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WITH COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
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# LOVE-KNOTS AND BRIDAL-BANDS.

LONDON :  
PRINTED BY GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, LIMITED,  
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.







RAHAPHEL TUCK AND SONS.]

[Painted by HARRIETT M. DENNETT.]

“ Looking in each other's eyes,  
With lingering steps and slow,  
The lovers go.”

Page 3.



16. *Ardea herodias*  
20 4. 82.

# LOVE-KNOTS AND BRIDAL-BANDS :

Poems and Rhymes

OF

WOOING AND WEDDING,

AND

VALENTINE VERSES.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

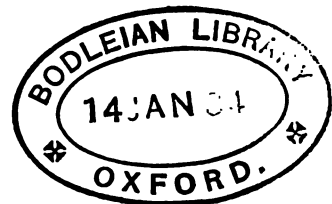
THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, B.A.

AUTHOR OF "SONGS IN SUNSHINE," "GASLIGHT AND STARS," ETC.

WITH SIXTEEN COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

G. D. LESLIE, R.A., W. F. YEAMES, R.A., MARCUS STONE, R.A., ALICE HAVERS,  
HARRIETT M. BENNETT, MARY S. STORY, JOHN SCOTT,  
G. F. WETHERBEE, ETC., ETC.



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1883.

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TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
ROBERT, EARL OF LYTTON,  
TO WHOM,  
UNDER THE NAME OF OWEN MEREDITH,  
THE LITERATURE OF LOVE IS SO DEEPLY INDEBTED,  
THIS RANDOM POSY OF LOVE-RHYMES  
IS,  
BY HIS LORDSHIP'S KIND PERMISSION,  
RESPECTFULLY AND ADMIRINGLY  
**Dedicated.**

## AUTHOR'S NOTE.

---

THE distinctive features of this little collection, culled from "THE TABLETS OF THE HEART," are these :—

1. The bringing together in a single volume of complete poems, extracts of some length, and brief aphoristic bits.
2. The juxtaposition of poems and passages distinctly serious with others as distinctly comic.
3. The including of a large number of little pieces and pithy extracts especially suitable for transcription.

This last feature will, it is hoped, enable the collection to win its way into the good graces of those who, wishing to send a card-souvenir on Valentine's Day, prefer to the ready-made verses a few lines chosen by themselves and inscribed on the back of the card in their own hand.

Not a few little pieces, specially written for the performance of this pleasant duty, and sprinkled over the pages of this volume, are the copyright of the Publishers, Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons,—with whom the elevation of the standard, both literary and artistic, of cards appropriate to the several seasons, has been an object steadily and most successfully pursued.

# P R E F A C E.

---

WHEN Authors indite or Compilers select,  
It's surely a matter of reason and right  
To indicate clearly the class they expect  
To welcome their work with effusive delight.  
So, waiving all circumlocutory fuss,  
Meanderings, mazes, and lurchings askew,  
My aim and intention I specify thus—  
This book is for You.

Poor Damon, sunk deep in the quagmire of love,  
Fast losing in girth, while increasing in sighs,  
For whom all the blue of the world-arch above  
Laughs saucily forth from two mischievous eyes,  
I come to the rescue—by hook or by crook,  
I'll pull you, old fellow, triumphantly through ;  
The whole art of wooing's set forth in my book—  
The book is for You.

And you, little Phyllis, whose tip-tilted nose  
Goes up a good inch when of Damon we speak,  
Yet whose quick-beating heart is so hard to compose  
If Damon but whisper, "The tea's rather weak ;"  
I bring you a trifle of sweets to the sweet,  
With nutmeg and lemon the whole to imbue ;  
Here's Love's Vade-mecum, revised and complete—  
The book is for You.



---

And you, Master Cynic, who turn with a sneer  
 From Damon reproaching his mistress unkind,  
 Averring the fever is brief, though severe,  
 And never leaves anything nasty behind,  
 I'll vow that you treasure a shawl-pin or muff,  
 A tress of bright hair, in some secret purlieu,  
 So in spite of your second-hand cynical stuff,  
 The book is for You.

And you, Sir, who say that life's glamour is o'er—  
 You doziest, prosiest, plumpest of men ;  
 Who have long ago reckoned that troublesome score—  
 The second that comes of the three score and ten—  
 Whose lads will soon wander each Jack to his Jill,  
 Whose girls will soon hear the Old Story anew—  
 Their mother's your sweetheart—confess it, Sir !—still ;  
 The book is for You.

And you, for whom life—once so glowing and sweet—  
 Is only the dream of a dream that is fled ;  
 Whose shivering spirit still crouches for heat  
 O'er the ashes of hopes that lie whitened and dead ;  
 O you for whom earth has no blossom beside  
 One flower that revives not, though tears be its dew,  
 O loving and faithful, O tender and tried !  
 The book is for You.

And you who, too happy for comment or praise,  
 By the spell of a ring on a delicate hand,  
 Have passed from the earth and its commonplace ways  
 To a beautiful, love-litten, mystical land :—  
 O triumphing Bridegroom and rose-hearted Bride,  
 Two souls that by blending to perfectness grew,  
 Disdain not the garland my fingers have tied—  
 The book is for You.

From the smooth-pated sage to the ringleted elf,  
From the judge on the bench to the rogue at the bar,  
From the clown to whom bacon is poetry's self  
To the exquisite being who dines on a star,  
From the beauty with pearls on her pearlier breast  
To the beauty whose gems are a nose-ring or two,  
Love rules ;—so, without reservation or test,  
The book is for YOU.

F. L.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

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IT will be observed that very many of the poems selected are by living authors, or by authors recently dead, whose copyrights have not yet expired. Of course, none of these poems have been inserted without the express sanction of the authors or proprietors of the copyrights ; and the publishers avail themselves of this opportunity of expressing their very cordial thanks to all those authors or publishers who have so kindly and promptly responded to the application made to them by the Compiler.

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS.

COLEMAN STREET, E.C.,  
*December, 1882.*

# CONTENTS.



## LOVE AND COURTSHIP.

	PAGE
I. LOVE AND LOVERS . . . . .	3
II. PRO AMORE: IN AMOREM . . . . .	24
III. FIRST LOVE . . . . .	39
IV. LOVE-MAKING SIMPLIFIED . . . . .	43
V. LOVE LOYAL . . . . .	59
VI. AMANTIUM IRÆ . . . . .	70
VII. "NO, THANK YOU, JOHN" . . . . .	74
VIII. PARTED . . . . .	78
IX. WOODED AND WON . . . . .	89

## MARRIAGE.

I. "ALL YE THAT INTEND" . . . . .	101
II. THOUGHTS, FANCIES, AND HOMILIES. . . . .	108
III. SOME WEDDING PICTURES . . . . .	113
IV. THE HAPPY PAIR . . . . .	121
V. "AFTER YEARS OF LIFE TOGETHER" . . . . .	128

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LIST OF AUTHORS . . . . .	146
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LOVE AND COURTSHIP.



I.

LOVE AND LOVERS.

“ And then the Lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.”

AS YOU LIKE IT, *Act II., Sc. 7.*

---

THIS done, the blossom and the fruit of all  
Was her prime truth, into each element  
Of his life's feelings and its acts, to instil :  
'Twas Love's divinest essence. In the soul,  
Central its altar's flame for ever burns  
Inviolatè, and knowing not the change  
Which time and fate o'er all else in the world  
Bring speedily, or with a creeping film  
That hides decay. Ever at peace it dwells  
With its secure desires, which are soul-fed,  
Nor on idolatrous devotion made  
Dependent, nor on will and wayward moods  
Of others ; 'tis self-centred as a star,  
And in the music of the conscious nerves,  
Finds bliss, which e'en the slightest touch or  
look  
Of this magnetic passion can create,  
And render perfect. Nor doth absence break  
The links of ecstasy, which from a heart  
By a heart are drawn ; but midst the glare of day,  
The depths of night, alone, or in a crowd,  
Imagination of love's balmy breath  
Can to the spirit fashion and expand  
Love's own pure rapture and delirium.  
To this fixed sublimation there belong  
No conflicts of pale doubts, anxieties,  
Mean jealousies, anguish of heart-crushed slaves,  
And forlorn faces looking out on seas  
Of coming madness, from the stony gaps  
Through which departed truth and bliss have  
fled ;

But high communion, and a rapturous sense  
Of passion's element, whereof all life  
Is made ; and therefore life should ne'er attain  
A mastery o'er its pure creative light.

R. H. HORNE  
*Orion.* (Chatto and Windus.)

---

THE SELF-ENGROSSMENT OF LOVE.

AND see, the lovers go  
With lingering steps and slow,  
Over all the world together, all in all,  
Over all the world ! The empires fall ;  
The onward march of Man seems spent ;  
The nations rot in dull content ;  
The blight of war, a bitter flood,  
From continent to continent,  
Rolls on with waves of blood ;  
The light of knowledge sinks, the fire of  
thought burns low ;  
There seems scant thought of God ; but yet  
One power there is men ne'er forget,  
And still through every land beneath the  
skies,  
Rapt, careless, looking in each other's eyes,  
With lingering steps and slow,  
The lovers go.

LEWIS MORRIS.  
*The Ode of Life.* (K. Paul.)



## THE THIRTY REQUISITES.

THIRTY points of perfection each judge understands,  
The standard of feminine beauty demands.

Three white:—and, without further prelude, we know  
That the skin, hands, and teeth should be pearly  
as snow.

Three black:—and our standard departure forbids  
From dark eyes, darksome tresses, and darkly-  
fringed lids.

Three red:—and the lover of comeliness seeks  
For the hue of the rose in the lips, nails, and cheeks.

Three long:—and of this you, no doubt, are aware?  
Long the body should be, long the hands, long the  
hair.

Three short:—and herein nicest beauty appears,—  
Feet short as a fairy's, short teeth, and short ears.

Three large:—and remember this rule as to size  
Embraces the shoulders, the forehead, the eyes.

Three narrow:—a maxim to every man's taste,—  
Circumference small in mouth, ankle, and waist.

Three round:—and in this I see infinite charms—  
Rounded fulness apparent in leg, hip, and arms.

Three fine:—and can aught the enchantment  
eclipse,

Of fine tapering fingers, fine hair, and fine lips?

Three small:—and my thirty essentials are told—  
Small head, nose, and bosom, compact in its mould.

Now the dame who comprises attractions like these,  
Will require not the cestus of Venus to please;

While he who has met with a union so rare,  
Has had better luck than has fall'n to my share.

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

*Ballads.* (G. Routledge and Sons.)

[This and the subsequent extracts from Ainsworth's  
Ballads are inserted by kind permission of the publishers,  
Messrs. George Routledge and Sons.]

~~~~~  
LOVE's of itself too sweet; the best of all  
Is, when love's honey has a dash of gall.

ROBERT HERRICK.

## A PAIR WELL MATCHED.

FAIR Iris I love, and hourly I die,  
But not for a lip, nor a languishing eye;  
She's fickle and false, and there we agree,  
For I am as false and as fickle as she;  
We neither believe what either can say,  
And neither believing, we neither betray.

'Tis civil to swear, and to say things of course,  
We mean not the taking for better or worse:  
When present we love; and when absent  
agree;

I think not of Iris, nor Iris of me;  
The legend of Love no couple can find,  
So easy to part, or so equally join'd.

JOHN DRYDEN.

~~~~~  
(FROM THE FRENCH.)

"I NEVER give a kiss (says Prue)  
To naughty man, for I abhor it."  
She will not *give* a kiss, 'tis true;  
She'll *take* one though, and thank you for it!

THOMAS MOORE.

## NAMES.

I ASKED my fair one happy day,  
What I should call her in my lay;  
By what sweet name from Rome or Greece;  
Lalage, Næera, Chloris,  
Sappho, Lesbia, or Doris,  
Arethusa or Lucrece.

"Ah!" replied my gentle fair,  
"Beloved, what are names but air?  
Choose thou whatever suits the line;  
Call me Sappho, call me Chloris,  
Call me Lalage, or Doris,  
Only, only call me Thine."

S. T. COLERIDGE

## A LOVE-LESSON.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF CLEMENT MAROT.)

A SWEET "No, no,"—with a sweet smile beneath,  
Becomes an honest girl: I'd have you learn it:—  
As for plain "Yes," it may be said, i'faith,  
Too plainly and too oft:—pray, well discern it.

Not that I'd have my pleasure incomplete,  
Or lose the kiss for which my lips beset you;  
But that in suffering me to take it, sweet,  
I'd have you say, "No, no, I will not let you."

LEIGH HUNT,

*Poetical Works.* (G. Routledge and Sons.)

JENNY kiss'd me when we met,  
 Jumping from the chair she sat in.  
 Time, you thief, who love to get  
 Sweets into your list, put that in :  
 Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,  
 Say that health and wealth have miss'd me,  
 Say I'm growing old, but add,  
 Jenny kiss'd me.

LEIGH HUNT.

~~~~~

SONG.

WHEN thy beauty appears,  
 In its graces and airs,  
 All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky;  
 At distance I gaze, and am awed by my  
 fears,  
 So strangely you dazzle my eye !

But when without art,  
 Your kind thoughts you impart,  
 When your love runs in blushes through every  
 vein ;  
 When it darts from your eyes, when it pants  
 in your heart,  
 Then I know you're a woman again.

There's a passion and pride  
 In our sex (she replied),  
 And thus (might I gratify both) I would do :  
 Still an angel appear to each lover beside,  
 But still be a woman to you.

THOMAS PARNELL.

~~~~~

DRINK ye to her that each loves best,  
 And if you nurse a flame  
 That's told but to her mutual breast,  
 We will not ask her name.  
 Enough, while memory tranced and glad  
 Paints silently the fair,  
 That each should dream of joys he's had,  
 Or yet may hope to share.

Yet far, far hence be jest or boast  
 From hallow'd thoughts so dear;  
 But drink to them that we love most,  
 As they would love to hear.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

"PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE."

I'LL tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore :—  
 Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door :  
 So he call'd upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—  
 Like a spruce single man, with a smart double  
 knock.

Now a handmaid, whatever her fingers be at,  
 Will run like a puss when she hears a rat-tat :  
 So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more  
 Had question'd the stranger and answer'd the door.

The meeting was bliss ; but the parting was woe ;  
 For the moment will come when such comers must  
 go ;  
 So she kiss'd him, and whisper'd—poor innocent  
 thing—

"The next time you come, love, pray come with  
 a ring."

THOMAS HOOD.

*Poetical Works.* (Ward, Lock and Co.)

[Several extracts from the copyright poems by Thomas  
 Hood are included in this volume through the courtesy of  
 Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co.]

~~~~~

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

THEY may talk of love in a cottage,  
 And bowers of trellised vine—  
 Of nature bewitchingly simple,  
 And milkmaids half divine;  
 They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping  
 In the shade of a spreading tree,  
 And a walk in the fields at morning,  
 By the side of a footstep free !

But give me a sly flirtation  
 By the light of a chandelier—  
 With music to play in the pauses,  
 And nobody very near :  
 Or a seat on a silken sofa,  
 With a glass of pure old wine,  
 And mamma too blind to discover  
 The small white hand in mine.

Your love in a cottage is hungry,  
 Your vine is a nest for flies—  
 Your milkmaid shocks the Graces,  
 And simplicity talks of pies !

You lie down to your shady slumber,  
And wake with a fly in your ear,  
And your damsel that walks in the morning  
Is shod like a mountaineer.

True love is at home on a carpet,  
And mightily likes his ease—  
And true love has an eye for a dinner,  
And starves beneath shady trees.

His wing is the fan of a lady,  
His foot's an invisible thing,  
And his arrow is tipp'd with a jewel,  
And shot from a silver string.

N. P. WILLIS.

*Poetical Works.* (G. Routledge and Sons.)

FRIENDSHIP is constant in all other things,  
Save in the office and affairs of love:  
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own  
tongues ;

Let every eye negotiate for itself,  
And trust no agent ; for beauty is a witch,  
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

*Much Ado about Nothing.*

LEARN, that if to thee the meaning  
Of all other eyes be shown,  
Fewer eyes can ever front thee  
That are skilled to read thine own ;  
And that if thy love's deep current  
Many another's far outflows,  
Then thy heart must take for ever

LESS THAN IT BESTOWS.

JEAN INGELOW.

*Poems ; First Series.* (Longmans.)

#### DANGEROUS PLAYTHINGS.

MAIDENS are fickle and hard to please,  
Butterflies dainty in plumage gay,  
Staying a moment to flirt and tease,  
Waking a longing, and then away.  
Dangerous playthings for idle hours,  
Seeming so harmless, but oh ! so deep,  
Armed with a legion of hidden pow'rs,  
Innocent only when fast asleep.

Young men are selfish, and cold, and hard,  
Looking for more than they give again,  
Jealous lest ought should their hopes retard,  
Making the most of a lover's pain.  
Dangerous playthings for idle hours,  
Seeming so constant, so firm, so true,  
Hiding life's thorns 'neath its gayest flowers,  
Painting their passion in rosy hue.

Yet there are hearts which are all they seem,  
Loyal and true to the inmost core,  
Looking on Love as a sacred theme,  
Not to be played with and trifled o'er.  
Dangerous playthings such hearts as these,  
Worthy indeed to be proudly won,  
Not to be sought for to fret and tease,  
Dangerous playthings to break in fun.

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

#### LOVE'S LANGUAGE.

THEIR little language the children  
Have, on the knee as they sit ;  
And only those who love them  
Can find the key to it.

The words thereof and the grammar  
Perplex the logician's art ;  
But the heart goes straight with the meaning,  
And the meaning is clear to the heart.

So thou, my Love, hast a language  
That, in little, says all to me :—  
But the world cannot guess the sweetness  
Which is hidden with Love and thee.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

*Lyrical Poems.* (Macmillan and Co.)

SPORT not with love, if thou art wise ;  
Sport not with love !—a spark is pretty ;  
But give it breath, and lo ! it flies  
Rampant abroad, and flames a city !  
If the fair maid may not be thine,  
From love's luxurious pasture turn thee,  
Or those fair eyes that beam benign  
Shall grow a scorching flame to burn thee !

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

*Lyrical Poems.* (D. Douglas, Edinburgh)

## A GIRL'S LOVE-SONG.

It was an April morning  
 When my true love went out ;  
 The wind had never a warning ;  
 The sky had never a doubt.  
 Leaves and blossoms were lustres  
 On oak and maple and beech ;  
 Hopes were hanging in clusters  
 A little out of reach.

He wandered—he and no other—  
 Down by the little white brook ;  
 The stones sang one to another,  
 " A king is coming ; look !"  
 The brook said, laughing and leaping,  
 " Peep, and you shall see."  
 Through the leaves he went peeping,  
 And there he saw—Me.

Saw me, took me, crowned me,  
 There, as I stood in my shame ;  
 I knew that he had found me,  
 Before I knew his name.  
 I went where I was fated,  
 Dumb with fear and surprise.  
 A week and a day I waited,  
 Before I saw his eyes.

I gave him never a whisper  
 For all the words he said ;  
 The brook was a pleasant lisper,  
 It talked to him instead.  
 Brook, you told my emotion,  
 Hearing him plight his vow !  
 Brook, you have not a notion  
 What I feel for him now !

M. B. SMEDLEY.  
*Poems.* (Strahan.)

~~~~~  
 SHE was fresh and she was fair,  
 Glossy was her golden hair ;  
 Like a blue spot in the sky  
 Was her clear and loving eye.

He was true and he was bold,  
 Full of mirth as he could hold ;  
 Thro' the world he broke his way  
 With jest, and laugh, and lightsome lay.

Love ye wisely, love ye well ;  
 Challenge then the gates of hell.  
 Love and truth can ride it out,  
 Come bridal song or battle shout.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR.  
*Edwin the Fair.* (Kegan Paul and Co.)

~~~~~  
 As thou hono'rest Love—so will Love honour thee.

LORD HOUGHTON.  
*Poetical Works.*

## SONG.

~~~~~  
 LOVE laid his sleepless head  
 On a thorny rosy bed ;  
 And his eyes with tears were red,  
 And pale his lips as the dead.

And fear and sorrow and scorn  
 Kept watch by his head forlorn.  
 Till the night was overworn  
 And the world was merry with morn.

And joy came up with the day  
 And kissed Love's lips as he lay,  
 And the watchers ghostly and grey  
 Sped from his pillow away.

And his eyes as the dawn grew bright,  
 And his lips waxed ruddy as light :  
 Sorrow may reign for a night,  
 But day shall bring back delight.

A. C. SWINBURNE.  
*Poems and Ballads ; Second Series.*  
 (Chatto and Windus.)

~~~~~  
 . . . Lovers in their quaintë gears,  
 Now in the crop, and now down in the breres,  
 Now up, now down, as bucket in a well.

G. CHAUCER.

## NOT A MATCH.

~~~~~  
 KITTY, sweet and seventeen,  
 Pulls my hair and calls me " Harry ;"  
 Hints that I am young and green,  
 Wonders if I wish to marry.

Only tell me what reply  
 Is the best reply for Kitty?  
 She's but seventeen—and I—  
 I am forty—more's the pity.  
 Twice at least my Kitty's age  
 (Just a trifle over maybe)—  
 I am sober, I am sage;  
 Kitty nothing but a baby.  
 She is merriment and mirth,  
 I am wise and gravely witty;  
 She's the dearest thing on earth,  
 I am forty—more's the pity.  
 She adores my pretty rhymes,  
 Calls me "poet" when I write them;  
 And she listens oftentimes  
 Half an hour when I recite them.  
 Let me scribble by the page  
 Sonnet, ode, or lover's ditty;  
 Seventeen is Kitty's age—  
 I am forty—more's the pity.

HENRY S. LEIGH.  
 (*Gillott and Goosequill.*)

~~~~~  
 LOVE that asketh love again,  
 Finds the barter nought but pain;  
 Love that giveth in full store,  
 Aye receives as much, and more.

Love, exacting nothing back,  
 Never knoweth any lack;  
 Love, compelling love to pay,  
 Sees him bankrupt every day.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,  
 GENTLEMAN."  
*Thirty Years.* (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
 TEMPORA MUTANTUR, NOS ET  
 MUTAMUR IN ILLIS.

I ONCE believed those simple folk  
 Who hold love a reality;  
 And marriage not a social yoke  
 Of mere conventionality.

I thought the light of maidens' eyes,  
 Their smiles and all the rest,  
 Were *not* mere baits to catch rich flies  
 And landed interest.

I once believed (which only shows  
 My most refreshing greenness)  
 That breaking faith and breaking vows  
 Came little short of meanness.

I once believed that matrimony  
 Was linking hearts and fates;  
 And *not* transferring sums of money  
 And joining large estates.

I once imagined (in my youth)  
 That not to keep a carriage  
 Was no impediment forsooth  
 To any happy marriage.

I also fancied (but I own  
 My verdure was delicious)  
 That trampling young affections down  
 Was positively vicious.

I did not think the Greeks were right—  
 Before I worshipped Mammon—  
 Who in declining marriage, write  
 The accusative case γάμον.

The past ideas agree but ill  
 With our enlightened present;  
 The lesson must be learnt, but still  
 The learning was not pleasant.

Good qualities girls don't expect,  
 Or bodily or mental;  
 You seldom find much intellect  
 Go with a princely rental.

True love is an exploded thing,  
 Fit only for romances;  
 Who ever heard of marrying  
 A man without finances?

In short I disbelieve them all,  
 Those doctrines fundamental  
 I learnt when I was very small,  
 And very sentimental.

J. H. GIBBS.  
*The Quadrilateral.* (A volume of poems by three  
 Oxford friends.)

~~~~~  
 LOVE seeketh not itself to please,  
 Nor for itself hath any care,  
 But for another gives its ease.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

THERE is travel deep in woods,  
And travel high in air,  
And travel over wide green seas,  
And amid the cities fair.

You may follow the wandering swallow,  
Or the passionate nightingale,  
Dip for pearls with the diver,  
Into the sunset sail.

But more than yield the wide seas,  
More than the air above,  
A man may find in his own heart  
And the heart of his own true love.

MORTIMER COLLINS.  
*Frances.*

~~~~~

### SONG.

GIVE me back my heart, fair child ;  
To you as yet 'tis worth but little :  
Half beguiler, half beguiled,  
Be you warned : your own is brittle !  
I know it by your redd'ning cheeks—  
I know it by those two black streaks  
Arching up your pearly brows  
In a momentary laughter,  
Stretched in long and dark repose  
With a sigh the moment after.

“ Hid it ! dropt it on the moors !  
Lost it, and you cannot find it.”  
My own heart I want, not yours :  
You have bound and must unbind it.  
Set it free then from your net,  
We will love, sweet—but not yet !  
Fling it from you :—we are strong :  
Love is trouble, love is folly :  
Love, that makes an old heart young,  
Makes a young heart melancholy.

AUBREY DEVERE.

*Poems, Miscellaneous and Sacred.* (Burns and Oates.)

~~~~~

### TOO HOT.

CLAD in white flannel, and lolling most lazily  
Down in the bows of our slow-drifting boat,  
Watching the gnats as they skim about maziily  
Over our heads, as in silence we float—

Topaz-hued cider-cup cool and delectable  
Stands by my head (a right excellent *brew*),  
While 'twixt my lips rests a very respectable  
Weed, that I'm sure in Havana once grew.

Opposite me in diaphanous drapery,  
Some one is seated pretending to steer,  
Daintily toying with spoils from the grapery,  
Paying small heed to our shallop's career.

Thus at our ease we float onward deliciously,  
Thinking of nothing and hardly awake,  
Save when a wasp all unasked and officiously  
Strives in his way our acquaintance to make.

When we embarked I had views matrimonial,  
Meaning to ask my companion to wed,  
Soon all is changed, for the heat—*Torrid-sonial*—  
Drives such intentions right out of my head.

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

~~~~~

### THE LOVER'S DAY.

GORSE-PLAINS that flower their gold into the streams  
Beneath the open blossom of the sky ;  
Sea-floods that weave their blue and purple seams ;  
White sails that lift the billows as they fly :  
Not these in their abounding rapture vie  
With love's diviner dreams.

Those lovers tire not when the sun is pale ;  
No statelier awning than a bristled tree  
With branches cedared by the salten gale,  
Stretched back, as if with wings that cannot flee:  
They linger, and the sun departs by sea ;  
He spreads his crimson sail.

They watch him as he piles his busy deck  
With golden treasure ; as his sail expands ;  
They see him sink ; they gaze upon the wreck  
Through the still twilight of the silvery sands.  
One cloud is left to the deserted lands :  
The blue-set moon's cold-fleck.

They linger though the pageant hath gone by :  
The opal cloud is lit o'er sea and plain ;  
The moon is full of one day's memory,  
And tells the tale of Nature o'er again,  
Its glory mingled in the soul's refrain  
Under that lover's sky.

THOMAS GORDON HAKE.

*Legends of the Morrow.* (Chatto and Windus.)

## JEALOUSY.

NOR tigress freshly of her whelps bereaved,  
 NOR usurer by debtor's flight deceived,  
 NOR client in whose face great doors are slammed,  
 NOR author of a play distinctly damned,  
 NOR tenor hissed upon his favourite note,  
 NOR candidate defeated by one vote,  
 NOR débutante before a crushing "quiz,"  
 IS half so savage as a woman is,  
 WHEN, in that mean caprice which often sways her,  
 SHE bid her lover "Go!"—*and he obeys her.*

ROBERT REECE.

*Undine.*

## LOVE'S STRESS.

ABOUT my love, oh Love, why do I sing?  
 Can'st thou by my weak words my great love  
 know,  
 Or can I hope that any words should show  
 The exquisite interchange of June with Spring,  
 That makes thy sweet soul the divine, strange thing  
 Of which no man the memory lets go  
 Once having known? What breath have I to  
 blow  
 The clarion with thy praises echoing?  
 I sing not for thy sake, nor for men's sake—  
 I do but sing to ease my soul from stress  
 Of love, and thy deep, passionate loveliness:  
 So in some great despair our hearts must break,  
 But for our bitter sobs and frantic cries,  
 Sent out against the inaccessible skies.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

[From *Time*, by kind permission of Messrs. Kelly and Co.]

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

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

## AN INTERLUDE.

[EXTRACT.]

IN the greenest growth of the Maytime,  
 I rode where the woods were wet,  
 Between the dawn and the daytime;  
 The spring was glad that we met.

There was something the season wanted,  
 Though the ways and the woods smelt sweet;  
 The breath at your lips that panted,  
 The pulse of the grass at your feet.

You came, and the sun came after,  
 And the green grew golden above;  
 And the flag-flowers lightened with laughter,  
 And the meadow-sweet shook with love.

Your feet in the full-grown grasses  
 Moved soft as a weak wind blows;  
 You passed me as April passes,  
 With face made out of a rose.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

*Poems and Ballads; First Series.*

(Chatto and Windus.)

## WHITE ROSES.

SHE sat by her open piano,  
 Under lavish gold of her hair,  
 And loosed the tide of her playing  
 On the stillness of evening air:  
 Like a spring-tide surging and spreading,  
 In celestial strength and grace,  
 From her magical floating fingers,  
 And the peace of her white-rose face.

Ah! what words for that saintly music,  
 With divine unconsciousness played?  
 In a trance the starlight listened,  
 And the lawns, and the laurel shade.  
 It was now like the roar of billows,  
 With a diamond spray breaking through,  
 Now tenderly soft, and wondrous  
 As the birth of the summer dew.

Too brief was that glimpse of heaven,  
 Like an angel's visit it passed;  
 Pure notes dropped, slowly and starlike,  
 And she blushed—blue-eyed—at the last.  
 But I could remember her ever  
 By that rapturous, melodied space,  
 By the sunset cloud of her tresses,  
 And the dream on her white-rose face.

WILLIAM WILKINS.

*Songs of Study.* (K. Paul.)

DEPRECIATING HER BEAUTY.

I LOVE not thy perfections. When I hear  
Thy beauty blazoned, and the common tongue  
Cheapening with vulgar praise a lip, an ear,  
A cheek that I have prayed to ;—when among  
The loud world's gods my god is noised and sung,  
Her wit applauded, even her taste, her dress,  
Her each dear hidden marvel lightly flung  
At the world's feet and stripped to nakedness—  
Then I despise thy beauty utterly,  
Crying, " Be these your gods, O Israel !"  
And I remember that on such a day  
I found thee with eyes bleared and cheeks all pale,  
And lips that trembled to a voiceless cry,  
And that thy bosom in my bosom lay.

*Love Sonnets of Proteus.* (K. Paul.)

~~~~~

WHILE roses are so red,  
While lilies are so white,  
Shall a woman exalt her face,  
Because it gives delight ?  
She's not so sweet as a rose,  
A lily's straighter than she,  
And if she were as red or white,  
She'd be but one of three.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.  
*Poems.* (Macmillan and Co.)

~~~~~

FALSE OR TRUE ?

TRUTH frequently lies, I've oft heard tell,  
In deepest depths of a deep, deep well :  
Can you imagine it always lies  
In fathomless depths of sweet brown eyes ?

J. ASHBY-STERRY.  
*Boudoir Ballads.* (Chatto and Windus.)

~~~~~

CROCUS-GATHERING.

COME, gather the crocus-cups with me,  
And dream of the summer coming :  
Saffron and purple and snowy white,  
All awake to the first bee's humming.

The white is there for the maiden-heart,  
And the purple is there for sorrow :  
The saffron is there for the true true love,  
And they'll all be dead to-morrow.

SEBASTIAN EVANS.  
*Brother Fabian's Manuscript.* (Macmillan and Co.)

~~~~~

VIOLETS AT HOME.

O HAPPY buds of violet !  
I give them to my sweet, and she  
Puts them where something sweeter yet  
Must always be.

White violets find whiter rest :  
For fairest flowers how fair a fate !  
For me remain, O fragrant breast !  
Inviolate.

MORTIMER COLLINS.  
*The Inn of Strange Meetings.* (K. Paul.)

~~~~~

[EXTRACT.]

LOVE, like an odour-bearing dew, distils  
From her heart's flower, and with its innocence  
Sweetens her soul, and all her senses fills  
With the new, heavenly sense.  
Soon is her face with the love-witchery lit,  
But when another comes its sweets to glean  
It strives with bashful veil to cover it  
Lest her new thoughts be seen.

She is all love and one her love would claim,  
Which 'neath his look she trembles to confess,  
As if her heart had sinned and in its shame  
Was stricken passionless.  
As though the hills were on her eyelids piled  
She stood abashed, in all her thoughts reproved  
To feel but yesterday she was a child  
In sight of him she loved.

Her thoughts are only tendril-like entwined  
One with another, clinging as in play,  
And dare not yet about a lover's wind,  
But, shrinking, drop away.  
Even thus perturbed, such love-allurements crowd  
Her helpless face, no man, the least of these  
Could dwell on, were he to an angel vowed,  
And turn away in peace.

THOMAS GORDON HAKE.  
*Maiden Ecstasy.* (Chatto and Windus.)



## SAYNTE VALENTYNE: HYS DAYE.

A CROCUS here, a snowdrop there,  
 A breath of Winter in the air;  
 In windless hollows hopeful hints  
 Of later Spring's transmuted tints;  
 In valley dank, on chilly down,  
 The green grass climbing through the brown;  
 These, and the ever busy birds,  
 Proclaim in signs and chirping words:—  
   'Tis "Valentyne Hys Daye!" time  
     To clothe the mating hours  
 With fragrance as of Maytime,  
   Or Shakespeare's sweetest flowers.

Shy boy and coyly-conscious maid—  
 She knows, the elf, he's half afraid  
 To ask, in borrowed, limping line,  
 Her smile, "His first, best Valentine!"  
 The ruthless Saynte their hearts hath ta'en  
 And filled them with delicious pain,  
 Hath led them on bound eyes and feet  
 Into the land of Bitter-Sweet—  
   Where "Valentyne Hys Daye" wears  
     A very April face,  
 And many a blooming spray bears  
   Of tempest just a trace.

Thy custom, Saynte, it speaks the truth,  
 When Manhood overtaketh Youth!  
 When she, in her maturest teens,  
 Feels freshly what the homage means.  
 A ritual rich in murmured sounds!  
 Songs whose sweet music hath no bounds!  
 Come, precious Saynte, restore in rhyme  
 The spirit of the knightliest time;  
   Till "Valentyne Hys Daye" hath  
     Acquired the gentle glow  
 That glorifies the grey path  
   Which tender lovers know!

Shrive the sad soul that doth not stir  
 If not a present worshipper—  
 The heart that, young in feelings yet,  
 One dawning dear cannot forget.  
 Come, father, own the tender thrill,—  
 Now, mother, you've his offering still!  
 "Saynte Valentyne!" Threescore and ten—  
 Thy name doth make them young again!

"Saynte Valentyne Hys Daye!" time  
 To clothe the passing hours  
 With memories of Life's Maytime,  
 And Love's undying flowers!

BYRON WEBBER.

## PROPHETIC BIRDS.

ON May-morn two lovers stood  
 For the first time in the wood;  
 And lip wooed lip, and heart wooed heart,  
 Till words must cease, and tears must start;  
 And overhead in the rustling green  
 The birds talked over their fate unseen.

"Sure," said the thrush, "we'll wed them soon;"  
 "Yea," said the turtle-dove, "in June;"  
 "They'll make fine sport ere the year is out,"  
 Said the magpie between a laugh and a shout.  
 And heedlessly the lovers heard  
 The senseless babble of bird with bird.

"Sure," croaked the jackdaw, "in July  
 They'll quarrel, or no daw am I—  
 Why, let them, since they are but men;"  
 "They can make it up though," quoth the wren.  
 And heedlessly the lovers heard  
 A senseless babble of bird with bird.

"Love with them shall be sweet, ere sad,"  
 Said the goldfinch,— "August shall make them glad."  
 "Yea," said the oriole, "one rich noon  
 They shall lengthen love in a golden swoon."  
 And all this while the lovers heard  
 But a senseless babble of bird with bird.

"My news is from Prince Popinjay,"  
 Sighed the hoopoe. "Ah! one August day  
 They shall dream in the sunset, and fall asleep,  
 And one shall awake from the dream to weep."  
 And heedlessly the lovers heard  
 This senseless babble of bird with bird.

But a nightingale in a far-off shade  
 That moment silenced the chattering glade,  
 And sang like an angel from above  
 Some mystic song of eternal love.  
 And all this singing the lovers heard  
 As the senseless babble of bird with bird.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

*Music and Moonlight.* (Chatto and Windus.)

UNDECIDED.

WHEN one thing only I can do,  
I'm fully satisfied ;  
But should there happen to be two,  
I never can decide.  
I'm very changeable ; my views  
Are never well defined ;  
I can't accept, I can't refuse,  
I can't make up my mind.

A pair of Cupid's shafts have run  
My heart completely through,  
Most people are in love with one,  
But I'm in love with two.  
I'm sure they're both in love with me,  
They're both so very kind—  
But still, to be or not to be,  
I can't make up my mind.

The one is dark, the other fair ;  
Yet both are fair to view :  
The one has lots of raven hair,  
The other's eyes are blue.  
The one is gushing (so they say),  
The other more refined ;  
Yet each is lovely in her way—  
I can't make up my mind.

I'll read the paper : what, by Jove !  
They're married ! each of them  
To some infernal happy cove,  
Whose taste I can't condemn.  
They're married ! yes, for weal or woe  
The registries are signed :  
But whether they were wise or no,  
I can't make up my mind.

EDWIN HAMILTON.

*Dublin Doggerels.* (W. McGee, Dublin.)

WISHES TO HIS SUPPOSED MISTRESS.

[EXTRACT.]

I WISH her beauty  
That owes not all its duty  
To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie ;  
Something more than  
Taffeta or tissue can,  
Or rampant feather, or rich fan ;

More than the spoil  
Of shop, or silkworms' toil,  
Or a bought blush, or a set smile.  
A face that's best  
By its own beauty drest,  
And can alone command the rest ;  
A face made up  
Out of no other shop  
Than what nature's white hand sets ope.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

FIRST LOVE REMEMBERED.

PEACE in her chamber, wheresoe'er  
It be, a holy place :  
The thought still brings my soul such grace  
As morning meadows wear.

Whether it still be small and light,  
A maid's who dreams alone,  
As from her orchard-gate the moon  
Its ceiling showed at night :

Or whether, in a shadow dense  
As nuptial hymns invoke,  
Innocent maidenhood awoke  
To married innocence :

There still the thanks unheard await  
The unconscious gift bequeathed :  
For there my soul this hour has breathed  
An air inviolate.

DANTE G. ROSSETTI.

*Poems.* (Ellis and White.)

AMARYLLIS I did woo,  
And I courted Phyllis too ;  
Daphne for her love I chose,  
Chloris, for that damask rose  
In her cheek, I held so dear,  
Yea, a thousand liked well near ;  
And, in love with all together,  
Feared the enjoying either :  
'Cause to be of one possessed,  
Barred the hope of all the rest.

GEORGE WITHER.

A SWEET disorder in the dress  
 Kindles in clothes a wantonness ;  
 A lawn about the shoulders thrown  
 Into a fine distraction ;  
 An erring lace, which here and there  
 Enthrals the crimson stomacher ;  
 A cuff neglectful, and thereby  
 Ribbons to flow confusedly ;  
 A winning wave, deserving note,  
 In the tempestuous petticoat ;  
 A careless shoe-string, in whose tie  
 I see a wild civility ;—  
 Do more bewitch me, than when art  
 Is too precise in every part.

ROBERT HERRICK.

~~~~~  
 PALINODIA.

"Nec meus hic sermo est, sed quem præcepit"—HORACE.

THERE was a time, when I could feel  
 All passion's hopes and fears ;  
 And tell what tongues can ne'er reveal  
 By smiles, and sighs, and tears.  
 The days are gone ! no more—no more  
 The cruel Fates allow ;  
 And, though I'm hardly twenty-four,—  
 I'm not a lover now.  
     Lady, the mist is on my sight,  
     The chill is on my brow ;  
     My day is night, my bloom is blight ;  
     I'm not a lover now !

I never talk about the clouds,  
 I laugh at girls and boys,  
 I'm growing rather fond of crowds,  
 And very fond of noise ;  
 I never wander forth alone  
 Upon the mountain's brow ;  
 I weighed, last winter, sixteen stone ;—  
 I'm not a lover now !

I never wish to raise a veil,  
 I never raise a sigh ;  
 I never tell a tender tale,  
 I never tell a lie :  
 I cannot kneel, as once I did ;  
 I've quite forgot my bow ;  
 I never do as I am bid ;—  
 I'm not a lover now !

I make strange blunders every day,  
 If I would be gallant ;  
 Take smiles for wrinkles, black for grey,  
 And nieces for their aunt :  
 I fly from folly, though it flows  
 From lips of loveliest glow ;  
 I don't object to length of nose ;—  
 I'm not a lover now !

I find my Ovid very dry,  
 My Petrarch quite a pill,  
 Cut Fancy for Philosophy,  
 Tom Moore for Mr. Mill.  
 And belles may read, and beaux my write,—  
 I care not who or how ;  
 I burnt my album, Sunday night ;—  
 I'm not a lover now.

I don't encourage idle dreams  
 Of poison or of ropes ;  
 I cannot dine on airy schemes ;  
 I cannot sup on hopes :  
 New milk, I own, is very fine,  
 Just foaming from the cow ;  
 But yet, I want my pint of wine ;—  
 I'm not a lover now !

When Laura sings young hearts away,  
 I'm deafer than the deep ;  
 When Leonora goes to play,  
 I sometimes go to sleep ;  
 When Mary draws her white gloves out,  
 I never dance, I vow,—  
 "Too hot to kick one's heels about !"  
 I'm not a lover now !

I'm busy, now, with state affairs ;  
 I prate of Pitt and Fox ;  
 I ask the price of rail-road shares,  
 I watch the turns of stocks.  
 And this is life ! no verdure blooms  
 Upon the withered bough ;  
 I save a fortune in perfumes ;—  
 I'm not a lover now !

I may be yet, what others are,  
 A boudoir's babbling fool,  
 The flattered star of Bench or Bar,  
 A party's chief, or tool :—



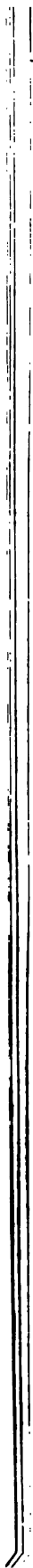


[Painted by G. F. WERNERER.]

RAYMOND TUCK AND SONS.

“ Oh, wandering river that my love and I  
Behold to-day through many a leafy screen.”





Come shower or sunshine, hope or fear,  
The palace or the plough,—  
My heart and lute are broken here ;  
I'm not a lover now !  
Lady, the mist is on my sight,  
The chill is on my brow,  
My day is night, my bloom is blight ;  
I'm not a lover now !

W. M. PRAED.  
*Poems.* (Ward and Lock.)

AH me ! the little tyrant thief,  
As once my heart was playing,  
He snatch'd it up, and flew away,  
Laughing at all my praying.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

. . . WHAT'S his intention, I wish I could know,  
For I'd rather be married than plagued by him  
so.

UNKNOWN.

THERE'S no extinguishing  
Love's sturdy flame by puff of human breath,  
Blow we hot or cold.

ALFRED AUSTIN.  
*Tower of Babel.* (Blackwood.)

LYNMOUTH.

[EXTRACT.]

I TAKE my love's hand ; looking in her eyes,  
I strive to speak, but the thought grows too vast—  
I.O ! a bird helps me out with it ; she sighs ;  
Sing on, sweet bird, 'twill reach her heart at  
last !

Oh, torrent, say thou art this heart of mine,  
Strong, rapid, overwhelming ; I will break  
Life's very rocks with rage akin to thine,  
And vanquish, ever striving for her sake.

Oh, bird, sing thou art even the voice my heart  
Will find to woo her life through day by day,  
So that she hearing never shall depart,  
And the long way shall seem a little way.

Oh, wandering river that my love and I  
Behold to-day through many a leafy screen,  
Tell her that life shall be a gliding by,  
A course like thine through this enchanted scene.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

*Songs of a Worker.* (Chatto and Windus.)

[By kind permission of the Rev. A. W. Newport Deacon  
and Messrs. Chatto and Windus.]

'GAINST male self-will there is no argument  
That is not overborne. He would not listen.  
A man knows all before a woman speaks.

ALFRED AUSTIN.  
*Tower of Babel.* (Blackwood.)

ALL the vows that ever men have broke,  
In number more than ever women spoke.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.  
*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

THE POPLAR.

AY, here stands the Poplar, so tall and so stately,  
On whose tender rind—'twas a little one then—  
We carved *her* initials ; though not very lately—  
We think in the year eighteen hundred and ten.

Yes, here is the G which proclaimed Georgiana ;  
Our heart's empress then ; see, 'tis grown all  
askew ;

And it's not without grief we perforce entertain a  
Conviction, it now looks much more like a Q.

This should be the great D too, that once stood  
for Dobbin,

Her loved patronymic—ah ! can it be so ?  
Its once fair proportions, time, too, has been  
robbing ;

A D?—we'll be *Deed* if it isn't an O !

Alas ! how the soul sentimental it vexes,  
That thus on our labours stern *Chronos* should  
frown,

Should change our soft liquids to izzards and Xes,  
And turn true-love's alphabet all upside down !

R. H. BARHAM.  
*Ingoldsby Legends.* (Bentley.)

[Messrs. R. Bentley and Son, to whose courtesy I am  
indebted for permission to print this and the subsequent  
extracts from the "Ingoldsby Legends," have recently pub-  
lished a sixpenny illustrated edition of that delightful book.]



ONE star only for Love's heaven ;  
 One rose only for Love's breast ;  
 One love only to be given.

Star that gathers all stars' glory ;  
 Rose all sweetness of the rest ;  
 Love that is all life's glad story.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

*The Auspicious Day.* (Macmillan and Co.)

~~~~~  
 TO PHŒBE.

"GENTLE, modest little flower,  
 Sweet epitome of May,  
 Love me but for half an hour,  
 Love me, love me, little fay."  
 Sentences so fiercely flaming  
 In your tiny shell-like ear,  
 I should always be exclaiming  
 If I loved you, PHŒBE dear.

"Smiles that thrill from any distance  
 Shed upon me while I sing !  
 Please ecstaticize existence,  
 Love me, oh, thou fairy thing !"  
 Words like these, outpouring sadly,  
 You'd perpetually hear,  
 If I loved you fondly, madly ;—  
 But I do not, PHŒBE dear.

W. S. GILBERT.

*The "Bab" Ballads.* (Routledge.)

~~~~~  
 A TRANSCENDENTAL egotism, Love,—  
 Which deifies a dearer self, and makes  
 The heart a shrine, pure for the sake of it ;  
 Upon whose altar self by self is slain,  
 And adoration crowned by sacrifice.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

*The Tower of Babel.* (Blackwood.)

~~~~~  
 TWO KISSES.

THE weird grey light on the window  
 Glimmered and glowed through the rain,  
 As we watched for the hour of parting ;  
 And I kissed her with kisses twain ;

Once on the brow for sorrow,  
 And once on the lips for love ;  
 And I passed, with a light in my heart-deeps,  
 And a God in the heavens above.

ALEXANDER R. EAGAR.

~~~~~  
 A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS.

LOVE me, Sweet, with all thou art,  
 Feeling, thinking, seeing ;  
 Love me in the lightest part,  
 Love me in full being.

Love me with thine open youth  
 In its frank surrender ;  
 With the vowing of thy mouth,  
 With its silence tender.

Love me with thine azure eyes,  
 Made for earnest granting ;  
 Taking colour from the skies,  
 Can Heaven's truth be wanting ?

Love me with their lids, that fall  
 Snow-like at first meeting ;  
 Love me with thine heart, that all  
 Neighbours then see beating.

Love me with thine hand stretched out  
 Freely—open-minded :  
 Love me with thy loitering foot,  
 Hearing one behind it.

Love me with thy voice, that turns  
 Sudden faint above me ;  
 Love me with thy blush that burns  
 When I murmur, *Love me !*

Love me with thy thinking soul,  
 Break it to love-sighing ;  
 Love me with thy thoughts that roll  
 On through living—dying.

Love me in thy gorgeous airs,  
 When the world has crowned thee ;  
 Love me, kneeling at thy prayers,  
 With the angels round thee.

Love me pure, as musers do,  
 Up the woodlands shady :  
 Love me gaily, fast and true,  
 As a winsome lady.

Through all hopes that keep us brave,  
Further off or nigher,  
Love me for the house and grave,  
And for something higher.

Thus, if thou wilt prove me, Dear,  
Woman's love no fable,  
I will love *thee*—half a year—  
As a man is able.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.  
*Poems.* (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

ALAS for hourly change! Alas for all  
The loves that from his hand proud youth lets  
fall,

Even as the beads of a told rosary!

DANTE G. ROSSETTI.  
*Ballads and Sonnets.* (Ellis and White.)

THIS test for love;—in every kiss sealed fast  
To feel the first kiss and forebode the last.

DANTE G. ROSSETTI.  
*Ballads and Sonnets.* (Ellis and White.)

THE lover, if for certain days,  
His fair one be beyond his gaze,  
Sinks not in grief and wild amaze,  
But, wiser wooer,  
He spends his time in writing lays,  
And posts them to her.

LEWIS CARROLL.  
*Phantasmagoria.* (Macmillan.)

I HAD a heart  
And a doll at five years old. I played with them  
Till I out-grew such trifles. Who can tell  
Under what dust of broken toys they lie?  
Let no man dig them out; I should not know  
them.

M. B. SMEDLEY.  
*Poems.* (Strahan.)

#### STOP THIEF!

My heart is yours. What can you want with *two*  
*Hearts?* oh you traitor, you!  
What can you keep a second heart to do?

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

#### AT TWO-AND-TWENTY.

MARIAN, May, and Maud  
Have not past me by,—  
Archèd foot, and mobile mouth,  
And bronze-brown eye!

When my hair is grey,  
Then I shall be wise;  
Then, thank Heaven! I shall not care  
For bronze-brown eyes.

Then let Maud and May  
And Marian pass me by:  
So they do not scorn me now,  
What care I?

T. B. ALDRICH.  
*Cloth of Gold.* (Routledge.)

WHEN the rose of thine own being  
Shall reveal its central fold,  
Thou shalt look within and marvel,  
Fearing what thine eyes behold;  
What it shows and what it teaches  
Are not things wherewith to part;  
Thorny rose! that always costeth  
Beatings at the heart.

JEAN INGELOW.  
*Poems; First Series.* (Longmans.)

#### THE CROWN OF LOVE.

I WOULD be a goddess in  
The light of those dear eyes,  
Apt to hold you as to win,  
All-beautiful, all-wise.  
Pray you wherefore should you deem  
This a vain and idle dream?  
Purblind love which cannot see  
That woman still to man may be  
Whatever she can seem!

I would win your tender trust,  
But not to keep you still  
Kneeling lowly in the dust  
Obedient to my will;  
Nor to surfeit all my days  
On the nectar of your praise;

Or to hear it sung so high  
That the idle passer-by  
Paused to hear your lays.  
I but ask you for your faith  
That, wounded by the herd,  
I may bring you healing with  
The magic of a word ;  
Pray you to believe me so  
That in darkness, doubt or woe,  
I may guide you when you grope,  
Light you with my stronger hope,  
Warm you with my glow.

I would have you love me well  
That, fainting in the strife,  
Kiss of mine should be a spell  
To win you back to life ;  
Love me so that day or night  
I could shut the world from sight,  
Keep it out with woven arms,  
Or subdue it with my charms  
As a goddess might !

Love ! my worth will wax or wane  
As your light shall shine ;  
Now a homely thing, or vain,  
Now almost divine.  
Lorn of love my hands hang down,  
I am nothing when you frown ;  
Hold me fair and keep me great,  
With your faithfulness for state,  
And your love for crown !

EMILY PFEIFFER.

*Sonnets and Songs.* (C. Kegan Paul and Co.)

