guards of liberty,  
 I'm with you once again!—I call to you  
 With all my voice! I hold my hands to you  
 To show they still are free! I rush to you  
 As though I could embrace you!

. . . . .

Scaling yonder peak,  
 I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow:  
 O'er the abyss his broad expanded wings  
 Lay calm and motionless upon the air,  
 As if he floated there without their aid,  
 By the sole act of his unlorded will  
 That buoy'd him proudly up. Instinctively  
 I strung my bow; yet kept he rounding still  
 His airy circle, as in the delight  
 Of measuring the ample range beneath,  
 And round about, absorb'd he heeded not  
 The death that threaten'd him!—I could not shoot!—  
 'Twas liberty: I turn'd the shaft aside,  
 And let him soar away!

KNOWLES.

### The Patriot's Pass-word.

“MAKE way for liberty!” he cried—  
 “Make way for liberty,” and died!

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,  
 A living wall, a human wood;  
 Impregnable their front appears,  
 All horrent with projected spears.

Opposed to these, a hovering baud  
 Contended for their fatherland ;  
 Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke  
 From many necks the ignoble yoke ;  
 Marshall'd once more to freedom's call,  
 They came to conquer or to fall.

And now the work of life and death  
 Hung on the passing of a breath ;  
 The fire of conflict burn'd within ;  
 The battle trembled to begin ;  
 Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,  
 Point for assault was nowhere found ;  
 Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,  
 The unbroken line of lances blazed ;  
 That line 't were suicide to meet,  
 And perish at their tyrants' feet.

Yet Switzerland is in the field,  
 She will not fly, she cannot yield.  
 Few were the numbers she could boast ;  
 But every freeman was a host,  
 And felt as 't were a secret known  
 That one should turn the scale alone ;  
 While each unto himself was he  
 On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one, indeed ;  
 Behold him—ARNOLD WINKELRIED :  
 There sounds not to the trump of Fame  
 The echo of a nobler name.  
 Unmark'd, he stood amid the throng,  
 In rumination deep and long,  
 Till you might see, with sudden grace,  
 The very thought come o'er his face ;  
 And, by the motion of his form,  
 Anticipate the bursting storm ;  
 And, by the uplifting of his brow,  
 Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 't was no sooner thought than done,—  
 The field was in a moment won !  
 "Make way for liberty !" he cried,  
 Then ran with arms extended wide,  
 As if his dearest friend to clasp ;  
 Ten spears he swept within his grasp.

"Make way for liberty!" he cried;  
 Their keen points pass'd from side to side;  
 He bow'd amongst them like a tree,  
 And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly,—  
 "Make way for liberty!" they cry,  
 And through the Austrian phalanx dart,  
 As rush'd the spears through Arnold's heart;  
 While, instantaneous as his fall,  
 Rout, ruin, panic, seized them all:  
 An earthquake could not overthrow  
 A city with a surer blow.  
 Thus Switzerland again was free;  
 Thus Death made way for liberty!

MONTGOMERY.

To a Flower brought from the Field of Grulli.\*

If, by the wood-fire's blaze,  
 When Winter's stars gleam cold,  
 The glorious tales of older days  
 May proudly yet be told;  
 Forget not then the shepherd-race,  
 Who made the earth a holy place! *Swiss Song.*

WHENCE art thou, flower? From holy ground  
 Where freedom's foot hath been!  
 Yet bugle-blast or trumpet-sound  
 Ne'er shook that solemn scene.

Flower of a noble field! thy birth  
 Was not where spears have cross'd,  
 And shiver'd helms have strewn the earth,  
 Midst banners won and lost:

But where the sunny hues and showers  
 Unto thy cup were given,  
 There met high hearts at midnight hours,  
 Pure hands were raised to heaven;

And vows were pledged, that man should roam,  
 Through every Alpine dell,  
 Free as the wind, the torrent's foam,  
 The shaft of William Tell!

\* The field beside the Lake of the Four Cantons, where the "Three Tells," as the Swiss call the fathers of their liberty, took the oath of redeeming Switzerland from the Austrian yoke.



And prayer, the full deep flow of prayer,  
Hallow'd the pastoral sod ;  
And souls grew strong for battle there,  
Nerved with the peace of God.

Before the Alps and stars they knelt,  
That calm devoted band,  
And rose, and made their spirits felt  
Through all the mountain-land.

Then welcome Grutli's free-born flower !  
Even in thy pale decay  
There dwells a breath, a tone, a power,  
Which all high thoughts obey.

MRS. HEMANS.

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1799.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are !  
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre !  
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,  
Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant  
land of France !

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,  
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters ;  
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,  
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.  
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! a single field hath turn'd the chance of war,  
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh ! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,  
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array ;  
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,  
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.  
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land ;  
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand :  
And, as we look'd on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,  
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dappled with his blood ;  
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,  
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,  
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.  
He look'd upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;  
He look'd upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.  
Right graciously he smiled on us, as roll'd from wing to wing,  
Down all our line a deafening shout "God save our Lord the King."

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,  
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,  
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,  
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre!"

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din,  
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.  
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,  
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.  
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,  
Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with the lance.  
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest.  
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white  
crest;  
And in they burst, and on they rush'd, while, like a guiding star,  
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turn'd  
his rein;

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.  
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;  
The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven  
mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,  
"Remember St. Bartholomew," was pass'd from man to man.  
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:  
Down, down, with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."  
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,  
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France  
to-day;

And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.  
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;  
And the good lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white.  
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,  
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.  
Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host may know  
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought his  
church such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point  
of war,  
Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; Ho! matrons of Lucerne;  
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.  
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,  
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's  
souls.

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;  
 Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night.  
 For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our God hath raised the  
 slave,  
 And mock'd the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.  
 Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;  
 And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.  
 MACAULAY.

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Greece.

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead  
 Ere the first day of death is fled,  
 The first dark day of nothingness,  
 The last of danger and distress,  
 (Before decay's effacing fingers  
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)  
 And mark'd the mild angelic air,  
 The rapture of repose that's there,  
 The fix'd, yet tender traits that streak  
 The languor of the placid cheek,  
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,  
     That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,  
     And but for that chill, changeless brow,  
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy  
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,  
 As if to him it could impart  
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;  
 Yes, but for these and these alone,  
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,  
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power;  
 So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,  
 The first, last look by death reveal'd!  
 Such is the aspect of this shore;  
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!  
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
 We start, for soul is wanting there.  
 Hers is the loveliness in death,  
 That parts not quite with parting breath;  
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb,  
 Expression's last receding ray,  
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
 The farewell beam of Feeling past away!  
 Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,  
 Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth!

Clime of the forgotten brave !  
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave  
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave !  
Shrine of the mighty ! can it be  
That this is all remains of thee ?  
Approach, thou craven crouching slave :  
Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?  
These waters blue that round you lave,  
O servile offspring of the free—  
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?  
The gulf, the rock of Salamis !  
These scenes, their story not unknown,  
Arise, and make again your own ;  
Snatch from the ashes of your sires  
The embers of their former fires ;  
And he who in the strife expires  
Will add to theirs a name of fear  
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,  
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,  
They too will rather die than shame :  
For freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,  
Though baffled oft, is ever won.  
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,  
Attest it many a deathless age !  
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,  
Have left a nameless pyramid,  
Thy heroes, though the general doom  
Hath swept the column from their tomb,  
A mightier monument command,  
The mountains of their native land !  
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye  
The graves of those that cannot die !  
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,  
Each step from splendour to disgrace ;  
Enough—no foreign foe could quell  
Thy soul, till from itself it fell ;  
Yes ! self-abasement paved the way  
To villain-bonds and despot away.

BYRON.

*The Heroes of Thermopylae.*

THEY fell devoted, but undying ;  
 The very gales their names seem'd sighing :  
 The waters murmur'd of their name ;  
 The woods were peopled with their fame ;  
 The silent pillar, lone and grey,  
 Claim'd kindred with their sacred clay ;  
 Their spirits wrapp'd the dusky mountain,  
 Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain ;  
 The meanest rill, the mightiest river  
 Roll'd mingling with their fame for ever.  
 Despite of every yoke she bears,  
 That land is glory's still and theirs !  
 'Tis still a watch-word to the earth :  
 When man would do a deed of worth,  
 He points to Greece, and turns to tread,  
 So sanction'd, on the tyrant's head :  
 He looks to her, and rushes on  
 Where life is lost, or freedom won.

BYRON.

*Song of the Greek Poet.*

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !  
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,—  
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !  
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,  
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
 Have found the fame your shores refuse ;  
 Their place of birth alone is mute  
 To sounds which echo further west  
 Than your sires' " Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—  
 And Marathon looks on the sea ;  
 And musing there an hour alone,  
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free ;  
 For, standing on the Persians' grave,  
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow  
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;  
 And ships by thousands lay below,  
 And men in nations;—all were his!  
 He counted them at break of day—  
 And when the sun set where were they?  
 And where are they? and where art thou,  
 My country? On thy voiceless shore  
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—  
 The heroic bosom beats no more!  
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
 Degenerate into hands like mine?  
 'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,  
 Though link'd among a fetter'd race,  
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face;  
 For what is left the poet here?  
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.  
 Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?  
 Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.  
 Earth! render back from out thy breast  
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!  
 Of the three hundred grant but three,  
 To make a new Thermopylæ!  
 What, silent still? and silent all?  
 Ah! no;—the voices of the dead  
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,  
 And answer, "Let one living head,  
 But one arise—we come, we come!"  
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.  
 In vain—in vain; strike other chords;  
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine!  
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine!  
 Hark! rising to the ignoble call—  
 How answers each bold Bacchanal!  
 You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,  
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?  
 Of two such lessons, why forget  
 The nobler and the manlier one?  
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—  
 Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
 We will not think of themes like these!  
 It made Anacreon's song divine:  
 He served—but served Polyocrates—  
 A tyrant; but our masters then  
 Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese  
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend;  
*That* tyrant was Miltiades!  
 Oh! that the present hour would lend  
 Another despot of the kind!  
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
 On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,  
 Exists the remnant of a line  
 Such as the Doric mothers bore;  
 And there perhaps some seed is sown,  
 The Heracleidan blood might own,

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—  
 They have a king who buys and sells:  
 In native swords, and native ranks,  
 The only hope of courage dwells;  
 But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,  
 Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—  
 I see their glorious black eyes shine;  
 But gazing on each glowing maid,  
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,  
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,  
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;  
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die:  
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—  
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

BYRON.

### MARLO BOZZARIS.\*

At midnight, in his guarded tent,  
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour  
 When Greece, her knee in supplicance bent,  
 Should tremble at his power :  
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore  
 The trophies of a conqueror ;  
 In dreams his song of triumph heard ;  
 Then wore his monarch's signet-ring :  
 Then press'd that monarch's throne—a king ;  
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,  
 As Eden's garden-bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,  
 BOZZARIS ranged his Suliote band,  
 True as the steel of their tried blades,  
 Heroes in heart and hand.  
 There had the Persian's thousands stood,  
 There had the glad earth drunk their blood  
 On old Platæa's day ;  
 And now there breathed that haunted air  
 The sons of sires who conquer'd there,  
 With arm to strike, and soul to dare,  
 As quick, as far as they.

An hour pass'd on—the Turk awoke ;  
 That bright dream was his last ;  
 He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,  
 "To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"  
 He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,  
 And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,  
 And death-shots falling thick and fast  
 As lightning from the mountain-cloud ;  
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,  
 BOZZARIS cheer his band :

"Strike—till the last arm'd foe expires ;  
 Strike—for your altars and your fires ;  
 Strike—for the green graves of your sires ;  
 God—and your native land !"

\* He fell in an attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platæa, August 20, 1825, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were—"To die for liberty is a pleasure, not a pain."



They fought—like brave men, long and well ;  
 They piled that ground with Moalem alain ;  
 They conquer'd—but BOZZARIS fell,  
 Bleeding at every vein.  
 His few surviving comrades saw  
 His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,  
 And the red field was won :  
 Then saw in death his eyelids close  
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,  
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death !  
 Come to the mother's when she feels,  
 For the first time, her first-born's breath ;  
 Come when the blessed seals  
 That close the pestilence are broke,  
 And crowded cities wail its stroke ;  
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,  
 The earthquake shock, the ocean-storm,  
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,  
 With banquet-song, and dance, and wine :  
 And thou art terrible—the tear,  
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier ;  
 And all we know, or dream, or fear  
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword  
 Has won the battle for the free,  
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word ;  
 And in its hollow tones are heard  
 The thanks of millions yet to be.  
 Come, when his task of fame is wrought—  
 Come, with the laurel-leaf, blood-bought—  
 Come in her crowning hour—and then  
 Thy sunken eye's unearthly light  
 To him is welcome as the sight  
 Of sky and stars to prison'd men :  
 Thy grasp is welcome as the hand  
 Of brother in a foreign land ;  
 Thy summons welcome as the cry  
 That told the Indian isles were nigh  
 To the world-seeking Genoese,  
 When the land-wind, from woods of palm,  
 And orange-groves, and fields of balm,  
 Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

BOZZARIS! with the storied brave  
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,  
 Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,  
 E'en in her own proud clime.  
 She wore no funeral weeds for thee,  
 Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,  
 Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,  
 In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,  
 The heartless luxury of the tomb :  
 But she remembers thee as one  
 Long loved, and for a season gone ;  
 For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,  
 Her marble wrought, her music breathed ;  
 For thee she rings the birthday bells ;  
 Of thee her babes' first lisping tells :  
 For thine her evening prayer is said  
 At palace couch, and cottage bed ;  
 Her soldier, closing with the foe  
 Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow ;  
 His plighted maiden, when she fears  
 For him, the joy of her young years,  
 Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears :  
 And she, the mother of thy boys,  
 Though in her eye and faded cheek  
 Is read the grief she will not speak,  
 The memory of her buried joys,  
 And even she who gave thee birth,  
 Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,  
 Talk of thy doom without a sigh :  
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,  
 One of the few, the immortal names,  
 That were not born to die.

HALLECK.

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What can alone ennoble fight?

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?  
 He's dead alone that lacks her light,  
 And murder sullies in Heaven's sight  
 The sword he draws :—  
 What can alone ennoble fight?  
 A noble cause !

Give that! and welcome War to brace  
 Her drums! and rend Heaven's reeking space!  
 The colours planted face to face,  
     The charging cheer,  
 Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,  
     Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel  
 To Heaven!—but Heaven rebukes my zeal!  
 The cause of Truth and human weal,  
     O God above!  
 Transfer it from the sword's appeal  
     To peace and love.

CAMPBELL.

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*Rienzi's Address to the Men of Rome.*

I COME not here to talk, ye know too well  
 The story of your thralldom—we are slaves!  
 The bright sun rises to its course, and lights  
 A race of slaves: he sets, and his last beam  
 Falls on a slave; not such as swept  
 Along by the full tide of power, the conqueror leads  
 To crimson glory, and undying fame;  
 But base, ignoble slaves; slaves to a horde  
 Of petty tyrants, feudal despots; lords  
 Rich in some dozen paltry villages;  
 Strong in some hundred spearmen; only great  
 In that strange spell, a name: each hour dark fraud,  
 Or open rapine, or protected murder,  
 Cry out against them; but this very day,  
 An honest man, my neighbour,  
 Was struck, struck like a dog by one who wore  
 The badge of Ursini; because, forsooth!  
 He toss'd not high his ready cap in air,  
 Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts  
 At sight of that great ruffian. . . . .  
 . . . . . Such shames are common.  
 I have known deeper wrongs. I that speak to ye,  
 I had a brother once, a gracious boy,  
 Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,  
 Of sweet and quiet joy—there was the look  
 Of Heaven upon his face, which limners give  
 To the beloved disciple. How I loved

That gracious boy ! younger by fifteen years ;  
 Brother at once and son ! He left my side,  
 A summer's bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile  
 Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,  
 The pretty, harmless boy was slain. . . .  
 . . . . Rouse, ye Romans ! Rouse, ye slaves !  
 Have ye brave sons ? Look in the next fierce brawl  
 To see them die ! Have ye fair daughters ? Look  
 To see them live, torn from your arms, distain'd !  
 Dishonour'd ! and if ye dare call for justice,  
 Be answer'd by the lash ! Yet this is Rome,  
 That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne  
 Of beauty ruled the world. Yet we are Romans.  
 Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman  
 Was greater than a king ; and once again,  
 Hear me ye walls, that echo'd to the tread  
 Of either Brutus ! once again, I swear  
 The Eternal City shall be free, her sons  
 Shall walk with princes !

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

*Miriam's Song.\**

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !  
 JEHOVAH has triumph'd—his people are free ;  
 Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken ;  
 His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave—  
 How vain was their boast, for the LORD hath but  
 spoken,  
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.  
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,  
 JEHOVAH has triumph'd—his people are free !

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the LORD,  
 His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword :—  
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story  
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride ?  
 For the LORD hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,  
 And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.  
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,  
 JEHOVAH has triumph'd—his people are free !

MOORE.

\* " And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand ; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances."—EXOD. xv. 20.

### The Minstrel Boy.

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,  
 In the ranks of death you'll find him ;  
 His father's sword he has girded on,  
 And his wild harp slung behind him.—  
 "Land of song!" said the warrior bard,  
 "Though all the world betrays thee,  
 One sword at least thy rights shall guard,  
 One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain  
 Could not bring his proud soul under ;  
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,  
 For he tore its chords asunder ;  
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,  
 Thou soul of love and bravery!  
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free,  
 They shall never sound in slavery."  
 MOORE.

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### Our Native Land.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,  
 Who never to himself hath said,  
 "This is my own, my native land!"  
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,  
 As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,  
 From wand'ring on a foreign strand!  
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;  
 For him no Minstrel raptures swell ;  
 High though his titles, proud his name,  
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;  
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
 The wretch, concentred all in self,  
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
 And, doubly dying, shall go down  
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
 Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

SCOTT.

T

*Emigrant's Song.*

HOME of our hearts, our fathers' home !  
 Land of the brave and free !  
 The keel is flashing through the foam  
 That bears us far from thee.  
 We seek a wild and distant shore,  
 Beyond the Atlantic main ;  
 We leave thee to return no more,  
 Nor view thy cliffs again.  
 But may dishonour blight our fame,  
 And quench our household fires,  
 When we or ours forget thy name,  
 Green island of our sires!

PRINGLE

*The Lobe of Country.*

AND there before her where she stands,  
 The mountains rise, the lake expands ;  
 Around the terraced summit twines  
 The leafy coronal of vines ;  
 Within the watery mirror deep  
 Nature's calm converse lies asleep ;  
 Above she sees the sky's blue glow,  
 The forest's varied green below,  
 And far its vaulted vistas through  
 A distant grove of darker hue,  
 Where mounting high from clumps of oak  
 Curls lightly up the thin grey smoke ;  
 And o'er the boughs that over-bower  
 The crag, a castle's turrets tower—  
 An eastern casement mantled o'er  
 With ivy, flashes back the gleam  
 Of sun-rise—it was there of yore  
 She sate to see that sun-rise pour  
 Its splendour round—she sees no more,  
 For tears dispersed the dream.  
 Thus seized and speechless had she stood,  
 Surveying mountain, lake, and wood,  
 When to her ear came that demand :  
 "Had she forgot her native land ?"  
 'Twas but a voice within replied  
 She had forgotten all beside.

For words are weak and most to seek  
 When wanted fifty-fold,  
 And then, if silence will not speak,  
 Or trembling lip and changing cheek,  
 There's nothing told.  
 But could she have reveal'd to him  
 Who question'd thus, the vision bright  
 That ere his words were said grew dim  
 And vanish'd from her sight,  
 Easy the answer were to know,  
 And plain to understand,—  
 That mind and memory both must fail,  
 And life itself must slacken sail,  
 And thought its functions must forego,  
 And fancy lose its latest glow,  
 Or ere that land  
 Could pictured be less bright and fair  
 To her whose home and heart are there !  
 That land the loveliest that eye can see  
 The stranger ne'er forgets, then how should she !  
TAYLOR.

