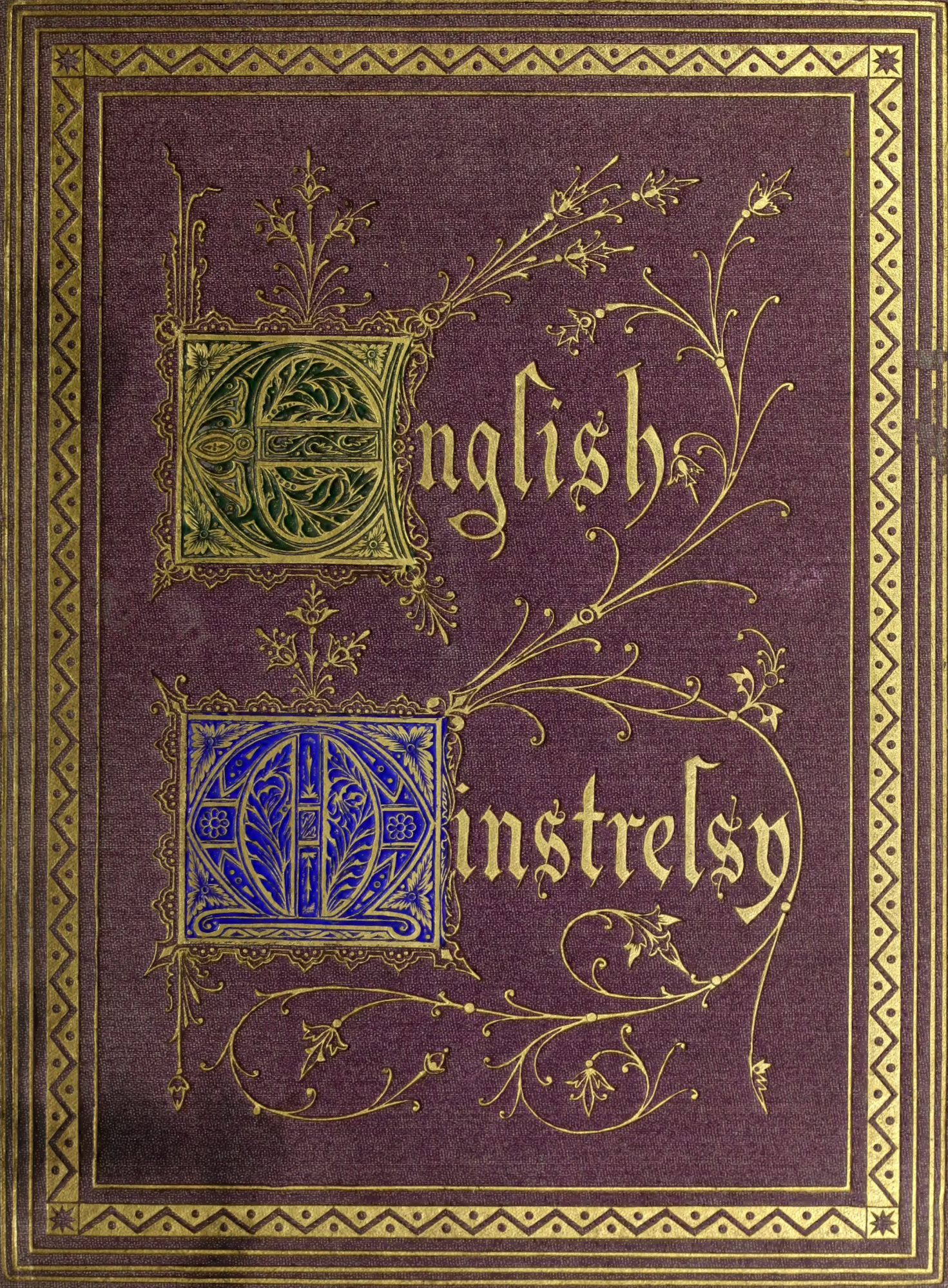



**E**nglish

**A**instrelsy





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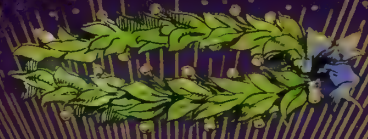












# Walden



Illuminated by



Waskins Ashhall

Roll Bro. Chroma-lith.





**C**

ome live with me and be my **L**ove,  
**A**nd we will all the pleasures probe  
**T**hat hills and valleys, dale and field,  
**A**nd all the craggy mountains yield.

**A**

here will we sit upon the rocks  
**A**nd see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
**B**y shallow rivers, to whose falls  
**M**elodious birds sing madrigals.

**A**

here will **I** make thee beds of roses  
**A**nd a thousand fragrant posies,  
**A**nap of flowers, and a kirtle  
**E**mbroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

**M**

adon made of the finest wool,  
**W**hich from our pretty lambs we pull,  
**F**air lined slippers for the cold,  
**W**ith buckles of the purest gold.