~~~~~  
A VALENTINE.

TO THE HON. M. C. STANHOPE.

HAIL, day of music, day of Love,  
On earth below, in air above.  
In air the turtle fondly moans,  
The linnet pipes in joyous tones ;  
On earth the postman toils along,  
Bent double by huge bales of song,  
Where, rich with many a gorgeous dye,  
Blazes all Cupid's heraldry—  
Myrtles and roses, doves and sparrows,  
Love-knots and altars, lamps and arrows.  
What nymph without wild hopes and fears  
The double rap this morning hears ?

Unnumbered lasses, young and fair,  
From Bethnal Green to Belgrave Square,  
With cheeks high flushed, and hearts loud beating,  
Await the tender annual greeting.  
The loveliest lass of all is mine—  
Good morrow to my Valentine !  
Good morrow, gentle child ! and then  
Again good morrow, and again,  
Good morrow following still good morrow,  
Without one cloud of strife or sorrow.  
And when the god to whom we pay  
In jest our homages to-day,  
Shall come to claim, no more in jest,  
His rightful empire o'er thy breast,  
Benignant may his aspect be,  
His yoke the truest liberty :  
And if a tear his power confess,  
Be it a tear of happiness.  
It shall be so. The Muse displays  
The future to her votary's gaze ;  
Prophetic rage my bosom swells—  
I taste the cake—I hear the bells !  
From Conduit Street the close array  
Of chariots barricades the way  
To where I see, with outstretched hand,  
Majestic, thy great kinsman stand,  
And half unbend his brow of pride,  
As welcoming so fair a bride.  
Gay favours, thick as flakes of snow,  
Brighten St. George's portico :  
Within I see the chancel's pale,  
The orange flowers, the Brussels veil,  
The page on which those fingers white,  
Still trembling from the awful rite,  
For the last time shall faintly trace  
The name of Stanhope's noble race.  
I see kind faces round thee pressing,  
I hear kind voices whisper blessing ;  
And with those voices mingles mine—  
All good attend my Valentine !

LORD MACAULAY.

~~~~~  
LOVE'S CALENDAR.

TALK of love in Vernal hours,  
When the landscape blushes  
With the dawning glow of flowers,  
While the early thrushes

Warble in the apple tree ;  
 When the primrose, springing  
 From the green bank, lulls the bee,  
 On its blossom swinging.

Talk of love in Summer-tide,  
 When thro' bosky shallows  
 Trills the streamlet—all its ide  
 Pranked with freckled mallows ;—  
 When in mossy lair of wrens  
 Tiny eggs are warming ;  
 When above the reedy fens  
 Dragon-gnats are swarming,

Talk of love in Autumn days,  
 When the fruit, all mellow,  
 Drops amid the ripening rays,  
 While the leaflets yellow  
 Circle in the sluggish breeze  
 With their portents bitter ;  
 When between the fading trees  
 Broader sunbeams glitter.

Talk of love in Winter-time,  
 When the hailstorm hurtles,  
 While the robin sparks of rime  
 Shakes from hardy myrtles ;  
 Never speak of love with scorn,  
 Such were direst treason ;  
 Love was made for eve and morn,  
 And for every season.

CHARLES KENT.

*Aletheia, and other Poems.* (Longman and Co.)

## TOUJOURS AMOUR.

PRITHEE tell me, Dimple-Chin !  
 At what age does Love begin ?  
 Your blue eyes have scarcely seen  
 Summers three, my fairy queen !  
 But a miracle of sweets,  
 Soft approaches, sly retreats,  
 Show the little archer there,  
 Hidden in your pretty hair ;  
 When didst learn a heart to win ?  
 Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin !

“ Oh ! ” the rosy lips reply,  
 “ I can't tell you if I try.  
 'Tis so long I can't remember :  
 Ask some younger lass than I ! ”

Tell, O tell me, Grizzled-Face !  
 Do your heart and head keep pace ?  
 When does hoary Love expire,  
 When do frosts put out the fire ?  
 Can its embers burn below  
 All that chill December snow ?  
 Care you still soft hands to press,  
 Bonny heads to smooth and bless ?  
 When does Love give up the chase ?  
 Tell, O tell me, Grizzled-Face !

“ Ah ! ” the wise old lips reply,—  
 “ Youth may pass and strength may die ;  
 But of Love I can't foretoken :  
 Ask some older sage than I ? ”

E. C. STEDMAN.

## VALENTINE'S DAY.

OH ! I wish I were a tiny brown bird from out  
 the south,  
 Settled among the alder-holts, and twittering by  
 the stream ;  
 I would put my tiny tail down, and put up my tiny  
 mouth,  
 And sing my tiny life away in one melodious  
 dream.

I would sing about the blossoms, and the sunshine  
 and the sky,  
 And the tiny wife I meant to have in such a cosy  
 nest ;  
 And if some one came and shot me dead, why  
 then I could but die,  
 With my tiny life and tiny song just ended at  
 their best.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.  
*Poems.* (Macmillan.)

## A HYMN TO BISHOP ST. VALENTINE.

[EXTRACT.]

THE day, the only day returns,  
 The true *redde letter* day returns,  
 When summer time in winter burns ;  
 When a February dawn  
 Is open'd by two sleeves in lawn  
 Fairer than Aurora's fingers,  
 And a burst of all bird singers,

And a shower of *billet-doux*,  
 Tinging cheeks with rosy hues,  
 And over all a face divine,  
 Face good-natured, face most fine,  
 Face most anti-saturnine,  
 Even thine, yea, even thine,  
 Saint of sweethearts, Valentine!

LEIGH HUNT.  
*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)

I LOVED : it was a photograph,  
 Blue eyes and golden hair :  
 An unaffected angel laugh  
 Made fairness doubly fair.  
 I wrote and offered her my hand  
 With lots of £. s. d.  
 Return of post brought answer, and  
 She had accepted me.

She came : the likeness had been good,  
 In eighteen sixty-one.  
 I almost wondered that it could  
 Have been so lately done.  
 She wished to keep her promise ; I  
 Refused, on various grounds ;  
 And still repent my folly :—why ?  
 It cost a thousand pounds.

EDWIN HAMILTON.  
*Dublin Doggerels.* (W. McGee, Dublin.)

SONG.

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,  
 Sing no sad songs for me ;  
 Plant thou no roses at my head,  
 Nor shady cypress tree :  
 Be the green grass above me  
 With showers and dewdrops wet ;  
 And if thou wilt, remember,  
 And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,  
 I shall not feel the rain ;  
 I shall not hear the nightingale  
 Sing on, as if in pain :

And dreaming through the twilight  
 That doth not rise nor set,  
 Haply I may remember,  
 And haply may forget.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.  
*Poems.* (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
 IF thou must love me, let it be for nought  
 Except for love's sake only. Do not say  
 " I love her for her smile—her look—her way  
 Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought  
 That falls in well with mine, and certes brought  
 A sense of pleasant ease on such a day"—  
 For these things in themselves, Belovèd, may  
 Be changed, or change for thee,—and love, so  
 wrought,

May be unwrought so. Neither love me for  
 Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,—  
 A creature might forget to weep, who bore  
 Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby ;  
 But love me for love's sake, that evermore  
 Thou may'st love on, through love's eternity.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING,  
 (Sonnets from the Portuguese.) *Poems.*  
 (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

~~~~~  
 THE clodded earth goes up in sweet-breathed  
 flowers,  
 In music dies poor human speech,  
 And into beauty blow those hearts of ours,  
 When Love is born in each.

Life is transfigured in the soft and tender  
 Light of Love, as a volume dun  
 Of rolling smoke becomes a wreathèd splendour  
 In the declining sun.

ALEXANDER SMITH.  
*A Life-Drama.* (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
 MY Love is the Flaming Sword  
 To fight through the world ;  
 Thy Love is the Shield to ward,  
 And the Armour of the Lord,  
 And the Banner of Heaven unfurled.

JAMES THOMSON.  
*City of Dreadful Night.* (Reeves and Turner.)

THE Wine of Love is Music,  
 And the Feast of Love is Song ;  
 And when Love sits down to the Banquet,  
     Love sits long :  
 Sits long, and ariseth drunken,  
 But not with the Feast and the Wine ;  
 He reeleth with His own Heart,  
     That great rich Vine.

JAMES THOMSON.

*City of Dreadful Night.* (Reeves and Turner.)

~~~~~  
 TRUE, she might be  
 A dainty partner in the game of lips,  
 Sweet'ning the honeymoon ; but what, alas !  
 When red hot youth cools down to iron man ?

ALEXANDER SMITH.

*A Life-Drama.* (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
 TAKINGS.

HE took her fancy when he came,  
 He took her hand, he took a kiss,  
 He took no notice of the shame  
 That glowed her happy cheek at this.

He took to come of afternoons,  
 He took an oath he'd ne'er deceive,  
 He took her master's silver spoons,  
 And after that he took his leave.

THOMAS HOOD THE YOUNGER.

*Poems, Humorous and Pathetic.*

(Chatto and Windus.)

[By kind permission of the Publishers.]

~~~~~  
 LOVE comes unseen,—we only see it go.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

*Vignettes in Rhyme.* (H. King and Co.)

~~~~~  
 NONE but Death loves the lips by Love forsaken.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

*Vignettes in Rhyme.* (H. King and Co.)

~~~~~  
 YES, wine is good, but Love is better still ;  
 For it assails the pulses of the heart  
 With swift yet soft suffusion. Love doth fill  
 Life's vacant hollows, worse than any smart,

With pleasant tumults, surging joys that thrill  
 The silent soul to music. 'Tis an art  
 Which maketh poets of us all ; we sing  
 Like Sappho's self, when Love once tunes the string.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

*Rome or Death.* (Blackwood.)

~~~~~  
 FOR Love is older far than all the Gods,  
 And will survive both Gods and men, and be  
 The Sovereign Ruler still, when nature nods,  
 And the scared stars through misty chaos flee—  
 Take Love away and we are brutal clods,  
 Blind, spelling out our fate without the key ;  
 Love, Love is our immortal part, and they  
 Who own it not are only walking clay.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

*Rome or Death.* (Blackwood.)

~~~~~  
 RETROSPECT.

[EXTRACT.]

THERE is no life so commonplace  
 But, if you search it, you shall find  
 A secret chamber of the mind,  
 Enshrining some fair sainted face,  
 Where worship still is done with tears  
 That freshen the grey dusky years.

That was its living water once,  
 Sweet-singing ever by the way,  
 And gleaming through its darkest day,—  
 The glory of its young Romance :  
 But O, the desert wastes that spread  
 Where Love lives on, and Hope is dead !

WALTER C. SMITH.

*Raban ; or, Life Splinters.* (J. Maclehoze, Glasgow.)

[By kind permission of the Author and the Publisher.]

~~~~~  
 VIOLET eyes and golden hair  
 Trap a heart, it hath no chances,  
 Tangled in the glossy snare,  
 Blinded by the timid glances ;  
 And so many ways they shape it,  
 Hardly may the heart escape it ;  
 If the victim seek to fly them,  
 Eyes will plead, who can deny them ?  
 Fear o'ercome, if he grow bold,  
 Eyes will be so icy cold

He must court the danger, willing,  
 To win them back to warmth and smiling ;  
 Vainly shall he seek for grace  
 At the fair tormentor's face,  
 She will hold without remorse,  
 Hold her prey by art or force ;  
 Then perchance she'll use it kindly,  
 Or perchance she'll lose it blindly,  
 Or she'll practise slight and wronging  
 Till the poor heart breaks for longing ;  
 What cares she? she had her sport,  
 There are others to be caught !

But, and if another trapper  
 Takes the little heart that lies  
 Hidden in the violet eyes  
 From the cloakings that enwrap her ;  
 If he wear her in his breast,  
 It may be he will have rest ;  
 There is cause to fear in sooth,  
 She may work him mickle ruth ;  
 She may weary or deceive him,  
 She may hold him light and leave him,  
 And his own heart then must go  
 After, if he will or no ;  
 Wheresoever she may be,  
 Must he follow, though she flee ;  
 Though she hide her in the tomb,  
 He must follow, 'tis his doom ;  
 When a man's true heart is given  
 From its mate 'tis vainly riven,  
 Never shall it come again,  
 They can never more be twain.

B. M. RANKING.

*Fair Rosamond.* (Provost.)

AH ! years may come, and years may bring  
 The truth that is not bliss,  
 But will they bring another thing  
 That will compare with this ?

A. H. CLOUGH.

*Poems.* (Macmillan.)

#### THE MOON'S MINION.

(*From the Prose of C. Baudelaire.*)

THINE eyes are like the sea, my dear,  
 The wand'ring waters, green and grey ;  
 Thine eyes are wonderful and clear,  
 And deep, and deadly, even as they ;

The spirit of the changeful sea  
 Informs thine eyes at night and noon,  
 She sways the tides, and the heart of thee,  
 The mystic, sad, capricious Moon !

The Moon came down the shining stair  
 Of clouds that fleck the summer sky,  
 She kissed thee, saying, " Child, be fair,  
 And madden men's hearts, even as I ;  
 Thou shalt love all things strange and sweet,  
 That know me and are known of me ;  
 The lover thou shalt never meet,  
 The land where thou shalt never be ! "

She held thee in her chill embrace,  
 She kissed thee with cold lips divine,  
 She left her pallor on thy face,  
 That mystic ivory face of thine ;  
 And now I sit beside thy feet,  
 And all my heart is far from thee,  
 Dreaming of her I shall not meet,  
 And of the land I shall not see !

A. LANG.

*XXII Ballades in Blue China.*

(Kegan Paul.)

#### A DREAM.

BENEATH the loveliest dream there coils a fear :—  
 Last night came she whose eyes are memories  
 now,  
 Her far-off gaze seemed all-forgetful how  
 Love dimmed them once ; so calm they shone and  
 clear.

" Sorrow (I said) hath made me old, my dear ;  
 'Tis I, indeed, but grief doth change the  
 brow,—  
 A love like mine a seraph's neck might bow,—  
 Vigils like mine would blanch an angel's hair."

Ah, then I saw, I saw the sweet lips move !  
 I saw the love-mists thickening in her eyes,—  
 I heard the wordless melodies of love  
 Like murmur of dreaming brooks in Paradise ;  
 And, when upon my neck she fell, my dove,  
 I knew her hair though heavy of amaranth-  
 spice.

THEODORE WATTS.

## BROWN EYES OR BLUE EYES.

BROWN eyes, or blue eyes, hazel or grey,  
 What are the eyes that I drink to, to-day?  
 Some seem to mock at us, some seem to frown—  
 Some, when we talk, cast their drooping lids down.  
 No matter their colour, I drink to the eyes  
 That weep when I weep, when I laugh laugh  
 replies!

Merry or scornful, angry or kind,  
 I love ev'ry mood, so the eyes be not blind!  
 For man's mood is changeful, and what should  
 he do,  
 If woman's, in sympathy, did not change too?  
 No matter their colour, I drink to the eyes  
 That weep when I weep, when I laugh laugh  
 replies!

Brown eyes, or grey eyes, hazel or blue,  
 We watch for them, live for them, die for them  
 too!  
 Stars of our morning, sunbeams through life,  
 Beacons in darkness, and danger, and strife.  
 No matter their colour, I drink to the eyes  
 That weep when I weep, when I laugh laugh  
 replies!

HAMILTON AÏDÉ.  
*Songs without Music.* (D. Bogue.)

## VOLUPSA'S HYMN.

(After an interview with her lover, in which she sees that  
 his love is departing from her.)

"Yet comes a moment that her pangs allays:  
 She sings to God, and, singing to Him, prays:"—

THE heavenly choirs to Thee belong,  
 Thou hearkenest to their holy song  
 Whose melody is Thine.

Then listen to a maiden's prayer:  
 The throbbings of her anguish bear,  
 That beat against Thy shrine.

Though far he wander from my heart,  
 Let not his love from me depart;  
 For Thou art distant too,  
 And fetchest me when I would pray,  
 And teachest me what words to say,  
 With contrite heart and true.

When all is told beyond the sky,  
 Then can he not the love deny  
 That from his bosom springs,  
 As doth Thy holy bird, the Dove,  
 When it the message of Thy love  
 To my lone sorrow brings.

THOMAS GORDON HAKE.

[This passage occurs in an unpublished poem, "The  
 Serpent Play: a Divine Pastoral."]



II.

PRO AMORE: IN AMOREM.

“Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go.”

THOMAS TUSSER.

THE OLD STORY OVER AGAIN.

WHEN I was a maid,  
Nor of lovers afraid,  
My mother cried, “Girl, never listen to men.”  
Her lectures were long,  
But I thought her quite wrong,  
And said I, “Mother, whom should I listen to, then?”

Now teaching, in turn,  
What I never could learn,  
I find, like my mother, my lessons all vain;  
Men ever deceive,  
Silly maidens believe,  
And still 'tis the old story over again.

So humbly they woo,  
What can poor maidens do,  
But keep them alive when they swear they must die?

Ah! who can forbear,  
As they weep in despair,  
Their crocodile tears in compassion to dry?

Yet, wedded at last,  
When the honeymoon's past,  
The lovers forsake us, the husbands remain;  
Our vanity's check'd,  
And we ne'er can expect  
They will tell us the old story over again.

JAMES KENNY.

“WITH every pleasing, every prudent part,  
Say, what can Chloe want?”—She wants a heart.

ALEXANDER POPE.

MY LOVE AND MY HEART.

OH, the days were ever shiny  
When I ran to meet my love;  
When I press'd her hand so tiny  
Through her tiny tiny glove.  
Was I very deeply smitten?  
Oh, I loved like *anything!*  
But my love she is a kitten,  
And my heart's a ball of string.  
She was pleasingly poetic,  
And she loved my little rhymes,  
For our tastes were sympathetic,  
In the old and happy times.  
Oh, the ballads I have written,  
And have taught my love to sing!  
But my love she is a kitten,  
And my heart's a ball of string!  
Would she listen to my offer,  
On my knees I would impart  
A sincere and ready proffer  
Of my hand and of my heart.  
And below her dainty mitten  
I would fix a wedding ring—  
But my love she is a kitten,  
And my heart's a ball of string!  
Take a warning, happy lover,  
From the moral that I show;  
Or too late you may discover  
What I learn'd a month ago.  
We are scratch'd or we are bitten  
By the pets to whom we cling.  
Oh, my love she is a kitten,  
And my heart's a ball of string.

H. S. LEIGH.

*Gillott and Goosequill.* (Brit. and Col. Pub. Co.)

## SONG.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover ?  
 Prithee, why so pale ?  
 Will, when looking well can't move her,  
 Looking ill prevail ?  
 Prithee, why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?  
 Prithee, why so mute ?  
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,  
 Saying nothing do't ?  
 Prithee, why so mute ?

Quit, quit for shame ! this will not move,  
 This cannot take her ;  
 If of herself she will not love,  
 Nothing can make her—  
 The devil take her !

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

I'M no slave to such, as you be ;  
 Neither shall that snowy brest,  
 Rowling eye, and lip of ruby,  
 Ever robb me of my rest :  
 Goe, goe display  
 Thy beautie's ray  
 To some more-soone enamour'd swaine ;  
 Those common wiles  
 Of sighs and smiles  
 Are all bestow'd on me in vaine.

GEORGE WITHER.

## CUPID.

TRUST him not : his words, though sweet,  
 Seldome with his heart doe meet :  
 All his practice is deceit ;  
 Everie gift is but a bait ;  
 Not a kiss but poison beares ;  
 And most treason's in his teares.

BEN JONSON.

HERE may ye see, that women be  
 In love, meke, kynde, and stable ;  
 Late never man reprove them than,  
 Or call them variable ;

But, rather, pray God that we may  
 'To them be comfortable ;  
 Which sometye proveth such as he loveth,  
 Yf they be charytable.  
 For syth men wolde that women sholde  
 Be meke to them each one ;  
 Moche more ought they to God obey,  
 And serve but hym alone.

*The Not-Browne Mayd.*

LEAN not to Love's enchanting snare ;  
 His songs, his words, his looks beware.

MARK AKENSIDE.

A LOVER is, the more he's brave,  
 To his mistress, but the more a slave ;  
 And whatsoever she commands,  
 Becomes a favour from her hands ;  
 Which he's obliged t' obey, and must,  
 Whether it be unjust or just.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

*Hudibras.*

FOR 'tis in vain to think to guess  
 At women by appearances ;  
 That paint and patch their imperfections  
 Of intellectual complexions ;  
 And daub their tempers o'er with washes  
 As artificial as their faces ;  
 Wear, under vizard masks, their talents  
 And mother-wits, before their gallants ;  
 Until they're hamper'd in the noose,  
 Too fast to dream of breaking loose.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

*Hudibras.*

## WOMAN.

AWAY, away—you're all the same,  
 A fluttering, smiling, jilting throng !  
 Oh ! by my soul, I burn with shame  
 To think I've been your slave so long !  
 Still panting o'er a crowd to reign,  
 More joy it gives to woman's breast  
 To make ten frigid coxcombs vain,  
 Than one true manly lover blest !

Away, away—your smile's a curse—  
 Oh ! blot me from the race of men,  
 Kind, pitying Heaven ! by death or worse,  
 Before I love such things again !

THOMAS MOORE.

GIVE o'er thy plaint, the danger's o'er ;  
 She might have poison'd all thy life ;  
 Such wayward mind had bred thee more  
 Of sorrow, had she proved thy wife :  
 Leave her to meet all hopeless meed,  
 And bless thyself that so art freed.

JOHN HARRINGTON.

BUT, oh, beware her witching smile,—  
 'Tis but a fowler's snare ;  
 She's fickle as the mountain wind  
 That frolics with her hair !

EDWIN WAUGH.  
*Poems.*

WERE her tresses angel gold,  
 If a stranger may be bold,  
 Unrebukèd, unafraid,  
 To convert them to a braid,  
 And, with little more ado,  
 Work them into bracelets, too ;  
 If the mine be grown so free,  
 What care I how rich it be ?

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SHALL I, wasting in dispaire,  
 Dye because a woman's faire ?  
 Or make pale my cheeks with care,  
 'Cause another's rosie are ?  
 Be shee fairer than the day,  
 Or the flow'ry meads in may ;  
 If she be not so to me,  
 What care I how faire shee be ?

GEORGE WITHER.

SHALL I, like a love-lorn swain,  
 Die because a woman's plain ?  
 Shall my locks grow grey with care  
 Just because she dyes her hair ?

Be she hideous as a dream—  
 Waking sick men with a scream—  
 If she look not plain to *me*,  
 What care I how plain she be ?

H. S. LEIGH.

THE REASON WHY.

ASK why I love the roses fair,  
 And whence they come and whose they were ;  
 They come from her, and not alone,  
 They bring her sweetness with their own.

Or ask me why I love her so,  
 I know not, this is all I know,  
 These roses bud and bloom, and twine  
 As she round this fond heart of mine.

And this is why I love the flowers,  
 Once they were hers, they're mine—they're ours !  
 I love her, and she soon will die,  
 And now you know the reason why.

FREDERICK LOCKER.  
*London Lyrics.* (K. Paul.)

IF the apple grow  
 On the apple-tree ;  
 And the wild wind blow  
 O'er the wild wood free ;  
 And the deep stream flow  
 To the deeper sea ;  
 And they cannot help growing,  
 And blowing, and flowing,  
 I cannot help loving thee.

CHARLES MACKAY.  
*Poetical Works.* (F. Warne and Co.)

FOR though that ever virtuous was she,  
 She was increased in such excellence  
 Of thewës good, yset in high bounty,  
 And so discreet, and fair of eloquence,  
 So benign, and so digne of reverence,  
 And couldë so the people's heart embrace,  
 That each her lov'th that looketh on her face.

G. CHAUCER.

MEN call you fair, and you do credit it,  
 For that yourself ye daily such do see ;  
 But the true fair, that is the gentle wit,  
 And virtuous mind, is much more prais'd of me :  
 For all the rest, however fair it be,  
 Shall turn to nought and lose that glorious hue ;  
 But only that is permanent and free  
 From frail corruption, that doth flesh ensue.  
 That is true beauty : that doth argue you  
 To be divine, and born of heavenly seed ;  
 Deriv'd from that fair Spirit, from whom all true  
 And perfect beauty did at first proceed ;  
 He only fair, and what he fair hath made ;  
 All other fair, like flowers, untimely fade.

EDMUND SPENSER.

REASON masters every sense,  
 And her virtues grace her birth :  
 Lovely as all excellence,  
 Modest in her most of mirth :  
 Likelihood enough to prove  
 Only worth could kindle love.

W. BROWNE.

I WOULD give up my bachelor life,  
 Could I meet with a girl to adore me.  
 With riches—a home—and a wife—  
 What a life would be open before me !  
 My bliss would be triply secure,  
 And my future unclouded and sunny ;  
 She'd love me for love, I am sure,  
 Or—if not—she could love me for money !

H. S. LEIGH.

*Carols of Cockayne.* (Chatto and Windus.)

UNFADING BEAUTY.

HEE that loves a rosie cheeke,  
 Or a corall lip admires,  
 Or from star-like eyes doth seeke  
 Fuell to maintaine his fires,  
 As old time makes these decay,  
 So his flames must waste away.  
 But a smooth and stedfast mind,  
 Gentle thoughts and calme desires,  
 Hearts with equal love combin'd,  
 Kindle never-dying fires :  
 Where these are not I despise  
 Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

THOMAS CAREW.

I HAVE heard of reasons manifold  
 Why Love must needs be blind,  
 But this the best of all I hold—  
 His eyes are in his mind.

What outward form and feature are  
 He guesseth but in part ;  
 But what within is good and fair  
 He seeth with the heart.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

'TIS not the lily brow I prize,  
 Nor roseate cheeks nor sunny eyes,  
 Enough of lilies and of roses !  
 A thousandfold more dear to me  
 The look that gentle Love discloses,—  
 That look which Love alone can see.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

She's blooming as May,  
 Brisk, lively and gay,  
 The Graces play all round about her ;  
 She's prudent and witty,  
 Sings wondrously pretty,  
 And there is no living without her.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

MY reason bends to what thy eyes ordain ;  
 For I was born to love, and thou to reign.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

THE breezes love the blossom  
 'That gives them sweet perfume ;  
 The roses love the bosom  
 Whereon they blush and bloom.  
 The winter loves the robin,  
 Because it is so true,  
 And I love you, my darling,  
 Because—because I do !

F. E. WEATHERLY.

*Dresden China.* (Diprose and Bateman.)

BE it ryght, or wrong, these men among  
 On women do complayne ;  
 Affyrmynge this, how that it is  
 A labour spent in vayne,  
 To love them wele ; for never a dele  
 They love a man agayne :  
 For late a man do what he can,  
 Theyr favour to attayne,  
 Yet, yf a newe do them persue,  
 Theyr first true lover than  
 Laboureth for nought ; for from her thought  
 He is a banysheed man.

I say not nay, but that all day  
 It is bothe writ and sayd  
 That womans faith is, as who sayth,  
 All utterly decayd ;  
 But, neverthesse, ryght good wytnesse,  
 In this case might be layd,  
 That they love true, and continuè ;  
 Recorde the Not-browne Mayde :  
 Which, when her love came, her to prove,  
 To her to make his mone,  
 Wolde not depart, for in her heart  
 She loved but hym alone.

*The Not-Browne Mayd.*

BESHREW me, but I love her heartily ;  
 For she is wise, if I can judge of her ;  
 And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true ;  
 And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself ;  
 And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,  
 Shall she be placèd in my constant soul.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.  
*Merchant of Venice.*

THE time of lovers is brief ;  
 From the fair first joy to the grief  
 That tells when love is grown old,  
 From the warm wild kiss to the cold,  
 From the red to the white-rose leaf,  
 They have but a season to seem  
 As roseleaves lost on a stream  
 That part not and pass not apart  
 As a spirit from dream to dream,  
 As a sorrow from heart to heart.

A. C. SWINBURNE.  
*Poems and Ballads ; Second Series.*  
 (Chatto and Windus.)

## LOVE.

LOVE is a thing of frail and delicate growth ;  
 Soon checked, soon fostered ; feeble, and yet  
 strong :  
 It will endure much, suffer long, and bear  
 What would weigh down an angel's wing to earth,  
 And yet mount heavenward ; but not the less,  
 It dieth of a word, a look, a thought ;  
 And when it dies, it dies without a sign  
 To tell how fair it was in happier hours :  
 It leaves behind reproaches and regrets,  
 And bitterness within affection's well,  
 For which there is no healing.

L. E. LANDON.  
*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)

O GREAT mystery of love,  
 In which absorbed, loss, anguish, treason's self  
 Enlarges rapture—as a pebble dropt  
 In some full wine-cup over-brims the wine !

E. B. BROWNING.  
*Aurora Leigh.* (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

LOVE's ailing that love only cures.  
 ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.  
*Lays of France.* (Chatto and Windus.)

## LOVE'S UNIVERSAL EMPIRE.

His realms are all the lands that lie  
 Beyond yon distant unknown sky—  
 Where only freed souls go unseen  
 To different dooms : his are the green  
 Of grass, the blue of seas, the red  
 Of passionate roses,—each frail life  
 Of rose and bird and slight thing rife  
 With sunlight is but sweetly led  
 By him to its sweet life and death.  
 But, more than all, while ye have breath  
 And rosy relic of the rose  
 Born with you—men and women, lo  
 Your rich eternal hearts that grow  
 Like widening flowers that cannot close  
 Their leaves—are Love's, to turn and use,  
 And work upon as he may choose.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.  
*Lays of France.* (Chatto and Windus.)

LADIES and lovers, will ye see  
 How gold hair hath its perjury?  
 And how the lip may twice or thrice  
 Undo the soul; and how the heart  
 May quite annul the heart's own price  
 Given for many a goodly part  
 Of heaven? How one love shall be fair,  
 And whole and perfect in the rare  
 Great likeness of an angel,—yea,  
 And how another, golden-miened,  
 With lovely seeming and sweet way,  
 Shall come and be but as a fiend  
 To tempt and drag the soul away—  
 And all for ever? Listen well:  
 This is a lay of heaven and hell:  
 Listen, and think how it shall be  
 With you in love's eternity.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.  
*Lays of France.* (Chatto and Windus.)

~~~~~

OF all the things a man may have  
 Before he cometh to the grave—  
 Of all the joys that he may win,  
 Through any toil or any sin,  
 This is the richest: to possess  
 One yearned-for hour in loneliness,  
 Beside one's love, in some fair clime,  
 In some fair purple Autumn-time.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.  
*Lays of France.* (Chatto and Windus.)

~~~~~

God, in all things that He hath made,  
 Full many a jewel hath inlaid;  
 For first He hath set all on high  
 That fair enamel of the sky,  
 Brilliant of blue and eke of white;  
 Then He hath shed the pearl of light,  
 And made that jewel-work the seas:  
 Nor less a gem indeed than these  
 I count His miracle the Rose,  
 To love more precious than all those:  
 But how—a fairer jewel yet—  
 In every woman He hath set,

Her heart, some sort of precious stone;  
 He shall know perfectly alone  
 —Who all the stars of heaven can call—  
 The worth and number of them all.  
 Most are they given away, or sold  
 For so much love or so much gold,  
 Yea, no man knoweth of their cost;  
 But well I ween that some are lost,  
 And some are of small worth I say,  
 And some are broken and cast away.

It is the fairest thing you can,  
 Ladies, to give this to a man,  
 This precious jewel that God gave:  
 One such is all a man may crave.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.  
*Lays of France.* (Chatto and Windus.)

~~~~~

I THINK the world, though dark it be,  
 Has aye one rapturous pleasure  
 Concealed in life's monotony,  
 For those who seek the treasure;  
 One planet in a starless night,  
 One blossom on a briar,  
 One friend not quite a hypocrite,  
 One woman not a liar.

W. M. PRAED.  
*Poems.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

~~~~~

I THINK that Love is like a play,  
 Where tears and smiles are blended,  
 Or like a faithless April day,  
 Whose shine with shower is ended;  
 Like Colbrook pavement, rather rough,  
 Like trade, exposed to losses,  
 And like a Highland plaid,—all stuff,  
 And very full of crosses.

W. M. PRAED.  
*Poems.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

~~~~~

HENCE it is we have not an hour of life  
 In which our pleasures relish not some pain,  
 Our sours some sweetness. Love doth taste of  
 both.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

## WHAT IS LOVE ?

LOVE is not memory,  
 Though on all memories nursed—  
 Love is not fantasy,  
 Though of all fancies first—  
 'Tis not self-interest,  
 'Tis gift all bribe above :  
 Sweet riddle never guessed,  
 I know but "Love" is "Love."

EDEN HOOPER.

~~~~~  
 LOVE is for no planet and no race.  
 The summer of the heart is late or soon,  
 The fever in the blood is less or more ;  
 But while the moons of time shall fill and wane,  
 While there is earth below and heaven above,  
 Wherever man is true and woman fair,  
 Through all the circling cycles Love is Love !

SYDNEY DOBELL.

*Poetical Works, Vol. II.* (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

~~~~~  
 IN peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed ;  
 In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;  
 In halls, in gay attire is seen ;  
 In hamlets, dances on the green.  
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
 And men below, and saints above :  
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

~~~~~  
 ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
 Are all but ministers of Love,  
 And feed his sacred flame.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

~~~~~  
 OVER the mountains,  
 And over the waves ;  
 Under the fountains,  
 And under the graves ;  
 Under floods that are deepest,  
 Which Neptune obey,  
 Over rocks that are steepest,  
 Love will find out the way.

PERCY'S RELIQUES.

## UPON LOVE :

BY WAY OF QUESTION AND ANSWER.

I BRING ye love. *Ques.* What will love do ?  
*Ans.* Like, and dislike ye.  
 I bring ye love. *Ques.* What will love do ?  
*Ans.* Stroke ye, to strike ye.  
 I bring ye love, *Ques.* What will love do ?  
*Ans.* Love will be-fool ye.  
 I bring ye love. *Ques.* What will love do ?  
*Ans.* Heat ye, to cool ye.  
 I bring ye love. *Ques.* What will love do ?  
*Ans.* Love gifts will send ye.  
 I bring ye love. *Ques.* What will love do ?  
*Ans.* Stock ye, to spend ye.  
 I bring ye love. *Ques.* What will love do ?  
*Ans.* Love will fulfil ye.  
 I bring ye love. *Ques.* What will love do ?  
*Ans.* Kiss ye, to kill ye.

ROBERT HERRICK.

## LOVE, WHAT IT IS.

~~~~~  
 LOVE is a circle, that doth restless move  
 In the same sweet eternity of Love.

ROBERT HERRICK.

## A SONG.

~~~~~  
 To dream by day more than by night—  
 To see but one sweet face ;  
 To chafe at Time's too rapid flight—  
 To curse his limping pace ;  
 Be faint with joy—be wild with woe,  
 Be raised the stars above—  
 To fall as deep the earth below,  
 This, this it is to love !

~~~~~  
 As from a fevered sleep to start,  
 Your eyes around to cast,  
 In search of aught which to the heart  
 May realize the past ;  
 A tress of hair—a withered flower—  
 The fragment of a glove—  
 Alone remain in that dark hour  
 Of all your dream of love !

J. R. PLANCHÉ.

*Songs and Poems.* (Chatto and Windus.)

THOUGH love be all the world's pretence,  
Money's the mythologic sense,  
The real substance of the shadow,  
Which all address and courtship's made to.

SAMUEL BUTLER.  
*Hudibras.*

~~~~~

EROS.

THE sense of the word is short,  
Long and various the report,—  
To love and be beloved ;  
Men and gods have not outlearned it ;  
And, how oft soe'er they've turned it,  
'Tis not to be improved.

R. W. EMERSON.

~~~~~

LOVE'S MUTUAL COMPLEMENT.

HE sees within her eyes  
That which his nature needs to be complete—  
The grace, the pureness, the diviner sweet,  
Which to rude souls and strong our Life denies ;  
The vision of his nightly dream ;  
More pure than e'er did seem  
The Nymphs of old, by wood, or hill, or stream.

She views in him the strong  
Deep note which adds the fulness to life's song ;  
High aims and thoughts that glow,  
She does not dream, she cannot know  
What turbid forces rude and wild,  
Sully his youth's tumultous flow ;  
She, full of virgin fancies, pale and mild.

LEWIS MORRIS.  
*The Ode of Life.* (K. Paul.)

~~~~~

O LOVE ! what art thou, Love ? the ace of hearts,  
Trumping earth's kings and queens, and all its  
suits ;  
A player, masquerading many parts  
In life's odd carnival ;—a boy that shoots,  
From ladies' eyes, such mortal woundy darts ;  
'A gardener, pulling heart's-ease up by the roots ;  
The Puck of Passion—partly false—part real—  
A marriageable maiden's "beau ideal."

O Love ! what art thou, Love ? a wicked thing,  
Making green misses spoil their work at school ;  
A melancholy man, cross-gartering ?  
Grave ripe-faced wisdom made an April fool ?  
A youngster, tilting at a wedding-ring ?  
A sinner, sitting on a cuttie-stool ?  
A Ferdinand de Something in a hovel,  
Helping Matilda Rose to make a novel ?

O Love ! what art thou, Love ? one that is bad  
With palpitations of the heart—like mine—  
A poor bewilder'd maid making so sad  
A necklace of her garters—fell design !  
A poet, gone unreasonably mad,  
Ending his sonnets with a hempen line ?  
O Love—but whither, now ? forgive me, pray ;  
I'm not the first that Love hath led astray.

THOMAS HOOD.  
*Poetical Works.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

~~~~~

SWEETEST ! you know, the sweetest of things  
Of various flowers the bees do compose ;  
Yet no particular taste it brings  
Of violet, woodbine, pink, or rose ;  
So love the result is of all the graces  
Which flow from a thousand sev'ral faces.

EDMUND WALLER.

~~~~~

LOVE :—what a volume in a word, an ocean in a  
tear,  
A seventh heaven in a glance, a whirlwind in a  
sigh,  
The lightning in a touch, a millennium in a  
moment,  
What concentrated joy or woe in blest or blighted  
love !

MARTIN F. TUPPER.  
*Proverbial Philosophy.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

~~~~~

How dear the pressure of her warm young breast  
Against my own, her home ; how proud and  
blessed

I stood and felt her trickling tears,  
While proudly murmuring in her ears  
The hopes of distant years.

THOMAS WOOLNER.  
*My Beautiful Lady.* (Macmillan.)



Ask not of me, love, what is love !  
 Ask what is good of God above—  
 Ask of the great sun what is light—  
 Ask what is darkness of the night—  
 Ask sin of what may be forgiven—  
 Ask what is happiness of Heaven—  
 Ask what is folly of the crowd—  
 Ask what is fashion of the shroud—  
 Ask what is sweetness of thy kiss—  
 Ask of thyself what beauty is ;  
 And, if they each should answer, I !  
 Let me, too, join them with a sigh.  
 Oh ! let me pray my life may prove,  
 When thus, with thee, that I am love.

P. J. BAILEY.  
*Festus.* (Longmans.)

NOTHING is true but love, nor aught of worth ;  
 Love is the incense which doth sweeten earth.

R. C. TRENCH.  
*Poems.* (Macmillan.)

TRUE love's the gift which God has given  
 To man alone beneath the heaven :  
 It is not fantasy's hot fire,  
 Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly ;  
 It liveth not in fierce desire,  
 With dead desire it doth not die ;  
 It is the secret sympathy,  
 The silver link, the silken tie,  
 Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,  
 In body and in soul can bind.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.  
*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

WE scarcely wish to speak or move,  
 But just to feel each other there,  
 And sense of presence is like love,  
 And silence more than prayer.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.  
*New Poems.* (K. Paul.)

## SONG.

THE stars are with the voyager  
 Wherever he may sail ;  
 The moon is constant to her time ;  
 The sun will never fail ;  
 But follow, follow round the world,  
 The green earth and the sea ;  
 So love is with the lover's heart,  
 Wherever he may be.

Wherever he may be, the stars  
 Must daily lose their light ;  
 The moon will veil her in the shade ;  
 The sun will set at night.  
 The sun may set, but constant love  
 Will shine when he's away ;  
 So that dull night is never night,  
 And day is brighter day.

THOMAS HOOD.  
*Poetical Works.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

WHO hath not felt that breath in the air,  
 A perfume and freshness strange and rare,  
 A warmth in the light, and a bliss everywhere,  
 When young hearts yearn together ?  
 All sweets below, and all sunny above,  
 Oh, there's nothing in life like making love,  
 Save making hay in fine weather !

THOMAS HOOD.  
*Poetical Works.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

SINCE the sweet knowledge I possess  
 That she I love is mine,  
 All nature throbs with happiness,  
 And wears a face divine.  
 The woods seem greener than they were,  
 The skies are brighter blue ;  
 The stars shine clearer, and the air  
 Lets finer sunlight through,  
 Until I loved, I was a child,  
 And sported on the sands ;  
 But now the ocean opens out,  
 With all its happy lands.

CHARLES MACKAY.  
*Poetical Works.* (Warne.)







RAHAPAL TUCK AND SONS.]

(Painted by W. F. YEAMES, R.A.)

"It is the secret sympathy,  
The silver link, the silken tie."

Page 55-



I LOVE the sex, and sometimes would reverse  
The tyrant's wish that "mankind only had  
One neck, which he with one fell stroke might  
pierce :"

My wish is quite as wide, but not so bad,  
And much more tender on the whole than fierce ;  
It being (not *now*, but only while a lad)  
That womankind had but one rosy mouth,  
To kiss them all at once from North to South.

LORD BYRON.

O CLASP me, sweet, whilst thou art mine,  
And do not take my tears amiss ;  
For tears must flow to wash away  
A thought that shows so stern as this :  
Forgive, if somehow I forget,  
In woe to come, the present bliss ;  
As frightened Proserpine let fall  
Her flowers at the sight of Dis :  
Ev'n so the dark and bright will kiss—  
The sunniest things throw sternest shade,  
And there is even a happiness  
That makes the heart afraid !

THOMAS HOOD.  
*Poetical Works.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

#### THE BRACELET.

WHY I tie about thy wrist,  
Julia, this my silken twist,  
For what other reason is't

But to show thee how, in part,  
Thou my pretty captive art ? —  
But thy bond-slave is my heart.

'Tis but silk that bindeth thee,  
Knap the thread and thou art free ;  
But 'tis otherwise with me :

I am bound, and fast bound, so  
That from thee I cannot go ;  
If I could, I would not so !

ROBERT HERRICK.

THERE is dew for the flow'ret,  
And honey for the bee,  
And bowers for the wild bird,  
And love for you and me.

There are tears for the many,  
And pleasures for the few ;  
But let the world pass on, dear,  
There's love for me and you.

THOMAS HOOD.  
*Poetical Works.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

SWEET to roam beneath a shady cliff, of course  
with some young lady,  
Lalage, Neæra, Haidee, or Elaine, or Mary Ann :  
Love, you dear delusive dream, you ! Very sweet  
your victims deem you,  
When, heard only by the seamew, they talk all the  
stuff one can.

Sweet to haste, a licensed lover, to Miss Pinkerton  
the glover,  
Having managed to discover what is dear Neæra's  
"size :"  
P'raps to touch that wrist so slender, as your tiny  
gift you tender,  
And to read you're no offender, in those laughing  
hazel eyes.

Then to hear her call you "Harry," when she  
makes you fetch and carry—  
O young men about to marry, what a blessed  
thing it is !  
To be photograph'd—together—cased in pretty  
Russia leather—  
Hear her gravely doubting whether they have  
spoil'd your honest phiz !

Then to bring your plighted fair one first a ring—a  
rich and rare one—  
Next a bracelet, if she'll wear one, and a heap of  
things beside ;  
And serenely bending o'er her, to inquire if it  
would bore her  
To say when her own adorer may aspire to call  
her bride !

C. S. CALVERLEY.  
*Fly Leaves.* (Bell.)

ALAS! for the love that's linked with gold!  
Better—better a thousand times told—

More honest, happy, and laudable,  
The downright loving of pretty Cis,  
Who wipes her lips, though there's nothing amiss,  
And takes a kiss, and gives a kiss,

In which her heart is audible!

Pretty Cis, so smiling and bright,  
Who loves—as she labours—with all her might,  
And without any sordid leaven!

Who blushes as red as haws and hips,  
Down to her very finger-tips,  
For Roger's blue ribbons—to her, like strips  
Cut out of the azure of Heaven!

THOMAS HOOD.

*Poetical Works.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

You smiled, you spoke, and I believed,  
By every word and smile deceived.  
Another man would hope no more;  
Nor hope I what I hoped before:  
But let not this last wish be vain;  
Deceive, deceive me once again!

WALTER S. LANDOR.

[My extracts from Landor's Poems are given by kind permission of the Publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall.]

My heart is like a singing bird  
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;  
My heart is like an apple-tree  
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;  
My heart is like a rainbow shell  
That paddles in a halcyon sea;  
My heart is gladder than all these  
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a daïs of silk and down;  
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;  
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,  
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;  
Work it in gold and silver grapes,  
In leaves, and silver fleurs-de-lys;  
Because the birthday of my life  
Is come, my love is come to me.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.  
*Poems.* (Macmillan.)

NEEDS not these lovers' joys to tell:  
One day, fair maids, you'll know them well.  
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

O, LET me once more rest  
My soul upon that dazzling breast!  
Let once again these aching arms be placed,  
The tender gaolers of thy waist!  
And let me feel that warm breath here and there  
To spread a rapture in my very hair,—  
O, the sweetness of the pain!  
Give me those lips again!  
Enough! enough! it is enough for me  
To dream of thee!

JOHN KEATS.

AH! sweet, if now so pure and fair  
This love that binds us fast,  
What face of beauty shall it wear  
When perfected at last?

MARY ROWLES.

O BEAR a little yet and wait:  
Ere God hath ceased from you and furled  
Away from you the great fair blue,  
That paints eternity,—your true,  
Your dreamed-of love shall come to you.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

*Lays of France.* (Chatto and Windus.)

#### LOVE'S FOLLOWERS.

THERE was an evil in Pandora's box  
Beyond all other ones, yet it came forth  
In guise so lovely, that men crowded round  
And sought it as the dearest of all treasure.  
Then were they stung with madness and despair;  
High minds were bowed in abject misery.  
The hero trampled on his laurel'd crown,  
While genius broke the lute it waked no more.  
Young maidens, with pale cheeks, and faded eyes,  
Wept till they died. Then there were broken  
hearts—  
Insanity—and Jealousy that feeds  
Unto satiety, yet loathes its food;  
Suicide digging its own grave; and Hate,  
Unquenchable and deadly; and Remorse—  
The vulture feeding on its own life-blood.  
The evil's name was Love—these curses seem  
His followers for ever.

L. E. LANDON.

*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)









RAFAEL TUCK AND SONS.]

[Painted by HERBERT ALLCHIN.]

“ There is dew for the flow’ret,  
And honey for the bee,  
And bowers for the wild bird,  
And love for you and me.”



I HAVE lived on ladies' eyes,  
 Dined on kisses, supped on sighs ;  
 I have warmed me by their smiles,  
 I have been wet through with tears ;  
 They've half-slain me with their wiles—  
 Charming, cheating, pretty dears ;  
 They have scratched me in their play,  
 Sighed and sucked the wound away ;  
 They have squeezed me black and blue,  
 Roughed my hair, and boxed my ears,  
 Laughed and looked me through and through ;  
 Oh, the cruel angel dears !

P. J. BAILEY.

*Festus.* (Longmans.)

~~~~~  
 AND life is like a pipe,  
 And love is the fusee ;  
 The pipe draws well, but bar the light,  
 And what's the use to me ?

So light it up, and puff away  
 An empty morning through,  
 And when it's out—why love is out,  
 And life's as well out too !

THEO. MARZIALS.

*Gallery of Pigeons.* (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
 LOVE thou thy love, brave youth !  
 Cleave to thy love, fair maid ! it is the law  
 Which dominates the world, that bids ye use  
 Your nature.

LEWIS MORRIS.

*Epic of Hades.* (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
 O LADIES, when you will begin  
 With love, you know scarce on what dark  
 And eddy stream you do embark  
 A skiff so frail and rudderless  
 As this poor heart ! nor can you guess  
 How soon, and in what subtle way,  
 Love will procure you for his prey.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

*Lays of France.* (Chatto and Windus.)

~~~~~  
 THE LADIES.

"AREN'T they the sources of our sweetest joy ?"  
 "When they've got all they want, they *are*, dear  
 boy !"

ROBERT REECE.

YOUNG men and maids, for love  
 Seek, till ye find it,  
 And, having found, win Heaven above,  
 About your hearts to bind it.

A. P. GRAVES.

*Irish Songs and Ballads.* (Ireland, Manchester.)

~~~~~  
 THE ELEVATING INFLUENCE OF LOVE.

OH, wondrous bond that binds  
 In one sweet concord separate minds,  
 And from their union gives  
 To the rapt gazer's eye  
 A finer essence and more high,  
 A young and wingèd god, who lives  
 In purer air and seeks a loftier sky !  
 If growing cares and lower aims should banish  
 All thought of heavenly hopes and higher things,  
 While we can mount upon thy soaring wings  
 They shall not wholly vanish.  
 Thou art the immortal part of man, the soul,  
 Which, scorning earth's control,  
 Lifts us from selfish thought and grovelling gains.  
 Thou always, whilst thy power remains,  
 Canst pierce the dull dead weight of cloud,  
 By which our thought is bowed,  
 And raise our clear and cleansèd eyes  
 To the eternal skies.

LEWIS MORRIS.