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### Country and Home.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,  
 Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside ;  
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light,  
 And milder moons emparadise the night ;  
 A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,  
 Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth :  
 The wandering mariner, whose eye explores  
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,  
 Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,  
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air :  
 In every clime the magnet of his soul,  
 Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;  
 For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,  
 The heritage of nature's noblest race,  
 There is a spot of earth supremely blest,  
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,  
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside  
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,  
 While in his soften'd looks benignly blend  
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend ;

Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,  
 Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life !  
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,  
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;  
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,  
 And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.  
 Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found !  
 Art thou a man ?—a patriot ?—look around ;  
 Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,  
 That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home !

MONTGOMERY.

### The Happiest Spot.

BUT where to find that happiest spot below,  
 Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?  
 The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone,  
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own ;  
 Extols the treasure of his stormy seas,  
 And his long nights of revelry and ease :  
 The naked negro, panting at the line,  
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,  
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,  
 And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.  
 Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam,  
 His first best country ever is at home.

GOLDSMITH.

### A Country's best Defence.

*Crythes.* Doest intend  
 To banish the firm troops before whose valour  
 Barbarian millions shrink appall'd, and leave  
 Our city naked to the first assault  
 Of reckless foes !

*Ion.* No, *Crythes!*—in ourselves,  
 In our own honest hearts and chainless hands,  
 Will be our safeguard :—while we seek no use  
 Of arms we would not have our children blend  
 With their first innocent wishes ; while the love  
 Of country and of justice shall be one  
 To their young reason ; while their sinews grow  
 Firm 'midst the gladness of heroic sports :  
 We shall not ask to guard our country's peace,  
 One selfish passion, or one venal sword.

TALFOURD.



PART VI.

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POEMS OF RELIGION.

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How beautiful is genius when combined  
With holiness! Oh, how divinely sweet  
The tones of earthly harp, whose chords are touch'd  
By the soft hand of Piety, and hung  
Upon Religion's shrine, there vibrating  
With solemn music in the ear of God.

WILSON.

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THE primal duties shine aloft like stars;  
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,  
Are scatter'd at the feet of Man—like flowers.

WORDSWORTH.



## POEMS OF RELIGION.

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### *Intimations of Immortality, from Recollections of Early Childhood.*

THERE WAS a time when meadow, grove, and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight,  
    To me did seem  
    Apparell'd in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream.  
It is not now as it hath been of yore ;—  
    Turn wheresoe'er I may,  
    By night or day,  
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

    The Rainbow comes and goes,  
    And lovely is the Rose ;  
    The Moon doth with delight  
Look round her when the heavens are bare,  
    Waters on a starry night  
    Are beautiful and fair ;  
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;  
But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,  
    And while the young lambs bound  
    As to the tabor's sound,  
To me alone there came a thought of grief :  
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,  
    And I again am strong :  
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep ;  
    No more shall grief of mine the seasons wrong ;  
    I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,  
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,

And all the earth is gay ;  
 Land and sea  
 Give themselves up to jollity,  
 And with the heart of May,  
 Doth every Beast keep holiday ;—  
 Thou Child of Joy,  
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy  
 Shepherd-boy !

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call  
 Ye to each other make ; I see  
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;  
 My heart is at your festival,  
 My head hath its coronal,  
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.  
 Oh evil day ! if I were sullen  
 While the Earth herself is adorning,  
 This sweet May-morning,  
 And the Children are culling  
 On every side,  
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,  
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,  
 And the Babe leaps up on his mother's arm :—  
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !  
 —But there's a Tree of many, one,  
 A single Field which I have look'd upon,  
 Both of them speak of something that is gone :  
 The Pansy at my feet  
 Doth the same tale repeat :  
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?  
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :  
 The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
 And cometh from afar ;  
 Not in entire forgetfulness,  
 And not in utter nakedness,  
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
 From God, who is our home ;  
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !  
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close  
 Upon the growing Boy,  
 But he beholds the light and whence it flows,  
 He sees it in his joy ;

The Youth, who daily farther from the east  
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,  
     And by the vision splendid  
     Is on his way attended ;  
 At length the man perceives it die away,  
 And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;  
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,  
 And, even with something of a Mother's mind,  
     And no unworthy aim,  
 The homely Nurse doth all she can  
 To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,  
     Forget the glories he hath known,  
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born bliasses,  
     A six years' Darling of a pigmy size !  
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
     With light upon him from his father's eyes !  
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
     Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
 Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;  
     A wedding or a festival,  
     A mourning or a funeral,  
     And this hath now his heart,  
 And unto this he frames his song :  
 Then will he fit his tongue  
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;  
     But it will not be long  
     Ere this be thrown aside,  
     And with new joy and pride  
 The little Actor cons another part ;  
 Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"  
 With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,  
 That Life brings with her in her equipage ;  
     As if his whole vocation  
     Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie  
     Thy Soul's immensity ;  
 Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep  
     Thy heritage ; thou Eye among the blind,  
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,  
     Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—

Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!  
 On whom those truths do rest,  
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,  
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;  
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality  
 Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,  
 A Presence which is not to be put by;  
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might  
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,  
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke  
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,  
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?  
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,  
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,  
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life.

O joy! that in our embers  
 Is something that doth live,  
 That nature yet remembers  
 What was so fugitive!  
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
 Perpetual benediction: not indeed  
 For that which is most worthy to be blest;  
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—  
 Not for these I raise  
 The song of thanks and praise;  
 But for those obstinate questionings  
 Of sense and outward things,  
 Fallings from us, vanishings;  
 Blank misgivings of a Creature  
 Moving about in worlds not realized,  
 High instincts before which our mortal Nature  
 Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:  
 But for those first affections,  
 Those shadowy recollections,  
 Which, be they what they may,  
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing;  
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
 Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,  
 To perish never;  
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,

Nor Man ner Boy,  
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
 Can utterly abolish or destroy !  
     Hence in a season of calm weather  
     Though inland far we be,  
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
     Which brought us hither,  
     Can in a moment travel thither,  
 And see the Children sport upon the shore,  
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song !  
     And let the young Lambs bound  
     As to the tabor's sound !  
 We in thought will join your throng,  
     Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
     Ye that through your hearts to-day  
     Feel the gladness of the May !  
 What though the radiance which was once so bright  
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
     Though nothing can bring back the hour  
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower  
     We will grieve not, rather find  
     Strength in what remains behind ;  
     In the primal sympathy  
     Which having been must ever be ;  
     In the soothing thoughts that spring  
     Out of human suffering ;  
     In the faith that looks through death,  
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,  
 Forebode not any severing of our loves !  
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;  
 I only have relinquish'd one delight  
     To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
 I love the Brooks, which down their channels fret,  
 Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they ;  
     The innocent brightness of a new-born Day  
     Is lovely yet ;  
     The Clouds that gather round the setting sun,  
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;  
     Another race hath been, and other palms are won.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WORDSWORTH.

### The Soul.

O IGNORANT poor man ! what dost thou bear  
 Lock'd up within the casket of thy breast ?  
 What jewels, and what riches hast thou there ?  
 What heavenly treasure in so weak a chest ?  
 Look in thy soul, and thou shalt beauties find,  
 Like those which drown'd Narcissus in the flood ;  
 Honour and pleasure both are in thy mind,  
 And all that in the world is counted good.  
 Think of her worth, and think that God did mean,  
 This worthy mind should worthy things embrace ;  
 Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,  
 Nor her dishonour with thy passion base.  
 Kill not her quick'ning power with surfeitings :  
 Mar not her sense with sensuality :  
 Cast not her wit on idle things :  
 Make not her free-will slave to vanity.  
 And when thou think'st of her eternity,  
 Think not that death against her nature is ;  
 Think it a birth : and when thou go'st to die,  
 Sing like a swan, as if thou went'st to bliss.  
 And thou my soul which turn'st with curious eye,  
 To view the beams of thine own form divine,  
 Know, that thou canst know nothing perfectly,  
 While thou art clothed with this flesh of mine.  
 Take heed of overweening, and compare  
 Thy peacock's feet with thy gay peacock's train ;  
 Study the best and highest things that are,  
 But of thyself an humble thought retain.  
 Cast down thyself, and only strive to raise  
 The glory of thy Maker's sacred name :  
 Use all thy powers, that blessed power to praise,  
 Which gives thee power to be, and use the same.

DAVIES.



## Human Life's Mystery.

We sow the glebe, we reap the corn,  
 We build the house where we may rest,  
 And then, at moments, suddenly,  
 We look up to the great wide sky,  
 Inquiring wherefore we were born . . .  
 For earnest, or for jest ?

The senses folding thick and dark  
 About the stifled soul within,  
 We guess diviner things beyond,  
 And yearn to them with yearning fond ;  
 We strike out blindly to a mark  
 Believed in, but not seen.

We vibrate to the pant and thrill  
 Wherewith Eternity has curl'd  
 In serpent-twine about God's seat !  
 While, freshening upward to His feet,  
 In gradual growth His full-leaved will  
 Expands from world to world.

And, in the tumult and excess  
 Of act and passion under sun,  
 We sometimes hear—oh, soft and far,  
 As silver star did touch with star,  
 The kiss of Peace and Righteousness  
 Through all things that are done.

God keeps his holy mysteries  
 Just on the outside of man's dream !  
 In diapason slow, we think  
 To hear their pinions rise and sink,  
 While they float pure beneath His eyes,  
 Like swans adown a stream.

Abstractions are they, from the forms  
 Of His great beauty ?—exaltations  
 From His great glory ?—strong previsions  
 Of what we shall be ?—intuitions  
 Of what we are—in calms and storms,  
 Beyond our peace and passions ?

Things nameless ! which, in passing so,  
 Do strike us with a subtle grace.  
 We say, " who passes ! "—they are dumb ;  
 We cannot see them go or come ;  
 Their touches fall soft—cold—as snow  
 Upon a blind man's face.

Yet, touching so, they draw above  
 Our common thoughts to Heavens unknown—  
 Our daily joy and pain, advance  
 To a divine significance,—  
 Our human love—O mortal love,  
 That light is not its own !

And, sometimes, horror chills our blood  
 To be so near such mystic Things,  
 And we wrap round us, for defence,  
 Our purple manners, moods of sense—  
 As angels, from the face of God,  
 Stand hidden in their wings.

And, sometimes, through Life's heavy swound  
 We grope for them ! with strangled breath  
 We stretch abroad our hands and try  
 To reach them in our agony,—  
 And widen, so, the broad life-wound  
 Which soon is large enough for death.

E. B. BROWNING.

### Thoughts of Heaven.

High thoughts !  
 They come and go,  
 Like the soft breathings of a list'ning maiden,  
 While round me flow  
 The winds, from woods and fields with gladness laden :  
 When the corn's rustle on the ear doth come—  
 When the eve's beetle sounds its drowsy hum—  
 When the stars, dew-drops of the summer sky,  
 Watch over all with soft and loving eye—  
 While the leaves quiver  
 By the lone river,  
 And the quiet heart  
 From depths doth call  
 And garners all—

Earth grows a shadow  
 Forgotten whole,  
 And Heaven lives  
 In the blessed soul!

High thoughts!

They are with me,  
 When, deep within the bosom of the forest,  
 Thy morning melody  
 Abroad into the sky, thou, thro' the forest,  
 When the young sunbeams glance among the trees—  
 When on the ear comes the soft song of bees—  
 When every branch has its own favourite bird  
 And songs of summer, from each thicket heard!—  
 Where the owl sitteth,  
 Where the roe sitteth,  
 And holiness  
 Seems sleeping there;  
 While nature's prayer  
 Goes up to heaven  
 In purity,  
 Till all is glory  
 And joy to me!

High thoughts!

They are my own  
 When I am resting on a mountain's bosom,  
 And see below me strown  
 The huts and homes where humble virtues blossom;  
 When I can trace each streamlet through the meadow—  
 When I can follow every fitful shadow—  
 When I can watch the winds among the corn,  
 And see the waves along the forest borne;  
 Where blue-bell and heather  
 Are blooming together,  
 And far doth come  
 The Sabbath bell,  
 O'er wood and fell;  
 I hear the beating  
 Of nature's heart:  
 Heaven is before me  
 God! Thou art!

High thoughts !

They visit us

In moments when the soul is dim and darken'd ;

They come to bless,

After the vanities to which we hearken'd :

When weariness hath come upon the spirit—

(Those hours of darkness which we all inherit)—

Bursts there not through a glint of warm sunshine,

A winged thought which bids us not repine !

In joy and gladness

In mirth and sadness,

Come signs and tokens ;

Life's angel brings,

Upon its wings,

Those bright communings

The soul doth keep—

Those thoughts of heaven

So pure and deep !

NICOLL.

### A Christmas Carol.

It chanced upon the merry merry Christmas eve,

I went sighing past the church across the moorland dreary—

“ Oh ! never sin, and want, and woe this earth will leave,

And the bells but mock the wailing round, they sing so cheery.

How long, O Lord ! how long before thou come again ?

Still in cellar, and in garret, and on moorland dreary

The orphans moan, and widows weep, and poor men toil in vain,

Till earth is sick of hope deferr'd, though Christmas bells be cheery.”

Then arose a joyous clamour from the wild-fowl on the mere,

Beneath the stars, across the snow, like clear bells ringing,

And a voice within cried—“ Listen ! Christmas carols even here,

Though thou be dumb, yet o'er their work the stars and snows  
are singing.

Blind ! I live, I love, I reign ; and all the nations through

With the thunder of my judgments even now are ringing ;

Do thou fulfil thy work but as yon wild-fowl do,

Thou wilt heed no less the wailing, yet hear through it  
angels singing.”

KINGSLEY.

### The Temple of Nature.

TALK not of temples! There is one  
 Built without hands—to mankind given;  
 Its lamps are the meridian sun,  
 And all the stars of heaven;  
 Its walls are the cerulean sky,  
 Its floor the earth so green and fair;  
 The dome is vast immensity—  
 All nature worships there!

The Alps array'd in stainless snow,  
 The Andean ranges yet untrod,  
 At sunrise, and at sunset, glow,  
 Like altar-fires to God!  
 A thousand fierce volcanoes blaze,  
 As if with hallow'd victims rare;  
 And thunder lifts its voice in praise—  
 All nature worships there!

The ocean heaves resistlessly,  
 And pours his glittering treasure forth;  
 His waves—the priesthood of the sea—  
 Kneel on the shell-gemm'd earth,  
 And there emit a hollow sound,  
 As if they murmur'd praise and prayer;  
 On every side 'tis holy ground—  
 All nature worships there!

The cedar and the mountain pine,  
 The willow on the fountain's brim,  
 The tulip and the eglantine  
 In reverence bend to Him;  
 The song-birds pour their sweetest lays,  
 From tower and tree and middle air;  
 The rushing river murmurs praise—  
 All nature worships there!

VEDDER.

## Morning Hymn.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
 Almighty! Thine this universal frame,  
 Thus wondrous fair: Thyself how wondrous then!  
 Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens,  
 To us invisible, or dimly seen  
 In these thy lowest works;—yet these declare  
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.  
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,  
 Angels; for ye behold Him, and with songs  
 And choral symphonies, day without night,  
 Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven.  
 On Earth join, all ye creatures to extol  
 Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.  
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
 With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,  
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
 Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
 Acknowledge Him thy greater; sound His praise  
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.  
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fliest,  
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;  
 And ye, five other wand'ring fires, that move  
 In mystic dance not without song, resound  
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.  
 Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth  
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix  
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change  
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
 Ye Mists and Exhalations, that now rise  
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,  
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
 In honour to the world's great Author rise;  
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,  
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
 Rising or falling, still advance his praise.  
 His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,  
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,  
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.

Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune his praise.  
 Join voices, all ye living Souls : ye Birds,  
 That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.  
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep ;  
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
 To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.  
 Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still  
 To give us only good ; and if the night  
 Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark !

MILTON.

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 Hymn.

## BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star  
 In his steep course ! So long he seems to pause  
 On thy bold awful head, O sovran Blanc !  
 The Arve and Arveiron at thy base  
 Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most awful Form !  
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,  
 How silently ! Around thee and above  
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,  
 An ebon mass : methinks thou piercest it,  
 As with a wedge ! But when I look again,  
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,  
 Thy habitation from eternity !  
 O dread and silent Mount ! I gazed upon thee,  
 Till thou, still present to the bodily senses,  
 Didst vanish from my thought : entranced in prayer,  
 I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,  
 So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,  
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,  
 Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy ;  
 Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,  
 Into the mighty vision passing—there,  
 As in her natural form, swell'd vast to Heaven !

Awake, my soul ! not only passive praise  
 Thou owest ! not alone these swelling tears,  
 Mute thanks and secret ecstasy ! Awake,  
 Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my Heart, awake !  
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the Vale !  
 O struggling with the darkness all the night,  
 And visited all night by troops of stars,  
 Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:  
 Companion of the morning-star at dawn,  
 Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn  
 Co-herald ! wake, O wake, and utter praise !  
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth ?  
 Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light ?  
 Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad !  
 Who call'd you forth from night and utter death,  
 From dark and icy caverns call'd you forth,  
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged Rocks,  
 For ever shatter'd, and the same for ever ?  
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,  
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,  
 Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam ?  
 And who commanded (and the silence came),  
 Here let the billows stiffen and have rest ?

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow  
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—  
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,  
 And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge !  
 Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !  
 Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven  
 Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun  
 Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living flowers  
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?  
 God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,  
 Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !  
 God ! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice !  
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !  
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,  
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God !



Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost !  
 Ye wild-goats sporting round the eagle's nest !  
 Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-storm !  
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !  
 Ye signs and wonders of the element !  
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise !

Thou too, hoar Mount ! with thy sky-pointing peaks,  
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,  
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene  
 Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—  
 Thou too again, stupendous Mountain ! thou  
 That as I raise my head, awhile bow'd low  
 In adoration, upward from thy base  
 Slow-travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,  
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,  
 To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,  
 Rise like a cloud of incense, from the Earth !  
 Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,  
 Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,  
 Great hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,  
 And tell the stars, and tell you rising sun,  
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

COLERIDGE.

### Hymn on the Seasons.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER these  
 Are but the varied GOD. The rolling year  
 Is full of THEE. Forth in the pleasing Spring  
 THY beauty walks, THY tenderness and love.  
 Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;  
 Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;  
 And every sense and every heart is joy.  
 Then comes THY glory in the Summer months,  
 With light and heat refulgent. Then THY sun  
 Shoots full perfection through the swelling year :  
 And oft THY voice in dreadful thunder speaks,  
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,  
 By brooks and groves in hollow-whispering gales.  
 THY bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,  
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.  
 In Winter awful THOU ! with clouds and storms

Around **THEE** thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,  
 Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing,  
 Riding sublime, **THOU** bidd'st the world adore,  
 And humblest nature with **THY** northern blast.

Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,  
 Deep-felt, in these appear ! a simple train,  
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,  
 Such beauty and beneficence combined ;  
 Shade unperceived, so softening into shade ;  
 And all so forming an harmonious whole,  
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.  
 But wandering oft, with rude unconscious gaze,  
 Man marks not **THEE**, marks not the mighty hand  
 That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres ;  
 Works in the secret deep ; shoots steaming theace  
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring ;  
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;  
 Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth,  
 And as on earth this grateful change revolves,  
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! join every living soul  
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,  
 In adoration join ; and ardent raise  
 One general song ! To **HIM**, ye vocal gales,  
 Breathe soft, whose **SPRIT** in your freshness breathes :  
 Oh ! talk of **HIM** in solitary glooms,  
 Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving pine  
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.  
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,  
 Who shake the astonish'd world, lift high to heaven  
 The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.  
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;  
 And let me catch it as I muse along.  
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound ;  
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze  
 Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,  
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,  
 Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater voice  
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roaring fall.