**M**

att of straw and iby buds  
**W**ith coral clasps and amber studs:  
**A**nd if these pleasures may thee move,  
**C**ome live with me and be my **L**ove.

**G**

by silver dishes for thy meat  
**A**s precious as the gods do eat  
**S**hall on an ivory table be  
**P**repared each day for thee and me.

**G**

he shepherd swains shall dance and sing  
**F**or thy delight each **M**ay-morning:  
**A**t these delights thy mind may move,  
**W**hen live with me and be my **L**ove.



**G**o, lovely **R**ose!  
**T**ell her, that wastes her time and me,  
**W**hat now she knows,  
**W**hen **L**ike her to thee,  
**H**ow sweet and fair she seems to be.  
**T**ell her that's young,  
**H**ad she to have her graces spied,  
**W**hat hadst thou sprang  
**I**n deserts, where no men abide  
**S**he would have uncommended died.  
**S**mall is the worth  
**O**f beauty from the light retired:  
**B**id her come forth,  
**A**fter herself to be desired,  
**A**nd not blush so to be admired  
**W**hen die! that she  
**T**he common fate of all things rare  
**N**ow read in the,  
**H**ow small a part of time they share  
**W**hat are so wondrous sweet and fair.

*Edmunds Weller*









**D**

ack clouds away, and welcome day,

**S**

weet air blow soft, mount larks aloft

**D**

o give my **L**ove good-morrow!

**S**

ings from the wind to please her mind

**N**

otes from the lark **I**ll borrow.

**B**

ird prune thy wing, nightingale sing

**D**

o give my **L**ove good-morrow;

**D**

o give my **L**ove good-morrow

**N**

otes from them both **I**ll borrow.

**T**

ake from thy nest **R**obin-red-breast,

**S**

ing birds in every furrow;

**A**

nd from each hill let music shrill

**G**

ive my fair **L**ove good-morrow;

**B**

lackbird and thrush in every bush,

**S**

tare, linnet, and cock-sparrow!

**A**

on pretty elves, amongst yourselves

**B**

ring my fair **L**ove good-morrow:

**D**

o give my **L**ove good-morrow


**S**

ing birds in every furrow!

**S**

ing birds in every furrow!





**W**hen in disgrace with fortune and mens eyes  
**I** all alone between my outcast state,  
**A**nd trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
**A**nd look upon myself, and curse my fate,  
**W**ishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
**F**eatured like him, like him with friends possess'd,  
**D**esiring this mans art, and that mans scope,  
**W**ith what **I** most enjoy contented least:  
**Y**et in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
**S**upply **I** think on **T**her- and then my state,  
**L**ike to the lark at break of day arising  
**F**rom sullen earth, sings hymns at heavens gate,  
**F**or thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings  
**T**hat then **I** scorn to change my state with kings



et me not to the marriage of true minds  
**A**dmit impediments. **L**ove is not love  
**W**hich alters when it alteration finds,  
**N**or bends with the remover to remove:—  
**N**o! it is an ever-fixed mark  
**W**hat looks on tempests, and is never shaken;  
**I**t is the star to every wandering bark  
**W**hose worth's unknown, altho' his height be taken.  
**L**ove's not Time's fool, tho' rosy lips & cheeks  
**W**ithin his bending sickle's compass come;  
**L**ove alters not with his brief hours & weeks,  
**B**ut bears it out ev'n to the edge of doom;—  
**I**f this be error, and upon me proved,  
**I** never writ, nor no man ever loved.

*William Shakespeare*






**T**ell me not **S**wet **I** am unkind  
**W**hat from the nunnery  
**O**f thy chaste breast and quiet mind,  
**G**o war and arms **F**ly.  
**C**ome, a new mistress now **C**hase,  
**S**he first foe in the field;  
**A**nd with a stronger faith embrace;  
**A** sword, a horse, a shield.  
**B**ut this inconstancy is such  
**A**s you too shall adore;  
**I** could not love thee, **D**ear, so much,  
**L**oved **I** not **H**onour more.

*Rowland*










**T**oo late I stayd, forgive the crime;  
**I**nubeded flew the hours,  
**N**ow noiseless falls the foot of **T**ime,  
**H**at only treads on flowers  
**A**nd who with clear account remarks  
**T**he ebbings of his glass,  
**W**hen all its sands are diamond sparks  
**T**hat dazzle as they pass,  
**A**h! who to sober measurement  
**T**ime's happy swiftness brings,  
**W**hen birds of paradise have lent  
**T**heir plumage to his wings.

*The Honble Wm Robt Jones*





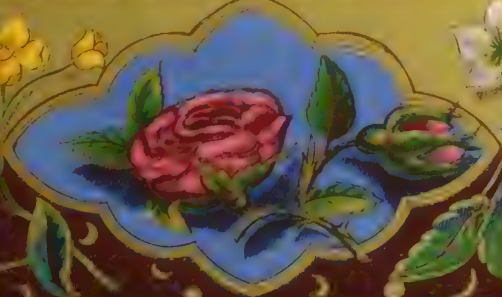
**W**on meaner beauties of the night,  
**W**hich poorly satisfy our eyes  
**W**ore by your number than your light!  
**W**ou common people of the skies!  
**W**hat are you, when the **M**oon shall rise!