*The Ode of Life.* (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
 LOVE is too great a happiness  
 For wretched mortals to possess ;  
 For, could it hold inviolate  
 Against those cruelties of Fate,  
 Which all felicities below  
 By rigid laws are subject to,  
 It would become a bliss too high  
 For perishing mortality,  
 Translate to earth the joys above ;  
 For nothing goes to Heav'n but love

SAMUEL BUTLER.

~~~~~  
 FOR what can Earth produce but love,  
 To represent the joys above ?  
 Or who, but lovers, can converse,  
 Like angels, by the eye-discourse ?

SAMUEL BUTLER.

*Hudibras.*

## CHILD'S SONG.

WHAT is gold worth, say,  
Worth for work or play,  
Worth to keep or pay,  
Hide or throw away,  
    Hope about or fear?  
What is love worth, pray?  
    Worth a tear?

Golden on the mould  
Lie the dead leaves rolled  
Of the wet woods old,  
Yellow leaves and cold,  
    Woods without a dove;  
Gold is worth but gold;  
    Love's worth love.

A. C. SWINBURNE.  
*Poems and Ballads ; Second Series.*  
(Chatto and Windus.)

OH, lovers, cling together! the old world  
Is full of Hate. Sweeten it; draw in one  
Two separate chords of Life; and from the bond  
Of twin souls lost in Harmony create  
A Fair God dwelling with you—Love, the Lord!

LEWIS MORRIS.  
*Epic of Hades.* (K. Paul.)

THEN radiant all my daily life  
With richest fancies grew:  
All saw and wondered at the change,  
But none its causes knew.  
A halo o'er my being hung;  
Joy made all objects fair;  
The meanest things seemed beautiful—  
For love was painter there.

J. A. LANGFORD.  
*Poems of the Fields and the Town.*  
(Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)

THERE is a comfort in the strength of love;  
'Twill make a thing enduring, which else  
Would break the heart.

W. WORDSWORTH.

## ROCOCO.

STRAIGHT and swift the swallows fly  
To the sojourn of the sun;  
All the golden year is done,  
All the flower-time flitted by;  
Through the boughs the witch-winds sigh:  
    But heart's summer is begun;  
    Life and love at last are one;  
Love-lights glitter in the sky.  
    Summer-days were soon outrun,  
    With the setting of the sun;  
    Love's delight is never done.  
Let the turn-coat roses die;  
We are lovers, Love and I:  
In Love's lips my roses lie.

JOHN PAYNE.  
*Intaglios.* (Pickering, 1871.)

THE cloud is hence, the time is come, the old  
Delight begun!  
Shine Heaven, and listen Earth, because once  
more two hearts are one,  
Once more the world grows beautiful in Love's  
unsetting sun.

O faces, can you be the same? Was all this light  
concealed?  
O eyes, what have you looked upon? What  
founts have been unsealed?  
O world, art thou created fresh? or art thou but  
revealed?

M. B. SMEDLEY.  
*Poems.* (Strahan.)

## LOVE OPENS THE HEART.

ONLY, but this is rare!  
When a beloved hand is laid in ours,  
When, jaded with the rush and glare  
Of the interminable hours,  
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,  
When our world-deafen'd ear  
Is by the tones of a loved voice caress'd—  
A bolt is shot back somewhere in the breast,  
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again.  
The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,







RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS.

"Let the turn coat roses die ;  
We are lovers, Love and I ;  
In Love's lips my roses lie."

[Painted by MARIE VON BECKENDORFF.]





And what we mean, we say, and what we would,  
we know !

A man becomes aware of his life's flow,  
And hears its winding murmur, and he sees  
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*Poems, Vol. II.* (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
COULEUR DE ROSE.

SOME ONE I know is now waiting for me,  
Prettily shy,  
Yet when I'm near her, with half timid glee  
Sparkles her eye.  
When in the words that my heart bids me speak  
Love's fervour glows,  
Daintily blushes each soft dimpled cheek  
*Couleur de rose.*

Life is thrice joyous when passed by her side,  
Banished is care,  
While in her presence no troubles betide,  
Love only there—  
Quickly her smiles every trial subdue,  
All is repose,  
Life seems aglow with her cheek's dainty hue,  
*Couleur de rose.*

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

~~~~~  
DAWN.

O LILY, with the sun of heaven's  
Prime splendour on thy breast !  
My scattered passions toward thee run,  
Poising to awful rest.

The darkness of our universe  
Smothered my soul in night ;  
Thy glory shone ; whereat the curse  
Passed molten into light.

Raised over envy ; freed from pain ;  
Beyond the storms of chance :  
Blessed king of my own world I reign,  
Controlling circumstance.

THOMAS WOOLNER.

*My Beautiful Lady.* (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
I HAVE no words—alas !—to tell  
The loveliness of loving well.

E. A. POE.

O, HUMAN love ! thou spirit given  
On Earth of all we hope in Heaven !  
Which fall'st into the soul like rain  
Upon the Siroc-wither'd plain,  
And, failing in thy power to bless,  
But leav'st the heart a wilderness !

~~~~~  
E. A. POE.

IF angels love above in heaven,  
Then death must be too oversweet ;  
For this dear love thy lips have given,  
Has made this life, my love, replete.

THEO. MARZIALS.

*The Gallery of Pigeons.* (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
THERE are tones that will haunt us, tho' lonely  
Our path be o'er mountain or sea ;  
There are looks that will part from us only  
When memory ceases to be ;  
There are hopes which our burthen can lighten,  
Tho' toilsome and steep be the way ;  
And dreams that, like moonlight, can brighten  
With a light that is clearer than day.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

~~~~~  
I SHALL see her to-day,  
No wonder the skies are blue,—  
No wonder the world in its best array  
Flaunts as fashioned anew :  
No wonder the world is at play, at play,  
In green and purple and gold ;  
For I shall see her to-day, to-day,  
Who is all my joy to behold.

WILLIAM WILKINS.

*Songs of Study.* (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
NAY, more ! yet more, for my lips are fain ;  
No cups for a babe ; I ask the whole  
Deep draught that a God could hardly drain,  
—Wine of your soul.

Pour ! for the goblet is great I bring,  
Not worthless, rough with youths at strife,  
And men that toil and women that sing,  
—It is all my life.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

*Poems.* (K. Paul.)

AND when the world is born again,  
 And with some fair love, side by side,  
 Thou wanderest 'twixt the sun and rain,  
 In that fresh love-begetting tide ;  
 Then, when the world is born again,  
 And the sweet year before thee lies,  
 Shall thy heart think of coming pain,  
 Or vex itself with memories ?

WILLIAM MORRIS.

*Life and Death of Jason.* (Ellis and White.)

~~~~~  
 FRUITION.

SOME women's faces are like flowers half-blown,  
 For winter's martyrdom ;  
 Or springs, from which the redwing is not flown,  
 Although the wryneck's come.

But let love touch them with his fiery wand,  
 And as a June rose, then,  
 They flame forth happy, blooming like a land  
 The sun brings heat again.

Their eyes burn on you like the dew dawn-lit,  
 And set your pulse adance ;  
 There spreads strange peace,—no man can fathom  
 it,—  
 O'er each fair countenance.

And all the spheres for them in music clash,  
 Their bliss to antedate ;  
 And phosphorescent to the horizon flash  
 The sunless seas of fate.

T. ASHE.





RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS.]

“ You know I love you dearly,  
But, darling, we must wait,  
For I'm not seven nearly,  
And you are only eight ! ”

[Painted by ALICE HAYES.]





### III.

## FIRST LOVE.

“ . . . There's nothing half so sweet in life  
As love's young dream.”

THOMAS MOORE.

#### FIRST LOVE.

BRIGHT thro' the valley gallops the brooklet ;  
Over the clear sky travels the cloud ;  
Touch'd by the zephyr, dances the harebell ;  
Cuckoo sits somewhere, singing so loud ;  
Two little children, seeing and hearing,  
Hand-in-hand wander, shout, laugh, and sing ;  
Lo, in their bosoms, wild with the marvel,  
Love, like the crocus, is come ere the Spring.  
Young men and women, noble and tender,  
Yearn for each other, faith truly plight,  
Promise to cherish, comfort, and honour ;  
Vow that makes duty one with delight.  
Oh, but the glory, found in no story,  
Radiance of Eden unquench'd by the Fall ;  
Few may remember, none may reveal it,  
This the first first-love, the first love of all !

COVENTRY PATMORE.

*The Angel in the House.* (G. Bell.)

#### A PAIR OF LOVERS.

'NEATH vistas green and shady,  
I watch them wandering now—  
As sweet a knight and lady  
As ever whispered vow ;  
A youth with eager flashes  
From blue, undaunted eyes ;  
A maid 'neath whose long lashes  
A tender dream-world lies.  
The air with love is laden—  
This luscious eve of May ;  
Well may he urge the maiden  
To speed the bridal day.

Shall caution's cold upbraiding  
Two loving souls dispart  
Till spring is past, and fading  
The bloom of cheek and heart ?  
He argues well and bravely,  
With swift impulsive tongue ;  
She answers, smiling gravely,  
“ We're both so very young.  
You know I love you dearly,  
But, darling, we must wait,  
For I'm not seven nearly,  
And you are only eight ! ”

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

*Gaslight and Stars.* (Marcus Ward.)

#### FIRST LOVE.

My long first year of perfect love,  
My deep new dream of joy ;  
She was a little chubby girl,  
I was a chubby boy.  
I wore a crimson frock, white drawers,  
A belt, a crown was on it ;  
She wore some angel's kind of dress,  
And such a tiny bonnet,  
Old-fashioned, but the soft brown hair  
Would never keep its place ;  
A little maid with violet eyes,  
And sunshine in her face.  
O, my child-queen, in those lost days  
How sweet was daily living !  
How humble and how proud I grew,  
How rich by merely giving !



She went to school, the parlour-maid  
 Slow stepping to her trot ;  
 That parlour-maid, ah, did she feel  
 How lofty was her lot !

Across the road I saw her lift  
 My Queen, and with a sigh  
 I envied Raleigh ; my new coat  
 Was hung a peg too high.

A hoard of never-given gifts  
 I cherished—priceless pelf ;  
 'Twas two whole days ere I devour'd  
 That peppermint myself.

In church I only prayed for her—  
 " O God, bless Lucy Hill ;"  
 Child, may his angels keep their arms  
 Ever around you still.

But when the hymn came round, with heart  
 That feared some heart's surprising  
 Its secret sweet, I climb'd the seat  
 'Mid rustling and uprising ;

And there against her mother's arm  
 The sleeping child was leaning,  
 While far away the hymn went on,  
 The music and the meaning.

Oh I have loved with more of pain  
 Since then, with more of passion,  
 Loved with the aching in my love  
 After our grown-up fashion ;

Yet could I almost be content  
 To lose here at your feet  
 A year or two, you murmuring elm,  
 To dream a dream so sweet.

EDWARD DOWDEN.  
*Poems.* (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
 THE PASSIONATE SCHOOLBOY TO HIS  
 LOVE.

SEE, here on the gravel I'm kneeling,  
 The fondest and truest of beaux ;  
 When carried away by his feeling,  
 A fellow can't think of his clo'es.

Oh, Emily, pity my sorrow !  
 Dear Emily, smile and be kind !  
 D'ye think you could wed me to-morrow ?  
 D'ye think you would very much mind ?  
 The ants have got under my stocking,  
 It's horrid to kneel on a stone ;  
 Have done, then, with mincing and mocking,  
 And say you'll be always my own.

You cannot be thinking of Harry,  
 A cry-baby, coddle, and pet ;  
 And Dicky's too childish to marry—  
 He's not in two-syllables yet.  
 And I say to all others aspiring,  
 Come forth with your shooter and ball,  
 And meet me, receiving and firing,  
 Till one or the other shall fall  
 The ants have got under my stocking,  
 It's horrid to kneel on a stone ;  
 Have done, then, with mincing and mocking,  
 And say you'll be always my own.

I've mustard and radishes growing,  
 I've rabbits and guinea-pigs, too ;  
 My rocking-horse—splendid at going—  
 Shall have a side-saddle for you.  
 And twopence a week, if we're steady,  
 Will do very well for a start ;  
 So, dearest, at ten I'll be ready  
 To draw you to church in my cart.  
 I laugh at the ants in my stocking,  
 I'd kneel for a week on a stone ;  
 For Emmy repents of her mocking,  
 And says she'll be always my own.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

*Songs in Sunshine.* (Eyre and Spottiswoode.)

[From *Time*, by kind permission of Messrs. Kelly and Co.]

~~~~~  
 TO MY FIRST LOVE.

I REMEMBER  
 Meeting you  
 In September  
 Sixty-two.  
 We were eating,  
 Both of us ;  
 And the meeting  
 Happened thus :—

Accidental,  
 On the road ;  
 (Sentimental  
 Episode.)  
 I was gushing,  
 You were shy,  
 You were blushing,  
 So was I.  
 I was smitten,  
 So were you.  
 (All that's written  
 Here is true.)  
 Any money ?  
 Not a bit.  
 Rather funny,  
 Wasn't it ?  
 Vows we plighted,  
 Happy pair !  
 How delighted  
 People were !  
 But your father  
 To be sure  
 Thought it rather  
 Premature ;  
 And your mother,  
 Strange to say,  
 Was another  
 In the way.  
 What a heaven  
 Vanished then !  
 (You were seven,  
 I was ten.)  
 That was many  
 Years ago,  
 Don't let any-  
 body know.

EDWIN HAMILTON.

*Dublin Doggerels.* (W. McGee, Dublin.)~~~~~  
FIRST-LOVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

FIRST-love will with the heart remain  
 When its hopes are all gone by ;  
 As frail rose-blossoms still retain  
 Their fragrance when they die :  
 And joy's first dreams will haunt the mind  
 With the shades 'mid which they sprung,  
 As summer leaves the stems behind  
 On which spring's blossoms hung.

Mary, I dare not call thee dear,  
 I've lost that right so long ;  
 Yet once again I vex thine ear  
 With memory's idle song.  
 I felt a pride to name thy name,  
 But now that pride hath flown,  
 And burning blushes speak my shame  
 That thus I love thee on.

How loath to part, how fond to meet,  
 Had we two used to be ;  
 At sunset, with what eager feet  
 I hastened unto thee !  
 Scarce nine days passed us ere we met  
 In spring, nay, wintry weather ;  
 Now nine years' suns have risen and set,  
 Nor found us once together.

Thy face was so familiar grown,  
 Thyself so often nigh,  
 A moment's memory when alone  
 Would bring thee in mine eye ;  
 But now my very dreams forget  
 That witching look to trace ;  
 Though there thy beauty lingers yet,  
 It wears a stranger's face.

When last that gentle cheek I prest,  
 And heard thee feign adieu,  
 I little thought that seeming jest  
 Would prove a word so true !  
 A fate like this hath oft befell  
 Even loftier hopes than ours ;  
 Spring bids full many buds to swell  
 That ne'er can grow to flowers.

JOHN CLARE.

~~~~~  
LOVE-DRIFT.

TURNING over papers,  
 Dead-leaf drift of years,  
 In the midst a letter,  
 Blurr'd and dim with tears.  
 Face of any dead one  
 Scarce had moved me so ;  
 There my First Love lying,  
 Buried long ago !

Darling love of boyhood,  
What glad hours we knew !  
Tears so sweet in shedding,  
Vows that were so true.

Dear face, round and dimpled,  
Voice of chirping bird,  
Scarcely then for heart-throb,  
Any word I heard.

But to know she loved me,  
Know her kind as fair,  
Was in joy to revel,  
Was to walk on air !

Happy, happy love-time,  
Over-budded Spring,  
Never came the Summer,  
With its blossoming.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

*Ten Miles from Town.* (W. Freeman.)

IV.

LOVE-MAKING SIMPLIFIED.

“ With pretty young maidens who can choose,  
’Tis not so much the gallant who woos,  
As the gallant’s way of wooing ! ”

W. S. GILBERT. *The “ Bab ” Ballads.*

MY SWEETHEART

My heart of hearts—my sweet of sweets—  
I love the words to twine.  
That breathe such truths ’twixt thee and me,  
And sympathies divine !  
Wert thou a queen, and I a king—  
To raise thee to my throne,  
I’d woo thee with no other words—  
My sweetheart, and mine own !

CHARLES MACKAY.

*Poetical Works.* (Warne.)

My heart is sair—I dare na tell—  
My heart is sair for somebody ;  
I could wake a winter night  
For the sake o’ somebody.  
Oh-hon ! for somebody !  
Oh-hey ! for somebody !  
I could range the world around,  
For the sake o’ somebody.

ROBERT BURNS.

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

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

*Sonnets.*

THOU hast more music in thy voice  
Than to the spheres is given,  
And more temptations on thy lips  
Than lost the angels Heaven.

P. J. BAILEY.

*Festus.* (Longmans.)

Music lives within thy lips  
Like a nightingale in roses.

P. J. BAILEY.

*Festus.* (Longmans.)

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

(*From the German of Heinrich Heine.*)

THE sea hath its pearls,  
The heaven hath its stars ;  
But my heart, my heart,  
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven ;  
Yet greater is my heart,  
And fairer than pearls and stars  
Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,  
Come unto my great heart ;  
My heart, and the sea, and the heaven,  
Are melting away with love !

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

LOVE’S PHILOSOPHY.

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

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

P. B. SHELLEY.

AN hundred thousand oaths your fears  
 Perhaps would not remove ;  
 And if I gazed a thousand years,  
 I could not deeper love.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

To call it Love would be absurd,—  
 The sentiment I feel  
 By such a short and common word  
 I never could reveal.  
 To tell you how—and when—and where—  
 My passion grew and grew  
 This pen and ink would hardly dare ;—  
 But if you only knew !

H. S. LEIGH.

TO AMORET.

AMORET! the Milky Way  
 Framed of many nameless stars !  
 The smooth stream where none can say  
 He this drop to that prefers !  
 Amoret! my lovely foe !  
 Tell me where thy strength does lie?  
 Where the pow'r that charms us so?  
 In thy soul, or in thy eye?

By that snowy neck alone,  
 Or thy grace in motion seen,  
 No such wonders could be done ;  
 Yet thy waist is straight and clean  
 As Cupid's shaft, or Hermes' rod,  
 And pow'rful, too, as either god.

EDMUND WALLER.

I NE'ER could any lustre see  
 In eyes that would not look on me ;  
 I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,  
 But where my own did hope to sip.  
 Has the maid who seeks my heart  
 Cheeks of rose untouch'd by art?  
 I will own their colour true,  
 When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure ?  
 I must press it to be sure ;  
 Nor can I e'en be certain then,  
 Till it grateful press again.  
 Must I, with attentive eye,  
 Watch her heaving bosom sigh?  
 I will do so—when I see  
 That heaving bosom sigh for me.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

A SIGH or tear perhaps she'll give,  
 But love on pity cannot live.  
 Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,  
 And love with love is only paid.

JOHN DRYDEN.

FOR every star a drop of dew—  
 For every sun a sky of blue—  
 For every heart a heart as true.

P. J. BAILEY.

*Festus.* (Longmans.)

BE mine, and only mine ; take care  
 Thy looks, thy thoughts, thy dreams to guide  
 To me alone ; nor come so far  
 As liking any youth beside :  
 What men e'er court thee, fly them, and believe  
 They're serpents all, and thou the tempted Eve.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

THE cold calm kiss which cometh as a gift,  
 Not a necessity, is not for me,  
 Whose bliss, whose woe, whose life, whose all is  
 love.

P. J. BAILEY.

*Festus.* (Longmans.)

I HELD her hand, the pledge of bliss,  
Her hand that trembled and withdrew ;  
She bent her head before my kiss . . .  
My heart was sure that hers was true.

Scarce have I told her we must part,  
She shakes my hand, she bids adieu,  
Nor shuns the kiss . . . alas ! my heart,  
Hers never was the heart for you.

W. S. LANDOR.

*Works.* (Chapman and Hall.)

[The extracts from Landor's Poems contained in this volume are inserted by the kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.]

HINTS TO A WOOER.

You must not spare expense, but wear gay clothes,  
And you may be, too, prodigal of oaths,  
To win a mistress' favour ; not afraid,  
Seeking access, to bribe her chambermaid.  
You may present her gifts, and of all sorts,  
Feast, dance, and revel ; they are lawful sports ;  
The choice of suitors you must not deny her,  
Nor quarrel though you find a rival by her ;  
Build on your own deserts, and ever be  
A stranger to love's enemy, jealousy.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

LOVE'S ASSEVERATION.

By those eyes of dazzling brown,  
With their liquid mirth and gladness ;  
By that brow without a frown,  
Or a fleeting cloud of sadness ;  
By that lip of vermeil red,  
Breathing such a gentle voice ;  
By that smile which never fled  
While it could my gaze rejoice ;  
By those curls of chestnut hue  
Streaming down in rich profusion ;  
By those cheeks where blushes strew  
Rosy colours of confusion ;  
By that face that, though a dream,  
I would worship with devotion ;  
By that bosom, fair as cream,  
Heaving with untold emotion ;  
By that silken hand of thine,  
Pure as virgin alabaster ;

By that hand to make which mine  
I would brave the worst disaster ;  
By the pulses of thy heart,  
Fond as ever poet sung ;  
By these simple words that start,  
Faltering from my truthful tongue ;  
My love for thee, like delicious pain,  
Throbs in the core of my heart and brain.

CHARLES KENT.

*Poems.* (Longman and Co.)

GO, LOVELY ROSE !

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

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

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

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

EDMUND WALLER.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

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

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

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

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;  
Slippers lined choicely for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold ;

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

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

CHRISTOPHER MARLOW.

[I omit stanza 6, as in all probability an interpolation of  
Izaak Walton's.]

THE world's wise men from north to south  
Can never cure my pain ;  
But one kiss from her honey mouth  
Would make me whole again.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

*Lays of the Western Gael.* (Bell.)

My love,—my chosen,—but not mine ! I send  
My whole heart to thee in these words I write ;  
So let the blotted lines, my soul's sole friend,  
Lie upon thine, and there be blest at night.

OWEN MEREDITH.

*The Wanderer.* (Chapman and Hall.)

I LIVE but to see thee, to hear thee ;  
I count but the hours where thou art ;  
I ask—only ask—to be near thee,  
Albeit so far from thy heart.

OWEN MEREDITH.

*The Wanderer.* (Chapman and Hall.)

AN HONEST VALENTINE.

*Returned from the Dead-Letter Office.*

THANK ye for your kindness,  
Lady fair and wise,  
Though love's famed for blindness,  
Lovers—hem ! for lies.

Courtship's mighty pretty,  
Wedlock a sweet sight ;—  
Should I (from the city,  
A plain man, Miss —) write,  
Ere we spouse-and-wive it,  
Just one honest line,  
Could you e'er forgive it,  
Pretty Valentine ?

Honey-moon quite over,  
If I less should scan  
You with eye of lover  
Than of mortal man ?  
Seeing my fair charmer  
Curl hair spire on spire,  
All in paper armor,  
By the parlor fire ;  
Gown that wants a stitch in  
Hid by apron fine,  
Scolding in her kitchen,—  
O fie, Valentine !

Should I come home surly  
Vexed with fortune's frown,  
Find a hurly-burly,  
House turned upside down,  
Servants all a-snarl, or  
Cleaning steps or stair :  
Breakfast still in parlour,  
Dinner—anywhere :  
Shall I to cold bacon  
Meekly fall and dine ?  
No,—or I'm mistaken  
Much, my Valentine.

What if we should quarrel ?  
—Bless you, all folks do :—  
Will you take the war ill  
Yet half like it too ?  
When I storm and jangle,  
Obstinate, absurd,  
Will you sit and wrangle  
Just for the last word,—  
Or, while poor Love, crying,  
Upon tiptoe stands,  
Ready plumed for flying,—  
Will you smile, shake hands,

And the truth beholding,  
With a kiss divine  
Stop my rough mouth's scolding?—  
Bless you, Valentine!

If, should times grow harder,  
We have lack of pelf,  
Little in the larder,  
Less upon the shelf;  
Will you, never tearful,  
Make your old gowns do,  
Mend my stockings, cheerful,  
And pay visits few?  
Crave nor gift nor donor  
Old days ne'er regret,  
Seek no friend save Honour,  
Dread no foe but Debt;  
Meet ill-fortune steady,  
Hand to hand with mine,  
Like a gallant lady,—  
Will you, Valentine?

Then, whatever weather  
Come, or shine, or shade,  
We'll set out together,  
Not a whit afraid.  
Age is ne'er alarming,—  
I shall find, I ween,  
You at sixty charming  
As at sweet sixteen:  
Let's pray, nothing loath, dear,  
That our funeral may  
Make one date serve both, dear,  
As our marriage day.  
Then, come joy or sorrow,  
Thou art mine,—I thine.  
So we'll wed to-morrow,  
Dearest Valentine.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,  
GENTLEMAN."

*Thisty Years.* (Macmillan.)

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

EDMUND WALLER.

EXCELLENT wretch! Perdition catch my soul,  
But I do love thee!

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.  
*Othello.*

SONG.

As drooping fern for dewdrops,  
For flowers the bee,  
Wave-weary birds for woodlands,  
Long I for thee.

As rivers seek the ocean,  
Tired things their nest,  
As storm-worn ships their haven,  
Seek I thy breast.

JOHN TODHUNTER.  
*Forest Songs.* (K. Paul.)

I HEAR thy voice, I see thy smile,  
I look upon thy folded hair;  
Ah! while we dream not they beguile,  
Our hearts are in the snare.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

CALIFORNIA MADRIGAL

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Oh, come, my beloved! from thy winter abode,  
From thy home on the Yuba, thy ranch over-  
flowed;  
For the waters have fallen, the winter has fled,  
And the river once more has returned to its bed.

Oh, mark how the spring in its beauty is near!  
How the fences and tules once more reappear!  
How soft lies the mud on the banks of yon  
slough  
By the hole in the levee the waters broke through!

All Nature, dear Chloris, is blooming to greet  
The glance of your eye, and the tread of your feet;  
For the trails are all open, the roads are all free,  
And the highwayman's whistle is heard on the lea.



Again swings the lash on the high mountain trail,  
And the pipe of the packer is scenting the gale ;  
The oath and the jest ringing high o'er the plain,  
Where the smut is not always confined to the grain.

Once more glares the sunlight on awning and roof,  
Once more the red clay's pulverized by the hoof,  
Once more the dust powders the "outsides" with  
red,  
Once more at the station the whiskey is spread.

Then fly with me, love, ere the summer's begun,  
And the mercury mounts to one hundred and one ;  
Ere the grass now so green shall be withered and  
sear,  
In the spring that obtains but one month in the  
year.

BRET HARTE.

*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)



Now gallants gay in pride of youth,  
Say, would you win the fair one's ear?  
Your votive pray'r be short and sooth,  
And whisper low, and she *will* hear.  
The matin bell may loudly tell  
The bridal morn, when all may hear ;  
But at the time of vesper chime—  
Oh ! whisper low in beauty's ear.

SAMUEL LOVER.

*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)



#### A TALK.

(*He*) THOUGH the summer goes too soon,  
And the winter comes too quick,  
Yet the bird sings out a tune,  
Up above the thatched rick,  
And 'tis dry below the tree.  
So a little longer yet,  
Even though the sun be set,  
You can rove up in the grove  
Along with me.

(*She*) No. 'Tis too damp in the dell  
When the colder sun is gone,  
Where the streams begin to swell  
With the rains acoming on.  
On the air now floats no bee  
For the honey he may get,  
And the weather is too wet  
Over head, or where I tread,  
'To go with thee.

(*He*) Oh ! then when we shall have lost  
All the rainless nights and days,  
May there come the icy frost  
That shall harden all the ways,  
And the path o'er hill and lea,  
So that when the moon may show  
Us the way we have to go,  
You at whiles may climb the stiles  
Along with me.

(*She*) No. For when the icy side  
Of the knap is hard as steel,  
Then I fear that I may slide,  
And fall back from on my heel,  
Though for all that, we may see  
That with shoes more roughly soled,  
And with steps that better hold  
You some night, when it is light,  
May come to me.

(*He*) Oh ! As if I wished to rub  
My two elbows in a crowd,  
And would seek a talking club  
To hear voices high and loud.  
'Tis but you I care to see.

(*She*) I might see you at the gate,  
And it might not be too late,  
By the green old ivy screen,  
To talk with me.

WILLIAM BARNES.



LOVE me, lady, dearly,  
If you'll be so good ;  
Though I don't see clearly  
On what ground you should.

C. S. CALVERLEY.  
*Fly Leaves.* (Bell.)

TO DIANEME.

GIVE me one kiss,  
And no more :  
If so be, this  
Makes you poor,  
To enrich you,  
I'll restore  
For that one, two-  
Thousand score.

ROBERT HERRICK.

~~~~~  
SELF-EVIDENT.

WHEN other lips and other eyes  
Their tales of love shall tell,  
Which means the usual sort of lies  
You've heard from many a swell ;  
When, bored with what you feel is bosh,  
You'd give the world to see  
A friend whose love you know will wash,  
O, then remember me !

When Signor Solo goes his tours,  
And Captain Craft's at Ryde,  
And Lord Fitzpop is on the moors,  
And Lord knows who beside ;  
When to exist you feel a task,  
Without a friend at tea,  
At such a moment I but ask  
That you'll remember me.

J. R. PLANCHÉ.  
*Songs and Poems.* (Chatto and Windus.)

~~~~~  
LET ME LOOK INTO THINE EYE !

LET me look into thine eye,  
Through thine eye into thy soul,  
Draw the curtain from the sky,  
Where the living pictures roll !  
I am weary of smooth faces,  
Looks that play a pretty part,  
Shallow smiles and gay grimaces ;  
Show me, show me, maid, thy heart !

When in gay saloon I found thee  
Sailing proudly, like a queen,  
With a host of fops around thee,  
Through the fair and flaunting scene ;

Sure, I thought, this stately maiden  
Struts her hour with dainty art,  
But behind this masquerading  
Keeps, I'll swear, a guileless heart.

Let me look into thine eye,  
Through thine eye into thy soul,  
Of deep thoughts and fancies high  
The living-ciphered book unroll !  
I am sick of polished faces,  
Smiles tricked out for fashion's mart ;  
Worth a thousand practised graces,  
Show me, show me, maid, thy heart !

J. S. BLACKIE.  
*Lyrical Poems.* (D. Douglas, Edinburgh.)

~~~~~  
YOUR eyes, my love, are brightly blue,  
And brightly golden are your tresses,  
Your very looks are *billets doux*,  
That go at once to their addresses.

H. S. LEIGH.  
*Gillott and Goosequill.*  
(British and Colonial Publishing Co.)

~~~~~  
LOVE AND NURSING.

(From "*The Widow Mysie.*")

O HEAVEN ! in what strange Enchanter's den  
Learnt she the spells wherewith she conquer'd  
men ?

When to that chamber she had won her way,  
The old man's cheeks grew brighter every day ;  
She smooth'd the pillows underneath his head,  
She brought sweet music round about his bed ;  
She made the very mustard-blisters glow  
With fire as soft as youthful lovers know ;  
The very physic bottles lost their gloom  
And seem'd like little fairies in the room ;  
The very physic, charm'd by her, grew fine,  
Rhubarb was nectar, castor-oil was wine.  
Half darkly, dimly, yet with secret flame,  
That titillated up and down his frame,  
The grim old man lay still, with hungry eye  
Watching her thro' the room on tiptoe fly ;—  
She turn'd her back—his cheek grew dull and dim !  
She turn'd her face—its sunshine fell on him !

Better and better every day grew he,  
Colder and colder grew his nurse to me,  
Till up he leapt, with fresh new life astir,  
And only sank again—to kneel to *her*!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.  
*Poetical Works, Vol. II.*

I LOVE the broad bright world of snow,  
And every strange device  
Which makes the woods a frozen show,  
The rivers hard and still; but oh,  
Ne'er loved a heart of ice!

T. B. READ.

UPON A DELAYING LADY.

COME, come away,  
Or let me go;  
Must I here stay  
Because you're slow,  
And will continue so;  
—Troth, lady, no.

I scorn to be  
A slave to state;  
And since I'm free,  
I will not wait,  
Henceforth at such a rate,  
For needy fate.

If you desire  
My spark should glow,  
The peeping fire  
You must blow;  
Or I shall quickly grow  
To frost, or snow.

ROBERT HERRICK.

LET not you and I inquire  
What has been our past desire;  
On what shepherds you have smiled,  
Or what nymphs I have beguiled;  
Leave it to the planets too,  
What we shall hereafter do;  
For the joys we now may prove,  
Take advice of present love.

EDMUND WALLER.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE FOUR-  
TEENTH OF FEBRUARY.

ERE the morn the East has crimsoned,  
When the stars are twinkling there,  
(As they did in Watts's hymns, and  
Made him wonder what they were :)  
When the forest-nymphs are beading  
Fern and flower with silvery dew—  
My infallible proceeding  
Is to wake, and think of you.

When the hunter's ringing bugle  
Sounds farewell to field and copse,  
And I sit before my frugal  
Meal of gravy-soup and chops :  
When (as Gray remarks) "the moping  
Owl doth to the moon complain,"  
And the hour suggests eloping—  
Fly my thoughts to you again.

May my dreams be granted never?  
Must I aye endure affliction  
Rarely realized, if ever,  
In our wildest works of fiction?  
Madly Romeo loved his Juliet;  
Copperfield began to pine  
When he hadn't been to school yet—  
But their loves were cold to mine.

Give me hope, the least, the dimmest,  
Ere I drain the poisoned cup :  
Tell me I may tell the chymist  
Not to make that arsenic up!  
Else the heart must cease to throb in  
This my breast; and when, in tones  
Hushed, men ask, "Who killed Cock Robin?"  
They'll be told, "Miss Clara J—s."

C. S. CALVERLEY.  
*Verses and Translations.*  
(Deighton, Bell, and Co.)

[By kind permission of the Author, and of Messrs.  
Deighton, Bell, and Co.]

LOVE me, dearest! Dearest, love me!  
Brighter days may shine,  
When thou shalt call me all thine own,  
And thou'lt be only mine!

But should that bliss be still denied,  
Still fortune frown above me,  
Thou'lt be my choice—though not my bride,  
Then love me, dearest! Love me!

SAMUEL LOVER.

*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)

~~~~~  
"L o ve not! love not!" ah, false song!  
O h, but 'tis the spelling's wrong!  
V iewed with K before the N  
E verything is altered then!  
K left out, the "not," you'll find,  
N ever could be one to bind!  
O h, these words of ours! why not  
T urn the "love not!" to "love-knot"?

EDEN HOOPER.

~~~~~  
YOUR kisses were so embalmed  
With spices of beech and fir,  
That they haunt my lips in the dead o' the night,  
If the night-winds do but stir.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

*Sonnets and Songs.* (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
RADIANT PROSPECTS.

*Pluto.* IF, therefore, dearest, you would have me  
paint  
My residence exactly (*aside*) as it aint,—  
(*Aloud*) I would entreat you, Proserpine, to come  
where

A palace lifting to eternal—somewhere—  
With marble halls invites us—

*Proserpine.* By-the-bye,  
Where is this palace?

*Pluto (embarrassed).* In the Isle of Skye.  
Thy days all cloudless sunshine shall remain,  
For on our pleasure we will ne'er draw rein:  
At noon we'd sit beneath the vine-arched bowers,  
And, losing all our calculating powers,  
Think days but minutes—reckoning by *ours*;  
Darkness shall be at once with light replaced,  
When my hand lights on that light taper waist;  
Our friends should all true constant lovers be  
(So we should not be bored with company);  
Love's Entertainments only would we seek,  
And sending up to Mudie's once a week,  
No tales that were not Lover's we'd bespeak,

No sentiments in which we were not sharers  
(Think what a host of rubbish that would spare us);  
The summer months no milder than the rest are,  
For e'en when winter comes, no cold nor'-wester  
Shall roughly visit that soft cheek, sweet girl,  
No air e'er brush that ere hair out of curl;  
Whereof, perhaps, the wonder's not so great,  
Because there is no heir to the estate.

Dost like the picture, love, or are you bored?

F. TALFOURD.

*Pluto and Proserpine.* (French.)

~~~~~  
A SENSIBLE LOVER.

I NEVER—never did desire  
A maiden blest with "eyes of fire;"  
Because such flaming things mayhap  
Might singe, if not consume, a chap.

I never did a liking show  
For maid whose "bosom was of snow;"  
Because frost-bitten one might be,  
From hugging such a girl as she.

The maid with lips "like cherries ripe"  
Has never been my passion's type;—  
Because, when autumn time had come,  
You'd have to pick 'em—which is rum!

Nor is the maid, who boasts a cheek  
"Just like a peach," the one I seek:  
I never—be the truth revealed—  
Enjoy a peach that isn't peeled.

The maid whose brow is "ivory white"  
Would never give my heart delight:  
Although its good for paper-knives,  
I don't like ivory in wives.

One taste I with the poets share—  
I like a maid "with golden hair;"—  
But would she let me—deuce is in't!—  
Shave it, and send it to the Mint!

My notion of a girl is this—  
A girl that one may hug and kiss;  
No ivory, or gold, or snow,  
Or fire, or peach, or cherry!—No!  
But just a girl—as girls now go.

THOMAS HOOD THE YOUNGER.

*Poems Humorous and Pathetic.*  
(Chatto and Windus.)

## MY VALENTINE.

[EXTRACT.]

I LOVE not the sweetest of love protestations  
Emblazoned by artists on paper of snow ;  
The amorous glances and forced suspirations,  
You purchase for money from Cupid & Co.

Those pink chubby boys, with their impudent faces,  
Their hearts and their darts and their old stock-  
in-trade,

Bedizened with tinsel, embowered in laces,  
Shan't bear my love-song to my tender-eyed maid.

Shall hireling muses e'er sing of her splendour,  
Or trumpery poets at twopence a line ?

Shall e'er be a bookseller's shopman the vendor  
Of pæan of praise to my sweet Valentine ?

I strike my own harp when I sing to my treasure,  
I'll sing my own song or for ever be still ;  
And watch her eyes sparkle with exquisite pleasure  
At soft-spoken words which so easily thrill !

I won't bring a harp, and I won't speak in numbers ;  
We'll sit as of yore in the snug-curtained room ;  
When old folks are taking post-prandial slumbers,  
We'll dream by the fire 'twixt the glow and the  
gloom !

When sunny-brown tresses, in firelight, gleam  
golden,

And ripple down soft o'er a bosom of snow ;  
When a dear little waist is more closely enfolden—  
There's sweetness in silence we both of us know !

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

*Boudoir Ballads.* (Chatto and Windus.)

## GEORGIE'S GIRDLE.

AH ! your supple slender waist  
Should be never tightly laced,  
So leave each Nature's charm, sweet—  
As you found it :

If you want a tighter zone,  
Some day, darling, when alone,  
I'll wind a loving arm, sweet—  
Around it !

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

*Boudoir Ballads.* (Chatto and Windus.)

[By kind permission of the Author.]

## WHY I LOVE YOU.

I LOVE you—not because your face is fair,  
And not because your voice is soft and sweet—  
Not for the sunny glory of your hair,  
Not for the merry music of your feet ;  
But you are like the sunshine and the flowers  
That please and soothe the mind unconsciously—  
Or like the bird-song in the morning hours,  
Or brooklet dancing through a golden lea ;  
So, when I see fair things I think of you,  
And love you for the fresh and guileless grace—  
For all the subtle sunshine in your face,  
When that sweet heart of yours is beaming through.  
May never cloud float o'er the summer skies,  
To dim the gladness of my darling's eyes !

H. M. BURNSIDE.

## PRETTY, BUT NOT TO THE POINT.

[EXTRACT.]

I SEIZED the note—I flew upstairs—  
Flung-to the door, and locked me in—  
With panting haste I tore the seal—  
And kissed the B in Benjamin !  
'Twas full of love—to rhyme with dove—  
And all that tender sort of thing—  
Of sweet and meet—and heart and dart—  
But not a word about a ring !

THOMAS HOOD.

*Poetical Works.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

## LOVE LETTER.

[EXTRACT.]

YES, letter, on thy cover  
My love shall kiss her name,  
And, thinking of her lover,  
Shall flush with joyful shame ;  
And I will kiss you, letter,  
Before I let you go :  
And so my lips will greet her,  
And nobody will know.  
Yea, all this while I miss her  
With exquisite, sweet pain,  
Until I shall re-kiss her  
And clasp her shape again,







RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS.

Painted by MARCUS STONE, R.A.

“So, when I see fair things I think of you,  
And love you for the fresh and guileless grace—  
For all the subtle sunshine in your face,  
When that sweet heart of yours is beaming through.”

Page 52.





O my verses—be her lover  
 And kiss her day by day,  
 And she will repeat you over  
 When I am far away.

WILLIAM WILKINS.  
*Songs of Study.* (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
 LOVE'S TIMIDITY.

I do not ask to offer thee  
 A timid love like mine ;  
 I lay it as the rose is laid  
 On some immortal shrine.  
 I have no hope in loving thee,  
 I only ask to love ;  
 I brood upon my silent heart,  
 As on its nest the dove.  
 But little have I been beloved,  
 Sad, silent, and alone :  
 And yet I feel, in loving thee,  
 The wide world is mine own.  
 Thine is the name I breathe to Heaven,  
 Thy face is on my sleep ;  
 I only ask that love like this  
 May pray for thee and weep.

L. E. LANDON.  
*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)

~~~~~  
 TO ELECTRA.

I DARE not ask a kiss,  
 I dare not beg a smile ;  
 Lest having that, or this,  
 I might grow proud the while.  
 No, no, the utmost share  
 Of my desire shall be,  
 Only to kiss that air  
 That lately kissèd thee.

~~~~~  
 ROBERT HERRICK.

~~~~~  
 LINES SUGGESTED BY THE FOUR-  
 TEENTH OF FEBRUARY.

DARKNESS succeeds to twilight :  
 Through lattice and through skylight  
 The stars, no doubt, if one looked out,  
 Might be observed to shine :  
 And sitting by the embers  
 I elevate my members  
 On a stray chair, and then and there  
 Commence a Valentine.

Yea ! by St. Valentinus,  
 Emma shall not be minus  
 What all young ladies, whate'er their grade is  
 Expect to-day no doubt :  
 Emma the fair, the stately—  
 Whom I beheld so lately,  
 Smiling beneath the snow-white wreath  
 Which told that she was "out."

Wherefore fly to her, swallow,  
 And mention that I'd "follow,"  
 And "pipe and trill," et cetera, till  
 I died, had I but wings :  
 Say the North's "true and tender,"  
 The South an old offender ;  
 And hint, in fact, with your well-known tact,  
 All kinds of pretty things.

Say I grow hourly thinner,  
 Simply abhor my dinner—  
 Tho' I do try and absorb some viand  
 Each day, for form's sake merely :  
 And ask her, when all's ended,  
 And I am found extended,  
 With vest blood-spotted, and cut carotid,  
 To think on Hers sincerely.

C. S. CALVERLEY.  
*Verses and Translations.* (Deighton, Bell, and Co.)

~~~~~  
 STILL, I love thee dearly :  
 Though I make (I feel)  
 Love a little queerly,  
 I'm as true as steel

C. S. CALVERLEY.  
*Fly Leaves.* (Bell.)

~~~~~  
 IMITATED FROM THE WELSH.

IF, while my passion I impart,  
 You deem my words untrue,  
 O place your hand upon my heart—  
 Feel how it throbs for you.

Ah no ! reject the thoughtless claim  
 In pity to your Lover !  
 That thrilling touch would aid the flame,  
 It wishes to discover.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THY sweet words drop upon the ear as soft  
As rose-leaves on a well : and I could listen,  
As though the immortal melody of Heaven  
Were wrought into one word—that word a whisper,  
That whisper all I want from all I love.

P. J. BAILEY.

*Festus.* (Longmans.)

~~~~~  
SONG.

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

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

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

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

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

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

~~~~~  
IF SHE BUT KNEW.

If she but knew that I am weeping  
Still for her sake,  
That love and sorrow grow with keeping  
Till they must break,  
My heart that breaking will adore her,  
Be hers and die ;  
If she might hear me once implore her,  
Would she not sigh ?

If she but knew that it would save me,  
Her voice to hear,  
Saying she pitied me, forgave me,  
Must she forbear ?

If she were told that I was dying,  
Would she be dumb ?  
Could she content herself with sighing ?  
Would she not come ?

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

*Songs of a Worker.* (Chatto and Windus.)

~~~~~  
LOVE ne'er can place thy hand in mine,  
Thou art so high above me—  
Yet might I plead with eyes like thine,  
I think that thou would'st love me.

AUBREY DE VERE.

~~~~~  
THINK not of it, sweet one, so ;—  
Give it not a tear ;  
Sigh thou mayst, and bid it go  
Any—any where.

Do not look so sad, sweet one,—  
Sad and fadingly ;  
Shed one drop then—it is gone—  
Oh ! 'twas born to die !

Still so pale ? then, dearest, weep ;  
Weep, I'll count the tears,  
And each one shall be a bliss  
For thee in after-years.

Brighter has it left thine eyes  
Than a sunny rill ;  
And thy whispering melodies  
Are tenderer still.

Yet—as all things mourn awhile  
At fleeting blisses ;  
Let us too ; but be our dirge,  
A dirge of kisses.

JOHN KEATS.

~~~~~  
NIGHT SONG.

OH ! do you wake, or do you sleep  
With window to the full-moon'd sky ?  
Or have you lost, or do you keep  
A thought of all the day gone by ?  
Or are you dead to all you knew  
Of life, the while I live to you ?

May air o'er wallside roses brought,  
Of charming gardens give you dreams ;  
May rustling leaves beguile your thought  
With dreams of walks by falling streams.  
And on your lids be light that yields  
Bright dream-clouds over daisied fields.

Our meeting hour of yesterday  
To me, now deep in waning night,  
Seems all a glory pass'd away  
Beyond a year-time's longsome flight.  
Though night seems far too short to weigh  
Your words and deeds of yesterday.

While rise or sink the glittering stars  
Above dim woods, or hillock brows,  
There, out within the moonpaled bars,  
In darksome bunches, sleep your cows.  
So sweetly sleep, asleep be they  
Until you meet the opening day.

WILLIAM BARNES.

HER beauty was as sweet a thing  
As is the primrose in the spring.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.  
*Lays of France.* (Chatto and Windus.)

FAIR is my love, when her fair golden hairs  
With the loose wind ye waving chance to mark ;  
Fair, when the rose in her red cheeks appears ;  
Or in her eyes the fire of love does spark.  
Fair, when her breast, like a rich-laden bark  
With precious merchandise she forth doth lay ;  
Fair, when that cloud of pride, which oft doth dark  
Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away.  
But fairest she, when so she doth display  
The gate with pearls and rubies richly dight ;  
Through which her words so wise do make their  
way  
To bear the message of her gentle sprite.  
The rest be works of Nature's wonderment ;  
But this the work of heart's astonishment.

EDMUND SPENSER.

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined,  
Shall now my joyful temples bind ;  
No monarch but would give his crown,  
His arms might do what this has done.  
It was my heaven's extremest sphere,  
The pale which held that lovely deer.  
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,  
Did all within this circle move !  
A narrow compass ! and yet there  
Dwelt all that's good and all that's fair ;  
Give me but what this ribbon bound,  
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

EDMUND WALLER.

I'd like to be the lavender  
That makes her linen sweet,  
And swoon and sweeten in her breast,  
And faint around her feet.  
She'd hardly think of me at all,  
And shake out lawn and sheet ;  
And yet I'd be the lavender,  
And make her linen sweet.

THEO. MARZIALS.

*The Gallery of Pigeons.* (K. Paul.)

GERTRUDE'S GLOVE.

SLIPS of a kid-skin deftly sewn,  
A scent as through her garden blown,  
The tender hue that clothes her dove,  
All these, and this is Gerty's glove.  
A glove but lately dofft, for look—  
It keeps the happy shape it took  
Warm from her touch ! What gave the glow ?  
And where's the mould that shaped it so ?  
It clasp'd the hand, so pure, so sleek,  
Where Gerty rests a pensive cheek,  
The hand that when the light wind stirs,  
Reproves those laughing locks of hers.  
You fingers four, you little thumb !  
Were I but you, in days to come  
I'd clasp, and kiss,—I'd keep her—go !  
And tell her that I told you so.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

*London Lyrics.* (K. Paul.)

## A VOW TO VENUS.

HAPPILY I had a sight  
Of my dearest dear last night ;  
Make her this day smile on me,  
And I'll roses give to thee !

ROBERT HERRICK.

PURE lip coralline, slightly stirred ;  
Thus stir ; but speak not ! Love can see  
On you the syllables unheard  
Which are his only melody.

Pure, drooping lids ; dark lashes wet  
With that unhoped-for, trembling tear ;  
Thus droop, thus meet ; nor give me yet  
The eyes that I desire, yet fear.

Hands lightly clasped on meekest knee ;  
All-beauteous head, as by a spell  
Bent forward ; loveliest form, to me  
A lovely soul made visible :—

Speak not ! move not ! More tender grows  
The heart, long musing. Night may plead,  
Perhaps, my part ; and, at its close,  
The morning bring me light indeed.

AUBREY DE VERE.

*Poems, Meditative and Lyrical.* (K. Paul.)

THE forward violet thus did I chide ;—  
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet  
that smells,

If not from my love's breath ? The purple pride  
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,  
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.

The lily I condemnèd for thy hand,  
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair :  
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,  
One blushing shame, another white despair ;  
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,  
And to his robbery had annexed thy breath ;  
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth  
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see  
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

*Sonnets.*

CHERRY-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry ;  
Full and fair ones ; come, and buy !

If so be you ask me where  
They do grow ? I answer, there,  
Where my Julia's lips do smile ;  
There's the land or cherry-isle,  
Whose plantations fully show,  
All the year, where cherries grow.

ROBERT HERRICK.

## LOVE'S WISHES.

WOULD I were Erin's apple-blossom o'er you,  
Or Erin's rose in all its beauty blown,  
To drop my richest petals down before you,  
Within the garden where you walk alone ;  
In hope you'd turn and pluck a little posy,  
With loving fingers through my foliage pressed,  
And kiss it close and set it blushing rosy  
To sigh out all its sweetness on your breast.

Would I might take the pigeon's flight towards you,  
And perch beside your window-pane above,  
And murmur how my heart of hearts it hoards you,  
O hundred thousand treasures of my love ;  
In hope you'd stretch your slender hand and take  
me,

And smooth my wildly-fluttering wings to rest,  
And lift me to your loving lips and make me  
My bower of blisses in your loving breast.

A. P. GRAVES.

*Irish Songs and Ballads.* (Ireland, Manchester.)

[FOR] in her beauty was the clear revealing  
Of Truth ; and with the sight a man grew pure,  
And all his life and thinking steadfast, sure,  
As one before a shrine of Godhead kneeling.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

*Songs of a Worker.* (Chatto and Windus.)

SHE'S a virgin  
Happy in all endowments which a poet  
Could fancy in his mistress ; being herself  
A school of goodness, where chaste maids may  
learn,







[RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS.]

[Painted by MABEL FOU DICKSONDORFF.]

"More flowers I noted, yet I none could see  
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee."