Soft roll your incense, herba, and fruits, and flowers,  
 In mingled clouds to **HIM**, whose sun exalts,  
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.  
 Ye forests, bend ; ye harvests, wave to **HIM** ;

Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,  
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.  
 Ye that keep watch in Heaven, as earth asleep  
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams ;  
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,  
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.  
 Great source of day ! best image here below  
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,  
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,  
 On Nature write with every beam HIS praise.  
 The thunder rolls : be hush'd the prostrate world ;  
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.  
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills ; ye mossy rocks,  
 Retain the sound ; the broad responsive low  
 Ye valleys raise ; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns,  
 And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.  
 Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song  
 Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,  
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,  
 Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm  
 The listening shades, and teach the night HIS praise.  
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,  
 At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,  
 Crown the great hymn ! in swarming cities vast,  
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join  
 The long resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,  
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling base ;  
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,  
 In one united ardour rise to heaven.  
 Or if you rather choose the rural shade,  
 And find a fane in every sacred grove,  
 There let the shepherd's lute, the virgin's lay,  
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,  
 Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS, as they roll.

For me, when I forget the darling theme,  
 Whether the blossom blows, the Summer-ray  
 Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,  
 Or Winter rises in the blackening east ;  
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,  
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !

Should fate command me to the farthest verge  
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,  
 Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun  
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam

Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me :  
 Since GOD is ever present, ever felt,  
 In the void waste as in the city full ;  
 And where HE vital breathes there must be joy.  
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,  
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,  
 I cheerful will obey ; there with new powers,  
 Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go  
 Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not smiles around,  
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns ;  
 From seeming evil still educing good,  
 And better thence again, and better still,  
 In infinite progression. But I lose  
 Myself in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE !  
 Come, then, expressive Silence, muse HIS praise.  
THOMSON.

### Hymn of Nature.

GOD of the earth's extended plains !  
 The dark, green fields contented lie ;  
 The mountains rise like holy towers,  
 Where man might commune with the sky ;  
 The tall cliff challenges the storm  
 That lowers upon the vale below,  
 Where shaded fountains send their streams  
 With joyous music in their flow.

GOD of the dark and heavy deep !  
 The waves lie sleeping on the sands,  
 Till the fierce trumpet of the storm  
 Hath summon'd up their thundering bands ;  
 Then the white sails are dash'd like foam,  
 Or hurry trembling o'er the seas,  
 Till, calm'd by thee, the sinking gale  
 Serenely breathes, " Depart in peace."

GOD of the forest's solemn shade !  
 The grandeur of the lonely tree,  
 That wrestles singly with the gale,  
 Lifts up admiring eyes to thee ;  
 But more majestic far they stand,  
 When side by side their ranks they form,  
 To wave on high their plumes of green,  
 And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air !  
 Where summer breezes sweetly flow,  
 Or, gathering in their angry night,  
 The fierce and wintry tempests blow ;  
 All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,  
 That hardly lifts the drooping flower,  
 To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry,  
 Breathe forth the language of thy power.

God of the fair and open sky !  
 How gloriously above us springs  
 The tented dome, of heavenly blue,  
 Suspended on the rainbow's rings !  
 Each brilliant star, that sparkles through,  
 Each gilded cloud, that wanders free  
 In evening's purple radiance, gives  
 The beauty of its praise to thee.

God of the rolling orbs above !  
 Thy name is written clearly bright  
 In the warm day's unvarying blaze,  
 Or evening's golden shower of light.  
 For every fire that fronts the sun,  
 And every spark that walks alone  
 Around the utmost verge of heaven,  
 Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world ! The hour must come,  
 And nature's self to dust return ;  
 Her crumbling altars must decay ;  
 Her incense fires shall cease to burn ;  
 But still her grand and lovely scenes  
 Have made man's warmest praises flow ;  
 For hearts grow holier as they trace  
 The beauty of the world below.

PEABODY.

### Forest Hymn.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learn'd  
 To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,  
 And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed  
 The lofty vault, to gather and roll back  
 The sound of anthems ; in the darkling wood,  
 Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,

And offer'd to the Mightiest solemn thanks  
 And supplication. For his simple heart  
 Might not resist the sacred influences  
 Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,  
 And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven  
 Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound  
 Of the invisible breath that sway'd at once  
 All their green tops, stole over him, and bow'd  
 His spirit with the thought of boundless power  
 And inaccessible majesty. Ah! why  
 Should we in the world's riper years neglect  
 God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore  
 Only among the crowd, and under roofs  
 That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,  
 Here in the shadow of this aged wood,  
 Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find  
 Acceptance in His ear.

Father! thy hand  
 Hath rear'd these venerable columns, thou  
 Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down  
 Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose  
 All these fair ranks of trees. They in the sun  
 Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,  
 And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,  
 Whose birth was on their tops, grew old and died  
 Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,  
 As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,  
 Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold  
 Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,  
 These win'ling aisles, of human pomp or pride  
 Report not. No fantastic carvings show  
 The boast of our vain race to change the form  
 Of thy fair works. But thou art here—thou fill'st  
 The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds  
 That run along the summit of these trees  
 In music; thou art in the cooler breath  
 That from the inmost darkness of the place  
 Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,  
 The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.  
 Here is continual worship; nature here,  
 In the tranquillity that thou dost love,  
 Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,  
 From perch to perch, the solitary bird  
 Passes; and yon clear spring, that, 'midst its herbs,  
 Wells softly forth, and wandering steepes the roots

Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale  
 Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left  
 Thyself without a witness, in these shades,  
 Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace  
 Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty oak—  
 By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem  
 Almost annihilated—not a prince,  
 In all that proud old world beyond the deep,  
 E'er wore his crown as loftily as he  
 Wears the green coronal of leaves with which  
 Thy hand hath graced him. Nestled at his root  
 Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare  
 Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,  
 With scented breath, and look so like a smile,  
 Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,  
 An emanation from the indwelling Life,  
 A visible token of the upholding Love,  
 That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think  
 Of the great miracle that still goes on,  
 In silence, round me—the perpetual work  
 Of thy creation, finish'd, yet renew'd  
 For ever. Written on thy works I read  
 The lesson of thine own eternity.  
 Lo! all grow old and die—but see again,  
 How on the faltering footsteps of decay  
 Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth,  
 In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees  
 Wave not less proudly that their ancestors  
 Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost  
 One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,  
 After the flight of untold centuries,  
 The freshness of her far beginning lies,  
 And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate  
 Of his arch enemy, Death—yea, he seats himself  
 Upon the tyrant's throne—the sepulchre,  
 And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe  
 Makes his own nourishment. For he came  
 From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men, who hid themselves  
 Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave  
 Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived  
 The generation born with them, nor seem'd

Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks  
 Around them ;—and there have been holy men  
 Who deem'd it were not well to pass life thus.  
 But let me often to these solitudes  
 Retire, and in thy presence reassure  
 My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,  
 The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink  
 And tremble and are still. Oh, God ! when thou  
 Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire  
 The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill  
 With all the waters of the firmament,  
 The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods  
 And drowns the villages ; when, at thy call,  
 Uprises the great deep and throws himself  
 Upon the continent, and overwhelms  
 Its cities—who forgets not, at the sight  
 Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,  
 His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by ?  
 Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face  
 Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath  
 Of the mad unchain'd elements to teach  
 Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,  
 In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,  
 And to the beautiful order of thy works  
 Learn to conform the order of our lives.

BRYANT.

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### Hymn of the City.

Not in the solitude  
 Alone may man commune with Heaven, or see  
 Only in savage wood  
 And sunny vale, the present Deity ;  
 Or only hear His voice  
 Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold  
 Thy steps, Almighty !—here, amidst the crowd,  
 Through the great city roll'd,  
 With everlasting murmur deep and loud—  
 Choking the ways that wind  
 'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.



Thy golden sunshine comes  
 From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies,  
 And lights their inner homes ;  
 For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,  
 And givest them the stores  
 Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy spirit is around,  
 Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along ;  
 And this eternal sound—  
 Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—  
 Like the resounding sea,  
 Or, like the rainy tempest, speaks of Thee.

And when the hours of rest  
 Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,  
 Hushing its billowy breast—  
 The quiet of that moment too is thine ;  
 It breathes of Him who keeps  
 The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

BRYANT.

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### Missionary Hymn.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
 From India's coral strand,  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains  
 Roll down their golden sand :  
 From many an ancient river,  
 From many a palmy plain,  
 They call us to deliver  
 Their land from Error's chain !

What though the spicy breezes  
 Blow soft on Ceylon's isle,  
 Though every prospect pleases,  
 And only man is vile :  
 In vain with lavish kindness,  
 The gifts of God are strown,  
 The Heathen, in his blindness,  
 Bows down to wood and stone !

Can we whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high,  
 Can we to man benighted  
 The lamp of life deny ?  
 Salvation ! oh, Salvation !  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till earth's remotest nation  
 Has learn'd Messiah's name !

HEBER.

*From the Hymn on the Nativity.*

But peaceful was the night,  
 Wherein the Prince of Light  
 His reign of peace upon the earth began :  
 The winds with wonder whist,  
 Smoothly the waters kiss'd,  
 Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,  
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.  
 The shepherds on the lawn,  
 Or ere the point of dawn,  
 Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;  
 Full little thought they then,  
 That the mighty Pan  
 Was kindly come to live with them below ;  
 Perhaps their loves or else their sheep  
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.  
 When such music sweet  
 Their hearts and ears did greet,  
 As never was by mortal finger strook ;  
 Divinely warbled voice  
 Answering the stringed noise,  
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took :  
 The air, such pleasure loath to lose,  
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.  
 Such music (as 'tis said)  
 Before was never made,  
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,  
 While the Creator great  
 His constellations set,  
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,  
 And cast the dark foundations deep,  
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,  
 Once bless our human ears,  
     If ye have power to touch our senses so,  
 And let your silver chime  
 Move in melodious time ;  
     And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow ;  
 And, with your ninefold harmony,  
 Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.  
 For, if such holy song  
 Enwrap our fancy long,  
     Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold ;  
 And speckled Vanity  
 Will sicken soon and die,  
     And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould ;  
 And Hell itself will pass away,  
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.  
 Yea, Truth and Justice then  
 Will down return to men,  
     Orb'd in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,  
 Mercy will sit between,  
 Throned in celestial sheen,  
     With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;  
 And Heaven, as at some festival,  
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.  
MILTON.

*Heart of Christ, O Cup Most Golden !*

HEART of Christ, O cup most golden !  
     Brimming with salvation's wine,  
 Million souls have been beholden  
     Unto thee for life divine ;  
 Thou art full of blood the purest,  
 Love the tenderest and surest :  
 Blood is life, and life is love ;  
 Oh, what wine is there like love !  
 Heart of Christ, O cup most golden !  
     Out of thee the martyrs drank,  
 Who for truth in cities olden  
     Spake, nor from the torture shrank ;  
 Saved they were from traitor's meanness,  
 Fill'd with joys of holy keenness :  
 Strong are those that drink of of love ;  
 Oh, what wine is there like love !

Heart of Christ, O cup most golden !  
 To remotest place and time  
 Thou for labours wilt embolden  
 Unpresuming but sublime :  
 Hearts are firm, though nerves be shaken,  
 When from thee new life is taken :  
 Truth recruits itself by love ;  
 Oh, what wine is there like love !

Heart of Christ, O cup most golden !  
 Taking of thy cordial blest,  
 Soon the sorrowful are folden  
 In a gentle healthful rest :  
 Thou anxieties art easing,  
 Pains implacable appeasing :  
 Grief is comforted by love ;  
 Oh, what wine is there like love !

Heart of Christ, O cup most golden,  
 Liberty from thee we win ;  
 We who drink, no more are holden  
 By the shameful cords of sin ;  
 Pledge of Mercy's sure forgiving,  
 Powers for a holy living,—  
 These, thou cup of love, are thine ;  
 Love, thou art the mightiest wine !

LYNCH.

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*The Labourer's Hoonday Hymn.*

Up to the throne of God is borne  
 The voice of praise at early morn,  
 And he accepts the punctual hymn  
 Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will he turn his ear aside  
 From holy offerings at noontide.  
 Then here reposing let us raise  
 A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burthen be not light,  
 We need not toil from morn to night ;  
 The respite of the mid-day hour  
 Is in the thankful Creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,  
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,  
Are with a ready heart bestow'd  
Upon the service of our God !

Each field is then a hallow'd spot,  
An altar is in each man's cot,  
A church in every grove that spreads  
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to Heaven ! the industrious Sun  
Already half his race hath run ;  
*He* cannot halt nor go astray,  
But our immortal Spirits may.

Lord ! since his rising in the East,  
If we have falter'd or transgress'd,  
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,  
What yet remains of this day's course :

Help with thy grace, through life's short day,  
Our upward and our downward way ;  
And glorify for us the west,  
When we shall sink to final rest.

WORDSWORTH.

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### The Ober-Geist.

"For of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things, to whom be glory for ever."—PAUL.

ABOVE, below, in sky and sod,  
In leaf and spar, in star and man,  
Well might the sage Athenian scan  
The geometric signs of God,  
The measured order of His plan.

And India's mystics sang aright  
Of the One Life pervading all,  
One Being's tidal rise and fall  
In soul and form, in sound and sight,  
Eternal outflow and recall.

God is : and man in guilt and fear  
The central fact of nature owns ;  
Kneels, trembling, by his altar-stones,  
And darkly dreams the guilty smear  
Of blood appeases and atones.

Guilt shapes the terror : deep within  
The human heart the secret lies  
Of all the hideous deities ;  
And, painted on a ground of sin,  
The fabled gods of torment rise !

And what is HE ? The ripe grain nods,  
The soft dews fall, the sweet flowers blow,  
But darker signs His presence show ;  
The earthquake and the storm are God's,  
And good and evil interflow.

Oh, hearts of love ! Oh, souls that turn  
Like sun-flowers to the pure and best !  
To you the truth is manifest ;  
For they the mind of Christ discern,  
Who lean like John upon his breast !

In him of whom the Sibyl told,  
For whom the prophet's harp was toned,  
Whose need the sage and magian own'd,  
The loving heart of God behold,  
The hope for which the ages groan'd !

Fade pomp of dreadful imagery,  
Wherewith mankind have deified  
Their hate, and selfishness, and pride !  
Let the scared dreamer wake to see  
The Christ of Nazareth at his side !

What doth that holy guide require ?  
No rite of pain, nor gift of blood,  
But, man, a kindly brotherhood,  
Looking, where duty is desire,  
To Him, the beautiful and good.

Gone be the faithlessness of fear ;  
And let the pitying heaven's sweet rain  
Wash out the altar's bloody stain,  
The law of Hatred disappear,  
The law of Love alone remain.

Now fall the idols false and grim !  
And lo ! their hideous wreck above,  
The emblems of the Lamb and Dove !  
Man turns from God, not God from him,  
And guilt, in suffering, whispers Love !

The world sits at the feet of Christ  
 Unknowing, blind, and unconsol'd ;  
 It yet shall touch His garment's fold,  
 And feel the heavenly Alchemist  
 Transform its very dust to gold.

The theme befitting angel tongues  
 Beyond a mortal's scope has grown.  
 Oh, heart of mine ! with reverence own  
 The fulness which to it belongs,  
 And trust the unknown for the known !

WHITTIER.

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### Hymn of Trust.

O LORD Divine ! that stoop'd to share  
 Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,  
 On thee we cast each earth-born care,  
 We smile at pain while Thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,  
 And sorrow crown each lingering year ;  
 No path we shun, no darkness dread,  
 Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near !

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,  
 And trembling faith is changed to fear,  
 The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,  
 Shall softly tell us, Thou art near !

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,  
 O Love Divine ! for ever dear,  
 Content to suffer, while we know,  
 Living and dying, Thou art near !

HOLMES.

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### Servitude.

God does not need  
 Either man's work, or his own gifts : who best  
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state  
 Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,  
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest:  
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

MILTON.

*The Kingdom of God.*

I SAY to thee, do thou repeat  
To the first man thou mayest meet  
In lane, highway, or open street—

That he, and we, and all men, move  
Under a canopy of love,  
As broad as the blue sky above ;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain  
And anguish, all are shadows vain,  
That death itself shall not remain ;

That weary deserts we may tread,  
A dreary labyrinth may thread,  
Through dark ways underground be led ;

Yet, if we will One Guide obey,  
The dreariest path, the darkest way  
Shall issue out in heavenly day ;

And we, on divers shores now cast,  
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,  
All in our Father's house at last.

And ere thou leave him, say thou this  
Yet one word more—they only miss  
The winning of that final bliss,

Who will not count it true, that Love,  
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,  
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know,  
That to believe these things are so,  
This firm faith never to forego,

Despite of all that seems at strife  
With blessing, all with curses rife,  
That this *is* blessing, this *is* life.

TRENCH.



### God, the Life and Light of all.

"The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun.

"Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter."—PSALM LXXIV. 16, 17.

THOU art, O GOD! the life and light  
Of all this wondrous world we see;  
Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are but reflections caught from Thee.  
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine

When Day, with farewell beam, delays  
Among the op'ning clouds of Even,  
And we can almost think we gaze  
Through golden vistas into Heaven—  
Those hues that make the sun's decline  
So soft, so radiant, LORD, are Thine!

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,  
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,  
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume  
Is sparkling with unnumber'd dyes—  
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
So grand, so countless, LORD, are Thine!

When youthful Spring around us breathes,  
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;  
And every flower the Summer wreathes  
Is born beneath that kindling eye.  
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

MOORE.

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### Worship.

OH, brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;  
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;  
To worship rightly is to love each other,  
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example  
Of Him whose holy work was "doing good;"  
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,  
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall ; the stormy clangour  
 Of wild war-music o'er the earth shall cease ;  
 Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,  
 And in its ashes plant the tree of peace !

WHITTIER.

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 Devotion.

## I.

THE secret heart  
 Is fair Devotion's temple ; there the saint,  
 E'en on that living altar, lights the flame  
 Of purest sacrifice, which burns unseen,  
 Not unaccepted. HANNAH MORE.

## II.

THE inward sighs of humble penitence  
 Rise to the ear of Heaven, when peal'd hymns  
 Are scatter'd with the sounds of common air.  
 JOANNA BAILLIE.

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 Morning Devotion.

WHEN first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave  
 To do the like ; our bodies but forerun  
 The spirit's duty : true hearts spread and heave  
 Unto their God as flowers do to the sun ;  
 Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep  
 Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

VAUGHAN.

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 Praise and Prayer at Close of Day.

To Thee, our Creator, our homage we bring,  
 With deep adoration Thy praises we sing ;  
 To Thee, our good Father, all loving and wise,  
 With earnest devotion our prayers would arise.  
 O Father of Mercy ! be with us to-night,  
 That our souls may be gladden'd and glow in thy light ;  
 In life and in death may our trust be in Thee,  
 Till the stream of Time merge in Eternity's sea.

SHORTER.

## Blessed be thy Name for Ever.

BLESSED be thy name for ever,  
 Thou of life the guard and giver !  
 Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,  
 Heal the heart long broke with weeping.  
 God of stillness and of motion,  
 Of the desert and the ocean,  
 Of the mountain, rock, and river,  
 Blessed be thy name for ever !  
 Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,  
 Blest are they thou kindly keepest,  
 God of evening's parting ray,  
 Of midnight's gloom, and dawning day,  
 That rises from the azure sea,  
 Like breathings of eternity.  
 God of life ! that fade shall never,  
 Blessed be thy name for ever !

Hogg.