**W**hen the violets that first appear,  
**W**hich by your pure purple mantles known,  
**W**hich like the proud virgins of the year  
**W**hich as if the spring were all your own!  
**W**hat are you, when the **R**ose is blown!

**W**hen the curious chanter of the wood  
**W**hich that warble forth dame **N**ature's lay,  
**W**hich thinking your passions understood  
**W**hich by your weak accents what's your praise,  
**W**hen **P**hilomel her voice doth raise!

**W**hen my **M**istress shall be seen  
**W**hich in sweetness of her looks and mind  
**W**hich by virtue first, then choice, a **Q**ueen,  
**W**hich tell me, if she were not design'd  
**W**hich 't' eclipse and glory of her kind!

*Shr Henry Wotton.*






**H**e that loves a rosy cheek  
**O**r a coral lip admires,  
**O**r from star like eyes does seek  
**A**n'ael to maintain his fires;  
**A**s old **T**ime makes these decay,  
**S**o his flames must waste away

**B**ut a smooth and steadfast mind,  
**G**entle thoughts and calm desires,  
**H**earts with equal love combined,  
**K**indle never-dying fires: —  
**W**here these are not, **I** despise  
**H**ovely cheeks or lips or eyes

*Thomas Wyatt*






**B**id me to live, and **I** will live  
**O**r bid me love, and **I** will give  
**M**y loving heart to thee.  
**A** heart as soft, a heart as kind,  
**A** heart as sound and free  
**A**s in the whole world thou canst find,  
**T**hat heart **I** will give to thee.  
**B**id that heart stay, and it will stay,  
**O** to honour thy decree:  
**O**r bid it languish quite away,  
**A**nd't shall do so for thee.  
**B**id me to weep, and **I** will weep  
**W**hile **I** have eyes to see:  
**A**nd having none, yet **I** will keep  
**A** heart to weep for thee.  
**B**id me despair, and **I**ll despair.  
**U**nder that cypress tree:  
**O**r bid me die, and **I** will dare  
**E**ven death, to die for thee.  
**T**hou art my life, my love, my heart,  
**T**he very eyes of me,  
**A**nd hast command of every part,  
**T**o live and die for thee.







**I**t is not beauty **I** demand,  
**A** crystal brow, the moon's despair,  
**N**or the snow's daughter, a white hand,  
**N**or mermaid's yellow pride of hair:

**A** bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks  
**L**ike **H**erbe's in her ruddiest hours,  
**A** breath that softer music speaks  
**T**han summer winds a-wooing flowers;

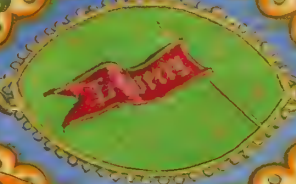
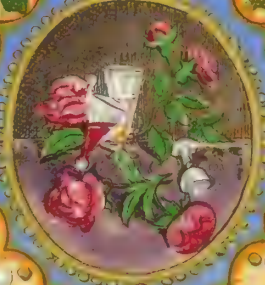
**G**ive me instead of beauty's bust,  
**A** tender heart, a loyal mind  
**W**hich with temptation **w**ould trust,  
**Y**et never linked with error find, —

**O**ne in whose gentle bosom **I**  
**C**ould pour my secret heart of woes,  
**L**ike the care-burthen'd honey-fly  
**T**hat hides his marmurs in the rose,

**M**y earthly **C**omforter & whose love  
**S**o indefeasible might be  
**T**hat when my spirit wound above,  
**H**er's could not stay, for sympathy ❧



**W**hen Love with unconfined wings  
**D**roves within my gates,  
**A**nd my divine **M**elthea brings  
**T**o whisper at the grates;  
**W**hen **L**ie tangled in her hair  
**A**nd fetter'd to her eye,  
**T**he birds that wanton in the air  
**K**now no such liberty.  
**W**hen flowing cups run swiftly round  
**W**ith no allaying **T**hames,  
**O**ur careless heads with roses crown'd,  
**O**ur hearts with loyal flames;  
**W**hen thirsty grief in wine we steep,  
**W**hen healths and draughts go free,  
**F**ishes that tipple in the deep  
**K**now no such liberty.  
**W**hen linnets-like confined, **I**  
**W**ith shriller throat shall sing  
**T**he sweetness, mercy, majesty,  
**A**nd glories of my **K**ing:  
**W**hen **I** shall voice aloud how good  
**H**e is, how great should be,  
**E**larged winds, that curl the flood  
**K**now no such liberty.  
**S**tone walls do not a prison make,  
**N**or iron bars a cage;  
**B**irds innocent and quiet take  
**T**hat for a hermitage:  
**I** have freedom in my love  
**A**nd in my soul am free,  
**A**ngels alone, that soar above  
**E**njoy such liberty.























Special

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