Without the aids of foreign principles,  
By the example of her life and pureness,  
To be as she is, excellent. I but give you  
A brief epitome of her virtues, which  
Dilated on at large, and to their merit,  
Would make an ample story.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

~~~~~

STRANGE that one lightly-whispered tone  
Is far, far sweeter unto me  
Than all the sounds that kiss the earth,  
Or breathe along the sea!  
But, lady, when thy voice I greet,  
Not heavenly music seems so sweet.

O lady! there be many things  
That seem right fair, below, above;  
But sure not one among them all  
Is half so sweet as love;—  
Let us not pay our vows alone,  
But join two altars both in one.

O. W. HOLMES.

~~~~~

ONE LOVING SMILE.

O, WHITE and red,  
Above your head  
The arbutus flowers and berries grow;  
And underneath  
The blushing heath  
I've found for luck the heath of snow;  
And sure 'tis fine  
The foaming line  
That laughs across the purple bay;  
But, ah, let slip  
From your ripe lip  
One loving smile, and where are they?

A. P. GRAVES.

*Irish Songs and Ballads.* (Ireland, Manchester.)

~~~~~

THE SURPRISE.

CHLORIS, I swear, by all I ever swore,  
That from this hour I shall not love thee more.—  
"What! love no more? Oh! why this altered  
vow?"

Because I *cannot* love thee *more*—than *now*!

THOMAS MOORE.

HER stature comely, tall; her gate  
Well gracèd; and her wit,  
To marvell at, not meddle with,  
As matchless I omit.

A globe-like head, a gold-like haire,  
A forehead smooth and hie,  
An even nose; on either side  
Did shine a grayish eie.

Two rosie cheeks, round ruddy lips,  
White just-set teeth within;  
A mouth in meane; and underneath  
A round and dimpled chin.

WILLIAM WARNER.

*Albion's England.*

~~~~~

THE MESSAGE.

OH all things fond and free,  
Bear a message to my love;  
I am like a wind-blown cloud,  
She is like the blue above.

She wanders 'mid the flowers  
As a flower cool and sweet,  
While my heart is as the droughty grass  
That bends beneath her feet.

Tell her, ye sapient birds and bees,  
The secret of that spring  
She calmly smiles upon and holds,  
A light and fleeting thing;

Tell her that autumn is not rich  
For all its golden grain;  
That but for joyance of the spring  
Its garnered stores were vain.

Say the fruit is for the flower,  
Not the flower for the fruit;  
As the lute is for the music,  
Not the music for the lute.

Say the tree is for the blossom,  
Not the blossom for the tree;  
And I am made for love and her,  
As she for love and me.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

*Sonnets and Songs.* (K. Paul.)

## A MAID

That paragons description and wild fame ;  
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,  
And in the essential vesture of creation  
Does bear all excellency.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.  
*Othello.*

## A LETTER OF ADVICE.

WHEN you love—as all men will—  
Sing the theme of your devotion,  
Sue—and vow—and worship still—  
Overflow with deep emotion,  
Bow to Cupid's sweet decrees,  
Lightly wear the happy fetter,  
Bend the knee and plead! But, please,  
Do not write your love a letter!

Ah! most tempting it may be :  
Ink flows free—and pens *will* write,  
And your passion fain you'd see  
Plainly mapped in black and white.  
Yet refrain from shedding ink,  
If you can :—'tis wiser—better.  
Ere you pen a sentence, think!  
Do not write your love a letter!

Hearts may cool, and views may change—  
Other scenes may seem inviting,  
But a heart can't safely range  
If committed 'tis to writing.  
What you've written is a writ,  
Holds you closely as a debtor.  
Will she spare you? Not a bit!  
Do not write your love a letter!

Think of Breach of Promise cause,  
Think of barristers provoking  
Leading you to slips and flaws,  
Turning all your love to joking.

If you've written aught, they'll be  
Safe to find it as a setter—  
Then you'll wish you'd hearkened me—  
Do not write your love a letter!

Oh, those letters read in Court!  
How the tender things seem stupid!  
How deep feeling seems but sport!  
How young Momus trips up Cupid!  
Take my warning then—or soon,  
O'er your folly you'll be fretter,  
Saying, "Why, poor foolish spoon,  
Did I write my love a letter?"

THOMAS HOOD THE YOUNGER.  
*Poems Humorous and Pathetic.*  
(Chatto and Windus.)

[By kind permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.]

## THE DOUBLE PAIN.

(Translated from "*El Vizconde de Altamira.*")

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

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

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

D. F. MCCARTHY.  
*Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics.*  
(McGlashan, Dublin.)

V.

LOVE LOYAL.

“Such as I was, such will I be,  
Your own; what would ye more of me?”

EARL OF SURREY.

KEATS'S LAST SONNET.

BRIGHT star ! would I were steadfast as thou art—  
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,  
And watching, with eternal lids apart,  
Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,  
The moving waters at their priestlike task,  
Of pure ablation round earth's human shores,  
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask  
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—  
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,  
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,  
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,  
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,  
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,  
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

JOHN KEATS.

I GATHERED it wet for my own sweet Pet  
As we whisper'd and walk'd apart :  
She gave me that rose, it is fragrant yet,—  
And oh, it is near my heart.

FREDERICK LOCKER.  
*London Lyrics.* (K. Paul)

LET others praise, as others prize,  
The witching twilight of your eyes—  
I cannot praise you : I adore,  
And that is praise—and something more.

FREDERICK LOCKER.  
*London Lyrics.* (K. Paul.)

COME, my love, while my heart is in the south,  
While youth is about my ways—  
I will run to meet you and kiss your mouth,  
And bless you for all my days.

GUY ROSLYN.

*Village Verses.* (Moxon and Co.)

THE kiss, dear maid ! thy lip has left,  
Shall never part from mine,  
Till happier hours restore the gift  
Untainted back to thine.

LORD BYRON.

“THE bliss which woman's charms bespeak,  
I've sought in many, found in none !”  
“In many 'tis in vain you seek  
What only can be found in one.”

COVENTRY PATMORE.

*The Angel in the House.* (G. Bell and Sons.)

THAT DREAM OF OURS.

O, THE young love was sweet, dear,  
That dainty dream of ours,  
When we could not keep our feet, dear,  
From dancing through the flow'rs ;  
When hopes and gay romances  
Were thick as leaves in spring,  
And cares were old folks' fancies,  
And joy the solid thing.  
Of all youth's visions blest, dear,  
Of all its golden dow'rs,  
O, the young love was best, dear,  
That dainty dream of ours !

O, the old love is sweet, dear,  
 These chill October days,  
 When we tread with falt'ring feet, dear,  
 The sear and silent ways.  
 When earth has lost its glory,  
 And heav'n has lost its blue,  
 And life's a sober story,  
 And care a comrade true.  
 Though hopes no longer cheat, dear,  
 And dreams have lost their sway,  
 O, the old love is sweet, dear,  
 That gilds the autumn day !

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.  
*Songs in Sunshine.* (Eyre and Spottiswoode.)

I LOVE YOU BEST.

YOUR face, the fairest I have seen,  
 Is now a part of life to me :  
 It smiles down sorrows that have been,  
 And speaks of pleasures that may be ;  
 But though you have my heart in thrall,  
 I cannot meet you like the rest,  
 yet I know, above them all,  
 I love you best.

Your life, the truest I have known,  
 Not very sad nor very gay,  
 Has given guidance to my own,  
 That might apart have gone astray :  
 So much of good has come to me  
 From you that I would now be blest—  
 Am I unworthy? Am I free  
 To love you best ?

I cannot flatter in your sight,  
 Nor boldly speak as others do ;  
 But I could suffer, or could fight,  
 Or forfeit life for love of you ;  
 Or I could toil for all my days  
 To shield you from the world's unrest,  
 And prove to you, in simple ways,  
 I love you best.

Now hopes and fears within me fight,  
 As I await the deepest woe,  
 Or else the richest of delight  
 That any youth or man may know ;

Soon happiness my heart must fill,  
 Or I must turn from peace and rest,  
 To live a life alone, and still  
 To love you best.

GUY ROSLYN.  
*Lyrics and Landscapes.* (Arthur H. Moxon.)

LET me not to the marriage of true minds  
 Admit impediments. Love is not love  
 Which alters when it alteration finds,  
 Or bends with the remover to remove :  
 Oh, no ! it is an ever-fixèd mark,  
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;  
 It is the star to every wandering bark,  
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be  
 taken ;  
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ;  
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
 If this be error, and upon me proved,  
 I never writ nor no man ever loved.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.  
*Sonnets.*

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

THOMAS HOOD.  
*Poetical Works.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

ROOT AND LEAF.

THE love that deep within me lies  
 Unmoved abides in conscious power ;  
 Yet in the heaven of thy sweet eyes  
 It varies every hour.

A look from thee will flush the cheek :  
 A word of thine awaken tears :  
 And, ah ! in all I do and speak  
 How frail my love appears !

In yonder tree, Belov'd, whose boughs  
 Are household both to earth and heaven,  
 Whose leaves have murmur'd of our vows  
 To many a balmy even,  
 The branch that wears the liveliest green,  
 Is shaken by the restless bird ;  
 The leaves that nighest heaven are seen,  
 By every breeze are stirr'd :  
 But storms may rise, and thunders roll,  
 Nor move the giant roots below ;  
 So, from the bases of the soul,  
 My love for thee doth grow.  
 It seeks the heaven, and trembles there  
 To every light and passing breath ;  
 But from the heart no storm can tear  
 Its rooted growth beneath.

OWEN MEREDITH.  
*The Wanderer.* (Chapman and Hall.)

SHE is not dead, and she is not wed !  
 But she loves me now, and she loved me then !  
 And the very first word that her sweet lips said,  
 My heart grew youthful again.

OWEN MEREDITH.  
*The Wanderer.* (Chapman and Hall.)

THE world may smile, the world may sneer—  
 It's all the same to me ;—  
 I've double-locked my heart, my dear,  
 And given you the key.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.  
*Gaslight and Stars.* (Marcus Ward.)

MINE to the core of the heart, my beauty !  
 Mine, all mine, and for love, not duty :  
 Love given willingly, full and free,  
 Love for love's sake—as mine to thee.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,  
 GENTLEMAN."  
*Thirty Years.* (Macmillan.)

To sigh, yet feel no pain,  
 To weep, yet scarce know why ;  
 To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,  
 Then throw it idly by.

To kneel at many a shrine,  
 Yet lay the heart on none ;  
 To think all other charms divine,  
 But those we just have won.  
 This is love, careless love,  
 Such as kindleth hearts that rove.  
 To keep one sacred flame,  
 Through life unchill'd, unmoved ;  
 To love, in wintry age, the same  
 As first in youth we loved ;  
 To feel that we adore,  
 To such refined excess,  
 That, though the heart would break with *more*,  
 We could not live with *less*.  
 This is love, faithful love,  
 Such as saints might feel above.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE HEART'S EVIDENCE.

TIDES that encroach and make the plain a sea,  
 Tides that recede and make the sea a plain,  
 Loud cities that where once waved grass and  
 grain  
 Send up your towers and flags, ye tendrils free—  
 Ivy and vine—that unrebukedly  
 The stones that once were cities clasp and  
 chain ;  
 Preach, if ye will, that all things change and  
 wane,  
 And that Man's spirit soon no more shall be ;  
 But though the world from which Columbus  
 sailed,  
 The world he sailed to and the seas between,  
 Should cry—the dreams of life to come deceive ;  
 I, sweet, remembering thy faith serene  
 And quenchless love, should there find counter-  
 vailed  
 The witness of both worlds, and still believe.

WESTLAND MARSTON.  
*Dramatic and Poetical Works.*  
 (Chatto and Windus.)

Love me little—love me long,  
 Is the burden of my song ;  
 Love that is too hot and strong  
 Burneth soon to waste.

Still I would not have thee cold,  
Not too backward or too bold ;  
Love that lasteth till 'tis old  
Fadeth not in haste.

UNKNOWN.

FROM HEINE.

THOSE azure, azure eyes  
Gaze on me with their love ;  
And I am lost in dream,  
And cannot speak or move.

Those azure, azure eyes  
Stay with me when we part :  
A sea of azure thoughts  
Overfloods my heart.

JAMES THOMSON.

*City of Dreadful Night.* (Reeves and Turner.)

KEEPING A HEART.

To M— D—.

If one should give me a heart to keep,  
With love for the golden key,  
The giver might live at ease or sleep ;  
It should ne'er know pain, be weary, or weep,  
The heart watched over by me.

I would keep that heart as a temple fair,  
No heathen should look therein ;  
Its chaste marmoreal beauty rare  
I only should know, and to enter there  
I must hold myself from sin.

I would keep that heart as a casket hid  
Where precious jewels are ranged,  
A memory each ; as you raise the lid,  
You think you love again as you did  
Of old, and nothing seems changed.

How I should tremble day after day,  
As I touched with the golden key,  
Lest aught in that heart were changed, or say  
That another had stolen one thought away  
And it did not open to me.

But ah ! I should know that heart so well,  
As a heart so loving and true,  
As a heart that I held with a golden spell,  
That so long as I changed not I could foretell  
That heart would be changeless too.

I would keep that heart as the thought of heaven,  
To dwell in a life apart,  
My good should be done, my gift be given,  
In hope of the recompense there ; yea, even  
My life should be led in that heart.

And so on the eve of some blissful day,  
From within we should close the door  
On glimmering splendours of love, and stay  
In that heart shut up from the world away,  
Never to open it more.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

*Songs of a Worker.* (Chatto and Windus.)

A MATCH.

[EXTRACT.]

If love were what the rose is,  
And I were like the leaf,  
Our lives would grow together  
In sad or singing weather,  
Blown fields or flowerful closes,  
Green pleasure or grey grief ;  
If love were what the rose is,  
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,  
And love were like the tune,  
With double sound and single  
Delight our lips would mingle,  
With kisses glad as birds are  
That get sweet rain at noon ;  
If I were what the words are,  
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,  
And I your love were death,  
We'd shine and snow together,  
Ere March made sweet the weather  
With daffodil and starling  
And hours of fruitful breath ;  
If you were life, my darling,  
And I your love were death.

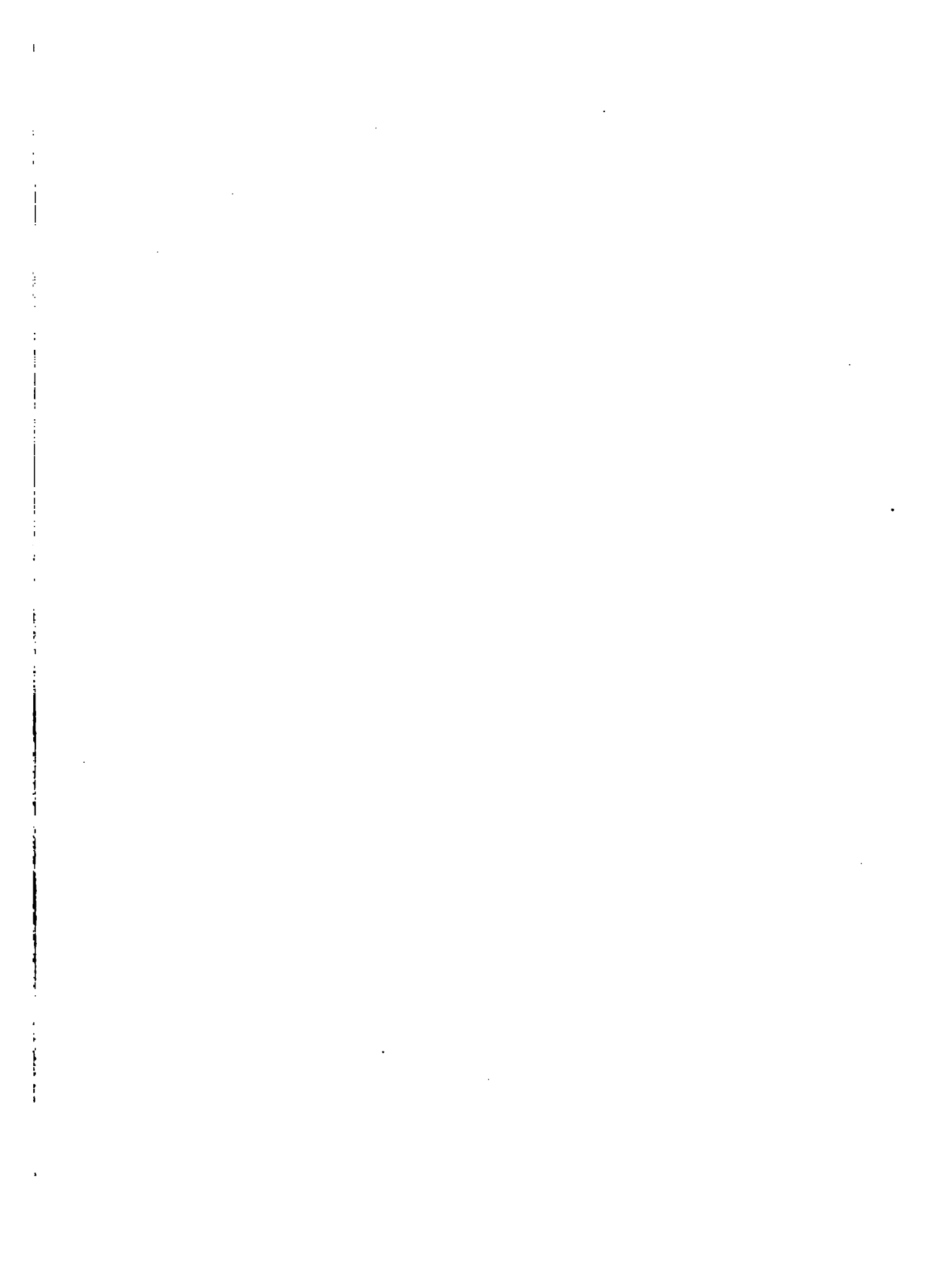
A. C. SWINBURNE.

*Poems and Ballads ; First Series.*

(Chatto and Windus.)









RAFAEL TUCK AND SONS.]

[Painted by JOHN SCOTT.

"I would keep that heart as a casket hid  
Where precious jewels are ranged."



THOUGH Fate, my girl, may bid us part,  
Our souls it cannot, shall not sever ;  
heart will seek its kindred heart,  
And cling to it as close as ever.

THOMAS MOORE.

To love is but to live, my fair,—  
You would not surely have me die?  
So tangle my soul here tight in your hair,  
Till I and you are only I.

THEO. MARZIALS.  
*The Gallery of Pigeons.* (K. Paul.)

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,  
That from the nunnery  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind  
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,  
The first foe in the field ;  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you too shall adore ;  
I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honour more.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,  
The more I have, for both are infinite.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.  
*Romeo and Juliet.*

I LOVE thee, I love thee, my darling, my queen ;  
I will love thee in life, I will love thee to death,  
While the sea-spray is white, while the olive is  
green,  
While the lip hath its redness, the body its breath.

G. F. ARMSTRONG.  
*Poems : Lyrical and Dramatic.* (Longmans.)

SINCE WE PARTED.

SINCE we parted yester-eve,  
I do love thee, love, believe,  
Twelve times dearer, twelve hours longer,  
One dream deeper, one night stronger,  
One sun surer,—thus much more  
Than I loved thee, love, before.

OWEN MEREDITH.  
*The Wanderer.* (Chapman and Hall.)

ALL glorious dreams that beautified and blest  
My fervent youth were realized in Thee ;  
Young longings, nobler far in their unrest  
Than later moods of scornful stagnancy,  
Again could heave and agitate my breast :  
My mind, long world-filled, was empowered to  
see  
That Life has sacred mysteries unrevealed,  
And grander trusts than Earth and Time can yield.

JAMES THOMSON.  
*Vane's Story.* (Reeves and Turner.)

I've thought of thee—I've thought of thee,  
Through change that teaches to forget ;  
Thy face looks up from every sea,  
In every star thine eyes are set.  
Though roving beneath Orient skies,  
Whose golden beauty breathes of rest,  
I envy every bird that flies  
Into the far and clouded West :  
I think of thee—I think of thee !  
Oh, dearest ! hast thou thought of me ?

N. P. WILLIS.  
*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)

THE SUN  
Smiles on the earth, and the exuberant earth  
Returns the smile in flowers—'twas so with me :  
I love thee as a fountain leaps to light—  
I can do nothing else.

ALEXANDER SMITH.  
*A Life-Drama.* (Macmillan.)

## ON HIS FORTUNE IN LOVING HER.

I DID not choose thee, dearest. It was Love  
That made the choice, not I. Mine eyes were blind  
As a rude shepherd's who to some lone grove  
His offering brings and cares not at what shrine  
He bends his knee. The gifts alone were mine ;  
The rest was Love's. He took me by the hand,  
And fired the sacrifice, and poured the wine,  
And spoke the words I might not understand.  
I was unwise in all but the dear chance  
Which was my fortune, and the blind desire  
Which led my foolish steps to love's abode,  
And youth's sublime unreasoned prescience  
Which raised an altar and inscribed in fire  
Its dedication "to the unknown god."

*Love Sonnets of Proteus.* (K. Paul.)



## ABSENT, YET PRESENT.

As the flight of a river  
That flows to the sea,  
My soul rushes ever  
In tumult to thee.

A twofold existence  
I am where thou art ;  
My heart in the distance  
Beats close to thy heart.

Look up, I am near thee,  
I gaze on thy face ;  
I see thee, I hear thee,  
I feel thine embrace.

As a magnet's control on  
The steel it draws to it,  
Is the charm of thy soul on  
The thoughts that pursue it.

And absence but brightens  
The eyes that I miss,  
And custom but heightens  
The spell of thy kiss.

It is not from duty,  
Though that may be owed,—  
It is not from beauty,  
Though that be bestowed ;

But all that I care for,  
And all that I know,  
Is that, without wherefore,  
I worship thee so.

Through granite as breaketh  
A tree to the ray,  
As a dreamer forsaketh  
The grief of the day,

My soul in its fever  
Escapes unto thee ;  
O dream to the griever,  
O light to the tree !

A twofold existence  
I am where thou art ;  
Hark, hear in the distance  
The beat of my heart !

LORD LYTTON.

*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)



ON heaven's steps of beryl, poised for flight,  
An angel stood ; but ere his wings he spread  
Close to his side did his twin angel light,  
Who from the darkening earth had newly sped ;  
Thy guardian spirit, seeing that thy head  
Was bent in prayer, so knew thee safe from harm,  
Homesick to heaven awhile he quickly fled,  
Longing for native peace and love and calm.  
So spake each angel of his human charge,  
Telling of hopes and fears, of joy and woe,  
Then parting, he who left the shining marge  
To watch o'er me, his care, swift sped below,  
And as I slept, he in my sleeping ear  
Whispered of thee, and straight I dreamt thee  
near.

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.  
*Fulgencius.* (Newman.)



I SPOKE to you with all my soul, and when  
I look at you 'tis still my soul you see.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.  
*Songs of a Worker.* (Chatto and Windus.)

FAREWELL, and yet again farewell ; and yet  
 Never farewell,—if farewell mean to fare  
 Alone and disunited. Love hath set  
 Our days, in music, to the selfsame air ;  
 And I shall feel, wherever we may be,  
 Even tho' in absence and an alien clime,  
 The shadow of the sunniness of thee,  
 Hovering, in patience, through a clouded time.

OWEN MEREDITH.  
*The Wanderer.* (Chapman and Hall.)

SAY over again, and yet once over again,  
 That thou dost love me. Though the word re-  
 peated  
 Should seem "a cuckoo-song," as thou dost treat it.  
 Remember, never to the hill or plain,  
 Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-strain  
 Comes the fresh Spring in all her green completed.  
 Belovèd, I, amid the darkness greeted  
 By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that doubt's pain  
 Cry, "Speak once more—thou lovest!" Who can  
 fear  
 Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll,  
 Too many flowers, though each shall crown the  
 year ?  
 Say thou dost love me, love me, love me—toll  
 The silver iterance !—only minding, dear,  
 To love me also in silence with thy soul.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.  
*Sonnets from the Portuguese.*  
*Poems.* (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

ACROSS the surging blue, love,  
 Across the seething white,  
 My heart flies home to you, love,  
 As birds fly home at night.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE

COMING BACK FROM THE DIGGINGS.

"I GATHERED the gold I had hid in the earth,  
 Hid over the door and hid under the hearth :  
 Hoarded and hid, as the world went over,  
 For the love of a blonde by a sun-browned lover.  
 And I said to myself, as I set my face  
 To the East, and afar from the desolate place,

'She has braided her tresses, and through her tears  
 Looked away to the West, for years, the years  
 That I have wrought where the sun tans brown.  
 She has waked by night, she has watched by day,  
 She has wept and wondered at my delay,  
 Alone and in tears, with her head held down,  
 Where the ships sail out, and the seas swirl in,  
 Forgetting to knit and refusing to spin.  
 She shall lift her head, she shall see her lover,  
 She shall hear his voice like a sea that rushes,  
 She shall hold his gold in her hands of snow,  
 And down on his breast she shall hide her blushes,  
 And never a care shall her true heart know,  
 While the clods are below, or the clouds are above  
 her.'"

JOAQUIN MILLER.  
*Songs of the Sierras.* (Longmans.)

AND when she turn'd on me  
 The sorrowing light of desolate eyes divine,  
 I knew in a moment what our lives must be  
 Henceforth. It lighten'd on me then and there.  
 How she was irretrievably all mine,  
 I hers,—thro' time, become eternity.  
 It could not ever have been otherwise,  
 Gazing into those eyes.

OWEN MEREDITH.  
*The Wanderer.* (Chapman and Hall.)

WE are pledged with scarce an endeavour,  
 Even to death, sweet dove ;  
 I am thine, thou art mine, evermore.  
 God on His throne above  
 Witness our pledges of love !

G. F. ARMSTRONG.  
*Poems : Lyrical and Dramatic.* (Longmans.)

[FOR] since creation's dawn, love,  
 No other law might be ;  
 But like to like is drawn, love,  
 As I am drawn to thee !

J. S. BLACKIE.  
*Lyrical Poems.* (D. Douglas, Edinburgh.)

. . . . THE only She,  
And, in one girl, all womanhood to me.  
FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.  
*Lyrical Poems.* (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
"I KNOW thee, lovely maiden!" then he cried;  
"I know thee, and of thee I have been told:  
Been told by all the roses of the vale,  
By hermit streams, by pale sea-setting stars,  
And by the roaring of the storm-tost pines:  
And I have sought for thee upon the hills,  
In dim sweet dreams, on the complacent sea,  
When breathless midnight, with her thousand  
hearts,  
Beats to the same love-tune as my own heart.  
I've waited for thee many seasons through,  
Seen many autumns shed their yellow leaves  
O'er the oak-roots, heard many winters moan  
Thorough the leafless forests drearily.  
Now am I joyful, as storm-battered dove  
That finds a perch in the Hesperides,  
For thou art found. Thou, whom I long have  
sought,  
My other self! Our blood, our hearts, our souls,  
Shall henceforth mingle in one being, like  
The married colours in the bow of heaven."

ALEXANDER SMITH.  
*A Life-Drama.* (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
LOVE.  
(RONDEAU.)

IF love be true,—not bought at mart,  
Tho' night and darkness hide from view,  
What harshest of harsh things can part  
The loved-one from the lover's heart,  
Or stay the dreams that flit thereto?  
If love be true, dreams need no chart  
To gain the goal for which they're due,  
For Love will guide them with love's dart,  
If love be true!

If love be true, if thou be true,  
Sweet love, as fair thou surely art,  
Night shall not hide your eyes of blue  
From my heart's eyes the long night thro',  
Though in sweet sadness tears may start,  
If love be true!

SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

POWER, office, title . . . up they fly  
Against one light and sunny curl,  
That plays above thine azure eye,  
My mild and modest country girl!

W. S. LANDOR.  
*Works.* (Chapman.)

~~~~~  
THOU art my Heaven; my Sun and Moon  
Are the mere light within thine eyes;  
Nature, that gave the world those orbs,  
Gave me the light within thine eyes;—  
I, and I only, can repose  
Within the light within thine eyes;  
Oh! Leila, what would be my gloom,  
Without the light within thine eyes?

LORD HOUGHTON.  
*Poetical Works.* (Murray.)

~~~~~  
WON'T YOU.

Do you remember when you heard  
My lips breathe love's first faltering word?  
You do, sweet,—don't you?  
When, having wandered all the day,  
Linked arm in arm, I dared to say,  
"You'll love me—won't you?"

And when you blushed, and could not speak,  
I fondly kissed your glowing cheek;  
Did that affront you?  
Oh, surely not; your eye exprest  
No wrath—but said, perhaps in jest,  
"You'll love me—won't you?"

I'm sure my eyes replied, "I will;"  
And you believe that promise still;  
You *do*, sweet—don't you?  
Yes, yes! when age has made our eyes  
Unfit for questions or replies  
"You'll love me—won't you?"

T. H. BAYLY  
*Poetical Works.* (Bentley.)

~~~~~  
IN EXTREMIS.

I LOVE to feel your hand, beloved,  
I love to feel your hand;  
Then hold me fast until we part  
Upon the gloomy strand,  
And I upon the silent sea  
Go forth alone from love and thee!

I love to see your smile, which says  
 What else you dare not say :  
 It gilds for me the murky shore,  
 It seems to light my way.  
 Brave love, keep back your tears awhile,  
 That parting I may see you smile !

Oh, let me hear your voice, beloved—  
 Your face I see no more !  
 That tender voice will sound above  
 The breakers of the shore ;  
 And for a space may follow me  
 Out, out upon the silent sea.

One kiss upon my lips, sad lips  
 That cannot kiss thee back,  
 Let love proclaim his bitter truth—  
 Bear witness on the rack !  
 One kiss, the longest and the last,  
 Resuming all the sacred past.

Oh love that seems to rise, as rise  
 The waters of that sea,  
 To rise and overflow, and float  
 My soul, O God, to Thee !  
 Thy smile, thy voice, thy kiss, thy breath,  
 Beloved, have rapt my soul from death !

EMILY PFEIFFER.  
*Sonnets and Songs.* (K. Paul.)

O TOUCH that rosebud ! it will bloom—  
 My lady fair !  
 A passionate red in dim green gloom,  
 A joy, a splendour, a perfume  
 That sleeps in air.

You touched my heart ; it gave a thrill  
 Just like a rose  
 That opens at a lady's will ;  
 Its bloom is always yours until  
 You bid it close.

MORTIMER COLLINS.  
*Frances.*

#### A MA FUTURE.

WHERE waitest thou,  
 Lady I am to love ? Thou comest not ;  
 Thou knowest of my sad and lonely lot—  
 I looked for thee ere now !

It is the May,  
 And each sweet sister soul hath found its brother,  
 Only we two seek fondly each the other,  
 And seeking still delay.

Where art thou, sweet ?  
 I long for thee as thirsty lips for streams !  
 O gentle promised angel of my dreams,  
 Why do we never meet ?

Thou art as I,  
 Thy soul doth wait for mine as mine for thee ;  
 We cannot live apart, must meeting be  
 Never before we die ?

Dear soul, not so,  
 That time doth keep for us some happy years,  
 That God hath portioned us our smiles and tears,  
 Thou knowest, and I know.

Yes, we shall meet !  
 And therefore let our searching be the stronger ;  
 Dark ways of life shall not divide us longer,  
 Nor doubt, nor danger, sweet.

Therefore I bear  
 This winter-tide as bravely as I may,  
 Patiently waiting for the bright spring day  
 That cometh with thee, dear.

'Tis the May light  
 That crimsons all the quiet college gloom,  
 May it shine softly in thy sleeping-room,  
 And so, dear wife, good night.

EDWIN ARNOLD.  
*Griselda, and other Poems.* (D. Bogue.)

My thoughts are happier oft than I,  
 For they are ever, love, with thee ;  
 And thine, I know, as frequent fly  
 O'er all that severs us, to me ;  
 Like rays of stars that meet in space,  
 And mingle in a bright embrace.

P. J. BAILEY.  
*Festus.* (Longmans.)

HE is coming—tho' you little wot,—  
 You are waiting—yet he knows it not !

FREDERICK LOCKER.  
*London Lyrics.* (K. Paul.)



## WAITING.

A YOUNG fair girl among her flowers,  
 And, as to blossoms born in May,  
 Her morrows still brought sunnier hours  
 Than made up sunny yesterday.  
 She did but wait: "Hope is so sweet;  
 We love so well, my love and I;  
 The hours that come, the hours that fleet,  
 End all in one glad by and by."

A pale worn woman, scarcely sad,  
 But tired, like those who, too long pent,  
 Forget the joy they have not had  
 Of the free winds, and droop content.  
 She did but wait: "Ah, no, to me  
 The silent hope is never dead;  
 What are the days that are to be  
 But part of the dear days long fled?"

He came: "The wealth we need is mine;  
 And now?" "Alas!" she said, "in vain.  
 The love I love is no way thine,  
 I wait who never comes again.  
 Oh, for my lover of old days,  
 We two from all the world apart!  
 I must go lone on earth's bleak ways,  
 He is not now save in my heart."

He wed another. She, alone,  
 Patient and weary, toiled for bread.  
 And bygone still was never gone,  
 The silent hope was never dead.  
 She did but wait: "I have the past;  
 The new days live the old days o'er,  
 And there abides until the last  
 The by and by that was before."

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.  
*A Book of Rhyme.* (Macmillan.)

LADY, I fain would tell how evermore  
 Thy soul I know not from thy body, nor  
 Thee from myself, neither our love from God.

DANTE G. ROSSETTI.  
*Ballads and Sonnets.* (Ellis and White.)

## LOVE'S TRICOLOR.

A BLUEBELL on her baby lap I threw  
 When first we were together,  
 Couch'd 'neath the meadow-hedge near which it  
 grew—  
 That showery, sunbright weather!  
 All April in the skies,  
 May gleaming thro' her eyes;  
 Sweet birds singing,  
 Blossoms springing—  
 Buds upon the heather!

A purpling Rose I placed within her hand—  
 That young life's summer token!—  
 Her girlish soul *my* soul could understand—  
 The maiden spell was broken—  
 Soft love-light on her face  
 Revealed its dimpling grace:  
 Warm heart-flushes  
 In her blushes  
 Told the words just spoken.

A waxen-white Camellia on her breast—  
 Ah, well do I remember!—  
 My love laid down where calm *she* lay at rest:  
 'Twas in the bleak December:  
 Dead, dead her heart's love-fire—  
 Mine only will expire  
 With death's sleeping:  
 Lifelong weeping  
 Shall not quench its ember.

CHARLES KENT.  
*Poems.* (Longmans.)

~~~~~

IF I had but two little wings,  
 And were a little feathery bird,  
 To you I'd fly, my dear!  
 But thoughts like these are idle things,  
 And I stay here.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

~~~~~

IT was a pain one bliss to lose  
 Changing it for another bliss;  
 It was a pain one kiss to lose,  
 Yea, one kiss for another kiss.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.  
*Lays of France.* (Chatto and Windus.)

My love o'er the water bends dreaming ;  
It glideth and glideth away :  
She sees there her own image gleaming  
Through shadow and ripple and spray.

Oh, tell her, thou murmuring river,  
As past her your light wavelets roll,  
That thus to that image for ever  
Shines pure in pure depths of my soul.

JAMES THOMSON.

*City of Dreadful Night.* (Reeves and Turner.)

~~~~~  
A TRUE LOVER'S DITTY.

O PLEASANT bevy of bright gay girls  
Who with silver laughter and sheeny curls,  
And arch sweet glances, and gracious words,  
Have soothed my journeying hitherto—  
O fair sweet friends, I have done with you ;  
The nightingale sings in the woods alone  
And who taketh note of the other birds :  
The glades being thrilled by her glorious bars  
Piped through the leaves when the round pure moon  
Has arisen, chasing the sparkling stars.

WILLIAM WILKINS.

*Songs of Study.* (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
My tongue's a very beggar in her praise,  
It cannot gild her gold with all its words.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

*A Life-Drama.* (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
LET fair or foul my mistress be,  
Or low, or tall, she pleaseth me ;  
Or let her walk, or stand, or sit,  
The posture's hers, I'm pleased with it ;  
Or let her tongue be still, or stir,  
Graceful is everything from her ;  
Or let her grant, or else deny,  
My love will fit each history.

ROBERT HERRICK.

LET not my love be called idolatry,  
Nor my beloved as an idol show,  
Since all alike my songs and praises be,  
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.  
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,  
Still constant in a wondrous excellence ;  
Therefore my verse, to constancy confined,  
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.  
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,  
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words ;  
And in this change is my invention spent,  
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope  
affords.

Fair, kind, and true, have often lived alone,  
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

*Sonnets.*

~~~~~  
BUT when I look on her and hope  
To tell with joy what I admire,  
My thoughts lie cramp'd in narrow scope,  
Or in the feeble birth expire ;  
No skill'd complexity of speech,  
No simple phrase of tenderest fall,  
No liken'd excellence can reach  
Her, the most excellent of all,  
The best half of creation's best,  
Its heart to feel, its eye to see,  
The crown and complex of the rest,  
Its aim and its epitome.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

*The Angel in the House.* (G. Bell and Sons.)

~~~~~  
THAT out of sight is out of mind  
Is true of most we leave behind ;  
It is not sure, nor can be true,  
My own and only love, of you.

A. H. CLOUGH.

*Poems.* (Macmillan.)

VI.

A M A N T I U M I R Æ.

“ . . . We had our first great quarrel (within a week of our betrothal), and . . . Dora sent me back the ring, enclosed in a despairing cocked-hat note, wherein she used the terrible expression that ‘our love had begun in folly, and ended in madness!’ which dreadful words occasioned me to tear my hair, and cry that all was over !”

DAVID COPPERFIELD.

THE LAST QUARREL.

THE last time that we quarrell'd, love,  
It was an April day,  
And through the gushing of the rain  
That beat against the window pane  
We saw the sunbeams play.  
The linnet never ceased its song.  
Merry it seem'd, and free ;—  
“Your eyes have long since made it up  
And why not lips ?” quoth he.  
You thought—I thought—and so 'twas done,  
Under the greenwood tree.

The next time that we quarrel, love,—  
Far distant be the day  
Of chiding look or angry word !—  
We'll not forget the little bird  
That sang upon the spray.  
Amid your tears, as bright as rain,  
When Heaven's fair bow extends,  
Your eyes shall mark where love begins,  
And cold estrangement ends.  
You'll think—I'll think—and, as of old,  
You'll kiss me, and be friends.

CHARLES MACKAY.  
*Poetical Works.* (Warne.)

~~~~~  
WITH all my soul, then, let us part,  
Since both are anxious to be free ;  
And I will send you home your heart,  
If you will send back mine to me.

We've had some happy hours together,  
But joy must often change its wing ;  
And spring would be but gloomy weather,  
If we had nothing else but spring.

'Tis not that I expect to find  
A more devoted, fond, and true one,  
With rosier cheek or sweeter mind—  
Enough for me that she's a new one.

THOMAS MOORE.

~~~~~  
SO THEY SAY.

SHE in tears, he pained at heart,  
Thus, alas ! the lovers part  
Each a diff'rent way—  
Just a look the strife began,  
Jealousy the flame did fan ;  
True love's course ne'er smoothly ran,  
So they say.

After many days they met,  
Both agreeing to forget  
All about their fray.  
Little need had he to sue,  
She to him was ever true ;  
Lovers' quarrels love renew,  
So they say.

Trouble now has taken wing,  
He has gladly bought the ring,  
She has named the day ;

Love hath laid on them his spell,  
 What remaineth then to tell?  
 All is well that endeth well,  
 So they say.

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

HER WILL!

(A YOUNG LADY'S LETTER.)

He's false! and the world's at an end!  
 (I wonder I'm living here s | )  
 So I'm writing to *you*, my dear friend,  
 This letter, enclosing my Will;  
 In health (but despairing) I sign  
 The deed under cover you'll see,  
 With the few last bequests that are mine,  
 And I leave you my only trustee!

To that hateful Miss Jones I bequeath,  
 With humour that's cynical, grim,  
 The poor little violet wreath  
 I wore when I last danced with *him*!  
 To Aunt Jane, who was cross as could be,  
 Because she'd been losing at cards,  
 And called him "a worthless *parti*,"  
 I reluctantly leave—my regards!

To *you*, dear, who never were cross  
 Because I outshone you in beauty,  
 I leave (with a tear for his loss)  
 My pug, free of legacy duty!  
 To Harry (my brother), whose heart  
 Will, seeing this, turn to Stonehenge,  
 And take, with all vigour, my part,  
 I leave my best treasure—revenge!

To dear old Sir Thomas, whose house  
*You* know was the scene of our loves,  
 I leave, with best love, my white mouse,  
 And the poor little Barbary doves!  
*He'll* trace the allusion, no doubt,  
 And, in case he should meet with success,  
 And things should turn pleasantly out,  
 I leave him, besides, my address!

To *HIM*, who, I'm certain, must grieve  
 That thus he has caused us to part,  
 With fifty fond wishes, I leave  
 What the wretch has already—my heart!

But *what's* this! a letter! *all right*?  
 He's true! and we're happy again!  
 Then I leave, dear ('twas only a fright!),  
 I leave—by the very next train!

R. REECE.

TU QUOQUE:

(AN IDYLL IN THE CONSERVATORY.)

" — Romprons-nous,  
 Ou ne romprons-nous pas?"  
*Le D pit Amoureux.*

*Nellie.*

If I were you, when ladies at the play, sir,  
 Beckon and nod a melodrama through,  
 I would not turn abstractedly away, sir,  
 If I were you!

*Frank.*

If I were you, when persons I affected  
 Wait for three hours to take me down to Kew,  
 I would at least *pretend* I recollected,  
 If I were you!

*Nellie.*

If I were you, when ladies are so lavish,  
 Sir, as to keep me every waltz but two,  
 I would not dance with *odious* Miss M'Tavish,  
 If I were you!

*Frank.*

If I were you, who vow you cannot suffer  
 Whiff of the best, the mildest "honey-dew,"  
 I would not dance with smoke-consuming Puffer,  
 If I were you!

*Nellie.*

If I were you, I would not, sir, be bitter,  
 Even to write the *Cynical Review*:—

*Frank.*

No, I should doubtless find flirtation fitter,  
 If I were you!

*Nellie.*

Really! you would! Why, Frank, you're quite  
 delightful;  
 Hot as Othello, and as black of hue;—  
 Borrow my fan—I would not look so *frightful*,  
 If I were you!

*Frank.*

"It is the cause,"—I mean, your chaperon is  
Bringing some well-curved juvenile. Adieu!  
I shall retire. I'd spare that poor Adonis,  
If I were you!

*Nellie.*

Go, if you will—at once—and by express, sir!  
Where shall it be? To China, or Peru?—  
Go! I should leave inquirers my address, sir,  
If I were you!

*Frank.*

No, I remain. To stay and fight a duel  
Seems, on the whole, the proper thing to do.  
Ah! you are strong,—I would not then be cruel,  
If I were you:

*Nellie.*

One does not like one's feelings to be doubted.

*Frank.*

One does not like one's friends to misconstrue.

*Nellie.*

If I confess that I a wee bit pouted?—

*Frank.*

I should admit that I was *piqué* too.

*Nellie.*

Ask me to dance. I'd say no more about it,  
If I were you!

(*Waltz—exeunt.*)

AUSTIN DOBSON.

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

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

THOMAS MOORE.

~~~~~  
A SONG OF THE WINTER OF LOVE.

BARBED blossom of the guarded gorse,  
I love thee where I see thee shine:  
Thou sweetener of our common-ways,  
And brightener of our wintry days.

Flower of the gorse, the rose is dead,  
Thou art undying, O be mine!  
Be mine with all thy thorns, and prest  
Close to a heart that asks not rest.

I pluck thee, and thy stigma set  
Upon my breast and on my brow;  
Blow, buds, and plenish so my wreath  
That none may know the thorns beneath.

O crown of thorns that seemest of gold,  
No festal coronal art thou;  
Thy honied blossoms are but hives  
That guard the growth of wingèd lives.

I saw thee in the time of flowers  
As sunshine spilled upon the land,  
Or burning bushes all ablaze  
With sacred fire; but went my ways;

I went my ways, and as I went  
Plucked kindlier blooms on either hand;  
Now of those blooms so passing sweet  
None lives to stay my passing feet.

And still thy lamp upon the hill  
Feeds on the autumn's dying sigh,  
And from thy midst comes murmuring  
A music sweeter than in spring.

Barbed blossom of the guarded gorse,  
Be mine to wear until I die,  
And mine the wounds of love which still  
Bear witness to his human will.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

*Sonnets and Songs.* (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
OH, benefit of ill! now I find true  
That better is by evil still made better;  
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,  
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far  
greater.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

*Sonnets.*

~~~~~  
IN love there are no wrongs,  
And out of it no rights; so, if you love me,  
Sue not for pardon—we are heart to heart,  
And should you wound me, 'tis an accident,

Which to resent were most ungenerous ;  
 But if you love me not you cannot wound me,  
 For I am covered with that greater wrong  
 And do not feel the blow.

M. B. SMEDLEY.  
*Poems.* (Strahan.)



AMANTIUM IRÆ.

AM I forgiven? You smile through your tears,  
 love ;

May I return to your favour again?

Tell me, O quickly, and quiet my fears, love—

Yours be the task, dear, to lighten my pain ;

No more wet lashes, nor sobbing and pouting,

Feelings of anger can't dwell in your breast—

Banish all sadness, all sorrow and doubting,

Try to forget, when my fault is confest.

Grieved beyond measure, O say that I'm shriven,

Tell me, my treasure, now—Am I forgiven ?

Am I forgiven? Now dry your eyes, dearest,  
*You'd* ne'er be hurt by Kate Calloner's wiles ;  
 Look in my face now, your kindest and clearest,  
 Dimples look better, love, brimming with  
 smiles :

Where was the harm in that least bit of flirting?

Chatting with Kate as she sat on the stair—

Could you imagine I meant to be hurting,

Trifling, or trying to cause you a care?

Man is but mortal, and hard have I striven,

Tell me, my pretty one—Am I forgiven ?

Am I forgiven? A sin one confesses,

Surely, my darling, is almost atoned—

Pitying glances and tender caresses,

Show me already my fault is condoned :

Sunshine at last, and of tears no more traces,

Sweet smiles are striving to drive away sighs,

Pleasure o'erflushes the fairest of faces,

Love is aglow in the brightest of eyes !

Faith nursed by charity ever has thriven—

What do you say, darling?—Am I forgiven ?

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

*Boudoir Ballads.* (Chatto and Windus.)

## VII.

### "NO, THANK YOU, JOHN."

"Much adoë there was, God wot ;  
He wold love, and she wold not."

NICHOLAS BRETON.

I BLAME thee not !—this heart, I know,  
To be long loved was never framed ;  
For something in its depths doth glow  
Too strange, too restless, too untamed.

And women—things that live and move  
Mined by the fever of the soul—  
They seek to find in those they love  
Stern strength, and promise of control.

They ask not kindness, gentle ways ;  
These they themselves have tried and known ;  
They ask a soul which never sways  
With the blind gusts that shake their own.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.  
*Poems, Vol. II.* (Macmillan.)

THE old, old tale ! ay, there's the smart :  
Her heart, or what she call'd her heart,  
Was hard as granite :  
Who breaks a heart, and then omits  
To gather up the broken bits,  
Is heartless, Janet.

FREDERICK LOCKER.  
*London Lyrics.* (K. Paul.)

WHEN late I attempted your pity to move,  
What made you so deaf to my prayers ?  
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,  
But—why did you kick me downstairs ?

UNKNOWN.

A PLACE in thy memory, dearest,  
Is all that I claim,  
To pause and look back when thou hearest  
The sound of my name.  
Another may woo thee, nearer,  
Another may win and wear ;  
I care not though he be dearer,  
If I am remembered there.

GERALD GRIFFIN.  
*Poems and Plays.* (J. Duffy, Dublin.)

AND evermore I'm whistling or liltling what you  
sung,  
Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside  
my tongue ;  
But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count on  
both your hands,  
And for myself there's not a thumb or little finger  
stands.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.  
*Songs, Ballads, and Stories.* (G. Bell and Sons.)

WE were apart ; yet, day by day,  
I bade my heart more constant be.  
I bade it keep the world away,  
And grow a home for only thee ;  
Nor fear'd but thy love likewise grew,  
Like mine, each day, more tried, more true.  
The fault was grave ! I might have known,  
What far too soon, alas ! I learn'd—  
The heart can bind itself alone,  
And faith may oft be unreturn'd.

Self-sway'd our feelings ebb and swell—  
 Thou lov'st no more ;—Farewell ! Farewell !  
 Farewell !—and thou, thou lonely heart,  
 Which never yet without remorse  
 Even for a moment didst depart  
 From thy remote and spherèd course  
 To haunt the place where passions reign—  
 Back to thy solitude again !

MATTHEW ARNOLD.  
*Poems, Vol. II.* (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
 SHE IS NOT FAIR.

SHE is not fair to outward view,  
 As many maidens be ;  
 Her loveliness I never knew  
 Until she smiled on me.  
 Oh, then I saw her eye was bright,  
 A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold—  
 To mine they ne'er reply ;  
 And yet I cease not to behold  
 The love-light in her eye :  
 Her very frowns are sweeter far  
 Than smiles of other maidens are.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

~~~~~  
 WHEN passion's trance is overpast,  
 If tenderness and truth could last  
 Or live, whilst all wild feelings keep  
 Some mortal slumber, dark and deep,  
 I should not weep, I should not weep !

It were enough to feel, to see  
 Thy soft eyes gazing tenderly,  
 And dream the rest—and burn and be  
 The secret food of fires unseen,  
 Could'st thou but be as thou hast been.

After the slumber of the year,  
 The woodland violets reappear,  
 All things revive in field or grove,  
 And sky and sea, but two, which move,  
 And for all others, life and love.

P. B. SHELLEY.

I'M IN LOVE.

I'm in love, there's no denying,  
 As deep as deep can be ;  
 And I'm sighing ! sighing ! sighing !  
 For a girl who loves not me.  
 From my heart still vainly trying  
 Her sweet image out to blot ;  
 Ever dying ! dying ! dying !  
 For a girl who loves me not.

There is nought I prize above her,  
 None on earth like her I see ;  
 And I love her ! love her ! love her !  
 Though I know she loves not me.  
 Scenes and sounds in memory floating  
 Which can never be forgot,  
 Keep me doating ! doating ! doating !  
 On a girl who loves me not.

J. R. PLANCHÉ.  
*Songs and Poems.* (Chatto and Windus.)

~~~~~  
 SONG.

HAS summer come without the rose,  
 Or left the bird behind ?  
 Is the blue changed above thee,  
 O world ! or am I blind ?  
 Will you change every flower that grows,  
 Or only change this spot,  
 Where she who said, I love thee,  
 Now says, I love thee not ?

The skies seemed true above thee,  
 The rose true on the tree ;  
 The bird seemed true the summer through,  
 But all proved false to me.  
 World ! is there one good thing in you,  
 Life, love, or death—or what ?  
 Since lips that sang, I love thee,  
 Have said, I love thee not ?