## Rational Incitements.

Ascend to Heaven." "Not to the earth confined,

WHERE will they stop, those breathing Powers,  
 The Spirits of the new-born flowers ?  
 They wander with the breeze, they wind  
 Where'er the streams a passage find ;  
 Up from their native ground they rise  
 In mute aerial harmonies ;  
 From humble violet—modest thyme—  
 Exhaled, the essential odours climb,  
 As if no space below the sky  
 Their subtle flight could satisfy :  
 Heaven will not tax our thoughts with pride  
 If like ambition be *their* guide.

Roused by this kindest of May-showers,  
 The spirit-quickener of the flowers,  
 That with moist virtue softly cleaves  
 The buds, and freshens the young leaves,  
 The birds pour forth their souls in notes  
 Of rapture from a thousand throats—

Here check'd by too impetuous haste,  
 While there the music runs to waste,  
 With bounty more and more enlarged,  
 Till the whole air is overcharged ;  
 Give ear, O Man ! to their appeal,  
 And thirst for no inferior zeal,  
 Thou, who canst *think*, as well as feel.

Mount from the earth ; aspire ! aspire !  
 So pleads the town's cathedral quire,  
 In strains that from their solemn height  
 Sink, to attain a loftier flight ;  
 While incense from the altar breathes  
 Rich fragrance in embodied wreaths ;  
 Or, flung from swinging censer, shrouds  
 The taper-lights, and curls in clouds  
 Around angelic Forms, the still  
 Creation of the painter's skill,  
 That on the service wait conceal'd  
 One moment, and the next reveal'd.  
 —Cast off your bonds, awake, arise,  
 And for no transient ecstasies !  
 What else can mean the visual plea  
 Of still or moving imagery—  
 The iterated summons loud,  
 Not wasted on the attendant crowd,  
 Nor wholly lost upon the throng  
 Hurrying the busy streets along ?

Alas ! the sanctities combined  
 By art to unsensualise the mind,  
 Decay and languish ; or, as creeds  
 And humours change, are spurn'd like weeds :  
 The priests are from their altars thrust ;  
 Temples are levell'd with the dust ;  
 And solemn rites and awful forms  
 Founder amid fanatic storms.  
 Yet evermore, through years renew'd  
 In undisturb'd vicissitude  
 Of seasons balancing their flight  
 On the swift wings of day and night,  
 Kind Nature keeps a heavenly door  
 Wide open for the scatter'd Poor.  
 Where flower-breathed incense to the skies  
 Is wafted in mute harmonies ;

And ground fresh-cloven by the plough  
 Is fragrant with a humbler vow ;  
 Where birds and brooks from leafy dells  
 Chime forth unwearied canticles,  
 And vapours magnify and spread  
 The glory of the sun's bright head—  
 Still constant in her worship, still  
 Conforming to the eternal Will,  
 Whether men sow or reap the fields,  
 Divine monition Nature yields,  
 That not by bread alone we live,  
 Or what a hand of flesh can give ;  
 That every day should leave some part  
 Free for a sabbath of the heart :  
 So shall the seventh be truly blest,  
 From morn to eve, with hallow'd rest.

WORDSWORTH.

### The Minster.

THE Minster is a marble psalm,  
 Where Druid oak and Syrian palm  
 Lift the grain'd roof, and seem to wave  
 O'er aisle and chancel, crypt and grave.  
 The church of God in man below  
 Methinks should like the minster grow ;  
 All Truths His threefold voice inspires  
 Should build its buttresses and spires ;  
 Each holy deed that memory sings  
 Should gleam with cherub face and wings  
 O'er the high altar's mystic shrine,  
 And love make all the place divine.

HARRIS.

### Titany to the Holy Spirit.

In the hour of my distress,  
 When temptations me oppress,  
 And when I my sins confess,  
                     Sweet Spirit comfort me !  
 When I lie within my bed,  
 Sick in heart, and sick in head,  
 And with doubts discomfited,  
                     Sweet Spirit comfort me !

When the house doth sigh and weep,  
 And the world is drown'd in sleep,  
 Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,  
 Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tost about,  
 Either with despair or doubt;  
 Yet, before the glass be out,  
 Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the priest his last hath pray'd,  
 And I nod to what is said,  
 'Cause my speech is now decay'd,  
 Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the judgment is reveal'd,  
 And that open'd which was seal'd;  
 When to Thee I have appeal'd,  
 Sweet Spirit comfort me!

HERRICK.

### The Soul's Litany.

— "THOU, O Spirit! that dost prefer  
 Before all temples, the upright heart and pure,  
 Instruct me, for thou knowest,  
 What in me is dark ILLUMINE."  
 MILTON.

WHEN doubts torment, and fears assail, and all our path  
 is dark as night,  
 Without a single star to cheer—Hear our prayer, O God,  
 for Light!

When in earnest search of truth—striving still to gain  
 the right,  
 We stumble blindly on our way,—O God of wisdom, grant  
 more Light!

When weak and weary, sorrow laden,—cast around thy  
 arm of might!  
 When we fail to trace, or trust Thee,—Heavenly Father,  
 Light, more Light!

When those whom we love the dearest, fade from before  
 our failing sight,  
 In the shadow of Death's presence, gracious God, be Thou  
 our Light!

SHORTER.

### A Prayer.

FATHER of light and life ! thou Good Supreme !  
 O teach me what is good ! teach me thyself !  
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice !  
 From every low pursuit ! and feed my soul  
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,  
 Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss !

THOMSON.

### Father, Thou must Lead.

UNLESS Thou shew to us Thine own true way,  
 No man can find it ; Father ! Thou must lead.  
 Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind,  
 By which such virtues may in me be bred,  
 That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread.

*Translated by S. Wordsworth.*—MICHAEL ANGELO.

### A Simile.

I HAVE seen

A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract  
 Of inland ground, applying to his ear  
 The convolutions of a smooth-lipp'd shell ;  
 To which, in silence hush'd, his very soul  
 Listen'd intensely ; and his countenance soon  
 Brighten'd with joy ; for from within were heard  
 Murmurings, whereby the monitor express'd  
 Mysterious union with its native sea.  
 Even such a shell, the universe itself  
 Is to the ear of Faith ; and there are times,  
 I doubt not, when to all it doth impart  
 Authentic tidings of invisible things ;  
 Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power ;  
 And central peace, subsisting at the heart  
 Of endless agitation.

WORDSWORTH.

## SACREDNESS OF SORROW.

JOY is a weak and giddy thing, that laughs  
 Itself to weariness or sleep, and wakes  
 To the same barren laughter ; 'tis a child  
 Perpetually, and all its past and future  
 Lie in the compass of an infant's day.  
 Crush'd from our sorrow all that's great in man  
 Has ever sprung. In the bold Pagan world  
 Men deified the beautiful, the glad,  
 The strong, the boastful, and it came to nought ;  
 We have raised Pain and Sorrow into heaven,  
 And in our temples, on our altars, Grief  
 Stands symbol of our faith, and it shall last  
 As long as man is mortal and unhappy.  
 The gay at heart may wander to the skies,  
 And harps may there be found them, and the branch  
 Of palm be put into their hands ; on earth  
 We know them not ; no votarist of our faith,  
 Till he has dropp'd his tears into the stream,  
 Tastes of its sweetness.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

---

Oh, Thou ! who Dry'st the Mourner's Tear.

OH, Thou ! who dry'st the mourner's tear,  
 How dark this world would be,  
 If, when deceived and wounded here,  
 We could not fly to Thee !  
 The friends who in our sunshine live,  
 When winter comes are flown ;  
 And he who has but tears to give,  
 Must weep those tears alone.  
 But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,  
 Which, like the plants that throw  
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
 Breathes sweetness out of woe !

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,  
 And e'en the hope that threw  
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,  
 Is dimm'd and vanish'd too !—



Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,  
 Did not thy Wing of Love  
 Come, brightly wafting through the gloom,  
 One Peace-branch from above ?  
 Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright  
 With more than rapture's ray ;  
 As darkness shows us worlds of light  
 We never saw by day !

MOORE.

---

*The only adequate Support for the Calamities of Life.*

ONE adequate support  
 For the calamities of mortal life  
 Exists—one only ; an assured belief  
 That the procession of our fate, how'er  
 Sad or disturb'd, is order'd by a Being  
 Of infinite benevolence and power ;  
 Whose everlasting purposes embrace  
 All accidents, converting them to good.  
 The darts of anguish fix not where the seat  
 Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified  
 By acquiescence in the Will supreme  
 For time and for eternity ; by faith,  
 Faith absolute in God, including hope,  
 And the defence that ties in boundless love  
 Of his perfections ; with habitual dread  
 Of aught unworthily conceived, endured  
 Impatiently, ill done, or left undone,  
 To the dishonour of his holy name.  
 Soul of our souls, and safeguard of the world !  
 Sustain, thou only canst, the sick of heart ;  
 Restore their languid spirits, and recall  
 Their lost affections unto thee and thine !

WORDSWORTH.

---

*Comfort.*

SPEAK low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet  
 From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,  
 Lest I should fear and fall, and miss thee so,  
 Who art not miss'd by any that entreat.

Speak to me as to Mary at thy feet—  
 And if no precious gums my hands bestow,  
 Let my tears drop like amber, while I go  
 In reach of thy divinest voice complete  
 In humanest affection. Thus, in sooth  
 To lose the sense of losing! As a child,  
 Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,  
 Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth—  
 Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,  
 He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

E. B. BROWNING.

### Consolation.

O WEARY heart, oppress'd with care,  
 And pain, and grief, and bitter woe!  
 Inly perplex'd, nor seeing where  
 Thy course doth tend 'mid onward flow

Of ceaseless time; presaging ill:  
 Hush all thy griefs! and let the calm  
 From heavenly spheres thy bosom fill,  
 And all thy soul, like holy psalm

To God ascend! Yea! like the choir  
 Of seraphs that before his throne  
 Sing evermore. Let spirit-fire  
 Purge all thy dross; and every tone

From angel-harps thy being thrill  
 Responsive, till all discords cease:  
 Through blinding tears, God's purpose will  
 Unfold its love, and whisper—PEACE.

SHORTER.

*Lines written by Milton in his Old Age.*

I AM old and blind!  
 Men point at me as smitten by God's frown—  
 Afflicted and deserted of my mind—  
 Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong—  
 I murmur not that I no longer see—  
 Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,  
 Father Supreme! to thee.

Oh, merciful One!  
 When men are farthest then THOU art most near;  
 When friends pass by, my weakness shun,  
 Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face  
 Is leaning towards me—and its holy light  
 Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,  
 And there is no more night.

On my bended knee  
 I recognise thy purpose clearly shown—  
 My vision Thou hast dimm'd, that I may see  
 Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear—  
 This darkness is the shadow of thy wing—  
 Beneath it I am almost sacred—here  
 Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand  
 Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,  
 Wrapp'd in the radiance of Thy sinless hand,  
 Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go—  
 Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng,  
 From angel lips I seem to hear the flow  
 Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,  
 When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes—  
 When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,  
 That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime  
 My being fills with rapture—waves of thought  
 Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime  
 Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre !  
 I feel the stirrings of a gift divine ;  
 Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,  
 Lit by no skill of mine.

ANON.

---

*Light in Darkness.*

THE stormy winds raved loud, and vex'd  
 The chafing waters' troubled breast—  
 When lo! the voice of Mercy spake,  
 And sooth'd the ruffled waves to rest.

SAVIOUR ! when thy poor wayward child  
 Droops faithlessly 'midst doubt or ill,  
 Thy voice shall calm the inward strife,  
 And bid her aching heart "Be still."

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

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*Providence.*

I.

HEAVEN notes the sigh afflicted goodness heaves,  
 Hears the low plaint by human ear uncared,  
 And from the cheek of patient sorrow wipes  
 The tear, by mortal eye unseen, or scorn'd.

HANNAH MORE

II.

WHEN urged by strong temptation to the brink  
 Of guilt and ruin, stands the virtuous mind,  
 With scarce a step between : all-pitying Heaven,  
 Severe in mercy, chastening in its love,  
 Ofttimes, in dark and awful visitation,  
 Doth interpose, and lead the wanderer back  
 To the straight path, to be for ever after  
 A firm, undaunted, onward-bearing traveller,  
 Strong in humility, who swerves no more.

JOANNA BAILLIE

On the Banks of a Rocky Stream.

BEHOLD an emblem of our human mind  
 Crowded with thoughts that need a settled home,  
 Yet, like to eddying balls of foam  
 Within this whirlpool, they each other chase  
 Round and round, and neither find  
 An outlet nor a resting-place !  
 Stranger, if such disquietude be thine,  
 Fall on thy knees and sue for help divine.

WORDSWORTH.

---

Restoration.

As men from men  
 Do, in the constitution of their souls,  
 Differ, by mystery not to be explain'd ;  
 And as we fall by various ways, and sink  
 One deeper than another, self-condemn'd,  
 Through manifold degrees of guilt and shame ;  
 So manifold and various are the ways  
 Of restoration, fashion'd to the steps  
 Of all infirmity, and tending all  
 To the same point, attainable by all—  
 Peace in ourselves and union with our God.

WORDSWORTH.

---

"Blessed are the Merciful."

—MERCIFUL God !

And we, thy erring creatures, dare refuse  
 Pardon to a contrite, erring brother !  
 We!—poor debtors to Thy gracious bounty—  
 Who owe to Thee the common privilege  
 Of daily life—the varied joys of sense—  
 The riches, and the fair delights of earth,  
 And air, and sky, and the all-gladd'ning sun,  
 And the rich gifts of mind and heart ;—and more,  
 The firm assurance of the life to come,  
 And the good news of pardon, peace, and love,  
 Proclaim'd of grace to all, by Thy dear Son.

Y

Touch'd with divine compassion, O may we  
 Be merciful!—for we pray for mercy.  
 O may we grow in ever widening love,  
 Our heart's deep sympathy embracing all,  
 E'en as the circling ocean of Thy love!  
 And as Thou fill'st the world with songs of joy  
 From insect and angel, bird and seraph,  
 O make most musical our souls, that we,  
 In sweet accord, may mirror forth the peace,  
 And joy, and typical harmonies of Heav'n.

SHORTER.

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### Death.\*

THE dew is on the summer's greenest grass,  
 Through which the modest daisy blushing peeps;  
 The gentle wind that like a ghost doth pass,  
 A waving shadow on the cornfield keeps;  
 But I, who love them all, shall never be  
 Again among the woods, or on the moorland lea!

The sun shines sweetly—sweeter may it shine!—  
 Bless'd is the brightness of a summer day;  
 It cheers lone hearts; and why should I repine,  
 Although among green fields I cannot stray?  
 Woods! I have grown, since last I heard you wave,  
 Familiar with death, and neighbour to the grave!

These words have shaken mighty human souls—  
 Like a sepulchre's echo drear they sound—  
 E'en as the owl's wild whoop at midnight rolls  
 The ivied remnants of old ruins round.  
 Yet wherefore tremble? Can the soul decay?—  
 Or that which thinks and feels in aught e'er fade away?

Are there not aspirations in each heart  
 After a better, brighter world than this?  
 Longings for beings nobler in each part—  
 Things more exalted—steep'd in deeper bliss?  
 Who gave us these? What are they? Soul, in thee  
 The bud is budding now for immortality!

\* This poem is supposed to have been the last, or among the last, of Nicoll's compositions.

Death comes to take me where I long to be ;  
 One pang, and bright blooms the immortal flower ;  
 Death comes to lead me from mortality,  
 To lands which know not one unhappy hour :—  
 I have a hope, a faith ;—from sorrow here  
 I'm led by Death away—why should I start and fear !

If I have loved the forest and the field,  
 Can I not love them deeper, better, there ?  
 If all that Power hath made, to me doth yield  
 Something of good and beauty—something fair—  
 Freed from the grossness of mortality,  
 May I not love them all, and better all enjoy ?

A change from woe to joy—from earth to heaven,  
 Death gives me this—it leads me calmly where  
 The souls that long ago from mine were riven  
 May meet again ! Death answers many a prayer.  
 Bright day ! shine on—be glad :—Days brighter far  
 Are stretch'd before my eyes than those of mortals are !  
 NICOLL.

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### Take then, O Death !

Take then, O Death ! and bear away  
 Whatever thou canst call thine own ;  
 Thine image, stamp'd upon this clay,  
 Doth give thee that—but that alone !

Take them, O Grave ! and let them lie  
 Folded, upon thy narrow shelves,  
 As garments by the soul laid by,  
 And precious only to ourselves !

Take them, O great Eternity !  
 Our little life is but a gust,  
 That bends the branches of thy tree,  
 And trails its blossoms in the dust.

LONGFELLOW.

### The Jewel of the Just.

DEAR, beauteous death—the jewel of the just—  
 Shining nowhere but in the dark !  
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,  
 Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,  
 At first sight, if the bird be flown ;  
 But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,  
 That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels, in some brighter dreams,  
 Call to the soul when man doth sleep ;  
 So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,  
 And into glory peep.

Father! disperse the mists which blot and fill  
 My perspective still as they pass ;  
 Or else remove me hence unto that hill  
 Where I shall need no glass.

VAUGHAN.

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### Sabbath Sonnet.\*

How many blessed groups this hour are bending,  
 Through England's primrose meadow-paths, their way  
 Towards spire and tower, midst shady elms ascending,  
 Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallow'd day !  
 The halls, from old heroic ages gray,  
 Pour their fair children forth ; and hamlets low  
 Send out their inmates in a happy flow,  
 Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread  
 With them those pathways—to the feverish bed  
 Of sickness bound ; yet, O my God ! I bless  
 Thy mercy, that with Sabbath-peace hath fill'd  
 My chaaten'd heart, and all its throbbings still'd  
 To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness !

MRS. HEMANS.

\* Her last composition : written a few days before her death.



### The Sleep.

"He giveth his beloved sleep."—Psalm cxxxi. 2

SLEEP soft, beloved! we sometimes say,  
But have no time to charm away  
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;  
But never doleful dream again  
Shall break the happy slumber, when  
"He giveth *His* beloved sleep!"

O earth, so full of dreary noises!  
O men, with wailing in your voices!  
O delvèd gold, the wailer's heap!  
O strife, O curse that o'er it fall!  
God strikes a silence through you all,  
And giveth *His* beloved sleep!

His dews drop mutely on the hill,  
His cloud above it saileth still,  
Though on its slope men sow and reap.  
More softly than the dew is shed,  
Or cloud is floated overhead,  
He giveth his beloved sleep!

And friends, dear friends,—when it shall be  
That this low breath is gone from me,  
And round my bier ye come to weep,  
Let one, most loving of you all,  
Say—"Not a tear must o'er her fall—  
He giveth his beloved sleep!"

E. B. BROWNING.

### The Bird in Beauty.

SHE died in beauty, like a rose blown from its parent stem;  
She died in beauty, like a pearl dropp'd from some diadem;  
She died in beauty, like a lay along a moonlit lake;  
She died in beauty, like the song of birds amid the brake;  
She died in beauty, like the snow on flowers dissolved away;  
She died in beauty, like a star lost on the brow of day;  
She *lives* in glory, like Night's gems set round the silver moon;  
She lives in glory, like the sun amid the blue of June.

ANON.

### Nearness of "The Departed."

THE sea of life sends forth tumultuous waves:  
 And suddenly, beneath the trees, we count  
 Another sacred spot among the graves:  
 Another from the friendly circle gone,  
 One hand the less to greet us with its grasp,  
 And we, like Rachel, comfortless do mourn.  
 Soon, in the twilight, as night-blooming flowers  
 Begin to shed their perfume, close we feel  
 The beating of another heart than ours:  
 And with our finer sense another Mind  
 Floods waves of thought ecstatic o'er our own,  
 As though within our very soul entwined:  
 And as we con these inner lessons o'er,  
 We learn that those we call "departed" hold  
 A nearness to ourselves unknown before:  
 And then we muse, and question where is heaven,  
 Whose golden streets our best beloved walk,  
 And unto which our purest thoughts are given:  
 On distant stars we fix our longing gaze,  
 Our aspirations wing to furthest goals,  
 Striving to find the land of love and praise:  
 In vain our thoughts far mystic realms explore;  
 Where'er our heart is, there to us is heaven,  
 And all our treasures lie upon its shore.

J. S. ADAMS.

### The Heavenly Home.

"The former things are passed away."—REV. III. 4.

THERE is a land of love,  
 Where every wind breathes soft, and glad, and free;  
 And every silvery, rippling stream exhales  
 Heart-joyous melody.

There sweetest, fairest flowers  
 Ope their love-tinted petals to the sun,  
 And gently breathe their ravishing perfume,  
 The wayworn heart upon.

No burning sorrows there—  
 No broken, bleeding hearts can there abide—  
 No silent, yearning, unrequited love—  
 All, all are satisfied.

O happy land of love!  
 By mortal feet untrod, or eye unseen;  
 Whene'er I think of thee, this changing life  
 Seems like a weary dream.  
 WESTNESS.

### God does Nought in Vain.

I THINK, I feel—but when will she  
 Awake to thought again?  
 A voice of comfort answers me,  
 That God does nought in vain:  
 He wastes nor flower, nor bird, nor leaf,  
 Nor wind, nor cloud, nor wave;  
 And will he waste the hope which grief  
 Hath planted in the grave?

ELLIOTT.

### The Future Life.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps  
 The disembodied spirits of the dead,  
 When all of thee that time could wither sleeps  
 And perishes among the dust we tread?  
 For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain  
 If there I meet thy gentle presence not;  
 Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again  
 In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.  
 Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?  
 That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given,  
 My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,  
 Shall it be banish'd from thy tongue in heaven?  
 In meadows fann'd by heaven's life-breathing wind,  
 In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,  
 And larger movements of the unfetter'd mind,  
 Wilt thou forget the love that join'd us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,  
 And meekly with my harsher nature bore,  
 And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,  
 Shall it expire with life, and be no more ?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light  
 Await thee there ; for thou hast bow'd thy will  
 In cheerful homage to the rule of right,  
 And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,  
 Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,  
 The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,  
 Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same ?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,  
 The wisdom that I learn'd so ill in this—  
 The wisdom which is love—till I become  
 Thy fit companion in that land of bliss ?

BRYANT.

### Music on the Waters.

OH ! lone is the spirit on life's troubled ocean,  
 With tempests around it and torrents below,  
 Till calm o'er the breast the pure thoughts of devotion,  
 Like airs from the gardens of Paradise blow.

'Tis sweet, as we glide o'er the cold waves of sorrow,  
 To think of the loved who have vanish'd before ;  
 We know they are blest ; we shall meet them to-morrow ;  
 We pass o'er the deep, and they call from the shore.

They haste in their joy o'er the waters to meet us,  
 The love-lighted waves of the ocean of rest ;  
 And sweet are their songs as they tenderly greet us,—  
 They bring us kind words from the Land of the blest.

They still the wild billows of trouble around us,  
 The Eden of Love they unveil to the sight ;  
 And peace with its garland of lilies hath crown'd us,  
 And Mercy hath robed us with vestures of light.

HARRIS.

PART VII.

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POEMS OF CHARACTER,  
AND MISCELLANEOUS.

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AND schortly, whan the sonne was to reate,  
So hadde I spoken with hem everychon,  
That I was of here felawachipe anon,  
And made forward erly to aryse,  
To take our weye ther as I yow devyse.  
But natheless, whiles I have tyme and space,  
Or that I ferthere in this tale pace,  
Me thinketh it accordant to reason,  
To telle yow alle the condicoun  
Of eche of hem, so as it semed me,  
And which they weren, and of what degré.

CRAUCER.



# POEMS OF CHARACTER, AND MISCELLANEOUS.

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## The Good Parson.

A GOOD man was there of religioun,  
And was a poor parson of a town ;  
But rich he was of holy thought and work ;  
He was also a learned man ; a clerk  
That Christ's gospel would truly preach,  
His parishioners devoutly would he teach.  
Benign he was, and wondrous diligent,  
And in adversity full patient ;  
As proven oft, to all who lack'd a friend.  
Loth for his tithes to ban or to contend,  
At every need much rather was he found  
Unto his poor parishioners around  
Of his own substance and his dues to give ;  
Content on little, for himself, to live.

Wide was his parish ; the houses far asunder ;  
Yet never waited he for rain or thunder,  
Whenever sickness or mischance might call,  
The most remote to visit, great or small,  
And, staff in hand, on foot, the storm to brave.

This noble ensample to his flock he gave,  
That first he wrought, and after that he taught  
The word of life he from the gospel caught ;  
And well this figure added he thereto,  
That if gold rust what should iron do ?  
And if the priest be foul on whom we trust,  
What wonder if the unletter'd layman lust ?  
And shame it were in him the flock should keep,  
To see a sullied shepherd, and clean sheep.

Well ought a priest ensample for to give  
By his own cleanness how his sheep should live.

He never set his benefice to hire,  
Leaving his flock encumber'd in the mire,  
And ran to London unto Saint Paul's,  
To seek himself a chauntery for souls,  
Or with a brotherhood to be enroll'd ;  
But dwelt at home, and guarded well his fold,  
So that it should not by the wolf miscarry ;  
He was a shepherd, and no mercenary.

And though he holy were, and virtuous,  
He was to sinful men naught unpiteous ;  
Not of reproach imperious or malign ;  
But in his teaching discreet and benign.  
To draw them on to heaven, by fairness  
And good example, was his business :  
But were there any person obstinate,  
Were he of lofty or of low estate,  
Him would he sharp reprove I wis :  
A better priest I trow there nowhere is.

He waited not on pomp or reverence,  
Nor made himself a spiced conscience.  
The lore of Christ and his apostles twelve  
He taught : but, first, he followed it himselfe.

CHAUCER. (*Modernised.*)

### The Village Preacher.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place ;  
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;  
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,  
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain ;  
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast ;



The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer prond,  
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd ;  
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;  
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.  
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;  
But in his duty prompt, at every call,  
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all :  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismay'd,  
The reverend champion stood. At his control  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;  
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;  
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.  
The service past, around the pious man,  
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;  
E'en children follow'd, with endearing wile,  
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile ;  
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,  
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd ;  
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven :  
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm ;  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

GOLDSMITH.

### The Christian Preacher.

WOULD I describe a preacher, such as Paul,  
 Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,  
 Paul should himself direct me. I would trace  
 His master-strokes, and draw from his design.  
 I would express him simple, grave, sincere ;  
 In doctrine uncorrupt ; in language plain,  
 And plain in manner ; decent, solemn, chaste,  
 And natural in gesture ; much impress'd  
 Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,  
 And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds  
 May feel it too ; affectionate in look,  
 And tender in address, as well becomes  
 A messenger of grace to guilty men.

COWPER.

### Character of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

A MAN so various, that he seem'd to be  
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome :  
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,  
 Was every thing by starts, and nothing long ;  
 But in the course of one revolving moon  
 Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon :  
 Then all for women, rhyming, dancing, drinking,  
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.  
 Railing and praising were his usual themes,  
 And both, to show his judgment, in extremes :  
 So over violent, or over civil,  
 That every man with him was god or devil.  
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;  
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert.  
 Beggard by fools, whom still he found too late,  
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.

DRYDEN.

## An English Peasant.

To pomp and pageantry in nought allied,  
 A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.  
 Noble he was, contemning all things mean,  
 His truth unquestion'd, and his soul serene :  
 Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid,  
 At no man's question Isaac look'd dismay'd :  
 Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace ;  
 Truth, simple truth, was written in his face.  
 To bliss domestic he his heart resign'd,  
 And, with the firmest, had the fondest mind :  
 Were others joyful, he look'd smiling on,  
 And gave allowance where he needed none :  
 Good he refused with future ill to buy,  
 Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh ;  
 A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast  
 No envy stung, no jealousy distress'd ;  
 Yet far was he from stoic pride removed,  
 He felt humanely, and he warmly loved :  
 I mark'd his action when his infant died,  
 And his old neighbour for offence was tried ;  
 The still tears, stealing down that furrow'd cheek,  
 Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.  
 If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride,  
 Who, in their base contempt, the great deride ;  
 Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,  
 If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed ;  
 Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew  
 None his superior, and his equals few ;  
 But if that spirit in his soul had place,  
 It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace ;  
 A pride in honest fame, by virtue gain'd,  
 In sturdy boys to virtuous labours train'd ;  
 Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,  
 And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast ;  
 Pride, in a life that slander's tongue defied,  
 In fact, a noble passion, misnamed pride.  
 I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,  
 And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there.

But he is bless'd, and I lament no more,  
 A wise good man, contented to be poor.

CRABBE.

## Picture of a Fop.

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.  
 But, I remember, when the fight was done,  
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd ;  
 Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reap'd,  
 Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home ;  
 He was perfum'd like a milliner ;  
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
 A pouncet-box, which, ever and anon,  
 He gave his nose, and took't away again ;—  
 Who therewith angry, when it next came there,  
 Took it in snuff :—and still he smiled and talk'd  
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
 He called them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse  
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
 With many holiday and lady terms  
 He question'd me ; amongst the rest demanded  
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.  
 I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,  
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,  
 Out of my grief and my impatience,  
 Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what ;  
 He should, or he should not ;—for he made me mad  
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,  
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark !)  
 And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth  
 Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;  
 And that it was great pity, so it was,  
 This villanous saltpetre should be digg'd  
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
 So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns,  
 He would himself have been a soldier.

SHAKESPEARE.

### A Shipman.

THERE also was a Shipman from far West ;  
 For aught I know in Dartmouth he abode ;  
 Well as he could upon a hack he rode,  
 All in a shirt of tow-cloth to the knee ;  
 A dagger hanging by a lace had he,  
 About his neck, under his arm adown ;  
 The summer's heat had made his hue all brown.  
 He was a right good fellow certainly,  
 And many a cargo of good wine had he  
 Run from Bordeaux while the exciseman slept ;  
 Of a nice conscience no great care he kept,  
 If that he fought and had the upper hand,  
 By water he sent them home to every land ;  
 And in his craft to reckon well the tides,  
 The deep sea-currents, and the shoals beside,  
 The sun's height, and the moon's, and pilotage,  
 There was none such from Hull unto Carthage ;  
 Hardy he was and wise, I undertake ;  
 His beard had felt full many a tempest's shake :  
 He knew well all the havens as they were,  
 From Gothland to the Cape de Finisterre,  
 And every creek in Brittany and Spain ;  
 His trusty bark was named the Magdelaine.  
CHAUCER (*Modernised.*)

### The Idle Student.

THE rain is playing its soft, pleasant tune  
 Fitfully on the skylight, and the shade  
 Of the fast flying clouds across my book  
 Passes with delicate change. My merry fire  
 Sings cheerfully itself ; my musing cat  
 Purrs as she wakes from her unquiet sleep,  
 And looks into my face as if she felt,  
 Like me, the gentle influence of the rain.  
 Here have I sat since morn—reading sometimes,  
 And sometimes listening to the faster fall  
 Of the large drops, or, rising with the stir  
 Of an unbidden thought, have walk'd awhile  
 With the slow steps of indolence, my room ;  
 And then sat down composedly again  
 To my quaint book of olden poetry.

It is a kind of idleness, I know ;  
 And I am said to be an idle man—  
 And it is very true. I love to go  
 Out in the pleasant sun, and let my eye  
 Rest on the human faces that pass by,  
 Each with its gay or busy interest ;  
 And then I muse upon their lot, and read  
 Many a lesson in their changeful cast ;  
 And so grow kind of heart, and feel a love  
 Stirring my soul to every living thing ;  
 And my low prayer has more humility,  
 And I sink lightlier to my dreams.

WILLIS.

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*Voltaire and the Face-basher.*

YON cottager, who weaves at her own door,  
 Pillow and bobbins all her little store ;  
 Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,  
 Shuffling her threads about the live-long day,  
 Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night  
 Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light ;  
 She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,  
 Has little understanding and no wit ;  
 Receives no praise ; but though her lot be such—  
 (Toilsome and indigent) she renders much ;  
 Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—  
 A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew ;  
 And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes  
 Her title to a treasure in the skies.

Oh, happy peasant ! Oh, unhappy bard !  
 His the mere tinsel, her's the rich reward ;  
 He praised, perhaps, for ages yet to come,  
 She never heard of half a mile from home ;  
 He lost in errors his vain heart prefers,  
 She safe in the simplicity of her's.

COWPER.

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*The Field Reaper.*

BEHOLD her, single in the field,  
 You solitary Highland Lass !  
 Reaping and singing by herself ;  
 Stop here, or gently pass !

Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain ;  
O listen ! for the Vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt  
More welcome notes to weary bands  
Of travellers, in some shady haunt  
Among Arabian sands :  
Such thrilling voice was never heard,  
In spring-time, from the Cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?—  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago :  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to-day ?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang  
As if her song could have no ending ;  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending ;—  
I listen'd, motionless and still ;  
And, as I mounted up the hill,  
The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more.

WORDSWORTH.

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### The Fisherman.

JOHN WIMBLE was a fisherman,  
Whose locks of iron-grey hung down,  
Curling upon his shoulders broad ;  
He had seen threescore winters' frown  
Above his head on land or sea,  
And was at last moor'd tranquilly.

His face was brown, by winds made hard,  
His voice was deep, and clear, and loud,  
And had been heard o'er many a storm,  
His brow had also once been proud ;  
But age had left its track behind,  
Like sea-shores worn by wave and wind.

A smuggler in his youth was he,  
Few knew the name he bore when young ;  
But of that crew he was the last,  
The rest were shot, or drown'd, or hung,  
And many a dreadful tale he knew,  
Of that swift ship and fearless crew.

He long had left that dangerous life,  
And up the river lived alone ;  
A little island on the Trent,  
A little hut he call'd his own,  
With no companion, save when I,  
A boy, could bear him company.

He loved to row his boat by night,  
When all around the air was still,  
To bait his hooks, and cast his lines,  
Where shadows deepen'd 'neath the hill.  
'Twas then some old sea-stave he'd sing,  
That made the silent darkness ring.

Or seated where the willows waved,  
Gazing upon the blue-arch'd sky,  
He'd fold his arms in thoughtful mood,  
While tears gush'd from each deep-sunk eye ;  
I wonder'd then, but since that time,  
Have found how thoughts and feelings chime.

Some deem'd he was a surly man ;  
But they knew not his griefs and fears,  
How he had been beloved by one,  
Whose image lay "too deep for tears,"  
To which his heart unchanged had stood  
Through breeze and battle, fire and flood.

He had no kindred whom he knew,  
No social converse to enjoy ;  
He left his village-home when young,  
But came not back again a boy.  
Year after year had come and gone,  
His parents died, nor heard of John.



Year after year—long were they dead,  
When home he journey'd o'er the waves,  
Garden and cot were desolate—

One night he spent beside their graves ;  
Then on that island lone and drear,  
He built a hut, and shelter'd there.

How first I won the old man's love,  
It boots not now for me to tell ;  
I went his journeys to the town,  
I strove my best and pleased him well,  
And for him many a time forsook  
My home, my playmates, school and book.

And many a tale was my reward,  
How ship chased ship upon the sea,  
'Mid rolling waves and shouting winds,  
And thunders pealing dreadfully,  
While lightnings flash'd athwart the deep,  
O'er rocks up which the waves did leap.

Of gory decks, and yard-arms join'd,  
When ships were boarded hand to hand ;  
How they the burning vessel fought,  
With dirk and pistol, blade and brand,  
Till loud the dread explosion rung,  
While mast and spar around were flung.

How some jump'd shrieking in the waves,  
And some were heaved up to the sky,  
The dead and dying side by side,  
While yell, and shout, and piercing cry,  
Join'd with the cannons' hollow roar,  
Startled the sea-birds from the shore.

Then on that little island green,  
Which to the breeze was ever free,  
At evening-time before his door,  
He'd walk as when on deck at sea,  
With one hand on his bosom placed ;  
While memory many a past scene traced.

His little bark was moor'd hard by,  
The village-bells in distance ringing,  
The waves made music round his home,  
And murmur'd while the birds were singing ;  
While here and there a distant sail  
Gleam'd o'er green Ashcroft's winding vale.

But years have roll'd by since he died ;  
 That island is his resting-place ;  
 His lonely grave you yet may see,  
 But of his hut there is no trace.  
 And there the bittern plumes her wing,  
 While winds and waves around him sing.

MILLER.

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### A Portrait.

SHE was a Phantom of delight  
 When first she gleam'd upon my sight ;  
 A lovely Apparition, sent  
 To be a moment's ornament.  
 Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair ;  
 Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;  
 But all things else about her drawn  
 From May-time and the cheerful Dawn ;  
 A dancing Shape, an Image gay,  
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her, upon nearer view,  
 A Spirit, yet a Woman too !  
 Her household motions light and free,  
 And steps of virgin-liberty ;  
 A countenance, in which did meet  
 Sweet records, promises as sweet ;  
 A Creature not too bright or good  
 For human nature's daily food ;  
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now, I see, with eye serene,  
 The very pulse of the machine ;  
 A Being breathing thoughtful breath,  
 A Traveller between life and death ;  
 The reason firm, the temperate will,  
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;  
 A perfect Woman, nobly plann'd,  
 To warn, to comfort, and command,  
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright,  
 With something of angelic light.

WORDSWORTH.

*The Len Hags' Queen.*

ON past the village, with its humble spire—  
 Its quiet cots along the valleys winding ;  
 And thence among old woods, and rocks antique,  
 And mellow fern-glooms, kindling with the glow  
 Of gorse-flowers golden, to a ruin grey,  
 O'ergreen'd with trailing ivy, and o'erhung  
 With brooding shadows of the time of yore.  
 'Tis Bradgate's noble seat—a desert pile,  
 Slow mouldering in sun and wind and rain ;  
 But sacred in its ruin ; since of old  
 'Twas graced by one who was a peerless Queen,  
 And more than royal Woman—ever blest,  
 Our lady, sweet Jane Grey. Her gentle name  
 Is the sole glory of a lordly race ;  
 But her dear fame is hallow'd in all hearts  
 That bow before misfortune's majesty,  
 And worship Goodness, Womanhood divine.  
 She was a marvel of all perfectness—  
 Fair as a flower, and gracious as a star  
 That shines on earth, untouch'd by earthly taint.  
 The faith and fervour of a holy saint,  
 The treasured wisdom of a greybeard sage,  
 A hero's soul, and all a woman's heart,  
 Blended with beauty of her maiden youth.  
 And here she dwelt unspotted from the world,  
 In lofty converse with the wise of old,  
 In pious meditation morn and eve,  
 In watching and in prayer.

WHITMORE.

*The Lady Margaret.*

BEHIND Lord Howard and the Dame  
 Fair Margaret on her palfrey came,  
 Whose foot-cloth swept the ground :  
 White was her wimple, and her veil,  
 And her loose locks a chaplet pale  
 Of whitest roses bound ;  
 The lordly Angus by her side,  
 In courtesy to cheer her tried ;  
 Without his aid, her hand in vain  
 Had strove to guide her broider'd rein.

He deem'd she shudder'd at the sight  
 Of warriors met for mortal fight;  
 But cause of terror, all unguessed,  
 Was fluttering in her gentle breast,  
 When, in their chairs of crimson placed,  
 The Dame and she the warriors graded.

SCOTT.