I think the sun's kiss will scarce fall  
 Into one flower's gold cup ;  
 I think the bird will miss me,  
 And give the summer up.  
 O sweet place ! desolate in tall  
 Wild grass, have you forgot  
 How her lips loved to kiss me,  
 Now that they kiss me not ?



Be false or fair above me,  
 Come back with any face,  
 Summer!—do I care what you do?  
 You cannot change one place—  
 The grass, the leaves, the earth, the dew,  
 The grave I make the spot—  
 Here, where she used to love me,  
 Here, where she loves me not.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

*Music and Moonlight.* (Chatto and Windus.)

'Tis cracked through and through or 'tis broken,  
 This heart that still tenants my breast ;  
 Since the words that may ne'er be unspoken  
 Were breathed by my brightest and best.  
 The most wretched of men you behold me,  
 With Hope newly torn from his clutch ;  
 For the lips of my Lucy have told me  
 She loves me "a little—not much."

H. S. LEIGH.

*Gillot and Goosequill.* (Brit. and Col. Pub. Co.)

BUT oh ! that heart which loves  
 And is despised, while through in-reaching gloom  
 The vengeful spirit moves,  
 Champing in bridled hate the bit of doom.

THOMAS GORDON HAKE.

*Maiden Ecstasy.* (Chatto and Windus.)

Yes, the boy may clear his brow,  
 Though she thinks to say him nay,  
 When she sighs, "I cannot now—  
 Come again some other day."

JEAN INGELOW.

*Poems ; First Series.* (Longmans.)

#### THE LADY'S YES.

"Yes," I answered you last night ;  
 "No," this morning, sir, I say :  
 Colours seen by candle-light  
 Will not look the same by day.

When the viols played their best,  
 Lamps above and laughs below,  
*Love me* sounded like a jest,  
 Fit for *yes* or fit for *no*.

Call me false or call me free,  
 Vow, whatever light may shine,  
 No man on your face shall see  
 Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both ;  
 Time to dance is not to woo ;  
 Wooing light makes fickle troth,  
 Scorn of *me* recoils on *you*.

Learn to win a lady's faith  
 Nobly, as the thing is high,  
 Bravely, as for life and death,  
 With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,  
 Point her to the starry skies ;  
 Guard her, by your truthful words  
 Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true,  
 Ever true, as wives of yore ;  
 And her *yes*, once said to you,  
 Shall be *yes* for evermore.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

*Poems.* (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

YET sorry wit one uses,  
 Who loves, and thinks he loses  
 Because a maid refuses.

Love prospers in the making  
 By help of all its aching  
 And quaking and heart-breaking.

A woman's first denying  
 Betokens her complying  
 Upon a second trying.

THEODORE TILTON.

#### SONG.

DID you e'er ask a maiden to give you a kiss,  
 Who, pouting and frowning, said, "Prythee, give  
 o'er,  
 For, if you do not, I shall take it amiss?"  
 Ah ! that is the signal to press it the more ;

For the contrary rule is the game she does play,  
 And her sweet pretty face in false colours she'll  
 dress ;  
 But she'll think you a fool if you hasten away,  
 For while she says "No," all the time she  
 means "Yes."

Did you e'er ask a pretty girl with you to wed,  
 Whose soft bosom heaved with a timid delight,  
 And who, blushing in modesty, hung down her head,  
 And silent remained in embarrassment quite ?  
 That consent is in silence, all willingly own ;  
 Then why need the lover his suit further press ?  
 The maid has already her willingness shown ;  
 For though she said nothing, of course she  
 meant "Yes."

THOMAS MEAD.

*The Lady of the Rose.* (Tinsley Bros.)

SHE is kind to all about her,  
 For her heart is pity's throne ;  
 She has smiles for all men's gladness,  
 She has tears for every sadness,  
 She is hard to me alone.

CHARLES MACKAY.

*Poetical Works.* (Warne)

LET us strike hands as hearty friends ;  
 No more, no less ; and friendship's good :  
 Only don't keep in view ulterior ends,  
 And points not understood  
 In open treaty. Rise above  
 Quibbles and shuffling off and on :  
 Here's friendship for you, if you like ; but love,—  
 No, thank you, John.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.  
*Poems.* (Macmillan.)

O NEAREST, furthest ! can there be  
 At length some hard-earned heart-won home,  
 Where,—exile changed for sanctuary,—  
 Our lot may fill indeed its sum,  
 And you may wait and I may come ?

DANTE G. ROSSETTI.

*Ballads and Sonnets.* (Ellis and White.)

I TOLD her that my heart was true,  
 And constant as the river :  
 I said, "I'll love you as I do,  
 'For ever and for ever.'  
 Oh ! let me hear thy voice divine"—  
 I stopped a bit and listened ;  
 I murmured then, "Be mine, be mine."  
 She said, "I won't!"—and isn't.

EDWIN HAMILTON.

*Dublin Doggerels.* (W. McGee, Dublin.)

SHE kissed me on the forehead,  
 She spoke not any word,  
 The silence flowed between us.  
 And I nor spoke nor stirred.

So hopeless for my sake it was,  
 So full of ruth, so sweet,  
 My whole heart rose and bless'd her,  
 —Then died before her feet.

EDWARD DOWDEN.  
*Poems.* (K. Paul.)

## VIII.

### PARTED.

“Two are walking apart for ever.”

JEAN INGELow.

#### PARTED.

With thine my soul hath ceased its strife.  
Thy part is fill'd ; thy work is done ;  
Thy falsehood buried in my life,  
And known to none.

Yet still will golden memories frame  
Thy broken image in my heart,  
And love for what thou wast shut blame  
From what thou art.

In Life's long galleries, haunting-eyed,  
Thy pictured face no change shall show ;  
Like some dead queen's who lived and died  
An age ago !

OWEN MEREDITH.  
*The Wanderer.* (Chapman and Hall.)

THEY meet, but they never have spoken since  
that ;

He hopes she is happy,—he knows she is fat.

FREDERICK LOCKER.  
*London Lyrics.* (K. Paul.)

#### A WISE DEATH.

(From the French.)

'Tis done ; I yield ; adieu, thou cruel fair ;  
Adieu, th' averted face, th' ungracious check ;  
I go to die, to finish all my care,  
To hang.—To hang?—Yes,—round another's  
neck.

LEIGH HUNT.  
*Poetical Works.* (Routledge)

I CANNOT fret ;—  
I'm not as yet  
Completely broken-hearted ;  
I *do* regret  
That we have met,  
But not that we have parted.

H. S. LEIGH.  
*Gillott and Goosequill.* (Brit. and Col. Pub. Co.)

How cruel it should come to pass,  
We meet as thus we do,  
Now I am fifty-six, alas !  
And you are fifty-two.  
Too fast the rapid years have run :—  
Reflect what might have been  
If I were only twenty-one  
And you but seventeen.

H. S. LEIGH

I WAS just nineteen when I first fell in love,  
And I scribbled a deal of rhyme ;  
And I talked to myself in a shady grove,  
Till I thought I was quite sublime.  
I was torn from my love !—'twas a dreadful blow,  
And the lady she wiped her eye ;  
But I didn't die of grief—oh, dear me, no !—  
There'll be time enough for that, said I.

T. H. BAYLY.  
*Poetical Works.* (Bentley.)

SONG.

Dost thou think I captive lie  
To a gracious, glancing eye?  
Dost thou think that I'm not free?  
Nay, I am; thou freest me.

All the world could not undo  
Chains which bound me fast to you;  
Only at your touch they fly,—  
Freer than before am I.

I care nought for eyes of blue;  
I loved truth and thought it you;  
If you charm but to deceive  
All your charms I well can leave.

Ah, my once well lovèd one,  
Do no more as thou hast done;  
She that makes true hearts to ache  
Last of all, her own will break.

HON. MRS. O. N. KNOX.  
*Sonnets, and other Poems.* (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

CHANGED! There the epitaph of all the years  
Was sounded! I am changed too. Let it be.  
Yet it is sad to know my latest tears  
Were faithful to a memory,—not to thee.

OWEN MEREDITH.  
*The Wanderer.* (Chapman and Hall.)

ONE DAY.

I WILL tell you when they met:  
In the limpid days of Spring,  
Elder boughs were budding yet,  
Oaken boughs looked wintry still,  
But primrose and veined violet  
In the mossful turf were set,  
While meeting birds made haste to sing,  
And build with right good will.

I will tell you when they parted:  
When plenteous Autumn sheaves were brown,  
Then they parted heavy-hearted;  
The full rejoicing sun looked down  
As grand as in those days before;  
Only they had lost a crown;  
Only to them those days of yore  
Could come back never more.

When shall they meet? I cannot tell  
Indeed when they shall meet again,  
Except some day in Paradise:  
For this they wait, one waits in pain.  
Beyond the sea of death love lies  
For ever, yesterday, to-day;  
Angels shall ask them, "Is it well?"  
And they shall answer "Yea."

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.  
*Poems.* (Macmillan and Co.)

BUT tho' first love's impassion'd blindness  
Has pass'd away in colder light,  
I still have thought of you with kindness,  
And shall do, till our last good-night.  
The ever-rolling silent hours  
Will bring a time we shall not know,  
When our young days of gathering flowers.  
Will be an hundred years ago.

T. L. PEACOCK.  
*Collected Works.* (Bentley.)

O MY earliest love, still unforgotten,  
With your downcast eyes of dreamy blue!  
Never, somehow, could I seem to cotton  
To another as I did to you!

C. S. CALVERLEY.  
*Fly Leaves.* (Deighton, Bell, and Co.)

O MY own, my beautiful, my blue-eyed!  
To be young once more, and bite my thumb  
At the world and all its cares with you, I'd  
Give no inconsiderable sum.

C. S. CALVERLEY.  
*Fly Leaves.* (Deighton, Bell, and Co.)

—BUT why did we two disagree?  
Our tastes, it may be, did not dovetail:  
All I know is, we ne'er shall be  
Hero and heroine of a love-tale.

C. S. CALVERLEY.  
*Fly Leaves.* (Deighton, Bell, and Co.)

So Love's gladness flees,  
And its sweets turn bitter ;  
But the memories  
Of its hours of sorrow,  
Holier and fitter,  
In the winter morrow,  
Turn to gems and glitter.

JOHN PAYNE.  
*Songs of Life and Death.*  
(Henry S. King and Co., 1872.)

~~~~~

HALF of a ring of gold,  
Tarnish'd and yellow now,  
Broken in days of old,  
Where is thy fellow now ?  
Upon the heart of *her* ?  
Feeling the sweet blood stir,  
Still (though the mind demur)  
Kept as a token ?  
Ah ! doth her heart forget ?  
Or, with the pain and fret,  
Is *that*, too, broken ?

Thin threads of yellow hair,  
Cleft from the brow of her,  
Lying so faded there,—  
Why whisper *now* of her ?  
Strange lips are pressed unto  
The brow o'er which ye grew,  
Strange fingers flutter through  
The loose long tresses.  
Doth she remember still,  
Trembling, and turning chill  
From his caresses ?

ROBERT BUCHANAN.  
*Poetical Works, Vol. I.*

~~~~~

REGRET.

WHEN I remember something which I had,  
But which is gone, and I must do without,  
I sometimes wonder how I can be glad,  
Even in cowslip time when hedges sprout ;  
It makes me sigh to think on it,—but yet  
My days will not be better days, should I forget.

When I remember something promised me,  
But which I never had, nor can have now,  
Because the promiser we no more see  
In countries that accord with mortal vow ;  
When I remember this, I mourn,—but yet  
My happier days are not the days when I forget.

JEAN INGELOW.  
*Poems ; Second Series.* (Longmans.)

~~~~~

SINCE I did leave the presence of my love,  
Many long weary days I have outworn ;  
And many nights, that slowly seemed to move  
Their sad protract from evening until morn.  
For, whenas day the heaven doth adorn,  
I wish that night the noyous day would end :  
And, whenas night hath us of light forlorn,  
I wish that day would shortly reascend.  
Thus I the time with expectation spend,  
And fain my grief with changes to beguile,  
That further seems his term still to extend,  
And maketh ev'ry minute seem a mile.  
So sorrow still doth seem too long to last ;  
But joyous hours do fly away too fast.

EDMUND SPENSER.

~~~~~

A PRECIOUS URN.

THE great effulgence of the early days  
Of one first summer, whose bright joys, it seems,  
Have been to all my songs their golden themes ;  
The rose-leaves gathered from the faded ways  
I wandered in when they were all a-blaze  
With living flowers and flame of the sunbeams ;  
And, more than all, that ending of my dreams  
Divinely, in a dream-like thing,—the face  
Of one belovèd lady once possess  
In one long kiss that made my whole life burn :  
What of all these remains to me ?—At best,  
A heap of fragrant ashes now, that turn  
My heavy heart into a funeral urn  
Which I have buried deep within my breast.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.  
*An Epic of Women.* (Chatto and Windus.)





RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS.]

[Painted by JESSE CHASE.]

“ While the rosebuds beside you out-open’d in stillness,  
Their sweetness and hues with the woodbine entwined.”







LOVE'S EPITAPH.

BRING wreaths and crown the golden hours !  
 Pile up the scented snows of spring !  
 If Love be dead of sorrow's sting,  
 Shall we make dark this day of ours,  
 This day of scents and silver showers  
 And lilt of linnets on the wing ?  
 Sing out, and let the shadow ring  
 And all the grave run o'er with flowers !  
 If Love, you say, indeed be dead,  
 We will not spare to turn the leaf :  
 Spring is as sweet as aye, and red  
 And sweet as ever is the rose ;  
 He was so fickle, Love ! who knows ?  
 He might arise and mock our grief !

JOHN PAYNE.

*Intaglios.* (Pickering, 1871.)

~~~~~  
 SEVERED.

ACROSS the shadows that lie between,  
 Oh, love, my spirit leans forth to thee ;  
 In all the glow of love's sunlit sheen  
 Must there be no whisper of light for me ?  
 On the sullen gloom of the tempest tossed  
 There breaks no cadence of hope fulfilled ;  
 Shall the night ne'er find what the morn hath lost ?  
 The sea's low murmur no more be stilled ?  
 For the hollow waters are cold and dread,  
 Though the ripples smile as they pass the shore,  
 Yet my soul unconquered their depths would tread  
 If thus it might hasten to thine once more.  
 So widely parted ! Oh, love, I stand  
 While darkness cradles the restless deep,  
 And crave one touch of thy clasping hand,  
 One whispered word ere I fall asleep.  
 I watch the ships on their outward course  
 Just meet one moment, then sail apart ;  
 While the mocking tides, with resistless force,  
 The spaces widen from heart to heart ;  
 So far asunder our paths diverge,  
 Perchance no meeting for us may be,  
 Till the yearning eddies of life shall merge  
 In the summer calm of a crystal sea !

MARY ROWLES.

SUNDERED.

O WHY are we sunder'd so soon in our summer,  
 Ere bees find their blossoms all dried from the storm,  
 While the lark sings her sweetest of songs o'er the  
 uplands,  
 Ere clotes<sup>1</sup> are in bloom, or the streams are full  
 warm ?  
 O why are we sunder'd so soon in our summer,  
 Ere mown grass is sweet, by the path of your feet ?  
 Full fair among fairest of things I have seen you ;  
 And here on the rock by the old castle wall,  
 While the light shot from ivy, and clear waves  
 below you,  
 Ere leaves floated down them, all sear'd by the  
 Fall,  
 O why are we sunder'd so soon in our summer,  
 While summer is bright, but not come to a height ?  
 Or up by the door-porch, forthlooking at sunset,  
 And smiling with thoughts of your all-hopeful  
 mind,  
 While the rosebuds beside you out-open'd in still-  
 ness,  
 Their sweetness and hues with the woodbine en-  
 twined,  
 O why are we sunder'd so soon in our summer,  
 While boughs are behung with their rosebuds so  
 young ?  
 Or else on the slopes, by the oaks newly leafing,  
 With larks whistling o'er you, I oft saw you pass,  
 While the ground-sweeping wind, flitting playfully  
 by you,  
 Enlivened your way with the quivering grass.  
 O why are we sunder'd so soon in our summer,  
 Our life-summer bright, but not come to its height ?

WILLIAM BARNES.

~~~~~  
 LEAVE-TAKING.

MAKE haste to go lest I should bid thee stay,  
 Yet leave thy lingering hand in mine, and turn  
 Those dark pathetic eyes of thine away,  
 Lest when I see the passion in them burn,  
 My heart may faint, and through the broken door  
 Love enter to pass out again no more.

<sup>1</sup> Yellow waterlilies.

Yet tremble not, sweet veinèd hand and soft,  
 And press not mine with such a cold farewell,  
 Lest I remember, now too late, how oft  
 My heart has moved thee with its ebb and swell,  
 Lest I should take those fingers frail and white,  
 And kiss them warm in mine own will's despite.

Farewell ! farewell ! ah ! had we only known  
 How hard it is to rend one life in twain,  
 We might have wandered through the world alone,  
 And never felt so sharp a thrill of pain ;  
 Go hence in silence, or thy last reply  
 Will haunt my weary memory till I die.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.  
*New Poems.* (K. Paul.)

L'ABBANDONATA.

WE sat together on the bank :  
 No human thing was near ;  
 The sun above us rose and sank,  
 The sky was sunny clear.

It was the middle month of May ;  
 The thrushes sang for glee ;  
 The flowers upon that holyday  
 Seemed made for him and me.

I would that I had died that day  
 With his head on my knee,  
 For year by year the merry May  
 Brings less of love to me.

J. A. SYMONDS.  
*Many Moods.* (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

PARTING.

THE pale tiny stars in the sky  
 Look down from their pure summer height,  
 The ocean glides on with a sigh,  
 And fades the dim shore from my sight ;  
 I look, with hot tears, as I hold  
 The one prize of home I may save,  
 A treasure more precious than gold,  
 The last little flower that you gave.

I know, as I look o'er the sea,  
 The cruel heart-struggle has past,  
 For ever the parting must be,  
 I have gazed on my loved ones my last :

But when I have gone to my rest,  
 An exile far over the wave,  
 Some kind hand will lay on my breast  
 The last little flower that you gave.

ROBERT REECE.

DID the lost love die and depart ?  
 Many times since we have met ;  
 For I hold the years in my heart,  
 And all that was—is yet.

JEAN INGELow.  
*Poems ; Second Series.* (Longmans.)

A SONG OF AUTUMN.

ALL through the golden weather  
 Until the autumn fell,  
 Our lives went by together  
 So wildly and so well.—

But autumn's wind uncloses  
 The heart of all your flowers,  
 I think as with the roses,  
 So hath it been with ours.

Like some divided river  
 Your ways and mine will be,  
 —To drift apart for ever,  
 For ever till the sea.

And yet, for one word spoken,  
 One whisper of regret,  
 The dream had not been broken  
 And love were with us yet.

RENNELL RODD.  
*Songs in the South.* (D. Bogue.)

A LITTLE CLOUD.

A LITTLE cloud, a little cloud,  
 That scarce might tell of storms to be ;  
 Blue happy skies, that laughing bow'd  
 Across a quiet summer sea.  
 A little cloud, a tiny form :  
 Yet winds came up along the main,  
 And all the waves were ridged with storm,  
 And all the lands were dark with rain.

A little word, a little word,  
 And joy in two young hearts was dead !  
 Alas, that it was ever heard !  
 Alas, that it was ever said !  
 A little word ; the sun went down ;  
 Then fell the ruin and the rain ;  
 Love's happy fields were bare and brown,  
 And life was never bright again !

F. E. WEATHERLY.

*Dresden China.* (Diprose and Bateman.)



A "WOMAN with a past !" What happier omen  
 Could heart desire for mistress or for friend ?  
 Phoenix of friends, and most divine of women,  
 Skilled in all fence to venture or defend.  
 And with love's science at your fingers' end,  
 No tears to vex, no ignorance to bore,  
 A fancy ripe, the zest which sorrows lend !—  
 I would to God we had not met before.  
 —I would to God ! and yet to God I would  
 That we had never met. To see you thus  
 Is grief and wounds and poison to my blood.  
 Oh, this is sacrilege and foul abuse.  
 You were a thing for honour not vile use,  
 Not for the mad world's wicked sinks and stews.

*Love Sonnets of Proteus.* (K. Paul.)



I WOULD not have that love of ours revive  
 (If I could backward tread the years again),  
 Much as I prized it : life could scarce survive  
 A second access of the old sweet pain.  
 I would not, if I could ; and in this strife  
 I cannot ; for our man's heart has but room  
 For one short life : and Love itself is life,  
 And can have but one summer and one bloom.  
 Is it so short, this love and life of ours ?  
 Short in its sweetness, in its sadness long ;  
 And yet we find, among its fleeting hours,  
 Some that are perfect as a linnets' song.  
 Dear, it was brief, and left the sweeter peace :  
 The thought of true love lives, though loving cease.

JOHN PAYNE.

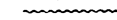
*Songs of Life and Death.*  
 (Henry S. King and Co., 1872.)

A FRAGMENT.

COME not to wake again  
 The old sad dream of pain,  
 To smile and weep :  
 Your melancholy eyes,  
 Your soft remembered sighs,  
 Oh, let them sleep.

J. A. SYMONDS.

*Many Moods.* (Smith, Elder, and Co.)



GOOD-BYE.

Kiss me, and say good-bye ;  
 Good-bye, there is no word to say but this,  
 Nor any lips left for my lips to kiss,  
 Nor any tears to shed, when these tears dry ;  
 Kiss me, and say good-bye.  
 Farewell, be glad, forget :  
 There is no need to say "forget," I know,  
 For youth is youth, and time will have it so.  
 And though your lips are pale, and your eyes wet,  
 Farewell, you must forget.  
 You shall bring home your sheaves,  
 Many, and heavy, and with blossoms twined  
 Of memories that go not out of mind ;  
 Let this one sheaf be twined with poppy leaves  
 When you bring home your sheaves.

In garnered loves of thine,  
 The ripe good fruit of many hearts and years,  
 Somewhere let this lie, grey and salt with tears ;  
 It grew too near the sea wind, and the brine  
 Of life, this love of mine.

This sheaf was spoiled in spring,  
 And over-long was green, and early sere,  
 And never gathered gold in the late year  
 From autumn suns, and moons of harvesting,  
 But failed in frosts of spring.

Yet was it thine, my sweet,  
 This love, though weak as young corn witherèd,  
 Whereof no man may gather and make bread ;  
 Thine, though it never knew the summer heat ;  
 Forget not quite, my sweet.

A. LANG.

*Ballads and Lyrics of Old France.* (Longmans.)

ONCE those eyes, full sweet, full shy,  
Told a certain thing to mine;  
What they told me I put by,  
O, so careless of the sign.  
Such an easy thing to take,  
And I did not want it then;  
Fool! I wish my heart would break,  
Scorn is hard on hearts of men.

JEAN INGELOW.  
*Poems; Second Series.* (Longmans.)

~~~~~

You loved me too when first we met;  
Your tender kisses told me so.  
How changed you are from what you were  
In life and love—one year ago!

ADAH MENKEN.  
*Infelicia.* (J. C. Hotten.)

~~~~~

FOR all the while there grew, and grew  
A germ,—a bud, within my bosom:  
No flower, fair Eve!—for thanks to you,  
It never came to blossom.

OWEN MEREDITH.  
*The Wanderer.* (Chapman and Hall.)

~~~~~

OUR love was like most other loves;—  
A little glow, a little shiver,  
A rose-bud, and a pair of gloves,  
And “Fly not yet”—upon the river;  
Some jealousy of some one’s heir,  
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,  
A miniature, a lock of hair,  
The usual vows,—and then we parted.

WINTHROP M. PRAED.  
*Poems.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

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#### THE PINCHBECK RING.

NAE, never fear for me, mother,  
I am na going to dee,  
For sic a cause I winna let  
A tear-drop dim my e’e.  
And yet I could hae lo’ed him weel,  
Had he been gude and true;  
But as he’s left me and forgot,  
Why, I’ll forget him too.

I ga’ed him back the ribbon blue;  
I ga’ed him back the ring;  
’Twas only pinchbeck after a’,  
The little paltry thing.  
And sure his love was just the same,  
Deceitful, and untrue;  
And so, as he’s forgot me now,  
I’ll just forget him too.

Now take my warning, maidens fair,  
And listen while I sing;  
All is not gold that glitters bright,  
Like little Katie’s ring:  
And when your lovers faithless prove,  
I’ll tell you what to do,—  
Be sure they’re only pinchbeck ones,  
And just forget them too.

KENNETT LEA.  
*Poemata Melica.* (Macintosh.)

~~~~~

#### TO A LOST LOVE.

COLD snowdrops which the shrinking new-born  
year  
Sends like the dove from out the storm-tost  
ark;

Sweet violets which may not tarry here  
Beyond the earliest flutings of the lark;

Bright celandines which dot the tufted brake  
Before the speckled thrush her nest has made;  
Fair frail anemones which star-like shake  
And twinkle by each sunny bank and glade;

Pale primroses wherewith the virgin spring,  
As with a garland, binds her comely head;  
No eyes have I for you, nor voice to sing.  
My love is dead!

For she was young and pure and white as you,  
And fairer and more sweet, and ah! as frail.  
I dare not give to her the honour due,  
Lest, for a strain so high, my voice should fail.

Like you, she knew the springtide’s changeful  
hours;  
Like you, she blossomed ere the coming leaf;  
Like you, she knew not summer’s teeming showers;  
Like you, as comely, and, alas! as brief.

You may not see the roses, nor might she ;  
Such swift short beauty is its only fruit ;  
So a sweet silence is her eulogy,  
And praise is mute.

LEWIS MORRIS.

*Songs of Two Worlds ; Second Series.* (K. Paul.)



A SONG FOR THE GIRL I LOVE.

A SONG for the girl I love—  
God love her !

A song for the eyes of tender shine,  
And the fragrant mouth that melts on mine ;  
The shimmering tresses uncontrolled  
That clasp her neck with tendril gold ;  
The blossom mouth and the dainty chin,  
And the little dimples out and in :

The girl I love—  
God love her !

A song for the girl I loved—  
God love her !

A song for the eyes of faded light,  
And the cheek whose red rose waned to white ;  
The quiet brow, with its shadow and gleam,  
And the dark hair drooped in a long deep dream ;  
The small hands crossed for their churchyard rest,  
And the lilies dead on her sweet dead breast.

The girl I loved—  
God love her !

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

*Gaslight and Stars.* (Marcus Ward.)



PARTED LOVE.

I.—THE PAST.

METHINKS I have passed through some dreadful  
door,

Shutting off summer and its sunniest glades,  
From a dank waste of marsh and ruinous  
shades :

And in that sunlit past, one day before  
All other days is crimson to the core ;  
That day of days when hand in hand became  
Encircling arms, and with an effluent flame  
Of terrible surprise, we knew love's lore.

The rose-red ear that then my hand caressed,  
Those smiles bewildered, that low voice so  
sweet,

The truant threads of silk about the brow  
Dishevelled, when our burning lips were pressed  
Together, and the temple-pulses beat !  
All gone now—where am I, and where art  
thou ?

II.—THE PRESENT.

No cypress-wreath nor outward signs of grief ;  
But I may cry unto the morn, and flee  
After the god whose back is turned to me,  
And touch his wings and plead for some relief ;  
Draw, it may be, a black shaft from his sheaf :  
For now I know his quiver harbours those  
Death mixed with his, as the old fable shows,  
When he slept heedless on the red rose leaf.

And I may open Memory's chamber-door  
To grope my way around its noiseless floor,  
Now that, alas ! its windows give no light,  
Nor gentle voice invites me any more ;  
For she is but a picture faintly bright  
Hung dimly high against the walls of night.

III.—MORNING.

Last night,—it must have been a ghost at best,—  
I did believe the lost one's slumbering head  
Filled the white hollows of the curtained bed,  
And happily sank again to sound sweet rest,  
As in times past with sleep my nightly guest,  
A guest that left me only when the day  
Showed me a fairer than Euphrosyne,—  
Day that now shows me but the unfilled nest.

O night ! thou wert our mother at the first,  
Thy silent chambers are our homes at last ;  
And even now thou art our bath of life.  
Come back ! the hot sun makes our lips athirst ;  
Come back ! thy dreams may recreate the past ;  
Come back ! and smooth again this heart's long  
strife.

IV.—BY THE SEA-SIDE.

Rest here, my heart, nor let us further creep ;  
Rest for an hour, I shall again be strong,  
And make for thee another little song :  
Rest here, and look down on the tremulous deep

Where sea-weeds like dead Mænad's long locks  
sweep

Over that dreadful floor of stagnant green,  
Strewed with the bones of lovers that have been,  
Nor even yet can scarce be said to sleep.

Beyond that sea, far o'er that wasteful sea,  
The sunset she so oft hath watched with me  
Flames up with all the arrogance of gold,  
Scarlet, and purple, while the west-wind falls

Upon us with its deadliest winter-cold ;—  
Shall we slide down ? I think the dear one calls !

V.—EVENING.

As in a glass at evening, dusky-grey,  
The faces of those passing through the room  
Seem like ghost-transits thwart reflected gloom,  
Thus, darling image ! thou, so long away,  
Visitest sometimes my darkening day :

Other friends come ; the toy of life turns round,  
The glittering beads change with their tinkling  
sound,

Whilst thou in endless youth sitt'st silently.

How vain to call time back, to think these arms  
Again may touch, may shield, those shoulders  
soft

And solid, never more my eyes can see :  
But yet, perchance—(*speaking low*)—beyond all  
harms,

I may walk with thee in God's other croft,  
When this world shall the darkling mirror be.

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

*Poems : Illustrated.* (Longmans.)

~~~~~  
YOUTH AND ART.

It once might have been, once only :  
We lodged in a street together,  
You, a sparrow on the housetop lonely,  
I, a lone she-bird of his feather.

Your trade was with sticks and clay,  
You thumbed, thrust, patted, and polished,  
Then laughed, " They will see some day  
Smith made, and Gibson demolished."

My business was song, song, song ;  
I chirped, cheeped, trilled, and twittered,  
" Kate Brown's on the boards ere long,  
And Grisi's existence embittered !"

I earned no more by a warble  
Than you by a sketch in plaster ;  
You wanted a piece of marble,  
I needed a music-master.

We studied hard in our styles,  
Chipped each at a crust like Hindoos,  
For air, looked out on the tiles,  
For fun, watched each other's windows.

You lounged, like a boy of the South,  
Cap and blouse—nay, a bit of beard too ;  
Or you got it, rubbing your mouth  
With fingers the clay adhered to.

And I—soon managed to find  
Weak points in the flower-fence facing,  
Was forced to put up a blind  
And be safe in my corset-lacing.

No harm ! It was not my fault,  
If you ne'er turned your eyes tail up,  
As I shook upon E *in alt.*,  
Or ran the chromatic scale up :

For spring bade the sparrows pair,  
And the boys and girls gave guesses,  
And stalls in our street looked rare  
With bulrush and watercresses.

Why did not you pinch a flower  
In a pellet of clay and fling it ?  
Why did not I put a power  
Of thanks in a look, or sing it ?

I did look, sharp as a lynx,  
(And yet the memory rankles),  
When models arrived, some minx  
Tripped upstairs, she and her ankles.

But I think I gave you as good !  
" That foreign fellow,—who can know  
How she pays, in a playful mood,  
For his tuning her that piano ?"

Could you say so, and never say,  
" Suppose we join hands and fortunes,  
And I fetch her from over the way,  
Her, piano, and long tunes and short tunes ?"

No, no; you would not be rash,  
Nor I rasher and something over :  
You've to settle yet Gibson's hash,  
And Grisi yet lives in clover.

But you meet the Prince at the Board,  
I'm queen myself at *bals-paré*,  
I've married a rich old lord,  
And you're dubbed Knight and an R.A.

Each life's unfulfilled, you see ;  
It hangs still, patchy and scrappy :  
We have not sighed deep, laughed free,  
Starved, feasted, despaired,—been happy.

And nobody calls you a dunce,  
And people suppose me clever :  
This could but have happened once,  
And we missed it—lost it for ever.

ROBERT BROWNING.  
*Dramatis Personæ. Poetical Works.*  
(Smith, Elder, and Co.)

BETTER by far you should forget and smile  
Than that you should remember and be sad.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.  
*Poems.* (Macmillan.)

REMEMBER OR FORGET.

I SAT beside the streamlet,  
I watched the water flow,  
As we together watched it  
One little year ago ;  
The soft rain pattered on the leaves,  
The April grass was wet.  
Ah ! folly to remember ;—  
'Tis wiser to forget.

The nightingales made vocal  
June's palace paved with gold ;  
I watched the rose you gave me  
Its warm red heart unfold ;  
But breath of rose and bird's song  
Were fraught with wild regret.  
'Tis madness to remember ;  
'Twere wisdom to forget.

I stood among the gold corn,  
Alas ! no more, I knew,  
To gather gleaner's measure  
Of the love that fell from you.  
For me, no gracious harvest—  
Would God we ne'er had met !  
'Tis hard, Love, to remember, but  
'Tis harder to forget.

The streamlet now is frozen,  
The nightingales are fled,  
The cornfields are deserted,  
And every rose is dead.  
I sit beside my lonely fire,  
And pray for wisdom yet—  
For calmness to remember,  
Or courage to forget.

HAMILTON AÏDÉ.  
*Songs without Music.* (D. Bogue.)

SUMMER'S ENDING.

THE flags below the shadowy fern  
Shine like spears between sun and sea,  
The tide and the summer begin to turn,  
And ah, for hearts, for hearts that yearn,  
For fires of autumn that catch and burn,  
For love gone out between thee and me.

The wind is up, and the weather broken,  
Blue seas, blue eyes, are grieved and grey,  
Listen, the word that the wind has spoken,  
Listen, the sound of the sea,—a token  
That summer's over, and troths are broken,—  
That loves depart as the hours decay.

A love has passed to the loves passed over,  
A month has fled to the months gone by ;  
And none may follow, and none recover  
July and June, and never a lover  
May stay the wings of the Loves that hover,  
As fleet as the light in a sunset sky.

A. LANG.  
*Ballads and Lyrics of Old France.* (Longmans.)



## AN OLD LOVE.

As when the outward tide retiring pours  
 Along the low sand spaces,  
 The parting waves slip back to clasp the shores  
 With lingering embraces ;

So in the tide of life that carries me  
 From where thy true heart dwells,  
 My thoughts and memories ripple back to thee  
 With lessening farewells :

Waving of hands ; dreams which the day forgets ;  
 A care half lost in cares ;  
 The saddest of my verses ; dim regrets ;  
 A name among my prayers.

Haply the day may come thou waitest for  
 And hast so long besought,  
 When I, returning, should console once more  
 Thy desolated thought,

And fill thy loneliness that lies apart  
 In still, persistent pain.  
 Shall I come back to thee, O patient heart,  
 As the tide comes again,

And brims the little sea-shore lakes, and sets  
 Seaweeds afloat, and fills  
 The silent pools, rivers, and rivulets  
 Among the inland hills ?

ALICE MEYNELL.

*Preludes.* (C. Kegan Paul and Co.)

## IX.

## WOOD AND WON.

“ We who are married, let us own  
 A bachelor's chief thought in life  
 Is, or the fool's not worth a groan,  
 To win a woman for his wife.”

COVENTRY PATMORE. *The Angel in the House.*

## COURTSHIP.

It chanced, they say, upon a day,  
 A furlong from the town,  
 That she was strolling up the way  
 As he was strolling down—  
 She humming low, as might be so,  
 A ditty sweet and small ;  
 He whistling loud a tune, you know,  
 That had no tune at all.

It happened so—precisely so—  
 As all their friends and neighbours know.

As I and you perhaps might do,  
 They gazed upon the ground ;  
 But when they'd gone a yard or two  
 Of course they both looked round.  
 They both were pained, they both explained  
 What caused their eyes to roam ;  
 And nothing after that remained  
 But he should see her home.

It happened so—precisely so—  
 As all their friends and neighbours know.

Next day to that 'twas common chat,  
 Admitting no debate,  
 A bonnet close beside a hat  
 Was sitting on a gate.  
 A month, not more, had bustled o'er,  
 When, braving nod and smile,  
 One blushing soul came through the door  
 Where two went up the aisle.

It happened so—precisely so—  
 As all their friends and neighbours know.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

*Songs in Sunshine.* (Eyre and Spottiswoode.)

WERE life to last for ever, love,  
 We might go hand in hand,  
 And pause and pull the flowers that blow  
 In all the idle land,  
 And we might lie in sunny fields  
 And while the hours away  
 With fallings-out and fallings-in  
 For half a summer day.

But since we two must sever, love,  
 Since some dim hour we part,  
 I have no time to give thee much,  
 But quickly take my heart,  
 “ For ever thine,” and “ thine, my love,”—  
 O Death may come apace,  
 What more of love could life bestow,  
 Dearest, than this embrace ?

EDWARD DOWDEN.  
*Poems.* (K. Paul.)

OCH ! then you coquettes unthru,  
 'To one lad at last be list'nin',  
 Whilst your rose of beauty blows—  
 Whilst like goold your hair is glist'nin';  
 Yes ! your charms into our arms  
 Yield, whilst you can still be patrons,  
 Or too late you'll mourn your fate,  
 Poor ould maids among the matrons.

A. P. GRAVES.

*Irish Songs and Ballads.* (Ireland, Manchester.)

EDWIN TO ANGELINA.

In thinking of  
 Requited love  
 I've come to the conclusion,  
 That if we are  
 To "ask papa"  
 It may create confusion.  
 You see, I guess  
 He won't say "yes,"  
 Indeed it's more than guessing ;  
 It's very plain  
 We won't obtain  
 His patriarchal blessing.

If he went in  
 For rank or tin  
 My claims he would consider,  
 And you would be  
 My property,  
 As I'm the highest bidder.  
 But this is not  
 Precisely what  
 He seems to think about it ;  
 He won't bestow  
 His sanction, so  
 We'll have to do without it.

I can't agree  
 That such as he  
 Should figure in a love-tale,  
 The reason is  
 My tastes and his  
 Do not exactly dove-tail.  
 Make up your mind—  
 I'm not inclined  
 To meet him for the future,  
 I'd rather slope  
 Beyond the scope  
 Of his paternal blucher.

EDWIN HAMILTON.  
*Dublin Doggerels.* (W. McGee, Dublin.)

BIENTÔT.

LET it be soon ! Life was not made to long  
 For distant hours of dim futurity ;  
 Thy presence soothes me like some far-off song.  
 Oh ! where my heart has rested let it lie !  
 Hope is the morning : love the afternoon.  
 Let it be soon !

Let it be soon ! The treasured daylight dies  
 And changes sadly to the chill of night,  
 But Summer reigns for ever in thine eyes.  
 And at thy touch Grief stealeth out of sight.  
 After sad years of longing, Love must swoon.  
 Let it be soon !

Let it be soon ! Love cannot live like this,  
 Lost in a maze of wild expectancy :  
 Life can endure if solaced by a kiss,  
 But Faith, if unrewarded, it must die.  
 Thou art cold Winter : I am now in June.  
 Let it be soon !

CLEMENT SCOTT.  
*Lays of a Londoner.* (D. Bogue.)

BIDE YE YET.

GIN I had a wee house and a canty wee fire,  
 A bonnie wee wifie to praise and admire,  
 A bonnie wee yardie beside a wee burn,  
 Farewell to the bodies that yammer and mourn.  
 Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,  
 Ye little ken what will betide me yet,  
 Some bonnie wee body may be my lot,  
 And I'll aye be canty wi' thinkin' o't.

When I gang a-field and come hame at e'en,  
 I'll get my wee wifie fu' neat and fu' clean ;  
 And a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,  
 That will cry papa or daddy to me.  
 Sae bide ye yet, &c.

I carena a button for sackfu's o' cash,  
 Let wizened auld bachelors think o' sic trash ;  
 Gie me my wee wifie upon my knee,  
 A kiss o' her mou' is worth thousands to me.  
 Sae bide ye yet, &c.

And if there should happen ever to be  
 A difference atween my wifie an' me,  
 In hearty good humour, although she be teased,  
 I'll kiss her and clap her until she be pleased.  
 Sae bide ye yet, &c.

UNKNOWN.  
*Fugitive Poetry.* (Warne.)

SONG.

GATHER the rose-buds, while ye may,  
 Old Time is still a-flying ;  
 And this same flower that smiles to-day  
 To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,  
The higher he's a-getting,  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,  
When youth and blood are warmer ;  
But being spent, the worse and worst  
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,  
And, whilst ye may, go marry ;  
For having lost but once your prime,  
You may for ever tarry.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE.

NEVER wedding, ever wooing,  
Still a love-lorn heart pursuing,  
Read you not the wrong you're doing  
In my cheek's pale hue ?  
All my life with sorrow strewing,  
Wed, or cease to woo.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A LITTLE LECTURE.

(From " *The Parish Register.*")

DISPOSED to wed, e'en while you hasten, stay ;  
There's great advantage in a small delay :—  
Thus Ovid sang, and much the wise approve  
This prudent maxim of the priest of Love ;  
If poor, delay for future want prepares,  
And eases humble life of half its cares ;  
If rich, delay shall brace the thoughtful mind  
T' endure the ills that e'en the happiest find :  
Delay shall knowledge yield on either part,  
And show the value of the vanquish'd heart ;  
The humours, passions, merits, failings prove,  
And gently raise the veil that's worn by Love ;  
Love, that impatient guide !—too proud to think  
Of vulgar wants, of clothing, meat, and drink,  
Urges our amorous swains their joys to seize,  
And then, at rags and hunger frighten'd, flees :—  
Yet not too long in cold debate remain ;  
Till age refrain not— but if old, refrain.

G. CRABBE.

So, marry at once—and you'll ne'er repent,  
When you live in my heart and pay no rent.

SAMUEL LOVER.

*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)

" AND must ye bide, yet waiting's long, and love is  
strong, and love is strong ;  
And O ! had I but served the time, that takes so  
long to flee, O !

And thou, my lass, by morning's light wast all in  
white, wast all in white,

And parson stood within the rails, a-marrying me  
and thee, O."

JEAN INGELOW.

*Poems ; Second Series.* (Longmans.)

DON'T YOU THINK SO ?

DON'T you, don't you think, my dear,  
If I tied a piece of string  
Round this darling finger here,  
Just to counterfeit a ring,  
That would make the measure right  
If I bought the ring to-night ?

If we got this very hour  
Cloudy tulle, a yard or less,  
And a bit of orange-flower,  
And a flowy, snowy dress,  
Wouldn't you be sweet to see,  
Walking down the aisle with me ?

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

PENELOPE.

So you've kem 'yer agen,  
And one answer won't do ?  
Well, of all the derved men  
That I've struck, it is you.  
O Sal ! 'yer's that derved fool from Simpson's,  
cavortin' round 'yer in the dew.

Kem in, ef you *will*.

Thar,—quit ! Take a cheer.

Not that ; you can't fill

Them theer cushings this year,—

For that cheer was my old man's, Joe Simpson,  
and they don't make such men about 'yer.

He was tall, was my Jack,  
And as strong as a tree.  
Thar's his gun on the rack,—  
Just you heft it, and see.

And *you* come a courtin' his widdler. Lord! where  
can that critter, Sal, be?

You'd fill my Jack's place?  
And a man of your size,—  
With no baird to his face,  
Nor a snap to his eyes,—

And nary—Sho! thar! I was foolin',—I was, Joe,  
for sartin,—don't rise.

Sit down. Law! why, sho!  
I'm as weak as a gal,  
Sal! Don't you go, Joe,  
Or I'll faint,—sure, I shall.

Sit down;—*anywher*, where you like, Joe,—in that  
cheer, if you choose,—Lord, where's Sal!

BRET HARTE.  
*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)

#### THE KEEPSAKE.

[EXTRACT.]

THERE, in that bower where first she owned her love,  
And let me kiss my own warm tear of joy  
From off her glowing cheek, she sate and stretched  
The silk upon the frame, and worked her name  
Between the Moss-Rose and Forget-me-not—  
Her own dear name, with her own auburn hair!  
That forced to wander till sweet spring return,  
I yet might ne'er forget her smile, her look,  
Her voice (that even in her mirthful mood  
Has made me wish to steal away and weep,)  
Nor yet the entrancement of that maiden kiss  
With which she promised that, when spring returned,  
She would resign one half of that dear name,  
And own thenceforth no other name but mine!

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Do with me as you will, for I am yours;  
Forgive me all my faults; deceive me not.  
I think I never won a heart till now,  
And am afraid to touch it. I must weep,  
Because there is no virtue in myself

Whereby to hold you. Are you sure you love me?  
O! say it not, unless you are so sure  
That what you love not, being found in me,  
Shall draw you closer.

M. B. SMEDLEY.  
*Poems.* (Strahan.)

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#### WON.

Two lovers stood 'neath a star-lighted sky,  
Half-fearfully touching enchanted ground:  
One lover was Harry, and one was I,  
And the world went merrily round and round.

Souls rushing together from distant parts,  
Vows uttered that cannot be ever undone;  
A minute ago two lives and two hearts,  
Through time and eternity now but one.

O foolish butterflies! chattering birds!  
Instinct in vain with humanity strives;  
You can't understand the wonderful words  
Or magical kisses that changed two lives!

AUTHOR OF "MRS. JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL"  
*Harry.* (Macmillan.)

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#### COME, MARY, LINK THI ARM I' MINE.

COME, Mary, link thi arm i' mine,  
An' lilt away wi' me;  
An' dry that tremblin' drop o' brine,  
Fro th' corner o' thi e'e;  
There's a little cot beside yon spring,  
An' iv thae'll share't wi' me,  
Aw'll buy tho th' prattist gowden ring  
That ever theaw did see!

*Chorus.*—Come, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

My feyther's gan mo forty peawnd,  
I' silver an' i' gowd;  
An' a bonny bit o' garden greawnd,  
O' th' mornin' side o' th' fowd  
An' a honsome Bible, clen an' new,  
To read for days to come;—  
There's lyevs for writin' names in, too,  
Like th' owd un at's awhoam.

*Chorus.*—Come, Mary, link thi' arm i' mine.

Eawr Jenny's bin a-buyin' in,  
 An' every day hoo brings  
 Knives an' forks, an' pots ; or irons  
 For smoothin' caps an' things ;  
 My gronny's sent a kist o' drawers,  
 Sunday clooas to keep ;  
 An' little Fanny's bought a glass,  
 Where thee an' me can peep.

*Chorus.*—Come, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

Eawr Tum has sent a bacon-flitch ;  
 Eawr Jem a load o' coals ;  
 Eawr Charlie's bought some pickters, an'  
 He's hanged 'em upo th' woles ;  
 Owd Posy's white-washed th' cottage through ;  
 Eawr Matty's made it sweet ;  
 An' Jack's gan me his Jarman flute,  
 To play by th' fire at neet !

*Chorus.*—Come, Mary, link thi' arm i' mine.

There's cups an' saucers ; porritch-pons,  
 An' tables, greyt an' smo' ;  
 There's brushes, mugs, an' ladin'-cans ;  
 An eight days clock an' o' ;  
 There's a cheer for thee, an' one for me,  
 An' one i' every nook ;  
 Thi mother's has a cushion on't—  
 It's the nicest cheer i' th' rook.

*Chorus.*—Come, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

My mother's gan me th' four-post bed,  
 Wi' curtains to 't an' o' ;  
 An' pillows, sheets, an' bowsters, too,  
 As white as driven snow ;  
 It isn't stuffed wi' fither-deawn,  
 But th' flocks are clen an' new ;  
 Hoo says there's honest folk i' th' teawn,  
 That's made a warse un do.

*Chorus.*—Come, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

Aw peeped into my cot last neet ;  
 It made me hutchin' fain ;  
 A bonny fire were winkin' breet  
 I' every window-pane ;  
 Aw marlocked upo th' white hearth-stone,  
 An' drummed o' th' kettle lid ;  
 An' sung, " My nest is snug an' sweet ;  
 Aw'll go and fotch my brid ! "

*Chorus.*—Come, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

EDWIN WAUGH.

*Poems and Lancashire Songs.* (G. Bell.)

(From " Sunday at Hampstead.")

DAY after day of this azure May  
 The blood of the Spring has swelled in my veins ;  
 Night after night of broad moonlight  
 A mystical dream has dazzled my brains.

A seething might, a fierce delight,  
 The blood of the Spring is the wine of the world ;  
 My veins run fire and thrill desire,  
 Every leaf of my heart's red rose unfurled.

A sad sweet calm, a tearful balm,  
 The light of the moon is the trance of the world ;  
 My brain is fraught with yearning thought,  
 And the rose is pale and its leaves are furled.

Oh speed the day, thou dear, dear May,  
 And hasten the night I charge thee, O June,  
 When the trance divine shall burn with the wine  
 And the red rose unfurl all its fire to the moon !

JAMES THOMSON.

*City of Dreadful Night.* (Reeves and Turner.)

~~~~~  
 THE COURTIN'.

ZEKLE crep' up, quite unbeknown,  
 An' peeked in thru the winder,  
 An' there sot Huldy all alone,  
 'ith no one nigh to hender.

Agin' the chimby crooknecks hung,  
 An' in amongst 'em rusted  
 The ole Queen's arm that gran'ther Young  
 Fetched back from Concord busted.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out  
 Towards the pootiest, bless her !  
 An' leetle fires danced all about  
 The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, coz she wus in,  
 Looked warm from floor to ceilin',  
 An' she looked full ez rosy agin  
 Ez th' apples she wuz peelin'.

She heerd a foot an' knowed it, tu,  
 Araspin' on the scraper,—  
 All ways to once her feelins flew  
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,  
 Some doubtfle o' the seekle ;  
 His heart kep' goin' pitypat,  
 But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yet she gin her cheer a jerk,  
 Ez though she wished him furdur,  
 An' on her apples kep' to work  
 Ez ef a wager spurred her.

"You want to see my Pa, I spose?"  
 "Wal, no ;—I come designin'—"  
 "To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es,  
 Agin to-morrow's i'nin'."

He stood a spell on one foot, fust,  
 Then stood a spell on tother,  
 An' on which one he felt the wust  
 He couldn't ha' told ye, nuther.

Sez he, "I'd better call agin ;"  
 Sez she, "Think likely, *Mister* ;"  
 The last word pricked him like a pin,  
 An'—wal, he up and kist her !

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,  
 Huldy sot pale ez ashes,  
 All kind o' smily round the lips,  
 An' teary round the lashes.

Her blood riz quick, though, like the tide  
 Down to the Bay o' Fundy,  
 An' all I know is they wuz cried  
 In meetin', come nex Sunday.

J. R. LOWELL.  
*Poetical Works.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

#### THE MATTER ENDED THERE.

WHEN the lavish Spring had squandered  
 All her wealth of bloom and shade,  
 Down a leafy lane I wandered,  
 And I met a little maid.  
 Oh, she set my bosom burning  
 With her modest, winsome air!  
 But she left me at the turning—  
 And the matter ended there.