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### The Last Minstrel.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,  
 The Minstrel was infirm and old;  
 His wither'd cheek, and tresses grey,  
 Seem'd to have known a better day;  
 The harp, his sole remaining joy,  
 Was carried by an orphan boy.  
 The last of all the bards was he,  
 Who sung of Border chivalry;  
 For, well-a-day! their date was fled,  
 His tuneful brethren all were dead;  
 And he, neglected and oppress'd,  
 Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.  
 No more, on prancing palfrey borne,  
 He caroll'd, light as lark at morn;  
 No longer courted and caress'd,  
 High placed in hall, a welcome guest,  
 He pour'd, to lord and lady gay,  
 The unpremeditated lay:  
 Old times were changed, old manners gone;  
 A stranger fill'd the Stuarts' throne;  
 The bigots of the iron time  
 Had call'd his harmless art a crime.  
 A wandering harper, scorn'd and poor,  
 He begg'd his bread from door to door;  
 And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,  
 The harp a king had loved to hear.

Hush'd is the harp—the Minstrel gone.  
 And did he wander forth alone?  
 Alone, in indigence and age,  
 To linger out his pilgrimage?  
 No; close beneath proud Newark's tower,  
 Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower;

A simple hut ; but there was seen  
 The little garden hedged with green,  
 The cheerful hearth, the lattice clean.  
 There shelter'd wanderers, by the blaze,  
 Oft heard the tale of other days ;  
 For much he loved to ope his door,  
 And give the aid he begg'd before.  
 So pass'd the winter's day ; but still,  
 When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,  
 And July's eve, with balmy breath,  
 Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath ;  
 When throstles sung on Harehead-shaw,  
 And corn waved green on Carterhaugh,  
 And flourish'd, broad, Blackandro's oak,  
 The aged harper's soul awoke !  
 Then would he sing achievements high,  
 And circumstance of chivalry,  
 Till the rapt traveller would stay,  
 Forgetful of the closing day ;  
 And noble youths the strain to hear,  
 Forsook the hunting of the deer ;  
 And Yarrow, as he roll'd along,  
 Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

SCOTT.

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### The Coming Poet.

Who feels that God and Heaven's great deeps are nearer  
 Him to whose heart his fellow-man is nigh,  
 Who doth not hold his soul's own freedom dearer  
 Than that of all his brethren, low or high ;  
 Who to the right can feel himself the truer  
 For being gently patient with the wrong,  
 Who sees a brother in the evil-doer,  
 And finds in Love the heart's blood of his song ;—  
 This, this is he for whom the world is waiting  
 To sing the beatings of its mighty heart.  
 To him the smiling soul of man shall listen,  
 Laying awhile its crown of thorns aside,  
 And once again in every eye shall glisten  
 The glory of a nature satisfied.  
 His verse shall have a great, commanding motion,  
 Heaving and swelling with a melody  
 Learnt of the sky, the river, and the ocean,  
 And all the pure majestic things that be.

LOWELL.

ISSAN; or, the Camel-driver.

SCENE—*The Desert.* TIME—*Mid-day.*

In silent horror, o'er the boundless waste  
 The driver Hassan with his camels past:  
 One cruise of water on his back he bore,  
 And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;  
 A fan of painted feathers in his hand,  
 To guard his shaded face from scorching sand,  
 The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,  
 And not a tree and not an herb was nigh;  
 The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,  
 Shrill roar'd the winds and dreary was the view!  
 With desperate sorrow wild, the affrighted man  
 Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began  
 "Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
 When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,  
 The thirst or pinching hunger, that I find!  
 Bethink thee, Hassan! where shall thirst assuage,  
 When fails this cruise, his unrelenting rage?  
 Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign,  
 Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?

"Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear  
 In all my griefs a more than equal share!  
 Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,  
 Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,  
 In vain ye hope the green delights to know,  
 Which plains more blest or verdant vales bestow:  
 Here rocks alone and tasteless sands are found,  
 And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.  
 Sad was the hour and luckless was the day,  
 When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"Cursed be the gold and silver which persuade  
 Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade!  
 The lily peace outshines the silver store,  
 And life is dearer than the golden ore:  
 Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,  
 To every distant mart and wealthy town,  
 Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea;  
 And are we only yet repaid by thee?

Ah! why was ruin so attractive made,  
 Or why fond man so easily betray'd?  
 Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,  
 The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song?  
 Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,  
 The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,  
 Why think we these less pleasing to behold,  
 Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?  
 Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
 When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"O cease, my fears!—all frantic as I go,  
 When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,  
 What if the lion in his rage I meet!—  
 Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:  
 And fearful oft, when Day's declining light  
 Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,  
 By hunger roused, he scours the groaning plain,  
 Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train:  
 Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,  
 Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.  
 Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
 When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,  
 If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep:  
 Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,  
 And wake to anguish with a burning wound.  
 Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,  
 From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!  
 They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;  
 Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind.  
 Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
 When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"O hapless youth!—for she thy love hath won,  
 The tender Zara will be most undone!  
 Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,  
 When fast she dropp'd her tears, as thus she said:  
 'Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain;  
 Whom Zara's breaking heart implored in vain!  
 Yet as thou go'st, may every blast arise  
 Weak and unfelt, as these rejected sighs!  
 Safe o'er the wild, no perils mayst thou see,  
 No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me.'





With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,  
 As the sunshine or rain may prevail ;  
 And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,  
 With a barn for the use of the flail :  
 A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,  
 And a purse when a friend wants to borrow ;  
 I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,  
 Nor what honours await him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely  
 Secured by a neighbouring hill ;  
 And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly  
 By the sound of a murmuring rill :  
 And while peace and plenty I find at my board,  
 With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,  
 With my friends may I share what to-day may afford,  
 And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering  
 Which I've worn for threescore years and ten,  
 On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to be hovering,  
 Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again :  
 But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,  
 And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow ;  
 As this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare to-day,  
 May become everlasting to-morrow.

COLLINS.

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### Chevy-Chase.

God prosper long our noble king,  
 Our lives and safeties all ;  
 A woful hunting once there did  
 In Chevy-Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn  
 Earl Percy took his way ;  
 The child may rue that is unborn  
 The hunting of that day,

The stout Earl of Northumberland  
 A vow to God did make,  
 His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
 Three summer days to take ;

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chase  
To kill and bear away,  
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,  
In Scotland where he lay :

Who sent Earl Percy present word,  
He would prevent his sport.  
The English earl, not fearing that,  
Did to the woods resort

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,  
All chosen men of might,  
Who knew full well in time of need  
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran  
To chase the fallow deer :  
On Monday they began to hunt  
When daylight did appear ;

And long before high noon they had  
A hundred fat bucks slain ;  
Then having dined, the drovers went  
To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen muster'd on the hills,  
Well able to endure ;  
And all their rear, with special care,  
That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,  
The nimble deer to take ;  
That with their cries the hills and dales  
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,  
To view the slaughter'd deer ;  
Quoth he, " Earl Douglas promised  
This day to meet me here :

" But if I thought he would not come,  
No longer would I stay ;"  
With that a brave young gentleman  
Thus to the earl did say :

" Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,  
His men in armour bright ;  
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears  
All marching in our sight ;

- "All men of pleasant Teviotdale,  
 Fast by the river Tweed:"
- "Then cease your sports," Earl Percy said,  
 "And take your bows with speed:
- "And now with me, my countrymen,  
 Your courage forth advance;  
 For never was there champion yet,  
 In Scotland or in France,
- "That ever did on horseback come,  
 But if my hap it were,  
 I durst encounter man for man,  
 With him to break a spear."
- Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,  
 Most like a baron bold,  
 Rode foremost of his company,  
 Whose armour shone like gold.
- "Show me," said he, "whose men you be,  
 That hunt so boldly here;  
 That, without my consent, do chase  
 And kill my fallow-deer."
- The first man that did answer make,  
 Was noble Percy he;  
 Who said, "We list not to declare,  
 Nor show whose men we be:
- "Yet will we spend our dearest blood,  
 Thy chiefest harts to slay."
- Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,  
 And thus in rage did say—
- "Ere thus I will outbravèd be,  
 One of us two shall die:  
 I know thee well, an earl thou art,  
 Lord Percy, so am I.
- "But trust me, Percy, pity it were,  
 And great offence to kill  
 Any of these our guiltless men,  
 For they have done no ill.
- "Let you and me the battle try,  
 And set our men aside."
- "Accursed be he," Earl Percy said,  
 "By whom this is denied."

Then stepp'd a gallant squire forth,  
Witherington was his name,  
Who said, "I would not have it told  
To Henry, our king, for shame,  
"That e'er my captain fought on foot,  
And I stood looking on.  
You two be earls," said Witherington,  
"And I a squire alone :  
"I'll do the best that do I may,  
While I have power to stand ;  
While I have power to wield my sword,  
I'll fight with heart and hand."  
Our English archers bent their bows,  
Their hearts were good and true ;  
At the first flight of arrows sent,  
Full fourscore Scots they slew.  
Yet stays Earl Douglas on the bent,  
As chieftain stout and good ;  
As valiant captain, all unmoved,  
The shock he firmly stood.  
His host he parted had in three,  
As leader ware and tried ;  
And soon his spearmen on their foci  
Bore down on every side.  
Throughout the English archery  
They dealt full many a wound ;  
But still our valiant Englishmen  
All firmly kept their ground,  
And throwing straight their bows away,  
They grasp'd their swords so bright :  
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,  
On shields and helmets light.  
They closed full fast on every side,  
No slackness there was found ;  
And many a gallant gentleman  
Lay gasping on the ground.  
Oh, Christ ! it was a grief to see  
How each one chose his spear,  
And how the blood out of their breasts  
Did gush like water clear.

At last these two stout earls did meet,  
 Like captains of great might :  
 Like lions wode, they laid on lode,  
 And made a cruel fight :

They fought until they both did sweat,  
 With swords of temper'd steel ;  
 Until the blood, like drops of rain,  
 They trickling down did feel.

"Yield thee, Lord Percy," Douglas said ;  
 "In faith I will thee bring  
 Where thou shalt high advancèd be  
 By James, our Scottish king :

"Thy ransom I will freely give,  
 And this report of thee,  
 Thou art the most courageous knight  
 That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas," saith Earl Percy then,  
 "Thy proffer I do scorn ;  
 I will not yield to any Scot  
 That ever yet was born."

With that there came an arrow keen  
 Out of an English bow,  
 Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,  
 A deep and deadly blow :

Who never spake more words than these :—  
 "Fight on, my merry men all ;  
 For why ? my life is at an end—  
 Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took  
 The dead man by the hand ;  
 And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life  
 Would I had lost my land.

"Oh, Christ ! my very heart doth bleed  
 With sorrow for thy sake ;  
 For sure a more redoubted knight  
 Mischance did never take."

A knight among the Scots there was,  
 Who saw Earl Douglas die,  
 Who straight in wrath did vow revenge  
 Upon the Earl Percy :

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he call'd,  
Who, with a spear full bright,  
Well mounted on a gallant steed,  
Ran fiercely through the fight ;

And past the English archers all,  
Without a dread or fear ;  
And through Earl Percy's body then  
He thrust his hateful spear ;

With such vehement force and might  
He did his body gore,  
The staff ran through the other side  
A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,  
Whose courage none could stain :  
An English archer then perceived  
The noble earl was slain :

He had a bow bent in his hand,  
Made of a trusty tree ;  
An arrow of a cloth-yard long  
To the hard head haled he :

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery  
So right the shaft he set,  
The grey goose wing that was thereon  
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break-of-day  
Till setting of the sun ;  
For when they rung the evening-bell,  
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy there were slain  
Sir John of Egerton,  
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,  
Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,  
Both knights of good account,  
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,  
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington my heart is wo  
That ever he slain should 'be,  
For when his legs were hewn in two,  
He knelt and fought on his knee.

And with Earl Douglas there were slain  
Sir Hugh Mountgomery,  
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field  
One foot would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,  
His sister's son was he;  
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,  
But saved he could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case  
Did with Earl Douglas die:  
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,  
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,  
Went home but fifty-three;  
The rest in Chevy-Chase were slain,  
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,  
Their husbands to bewail;  
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,  
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,  
They bore with them away;  
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,  
Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh,  
Where Scotland's king did reign,  
The brave Earl Douglas suddenly  
Was with an arrow slain:

"Oh, heavy news!" King James did say,  
"Scotland can witness be  
I have not any captain more  
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came  
Within as short a space,  
That Percy of Northumberland  
Was slain in Chevy-Chase:

"Now God be with him," said our king,  
"Since 'twill no better be;  
I trust I have within my realm  
Five hundred good as he:

“ Yet shall not Scots or Scotland say  
 But I will vengeance take ;  
 I'll be revengèd on them all,  
 For brave Earl Percy's sake.”

This vow full well the king perform'd  
 After at Humbledown ;  
 In one day fifty knights were slain,  
 With lords of high renown :

And of the rest, of small account,  
 Did many hundreds die ;  
 Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,  
 Made by the Earl Percy,

God save the king, and bless this land,  
 With plenty, joy, and peace ;  
 And grant, henceforth, that foul debate  
 'Twixt noblemen may cease.

ANON.

---

An Ode on the Opening of the Crystal Palace in Hyde  
 Park, May, 1851.

BUT yesterday a naked sod,  
 The dandies sneer'd from Rotten Row,  
 And canter'd o'er it to and fro ;  
And see 'tis done !  
 As though 'twere by a wizard's rod  
 A blazing arch of lucid glass  
 Leaps like a fountain from the grass  
To meet the sun !

A quiet green but few days since,  
 With cattle browsing in the shade,  
 And here are lines of bright arcade  
In order raised !

A palace as for fairy Prince,  
 A rare pavilion, such as man  
 Saw never, since mankind began  
And built and glazed !



A peaceful place it was but now,  
And lo! within its shining streets  
A multitude of nations meets ;  
A countless throng,  
I see beneath the crystal bow,  
And Gaul and German, Russ and Turk,  
Each with his native handiwork  
And busy tongue.

I felt a thrill of love and awe  
To mark the different garb of each,  
The changing tongue, the various speech  
Together blent.

A thrill, methinks, like His who saw  
" All people dwelling upon earth  
Praising our God with solemn mirth  
And one consent."

High sovereign, in your Royal state,  
Captains, and chiefs, and councillors,  
Before the lofty palace doors  
Are open set ;  
Hush ! ere you pass the shining gate ;  
Hush ! ere the heaving curtain draws,  
And let the Royal pageant pause  
A moment yet.

People and prince a silence keep !  
Bow coronet and kingly crown,  
Helmet and plume, bow lowly down,  
The while the priest,  
Before the splendid portal step,  
(While still the wondrous banquet stays,)  
From Heaven supreme a blessing prays  
Upon the feast.

Then onwards let the triumph march ;  
Then let the loud artillery roll,  
And trumpets ring, and joy-bells toll,  
And pass the gate.  
Pass underneath the shining arch,  
'Neath which the leafy elms are green ;  
Ascend unto your throne, O Queen !  
And take your state.

Behold her in her Royal place ;  
 A gentle lady ; and the hand  
 That sways the sceptre of this land,  
   How frail and weak !  
 Soft is the voice, and fair the face,  
 She breathes amen to prayer and hymn ;  
 No wonder that her eyes are dim,  
   And pale her cheek.

This moment round her empire's shores  
 The winds of Austral winter sweep,  
 And thousands lie in midnight sleep  
   At rest to-day.

O ! awful is that crown of yours,  
 Queen of innumerable realms,  
 Sitting beneath the budding elms  
   Of English May

A wondrous sceptre 'tis to bear,  
 Strange mystery of God which set  
 Upon her brow yon coronet,—  
   The foremost crown  
 Of all the world, on one so fair !  
 That chose her to it from her birth,  
 And bade the sons of all the earth  
   To her bow down.

The representatives of man  
 Here from the far Antipodes,  
 And from the subject Indian seas,  
   In Congress meet :  
 From Afric and from Hindustan,  
 From Western continent and isle,  
 The envoys of her empire pile  
   Gifts at her feet.

Our brethren cross the Atlantic tides,  
 Loading the gallant decks which once  
 Roared a defiance to our guns,  
   With peaceful store ;  
 Symbol of peace, their vessel rides ! \*  
 O'er English waves float Star and Stripe,  
 And firm their friendly anchors gripe  
   The father shore !

\* The U. S. frigate St. Lawrence.





It was not in the battle,  
 No tempest gave the shock ;  
 She sprang no fatal leak,  
 She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath ;  
 His fingers held the pen,  
 When Kempenfelt went down  
 With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,  
 Once dreaded by our foes !  
 And mingle with our cup  
 The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,  
 And she may float again,  
 Full-charged with England's thunder,  
 And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,  
 His victories are o'er ;  
 And he and his eight hundred  
 Shall plough the wave no more.

COWPER

---

### The Battle of Hastings.

It was the Duke of Normandy  
 Rode forth at break of day,  
 With pennons curling on the breeze  
 In bright and proud array :  
 The flower of all the continent  
 Composed his valiant train ;  
 The knights of Flanders and Poitou,  
 Bologne, Orleans, and Maine.

It was at ancient Pevensey,  
 On the noble Sussex coast,  
 The bold Duke William landed  
 With a fierce and warlike host,  
 Of sixty thousand gallant men,  
 With splendid arms supplied—  
 Cross-bows and quivers at their back,  
 And broad-swords by their side.

To win fair England's glorious crown,  
Duke William rode that morn,  
With battle-axe, and spear, and dart,  
With sounding drum and horn.  
Nor long nor weary was the way  
They march'd ere fall of night,  
When, by the brave King Harold led,  
Came the rival host in sight!

Then spake the Duke of Normandy:  
"Speed, herald, bold and free,  
To the leader of yon martial host,  
This challenge bear from me—  
In single combat to decide  
Our stern and mortal feud;  
Thus blood of thousands may be spared  
If either falls subdued."

One moment, in the monarch's sight  
The fearless herald stood,  
And gallantly the challenge gave  
To spare the waste of blood.  
Scarcely breathed the word, ere on him lower'd  
Full many a dark'ning glance—  
A hundred warriors struck the shield,  
And grasp'd the ponderous lance!

Straight answer made the wrathful king:  
"Return thou to the duke;  
To meet his chivalrous desire  
Would rouse our chiefs' rebuke:  
Unto the God of arms we leave  
The chances of the fight;  
And wear his brow the victory  
Whose sword is in the right!"

With banquet-song and revelry,  
Within the British tent,  
The hours from dusky evening  
To twilight dawn were spent.  
Not thus within the Norman camp,—  
A different scene shone there—  
Hands clasp'd in deep solemnity,  
Knees lowly bent in prayer!

Ere yet the purple morning hour  
    Illumed the eastern sky,  
The clash of arms rang merrily  
    With the stirring battle-cry.  
A fatal shower of piercing steel  
    From the Norman cross-bows flew,  
And many a valiant Kentishman  
    On the stormy onset slew !

But swift to closer fight they rush'd,  
    And brisker warm'd the strife;  
And deadlier the contention grew,  
    Fiercer the thirst for life !  
Beneath the bold adventurous duke  
    Three fiery steeds were slain !—  
His falchion waved the goriest  
    Upon that gory plain !

On spurr'd the Saxons to the charge,  
    While axe and glaive swept far ;  
And bravely smote they to the hilt,  
    Like lions bred to war !  
Full to the centre of their line  
    The Normans felt the shock ;  
Yet stood they firm and stedfastly,  
    As stands the giant rock.

Like lightning through the elements  
    A trenchant arrow flash'd,  
And into Harold's royal brain  
    Through helm and temple dash'd !  
He sank : yet to the death his voice  
    Was heard in hoarse command ;  
And fiercely grasp'd, his reeking blade  
    Gleam'd in his red right hand !

Then joyous shouts of victory  
    Far shook the circling air ;  
And helms were doff'd, and banners waved,  
    And knees were bended there !  
With—Live, long live the Conqueror !—  
    Did thousand voices ring :  
God save illustrious William,  
    Our great, our glorious king !

## The End of Waterloo.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,  
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then  
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;  
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when  
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,  
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;  
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind,  
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;  
 On with the dance ! let joy be unconfin'd ;  
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet  
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—  
 But, hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;  
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !  
 Arm ! Arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a window'd niche of that high hall  
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear  
 That sound the first amidst the festival,  
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear ;  
 And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,  
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
 Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,  
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell :  
 He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
 And gatherings tears, and tremblings of distress,  
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
 Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness ;  
 And there were sudden partings, such as press  
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
 Which ne'er might be repeated ; who could guess  
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise !



And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,  
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;  
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;  
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;  
 While throug'd the citizens with terror dumb,  
 Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe ! They come !  
 they come !"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose !  
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—  
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,  
 Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills  
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
 With the fierce native daring which instils  
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,  
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas !  
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe  
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,  
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day  
 Battle's magnificently-stern array !  
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent  
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,  
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,  
 Rider and horse—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent !

BYRON.

Now they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;  
I gallop'd, Dirck gallop'd, we gallop'd all three;  
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;  
"Speed!" echo'd the wall to the galloping through;  
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,  
And into the midnight we gallop'd abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace  
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;  
I turn'd in my saddle and made its girths tight,  
Then shorten'd each stirrup, and set the pique right,  
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chain'd slacker the bit,  
Nor gallop'd less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near  
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawn'd clear;  
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;  
At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;  
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,  
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leap'd of a sudden the sun,  
And against him the cattle stood black every one,  
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,  
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,  
With resolute shoulders, each butting away  
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back;  
For my voice, and the other prick'd out on his track;  
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance  
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!  
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon  
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groan'd; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!  
"Your Roos gallop'd bravely, the fault's not in her,  
"We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze  
Of her chest, saw the stretch'd neck and staggering knees,  
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,  
As down on her haunches she shudder'd and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,  
 Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;  
 The broad sun above laugh'd a pitiless laugh,  
 'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff :  
 Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,  
 And " Gallop," gasp'd Joris, " for Aix is in sight ! "

" How they'll greet us ! "—and all in a moment his roan,  
 Roll'd neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ;  
 And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight  
 Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,  
 With his nostrils like pita full of blood to the brim,  
 And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,  
 Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,  
 Stood up in the stirrup, lean'd, patted his ear,  
 Call'd my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer ;  
 Clapp'd my hands, laugh'd and sang, any noise, bad or  
 good,

Till at length into Aix Roland gallop'd and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round  
 As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,  
 And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,  
 As I pour'd down his throat our last measure of wine,  
 Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)  
 Was no more than his due who brought good news from  
 Ghent.

BROWNING.

### The Baron's last Banquet.

O'er a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest ray,  
 Where, in his last strong agony, a dying warrior lay,—  
 The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er been bent  
 By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had spent.

" They come around me here, and say my days of life are o'er,—  
 That I shall mount my noble steed and lead my band no more ;  
 They come, and, to my beard, they dare to tell me now that I,  
 Their own liege lord and master born, that I—ha, ha ! must die.

" And what is death ? I've dared him oft before the Paynim spear ;  
 Think ye he's enter'd at my gate—has come to seek me here ?  
 I've met him, faced him, scorn'd him, when the fight was raging  
 hot ;—

I'll try his might, I'll brave his power ! defy, and fear him not !

"Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower, and fire the culverin,  
 Bid each retainer arm with speed; call every vassal in.  
 Up with my banner on the wall—the banquet-board prepare—  
 Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my armour there!"

A hundred hands were busy then; the banquet forth was spread,  
 And rung the heavy oaken floor with many a martial tread;  
 While from the rich dark tracery, along the vaulted wall,  
 Lights gleam'd on harness, plume, and spear, o'er the proud old  
 Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate, the mail'd retainers pour'd,  
 On through the portal's frowning arch, and throng'd around the  
 board,

While at its head, within his dark, carved, oaken chair of state,  
 Arm'd *cap-à-pie*, stern Rudiger, with girded falchion, sate.

"Fill every beaker up, men!—pour forth the cheering wine!  
 There's life and strength in every drop,—thanksgiving to the vine!  
 Are ye all there, my vassals true?—mine eyes are waxing dim!  
 Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the brim!"

"Ye're there, but yet I see you not!—draw forth each trusty  
 sword,

And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around my board!  
 I hear it faintly: Londer yet! What clogs my heavy breath?  
 Up, all!—and shout for Rudiger, 'DEFLANCE UNTO DEATH!'"

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clang'd to steel, and rose a deafening  
 cry,

That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags on high:  
 "Ho, cravens! do ye fear him? Slaves! Traitors! have ye flown?  
 Ho, cowards! have ye left me to meet him here alone?"

"But I defy him!—let him come!" Down rang the massy cup,  
 While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing half-way up;  
 And, with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling on his  
 head,

There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair, old Rudiger sat—dead!

ALBERT G. GREENE.

### Ode to a Nightingale.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
 But being too happy in thy happiness—  
 That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,  
 In some melodious plot  
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

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

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

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

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
 But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet  
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows

The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;  
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;  
 Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves ;  
 And mid-May's eldest child,  
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer-eve.

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

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !  
 No hungry generations tread thee down ;  
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :  
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,  
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;  
 The same that oft-times hath  
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam  
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

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

KEATS.

### The Prisoner and the Bird.

FIRST came the loss of light, and air,  
 And then of darkness too :  
 I had no thought, no feeling—none—  
 Among the stones I stood a stone,  
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,  
 As shrubless crags within the mist ;  
 For all was blank, and bleak, and grey,  
 It was not night—it was not day,  
 It was not even the dungeon-light,  
 So hateful to my heavy sight,  
 But vacancy absorbing space,  
 And fixedness—without a place ;  
 There were no stars—no earth—no time—  
 No check—no change—no good—no crime—  
 But silence, and a stirless breath  
 Which neither was of life nor death ;  
 A sea of stagnant idleness,  
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless !

A light broke in upon my brain,—  
 It was the carol of a bird ;  
 It ceased, and then it came again,  
 The sweetest song ear ever heard,  
 And mine was thankful till my eyes  
 Ran over with the glad surprise,  
 And they that moment could not see  
 I was the mate of misery ;  
 But then by dull degrees came back  
 My senses to their wonted track,  
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor  
 Close slowly round me as before.  
 I saw the glimmer of the sun  
 Creeping as it before had done,  
 But through the crevice where it came  
 That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,  
 And tamer than upon the tree ;  
 A lovely bird, with azure wings,  
 And song that said a thousand things,  
 And seem'd to say them all for me !  
 I never saw its like before,  
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more :  
 It seem'd like me to want a mate,  
 But was not half so desolate,

And it was come to love me when  
 None lived to love me so again,  
 And cheering from my dungeon's brink,  
 Had brought me back to feel and think.  
 I know not if it late were free,  
 Or broke its cage to perch on mine,  
 But knowing well captivity,  
 Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!  
 Or if it were, in winged guise,  
 A visitant from Paradise;  
 For—Heaven forgive that thought! the while  
 Which made me both to weep and smile;  
 I sometimes deem'd that it might be  
 My brother's soul come down to me;  
 But then at last away it flew,  
 And then 'twas mortal—well I knew,  
 For he would never thus have flown,  
 And left me twice so doubly lone,—  
 Lone—as the corse within its shroud,  
 Lone—as a solitary cloud,  
 A single cloud on a sunny day,  
 While all the rest of heaven is clear,  
 A frown upon the atmosphere,  
 That hath no business to appear  
 When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

BYRON.

On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic.

ONCE did she hold the gorgeous East in fee;  
 And was the safeguard of the West: the worth  
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth,  
 Venice, the eldest child of Liberty.  
 She was a Maiden City, bright and free;  
 No guile seduced, no force could violate;  
 And, when she took unto herself a Mate,  
 She must espouse the everlasting Sea.  
 And what if she had seen those glories fade,  
 Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;  
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid  
 When her long life hath reach'd its final day:  
 Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade  
 Of that which once was great, is pass'd away.

WORDSWORTH.



## Happy is England.

HAPPY is England! I could be content  
 To see no other verdure than its own;  
 To feel no other breezes than are blown  
 Through its tall woods with high romances blent;  
 Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment  
 For skies Italian, and an inward groan  
 To sit upon an Alp as on a throne,  
 And half forget what world or worldling meant.  
 Happy is England, sweet her artless daughters;  
 Enough their simple loveliness for me,  
 Enough their whitest arms in silence clinging;  
 Yet do I often warmly burn to see  
 Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing,  
 And float with them about the summer waters.

KEATS.

## My Native Land—Good-Night.

ADIEU, adieu! my native shore  
 Fades o'er the waters blue;  
 The Night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
 And shrieks the wild seamew.  
 Yon Sun that sets upon the sea,  
 We follow in his flight:  
 Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
 My native Land—Good-Night!  
 A few short hours, and He will rise  
 To give the morrow birth;  
 And I shall hail the main and skies,  
 But not my mother Earth.  
 Deserted is my own good hall,  
 Its hearth is desolate;  
 Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;  
 My dog howls at the gate.  
 For pleasures past I do not grieve,  
 Nor perils gathering near;  
 My greatest grief is, that I leave  
 No thing that claims a tear.  
 And now I'm in the world alone,  
 Upon the wide, wide sea:  
 But why should I for others groan,  
 When none will sigh for me?

BYRON.

*The Poet's Home.*

THIS isle and house are mine, and I have vow'd  
 Thee to be lady of the solitude ;  
 And I have fitted up some chambers there,  
 Looking towards the golden Eastern air,  
 And level with the living winds, which flow  
 Like waves above the living waves below.  
 I have sent books and music there, and all  
 Those instruments with which high spirits call  
 The future from its cradle, and the past  
 Out of its grave, and make the present last  
 In thoughts and joys which sleep, but cannot die,  
 Folded within their own eternity.  
 Our simple life wants little, and true taste  
 Hires not the pale drudge Luxury to waste  
 The scene it would adorn, and therefore still  
 Nature with all her children, haunts the hill.  
 The ring-dove, in the embowering ivy, yet  
 Keeps up her love-lament, and the owls flit  
 Round the evening-tower, and the young stars glance  
 Between the quick bats in their twilight dance ;  
 The spotted deer bask in the fresh moonlight  
 Before our gate, and the slow silent night  
 Is measured by the pants of their calm sleep.  
 Be this our home.

SHELLEY.

*On first looking into Chapman's Homer.*

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold,  
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;  
 Round many western islands have I been  
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
 That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne :  
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold ;  
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
 When a new planet swims into his ken ;  
 Or like stout Cortez,\* when with eagle eyes  
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—  
 Silent upon a peak in Darien.

KEATS.

\* History requires that we should here read Balboa.

## Ode to the West Wind.\*

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,  
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,  
 Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes; O thou,  
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed  
 The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
 Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow  
 Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
 With living hues and odours plain and hill:  
 Wild Spirit, which art moving every where;  
 Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear!

Thou, on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,  
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,  
 Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,  
 Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread  
 On the blue surface of thine airy surge,  
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head  
 Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge  
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height,  
 The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge  
 Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
 Will be the doom of a vast sepulchre,  
 Vaulted with all thy congregated might  
 Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere  
 Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: Oh, hear!

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams  
 The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,  
 Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,  
 Beside a pumice isle in Baisæ's bay,

\* This poem was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapours which pour down the autumnal rains. They began, as I foresaw, at sunset, with a violent tempest of hail and rain, attended by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculiar to the Cisalpine regions.

The phenomenon alluded to at the conclusion of the third stanza, is well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympathizes with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds which announce it.

And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,  
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers  
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou  
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers  
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods, which wear  
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know  
Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,  
And tremble and despoil themselves: Oh, hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share  
The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be  
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,  
As then, when to outstrip the skyey speed  
Scarce seem'd a vision, I would ne'er have striven  
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.  
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!  
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!  
A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd  
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:  
What if my leaves are falling like its own!  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies  
Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,  
Sweet, though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,  
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!  
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
Like wither'd leaves, to quicken a new birth;  
And, by the incantation of this verse,  
Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth,  
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!  
Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth  
The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

SHELLEY.

*Is it come ?*

Is it come ? they said on the banks of Nile,  
 Who look'd for the world's long-promised day,  
 And saw but the strife of Egypt's toil,  
 With the desert's sands and the granite grey.  
 From pyramid, temple, and treasured dead,  
 We vainly ask for her wisdom's plan ;  
 They tell of the slave and tyrant's dread—  
 Yet there was hope when that day began.

The Chaldee came with his starry lore,  
 That built up Babylon's crown and creed ;  
 And bricks were stamp'd on the Tigris shore  
 With signs which our sages scarce can read.  
 From Ninus' temple and Nimrod's tower  
 The rule of the old East's empire spread  
 Unreasoning faith and unquestion'd power—  
 But still—Is it come ? the watcher said.

The light of the Persian's worshipp'd flame  
 On ancient bondage it's splendour threw ;  
 And once on the West a sunrise came,  
 When Greece to her Freedom's trust was true.  
 With dreams to the utmost ages dear,  
 With human gods and with godlike men,  
 No marvel the far-off day seem'd near  
 To eyes that look'd through her laurels then.

The Roman conquer'd and revell'd, too,  
 Till honour and faith and power were gone ;  
 And deeper old Europe's darkness grew,  
 As wave after wave the Goth came on.  
 The gown was learning, the sword was law,  
 The people served in the oxen's stead ;  
 But ever some gleam the watcher saw,  
 And evermore—Is it come ? they said.

Poet and seer that question caught  
 Above the din of life's fears and frets ;  
 It march'd with letters—it toil'd with thought,  
 Through schools and creeds which the earth forgets ;  
 And statesmen trifle, and priests deceive,  
 And traders barter our worlds away ;  
 Yet hearts to that golden promise cleave,  
 And still, at times—Is it come ? they say.

The days of the nations bear no trace  
 Of all the sunshine so far foretold ;  
 The cannon speaks in the Teacher's place—  
 The age is weary with work and gold ;  
 And high hopes wither, and memories wave,  
 On hearths and altars the fires are dead ;  
 But that brave faith hath not lived in vain ;  
 And this is all that our watcher said.

FRANCES BROWN.

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### Melrose Abbey.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,  
 Go visit it by the pale moonlight ;  
 For the gay beams of lightsome day  
 Gild but to flout the ruins grey.  
 When the broken arches are black in night,  
 And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;  
 When the cold light's uncertain shower  
 Streams on the ruin'd central tower ;  
 When buttress and buttress, alternately,  
 Seem framed of ebon and ivory ;  
 When silver edges the imagery,  
 And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;  
 When distant Tweed is heard to rave,  
 And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,  
 Then go—but go alone the while—  
 Then view St. David's ruin'd pile ;  
 And home returning, soothly swear,  
 Was never scene so sad and fair!

SCOTT.

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### Song of the Earth-spirit in Funst.

In the swelling flood of life,  
 In the storm of action going,  
 Up and down in endless strife,  
 Here and there for ever flowing ;  
 Mine is birth, and mine the grave,  
 An Ocean of unending wave !  
 Change on changes I assume  
 In life that glows in star and clod,  
 So work I at Time's rushing loom,  
 And weave the living robe of God !

Translated from Goethe.

. FILMORE

*The Progress of Poesy.*

A PINDARIC ODE

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,  
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.  
From Helicon's harmonious springs

A thousand rills their mazy progress take :  
The laughing flowers that round them blow  
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.  
Now the rich stream of Music winds along  
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,  
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign ;  
Now rolling down the steep amain,  
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :  
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar.

O Sovereign of the willing soul,  
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,  
Enchanting shell ! the sullen Cares  
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.  
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War  
Has curb'd the fury of his car,  
And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command.  
Perching on the sceptred hand  
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king  
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing :  
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie  
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.  
Thee the voice, the dance, obey,  
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.  
O'er Idalia's velvet-green  
The rosy-crown'd Loves are seen  
On Cytherea's day,  
With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures,  
Frisking light in frolic measures ;  
Now pursuing, now retreating,  
Now in circling troops they meet ;  
To brisk notes in cadence beating  
Glance their many-twinkling feet.  
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare  
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay :  
With arms sublime that float upon the air  
In gliding state she wins her easy way :  
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move  
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of love.

Man's feeble race what ills await!  
 Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,  
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,  
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!  
 The fond complaint, my song, disprove  
 And justify the laws of Jove.  
 Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?  
 Night and all her sickly dews,  
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry  
 He gives to range the dreary sky:  
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar  
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

In climes beyond the solar road  
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,  
 The Muse has broke the twilight gloom  
 To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.  
 And oft, beneath the odorous shade  
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,  
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat  
 In loose numbers wildly sweet  
 Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.  
 Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,  
 Glory pursue, and generous Shame,  
 Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,  
 Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,  
 Fields that cool Ilissus laves  
 Or where Mæander's amber waves  
 In lingering lab'rinth creep,  
 How do your tuneful echoes languish,  
 Mute, but to the voice of anguish!  
 Where each old poetic mountain  
 Inspiration breathed around;  
 Every shade and hallow'd fountain  
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:  
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour  
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.  
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,  
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.  
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,  
 They sought, O Albion! next, thy sea-encircled coast.



Far from the sun and summer-gale  
 In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,  
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,  
 To him the mighty Mother did unveil  
 Her awful face: the dauntless Child  
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled.  
 This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear  
 Richly paint the vernal year:  
 Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal Boy!  
 This can unlock the gates of Joy;  
 Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,  
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

Nor second He, that rode sublime  
 Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy  
 The secrets of the Abyas to spy:  
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:  
 The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze  
 Where Angels tremble while they gaze,  
 He saw; but blasted with excess of light,  
 Closed his eyes in endless night.  
 Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car  
 Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear  
 Two coursers of ethereal race  
 With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!  
 Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er;  
 Scatters from her pictured urn  
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.  
 But ah! 'tis heard no more—  
 O! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit  
 Wakes thee now! Though he inherit  
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,  
 That the Theban Eagle bear,  
 Sailing with supreme dominion  
 Through the azure deep of air:  
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run  
 Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray  
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun;  
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way  
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,  
 Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

GRAY.

### The Mind's Inspiration.

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes  
 To pace the ground, if path there be or none,  
 While a fair region round the Traveller lies  
 Which he forbears again to look upon ;  
 Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,  
 The work of Fancy, or some happy tone  
 Of meditation, slipping in between  
 The beauty coming and the beauty gone.  
 —If Thought and Love desert us, from that day  
 Let us break off all commerce with the Muse :  
 With Thought and Love companions of our way—  
 Whate'er the senses take or may refuse, —  
 The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dew  
 Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

WORDSWORTH.

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### Alexander's Feast.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won  
 By Philip's warlike son—  
 Aloft in awful state  
 The godlike hero sate  
 On his imperial throne ;  
 His valiant peers were placed around,  
 Their brows with roses and with myrtes bound,  
 (So should desert in arms be crown'd) ;  
 The lovely Thais by his side  
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride  
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride :—  
 Happy, happy, happy pair !  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave deserves the fair !

Timotheus placed on high,  
 Amid the tuneful quire,  
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :  
 The trembling notes ascend the sky  
 And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,  
 Who left his blissful seats above—  
 Such is the power of mighty love !  
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god ;  
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode  
 When he to fair Olympia prest,  
 And while he sought her snowy breast ;  
 Then round her slender waist he curl'd,  
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the  
 world.