But I grew a frequent comer  
 In that little lonely lane,  
 And, ere Spring joined hands with Summer,  
 I had met the maid again.  
 But, O tranquil sky above me,  
 You beheld a life's despair,  
 For she said she could not love me—  
 And the matter ended there.

There were dainty frost-flowers freighting  
 Every blade of churchyard grass,  
 And the village-girls were waiting  
 For a bridal train to pass.  
 And they had not long to linger  
 Ere there came a blushing pair ;  
 And the ring was on her finger—  
 And the matter ended there.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.  
*Gaslight and Stars.* (Marcus Ward.)

[BUT] we must not hurry or fret,  
 Or think of ourselves alone ;  
 Love waits for love, though the sun be set,  
 And the stars come out, and the dews are wet,  
 And the night winds moan.

WALTER C. SMITH.  
*Raban.* (J. Maclehose, Glasgow.)

#### MY OWN GIRL.

FIFTEEN shillings—no more, sir—  
 The wages I weekly touch.  
 For labour steady and sore, sir,  
 It isn't a deal too much ;  
 Your money has wings in the city,  
 And vanishes left and right ;  
 But I hand a crown to Kitty  
 As sure as Saturday night.  
 Bless her, my own, my wee,  
 She's better than gold to me !

She lives in a reeking court, sir,  
 With roguery, drink, and woe ;  
 But Kitty has never a thought, sir,  
 That isn't as white as snow—  
 She hasn't a thought or feeling  
 An angel would blush to meet ;  
 I love to think of her kneeling  
 And praying for me so sweet.  
 Bless her, my own, my wee,  
 She's better than gold to me !

I must be honest and simple,  
 I must be manly and true,  
 Or how could I pinch her dimple,  
 Or gaze in her frank eyes' blue ?

I feel, not anger, but pity,  
 When workmates go to the bad ;  
 I say, " They've never a Kitty—  
 They'd all keep square if they had."  
 Bless her, my own, my wee.  
 She's better than gold to me !

One day she will stand at the altar,  
 Modest, and white, and still,  
 And forth from her lips will falter  
 The beautiful low, " I will."  
 Our home shall be bright and pretty  
 As ever a poor man's may,  
 And my soft little dove, my Kitty,  
 Shall nest in my heart for aye.  
 Bless her, my own, my wee,  
 She's better than gold to me !

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

*Songs in Sunshine.* (Eyre and Spottiswoode.)

" DEAR child, in three plain words thy mind  
 express :  
 Wilt thou have this good youth?" " Dear  
 Father! yes."

GEORGE CRABBE.

PALABRAS CARINOSAS.

GOOD night ! I have to say good night  
 To such a host of peerless things !  
 Good night unto that fragile hand  
 All queenly with its weight of rings ;  
 Good night to fond, uplifted eyes,  
 Good night to chestnut braids of hair,  
 Good night unto the perfect mouth,  
 And all the sweetness nestled there,—  
 The snowy hand detains me, then  
 I'll have to say Good night again !

But there will come a time, my love,  
 When, if I read our stars aright,  
 I shall not linger by this porch  
 With my adieus. Till then, good night !  
 You wish the time were now ? And I.  
 You do not blush to wish it so?  
 You would have blushed yourself to death  
 To own so much a year ago,—

What, both these snowy hands ! ah, then  
 I'll have to say Good night again !

T. B. ALDRICH.

*Cloth of Gold.* (Routledge.)

SHE is mine, she is mine ! Let the lightnings  
 make  
 Their nests in the downy clouds.  
 She is mine, She is mine ! Let the thunders  
 quake,  
 As they crouch in the whirlwind's shrouds.  
 At heights where the eagle's wing would flag,  
 Where the skylark's note would pine,  
 I circle as tern round a sea-scourged crag,  
 And I cry, She is mine ! She is mine !

I am hers, I am hers ! Let the dimpling wave  
 Creep up to the waiting land ;  
 I am hers, I am hers ! Let them kiss, and crave  
 One couch on the smooth soft sand.  
 There's a love by which never the shore was rent,  
 And a want which no ocean stirs ;  
 'Tis the want and the love which my wings tor-  
 ment,  
 Till I feel I am hers, I am hers !

We are one, we are one ! Let the planets roll,  
 Each on his own bright car,  
 From the lazulite gates to the vermeil goal,  
 Singly, alone, afar !  
 We, we will revolve in the selfsame sphere,  
 In one orbit our lives shall run,  
 And from round to round, and from year to year,  
 Will we sing, We are one, we are one !

ALFRED AUSTIN.

*The Tower of Babel.* (Blackwood.)

O MELLOW moonlight warm,  
 Weave round my Love a charm ;  
 O countless starry eyes,  
 Watch from the holy skies ;  
 O ever-solemn night,  
 Shield her within thy might :  
 Watch her, my Little One ;  
 Shield her, my Darling.

Now my heart shrinks with fear  
 Nightly to leave thee, Dear,  
 Lonely and pure within  
 Vast glooms of woe and sin ;



Our wealth of love and bliss  
Too heavenly perfect is :  
Good-night, my Little One ;  
God keep thee, Darling.

JAMES THOMSON.  
*The City of Dreadful Night.*  
(Reeves and Turner.)

~~~~~

FOR Love's own voice has owned her love is mine ;  
And Love's own palm has pressed my palm to  
hers ;  
Love's own deep eyes have looked the love she  
spoke :  
And Love's young heart to mine was fondly beat-  
ing  
As from her lips I sucked the sweet of life.

THOMAS WOOLNER.  
*My Beautiful Lady.* (Macmillan.)

~~~~~

IN silence we parted, for neither could speak,  
But the tremulous lip and the fast-fading cheek  
To both were betraying what neither could tell—  
How deep was the pang of that silent farewell !

There are signs—ah ! the slightest—that love  
understands,  
In the meeting of eyes,—in the parting of hands—  
In the quick breathing sighs that of deep passion  
tell :  
Oh ! such were the signs of our silent farewell !

There's a language more glowing love teaches the  
tongue  
Than poet e'er dreamed or than minstrel e'er sung,  
But oh, far beyond all such language could tell,  
The love that *was* told in that silent farewell !

SAMUEL LOVER.  
*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)

~~~~~

GOLDEN FETTERS.

“ FOR thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,  
From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,  
Who, nurtured underneath our smile,  
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,  
And sought, amid thy faithful clan,  
A refuge for an outlaw'd man,

Dishonouring thus thy loyal name.—  
Fetters and warder for the Græme ! ”  
His chain of gold the King unstrung,  
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,  
Then gently drew the glittering band,  
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.  
*Lady of the Lake.*

~~~~~

I CANNOT tell you of my joy that night,  
But I remember that the stars were bright,  
And lilacs swung  
To cooling wind with gentle rise and fall,  
In moonlit clusters by the orchard wall,  
Where roses hung ;  
And I remember with new lease of life  
I had a precious gift and called it—wife !

GUY ROSLYN.  
*Village Verses.* (Moxon and Co.)

~~~~~

AH, soon, thine own confest, ecstatic thought !  
That hand shall strew thy summer path with  
flowers ;  
And those blue eyes, with mildest lustre fraught,  
Gild the calm current of domestic hours !

SAMUEL ROGERS.

~~~~~

. . . ANYWHERE in the sun and rain  
To have loved and been beloved again,  
Is loftiest realm of Hope's bright wings.

DANTE G. ROSSETTI.  
*Ballads and Sonnets.* (Ellis and White.)

~~~~~

THE happy bells shall ring,  
*Marguerite* ;  
The summer birds shall sing,  
*Marguerite* ;—  
You smile, but you shall wear  
Orange-blossoms in your hair,  
*Marguerite.*

T. B. ALDRICH.  
*Cloth of Gold.* (Routledge.)

My brow with blossoms will be bound,  
 And from my fears I shall be free ;  
 O tardy Time, bring quickly round  
 The merriest month of all for me !  
 That I may hear the church boys sing,  
 And on my finger see the ring !

GUY ROSLYN.

*Lyrics and Landscapes.* (Arthur H. Moxon.)

SHE whom I think of thinks of me,  
 And finds the thought enough.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

*Songs of a Worker.* (Chatto and Windus.)

#### BRIDAL EVE.

HALF-ROBED, with gold hair dropped on shoulders  
 white,

She sits as one in trance with eyes that gaze  
 Upon the mirrored beauties of her face,  
 And o'er the distances of dark and bright  
 She hears faint music of the coming night,  
 She hears the murmur of receding days  
 Her future life is veiled in such a haze  
 As hides on sultry morns the sun from sight.  
 Upon the brink of imminent change she stands,  
 Glad yet afraid to look beyond the verge,  
 She starts as at the touch of unseen hands,  
 Love's music sounds half anthem and half dirge ;  
 Strange sounds and shadows round her spirit fall,  
 But stranger to herself she seems than all.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

*Song-Tide.* (Chatto and Windus.)

#### BRIDAL FLOWERS.

BIND the white orange-flowers in her hair ;  
 Soft be their shadow ; soft and somewhat pale—  
 For they are omens. Many anxious years  
 Are on the wreath that bends the bridal veil.

The maiden leaves her childhood and her home,  
 All that the past has known of happy hours—  
 Perhaps her happiest ones. Well may there be  
 A faint wan colour on those orange-flowers :

For they are pale as hope, and hope is pale  
 With earnest watching over future years ;  
 With all the promise of their loveliness,  
 The bride and morning bathe their wreath with  
 tears.

I. E. LANDON.

*Poetical Works.* (Routledge)

#### THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BRIDAL

Now, what shady wreath wilt wear,  
 Maiden,—Maiden ?  
 Bid them bind the veil with care,  
 'Round the sunshine of thy hair !  
 Let thy brow be free from scorn ;  
 Let thine eye have gentle light,  
 On the gentle marriage morn ;  
 And so—Good Night !

It is now the youth of May,  
 Maiden,—Maiden !  
 Choose thou, then, at blush of day,  
 Buds and blossoms, not too gay ;  
 And, behind their veiling sweets,  
 Bashful be, 'midst all their light,  
 When the tender lover greets ;  
 And so,—Good Night !

Soon To-morrow will be here,  
 Maiden,—Maiden !  
 Then,—as hopes aye mix with fears,  
 Mix thou smiles with pearlèd tears ;  
 So shall he who loves thee feel  
 Thrice his first sweet pure delight,  
 And nearer to thy bosom steal ;  
 And so,—Good Night !

BARRY CORNWALL

*English Poems.* (G. Bell.)



# MARRIAGE.



I.

“ALL YE THAT INTEND.”

“Women *are* better than men, and when a man marries he gets better.”

MORTIMER COLLINS. *Sweet and Twenty.*

*Proserpine.* ON every hand you'll find the opinion  
rife,  
That marriage is the end of woman's life ;  
And being the end, there can be no great sin in  
Wishing the end came nearer the beginning.

*Diana.* Well, to such views I give denial flat,  
I'm vowed to single blessedness—

*Proser.* What's that ?  
'Tis a concoction it takes two to mingle ;  
Blessedness, like misfortunes, ne'er comes single.

F. TALFOURD.

*Pluto and Proserpine.* (French.)

A LETTER OF ADVICE.

“Enfin, monsieur, un homme aimable ;  
Voilà pourquoi je ne saurais l'aimer.”

SCRIBE.

You tell me you're promised a lover,  
My own Araminta, next week ;  
Why cannot my fancy discover  
The hue of his coat and his cheek ?  
Alas ! if he look like another,  
A vicar, a banker, a beau,  
Be deaf to your father and mother,  
My own Araminta, say “No !”

If he wears a top-boot in his wooing,  
If he comes to you riding a cob,  
If he talks of his baking or brewing,  
If he puts up his feet on the hob,  
If he ever drinks port after dinner,  
If his brow or his breeding is low,  
If he calls himself “Thompson” or “Skinner,”  
My own Araminta, say “No !”

If he studies the news in the papers  
While you are preparing the tea,  
If he talks of the damps or the vapours  
While moonlight lies soft on the sea,  
If he's sleepy while you are capricious,  
If he has not a musical “Oh !”  
If he does not call Werther delicious,—  
My own Araminta, say “No !”

If he ever sets foot in the City  
Among the stockbrokers and Jews,  
If he has not a heart full of pity,  
If he don't stand six feet in his shoes,  
If his lips are not redder than roses,  
If his hands are not whiter than snow,  
If he has not the model of noses,—  
My own Araminta, say “No !”

If he speaks of a tax or a duty,  
If he does not look grand on his knees,  
If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,  
Hills, valleys, rocks, waters, and trees,  
If he dotes not on desolate towers,  
If he likes not to hear the blast blow,  
If he knows not the language of flowers,—  
My own Araminta, say “No !”

He must walk—like a god of old story  
Come down from the home of his rest ;  
He must smile—like the sun in his glory  
On the buds he loves ever the best ;  
And oh ! from its ivory portal  
Like music his soft speech must flow !—  
If he speak, smile, or walk like a mortal,  
My own Araminta say “No !”

Don't listen to tales of his bounty,  
 Don't hear what they say of his birth,  
 Don't look at his seat in the county,  
 Don't calculate what he is worth ;  
 But give him a theme to write verse on,  
 And see if he turns out his toe ;  
 If he's only an excellent person,—  
 My own Araminta, say " No ! "

W. M. PRAED.  
*Poems, Vol. II.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

I WANT a wife, I want a wife—  
 " What, are you weary of your life ? "  
 St. Valentine made answer—  
 " Or, maybe, you are seeking pelf,  
 You idle foolish careless elf,  
 Who think of nothing but yourself—  
 You are a wicked man, sir."

Responded I, with dolorous croon,  
 " The very man within the moon  
 Must lead a dreary life, Saint.  
 Although he's mounted up sky-high,  
 He always looks about to cry—  
 'Tis plain enough, the reason why—  
 He hasn't got a wife, Saint.

" If I could find a lassie—mild,  
 Woman in wit, in heart a child ;  
 Blithe—just to sweeten sorrow :  
 Sedate enough to temper mirth—  
 Meek-hearted, rich in household worth—  
 Not quite the ugliest girl on earth,—  
 I'd marry her to-morrow."

AUTHOR OF " JOHN HALIFAX,  
 GENTLEMAN."  
*Thirty Years.* (Macmillan.)

### JENNY'S SOLILOQUY.

O THAT my braw wooers would study their battle,  
 A face of more meekness belike I might show  
 them ;  
 But now they rush on with a reasonless rattle,  
 And forget that before we can love we must  
 know them.

These hot-bloods, they think that we women are  
 pikes,  
 To devour a red rag, or a leaf of white metal ;  
 But a sensible maiden will look ere she likes,  
 As the bee smells the flower in the breeze ere it  
 settle.

There's huge-whiskered Harry came swashing from  
 town,  
 On a pair of stout legs that full bravely did  
 carry him ;  
 He thought a red coat with the fair must go down,  
 So that very night he besought me to marry him.  
 Quoth I, I can't tell, you might do very well,  
 You have whiskers and legs, and your brave  
 name is Harry,  
 But my husband must know me, and Harry must  
 show me  
 His soul, if he has one, before I can marry !

Then Tommy the student, a smooth-polished man,  
 Who soon on his shoulders a surplice will carry,  
 He thought a good wife should be part of his  
 plan,  
 So fresh from his Greek books he asked me to  
 marry.  
 Quoth I, You look sleek, and you're well-read in  
 Greek,  
 And a logical thrust you can decently parry ;  
 But whether your soul's a man's or a mole's,  
 I must know, learnèd Tommy, before I can  
 marry.

Next barrister Bobby came flouncing about,  
 As keen as a hawk that will pounce on a quarry ;  
 He thought I must read my Lord Bob on his snout,  
 So he said a few smart things, and asked me to  
 marry.  
 Quoth I, That you're clever no man doubted ever,  
 With you for an answer no question needs  
 tarry ;  
 But if you claim a part, learnèd sir, in my heart,  
 You must show me your own first, then ask me  
 to marry !

And so they go bouncing and blundering on,  
 The metal before it is hot always striking ;  
 And thus in the end I'll be left quite alone,  
 Where no fancy has leisure to grow to a liking.

But of one thing I'm sure, no mate I'll endure,  
 Who thinks I can wed his mere beef and his  
 bone ;  
 But he who would win me must first reign within  
 me,  
 By the right of a soul, the born lord of my own !

J. S. BLACKIE.

*Lyrical Poems.* (D. Douglas, Edinburgh.)

~~~~~

WHEN a lover loves a lass,  
 When she loves him so,  
 That at length it comes to pass,  
 Both the secret know ;  
 Hand in hand, as heart to heart,  
 When they both are true,  
 Is it right that they should part ?  
 What are they to do ?  
 Churchward side by side,  
 Bridegroom and his bride,  
 Let them go ! let them go !

F. E. WEATHERLY.

*Dresden China.* (Diprose.)

~~~~~

#### TO MY BRIDE.

(WHOSOEVER SHE MAY BE.)

OH ! little maid !—(I do not know your name  
 Or who you are, so, as a safe precaution,  
 I'll add)—oh, buxom widow ! married dame !  
 (As one of these must be your present portion)  
 Listen, while I unveil prophetic lore for you,  
 And sing the fate that Fortune has in store for  
 you.

You'll marry soon—within a year or twain—  
 A bachelor of *circa* two and thirty :  
 Tall, gentlemanly, but extremely plain,  
 And, when you're intimate, you'll call him  
 "BERTIE."

Neat—dresses well ; his temper has been classified  
 As hasty ; but he's very quickly pacified.

You'll find him working mildly at the Bar,  
 After a touch at two or three professions,  
 From easy affluence extremely far,  
 A brief or two on Circuit—"soup" at Sessions ;  
 A pound or two from whist, and backing horses,  
 And, say three hundred from his own resources.

Quiet in harness ; free from serious vice,  
 His faults are not particularly shady,  
 You'll never find him "*shy*"—for, once or twice  
 Already, he's been driven by a lady,  
 Who parts with him—perhaps a poor excuse for  
 him—  
 Because she hasn't any further use for him.

Oh ! bride of mine—tall, dumpy, dark, or fair !  
 Oh ! widow—wife, maybe, or blushing maiden,  
 I've told *your* fortune ; solved the gravest care  
 With which your mind has hitherto been laden.  
 I've prophesied correctly, never doubt it ;  
 Now tell me mine—and please be quick about it !

You—only you—can tell me, an' you will,  
 To whom I'm destined shortly to be mated,  
 Will she run up a heavy *modiste's* bill ?  
 If so, I want to hear her income stated.  
 (This is a point which interests me greatly).  
 To quote the bard, "Oh! have I seen her lately?"

Say, must I wait till husband number one  
 Is comfortably stowed away at Woking ?  
 How is her hair most usually done ?  
 And tell me, please, will she object to smoking ?  
 The colour of her eyes, too, you may mention ;  
 Come, Sibyl, prophesy—I'm all attention.

W. S. GILBERT.

*The "Bab" Ballads.* (Routledge.)

[A complete edition of Mr. Gilbert's fascinating ballads  
 now forms a volume of "Routledge's Sixpenny Series."]

~~~~~

#### NOT FAR TO GO.

As upland fields were sunburnt brown,  
 And heat-dried brooks were running small,  
 And sheep were gather'd, panting all,  
 Below the hawthorn on the down ;  
 The while my mare, with dipping head,  
 Pull'd on my cart, above the bridge ;  
 I saw come on, beside the ridge,  
 A maiden, white in skin and thread,  
 And walking, with an elbow load,  
 The way I drove, along my road.

As there, with comely steps, uphill  
 She rose by elm-trees, all in ranks,  
 From shade to shade, by flow'ry banks,  
 Where flew the bird with whistling bill,



I kindly said, "Now won't you ride,  
This burning weather, up the knap?  
I have a seat that fits the trap,—  
And now is swung from side to side."  
"O no," she cried, "I thank you, no.  
I've little further now to go."

Then up the timber'd slope, I found  
The prettiest house, a good day's ride  
Would bring you by, with porch and side,  
By rose and jessamine well bound,  
And near at hand, a spring and pool,  
With lawn well sunn'd and bower cool:  
And while the wicket fell behind  
Her steps, I thought, if I would find  
A wife, I need not blush to show,  
I've little further now to go.

WILLIAM BARNES.

*Poems of Rural Life in Common English.*  
(Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
CHOOSE nobly—choose at once!  
Your equal, lest men scorn you in your choice;  
Your master, lest you scorn yourself in him;  
Your slave—but that is sure. And, having  
chosen,  
Make love the centre of your days, and leave  
All else upon the verge.

M. B. SMEDLEY.

*Poems.* (Strahan.)

~~~~~  
A BENEDICK'S APPEAL TO A BACHELOR.

DEAR Charles, be persuaded to wed—  
For a sensible fellow like you,  
It's high time to think of a bed  
And muffins and coffee for two!  
So have done with your doubt and delaying—  
With a soul so adapted to mingle,  
No wonder the neighbours are saying  
'Tis singular you should be single!  
Don't say that you haven't got time—  
That business demands your attention;  
There's not the least reason nor rhyme  
In the wisest excuse you can mention.  
Don't tell me about "other fish"—  
Your duty is done when you buy 'em—  
And you never will relish the dish,  
Unless you've a woman to fry 'em!

Don't listen to querulous stories  
By desperate damsels related,  
Who sneer at connubial glories  
Because they've known couples mismated.  
Such people, if they had their pleasure,  
Because silly bargains are made,  
Would deem it a rational measure  
To lay an embargo on trade!

You may dream of poetical fame,  
But your wishes may chance to miscarry;  
The best way of sending one's name  
To posterity, Charles, is to marry!  
And here I am willing to own,  
After soberly thinking upon it,  
I'd very much rather be known  
For a beautiful son than a sonnet!

To Procrastination be deaf—  
(A homily sent from above)—  
The scoundrel's not only "the thief  
Of time," but of beauty and love!  
O delay not one moment to win  
A prize that is truly worth winning—  
Celibacy, Charles, is a sin,  
And sadly prolific of sinning!

Then pray bid your doubting Good-bye,  
And dismiss all fantastic alarms,  
I'll be sworn you've a girl in your eye  
'Tis your duty to have in your arms!  
Some trim little maiden of twenty,  
A beautiful, azure-eyed elf,  
With virtues and graces in plenty,  
And no failing but loving yourself.

Don't search for "an angel" a minute,  
For granting you win, in the sequel  
The deuce, after all, would be in it,  
With a union so very unequal.  
The angels, it must be confessed,  
In *this* world are rather uncommon;  
And allow me, dear Charles, to suggest  
You'll be better content with a *woman*!

I could furnish a bushel of reasons  
For choosing a conjugal mate—  
It agrees with all climates and seasons,  
And gives you a "double estate!"

To one's parents 'tis gratefully due—  
Just think what a terrible thing  
'Twould have been, sir, for me and for you,  
If *ours* had forgotten the ring!

Then there's the economy—clear,  
By poetical algebra shown—  
If your wife has a grief or a fear,  
One half, by the law, is your own!  
And as to the joys—by division,  
They're nearly quadrupled, 'tis said,  
(Though I never could see the addition  
Quite plain in the item of bread).

Remember, I do not pretend  
There's anything perfect about it,  
But this I'll aver to the end,  
Life's very imperfect without it!  
'Tis not that there's "poetry" in it—  
As, doubtless, there may be to those  
Endowed with a genius to win it—  
But I'll warrant you excellent prose!

Then, Charles, be persuaded to wed—  
For a sensible fellow like you,  
It's high time to think of a bed  
And muffins and coffee for two!  
So have done with your doubt and delaying—  
With a soul so adapted to mingle,  
No wonder the neighbours are saying  
'Tis singular you should be single.

J. G. SAXE.  
*Poems.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

LET them rail on. I think a wedding-day  
Looks best, as mountains do, some miles away.  
W. H. MALLOCK.  
*Poems.* (Chatto and Windus.)

"FIRST, God's love."  
"And next," he smiled, "the love of wedded souls,  
Which still presents that mystery's counterpart.  
Sweet shadow-rose, upon the water of life,  
Of such a mystic substance, Sharon gave  
A name to! human, vital, fructuous rose,  
Whose calyx holds the multitude of leaves,  
Loves filial, loves fraternal, neighbour-loves  
And civic—all fair petals, all good scents,

All reddened, sweetened from one central Heart!

Beloved, let us love so well,  
Our work shall still be better for our love,  
And still our love be sweeter for our work,  
And both commended for the sake of each,  
By all true workers and true lovers born."  
E. B. BROWNING.  
*Aurora Leigh.* (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

~~~~~  
WED not for gold. Seek California's shore,  
Contend with thousands for the glittering ore;  
Toil while the sun beats on thy fevered head;  
Toil till thy fainting heart is almost dead;  
Toil till thy worn-out limbs refuse to stand;  
Dig till the pickaxe drop from out thy hand;  
Till frosted head and heart proclaim thee old,—  
Ay more—till death! but oh, *wed not for gold.*  
UNKNOWN.  
*Fugitive Poetry.* (Warne.)

~~~~~  
SURE marriages were never so well fitted,  
As when to matrimony men were committed,  
Like thieves by justices, and to a wife  
Bound, like to good behaviour, during life.  
SAMUEL BUTLER.  
*Satire upon Marriage.*

~~~~~  
WHICH is of greater value, prythee, say,  
The Bride or Bridegroom?—Must the truth be  
told?  
Alas, it must! The Bride is given away—  
The Bridegroom often regularly sold.  
PUNCH.

~~~~~  
THIS foolish zeal of lip for lip,  
This fond, self-sanction'd, wilful zest,  
Is that elect relationship  
Which forms and sanctions all the rest;  
This little germ of nuptial love,  
Which springs so simply from the sod,  
The root is, as my song shall prove,  
Of all our love to man and God.  
COVENTRY PATMORE.  
*The Angel in the House.* (G. Bell.)

MOST virgins marry, just as nuns  
 The same thing the same way renounce,  
 Before they've wit to understand  
 The bold attempt they take in hand ;  
 Or, having stay'd, and lost their tides,  
 Are out of season grown for brides.  
 SAMUEL BUTLER.

MAID, choosing man, remember this :  
 You take his nature with his name.  
 Ask, too, what his religion is,  
 For you will soon be of the same.  
 COVENTRY PATMORE.  
*The Angel in the House.* (G. Bell.)

WEDLOCK, indeed, hath oft comparèd been  
 To public feasts, where meet a public rout,  
 Where they that are without would fain go in,  
 And they that are within would fain go out.  
 SIR JOHN DAVIS.

YET Wedlock's a very awful thing !  
 'Tis something like that feat in the ring,  
 Which requires good nerve to do it—  
 When one of a "Grand Equestrian Troop"  
 Makes a jump at a gilded hoop,  
 Not certain at all  
 Of what may befall  
 After his getting through it.  
 THOMAS HOOD.  
*Poetical Works.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

MARY AND JOHN.  
 If John marries Mary, and Mary alone,  
 'Tis a very good match between Mary and John.  
 Should John wed a score, oh, the claws and the  
 scratches !  
 It can't be a match—'tis a bundle of matches.  
 WILLIAM COWPER.

. . . MARRIAGE of all states  
 Makes most unhappy, or most fortunates.  
 H. VAUGHAN.

LOVE in a hut, with water and a crust,  
 Is, Love, forgive us ! cinders, ashes, dust.  
 JOHN KEATS.

MISSES ! the tale that I relate—  
 This lesson seems to carry,—  
 Choose not alone a proper mate,  
 But proper time to marry.  
 WILLIAM COWPER.

A WIFE WITH TACT.  
 SHE, who ne'er answers till a husband cools,  
 Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules ;  
 Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,  
 Yet has her humour most when she obeys.  
 ALEXANDER POPE.

YES, can she make a pie, my lad ?  
 For fairy forms grow stout,  
 And rosebud lips (it's quite too sad)  
 Can cutting things rap out.  
 The wife whose charms resist the shock  
 Of rude years jostling by  
 Can nurse a cold, and darn a sock,  
 And make a wholesome pie.  
 FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.  
*Gaslight and Stars.* (Marcus Ward.)

WOULD YOU CHOOSE A WIFE.  
 WOULD you choose a wife for a happy life,  
 Leave the court, and the country take,  
 Where Susan and Doll, and Nancy and Moll,  
 Follow Harry and John, whilst harvest goes on,  
 And merrily, merrily rake.  
 Leave the London dames—be it spoke to their  
 shames—  
 To lie in their beds till noon,  
 Then get up and stretch, then paint, too, and  
 patch,  
 Some widgeon to catch, then look to their watch,  
 And wonder they rose up so soon.

Then coffee and tea, both green and bohea,  
Is served to their tables in plate ;  
Where their rattles do run as swift as the sun,  
Of what they have won, and who is undone,  
By their gaming and sitting up late.

The lass give me here, though brown as my beer,  
That knows how to govern her house ;  
That can milk her cow, or farrow her sow,  
Make butter and cheese, or gather green peas,  
And values fine clothes not a sous.

This is the girl, worth rubies and pearl ;  
This is the wife that will make a man rich ;  
We gentlemen need no quality breed  
To squander away what taxes would pay,  
In troth we care for none such.

UNKNOWN.

*Fugitive Poetry.* (Warne.)

THOUGH matches are all made in Heaven, they say,  
Yet Hymen (who mischief oft hatches)  
Sometimes deals with the house t'other side of the  
way,  
And there they make Lucifer matches.

SAMUEL LOVER.

*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)

#### MARRYING IN HASTE.

(From "The Parish Register.")

THESE are the happier pairs, their life has rest,  
Their hopes are strong, their humble portion blest,  
While those more rash to hasty marriage led,  
Lament th' impatience which now stints their  
bread ;  
When such their union, years their cares increase,  
Their love grows colder, and their pleasures cease ;

In health just fed, in sickness just relieved ;  
By hardships harass'd, and by children grieved :  
In petty quarrels and in peevish strife  
The once fond couple waste the spring of life ;  
But when to age mature their children grown,  
Find hopes and homes and hardships of their own,  
The harass'd couple feel their lingering woes  
Receding slowly till they find repose.

GEORGE CRABBE.

~~~~~  
LOVE in an attic, on dry bread to feed,—  
That's one view of the "upper crust" indeed.

HENRY J. BYRON.

*Aladdin.* (French.)

~~~~~  
FOR now the world is grown so wary  
That few of either sex dare marry.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

*Hudibras.*

~~~~~  
[AND] hence I courted Nobody,  
And said Nobody's I'd be,  
And asked to marry Nobody,  
And Nobody married me.

Thus I trudge along with Nobody,  
And Nobody cheers my life,  
And I have a love for Nobody,  
Which nobody has for his wife.

UNKNOWN.

~~~~~  
His genius and his prospects? Well ;  
Can you eat prospects? Will they sell?  
And will his trumpery genius be  
A dinner—or only a dinner bell?

WALTER C. SMITH.

*Obrig Grange.* (Maclehose, Glasgow.)

## II.

### THOUGHTS, FANCIES, AND HOMILIES.

“ But to conclude my silly rhyme,  
(I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time)  
To make a happy fireside clime  
    To weans and wife,  
That's the true pathos and sublime  
    Of human life.”

ROBERT BURNS.

A FAITHFUL maid, and then a loving wife,  
May give the poorest man the richest life.

GUY ROSLYN.

*Village Verses.* (Moxon and Co.)

~~~~~  
BUT oh, what pity 'tis to find  
Such beauties both of form and mind,  
By modern breeding much debased,  
In half the female world at least !  
Hence I with care such lotteries shun,  
Where, a prize missed, I'm quite undone ;  
And ha'n't, by venturing on a wife,  
Yet run the greatest risk in life.

MATTHEW GREEN.

~~~~~  
“ DO YOU THINK HE IS MARRIED ? ”

MADAM, you are very pressing,  
And I can't decline the task ;  
With the slightest gift of guessing,  
You would scarcely need to ask !

Don't you see a hint of marriage  
In his sober-sided face,  
In his rather careless carriage,  
And extremely rapid pace ?

If he's not committed treason,  
Or some wicked action done,  
Can you see the faintest reason  
Why a bachelor should run ?

Why should he be in a flurry ?  
But a loving wife to greet  
Is a circumstance to hurry  
The most dignified of feet !

When afar the man has spied her,  
If the grateful, happy elf  
Does not haste to be beside her,  
He must be beside himself !

It is but a trifle, maybe,—  
But observe his practised tone  
When he calms your stormy baby,  
Just as if it were his own.

Do you think a certain meekness  
You have mentioned in his looks  
Is a chronic optic weakness  
That has come of reading books ?

Did you ever see his vision  
Peering underneath a hood,  
Save enough for recognition,  
As a civil person should ?

Could a Capuchin be colder  
When he glances, as he must,  
At a finely-rounded shoulder,  
Or a proudly-swelling bust ?

Madam ! mark his every feature,  
And deny it if you can,—  
He's a fond connubial creature,  
And a *very* married man !

J. G. SAXE.

*Poems.* (Ward, Lock, and Co)

I WOULD be married, but I'd have no wife ;  
I would be married to a single life.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

~~~~~  
WORLDLY WISDOM.

WHAT'S the use of loving in  
Such a world as this is,  
Where they say that love's a sin  
Deep in sin's abysses ?

Toil and strive, and thereby thrive,  
Shun whate'er is sunny :  
If you're fool enough to wive,  
Mind you marry money.

May the God who made the sun,  
Trees, birds, woman's beauty,  
Scourge the fools who have begun  
Thus to teach men duty.

While my lady's heart's astir  
'Neath its milk-white cover,  
All the birds shall sing of her,  
All who see shall love her.

MORTIMER COLLINS.  
*Thoughts in my Garden.*

~~~~~  
HAPPY and free are a married man's reveries ;  
Cheerily, merrily, passes his life ;  
He knows not the bachelor's revelries, devilries ;  
Caressed by, and blessed by, his children and  
wife.

From lassitude free, too, his home still to flee to,  
A pet on his knee, too, his kindness to share,  
A fireside so cheery, the smiles of his deary,—  
Oh, this, boys, this is the married man's fare.

UNKNOWN.

~~~~~  
OUR grandsire Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,  
Alone, and e'en in Paradise unblest'd,  
With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,  
And wander'd in the solitary shade.  
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd  
Woman, the last, the best, reserved of God.

ALEXANDER POPE.

WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE.

LAZILY, lazily,  
Here sit I,  
Why should I bother me,  
Tell me why.  
Lazily, lazily,  
Here I spy  
The smoke-rings mazily  
Curl on high.

Once I was tender and soft, I know,  
But that was a very long time ago ;  
Tender and soft and foolish, I fear,  
With a sweetheart for every month in the year.  
The smoke curls upward—like fancy, free,  
And in every ring a face I see,  
And every maid might have been my wife,  
If I hadn't preferred a bachelor's life.

Lazily, lazily,  
Here sit I,  
Why should I marry me,  
Tell me why.  
Lazily, lazily,  
Here I spy  
The smoke-rings mazily  
Curl on high.

There was Annie and Nannie, and Dolly and May,  
All very sweet in their own little way ;  
Alice and Nellie, and Fanny and Jess,  
And shy sober Lucy whose *no* meant *yes*.  
Some now are married, and one is dead,  
And the rest are old maids, who never will wed.  
I suppose 'tis true I was hard to please,  
But when a man's single he lives at his ease.

What would they say if they saw me now,  
Without one line in my threescore brow.  
I, if I met them tomorrow morn,  
Should scarcely remember them, I'll be sworn.  
The smoke rings rise, and the faces fade,  
Then here's a song to each sweet maid.  
As I could not wed all, 'twas best to wed none,  
But I love them—at distance—every one.

Lazily, lazily,  
Here I spy  
The smoke-rings mazily  
Curl on high.

Lazily, lazily,  
Here sit I.  
Why should I marry me,  
Tell me why.

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

LUCKY JONATHAN.

HAPPY man, he has an Eden  
Blest and brightened by an Eve—  
Garden-plots that need no weeding ;  
Hoeing, delving, watering, seeding,  
Ne'er his placid spirit grieve—  
Lucky Jonathan !

Wretched I, too, have an Eden,  
But it lacks a helpmate Eve.  
Wearing work this thankless weeding,  
Hoeing, delving, watering, seeding,—  
While you chuckle in your sleeve,  
Lucky Jonathan !

E. J. ARMSTRONG.

*Poetical Works.* (Longmans.)

ON A VERY OLD WEDDING RING.

I LIKE that ring, that ancient ring  
Of massive form, and virgin gold,  
As firm, as free from base alloy,  
As were the sterling hearts of old.  
I like it—for it wafts me back,  
Far, far along the stream of time,  
To other men, and other days,  
The men and days of deeds sublime.  
But most I like it as it tells  
The tale of well-requited love ;  
How youthful fondness persevered  
And youthful faith disdain'd to rove ;—  
How warmly *he* his suit preferr'd,  
Though *she*, unpitying, long denied,  
Till, soften'd and subdued, at last,  
He won his fair and blooming bride ;—  
How, till the appointed day arrived,  
They blamed the lazy-footed hours ;—  
How then the white-robed maiden train  
Strew'd their glad way with freshest flowers ;—  
And how, before the holy man,  
They stood in all their youthful pride,

And spoke those words, and vow'd those vows  
Which bind the husband to his bride ;  
All this it tells ;—the plighted troth,  
The gift of every earthly thing,  
The hand in hand, the heart in heart,—  
For this I like that ancient ring.  
I like its old and quaint device ;  
Two blended hearts—though time may wear them  
No mortal change, no mortal chance,  
“ Till death,” shall e'er in sunder tear them.  
Year after year, 'neath sun and storm,  
Their hopes in heaven, their trust in God,  
In changeless, heartfelt, holy love,  
These two, the world's rough pathways trod.  
Age might impair their youthful fires,  
Their strength might fail, 'mid life's bleak weathe  
Still, hand in hand, they travell'd on,—  
Kind souls ! they slumber now together.  
I like its simple posy too ;  
“ Mine own dear love, this heart is thine ! ”—  
Thine, when the dark storm howls along,  
As when the cloudless sunbeams shine.  
“ This heart is thine, mine own dear love ! ”—  
Thine, and thine only, and for ever ;  
Thine, till the springs of life shall fail,—  
Thine, till the chords of life shall sever.—  
Remnant of days departed long,  
Emblem of plighted troth unbroken,  
Pledge of devoted faithfulness,  
Of heartfelt, holy love, the token,—  
What varied feelings round it cling !  
For these, I like that ancient ring.

G. W. DOANE.

THE death of nuptial love is sloth :  
To keep your mistress in your wife,  
Keep to the very height your oath,  
And honour her with arduous life.

COVENTRY PATMORE

*The Angel in the House.* (G. Bell.)

ONE of us two must rule, and one obey ;  
And since in man right reason bears the sway,  
Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.

ALEXANDER POPE.

As unto the bow the cord is,  
So unto the man is woman,  
Though she bends him she obeys him,  
Though she draws him, yet she follows,  
Useless each without the other.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.  
*Hiawatha.*

MAN, nerved by Love, can cheerily sustain  
Clash of opposing interests; perplexed web  
Of crosses that distracting clog advance:  
In thickest storm of contest waxes stronger  
At momentary thought of Home, of Her,  
His gracious Wife, and bright-faced Joys.

THOMAS WOOLNER.  
*My Beautiful Lady.* (Macmillan.)

I OWN a fondly faithful wife,  
And eke a lively boy;  
But things there are in wedded life  
That yield me little joy.  
My spouse is crying half the day,  
My baby half the night.  
(And yet the married state, they say,  
Is one of calm delight.)  
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves:  
Britons never will be slaves!

H. S. LEIGH.

THE gentle wife, who decks his board  
And makes his day to have no night,  
Whose wishes wait upon her lord,  
Who finds her own in his delight,  
Is she another now than she  
Who, mistress of her maiden charms,  
At his wild prayer, incredibly  
Committed them to his proud arms?  
Unless her choice of him's a slur  
Which makes her proper credit dim,  
He never enough can honour her  
Who past all speech has honour'd him.

COVENTRY PATMORE.  
*The Angel in the House.* (G. Bell.)

A HUMAN heart should beat for two,  
Whate'er may say your single scorers;  
And all the hearths I ever knew  
Had got a pair of chimney-corners.

FREDERICK LOCKER.  
*London Lyrics.* (K. Paul.)

THE DEVONSHIRE LANE.

IN a Devonshire lane as I trotted along  
T'other day, much in want of a subject for song;  
Thinks I to myself, I have hit on a strain,—  
Sure marriage is much like a Devonshire lane.

In the first place, 'tis long, and when once you are  
in it,  
It holds you as fast as the cage holds a linnet;  
For howe'er rough and dirty the road may be found,  
Drive forward you must, since there's no turning  
round.

But though 'tis so long, it is not very wide,  
For two are the most that together can ride;  
And e'en there 'tis a chance but they get in a  
pothor,  
And jostle and cross, and run foul of each other.

Old Poverty greets them with mendicant looks,  
And Care pushes by them o'erladen with crooks,  
And Strife's grating wheels try between them to pass,  
Or Stubbornness blocks up the way on her ass.

Then the banks are so high, both to left hand and  
right,  
That they shut up the beauties around from the  
sight;  
And hence you'll allow, 'tis an inference plain,  
That marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

But, thinks I, too, these banks within which we are  
pent,  
With bud, blossom, and berry, are richly besprent,  
And the conjugal fence which forbids us to roam,  
Looks lovely, when deck'd with the comforts of  
home.

In the rock's gloomy crevice the bright holly grows,  
The ivy waves fresh o'er the withering rose,  
And the evergreen love of a virtuous wife  
Smooths the roughness of care—cheers the winter  
of life.



Then long be the journey and narrow the way ;  
I'll rejoice that I've seldom a turnpike to pay ;  
And, whate'er others think, be the last to complain,  
Though marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

UNKNOWN.

~~~~~  
LET still the woman take  
An elder than herself: so wears she to him,  
So sways she level in her husband's heart,  
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,  
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,  
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,  
Then women's are.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.  
*Twelfth Night.*

~~~~~  
A WIFE ! ah, gentle deities ! can he  
That has a wife e'er feel adversity ?  
Would men but follow what the sex advise,  
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.

ALEXANDER POPE.

~~~~~  
Now this is the sum of the matter: if ye will be  
happy in marriage,  
Confide, love, and be patient: be faithful, firm,  
and holy.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.  
*Proverbial Philosophy.* (Longmans.)

~~~~~  
REMEMBER, few wed whom they would.  
And this, like all God's laws, is good ;  
For nought's so sad, the whole world o'er,  
As much love which has once been more.

COVENTRY PATMORE.  
*The Angel in the House.* (G. Bell.)

~~~~~  
ON THE WEDDING RING.

THIS precious emblem well doth represent  
'Tis evenness that crowns us with content,  
Which, when it wanting is, the sacred yoke  
Becomes uneasy, and with ease is broke.

UNKNOWN.

A MELANCHOLY CHANGE.

The weeds she used to "like so" when you smoked,  
Are seized and safely in some cupboard poked ;  
Decanters, after "just two glasses," stopped,  
The little drop at night discreetly dropped,  
Your boots and hat and gloves in closets shut,  
Your latch-key chucked into the water-butt ;  
No friend of jollier days allowed to call,  
While rod and gun lie mouldering in the hall ;  
No ! marriage is no state to rush on madly,  
It begins *bridal-y*, but ends so *saddle-y* !

ROBERT REECE.  
*Rip Van Winkle.* (French.)

~~~~~  
Now wedlock is a sober thing,  
No more of chains or forges !  
A plain young man, a plain gold ring,  
The curate, and St. George's.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

~~~~~  
A WIFE'S LECTURE TO WIVES.

THY husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy sov'reign ; one that cares for thee  
And for thy maintenance ; commits his body  
To painful labour both by sea and land,  
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,  
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe ;  
And craves no other tribute at thy hands  
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,—  
Too little payment for so great a debt.  
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
Even such a woman oweth to her husband ;  
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,  
And not obedient to his honest will,  
What is she but a foul contending rebel,  
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?—  
I am ashamed that women are so simple  
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace ;  
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.  
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,  
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,  
But that our soft conditions and our hearts  
Should well agree with our external parts ?

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.  
*Taming of the Shrew.*

### III.

## SOME WEDDING PICTURES.

“Hear the mellow wedding-bells—  
Golden bells!”

E. A. POE.

#### HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST.

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
How the handsome Yennadizze  
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding ;  
How the gentle Chibiabos,  
He the sweetest of musicians,  
Sang his songs of love and longing ;  
How Iagoo, the great boaster,  
He the marvellous storyteller,  
Told his tales of strange adventure,  
That the feast might be more joyous,  
That the time might pass more gaily,  
And the guests be more contented.

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis  
Made at Hiawatha's wedding.  
All the bowls were made of bass-wood,  
White and polished very smoothly,  
All the spoons of horn of bison,  
Black and polished very smoothly.

She had sent through all the village  
Messengers with wands of willow,  
As a sign of invitation,  
As a token of the feasting ;  
And the wedding guests assembled,  
Clad in all their richest raiment,  
Robes of fur and belts of wampum,  
Splendid with their paint and plumage,  
Beautiful with beads and tassels.

First they ate the sturgeon, Nahma,  
And the pike, the Maskenozha,  
Caught and cooked by old Nokomis,  
Then on pemican they feasted,  
Pemican and buffalo marrow,  
Haunch of deer and hump of bison,

Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,  
And the wild rice of the river.

But the gracious Hiawatha,  
And the lovely Laughing Water,  
And the careful old Nokomis,  
Tasted not the food before them,  
Only waited on the others,  
Only served their guests in silence.

And when all the guests had finished,  
Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,  
From an ample pouch of otter  
Filled the red stone pipes for smoking  
With tobacco from the South-land,  
Mixed with bark of the red willow,  
And with herbs and leaves of fragrance.

Then she said, “O Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Dance for us your merry dances,  
Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us,  
That the feast may be more joyous,  
That the time may pass more gaily,  
And our guests be more contented!”

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

#### THE BRIDAL DAY.

OPEN the temple-gates unto my love,  
Open them wide that she may enter in,  
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,  
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,  
For to receive this saint with honour due,  
That cometh in to you.  
With trembling steps and humble reverence  
She cometh in before th' Almighty's view :  
Of her, ye virgins ! learn obedience,

When so ye come into these holy places,  
 To humble your proud faces.  
 Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may  
 The sacred ceremonies there partake,  
 The which do endless matrimony make ;  
 And let the roaring organs loudly play  
 The praises of the Lord, in lively notes,  
 The whiles with hollow throats  
 The choristers the joyous anthem sing,  
 That all the woods may answer, and their echo  
 ring.

Behold whiles she before the altar stands,  
 Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,  
 And blesses her with his two happy hands,  
 How red the roses flush up in her cheeks,  
 And the pure snow with goodly vermeil stain,  
 Like crimson dy'd ingrain,  
 That even the angels, which continually  
 About the sacred altar do remain,  
 Forget their service, and about her fly,  
 Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair  
 The more they on it stare ;  
 But her sad eyes, still fast'ned on the ground,  
 Are governèd with goodly modesty,  
 That suffers not one look to glance awry,  
 Which may let in a little thought unsound.  
 Why blush ye, Love ! to give to me your hand,  
 The pledge of all our band ?  
 Sing, ye sweet angels ! Alleluia sing,  
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo  
 ring.

Now all is done : bring home the bride again,  
 Bring home the triumph of our victory :  
 Bring home with you the glory of her gain,  
 With joyance bring her, and with jollity.  
 Never had man more joyful day than this,  
 Whom Heaven would heap with bliss.  
 Make feast, therefore, now all this live-long day ;  
 This day for ever to me holy is ;  
 Pour out the wine without restraint or stay,  
 Pour not by cups, but by the belly-full :  
 Pour out to all that wull,  
 And sprinkle all the posts and walls with wine ;  
 That they may sweat, and drunken be withal :  
 Crown ye god Bacchus with a coronal,  
 And Hymen also crown with wreaths of vine ;

And let the Graces dance unto the rest,  
 For they can do it best ;  
 The whiles the maidens do their carol sing,  
 To which the woods shall answer, and their echo  
 ring.

Now cease, ye damsels ! your delights forepast,  
 Enough it is that all the day was yours ;  
 Now day is done, and night is nighing fast,  
 Now bring the bride into the bridal bowers ;  
 Now night is come, now soon her disarray,  
 And in her bed her lay ;  
 Lay her in lilies and in violets,  
 And silken curtains over her display,  
 And odour'd sheets, and arras coverlets.  
 Behold how goodly my fair love does lie,  
 In proud humility ;  
 Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took  
 In Tempe, lying on the flow'ry grass,  
 'Twixt sleep and wake, after she weary was  
 With bathing in the Acidalian brook :  
 Now, it is night, ye damsels may be gone,  
 And leave my love alone,  
 And leave likewise your former lays to sing ;  
 The woods no more shall answer, nor your echo ring.

EDMUND SPENSER.  
*Epithalamion.*

JACK'S WEDDIN'.

THE waves ha' got their coats o' white  
 The winds are blowin' strong,  
 An' fill the canvas trim and tight,  
 An' drive the ship along.  
 An' gather roun' the capstan, boys,  
 We'll sing the best we know,  
 The mermaids fair our song shall hear,  
 An' Davy Jones below.  
 Let every man, then, fill his can,  
 An' drink a toast wi' me,  
 For jolly, jolly boys, jolly, jolly boys,  
 Jolly, jolly boys are we.

My gal she lives in Portsmouth town,  
 Her bright eyes shot me so,  
 She made me haul my colours down,  
 An' took me straight in tow.

When I was called away to sea,  
 She piped her pretty eyes,  
 A lock o' hair she gave to me,  
 An' a 'bacco box likewise.  
 Then every man shall fill his can,  
 An' drink her health wi' me,  
 For jolly, jolly boys, jolly, jolly boys,  
 Jolly, jolly boys are we.

At Christmas time when we gets home,  
 My bonny wife she'll be,  
 An' every mate as likes may come,  
 An' drink her health wi' me.  
 She'll fill your pipes, your grog she'll pour,  
 Upon the weddin' day,  
 We'll dance a hornpipe on the shore,  
 An' fiddler Dick shall play.  
 Let every man, then, fill his can,  
 An' drink to her an' me,  
 For a jolly, jolly pair, a jolly, jolly pair,  
 A jolly, jolly pair we'll be.

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

WITH the Bride all in white, and your body in blue,  
 Did you walk up the aisle—the genteelest of  
 men?

When I think of that beautiful vision anew,  
 Oh! I seem but the *biffin* of what I was then!

THOMAS HOOD.

*Poetical Works.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

#### WOO'D, AND MARRIED, AND A'.

THE bride cam' out o' the byre,  
 And, O, as she dighted her cheeks!  
 "Sirs, I'm to be married the night,  
 And have neither blankets nor sheets;  
 Have neither blankets nor sheets,  
 Nor scarce a coverlet too;  
 The bride that has a' thing to borrow,  
 Has e'en right muckle ado."  
 Woo'd, and married, and a',  
 Married, and woo'd, and a'!  
 And was she nae very weel off,  
 That was woo'd, and married, and a'?

Out spake the bride's father,  
 As he cam' in frae the pleugh:  
 "O, haud your tongue my dochter,  
 And ye'se get gear enough;

The stirk stands i' the tether,  
 And our braw bawsint yade,  
 Will carry ye hame your corn—  
 What wad ye be at, ye jade?"

Out spake the bride's mither:  
 "What deil needs a' this pride?  
 I had nae a plack in my pouch  
 That night I was a bride;  
 My gown was linsey-woolsey,  
 And ne'er a sark ava;  
 And ye hae ribbons and buskins,  
 Mae than ane or twa."

Out spake the bride's brither,  
 As he cam' in wi' the kye:  
 "Poor Willie wad ne'er had ta'en ye,  
 Had he kent ye as weel as I;  
 For ye're baith proud and saucy,  
 And no for a poor man's wife;  
 Gin I canna get a better,  
 I'se ne'er take ane i' my life."  
 Woo'd, and married, and a',  
 Married, and woo'd, and a'!  
 And was she nae very weel off,  
 That was woo'd, and married, and a'?

ALEXANDER ROSS.

Have you seen an heiress  
 In her jewels mounted,  
 Till her wealth and she seem'd one,  
 And she might be counted?

Have you seen a bosom  
 With one rose betwixt it?  
 And did you mark the grateful blush,  
 While the bridegroom fix'd it?

LEIGH HUNT.

*Poetical Works.* (Routledge.)

#### BRIDAL BELLS.

WHO shall say  
 How happy Charlotte is to-day?  
 She goes to church with blossoms white,  
 And to-night is her bridal night.  
 For her the village children go  
 To line the churchyard path, and throw

Fair forest favours at her feet :  
 For her, flags flutter in the street :  
 There is sunlight under the leaves,  
 And the bride in her fancy weaves  
 Long pleasures for after days,  
 In summer's pleasant ways.  
 The night of waiting is done,  
 And love is crowned in the sun :  
 The glad bells ring ding, ding-a-dong,  
 And laugh in the bridal song.

Who shall say  
 How sad Lucinda is to-day ?  
 At her window with eye-lids wet,  
 She remembers what others forget.  
 Summer may come, and south wind blow  
 Seeds from the grass, and bees may go  
 Home with pilfered honey at eve,  
 And she forget it all to grieve.  
 She was won in an idle day,  
 Worn a little and thrown away ;  
 And he who wooed forgets it now  
 In church at his marriage vow.  
 The day of her hope is done,  
 And her love lies dead in the sun.  
 The sad bells ring ding dong, ding dong,  
 And weep in the wedding song.

GUY ROSLYN.

*Lyrics and Landscapes.* (Arthur H. Moxon.)

THE bells are ringing. As is meet,  
 White favours fascinate the street,  
 Sweet faces greet me, rueful-sweet  
 'Twixt tears and laughter :  
 They crowd the door to see her go,  
 The bliss of one brings many woe ;  
 Oh, kiss the bride, and I will throw  
 The old shoe after.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

*London Lyrics.* (K. Paul.)

#### THE SMITH'S SONG.

[EXTRACT.]

"DING DONG, didilium ! the big sledge is swinging,  
 Ding dong, didilium ! the little hammer's ringing,  
 Ding dong, didilium ! set the bellows snoring :  
 Ding dong, didilium ! the red fire is roaring."

"Hush, boys, and hark, boys, I hear a pair  
 eloping,  
 Hush, boys, and hark, boys, they'll go free, I'm  
 hoping,  
 Ding dong, didilium ! I hear a shoe clinking,  
 Ding dong, didilium ! there's need of nails, I'm  
 thinking."

"For Heaven's sake, a shoe, smith !" "Your,  
 honor, here 'tis ready ;  
 Woa, mare, and so, mare, and steady, girl, steady !  
 Ding dong, didilium ! off goes the carriage,  
 Ding dong, didilium ! good luck be with the mar-  
 riage."

A. P. GRAVES.

*Irish Songs and Ballads.* (Ireland, Manchester.)

#### A FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY groomsmen, all in a row ;  
 Four-and-twenty dandies dressed from top to toe ;  
 Twenty-four grimaces, four-and-twenty smiles,  
 And the carriages extending four-and-twenty miles,  
 Four-and-twenty bridesmaids dressed in hoop and  
 feather,  
 Eight-and-forty flunkies standing all together,  
 The bride ringed and jewelled,  
 The groom gloved and glum,  
 And both of them look foolish,  
 And both of them are dumb ;  
 A thousand spectators  
 To see the pretty match,  
 A thousand tongues to whisper,  
 "He's made quite a catch."  
 Eight-and-forty ninnies  
 Marching out of church,  
 Like so many schoolboys  
 Running from the birch.  
 A silly sight to look upon as ever I did see,  
 The world makes a great fuss for nothing, seems to  
 me.

UNKNOWN.

THEY were wedded. 'Twas a wedding  
 That had far and high renown,  
 And from morning until even  
 Rang the bells of London town.

MARY HOWITT.

## A HIGHLAND WEDDING.

A BLITHESOME rout, that morning tide,  
 Had sought the chapel of St. Bride.  
 Her troth Tombea's Mary gave  
 To Norman, heir of Armandave,  
 And, issuing from the Gothic arch,  
 The bridal now resumed their march.  
 In rude, but glad procession, came  
 Bonneted sire and coif-clad dame ;  
 And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,  
 Which snooded maiden would not hear ;  
 And children, that, unwitting why,  
 Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry ;  
 And minstrels, that in measures vied  
 Before the young and bonny bride,  
 Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose  
 The tear and blush of morning rose.  
 With virgin step, and bashful hand,  
 She held the kerchief's snowy band ;  
 The gallant bridegroom by her side  
 Beheld his prize with victor's pride,  
 And the glad mother in her ear  
 Was closely whispering word of cheer.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.  
*Lady of the Lake.*

## THE BRIDES OF VENICE.

[EXTRACT.]

AT noon a distant murmur thro' the crowd,  
 Rising and rolling on, announced their coming ;  
 And never from the first was to be seen  
 Such splendour or such beauty. Two and two,  
 (The richest tapestry unrolled before them)  
 First came the Brides in all their loveliness ;  
 Each in her veil, and by two bride-maids followed,  
 Only less lovely, who behind her bore  
 The precious caskets that within contained  
 The dowry and the presents. On she moved,  
 Her eyes cast down, and holding in her hand  
 A fan, that gently waved, of ostrich-feathers.  
 Her veil, transparent as the gossamer,  
 Fell from beneath a starry diadem ;  
 And on her dazzling neck a jewel shone,  
 Ruby or diamond or dark amethyst ;  
 A jewelled chain, in many a winding wreath,  
 Wreathing her gold brocade.

## Before the Church,

That venerable Pile on the sea-brink,  
 Another train they met, no strangers to them,  
 Brothers to some and to the rest still dearer ;  
 Each in his hand bearing his cap and plume,  
 And, as he walked, with modest dignity  
 Folding his scarlet mantle, his tabarro.

They join, they enter in, and, up the aisle,  
 Led by the full-voiced choir in bright procession,  
 Range round the altar. In his vestments there  
 The Patriarch stands ; and, while the anthem flows,  
 Who can look on unmoved—mothers in secret  
 Rejoicing in the beauty of their daughters,  
 Sons in the thought of making them their own ;  
 And they—arrayed in youth and innocence,  
 Their beauty heightened by their hopes and fears ?

At length the rite is ending. All fall down  
 In earnest prayer, all of all ranks together ;  
 And, stretching out his hands, the holy man  
 Proceeds to give the general benediction.

SAMUEL ROGERS.  
*Italy.*

## A HINDOO WEDDING.

THEREFORE the maid was given unto the Prince  
 A willing spoil ; and when the stars were good—  
 Mesha, the Red Ram, being Lord of heaven—  
 The marriage feast was kept, as Sâkyas use,  
 The golden gadi set, the carpet spread,  
 The wedding garlands hung, the arm-threads tied,  
 The sweet cake broke, the rice and attar thrown,  
 The two straws floated on the reddened milk,  
 Which, coming close, betokened "love till death ;"  
 The seven steps taken thrice around the fire,  
 The gifts bestowed on holy men, the alms  
 And temple-offerings made, the mantras sung,  
 The garments of the bride and bridegroom tied.  
 Then the gray father spake : "Worshipful Prince,  
 She, that was ours, henceforth is only thine ;  
 Be good to her who hath her life in thee."  
 Wherewith they brought home sweet Yasôdhara,  
 With songs and trumpets, to the Prince's arms,  
 And love was all in all.

EDWIN ARNOLD.  
*The Light of Asia.* (Trübner.)

## THE CID'S WEDDING.

[The following ballad, which contains some curious traits of rough and antique manners, is not included in Escobar's collection. There is one there descriptive of the same event, but apparently executed by a much more modern hand.]

WITHIN his hall of Burgos the King prepares the feast ;

He makes his preparation for many a noble guest.  
It is a joyful city, it is a gallant day,  
'Tis the Campeador's wedding, and who will bide away ?

Layn Calvo, the Lord Bishop, he first comes forth the gate,

Behind him comes Ruy Diaz, in all his bridal state ;

The crowd makes way before them as up the street they go ;—

For the multitude of people their steps must needs be slow.

The King had taken order that they should rear an arch,

From house to house all over, in the way where they must march ;

They have hung it all with lances, and shields, and glittering helms,

Brought by the Campeador from out the Moorish realms.

They have scattered olive branches and rushes on the street,

And the ladies fling down garlands at the Campeador's feet ;

With tapestry and broidery their balconies between,

To do his bridal honour, their walls the burghers screen.

They lead the bulls before them all covered o'er with trappings ;

The little boys pursue them with hootings and with clappings ;

The fool, with cap and bladder, upon his ass goes prancing,

Amidst troops of captive maidens with bells and cymbals dancing.

With antics and with fooleries, with shouting and with laughter.

They fill the streets of Burgos—and The Devil he comes after ;

For the King has hired the horned fiend for sixteen maravedis,

And there he goes, with hoofs for toes, to terrify the ladies.

Then comes the bride Ximena—the King he holds her hand ;

And the Queen, and, all in fur and pall, the nobles of the land ;

All down the street the ears of wheat are round Ximena flying,

But the King lifts off her bosom sweet whatever there is lying.

Quoth Suero, when he saw it (his thought you understand),

“ 'Tis a fine thing to be a King ; but Heaven make me a Hand !

The King was very merry, when he was told of this,

And swore the bride ere eventide, must give the boy a kiss.

The King went always talking, but she held down her head,

And seldom gave an answer to anything he said ;

It was better to be silent, among such a crowd of folk,

Than utter words so meaningless as she did when she spoke.

J. G. LOCKHART.  
*Spanish Ballads.* (Warne.)

## THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

A WELL there is in the west-country,  
And a clearer one never was seen ;  
There is not a wife in the west-country  
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,  
And behind does an ash tree grow,  
And a willow from the bank above  
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne ;  
 Pleasant it was to his eye,  
 For from cock-crow he had been travelling  
 And there was not a cloud in the sky.  
 He drank of the water so cool and clear,  
 For thirsty and hot was he,  
 And he sat down upon the bank,  
 Under the willow tree.  
 There came a man from the neighbouring town  
 At the well to fill his pail,  
 On the well-side he rested it,  
 And bade the stranger hail.  
 Now art thou a bachelor, stranger ? quoth he,  
 For an if thou hast a wife,  
 The happiest draught thou hast drank this day  
 That ever thou didst in thy life.  
 Or has your good woman, if one you have,  
 In Cornwall ever been ?  
 For an if she have, I'll venture my life  
 She has drank of the well of St. Keyne.  
 I have left a good woman who never was here,  
 The stranger he made reply ;  
 But that my draught should be better for that,  
 I pray you answer me why.  
 St. Keyne, quoth the countryman, many a time  
 Drank of this crystal well,  
 And before the angel summoned her,  
 She laid on the water a spell.  
 If the husband of this gifted well  
 Shall drink before his wife,  
 A happy man thenceforth is he ;  
 For he shall be master for life.  
 But if the wife should drink of it first,  
 God help the husband then !  
 The stranger stoop'd to the well of St. Keyne,  
 And drank of the waters again.  
 You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes ?  
 He to the countryman said.  
 But the countryman smiled as the stranger spake,  
 And sheepishly shook his head.  
 I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,  
 And left my wife in the porch,  
 But i' faith she had been wiser than me,  
 For she took a bottle to church.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

A NUTSHELL NOVEL.  
 (FOR A MINIATURE MUDIE.)

## VOL. I.

A WINNING wile,  
 A sunny smile,  
 A feather :  
 A tiny talk,  
 A pleasant walk,  
 Together !

## VOL. II.

A little doubt,  
 A playful pout,  
 Capricious :  
 A merry miss,  
 A stolen kiss,  
 Delicious !!

## VOL. III.

You ask mamma,  
 Consult papa,  
 With pleasure :  
 And both repent,  
 This rash event,  
 At leisure !!!

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

*Boudoir Ballads.* (Chatto and Windus.)

## A ROYAL WEDDING IN ISRAEL.

HEARKEN, O daughter, and consider, and incline  
 thine ear ;  
 Forget also thine own people, and thy father's  
 house ;  
 So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty :  
 For he is thy Lord ; and worship thou him ;  
 And the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a  
 gift ;  
 Even the rich among the people shall intreat thy  
 favour.  
 The king's daughter is all glorious within :  
 Her clothing is of wrought gold.  
 She shall be brought unto the King in raiment of  
 needlework :  
 The virgins her companions that follow her shall  
 be brought unto thee.  
 With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought :  
 They shall enter into the King's palace.



Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children,  
Whom thou mayest make princes in all the  
earth.  
I will make thy name to be remembered in all  
generations :  
Therefore shall the people praise thee for ever and  
ever.

PSALM XLV. 10-17.

THE DEAD NUPTIAL.

It was a nuptial of the dead,  
Hope was a corse when she was wed ;  
Her loathèd bridegroom was Decay,  
And Sorrow gave the bride away ;  
And the wedding-priest was Care,  
And the bride-bed's fruit Despair.

JOHN TODHUNTE  
*Forest Songs.* (K. Paul

## IV.

### THE HAPPY PAIR.

“So smile the heavens upon this holy act,  
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not.”

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE. *Romeo and Juliet.*

#### SIGNING THE NAMES.

How fair these names, how much unlike they look  
To all the blurr'd subscriptions in my book :  
The bridegroom's letters stand in row above,  
Tapering yet stout, like pine-trees in his grove ;  
While free and fine the bride's appear below,  
As light and slender as her jasmies grow.  
Mark now in what confusion stoop or stand  
The crooked scrawls of many a clownish hand ;  
Now out, now in, they droop, they fall, they rise,  
Like raw recruits drawn forth for exercise ;  
Ere yet reform'd and modell'd by the drill,  
The free-born legs stand striding as they will.

Much have I tried to guide the fist along,  
But still the blunderers placed their blottings wrong ;  
Behold these marks uncouth ! how strange that men  
Who guide the plough should fail to guide the pen ;  
For half a mile the furrows even lie ;  
For half an inch the letters stand awry.

GEORGE CRABBE.  
*The Parish Register.*

#### A WEDDING BREAKFAST.

(From “*The Wedding-Day.*”)

THERE'S a breakfast, they know—  
There always is so

On occasions like these, wheresoever you go.  
Of course there are “lots” of beef, potted and  
hung,  
Prawns, lobsters, cold fowl, and cold ham, and  
cold tongue,

Hot tea, and hot coffee, hot rolls, and hot toast,  
Cold pigeon-pie (rook?) and cold boil'd and cold  
roast,

Scotch marmalade, jellies, cold creams, colder  
ices—

*Blancmange*, which young ladies say, so very nice  
is,—

Rock-melons in thick, pines in much thinner  
slices,—

Char, potted with clarified butter and spices,

Renewing an appetite long past its crisis—

Refined barley-sugar, in various devices,

Such as bridges, and baskets, and temples, and  
grottoes—

And nasty French lucifer snappers with mottoes.

—In short, all those gimcracks together were met

Which people of fashion tell Gunter to get

When they give a grand *déjeuner à la fourchette*—

(A phrase which, though French, in our language  
still lingers,

Intending a breakfast with forks and not fingers.)

And see! what a mountainous bride-cake!—a  
thing

By itself—with small pieces to pass through the ring!

R. H. BARHAM.

*Ingoldsby Legends.* (R. Bentley and Son.)

#### CUPID'S ARROWS

Were useless there ; for of necessity,  
Their years and dispositions do accord so,  
They must wound one another.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

## MY MARRIAGE MORN.

As souls new-born, who hear their funeral knells  
 Tolled upon earth, wake, and rejoice on high,  
 I woke, and heard, clear-echoing thro' the sky,  
 The distant chiming of my marriage-bells.  
 Surely, dear God of Love, Thine own voice swells  
 With that sweet marriage-music, seeing that I  
 Love her with all my soul, that cannot die,  
 And Thou art He with whom love ever dwells.  
 Come with me, God, into Thy temple now ;  
 Stand at the altar when we twain do meet ;  
 Hear Thou, and judge our mutual marriage-vow,  
 Sworn there, O God, before Thy judgment seat :  
 Hear, judge, smile, bless us in that holy place—  
 She, Thou, and I, together, face to face.

S. K. COWAN.

*The Murmur of the Shells.* (McCaw, Belfast.)

~~~~~  
*Composed on the Eve of the Marriage of a Friend,  
 in the Vale of Grasmere.*

WHAT need of clamorous bells, or ribbons gay,  
 These humble nuptials to proclaim or grace ?  
 Angels of love, look down upon the place,  
 Shed on the chosen vale a sun-bright day !  
 Even for such omen would the bride display  
 No mirthful gladness. Serious is her face,  
 Modest her mien ; and she, whose thoughts keep  
 pace  
 With gentleness, in that becoming way  
 Will thank you. Faultless does the maid appear,  
 No disproportion in her soul, no strife :  
 But, when the closer view of wedded life  
 Hath shown that nothing human can be clear  
 From frailty, for that insight may the wife  
 To her indulgent lord become more dear.

W. WORDSWORTH.

~~~~~  
 MAY each breathed sigh, each sob that swells  
 Be lost in chimes of marriage-bells.

S. K. COWAN.

*The Murmur of the Shells.* (McCaw, Belfast.)

## THE WEDDING MORN.

STILL on the cushion'd altar-step she knelt ;  
 And I, the elected lover, knelt beside.  
 She in her heart a little flutter felt,  
 Knowing so many eyes look'd on the bride.  
 Embroidery fell loose o'er her flower-crown'd head  
 And show'd her cheeks a little white and pale ;  
 Yet sweetly touch'd with blush of lingering red,  
 Like new rose-leaves. Her courage did not fail.  
 "I will" ; and then "I will" ; and so we seal'd  
 The sacred bond, and we shall grow one heart ;  
 And truth to two twin spirits be reveal'd,  
 Which baffled one. Now on the road we start.  
 God help us onward, for the years are long !  
 'Twill be keen fighting : yes : the foe is strong.

T. ASHE.

*Poems.* (Knights, Ipswich.)

## THE BRIDE'S WREATH.

PRESENTED BY A CHILD.

*(From the German of Mahlman.)*

To bind the rich twine of thy waving hair  
 Innocence brings thee a chaplet fair,  
 Where the leaf of the Myrtle darkly glows  
 Through buds of the white and crimson Rose ;  
 Take the bright garland, young Bride ! from Me,  
 Thus Love should be crowned by Purity !

With Summer the bud of the Rose will fall,  
 But the leaf of the Myrtle is green through all ;  
 We liken thee, Rose ! to Life's changeful show,  
 To its joys that come lightly and so depart ;  
 Sweet Myrtle ! we liken thy steadfast glow  
 To the Love of the faithful, unchanging heart !

DORA GREENWELL.

## EPITHALAMIUM.

I SAW two clouds at morning  
 Tinged with the rising sun,  
 And in the dawn they floated on,  
 And mingled into one :  
 I thought that morning cloud was blest,  
 It moved so sweetly to the west.







RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS.]

[Painted by REBECCA COLEMAN.

“Be Love the guardian-angel of thy life!”

Page 125.



I saw two summer currents  
 Flow smoothly to their meeting,  
 And join their course with silent force,  
 In peace each other greeting :  
 Calm was their course through banks of green,  
 While dimpling eddies play'd between.  
 Such be your gentle motion,  
 Till life's last pulse shall beat ;  
 Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,  
 Float on in joy, to meet  
 A calmer sea, where storms shall cease,  
 A purer sky, where all is peace.

J. G. C. BRAINARD.

~~~~~  
 A BRIDAL SONG.

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

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,  
 Merry spring-time's harbinger,  
 With her bells dim ;  
 Oxlips in their cradles growing,  
 Marigolds on death-beds blowing,  
 Lark-heels trim ;

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

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

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

~~~~~  
 OUR lot is cast on pleasant days,  
 In not unpleasant places ;  
 Young ladies now have pretty ways,  
 As well as pretty faces ;

So never sigh for what has been,  
 And let us cease complaining  
 That we have loved when our dear Queen  
 VICTORIA was reigning.

Oh yes, young love is lovely yet,  
 With faith and honour plighted :  
 I love to see a pair so met,  
 Youth—Beauty—all united.  
 Such dear ones may they ever wear  
 The roses fortune gave them :  
 Ah, know we such a BLESSED PAIR ?  
 I think we do ! GOD SAVE THEM !

FREDERICK LOCKER.  
*London Lyrics.* (K. Paul.)

~~~~~  
 FULL many an age old Hymen had not spied  
 So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.

ALEXANDER POPE.

~~~~~  
 I'VE greeted many a bonny bride  
 On many a bridal day,  
 In homes serene and summer-skied,  
 Where Love's spring-buds, with joy and pride,  
 Had blossomed into May ;  
 But ne'er on lovelier bride than thine  
 Looked these delighted eyes of mine,  
 And ne'er in happier bridal bower  
 Than hers smiled rose and orange-flower  
 Through green leaves glad and gay,  
 When bridesmaids, grouped around her room  
 In youth's, in truth's, in beauty's bloom,  
 Entwined, with merry fingers fair,  
 Their garlands in her sunny hair ;  
 Or bosomed them, with graceful art,  
 Above the beatings of her heart.

J. FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

~~~~~  
 BLESSED is the bridegroom under shower or sun ;  
 Blessed is the bride whom love's light shines on.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,  
 GENTLEMAN."  
*Thirty Years.* (Macmillan.)



BRIDE and bridegroom, pilgrims of life, henceforward to travel together,  
 In this the beginning of your journey, neglect not the favour of heaven :  
 Let the day of hopes fulfilled be blest by many prayers,  
 And at even-tide kneel ye together, that your joy be not unhallowed :  
 Angels that are round you will be glad, those loving ministers of mercy,  
 And the richest blessings of your God shall be poured on his favoured children.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

*Proverbial Philosophy.* (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

BLESSED is the bridegroom without crown or lands ;  
 Blessed is the bride with her heart in her hands.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,  
 GENTLEMAN."

*Thirty Years.* (Macmillan.)

GOD, the best maker of all marriages,  
 Combine your hearts in one !

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.  
*Henry V.*

#### WEDDING WORDS.

A JEWEL for my lady's ear,  
 A jewel for her finger fine,  
 A diamond for her bosom dear,  
 Her bosom that is mine.

Dear glances for my lady's eyes,  
 Dear looks around her form to twine,  
 Dear kisses for the lips I prize,  
 Her dear lips that are mine.

Dear breathings to her, soft and low,  
 Of how my lot she's made divine,  
 Dear silences my love that show  
 For her whose love is mine.

Dear cares no cloud shall shade her way,  
 That gladness only on her shine,  
 That she be happy as the May  
 Whose lot is one with mine.

Dear wishes hovering round her life  
 And tending thoughts, and dreams divine,  
 To feed with perfect joy the wife  
 Whose happiness is mine.

W. C. BENNETT.

*Baby May, &c.* (K. Paul.)

A CONTRACT of eternal bond of love,  
 Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,  
 Attested by the holy close of lips,  
 Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings.<sup>1</sup>

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

*Twelfth Night.*

#### EPITHALAMIA.

I.

E. N. AND A. H.

PURE is the Temple wherein Love doth dwell,  
 Founded in Truth and reared in Charity,  
 And through its windows open to the sky  
 Evening and Morn their wondrous tale should tell ;  
 And clearer light, by men invisible,  
 Should lead the pilgrims through the columned  
 aisle,  
 Or bid them stay their course and rest awhile,  
 As He shall will who orders all things well.  
 Into that Temple ye, young hearts and true,  
 Have found your way with steps sedate and  
 calm ;  
 And Love shall guide you, making all things new,  
 Content to bear the cross, or wear the palm,  
 And, should the years be many or be few,  
 Still through its vaults shall ring your clear  
 melodious psalm.

II.

A. N. AND E. H.

YES, take your way upon the path of life,  
 And do your work while yet 'tis called to-day,  
 And, as ye start, shall friends devoutly pray,  
 That God may bless the husband and the wife.  
 Linked are ye now for no ignoble strife,  
 Conflict with many a foe without, within,  
 Tempters that oft their subtle victory win,  
 And mar the joy wherewith the dawn was rife.

<sup>1</sup> Formerly, in betrothals or espousals, the man received as well as gave a ring.





RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS.]

[Painted by G. D. LESLIE, R.A.]

“Go forth, O blessed flower of womanhood!  
With all the graces Virtue calls her own,  
And keep their fragrance pure as sanctity,  
Wherewith to sweeten ever heart and home.”





THE CITY OF LONDON  
AND ALL THE PARISHES THEREABOUTS  
AND THE SUBURBS OF THE SAME  
AS TAKEN FROM THE GREAT ORDNANCE SURVEY  
BY JOHN BROWNE, ESQ. 1793.

Yet fear ye not ; for they that be with you  
 Are more and mightier than the powers of ill,  
 And if ye walk with vision clear and true,  
 The Peace of God your hearts and souls shall fill ;  
 And as the Evening falls and shadows lengthen,  
 New light and hope the thoughts of age shall  
 strengthen.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

So the lass was made a wife, and so the song was  
 ended.

JEAN INGELow.

*Poems ; Second Series.* (Longmans.)

Who saw his wife might well have thought—  
 "God loves this man. He chose a wife for  
 him—  
 The true one!"

JEAN INGELow.

*Poems ; Second Series.* (Longmans.)

THE kindest and the happiest pair  
 Will find occasion to forbear ;  
 And something every day they live  
 To pity, and perhaps forgive.

WILLIAM COWPER.

#### ORANGE-FLOWERS.

'Tis said, the orange-flowers thou wilt wear ;  
 That from the home of childhood thou wilt pass,  
 To prove thy chosen *one* heart of the world,  
 Whose smile of love to thee is all in all.

Go forth, O maiden ; bud of promise fair,  
 On which in fondness beams a mother's eye,  
 Watching each leaf of loveliness expand—  
 Go forth, and blossom as the perfect wife !

Go forth, O blessed flower of womanhood !  
 With all the graces Virtue calls her own,  
 And keep their fragrance pure as sanctity,  
 Wherewith to sweeten ever heart and home.

Go forth, O maiden ! as a Heaven-blest bride,  
 And, for each kiss of those thou bidd'st farewell,  
 May from the heart of thy Beloved spring up  
 Joys of affection, fadeless as the stars.

Be Love the guardian-angel of thy life !  
 In whose bright footprints evermore shall spring  
 Blossoms that ripen into Angel-fruits,  
 And be Thy ways the paths of perfect peace !

For a fond mother's glance, a sister's voice,  
 A brother's strong affection, mayst thou find,  
 Concentrated in one true, trusting heart,  
 All that is known in heaven and earth by love.

Go forth ; and may the blessing of the bard,  
 And sacred benediction of the priest,  
 And prayers that fall from lips of those that love,  
 Be heard, and answer'd by a sign from God !

ROWLAND BROWN.

*Songs and Poems.* (D. Bogue.)

GOD be with them !—while they stand,  
 Heart in heart as hand in hand,  
 Breathing first to Heav'n above  
 Holy vows of faith and love.

God be with them !—when they go,  
 By the path His love will show,  
 Each to work with ready will  
 What they must for Him fulfil.

God be with them !—while they share  
 All He gives of toil and care ;  
 Making glad whate'er they do  
 With affection kind and true.

God be with them !—while they sing  
 'Mid the blessings time may bring !  
 Rising then on wings of praise  
 To the Light of all their days.

God be with them !—while they pray  
 Through a dark and troubled day ;  
 Learning then in pain and loss  
 How to share their Master's cross.

God be with them !—when they know  
 All that this world can bestow ;  
 Looking then for deathless Love  
 In a better Home above.

L. TUTTIETT.

"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him."—  
Ps. xxxvii. 7.

REST in the Lord—from harps above.  
The music seems to thrill—  
Rest in his everlasting love,  
Rest and be still.

Rest thou, who claimest for thine own  
Thy chosen bride to-day,  
Affianced in his faith alone  
Thy bride for aye.

And thou, whose trustful hand is given  
Avouching here thy spouse,  
Rest, for a Father seals in heaven  
His children's vows.

Rest ye, who cluster round them both  
To mingle praise and prayers;  
Your God affirms the plighted troth,  
Your God and theirs.

Rest, for the Heavenly Bridegroom here  
Is standing by your side,  
And in this union draws more near  
His mystic bride.

Rest in the Lord—thrice Holy Dove,  
In us thy word fulfil—  
Rest in his everlasting love,  
Rest and be still.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

"Being heirs together of the grace of life."—1 Pet. iii. 7.

ERE the words of peace and love  
Breathed on earth are borne above,  
While their echo, soft and clear,  
Lingers on the tranced ear,—  
Catch upon your lips the strain,  
Swell the notes of prayer again,  
Prayer with benedictions fraught,  
Passing words and passing thought:  
Co-eternal Three in One,  
Seal the nuptial benison.

Blessings from the earth beneath,  
Fruits and flowers in woven wreath;  
Balmy dews that heaven distils  
On the everlasting hills;

Angel wings, a guard of light  
O'er the peaceful home by night;  
Angels' steps to tend the way  
Onward, heavenward, day by day:  
Co-eternal Three in One,  
Seal the nuptial benison.

Hear our prayer: this union be  
Ratified, O God, by thee;  
This another link entwined  
Hearts and homes and heaven to bind  
In that mystic chain of love,  
Holding us, but held above;  
Knitting all that world to this,  
Eden's bloom to glory's bliss:  
Co-eternal Three in One,  
Seal the nuptial benison.

Three in One, and One in Three,  
Blessedness is blessing thee;  
While we pour in chant and hymn  
Full hearts, flowing o'er the brim,—  
Water by thy power benign  
Blushing as celestial wine,—  
Till within the golden gates,  
Where the Lamb his bridal waits,  
We with all the white-robed throngs  
Sing the heavenly Song of Songs.

E. H. BICKERSTETH.

ONLY kneel on, nor turn away  
From the pure shrine, where Christ to-day  
Will store each flower, ye duteous lay,  
For an eternal wreath.

JOHN KEBLE  
*Christian Year.* (Parker.)

'TIS He who clasps the marriage band,  
And fits the spousal ring,  
Then leaves ye kneeling, hand in hand,  
Out of His stores to bring  
His Father's dearest blessing, shed  
Of old on Isaac's nuptial bed,  
Now on the board before ye spread  
Of our all-bounteous King.

JOHN KEBLE.  
*Christian Year.* (Parker.)









RAFAEL TUCK AND SONS.]

[Painted by A. L. VERNON.

“God be with them !—while they stand,  
Heart in heart as hand in hand.”



## NUPTIAL GRACE.

"Holy Matrimony. . . . instituted of God in the time of man's innocency, signifying unto us the mystical union that is betwixt Christ and his Church ; which holy estate Christ adorned and beautified with his presence, and first miracle that he wrought in Cana of Galilee."

*To be sung by all the Guests.—Tallis, C.M.*

O THOU, whose presence beautified  
 Poor Cana's nuptial board,  
 By Thee let ours be sanctified,  
 And THOU shalt be adored.

Thyself to us, ourselves to Thee  
 In mystic union join ;  
 And grant us greater things to see  
 Than water turned to wine.

Thy glory show, our faith make strong,  
 Like rivers be our peace :  
 And seat us where THY Marriage Song  
 Shall never, *never* cease !

To Him who wove the marriage tie  
 In Eden's thornless bower,  
 To Him, the Christ of God Most High,  
 Be glory, praise, and power !

W. H. HAVERGAL.

[“This unique idea, for wedding guests to find this hymn on the plates, and all stand and sing it, originated with the Rev. W. H. Havergal.” Miss Maria Havergal has kindly sent me this unpublished hymn, with the above note concerning it.—F. L.]

V.

“AFTER YEARS OF LIFE TOGETHER.”

“Woman is designed to be neither man’s idol nor his rival, but his best and most intimate friend—his completion.”—MORTIMER COLLINS. *Pen Sketches.*

MAIDEN FREEDOM.

O, SWEET to flutter ’mid the grass,  
In charming dews the wise condemn,  
And when the busy swallows pass  
To nod my friendly head at them !

It did the little squirrels good  
To see a thing as gay as I,  
When I came running through the wood  
To hide from the delighted sky ;

The quaint old cuckoo said his say,  
I mock’d him with my artful word ;  
I think he knows not to this day  
Whether I am a girl or bird !

’Twas “cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo,” he ;  
And “cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo,” I ;—  
It was the grandest sight to see  
That puzzled cuckoo round me fly !

In ev’ry bird I found a friend—  
A confidante in ev’ry leaf ;  
The little breezes would attend,  
The robins knew I was their chief.

The good old trees would rustle so,  
In stately gossip, when I came ;  
The grass that kissed my feet, I know,  
Kissed no one else’s quite the same.

Life was a most triumphant fact !—  
What could my ecstasy destroy ?  
I did not care to think or act—  
Just to be living was a joy !

O lovely earth ! O lovely sky !—  
I was in love with nature, I ;  
And nature was in love with me ;—  
O, lovely life—when I was free !

*Mrs. Jerningham’s Journal.* (Macmillan.)

PROPOSED FOR AND MARRIED.

AND when I found how fair I am,  
I felt a new delight in life,  
Nor guessed that Mr. Jerningham  
Had asked me from Papa as wife.

How vexed I was when I was told,  
I hardly could my patience keep ;  
And then Papa began to scold,  
And then poor I began to weep.

But one thing’s pleasant, I confess ;  
Marriage a trousseau doth entail ;  
I had to choose a satin dress,  
And was allowed to wear a veil !

The wedding day came all too soon—  
I’d rather it had not been mine—  
But still I liked the Honeymoon  
At Paris and the pretty Rhine.

And now I’ve not a thing to do,  
And nobody to say a word ;  
I’ve got to keep my house, ’tis true,—  
I keep a house !—it’s too absurd !

*Mrs. Jerningham’s Journal.* (Macmillan.)

## FIRST ESSAYS IN HOUSEKEEPING.

SHE'S such a clever woman, Cook,  
 I heartily dislike her look ;  
 She really seems to fancy I  
 Know nothing useful 'neath the sky,  
 And with her stuck up chin and head,  
 Her silence is a thing to dread !  
 And then when she begins to speak,  
 She asks such dreadful questions—O !  
 How many quarts of milk a week  
 Shall I require ? how *should* I know ?  
 And what may be the price of coals ?  
 How many tons will be enough ?  
 Shall she take quartern loaves, or rolls ?  
 And do I want the kitchen stuff ?  
 I've ordered dinner—'tis a fact  
 That I was frightened at the act !  
 Says I, " A leg of lamb you'll get,"  
 Says she, " It's not in season yet ;"  
 So turning somewhere for relief,  
 I said, " Then get a leg of beef :"  
 She looked so keenly in my face  
 She made me feel the whole disgrace,  
 And so I cried, " Get anything,"  
 And ran upstairs to play and sing :—  
 I hope we'll have *some* dinner, though,  
 Or John may be displeased, you know.  
*Mrs. Jerningham's Journal.* (Macmillan.)

I, WHILE the shop-girl fitted on  
 The sand-shoes, look'd where, down the bay,  
 The sea glow'd with a shrouded sun.  
 " I'm ready, Felix ; will you pay ?"  
 That was my first expense for this  
 Sweet stranger whom I call'd my Wife.  
 How light the touches are that kiss  
 The music from the chords of life !

COVENTRY PATMORE.  
*The Angel in the House.* (G. Bell.)

## A WIFE WITH A WILL OF HER OWN.

LONG ago (in the days of my bachelor life)  
 When I suffer'd few sorrows or cares,  
 I became a young Cœlebs, in search of a wife  
 With a turn for domestic affairs.

People told me that women were thoughtless and  
 weak,  
 And unfit to be trusted alone ;  
 So I made up my mind that the treasure I'd seek  
 Was a wife with a will of her own.

For decision and firmness I hunted about,  
 Among spinsters of ev'ry degree ;  
 Till I singled a strong-minded ladylove out  
 As exactly the treasure for *me*.  
 I prepared for refusal, but gain'd the reverse,  
 And felt proud as a king on his throne,  
 When I found myself wedded for better or worse  
 To a wife with a will of her own.

But the honeymoon scarcely was over and past,  
 When I slowly began to suspect  
 That I'd made my decision a little too fast,  
 Without taking my time to reflect.  
 I was bullied and snubb'd till I said with a sigh,  
 " How I wish I could only have known  
 What it is to be bound, till you happen to die,  
 To a wife with a will of her own !"

I'm dull as an owl and as meek as a mouse,  
 While my wife has her will and her way :  
 Of an evening I cannot stir out of the house,  
 Though I'm awfully fond of the play.  
 There's a moral, no doubt, in our cat and dog life ;  
 And that moral I've carefully shown :  
 You should never look out, if in want of a wife,  
 For a wife with a will of her own !

HENRY S. LEIGH.  
*Gillott and Goosequill.*  
 (British and Colonial Publishing Company.)

WHEN an ugly and elderly bachelor marries  
 A maiden as girlish as fair,  
 'Tis a crime which, according to Sheridan, carries  
 A punishment heavy to bear.  
 In a whisper I fain would have breathed my con-  
 fession,  
 Though here I reveal it aloud.  
 Let me own, with a sorrow that baffles expression,  
 My honeymoon's under a cloud !

HENRY S. LEIGH.

## A BRIDAL RACE.

SIR HUBERT mounted his little brown barb,  
Her jennette of Spain his bride ;  
" My winsome Isabelle, my wife,"  
Quoth he, " Let's a wager ride !"

Quoth he, " Sweet wife, let us ride a race,  
And this shall be the play,  
Whoever wins first to yon haw-tree,  
Shall do even as they may.

" And whether we live in the country,  
Or in town as I would still,  
Whoever wins first to yon haw-tree  
Shall have it as they will."

" Done !" said she with a light high laugh,  
" I'm pleased with such as this ;  
Let us sign the 'pact !" She leant across,  
As if she meant to kiss.

He thought to catch her limber waist,  
And really a kiss repay,  
But she gave her jennette the rein at once ;  
She was off, she was away.

The little brown barb he shied aside,  
On galloped she merrilie,  
The race was short and she was first,  
First by the red haw-tree.

" Now fie upon you, winsome wife !"  
Cried he, " you ride unfair,  
For with that feint, that start too soon,  
You took me unaware."

" What's fair," quoth she, with her light high laugh,  
" I do not care three straws !  
Oh, I shall rule, yes, I shall rule,  
But you, love, shall make the laws !"

W. BELL SCOTT.

*Poems by a Painter.* (Longmans.)

BETHINK thee, then, how, in the hours that first  
together drew  
Our hearts, from light acquaintance' germ familiar  
converse grew,  
From converse sweet by gentle change how potent  
friendship rose,  
Till perfect love within our breasts both flower and  
fruitage shows.

And this, bethink, what woven web of blest  
emotions grew,  
Phase after phase of various love, the same but  
ever new !

And learn to enjoy the hour ! pure love still  
upward strives to float

To that high sphere where wish to wish, and  
thought responds to thought,

Where feeling blent with feeling, raptures thrilled  
with raptures rare,

In bonds of a diviner life, unite the blissful pair.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

*Lyrical Poems.* (D. Douglas.)

## THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

How many Summers, love,  
Have I been thine ?

How many days, thou dove,  
Hast thou been mine ?

Time, like the winged wind  
When 't bends the flowers,  
Hath left no mark behind,  
To count the hours !

Some weight of thought, though loth,  
On thee he leaves ;

Some lines of care round both  
Perhaps he weaves ;

Some fears,—a soft regret  
For joys scarce known ;  
Sweet looks we half forget ;—  
All else is flown !

Ah ! with what thankless heart  
I mourn and sing !

Look, where our children start,  
Like sudden Spring !

With tongues all sweet and low,  
Like a pleasant rhyme,

They tell how much I owe  
To thee and Time !

BARRY CORNWALL.

*English Songs.* (G. Bell and Sons.)

## YEAR AFTER YEAR.

YEAR after year the cowslips fill the meadow,  
Year after year the skylarks thrill the air,  
Year after year, in sunshine or in shadow,  
Rolls the world round, love, and finds us as we were.

Year after year, as sure as birds' returning,  
Or field-flowers' blossoming above the wintry  
mould ;  
Year after year, in work, or mirth, or mourning,  
Love we with love's own youth, that never can  
grow old.

Sweetheart and ladye-love, queen of boyish passion,  
Strong hope of manhood, content of age begun ;  
Loved in a hundred ways, each in a different  
fashion,  
Yet loved supremely, solely, as we never love  
but one.

Dearest and bonniest ! though blanched those  
curling tresses,  
Though loose clings the wedding-ring to that  
thin hand of thine,—  
Brightest of all eyes the eye that love expresses !  
Sweetest of all lips the lips long since kissed  
mine !

So let the world go round with all its sighs and  
sinning,  
Its mad shout o'er fancied bliss, its howl o'er  
pleasures past :  
That which it calls love's end to us was love's  
beginning :—  
I clasp my arms about thy neck and love thee  
to the last.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,  
GENTLEMAN."

*Thirty Years.* (Macmillan.)

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#### A YEAR AND A DAY.

A YEAR and a Day is the period named  
When, according to Custom, the FLITCH may be  
claimed ;—  
Provided the parties can swear and can prove,  
They have lived the whole time in true conjugal  
love.

'Tis a very old Custom of ours at Dunmow,—  
Fitzwalter established it ages ago :  
Its antiquity, sure, can be doubted by no man,  
Since 'tis mentioned by Chaucer, and trusty Piers  
Plowman.

That it is a good Custom, as well as an old—  
Our custom of Dunmow—you needn't be told,—  
A prize matrimonial—claim it we may—  
Nell and I have been married a Year and a Day.

With all the conditions we've duly complied—  
And our love and fidelity well have been tried ;  
Kneeling down at the Church-door, we dare to  
confess

That not e'en in thought, did we ever transgress.

No woman, save Nell, has attractions for me ;  
And as I feel, I needn't assure you, feels she :  
No man in the world, be he ever so big,  
Can say Nelly cares for his nonsense a fig.

I'm a pattern to husbands, as she is to wives,—  
We teach all transgressors to alter their lives.  
We show how much better it is to be true,  
Than each other neglect, as some married folks do.

In short, we're as happy as couple can be,—  
No long curtain lectures sweet Nell reads to me ;  
By no silly squabbles are we ever put out,  
Nor do I ever scold, nor does she ever pout.

As to wishing that we were unmarried again,—  
A notion so stupid ne'er enter'd our brain :—  
Far rather,—we give you our honour,—we would  
Be married twice over again, if we could !

Three times did I marry the FLITCH to obtain—  
Three times unsuccessful—the fourth time I gain :  
Blest with Nelly, sweet Nelly, they can't say me  
nay,—

We've not had a wrong word for a Year and a  
Day !

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.  
*Ballads.* (Routledge.)

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AH ! thou art no more thine own.  
Mine, mine, O love ! Tears gather 'neath my lids,—  
Sorrowful tears for thy lost liberty,  
Because it was so sweet. Thy liberty,  
That yet, O love, thou would'st not have again.  
No ; all is right. But who can give, or bless,  
Or take a blessing, but there comes withal  
Some pain ?

JEAN INGELOW.  
*Poems ; Second Series.* (Longmans.)



## TO HIS WIFE.

FAST falls the snow, O lady mine,  
 Sprinkling the lawn with crystals fine,  
 But by the gods we won't repine  
     While we're together,  
 We'll chat and rhyme, and kiss and dine,  
     Defying weather.

So stir the fire and pour the wine,  
 And let those sea-green eyes divine  
 Pour their love-madness into mine :  
     I don't care whether  
 'Tis snow or sun or rain or shine  
     If we're together.

MORTIMER COLLINS.  
*Letters and Friendships.*

## THE HOME ALTAR.

WHY should we seek at all to gain  
 By vigils, and in pain,  
 By lonely life and empty heart,  
 To set a soul apart  
 Within a cloistered cell,  
 For whom the precious, homely hearth would serve  
     as well ?

There, with the early breaking morn  
 Ere quite the day is born,  
 The lustral waters flow serene,  
 And each again grows clean  
 From sleep, as from a tomb,  
 Born to another dawn of joy, and hope, and doom.

There through the sweet and toilsome day  
 To labour is to pray ;  
 There love with kindly beaming eyes  
 Prepares the sacrifice ;  
 And voice and innocent smile  
 Of childhood do our cheerful liturgies beguile.

There, at his chaste and frugal feast,  
 Love sitteth as a Priest ;  
 And with mild eyes and mien sedate,  
 His deacons stand and wait ;  
 And round the holy table  
 Paten and chalice range in order serviceable.

And when ere night, the vespers said,  
 Low lies each weary head,  
 What giveth He who gives them sleep,  
 But a brief death less deep ?  
 Or what the fair dreams given  
 But ours who, daily dying, dream a happier heaven !

Then not within a cloistered wall  
 Will we expend our days ;  
 But dawns that break and eves that fall  
 Shall bring their dues of praise.  
 This best befits a Ruler always near,  
 This duteous worship mild, and reasonable fear.

LEWIS MORRIS.  
*Songs of Two Worlds ; Third Series. (K. Paul.)*

~~~~~  
 ONE time there is, one only time,  
 'Twixt birth and death, from sorrow free,  
 And that, O lady of my rhyme !  
     I passed with thee.

MORTIMER COLLINS.  
*Frances.*

## TO HIS WIFE,

~~~~~  
*On the Anniversary of her Wedding-day, which  
 was also her Birthday, with a ring.*

"THEE, Mary, with this ring I wed"—  
 So, fourteen years ago, I said.—  
 Behold another ring !—"For what ?"  
 "To wed thee o'er again ?"—Why not ?  
     With that first ring I married youth,  
 Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth ;  
 Taste long admired, sense long revered,  
 And all my Molly then appeared.  
 If she, by merit since disclosed,  
 Prove twice the woman I supposed,  
 I plead that double merit now,  
 To justify a double vow.

Here then to-day, with faith as sure,  
 With ardour as intense, as pure,  
 As when, amidst the rites divine,  
 I took thy troth, and plighted mine,  
 To thee, sweet girl, my second ring  
 A token and a pledge I bring :  
 With this I wed, till death us part,  
 Thy riper virtues to my heart ;

Those virtues which, before untried,  
The wife has added to the bride :  
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,  
Endearing wedlock's very name,  
My soul enjoys, my song approves,  
For conscience' sake, as well as love's.

And why? They show me every hour,  
Honour's high thought, Affection's power,  
Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence,  
And teach me all things—but repentance.

SAMUEL BISHOP.

~~~~~  
WEDDED LOVERS.

. . . . FRIEND, counsellor, companion, wife,  
Cherished for Love, in this, and after, life :  
Reflective, prudent, wise, and sweetly kind :  
A generous heart, a liberal hand and mind :  
Giving a ready help to each who needs :  
Though to her "household" first, as wise and just ;  
Yielding with grace, and not because she must :  
While she, of greater troubles, takes her share,  
She treats the lesser as the garden weeds,  
To be removed, and yet with gentle care,  
That flowers as well are not uprooted there.  
Thus Love endures through all a chequered life,  
In calm, in sunshine, or when tempest-tost :  
THE HUSBAND FOUND, A LOVER IS NOT LOST,  
THE SWEETHEART STILL REMAINS—A SWEETHEART  
WIFE !

S. C. HALL  
*Rhymes in Council.* (Griffith and Farran.)

~~~~~  
SONG.

I LOOK into the eyes I love,  
And watch the old love beaming,  
And call from out the buried years  
The old, old lover's dreaming.  
Just here and there one line of grey  
Divides the raven tresses,  
I sigh :—Youth fades apace—I smile,  
The love that blest, still blesses !

SEBASTIAN EVANS.  
*Brother Fabian's Manuscript.* (Macmillan.)

AFTER MARRIAGE.

AND then I slept, and all day dreamed of her,  
And waked, and lo ! my dream beside me lay :  
As one who prays, and rising trancedly,  
Sees the fulfilment of his holy prayer  
Glimmering before him in the mystic air.  
I heard in sleep her soft lips move and sigh,  
Murmuring in dreams some last night's memory,  
And once, in love, she clasped her own long hair.  
There, like some soul that lieth near to death,  
Waiting the opening of its native skies,  
I lay, and watched her death-like fluttering breath,  
Waiting the opening of her living eyes.  
O deep deep eyes, wherein all glad things dwell,  
Thou art my sea, and I thy murmuring shell !

S. K. COWAN.  
*The Murmur of the Shells.* (McCaw, Belfast.)

~~~~~  
THE WORN WEDDING-RING.

YOUR wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife ; ah,  
summers not a few,  
Since I put it on your finger first, have pass'd o'er  
me and you ;  
And, love, what changes we have seen—what cares  
and pleasures, too—  
Since you became my own dear wife, when this old  
ring was new.

O, blessings on that happy day, the happiest of my  
life,  
When, thanks to God, your low, sweet "Yes"  
made you my loving wife ;  
Your heart will say the same, I know ; that day's  
as dear to you,—  
That day that made me yours, dear wife, when this  
old ring was new.

How well do I remember now your young sweet  
face that day ;  
How fair you were—how dear you were—my  
tongue could hardly say ;  
Nor how I doated on you ; ah, how proud I was  
of you ;  
But did I love you more than now, when this old  
ring was new ?

No—no ; no fairer were you then than at this hour  
to me,  
And, dear as life to me this day, how could you  
dearer be ?  
As sweet your face might be that day as now it is,  
'tis true,  
But did I know your heart as well when this old  
ring was new ?

O partner of my gladness, wife, what care, what grief  
is there,  
For me you would not bravely face, with me you  
would not share ?  
O what a weary want had every day, if wanting you,  
Wanting the love that God made mine when this  
old ring was new !

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife,—young  
voices that are here,  
Young faces round our fire that make their mother's  
yet more dear,  
Young, loving hearts, your care each day makes  
yet more like to you,  
More like the loving heart made mine when this  
old ring was new.

And, bless'd be God ! all He has given are with  
us yet ; around  
Our table, every little life lent to us still is found ;  
Though cares we've known, with hopeful hearts  
the worst we've struggled through ;  
Bless'd be His name for all His love since this  
old ring was new.

The past is dear ; its sweetness still our memo-  
ries treasure yet ;  
The griefs we've borne, together borne, we would  
not now forget ;  
Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto heart  
still true,  
We'll share as we have shared all else since this  
old ring was new.

And if God spare us 'mongst our sons and daugh-  
ters to grow old,  
We know His goodness will not let your heart or  
mine grow cold ;  
Your aged eyes will see in mine all they've still  
shown to you,  
And mine in yours all they have seen since this  
old ring was new.

And O, when death shall come at last to bid me  
to my rest,  
May I die looking in those eyes, and resting on  
that breast ;  
O, may my parting gaze be bless'd with the dear  
sight of you,  
Of those fond eyes—fond as they were when this  
old ring was new.

W. C. BENNETT.  
*Baby May, &c.* (K. Paul.)