—The listening crowd admire the lofty sound !  
 A present deity ! they shout around ;  
 A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound !  
 With ravish'd ears  
 The monarch hears,  
 Assumes the god ;  
 Affects to nod,  
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung  
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :  
 The jolly god in triumph comes !  
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums !  
 Flush'd with a purple grace  
 He shows his honest face :  
 Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes !  
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
 Drinking joys did first ordain ;  
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;  
 Rich the treasure,  
 Sweet the pleasure,  
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain ;  
 Fought all his battles o'er again,  
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew  
 the slain !  
 The master saw the madness rise,  
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;  
 And, while he Heaven and Earth defied,  
 Changed his hand and check'd his pride.  
 He chose a mournful Muse  
 Soft pity to infuse :

He sung Darius great and good,  
 By too severe a fate  
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
 Fallen from his high estate,  
 And weltering in his blood ;  
 Deserted, at his utmost need,  
 By those his former bounty fed ;  
 On the bare earth exposed he lies  
 With not a friend to close his eyes.  
 — With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,  
 Revolving in his altered soul  
 The various turns of Chance below ;  
 And now and then a sigh he stole,  
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see  
 That Love was in the next degree ;  
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,  
 For Pity melts the mind to love.  
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures  
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.  
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble,  
 Honour but an empty bubble,  
 Never ending, still beginning ;  
 Fighting still, and still destroying ;  
 If the world be worth thy winning,  
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying :  
 Lovely This sits beside thee,  
 Take the good the gods provide thee !  
 — The many rend the skies with loud applause ;  
 So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.  
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
 Gazed on the fair  
 Who caused his care,  
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :  
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,  
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again :  
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain !  
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
 And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark ! the horrid sound  
 Has raised up his head :  
 As awaked from the dead,  
 And amazed he stares around.  
 Revenge, revenge ! Timotheus cries,  
 See the Furies arise !

See the snakes that they rear,  
 How they hiss in their hair,  
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !  
 Behold a ghastly band,  
 Each a torch in his hand !  
 Those are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain  
 And unburied remain  
 Inglorious on the plain :  
 Give the vengeance due  
 To the valiant crew !  
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
 How they point to the Persian abodes  
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods.  
 —The princes applaud with a furious joy :  
 And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;  
 This led the way  
 To light him to his prey,  
 And like another Helen fired another Troy !

—Thus, long ago,  
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,  
 While organs yet were mute,  
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute  
 And sounding lyre,  
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.  
 At last divine Cecilia came,  
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;  
 The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store  
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
 And added length to solemn sounds,  
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
 —Let old Timotheus yield the prize  
 Or both divide the crown ;  
 He raised a mortal to the skies,  
 She drew an angel down !

DRYDEN.

## Remembrance.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
 I summon up remembrance of things past,  
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste ;  
 Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,  
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
 And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,  
 And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.  
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
 The sad account of fore-bemoan'd moan,  
 Which I new pay as if not paid before :  
 —But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
 All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

SHAKESPEARE.

## The Islet.

THERE was a little lawny islet  
 By anemone and violet,  
 Like mosaic, paven :  
 And its roof was flowers and leaves  
 Which the summer's breath enweaves,  
 Where nor sun nor showers nor breeze,  
 Pierce the pines and tallest trees,  
 Each a gem engraven.  
 Girt by many an azure wave  
 With which the clouds and mountains pave  
 A lake's blue chasm.

SHELLEY.

## Milton.

POET of Paradise, whose glory illumed  
 My path of penury, till grew  
 The desert to a garden, and life bloom'd  
 With hope and joy, 'midst suffering— "honour due"  
 I cannot render thee ; but reverence true  
 This heart shall give thee, till it reach the verge  
 Where human splendours lose their lustrous hue ;  
 And, when in death, my mortal joys all merge,  
 Thy grand and gorgeous music, Milton, be my dirge !

COOPER.

### The Blind Post.

SEASONS return ; but not to me returns  
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,  
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
 Or flocks or herds, or human face divine ;  
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark  
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair  
 Presented with a universal blank  
 Of Nature's works to me expunged and rased,  
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.  
 So much the rather thou, celestial light,  
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
 Irradiate ; there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell,  
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

MILTON.

### Bernardo and Alphonso.

WITH some good ten of his chosen men, Bernardo hath appear'd  
 Before them all in the palace hall, the lying King to beard ;  
 With cap in hand and eye on ground, he came in reverent guise,  
 But ever and anon he frown'd, and flame broke from his eyes.

"A curse upon thee," cries the King, "who comest unbid to me ;  
 But what from traitor's blood should spring save traitors like  
 to thee ?

His sire, lords, had a traitor's heart ; perchance our champion  
 brave

May think it were a pious part to share Don Sancho's grave."

"Whoever told this tale the King hath rashness to repeat,"  
 Cries Bernard, "Here my gage I fling before THE LIAR'S feet !  
 No treason was in Sancho's blood—no stain in mine doth lie ;  
 Below the throne what knight will own the coward calumny ?

"The blood that I like water shed, when Roland did advance,  
 By secret traitors hired and led, to make us slaves of France ;  
 The life of King Alphonso I saved at Roncesval—  
 Your words, Lord King, are recompense abundant for it all.

"Your horse was down—your hope was flown—I saw the  
falchion shine,  
That soon had drunk your royal blood, had I not ventured mine;  
But memory soon of service done deserteth the ingrate;  
You've thank'd the son for life and crown by the father's bloody  
fate.

"Ye swore upon your kingly faith to set Don Sancho free;  
But, curse upon your paltering breath, the light he ne'er did see;  
He died in dungeon cold and dim, by Alphonso's base decree,  
And visage blind and stiffen'd limb were all they gave to me.

"The King that swerveth from his word hath stain'd his purple  
black;  
No Spanish lord will draw the sword behind a liar's back;  
But noble vengeance shall be mine, an open hate I'll show—  
The King hath injured Carpio's line, and Bernard is his foe."

"Seize, seize him!" loud the King doth scream: "There are  
a thousand here!  
Let his foul blood this instant stream:—What, caitiffs, do ye  
fear?  
Seize, seize the traitor!"—But not one to move a finger dareth:  
Bernardo standeth by the throne, and calm his sword he bareth.

He drew the falchion from the sheath, and held it up on high,  
And all the hall was still as death;—cries Bernard "Here am I—  
And here is the sword that owns no lord, excepting heaven and  
me;  
Fain would I know who dares his point—King, Condé, or  
Grandee."

Then to his mouth the horn he drew—it hung below his cloak—  
His ten true men the signal knew, and through the ring they  
broke;  
With helm on head, and blade in hand, the knights the circle  
broke,  
And back the lordlings 'gan to stand, and the false King to  
quake.

"Ha! Bernard," quoth Alphonso, "what means this warlike  
guise?  
Ye know full well I jested—ye know your worth I prize."—  
But Bernard turn'd upon his heel, and smiling pass'd away:—  
Long rued Alphonso and his realm the jesting of that day.

*Translated from the Spanish.*

LOCKHART.



## To Mirth.

HASTE thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest, and youthful Jollity,  
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods, and becks, and wreathèd smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple sleek ;  
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides.  
Come and trip it as you go  
On the light fantastic toe :  
And in thy right hand lead with thee  
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty :  
And, if I give thee honour due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unprovèd pleasures free :  
To hear the lark begin his flight,  
And singing startle the dull night,  
From his watch-tower in the skies,  
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;  
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,  
And at my window bid good-morrow,  
Through the sweet brier or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine ;  
While the cock with lively din,  
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
And to the stack, or the barn-door,  
Stoutly struts his dames before ;  
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn  
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,  
From the side of some hoar hill,  
Through the high wood echoing shrill ;  
Sometimes walking not unseen  
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,  
Right against the eastern gate,  
Where the great sun begins his state,  
Robed in flames, and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;  
While the ploughman near at hand  
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his scythe,

And every shepherd tells his tale,  
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
 Whilst the landscape round it measures ;  
 Russet lawns, and fallows grey,  
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;  
 Mountains on whose barren breast  
 The labouring clouds do often rest ;  
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide :  
 Towers and battlements it sees  
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees.

MILTON.

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The Passions.

## AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid ! was young,  
 While yet in early Greece she sung,  
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,  
 Throng'd around her magic cell,  
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
 Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting ;  
 By turns they felt the glowing mind  
 Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined ;  
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,  
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,  
 From the supporting myrtles round  
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound ;  
 And as they oft had heard apart,  
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
 Each (for Madness ruled the hour)  
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,  
 Amid the chords, bewilder'd laid,  
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,  
 E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,  
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings ;  
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair  
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled ;  
A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;  
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope ! with eyes so fair,  
What was thy delighted measure ?  
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,  
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !  
Still would her touch the strain prolong ;  
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,  
She call'd on Echo still through all the song ;  
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,  
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,  
And Hope enchanted smiled and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung ;—but with a frown  
Revenge impatient rose ;  
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down ;  
And, with a with'ring look,  
The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe ;  
And ever and anon he beat  
The doubling drum with furious heat ;  
And though sometimes each dreary pause between,  
Dejected Pity at his side  
Her soul-subduing voice applied,  
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,  
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from  
his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd ;  
Sad proof of thy distressful state ;  
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd ;  
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,  
Pale Melancholy sate retired ;  
And from her wild sequester'd seat,  
In notes by distance made more sweet,  
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul,  
And dashing soft from rocks around,  
Bubbling runnels join the sound ;  
Through glades and glooms the mingled measures stole,

Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,  
 BOUND AN HOLY CALM DIFFUSING,  
 LOVE OF PEACE, AND LONELY MUSING,  
 IN HOLLOW MURMURS DIED AWAY.

But oh ! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone,  
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,  
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,  
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,  
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,  
 The hunter's call, to Fawn and Dryad known !  
 The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen,  
 Satyrs and Sylvan Boys, were seen  
 Peeping from forth their alleys green :  
 BROWN EXERCISE REJOICED TO HEAR ;  
 AND SPORT LEAP'D UP, AND SEIZED HIS BEECHEN SPEAR.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :  
 He, with viny crown advancing,  
 First to the lively pipe his hand addrest ;  
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,  
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best ;  
 They would have thought who heard the strain,  
 They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,  
 Amidst the festal-sounding shades,  
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,  
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,  
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round :  
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;  
 And he, amidst his frolic play,  
 As if he would the charming air repay,  
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,  
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid !  
 Why, goddess ! why, to us denied,  
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?  
 As in that loved Athenian bower,  
 You learn'd an all-commanding power,  
 Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,  
 Can well recall what then it heard ;  
 Where is thy native simple heart,  
 Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?  
 Arise, as in that elder time,  
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !

Thy wonders in that godlike age,  
 Fill thy recording Sister's page—  
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,  
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,  
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,  
 That all which charms this laggard age ;  
 E'en all at once together found,  
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound,—  
 O bid our vain endeavours cease :  
 Revive the just designs of Greece ;  
 Return in all thy simple state !  
 Confirm the tales her sons relate !

W. COLLINS.

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Music.

I.

Of all the arts beneath the heaven,  
 That man has found, or God has given,  
 None draws the soul so sweet away,  
 As Music's melting mystic lay ;  
 Slight emblem of the bliss above,  
 It soothes the spirit all to love.

Hogg.

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II.

THE painter's hues stand visible before us  
 In power and beauty ; we can trace the thoughts  
 Which are the workings of the poet's mind :  
 But Music is a mystery, and viewless  
 Even when present, and is less man's act,  
 And less within his order ; for the hand  
 That can call forth the tones, yet cannot tell  
 Whither they go, or if they live or die  
 When floated once beyond his feeble ear ;  
 And then, as if it were an unreal thing,  
 The wind will sweep from the neglected strings  
 As rich a swell as ever minstrel drew.

L. E. LONDON.

## III.

My soul is an enchanted boat,  
 Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float  
 Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing ;  
 And thine doth like an angel sit  
 Beside the helm, conducting it,  
 While all the winds with melody are ringing.  
 It seems to float ever, for ever  
 Upon that many winding river,  
 Between mountains, woods, abysses,  
 A paradise of wildernesses.

SHELLEY.

## IV.

O, LULL me, lull me, charming air !  
 My senses rock with wonder sweet !  
 Like snow on wool thy fallings are ;  
 Soft, like a spirit's, are thy feet.  
 Grief who need fear  
 That hath an ear ?  
 Down let him lie,  
 And slumbering die,  
 And change his soul for harmony.

DRYDEN.

## V.

EVER against eating cares  
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs  
 Married to immortal verse,  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
 In notes, with many a winding bout  
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,  
 The melting voice through mazes running,  
 Untwisting all the chains that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony ;  
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
 From golden slumber, on a bed  
 Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.

MILTON.

*Music by Moonlight.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !  
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
 Creep in our ears ; soft stillness and the night  
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
 Sit, Jessica : look how the floor of heaven  
 Is thick inlaid with patines\* of bright gold ;  
 There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest,  
 But in his motion like an angel sings,  
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.  
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ;  
 But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

SHAKESPEARE.

*Golden Age of Harmony.*

GOLDEN Age of Harmony,  
 Thou shalt from the Heaven descend,  
 Earth shall rise and welcome thee,  
 Man to man be angel-friend.

And the trumpets that blow when the battle's red star  
 Whelms the world with its blood as it bursts from afar ;  
 And the bugles that peal  
 To the crossing of steel,  
 When the Demon of Wrath drives his scythe-armed car,  
 And the war-drums that roll  
 In the shock of the battle,  
 And the death-bells that toll  
 O'er men slaughter'd like cattle ;  
 And the death-smitten eyes that look up to the sun,  
 And see only the cannon-smoke darkling and dun ;  
 And the lips that in dying hurl curses at those  
 Whom the Father made brethren, but evil made foes,  
 And the groans of the wounded, the moans of the dying,  
 The death-shot that scatters the ranks of the flying ;  
 The wild, fierce hurrah, when the Fratricide host  
 Have driven their brethren to Hades red coast—  
 They shall cease, they shall cease,  
 For the angel of peace  
 Shall whiten the Earth, not with bones of the slain,  
 But with flowers for the garland, and sheaves for the wain.

HARRIS.

\* A small flat dish, used in the administration of the Eucharist.

### Influence of Music.

ORPHEUS, with his lute, made trees,  
 And the mountain-tops that freeze,  
 Bow themselves when he did sing ;  
 To his music plants and flowers  
 Ever sprung—as sun and showers  
 There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,  
 Even the billows of the sea,  
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
 In sweet music is such art,  
 Killing care and grief of heart—  
 Fall asleep, or, hearing, die !

SHAKESPEARE.

### Village Bells.

THERE is in souls a sympathy with sounds,  
 And as the mind is pitch'd the ear is pleas'd,  
 With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave ;  
 Some chord in unison with what we hear  
 Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.  
 How soft the music of those village bells,  
 Falling at intervals upon the ear  
 In cadence sweet, now dying all away,  
 Now pealing loud again, and louder still,  
 Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on !  
 With easy force it opens all the cells  
 Where Memory slept. Wherever I have heard  
 A kindred melody, the scene recurs,  
 And with it all its pleasures and its pains.

COWPER.

### The Poet's Song of the Soul.

THE human soul, like sweetest lyre,  
 Swept all night long by fairy fingers,  
 Impulses thoughts like jewel'd fire,  
 While slumber on the eyelids lingers



The human soul is like a barge  
 Afloat on Slumber's mystic ocean,  
 That drifts into the heavenly marge,  
 And sways to Life's enchanted motion.

The human soul is like the tongue  
 That tells in sleep Life's hidden story,  
 But wakes to hear its music sung  
 By listening seraphs in their glory.

HARRIS.

---

### The Phantom Ship.

THE breeze had sunk to rest, the noonday-sun was high,  
 And Ocean's breath lay motionless beneath a cloudless sky.  
 There was silence in the air, there was silence in the deep;  
 And it seem'd as though the burning calm were Nature's final  
 sleep.

The mid-day watch was set, beneath the blaze of light,  
 When there came a cry from the tall mast-head, "A sail! a  
 sail, in sight!"

And o'er the fair horizon, a snowy speck appear'd,  
 And every eye was strain'd to watch the vessel as she near'd.

There was no breath of air, yet she bounded on her way,  
 And the dancing waves around her prow were flashing into  
 spray.

She answer'd not their hail, alongside as she pass'd:  
 There were none who trod her spacious deck; not a seaman  
 on the mast;

No hand to guide her helm; yet on she held her course,  
 She swept along that waveless sea, as with a tempest's force:  
 A silence as of death was o'er that vessel spread:  
 She seem'd a thing of another world, the world where dwell the  
 dead.

She pass'd away from sight, the deadly calm was o'er,  
 And the spell-bound ship pursued her course before the breeze  
 once more;  
 And clouds across the sky obscured the noonday sun,  
 And the winds arose at the tempest's call before the day was  
 done.

Midnight—and still the storm raged wrathfully and loud,  
 And deep in the trough of the heaving sea, labour'd that vessel  
 proud;  
 There was darkness all around, save where lightning flashes keen  
 Play'd on the crests of the broken waves, and lit the depths  
 between.

Around her and below, the waste of waters roar'd,  
 And answer'd the crash of the falling masts as they cast them  
 overboard,  
 At every billow's shock, her quivering timbers strain;  
 And as she rose on a created wave, that strange ship pass'd  
 again.

And o'er that stormy sea she flew before the gale,  
 Yet she had not struck her lightest spar, nor furl'd her loftiest  
 sail.  
 Another blinding flash, and nearer yet she seem'd,  
 And a pale blue light along her sails and o'er her rigging  
 gleam'd.

But it show'd no seaman's form, no hand her course to guide;  
 And to their signals of distress, the waves alone replied.  
 The Phantom Ship pass'd on, driven o'er her pathless way,  
 But helplessly the sinking wreck amid the breakers lay.

The angry tempest ceased, the winds were hush'd to sleep,  
 And calm and bright the sun again shone out upon the deep.  
 But that gallant ship no more shall roam the ocean free;  
 She has reach'd her final haven, beneath the dark blue sea.

And many a hardy seaman, who fears nor storm nor fight,  
 Yet trembles when the Phantom Ship drives past his watch at  
 night;  
 For it augurs death and danger: it bodes a watery grave,  
 With sea-weeds for his pillow—for his shroud, the wandering  
 wave.

A. G. GREENE.

---

### Song of a Persian Maid.

THERE'S a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,  
 And the nightingale sings round it all the day long,  
 In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,  
 To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music, I never forget,  
 But oft when alone in the bloom of the year,  
 I think—is the nightingale singing there yet !  
 Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer.  
 No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave,  
 But some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly they  
 shone,  
 And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave  
 All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.  
 Thus Memory draws from delight, ere it dies,  
 An essence that breathes of it many a year ;  
 Thus bright to my soul as 'twas then to my eyes,  
 Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer !  
 MOORE.

---

*The Cottage.—An Admonition.*

YES, there is holy pleasure in thine eye !  
 —The lovely cottage in the guardian nook  
 Hath stirr'd thee deeply ; with its own dear brook,  
 Its own small pasture, almost its own sky !  
 But covet not the abode—O do not sigh  
 As many do, repining while they look ;  
 Intruders who would tear from Nature's book  
 This precious leaf with harsh impiety :  
 —Think what the home would be if it were thine,  
 Even thine, though few thy wants !—Roof, window, door,  
 The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,  
 The roses to the porch which they entwine :  
 Yea, all that now enchants thee, from the day  
 On which it should be touch'd would melt away !  
 WORDSWORTH.

---

*Ariel's Song.—A Sea Dirge.*

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

## Thought.

THOUGHT shines from God as shines the morn ;  
 Language from kindling thought is born ;  
 The radiant zones of space and time  
 Unroll from out that speech sublime ;  
 Creation is the picture word,  
 The hieroglyph of Wisdom's Lord ;  
 Edens on blissful Edens rise  
 To shape the Epic of the skies ;  
 Heaven is the grand full-spoken thought  
 Of Him by whom the worlds were wrought ;  
 He, throu'd within the world above,  
 Inspires that heaven, that thought, with love.

HARRIS.

## Finis.

THE book is completed,  
 And closed like the day ;  
 And the hand that has written it  
 Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies ;  
 Forgotten they lie ;  
 Like coals in the ashes,  
 They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,  
 The story is told ;  
 The windows are darken'd,  
 The hearthstone is cold.

Darker and darker  
 The black shadows fall ;  
 Sleep and oblivion  
 Reign over all.

LONGFELLOW.

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