~~~~~

LOVE WRECKED IN CALM WATER.

ALAS—how light a cause may move  
Dissension between hearts that love !  
Hearts that the world in vain has tried,  
And sorrow but more closely tied ;  
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,  
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,  
Like ships that have gone down at sea,  
When Heav'n was all tranquillity !  
A something, light as air—a look,  
A word unkind or wrongly taken—  
Oh ! love, that tempests never shook,  
A breath, a touch like this has shaken.  
And ruder words will soon rush in  
To spread the breach that words begin ;  
And eyes forget the gentle ray  
They wore in courtship's smiling day ;  
And voices lose the tone that shed  
A tenderness round all they said ;  
Till fast declining, one by one,  
The sweetnesses of love are gone,  
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem  
Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,  
That smiling left the mountain's brow,  
As though its waters ne'er could sever,  
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,  
Breaks into floods, that part for ever.

THOMAS MOORE.  
*Lalla Rookh ; The Light of the Haram.*

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THE SUMMIT.

Now on life's crest we breathe the temperate air ;  
Turn either way—the parted paths o'erlook !  
Dear, we shall never bid the Sphinx despair,  
Nor read in Sibyl's book.

The blue bends o'er us ; good are night and day ;  
Some blissful influence of the starry seven  
Thrilled us ere youth took wing ; wherefore essay  
The vain assault on heaven ?

And what great word Life's singing lips pronounce,  
And what intends the sealing kiss of Death,  
It skills us not ; yet we accept, renounce,  
And draw this steadfast breath.

Enough one thing we know ; haply anon  
All truths, yet no truth better or more clear  
Than that your hand holds my hand. Therefore  
on !

The downward pathway, dear !

EDWARD DOWDEN.

~~~~~  
SOMETHING WANTING.

PERCHANCE 'twas the fault of the life that they led ;  
Perchance 'twas the fault of the novels they read ;  
Perchance 'twas a fault in themselves ; I am bound  
not

To say : this I know—that these two creatures  
found not

In each other some sign they expected to find  
Of a something unnamed in the heart or the  
mind ;

And, missing it, each felt a right to complain  
Of a sadness which each found no word to  
explain.

Whatever it was, the world noticed not it  
In the light-hearted beauty, the light-hearted wit.  
Still, as once with the actors in Greece, 'tis the  
case,

Each must speak to the crowd with a mask on his  
face.

Praise follow'd Matilda wherever she went.  
She was flatter'd. Can flattery purchase content ?  
Yes. While to its voice, for a moment she  
listen'd,

The young cheek still bloom'd, and the soft eye  
still glisten'd ;  
And her lord, when, like one of those light vivid  
things

That glide down the gauzes of summer with wings  
Of rapturous radiance, unconscious she moved  
Through that buzz of inferior creatures, which  
proved

Her beauty, their envy, one moment forgot  
'Mid the many charms there, the one charm that  
was not :

And when o'er her beauty enraptured he bow'd,  
(As they turned to each other, each flush'd from  
the crowd),

And murmur'd those praises which yet seem'd  
more dear

Than the praises of others had grown to her ear,  
She, too, ceased awhile her own fate to regret :  
" Yes ! . . . he loves me," she sigh'd ; " this is  
love, then—and yet—!"

Ah, that *yet* / fatal word ! 'tis the moral of all  
Thought and felt, seen or done, in this world since  
the Fall !

It stands at the end of each sentence we learn ;  
It flits in the vista of all we discern ;  
It leads us, for ever and ever, away  
To find in to-morrow what flies with to-day.  
'Twas this same little fatal and mystical word  
That now, like a mirage, led my lady and lord  
To the waters of Ems from the waters of Marah ;  
Drooping pilgrims in Fashion's blank, arid Sahara !

OWEN MEREDITH.

*Lucile.* (Chapman and Hall.)

~~~~~  
TO HIS WIFE.

OH ! hadst thou never shared my fate,  
More dark that fate would prove,  
My heart were truly desolate  
Without thy soothing love.

But thou hast suffered for my sake,  
Whilst this relief I found,  
Like fearless lips that strive to take  
The poison from a wound.

My fond affection thou hast seen,  
Then judge of my regret,  
To think more happy thou hadst been  
If we had never met !

And has that thought been shared by thee ?  
Ah, no ! that smiling cheek  
Proves more unchanging love for me  
Than laboured words could speak.

But there are true hearts which the sight  
Of sorrow summons forth ;  
Though known in days of past delight,  
We knew not half their worth.

How unlike some who have professed  
So much in Friendship's name,  
Yet calmly pause to think how best  
They may evade her claim.

But ah ! from them to thee I turn,  
They'd make me loathe mankind,  
Far better lessons I may learn  
From thy more holy mind.

The love that gives a charm to home,  
I feel they cannot take :  
We'll pray for happier years to come,  
For one another's sake.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.  
*Poetical Works.* (Bentley.)

LEASES FOR WIVES ;  
OR, WHAT WE'RE COMING TO.

A PARTNERSHIP for life—absurd !!  
How droll—a wedding ring ! . . .  
Somehow we don't perceive the fun ;  
" For seven, fourteen, or twenty-one "  
Is now the style of thing.

We meet our charmer in the Row ;  
One glance—'tis love at sight—  
We meet again at rout or hop,  
A valse, two ices, and then pop,—  
Boulogne to-morrow night.

No trousseau cumpers up the fair  
With heaps of costly trash ;  
No wedding breakfast makes her ill,  
Nor speeches that won't pay the bill,  
Nor " settlements " of cash.

We register no fees on earth,  
No vows record in heaven ;  
A sheet of cream-laid note—'tis done !  
For seven, fourteen, or twenty-one . . .  
Suppose we try for *seven* ?

H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL.  
*Pegasus Re-saddled.* (Kegan Paul.)

BEFORE MARRIAGE.

(THE WIFE SPEAKS.)

CAN you recall the life we led  
Before our meeting-day,  
'The day that we were wed,  
As I may say ?  
I often do,  
And wish I knew

If it is the same with you.  
I was not sad, I was not gay,  
It was my lifetime clad in grey :  
A continuous December,  
As I remember,  
Looking out for Christmas-day,  
Like a child for cakes and play,  
With my brother,  
And my mother,

And my sisters in a row :  
We were sheltered from the snow,  
I was happy in a way,  
Before that blessed waking day,  
But now my life's bound up with thine,  
You're my perennial cakes and wine.

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.  
*A Poet's Harvest Home.* (Elliot Stock.)

A TEN YEARS' CHARACTER.

TEN years, *amie* ! ten years ago,  
It seems like yesterday,  
You whispered that mysterious vow—  
" Love—honour—and obey."  
And, darling, you have done your part,  
And kept your promise, sweet—  
You have full-filled an empty heart  
And made a life complete. . . .  
I testify that you have been  
The household sunshine, fairy, queen,—  
A cool oasis ever green  
Along life's deserts sandy,—  
As good as gold,  
As true as steel,  
And as sweet as sugar candy !

We've shared some joy, sweetheart, some pain,  
We've met some ups and downs :  
And would you tie the knot again  
Tho' all the smiles were frowns ?

Tho' all the joys were griefs, I say,  
 And dimmed each brighter spot,  
 This girl would face them all with me,—  
 You would, sweet, would you not?  
 And still would be what you have been,  
 My household fairy, sunshine, queen—  
 A cool oasis ever green  
 Amidst life's deserts sandy,—  
 As good as gold,  
 As true as steel,  
 And as sweet as sugar candy!

H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL.  
*Pegasus Re-saddled.* (Kegan Paul.)

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TO MY DEAR WIFE.

My love, I cannot call thee fair:  
 'Twere difficult, methinks, to trace  
 One feature that the world will dare  
 To call good-looking in thy face.  
 But Love is blind, and sets aside  
 Thy faults of countenance and limb:  
 Thy husband feels with proper pride  
 That thou art fairly fond of him.

I cannot call thee rich, my dear:  
 'Twould scarce be true, in any sense,  
 To call thy twenty pounds a-year  
 Profuse and princely opulence.  
 And yet a maxim thou canst find—  
 A sentiment in which I join—  
 Which says that a contented mind  
 Is better far than current coin.

My own, I cannot call thee wise,  
 For, oh! far otherwise thou art;  
 In Learning's race to take a prize,  
 'Tis requisite to make a start.  
 It grieves me not that thou hast got  
 No farther than thy A B C;  
 For thou hast master'd (happy lot!)  
 The science of adoring *me!*

HENRY S. LEIGH.  
*Gillott and Goosequill.*  
 (British and Colonial Publishing Company.)

WE TWO.

WE two, we two! the children's smiles are dear—  
 Thank God how dear the bonny children's  
 smiles!—  
 But 'tis we two among our own ones here,  
 We two along life's way through all the whiles.  
 To think if we had passed each other by;  
 And he not he apart, and I not I!  
 And oh to think if we had never known;  
 And I not I and he not he alone!

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.  
*A Book of Rhyme.* (Macmillan.)

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THE DAUGHTER.

Go forth, my darling, in the wreath and veil;  
 My hand shall place them for thee; so good-  
 bye.  
 Thou hast Love's rose, and tend it without fail;  
 It withers, dear, if lovers let it lie.  
 Go, my own singing bird, and be his now;  
 And I am more than half as glad as thou.  
 Ah me! the singing birds that were our own  
 Fly forth and mate: and 'tis long life alone.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.  
*A Book of Rhyme.* (Macmillan.)

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"MAKING UP."

(From "*How Betsey and I made up.*")

AND I told her in the future I wouldn't speak  
 cross or rash  
 If half the crockery in the house was broken all to  
 smash;  
 And she said in regard to *heaven*, we'd try and  
 learn its worth  
 By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it  
*here on earth.*  
 And so we sat a-talkin' three quarters of the night;  
 And open'd our hearts to each other until they  
 both grew light;  
 And the days when I was winnin' her away from  
 so many men  
 Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted her over  
 again.

WILL CARLETON.  
*Farm Ballads.* (Routledge.)

## THAT MERRY, MERRY MAY.

AH! 'tis like a tale of olden  
 Time, long, long ago;  
 When the world was in its golden  
 Prime, and Love was lord below!  
 Every vein of earth was dancing  
 With the Spring's new wine!  
 'Twas the pleasant time of flowers,  
 When I met you, love of mine.  
 Ah! some spirit sure was straying  
 Out of heaven that day,  
 When I met you, Sweet, a-Maying,  
 In that merry, merry May.  
 Little heart! it shyly open'd  
 Its red leaves' love-lore,  
 Like a rose that must be ripen'd  
 To the dainty, dainty core.  
 But its beauties daily brighten,  
 And it blooms so dear,—  
 Tho' a many Winters whiten,  
 I go Maying all the year.  
 And my proud heart will be praying  
 Blessings on the day,  
 When I met you, Sweet, a-Maying,  
 In that merry, merry May.

GERALD MASSEY.

*Poems.* (Routledge.)

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 betwixt 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 an angel light.

W. WORDSWORTH.

## A NARROW WORLD.

IN privacy we dwelt—a wedded pair,  
 Companions daily, often all day long;  
 Not placed by fortune within easy reach  
 Of various intercourse, nor wishing aught  
 Beyond the allowance of our own fireside,  
 The twain within our happy cottage born  
 Inmates, and heirs of our united love;  
 Graced mutually by difference of sex,  
 By the endearing names of nature bound,  
 And with no wider interval of time  
 Between their several births them served for one  
 To establish something of a leader's sway;  
 Yet left them join'd by sympathy in age;  
 Equals in pleasure, fellows in pursuit.  
 On these two pillars rested as in air  
 Our solitude.

W. WORDSWORTH.

*The Excursion; Book III.*

## WHEN I COME HOME.

AROUND me Life's hell of fierce ardours burns,  
 When I come home, when I come home;  
 Over me Heaven with its starry heart yearns,  
 When I come home, when I come home.  
 For a feast of Gods garnisht, the palace of Night  
 At a thousand star-windows is throbbing with light.  
 London makes mirth! but I know God hears  
 The sobs in the dark, and the dropping of tears;  
 For I feel that he listens down night's great dome  
 When I come home, when I come home;  
 Home, home, when I come home;  
 Far i' the night when I come home.

I walk under Night's triumphal arch,  
 When I come home, when I come home ;  
 Exulting with life like a Conqueror's march,  
 When I come home, when I come home.  
 I pass by the rich-chambered mansions that shine,  
 O'erflowing with splendour like goblets with wine :  
 I have fought, I have vanquish't the dragon of Toil,  
 And before me my golden Hesperides smile !  
 And O but Love's flowers make rich the gloam,  
 When I come home, when I come home !  
 Home, home, when I come home,  
 Far i' the night when I come home.

O the sweet, merry mouths up-turned to be kist,  
 When I come home, when I come home !  
 How the younglings yearn from the hungry nest,  
 When I come home, when I come home !  
 My weary, worn heart into sweetness is stirred,  
 And it dances and sings like a singing Bird,  
 On the branch nighest heaven,—a-top of my life :  
 As I clasp my winsome, wooing Wife !  
 And her pale cheek with rich, tender passion doth  
 bloom,  
 When I come home, when I come home ;  
 Home, home, when I come home,  
 Far i' the night when I come home.

Clouds furl off the shining face of my life,  
 When I come home, when I come home,  
 And leave heaven bare on her bosom, sweet Wife,  
 When I come home, when I come home.  
 With her brave smiling Energies,—Faith warm and  
 bright,—  
 With love glorified and serenely alight,—  
 With her womanly beauty and queenly calm,  
 She steals to my heart with a blessing of balm ;  
 And O but the wine of Love sparkles with foam,  
 When I come home, when I come home !  
 Home, home, when I come home,  
 Far i' the night when I come home.

GERALD MASSEY.  
*Poems.* (Routledge.)

~~~~~  
 DAISY'S DIGIT.

O FINGER with the circlet slight,  
 That keeps it warm and cosy,  
 Wee winsome third left-handed doight  
 So white and warm and rosy,—

More taper digits there may be,  
 More lips may kiss and cling on,  
 This tiny finger's best to me—  
 The one I put the ring on.

Some fingers may perhaps proclaim  
 A precedence of *status*,  
 To point the shaft of praise or blame,  
 Or scorn at those that hate us ;  
 Lay down the law, you counsel small !—  
 Your barbèd arrows string on !  
 To me this finger's best of all—  
 The one I put the ring on.

*My* finger has not worked a bit  
 In caligraphics dainty,  
 The busy thimble dares not fit  
 The type of Suzerainty,—  
 Such weapons of bewild'ring art  
 I have no wit to sing on,  
 This fairy finger holds my heart—  
 The one I put the ring on.

H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL.  
*Pegasus Re-saddled.* (Kegan Paul.)

~~~~~  
 AN UNMARKED FESTIVAL.

THERE'S a feast, undated, yet  
 Both our true lives hold it fast,—  
 The first day we ever met.  
 What a great day came and passed !  
 —Unknown then, but known at last.

And we met ; you knew not me,  
 Mistress of your joys and fears ;  
 Held my hand that held the key  
 Of the treasure of your years,  
 Of the fountain of your tears.

For you knew not it was I,  
 And I knew not it was you.  
 We have learnt, as days went by.  
 But a flower struck root and grew  
 Underground, and no one knew.

Day of days ! Unmarked it rose,  
 In whose hours we were to meet,  
 And forgotten passed. Who knows,  
 Was earth cold, or sunny, sweet,  
 At the coming of your feet ?



One mere day, we thought ; the measure  
Of such days the year fulfils.  
Now, how dearly would we treasure  
Something from its fields, its rills,  
And its memorable hills ;

—But one leaf of oak or lime,  
Or one blossom from its bowers  
No one gathered at the time.  
Oh, to keep that day of ours  
By one relic of its flowers !

ALICE MEYNELL.  
*Preludes.* (Kegan Paul.)

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.  
Spirit ! I've built a shrine ; and thou hast come  
And on its altar closed—for ever closed thy plume.

GEORGE CROLY.

IN an instant I was thine,  
And thou wert mine ; no vows we plighted,  
Two halves by mystic law divine  
Were made one whole, when we united.  
And I no greater bliss can know  
From God, of all good thing: the Giver,  
Than that our mingled lives may flow  
In love, and truth, and joy for ever !

J. S. BLACKIE.  
*Lyrical Poems.* (D. Douglas, Edinburgh.)

ON A MINIATURE OF MY WIFE.

YES—there's the cheek—the placid eye,  
The softly shaded hair,  
The smile, the lip—yet tell me why  
Seems something wanting there ?  
Ah needless question ! wherefore ask ?  
How can the pencil trace  
The fond affection, the calm love,  
That sanctifies her face ?

Oh, Art is strong from time and death  
The outward charm to win,  
But vainly does it strive with Life  
To paint the heart within !

W. C. BENNETT.  
*Baby May, &c.* (K. Paul.)

SOLE partner, and sole part, of all these joys,  
Dearer thyself than all.

JOHN MILTON.  
*Paradise Lost.*

THRICE happy pair ! of whom we cannot know  
Which first began to love, or loves most now ;  
Fair course of passion ! where two lovers start,  
And run together, heart still yoked with heart.

EDMUND WALLER.

[THERE] Joan meets him smiling, the Young Ones  
are there ;

His coming is bliss to the half-dozen wee Things ;  
The dog and the cat have a greeting to spare,  
And Phyllis, neat-handed, is laying the tea-  
things.

East wind, sob eerily ! Sing, kettle, cheerily !  
Baby's abed, but its father will rock it ;—  
His little ones boast their permission to toast  
That cake the good fellow brings home in his  
pocket.

FREDERICK LOCKER.  
*London Lyrics.* (K. Paul)

To be a loved and loving wife :  
Measureless rapture—height of height !  
*Mrs. Jerningham's Journal.* (Macmillan.)

I THINK this wedded life of mine  
The best of all things not divine.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.





RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS.]

“The season has not many flowers,  
To gather, Love, so see  
A wreath of hope, and trust, and love,  
Heart-flowers, I bring to thee.”





## TO MY WIFE.

[EXTRACT.]

O WHAT a priceless gift, dear wife,  
 Thy love has been to me ;  
 And what a bliss our married life,  
 In its sweet purity.  
 Vain worldlings sneer at married joys,  
 And wifings scorn its peace ;  
 But angels bless its sacred ties,  
 And God gives them increase  
 Thus year by year, have ours, dear wife,  
 In depth and beauty grown,  
 O'er grief, and pain, and struggling cares,  
 In brightening splendour shone.  
 Trust throws its power around our lives ;  
 Hope makes them beautiful ;  
 Love pours its heart-refreshing showers,  
 And fills our goblet full.  
 And now our one united prayer  
 Is for prolongèd life,  
 To see each boy a noble man,  
 Each girl a noble wife.  
 Nor would we hasten then away  
 To Death's sweet mystery,  
 But still would linger here, to dance  
 Some grandchild on the knee.  
 God's will be done. In this, as all,  
 We welcome his command ;  
 Yet might our prayer be heard, we'd tread  
 The Unknown hand in hand.  
 So dear to us our wedded life,  
 So sweet to us its ties ;  
 Together we would die, and share  
 The life beyond the skies.  
 Dear darling wife ! upon this day,  
 Above all days most blest,  
 The gentle spirit of the past  
 Her lips to mine has prest.  
 And like a picture I behold  
 Our ten years' life appear,  
 And without effort thus recall  
 Its every memory dear.  
 One kiss, dear wife ; one blessing more  
 On Love's fair altar lay ;  
 One dear old smile, one dear old look,  
 To consecrate this day.

The season has not many flowers,  
 To gather, Love, so see  
 A wreath of hope, and trust, and love,  
 Heart-flowers, I bring to thee.

J. A. LANGFORD.

*Poems of the Fields and the Town.* (Simpkin.)

## MY SOLE PROPRIETOR.

WHAT *can* she do but love me,  
 That little wife of mine ?  
 Her brains are far above me,  
 For brains are in her line.  
 I lack the airs of fashion,  
 The lordling's lofty tone ;  
 But she returns my passion  
 Because I'm all her own.

I spell and cypher badly,  
 My aspirates I drop :  
 My talk—I feel it sadly—  
 Is not at all tip-top.  
 I fear my faults distress her,  
 But she has never shown  
 The least annoyance, bless her !  
 Because I'm all her own.

My face is not Apollo's,  
 My nose is hardly straight ;  
 My right eye rarely follows  
 The movements of its mate.  
 My form presents unduly  
 A prominence of bone ;  
 And yet she loves me truly  
 Because I'm all her own.

The signs of youth diminish,  
 And on my bullet head  
 The curls get gray and thinnish  
 That once grew thick and red.  
 But why at age be snarling  
 When youth's for ever flown ?  
 She loves me still, the darling,  
 Because I'm all her own.

HENRY S. LEIGH.

*Gillott and Goosequill.*

(British and Colonial Publishing Company.)

## TEN YEARS AGO.

TEN years ago, ten years ago,  
 Life was to us a fairy scene ;  
 And the keen blasts of worldly woe  
 Had sear'd not then its pathway green.  
 Youth and its thousand dreams were ours,  
 Feelings we ne'er can know again ;  
 Unwither'd hopes, unwasted powers,  
 And frames unworn by mortal pain :  
 Such was the bright and genial flow  
 Of life with us—ten years ago !

Time has not blanch'd a single hair  
 That clusters round thy forehead now ;  
 Nor hath the cankering touch of care  
 Left even one furrow on thy brow.  
 Thine eyes are blue as when we met,  
 In love's deep truth, in earlier years,  
 Thy cheek of rose is blooming yet,  
 Though sometimes stain'd by secret tears ;  
 But where, oh where's the *spirit's* glow,  
 That shone through all—ten years ago ?

I too am changed—I scarce know why—  
 Can feel each flagging pulse decay ;  
 And youth and health, and visions high,  
 Melt like a wreath of snow away ;  
 Time cannot sure have wrought the ill ;  
 Though worn in this world's sickening strife,  
 In soul and form, I linger still  
 In the first summer month of life ;  
 Yet journey on my path below,  
 Oh ! how unlike—ten years ago !

But look not thus :—I would not give  
 The wreck of hopes that thou must share,  
 To bid those joyous hours revive  
 When all around me seem'd so fair.  
 We've wander'd on in sunny weather,  
 When winds were low, and flowers in bloom,  
 And hand in hand have kept together,  
 And still will keep, 'mid storm and gloom ;  
 Endear'd by ties we could not know  
 When life was young—ten years ago !

Has fortune frown'd ? Her frowns were vain,  
 For hearts like ours she could not chill ;  
 Have friends proved false ? Their love might wane,  
 But ours grew fonder, firmer still.

Twin barks on this world's changing wave,  
 Steadfast in calms, in tempests tried ;  
 In concert still our fate we'll brave,  
 Together cleave life's fitful tide ;  
 Nor mourn, whatever winds may blow,  
 Youth's first wild dreams—ten years ago !

Have we not knelt beside his bed,  
 And watch'd our first-born blossom die ?  
 Hoped, till the shade of hope had fled,  
 Then wept till feeling's fount was dry ?  
 Was it not sweet, in that dark hour,  
 To think, 'mid mutual tears and sighs,  
 Our bud had left its earthly bower,  
 And burst to bloom in Paradise ?  
 What to the thought that soothed that woe  
 Were heartless joys—ten years ago ?

Yes, it *is* sweet, when heaven is bright,  
 To share its sunny beams with thee ;  
 But sweeter far, 'mid clouds and blight,  
 To have thee near to weep with me.  
 Then dry those tears,—though something  
 changed

From what we were in earlier youth,  
 Time, that hath hopes and friends estranged,  
 Hath left us love in all its truth ;  
 Sweet feelings we would not forego  
 For life's best joys—ten years ago.

ALARIC A. WATTS.

AND I have lived to kiss the tears away  
 From those sweet eyes—to see them on me shine,  
 Melting with love ! to hear thee fondly say,  
 " My darling," lived to be thy darling ! thine !  
 Nay more, thy husband ! oh my own, my wife,  
 This 'tis indeed to live ! without thee what we  
 life ?

J. R. PLANCHÉ

*Songs and Poems.* (Chatto and Windus.)

COME WHOAM TO THY CHILDER AN  
 ME.

Aw've just mended th' fire wi' a cob ;  
 Owd Swaddle has brought thi new shoon,  
 There's some nice bacon-collops o' th hob,  
 An' a quart o' ale posset i' th oon ;

10/10/10







[Painted by ALFRED BOUCHARTTE.]

"Brought us all these girls and boys,  
Household sorrows, household joys."

RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS.



Aw've brought thi top-cwot, does ta know,  
 For th' rain's comin' deawn very dree ;  
 An' th' har'stone's as white as new snow ;—  
 Come whoam to thi childer an' me.

When aw put little Sally to bed,  
 Hoo cried, 'cose her feyther weren't theer ;  
 So, aw kissed th' little thing, an' aw said  
 Thae'd bring her a ribbin fro' th' fair ;  
 An' aw gav her her doll, an' some rags,  
 An' a nice little white cotton bo' ;  
 An' aw kissed her again ; but hoo said  
 At hoo wanted to kiss *thee* an' o'.

An' Dick, too, aw'd sick wark wi' him,  
 Afore aw could get him upstairs ;  
 Thae tow'd him thae'd bring him a drum,  
 He said, when he're sayin' his prayers ;  
 Then he looked i' my face, an' he said,  
 " Has th' boggarts taen houd o' my dad ? "

An' he cried till his e'en were quite red ;—  
 He likes thee some weel, does yon lad !

At th' lung-length, aw geet 'em laid still ;  
 An' aw hearken't folk's feet at went by ;  
 So aw iron't o' my clooas reet weel,  
 An' aw hang'd 'em o' th maiden to dry ;  
 When aw'd mended thi stockin's an' shirts,  
 Aw sit deawn to knit i' my cheer,  
 An' aw rayley did feel rather hurt,—  
 Mon, aw'm *one-ly* when theaw artn't theer.

" Aw've a drum an' a trumpet for Dick ;  
 Aw've a yard o' blue ribbin for Sal ;  
 Aw've a book full o' babs ; an' a stick  
 An' some 'bacco an' pipes for mysel ;  
 Aw've brought thee some coffee an' tay,—  
 Iv thae'll *feel* i' my pocket, thae'll *see* ;  
 An' aw've bought tho a new cap to-day,—  
 But, aw olez bring summat for *thee* !

God bless tho, my lass ; aw'll go whoam,  
 An' aw'll kiss thee an' th' childer o' reawnd ;  
 Thae knows, that wheerever aw roam,  
 Aw'm fain to get back to th' owd greawnd.  
 Aw can do wi' a crack o'er a glass ;  
 Aw can do wi' a bit ov a spree ;  
 But aw've no gradely comfort, my lass,  
 Except wi' yon childer an' thee ! "

EDWIN WAUGH.

*Works: Poems.* (Heywood.)

## WHEN WE ARE OLD AND GRAY, LOVE !

WHEN we are old and gray, love,  
 When we are old and gray,  
 When at last 'tis all, all over,  
 The turmoil of the day,  
 In the still soft hours of even,  
 In our life's fair twilight time,  
 We'll look upon the morn, love,  
 Upon our early prime.  
 " Thank God for all the sweet days,"  
 We'll whisper, while we may,  
 When we are old and gray, love,  
 When we are old and gray.

When we were young and gay, love,  
 When we were young and gay,  
 When distant seemed December,  
 And all was golden May,  
 Amid our life's hard turmoil,  
 Our true love made us brave,  
 We thought not of the morrow,  
 We recked not of the grave.  
 So far seemed life's dim twilight,  
 So far the close of day,  
 When we were young and gay, love,  
 When we were young and gay.

Now we are old and gray, love,  
 Now we are old and gray,  
 The night-tide shadows gather,  
 We have not long to stay.  
 The last sere leaves have fallen,  
 The bare bleak branches bend,  
 Set your dear hands in mine, love,  
 Thus, thus, we'll wait the end.  
 " Thank God for all the gladness,"  
 In peaceful hope we'll say,  
 Now we are old and gray, love,  
 Now we are old and gray.

F. E. WEATHERLY.

*Dresden China.* (Diprose and Bateman.)

## ON A SILVER WEDDING.

OUR silver wedding, our silver wedding !  
 Has old Time unnoticed treading,  
 Stamped out five-and-twenty years ?

Brought us all these girls and boys,  
Household sorrows, household joys,  
Hopes and fears—

And a silver wedding?

Our silver wedding, our silver wedding,  
Shall we still, life's current heading,  
Some day safely drift ashore,  
After more years—twenty and five—  
Living, glad to be alive,  
As of yore,

At our golden wedding?

This silver wedding, this silver wedding,  
We the merry dances treading,  
In our fireside circle stand.  
Then, mayhap, we'll stand alone,  
Nest all empty, nestlings flown—  
Hand-in-hand,

At our golden wedding.

That golden wedding, that golden wedding,  
May it find us, without dreading,  
At the foot of the dark stair  
Which leads up, as earth's sounds cease,  
Into silence, into peace :  
Love still there,

Waiting eternal wedding.

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX,  
GENTLEMAN."

*Thirty Years.* (Macmillan.)

~~~~~  
FOR A SILVER WEDDING.

TWENTY-FIVE years since! That morn in May,  
Dearest, seems near as yesterday,  
Hallowed by love and sacred sorrow ;  
So be our years till life's downward light  
Fades in the dusk, so pure and brief,  
In which Faith reaches her hand to Grief,  
And scarce the mourner has sighed—" 'tis night !"  
Than angels cry—" 'Tis morrow !"

WESTLAND MARSTON.  
*Dramatic and Poetical Works.*  
(Chatto and Windus.)

~~~~~  
AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

YES! fifty years of troubles—come and gone—  
I count, since first I gave thee hand and heart!  
But none have come from thee, dear Wife—not one!  
In griefs that sadden'd me thou hadst no part—

Save when, accepting more than woman's share  
Of pain and toil, despondency and care,  
My comforter thou wert, my hope, my trust :  
Ever suggesting holy thoughts and deeds :  
Guiding my steps on earth, through blinding dust  
Into the Heaven-lit path that Heaven-ward leads  
So has it been, from manhood unto age,  
In every shifting scene of Life's sad stage,  
Since—fifty years ago—a humble name  
I gave to thee—which thou hast given to fame—  
Rejoicing in the wife and friend to find  
The woman's lesser duties—all—combined  
With holiest efforts of creative mind.

And if the world has found some good in me,  
The prompting and the teaching came from thee

God so guide both that so it ever be!

So may the full fount of affection flow ;  
Each loving each as—fifty years ago!

We are going down the rugged hill of life,  
Into the tranquil valley at its base ;  
But, hand in hand, and heart in heart, dear Wife

With less of outer care and inner strife,  
I look into thy mind and in thy face,  
And only see the Angel coming nearer,  
To make thee still more beautiful and dearer,  
When from the thrall and soil of earth made free  
Thy prayer is heard for me, and mine for thee

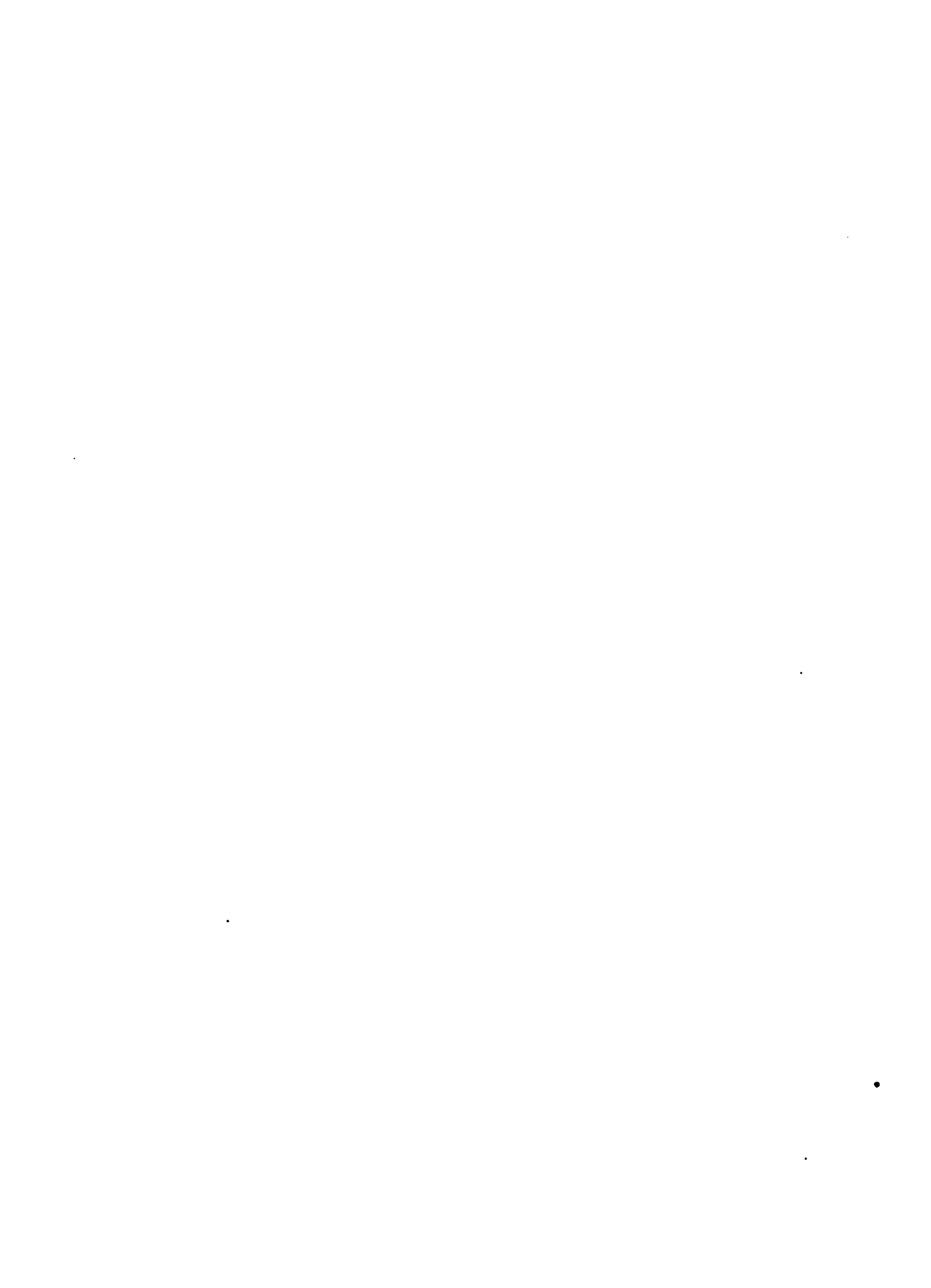
S. C. HALL.

~~~~~  
LINES ON "A GOLDEN WEDDING."

THRICE-HAPPY fate! with blessing rife,—  
'Mid calm and peaceful weather,  
Thro' half-a-hundred years of life  
To love, and live together!

Gay flowers were blooming in the dell,  
And all the fields adorning,—  
When bravely rang each wedding-bell  
Upon their marriage-morning.

As fairy fountains, far and near,  
Their streams of music flinging,  
In fancy's realm methinks I hear  
Those bells still blithely ringing.







[RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS.]

[Painted by MARY S. STORY.]

"Gay flowers were blooming in the dell,  
 And all the fields adorning,—  
 When bravely rang each wedding-bell  
 Upon their marriage-morning."





Each heart was joyous then,—and now,  
 (Just half-a-century after),—  
 We banish care from every brow,  
 We welcome mirth and laughter.

Life's spring may be a season meet  
 For love, and lovers' kisses ;  
 Yet autumn joys are doubly sweet  
 On such a day as this is !

When Past and Present, linked-in-one,  
 Their goodly stores out-spreading,  
 Bring back the days long past and gone  
 To bless a Golden Wedding.

For bride and bridegroom be our prayer,  
 So far as fate may spare them,—  
 That each the other's griefs may bear ;  
 Their joys—that both may share them.

SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

~~~~~  
 TILL DEATH.

Two hands held in one clasp,  
 Two hearts bound in one chain,  
 Two bosoms beating warm,  
 Loving, beloved again.

Two smiles of fervent faith  
 On each caressing cheek,  
 Two voices soft and low,  
 As whispering angels speak.

Two figures kneeling glad  
 Before the sacred shrine,  
 Two vows of mutual love  
 Exchanged in sight divine.

Two coffins, side by side,  
 Beneath the daisied sod,  
 Two spirits dwelling in  
 The perfect rest of God.

*Once a Week.*

~~~~~  
 YES ! we go gently down the hill of life,  
 And thank our God at every step we go ;  
 The husband-lover and the sweetheart-wife.  
 Of creeping age what do we care or know ?  
 Each says to each, " Our fourscore years, thrice told,  
 Would leave us young : " the Soul is never old !

What is the Grave to us ? can it divide  
 The destiny of two by God made one ?  
 We step across and reach the other side,  
 To know our blended Life is but begun.  
 These fading faculties are sent to say  
 Heaven is more near to-day than yesterday.

S. C. HALL.

[Written by Mr. Hall to commemorate the fifty-sixth anniversary of his wedding-day, and jointly signed on that day by himself and Mrs. Hall.]

~~~~~  
 LISTEN ! I'll tell you what I think is best,  
 Who've dream'd all dreams for which men laugh  
 or weep :—  
 Arms round you wrapp'd, a head upon your breast,  
 Of one that loves you, nestling half-asleep.

T. ASHE.

# LIST OF AUTHORS.

*An asterisk prefixed denotes that the poem is an original contribution to this volume: e.g. \*134.*

*Roman numerals affixed denote that two or more extracts from an author's works are given on one page: e.g. 134 ii.*

- Aidé, Hamilton, 23, 87.  
Ainsworth, William Harrison, 4, 131.  
Akenside, Mark, 25.  
Aldrich, Thomas Bailey, 17, 95, 96.  
Allingham, William, 10, 74.  
Anonymous, *see* Unknown.  
Armstrong, Edmund John, 110.  
Armstrong, George Francis, 63, 65.  
Arnold, Edwin, 67, 117.  
Arnold, Matthew, 36, 74 ii.  
Ashby-Sterry, J., 11, 52 ii., 73, 119.  
Ashe, Thomas, \*38, 122, \*145.  
Austin, Alfred, 15 ii., 16, 21 ii., 95.  
Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," 8, 46, 102, 123, 124, 130, 143.  
Author of "Mrs. Jeringham's Journal," 92, 128 ii., 129, 140.  
Author of "Odrig Grange," *see* Smith, Walter C.  
  
" 'Bab' Ballads," *see* Gilbert, W. S.  
Bailey, Philip James, 32, 35, 43 ii., 44 ii., 54, 67.  
Bayly, Thomas Haynes, 66, 78, 135.  
Barham, Richard Harris, 15, 121.  
Barnes, William, 48, 55, \*81, 103.  
Beaumont (Francis) and Fletcher (Phineas), 123.  
Bennett, William Cox, 124, 133, 140.  
Blackie, John Stuart, 6, 49, 65, 102, 130, 140.  
Bickersteth, Edward Henry, 126 ii.  
Bishop, Samuel, 132.  
Blake, William, 8.  
Brainard, John Gardner Calkins, 122.  
Breton, Nicholas, 74.  
Brown, Rowland, 125.  
Browne, William, 27.  
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, 16, 20, 28, 65, 76, 105.  
Browning, Robert, 86.  
  
Buchanan, Robert, 49, 80.  
Burns, Robert, 43, 108.  
Burnside, Helen Marion, \*52.  
Butler, Samuel, 25 ii., 31, 35 ii., 105, 106, 107.  
Byron, Henry J., 107.  
Byron, Lord, 32, 59.  
  
Calverley, C. S., 33, 48, 50, 53 ii., 79 iii.  
Campbell, Thomas, 5, 91.  
Carew, Thomas, 27.  
Carleton, Will, 137.  
Carroll, Lewis, 17.  
Chaucer, Geoffrey, 7, 26.  
Clare, John, 41.  
Clough, Arthur Hugh, 22, 69.  
Coleridge, Hartley, 75.  
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, 4, 27 ii., 30, 53, 68, 92.  
Collins, Mortimer, 9, 11, 67, 101, 109, 128, 132 ii.  
Cornwall, Barry, 97, 130.  
Cowan, S. K., 122 ii.  
Cowper, William, 106 ii., 125.  
Crabbe, George, 91, 95, 107, 121.  
Crashaw, Richard, 109.  
Croly, George, 140.  
C. S. C., *see* Calverley, C. S.  
Cunningham, Allan, 140.  
  
Davis, Sir John, 106.  
De Vere, Aubrey, 54, 56.  
Dickens, Charles, 70 (Introductory Motto).  
Doane, George W., 110.  
Dobell, Sydney, 30.  
Dobson, Austin, 21 ii., 71.  
Dowden, Edward, 37, 39, 77, 89, \*134.  
Dryden, John, 4, 44.

- Eagar, Alexander R., \*16.  
 Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 31.  
 Evans, Sebastian, 11, 133.
- Ferguson, Sir Samuel, 46.  
 Fitzgerald, Edward, 37, 112.
- Gibbs, J. H., 8.  
 Gibney, Somerville, \*6, 9, 37, 70.  
 Gilbert, W. S., 16, 43, 103.  
 Gosse, Edmund W., 32, 81.  
 Graves, Alfred Perceval, 35, 56, 57, 89, 116.  
 Green, Matthew, 108.  
 Greenwell, Dora, 122.  
 Griffin, Gerald, 74.
- Hake, Thomas Gordon, 9, 11, \*23, 76.  
 Hall, Samuel Carter, 133, 144, 145.  
 Halleck, James Fitz-Greene, 123.  
 Hamilton, Edwin, 13, 20, 40, 77, 90.  
 Harrington, John, 26.  
 Harte, Francis Bret, 47, 91.  
 Havergal, W. H., \*127.  
 Herrick, Robert, 4, 14, 30 ii., 33, 49, 50, 53, 56 ii.,  
 69, 91.  
 Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 47, 57.  
 Hood, Thomas, 5, 31, 32 ii., 33 ii., 34, 52, 60,  
 106, 115.  
 Hood, Thomas, the Younger, 21, 51, 58.  
 Hooper, Eden, \*30, \*51.  
 Horne, Richard Hengist, 3.  
 Houghton, Lord, 7, 66.  
 Howitt, Mary, 116.  
 "Hudibras," *see* Butler, Samuel.  
 Hunt, Leigh, 4, 5, 19, 78, 115.
- Ingelow, Jean, 6, 17, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 91, 125 ii.,  
 131.  
 "Ingoldsby Legends" } *see* Barham, Richard Harris.  
 Ingoldsby, Thomas }
- "John Halifax, Gentleman," *see* Author of.  
 Jonson, Ben, 25.
- Keats, John, 34, 54, 59, 106.  
 Keble, John, 126 ii.  
 Kenny, James, 24.  
 Kent, Charles, 18, 45.
- Kingsley, Charles, 19, 68.  
 Knox, Hon. Mrs. O. N., 79.
- Landon, Letitia Elizabeth, 28, 34, 53, 97.  
 Landor, Walter Savage, 34, 45, 66.  
 Lang, Andrew, 22, 83, 87.  
 Langbridge, Frederick, 39, 40, 59, 61, 65, 85, 89,  
 \*91, 94 ii., 106.  
 Langford, John Alfred, 36, 141.  
 Lea, Kennett, 84.  
 Leigh, Henry S., 7, 24, 26, 27, 44, 49, 76, 78 ii.  
 111, 129 ii., 137, 141.  
 L. E. L., *see* Landon, Letitia Elizabeth.  
 Locker, Frederick, 26, 55, 59 ii., 67, 74, 78, 111,  
 116, 123, 140.  
 Lockhart, John Gibson, 118.  
 Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, 43, 111, 112.  
 "Love Sonnets of Proteus," 11, 64, 83.  
 Lover, Samuel, 48, 50, 91, 96, 107.  
 Lovelace, Richard, 15, 63.  
 Lowell, James Russell, 93.  
 Lytton, Lord Edward Bulwer, 64.  
 Lytton, Robert, Earl of, *see* Meredith, Owen.
- Macaulay, Lord, 18.  
 Mackay, Charles, 26, 32, 43, 70, 77.  
 Maclean, Mrs. George, *see* Landon, Letitia Elizabeth.  
 McCarthy, Denis Florence, 58.  
 Mallock, W. H., 105.  
 Marlow, Christopher, 45.  
 Marston, Philip Bourke, 10, 97.  
 Marston, Westland, 61, 144.  
 Marzials, Théophile, 35, 37, 55, 63.  
 Massey, Gerald, 138 ii.  
 Massinger, Philip, 29, 45, 57, 122.  
 Mead, Thomas, 76.  
 Menken, Adah Isaacs, 84.  
 Meredith, Owen, 46 ii., 61, 63, 65 ii., 79, 84, 135.  
 Meynell, Alice, 88, 139.  
 Miller, Joaquin, 65.  
 Milnes, Richard Monckton, *see* Houghton, Lord.  
 Milton, John, 140.  
 Moore, Thomas, 4, 25, 39, 57, 61, 63, 70, 72, 134.  
 Morris, Lewis, 3, 31, 35 ii., 36, 84, 132.  
 Morris, William, 38.  
 "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal," *see* Author of.  
 Mulock, Dinah, *see* Author of "John Halifax,  
 Gentleman."

- New Writer, A, *see* Morris, Lewis.  
 "Not-Browne Mayd," 25, 28.
- "Olrig Grange," Author of, *see* Smith, Walter C.  
 "Once a Week," 145.  
 O'Shaughnessy, Arthur W. E., 12, 15, 28 ii., 29 iii.,  
 34, 35, 54, 55, 56, 62, 64, 68, 75, 80, 97.
- Palgrave, Francis Turner, 6, 66.  
 Parnell, Thomas, 5.  
 Patmore, Coventry, 39, 59, 69, 89, 105, 106, 110,  
 111, 112, 129.  
 Payne, John, 36, 80, 81, 83.  
 Peacock, Thomas Love, 79.  
 Pennell, H. Cholmondeley, 136 ii., 139.  
 "Percy's Reliques," 30.  
 Pfeiffer, Emily, 17, 51, 57, 66, 72.  
 Planché, James Robinson, 30, 49, 75, 142.  
 Plumptre, Edward Hayes, \*124.  
 Poe, Edgar Allan, 37, 112.  
 Pope, Alexander, 24, 106, 109, 110, 112, 123.  
 Praed, Winthrop Mackworth, 14, 29 ii., 84, 101.  
 Prior, Matthew, 27 ii., 44.  
 Procter, Bryan W., *see* Cornwall, Barry.  
 "Proteus," *see* "Love Sonnets of Proteus."  
 Psalms, The, 119.  
 "Punch," 105.
- "Quadrilateral, The," *see* Gibbs, J. H.
- Raleigh, Sir Walter, 26.  
 Ranking, B. Montgomerie, 21, 64.  
 Read, Thomas Buchanan, 50.  
 Reece, Robert, 10, 35, 71, 82, 112.  
 Rodd, Rennell, 82.  
 Rogers, Samuel, 96, 117.  
 Roslyn, Guy, 59, 60, 96, 97, 108, 115.  
 Ross, Alexander, 115.  
 Rossetti, Christina Gabrielle, 11, \*17, 34, 77, 79, 87.  
 Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, 13, 17 ii., 20, 68, 77, 96.  
 Rowles, Mary, 34, \*81.
- Sawyer, William, 41.  
 Saxe, John Godfrey, 104, 108.  
 Scott, Clement, 90.  
 Scott, Sir Walter, 30, 32, 34, 96, 117.  
 Scott, William Bell, 85, 130.
- Sedley, Sir Charles, 44.  
 Shakspeare, William, 3, 6, 15, 28, 43, 47, 56, 58,  
 60, 63, 69, 72, 112 ii., 121, 124 ii.  
 Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 43, 75.  
 Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, 44.  
 Smedley, Menella Bute, 7, 17, 36, 73, 92, 104.  
 Smith, Alexander, 20, 21, 63, 66.  
 Smith, Walter C., 21, 94, 107.  
 Southey, Robert, 118.  
 Spenser, Edmund, 27, 55, 80, 114.  
 Stedman, Edmund Clarence, 19.  
 Sterry, J. Ashby-, *see* Ashby-Sterry, J.  
 Suckling, Sir John, 25, 54.  
 Surrey, Earl of, 59.  
 Swinburne, Algernon Charles, 7, 10, 28, 36, 62.  
 Symonds, John Addington, 82, 83.
- Talfourd, Frank, 51.  
 Taylor, Sir Henry, 7.  
 Thomson, James (Author of "The City of Dread-  
 ful Night"), 20, 21, 62, 63, 69, 93, 95.  
 Thompson, A. C., *see* Meynell, Alice.  
 Tilton, Theodore, 76.  
 Todhunter, John, 47, 120.  
 Trench, Richard Chevenix, 32.  
 Tupper, Martin Farquhar, 31, 112, 124.  
 Tuttielt, Laurence, 125.
- Unknown, 15, 62, 74, 90, 105, 106, 107, 109, 111,  
 112, 116.
- Vaughan, Henry, 106.
- Waddington, Samuel, 66, 144.  
 Waller, Edmund, 31, 44, 45, 47, 50, 55, 140.  
 Warner, William, 57.  
 Watts, Alaric A., 142.  
 Watts, Theodore, \*22.  
 Waugh, Edwin, 26, 92, 142.  
 Weatherly, Frederick E., 27, 82, 103, 109, 114,  
 143.  
 Webber, Byron, 12.  
 Webster, Augusta, 16, 68, 137 ii.  
 Wilkins, William, 10, 37, 52, 69.  
 Willis, Nathaniel Parker, 5, 63.  
 Wither, George, 13, 25, 26.  
 Woolner, Thomas, 31, 37, 96, 111.  
 Wordsworth, William, 36, 122, 138 ii.



